

Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1909, at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

One Month..... \$ 1.25  
Four Months..... 4.00  
Six Months..... 5.50  
One Year..... 10.00

Subscribers desiring the paper discontinued will please notify this office on date of expiration, otherwise it will be continued at regular subscription rates until notice to stop is received.

If you do not get the Daily News promptly telephone or write the manager, and the complaint will receive immediate attention. It is our desire to please you.

All articles sent to the Daily News for publication must be signed by the writer, otherwise they will not be published.

MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1914.

SAVES CHILD.

Dr. Charles T. Nesbitt, county health officer for New Hanover county, just reports the most striking instance of the protective power of vaccination against smallpox that we have ever heard reported in this State. He relates the following instance:

A man in his county contracted smallpox. The wife and nursing child of this man occupied the same room and even slept in the same bed with the patient. The wife refused to be vaccinated, but permitted the baby to be vaccinated. So contracted smallpox, but her nursing baby, who had been vaccinated, did not contract the loathsome disease, although the mother nursed it while she had the disease. Is any more striking instance of the protective power of vaccination necessary?

Another interesting instance reported by Dr. Nesbitt is that of a negro boarding house in which seventeen negroes were exposed to smallpox. They were all vaccinated. Sixteen out of the seventeen "took." The seventeenth one did not take, but promptly contracted smallpox before he sought successful vaccination.

So far as smallpox is concerned, the only thing to do is to be vaccinated. You are safe then. Otherwise you are always in danger of contracting the disease from some one who has the disease, but may not yet be recognized as having it.

RULES FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Acting under a law of 1912, the New Jersey State Board of Health has issued the following rules, which are to be followed by all consumptives in that state.

- 1. All persons suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis (consumption) shall effectively destroy their sputum (spit).
- 2. All persons suffering from running sores due to any form of tuberculosis shall burn all soiled dressings immediately after removal.
- 3. The room occupied by a tuberculosis patient shall have at least one outside window.
- 4. No person suffering from pulmonary or other communicable form of tuberculosis shall handle food designed for the use of others except when necessary in the performance of household duties, unless the food be wrapped in such a way as to protect it from contamination or unless some necessary subsequent process of preparation such as cooking will sterilize it and prevent its carrying infection to the consumer.
- 5. The manufacturing of any kind of goods for commercial purposes or the performance of any work known as "shop work" in the home of any person suffering from pulmonary or other communicable form of tuberculosis, is prohibited, unless the product is such as can be sterilized, and unless the product is done in strict accordance with the requirements of the local board of health.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To My Friends and Fellow Citizens of Beaufort County:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Sheriff's office. I have only one promise to make to you people should I be elected and that is the same promise that I made to my good friends who so ably supported me in the last campaign when they made me their choice as Recorder for Washington, Long Acre and Chocowinity townships, and that is the same promise I now make to the county as a whole, that is, if you will make me your sheriff I will do nothing to bring reproach upon the county or myself, and you will not be ashamed of me as your Sheriff. If elected, I shall be as lenient as possible with you in settling your taxes, but will collect when they become due as the law directs. Be sure and pay your poll tax before the first day of May, 1914, so you can vote on election day without being challenged.

Thanking you in advance for any support that you may give me. Respectfully,  
WILLIAM B. WINDLEY,  
Washington, N. C.

The GOVERNOR'S LADY

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play  
By GERTRUDE STEVENSON  
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE STAGE PRODUCTION  
COPYRIGHT, 1913. (PUBLICATION RIGHTS RESERVED)  
BY DAVID O'NEILL

The story is a direct narrative of a fancied incompatibility between a self-made, iron-willed man and the humble, home-loving wife of his early struggles.

CHAPTER I.

Daniel Slade sat reading the evening newspaper in the handsomely appointed library of his spacious home. To all intents he was a man at peace with the world. He had money and power. He had advanced from a penniless miner to a millionaire figure in the business world. At fifty he wore the fruits of a well-spent, energetic life. Handsome and immaculate in his perfectly tailored evening clothes, he sat in the beautiful room with the rich tapestries and oriental rugs with all the ease and naturalness of a man born to culture and wealth.

Every now and then his eyes wandered from his newspaper to the figure of his wife sitting at the other side of the richly carved table. The tiny, unimposing little woman in her badly cut, dun-colored gown was the one incongruous detail in the room. She was like a shabby little prairie flower suddenly transplanted to a conservatory where brilliant orchids and lovely roses bloomed all about her, her faint little fragrance overpowered by their heavy sweetness—her delicate loveliness completely submerged by very contrast with the radiant beauty of her surroundings.

To Slade's critical eyes, the dowdy little figure, with the work basket in her lap and her head bent over the stocking she was contentedly darning, was an actual eyesore. He had fitted up a magnificent home that for a prince, and his wife's appearance had not changed a particle from the days when they lived in a tumble-down cottage and he worked in the mines in his shirt sleeves. With the getting of vast amounts of money he had acquired a veneer of manners and tastes that at times failed to conceal the rough and brutal instincts of the real man. His social horizon was enlarging, but within it his wife seemed to find no place. He wanted, beyond this and everything, to climb the political tree and pick the fruits thereof. His wife seemed not to know that there was such a thing as a political tree to climb. With herself, her husband and her work she was contented and happy.

The wives of other men of his position were social queens noted for their beautiful gowns, their entertaining and their clever wit. He alone was shackled to a woman he would have been ashamed to introduce to his friends. Only he was tied to a wife he could not force either by pleading or argument to enter into the life which meant so much to him. Tonight as he rehearsed in his mind his many unsuccessful efforts to make Mary advance and take an interest in his life as it was now, rebellion surged in his heart. He had struggled year after year to attain his present standing, his present position in the world, and Mary, the one loved thing of his life, insisted on hanging like a millstone around his neck.

Why, oh, why, couldn't the woman progress? Why hadn't she developed as he had done? Why was she so complacently sitting there satisfied to remain just as she had been twenty years ago, hopelessly behind the times? And if she wouldn't advance—why should he consent to be held back by her? If she wouldn't go on with him—he would leave her behind. The thought and the resultant decision had their birth suddenly but positively in the man's mind. He would make one more argument, one last appeal. If Mary wouldn't meet him half way, Mary could stay behind with her everlasting darning and her eternal knitting. She could wash and cook and sew, if she liked, but she couldn't do it in his mansion.

But Daniel Slade was no more uncomfortable at having her there than Mary Slade was at being obliged to live in this great, elegant house, with its crowds of servants and its routine, absolutely foreign and well-nigh hateful to her. She knew she didn't fit into her surroundings. She realized her own unhappiness. Her attempts to look natural and feel comfortable were pathetic. She felt lost without the task of oversending the Monday's washing. She was heart-broken because she couldn't personally superintend the making of Dan's coffee. Her life was incomplete because a hired cook made the bread that was served on the table and because Dan never seemed to miss the evenly brown loaves that had been her especial pride in the old days.

Mary Slade was as commonplace as a cup of boiled tea. She was a plain, ordinary, everyday woman, who loved a simple, unpretentious life, with the neighbors dropping in for a word or two, exchanging recipes for muffins and debating the proper way to season a stew.

There was neither charm nor comfort for her in the visits of rooms opening out from the spacious library. The crooked chairs were straight and didn't rock. They were high-backed and stiff compared to her own low-seated little rocker in the cottage. When she sat back in them, stiffly and awkwardly, her feet didn't even reach the floor, but dangled restlessly above the priceless rug that was one of her husband's newest purchases.



She Was a Shabby Little Prairie Flower Transplanted to a Conservatory.

Overlooking to see the governor's life during the gubernatorial chair—probably the only occupation congenial to this kind-hearted and plain little woman.

"Dusting the gubernatorial chair," Slade repeated mockingly, and to the quick by this public allusion to his wife's plainness and lack of social graces.

"That simple little phrase, striking as it was brief, was as a match flame to dry timber. It was all that was necessary to bring the hot rage burning through him to the boiling point. The sweetness of the little woman's expression, the tenderness of her eyes whenever they rested upon him, the plaintive softness of her voice meant nothing to him then. Through angry eyes he saw only the lack of smartness in her somber brown dress, only the note of absurdity she struck amid the exquisite surroundings of the room he had furnished for her. He thought of nothing but the sorry spectacle she would make at a brilliant dinner or smart function where beautiful women in fashionable gowns shined freely and easily of men and things in the progress of the nation.

"This is some of Wesley Merritt's tin-horn tooting writing," growled Slade. "D— a his dirty work!"

As her husband muttered to himself, Mary had calmly resumed her endless mending of socks, long years of thrift and saving making it impossible for her to throw away even a well-worn pair in spite of the fact that the need for repairing had long since passed.

Slade found himself looking at the little woman who had been his wife for twenty years, through lean years and hard years, as faithful and patient then as later, when success first began to come his way, very much as he might have scrutinized an entire stranger. For a moment the tragedy of their present state caught at his soul, and he felt the infinite pathos of the woman's predicament. A softer note came into his voice as he asked slowly:

"Say, haven't you got gay clothes, Mary? Haven't you any of the things other women wear at night—silk or lace or ruffles or whatever they are?"

"Yes, I've got 'em," Mary replied, indifferently, "but it's too cold to wear 'em, and those stiff stockings you told me to buy—I can't wear them, either—they tickle my toes. Satin slippers made me uncomfortable, and—" she finished with a bubbling little laugh, "I guess I wasn't made for those things, Dan, dear. I want too much of a home body."

Her very self-satisfied complacency nettled her questioner. The very sight of the darning needle in her fingers maddened him.

The King of All Taxatives.  
For constipation use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Paid for by Buffalo, N. Y., says they are the "king of all laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and I always keep a box at home." Get a box and get well again. Price 25c At Druggists or by mail H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Feed Miserable.  
A stubborn, annoying, depressing cough hangs on, racks the body, weakens the lungs, and often leads to serious results. The first dose of Dr. King's New Discovery gives relief. Henry D. Sanders of Cambridge, Vt., was threatened with consumption, after having pneumonia. He writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery ought to be in every family; it is certainly the best of all medicines for coughs, colds or lung trouble." Good for children's coughs! Money back if not satisfied. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all Druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Wonderful Cough Remedy.  
Dr. King's New Discovery is known everywhere as the remedy which will surely stop a cough or cold. D. P. Lawson, Edison, Tenn., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the most wonderful cough, cold and throat and lung medicine I ever sold in my store. It can't be beat. It sells without any trouble at all. It needs no guarantee. This is true, because Dr. King's New Discovery will relieve the most obstinate of coughs and colds. Lung troubles quickly helped by its use. You should keep a bottle in the house at all times for the members of the family. 50c and \$1. All druggists or by mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Schoolboy Blunders.  
From England come these examples of blunders in boys' school examination papers:

"The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than if he had one."

Question—Under what conditions will a body float in water? Answer—After it has been in water three days.

The Girl and the Artist.  
A young woman sat for a crayon portrait and was not entirely pleased with the result.

"It looks like me, of course," she said reluctantly to the artist, "and yet I think there are some things about it that ought to be changed." She suggested that the eyes should have more of an upward look, that the bracelet should be a little more prominent on her left arm and that her gown be arranged more artistically on the side.

"That would require a great deal of retouching," said the artist, "and I should have to charge you at least \$15 additional."

Professional and Business Cards

ROBERT S. WRIGHT  
Public Stenographer  
County Court House  
Washington, N. C.

Dr. L. H. Schubert  
Calls Promptly Answered  
Town or Country  
Office:  
Between Post Office and Bank, Aurora, N. C.

DR. ERNEST W. DUNN  
Osteopathic Physician  
Chronic and Nervous Diseases a Specialty  
Temporarily Located at Hotel Louise.  
HOURS:  
Tues. 11:30-1:30; 3-5; 7-9  
Thur. 4:30-6 p.m.; 7-9  
Friday, 9-12; 1:30-3:30

John H. Small, A. D. MacLean, Stephen O. Breggan, W. B. Hodman, Jr., SMALL, MACLEAN, BREGGAN & HODMAN, Attorneys-at-Law, Office over J. F. Taylor's Store, Washington, North Carolina.

M. M. Worthington  
Engineer and Surveyor  
Surveys of All Kinds  
MAPS, PLANS, ESTIMATES  
Rooms 8, Savings & Trust Bldg.

H. W. Carver, M. D.  
Fracture, Ulcers, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Hours 9-12 a.m.; 2-5 p.m. except Mondays.  
Corner Main and Market Sts.  
Over Brown's Drug Store  
Washington, N. C.

Wiley O. Hodman  
John H. Bonner  
BODMAN & BONNER,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Washington, North Carolina.

G. A. Phillips & Bro.  
FIRE INSURANCE  
WASHINGTON, N. C.

If Coffee Don't Agree  
Much of today's nervousness, indigestion, languor kidney and liver trouble, come from indiscretions in eating and drinking, so commonplace that they are seldom considered till Nature pulls one up with a sharp jerk.  
More often than is suspected, coffee is the cause of these troubles.  
A simple, easy way to discover the real cause and relieve one's self of a lot of discomfort is to quit coffee for ten days and try.  
POSTUM  
This beverage contains none of the coffee drugs (caffeine, tannin, etc.) which are responsible for many human ailments, big and little. Postum is a food-drink made from prime wheat and a bit of molasses. It is pure and contains only the wholesome goodness of the grain.  
Postum comes in two forms:  
Regular Postum—must be boiled, 15c and 25c packages.  
Instant Postum—a soluble form. A teaspoonful stirred in a cup of hot water dissolves quickly and makes a most delightful beverage, with cream and sugar added to taste. 33c and 50c tins.  
The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.  
Thousands who have changed from coffee to Postum know  
"There's a Reason"  
Grocers everywhere sell Postum.