

# FARM ANIMALS

## EXACT IDEAL OF A BUTCHER

Plumpness of Bone, Lack of Paunchiness and Small Head Are Characteristics Most Desired.

(By J. L. TORNEY.)

The block is the supreme and final test of the animal. The butcher desires an animal that will deliver the highest percentage of good cuts, and show refinement in parts that are not visible in order to reduce waste. Plumpness of bone, lack of paunchiness and a small head are thus desired by the butcher, but the steer with light bone, small paunch and a frail head would be unable to go through the feeding period and make economical gains.

Even though the strong, vigorous, suspicious feeder may not turn out at the finish into the exact ideal of the butcher, he is the one that puts on



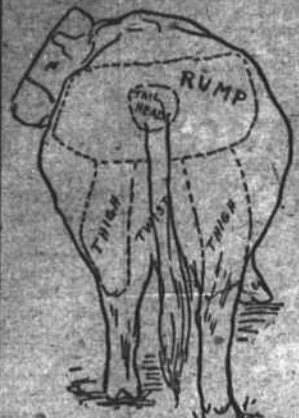
A Good Heavy Steer, Showing Development of Parts Named.

The largest and steadiest gains, ensures heavy feeding for the longest time, finally finishes out with the greatest weight, and yields the highest percentage of prime beef.

In selecting feeders, there is perhaps no point more important than the back. A wide, straight, strong back, with a well sprung rib, is essential. The girth of the steer should be large—that is, the distance around the body back of the shoulder should be as large as possible. This means more room for vital organs and insures a better constitution than is otherwise likely to prevail. Associated also with a large girth is a well sprung rib, making a wide back on which there is room for the deposition of a large quantity of high-priced meat. There is also greater depth of chest and greater digestive capacity with a large girth.

The head is an excellent index to the character of the feeder, because there is a relationship between the different parts of an animal's body.

The steer with a wide head is usually a good feeder, for a wide head goes with a good capacity for putting on a large amount of flesh. Usually the steer with a wide head will grow thick through the body and will grow thick about the neck. It is also important because it indicates capacity for feed consumption and for good health. The neck, although not choice meat, is thick and short on a good steer. The shoulder should be evenly covered, compact and wide at the top. While width of shoulders at the top is a mark of a good feeder, steers with extremely wide shoulders should not be selected, for they are usually coarse.



A Well Covered Animal—Note Thickness and Depth of Thigh and Smooth Covering of Rump.

The shoulder should blend smoothly with the neck; leaving no crease or definite line where the neck and shoulder meet. The rump should be long, wide and level. A drooping rump is undesirable.

The coupling, that is the distance from the last rib to the "hook" or hip point, should be short in accordance with the general compactness desired throughout. The steer should also be wide in this region and well muscled, with no indication of being away backed. This is the region of the loin from which valuable cuts are taken.

## PROPER STABLE VENTILATION

Question Should Receive Special Consideration in Planning of Modern Barns—Sun Kills Germs.

Good ventilation is absolutely necessary in the stable. The question of ventilation should receive special consideration in the planning of modern barns. This was not done in former years and it appears that it is often forgotten nowadays. Tuberculosis among cattle and hogs in the United States seems to be on the increase, and there is nothing that will aid the spread of this disease more than poorly ventilated stables. Plenty of sunlight is also necessary. Too many windows cannot be put in a barn; too few seems to be the rule. Direct rays of the sun are the best practical germ destroyers that we have. Sunlight also aids in warming the barn, thereby making it possible to secure better ventilation.

# PHANTOM BATTLE IN AIR MARKS DIRIGIBLE'S END

How "Republique" Went to Her End Graphically Described by Writer.

## BOMBS DROP FROM CLOUDS

Terror-Stricken Citizens See French Machine Burst into Flames After Spectacular Fight, Then Go Out in Darkness and Night.

The following word picture, portraying a phantom battle between airships, and the terror of a municipality under an aerial bombardment, comes from Berlin, although it was written on the scene described herein. Owing to the strict European censorship, however, the correspondent was not permitted to give the name of the town about which he writes so graphically.

Berlin.—The little French town is lying asleep. It can do so in safety, because the patrols are awake. But on the other side of the mountain there is no sleep. The place is humming like a beehive. But there is perfect order. Every one is at his place. They are preparing for the march.

Patrols have returned with the report that the plain is free from the enemy. The little town is the place they mean to march to. They think the town is empty. The fact that the French had come in had not been made known. They came out of the forest, through which they marched during the night, and early in the morning they marched in, hidden by the vineyards.

Now the town is a small camp. Every house a fortress. The superior officers have taken up their quarters in the city hall. All lights are out.

The mayor asks: "Why?" He is told: "Because the Germans have airships."

The mayor makes the sign of the cross. He has heard of the Zeppelin. "But we also have airships," the mayor says.

The French captain nods: "One of them will go up this night. It will fly over the hills to visit them over there."

At night the officers are entertained by the town. All town-folks of distinction are present. The mayor makes a passionate speech about the brave army. The colonel thanks him in the name of his comrades. He speaks highly of the town and its hospitality.

Two hours later, only the men on guard are still on their legs. But the mayor did not go to bed; also, the clergyman and notary are waiting.

What for? For the Republique. This is the famous aeroplane of which the captain spoke.

Night Dark and Windy. The sky is dark and overcast with thick clouds. Only from time to time he dim light of the moon steals through these dense masses. But quickly it grows dark again. The wind whistles through the forest and through the vineyards into the town, banging shutters and doors.

Where is the Republique? The town-folk have been waiting now for an hour, with their eyes fixed on the dark sky—but nothing—nothing.

Now they hear a peculiar noise resounding through the darkness from above. They stretch their necks. But their eyes are unable to penetrate the darkness. They listen intently. The humming and buzzing becomes more distinct. It sounds as if a gigantic bird were rapidly moving forward on his wings. Now they see something—or do they only believe they see it—floating through the air like a torpedo. The French mayor would like to shout for joy, "Vive la Republique!"

Now the buzzing has turned into rattling and crackling. It seems to the mayor as if he saw small lights, flickering, extinguishing and flaring up again. Now all has disappeared again in the darkness; only the buzzing still is heard—the heavy stroke of the wings of the gigantic bird.

But behind the mountain the Germans are on the lookout. The guards at the aviation post don't know sleep. The eyes of the officer at the telegraph are as bright now as at noon. Now a spark and the writing lever splutters dashes—dots.

Republique is sighted. He has sighted the Republique! A shrill whistling signal gives the alarm in the station.

The Republique must not pass over the mountain. They will try to catch her or drive her back at least. Brief commands are given—precise instructions. A few minutes later a heavy biplane stands ready to start.

A short examination of the wires and supports, then the pilot and observer take their places. The motor is started, the apparatus staggers in wide jumps over the ground, and suddenly it shoots up with a last powerful pull. It disappears into the dark. The compass needle shows the way.

They fly higher and higher; the ridges of the mountain become visible as a long, dark strip. Now the biplane passes over them in smooth flight. It keeps in the dark. The wind blows against it. The apparatus goes still higher. Now the moon

breaks through the clouds for a moment, string a quickly disappearing track of light, enough to show the Republique at a distance.

The enemy is discovered. Now caution and courage are needed. Perhaps the French steersman have likewise seen the German. Then there will be a life and death struggle.

But as a matter of fact the Republique has no warning of the approach of the German biplane, when it appears in the sky.

# HELP THE STOMACH DIGEST YOUR FOOD

When the stomach fails to digest and distribute that which is eaten, the bowels become clogged with a mass of waste and refuse that ferments and generates poisons that are gradually forced into the blood, causing distress and often serious illness.

Most people naturally object to the drastic cathartic and purgative agents that shock the system. A mild, gentle laxative, positive in its effect and that will quickly relieve constipation is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, sold by druggists at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. It does not grip or cramp, but acts easily and pleasantly and is therefore the most satisfactory remedy for children, women and elderly persons. For a free trial bottle write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 451 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

## Early English Newspapers.

Newspaper circulations in the province were in 1714 a mere bagatelle. The first two country newspapers came from the Jacobite party, and both belonged to coffee houses. Norwich was first in the field with the Gazette and next came Exeter with Joe Bliss' Exeter Post Boy. Both these papers were given away to their coffee house customers, and advertisements were inserted for nothing. Oddly enough, it was increasing circulation that led to a price. In 1739, 30 years after its foundation, the Norwich Gazette editor announced: "This is to inform my friends and customers that on Saturday next this paper will be sold for a penny, and be continued at that price; but advertisements will still be taken in gratis, as formerly. The reason of my raising it to a penny is because the number I print is too prodigious great to be given away any longer, and I hope most of my customers will not think it dear of a penny, since they shall always have the best intelligence, besides other diversions."—London Chronicle.

His eyes are more easily named. The observer looks into the darkness with sharp eyes; the apparatus moves forward in roaring and rushing flight.

Where is the Republique? Hurts Bombs on Town. Then the German biplane is directed earthward. Below lies the little town like a dot. The apparatus descends lower and lower. The searchlight sends a flash over the ground like lightning.

The mayor, who has not yet gone to bed, hastens to the window. Another flash of light. He looks up, sees only a shadow. But they in the aeroplane have seen enough—men and guns. And now something falls down from the height, like a stone, not aimed, but yet a hit. The missile bursts, a fire sheaf throws up sparks, splinters, cracking. The mayor starts back, thunderstruck, cries, rushes out. Flames break out on the market; more cries; walls fall into ruins; the people are bewildered.

Soldiers receive commands. Now shots go whizzing up toward the German biplane.

Another bomb is thrown to the ground, causing death and destruction, and leaving paralyzing horror.

The German biplane, however, has disappeared in the aerial ocean. It is in full flight. It tries to come up with the Republique. It ascends in a wide curve. Suddenly there is a buzzing noise before it. It must be the Frenchman. It seems that he got lost in the dark. A yell of triumph escapes the observer. The apparatus mounts quickly in a spiral curve. Indeed, it is the Republique!

Is Like a Hawk. The German airship Victoria now is like a hawk, measuring the distance. Now the searchlight plays, and it sends flashes of light over the Republique.

Bombs are thrown. The observer watches them in the quick light. One sinks into the night; another one also; but the third one makes a hit—it strikes the stern!

The Republique, unable to fly over the enemy, moves along with diminishing speed.

Now the Victoria is preparing for the finishing stroke. It swoops down like an eagle, sure of its prey. The airship seems to stand on end.

And now bomb after bomb drops down with almost mathematical exactness. The Republique groans and writhes from her gaping wounds. She is mortally hurt. The linen covering the wings hang about the rods like flesh cut to shreds. Now it blazes up—a gigantic firework. Then the French airship goes out in darkness and night!

# PEOPLE YOU KNOW ABOUT

Rev. B. H. Black, of Rose Hill, N. C., is a guest at Hotel Louise.

L. A. Armstrong, of Elizabeth City, arrived in the city yesterday via the Norfolk Southern train.

R. A. White, of Norfolk, is a business visitor to the city today.

J. D. Eborn, Jr., of Bayside, N. C., spent Sunday in the city.

George O. Marshall, of Vanceboro, N. C., is a welcome visitor to Washington today.

D. H. West, of Chocowinity, N. C., is in the city.

T. C. Tilghman, of Wilson, N. C., is here today greeting his many friends.

George Barker, of Richmond, Va., was a passenger on the Atlantic Coast line train last evening.

J. M. Willard, of Greenville, N. C., is here today on business.

L. W. Smith, of New Bern, N. C., was a Sunday visitor.

Judge Frank Carter went to Columbia, N. C., yesterday where he will hold court this week.

Professor J. E. Johnston and Messrs. William Jones and James Weston have returned from Goldsboro where they witnessed the football game between Raleigh and Wilmington Saturday afternoon.

Captain David T. Taylor, of the University of North Carolina football eleven, who spent the week-end with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. D. T. Taylor, left for Chapel Hill this morning.

Mrs. C. C. Thomas, Mrs. J. W. Oden, Mrs. Mary Gordon and Mr. E. L. Roper, accompanied the remains of the late Miss Julia Marsh today to Bath where they were interred this afternoon.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You've Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

## BOY EAGER TO SELL

RED CROSS SEALS. The other day a little boy went into a store, where the Red Cross Christmas Seals ornament the window and asked for some stamps to sell.

"I haven't got a cent," he admitted, "but I can sell a lot of the stamps, and I want to do it."

"All right, here are twenty-five," said the woman in charge. "I'll trust you. Go ahead."

It was not long before he was back with the money and anxious to sell more. He was accommodated, and is still working for the cause when he can get time to do so.

Perhaps it was curiosity that prompted the question, but anyway he was asked why he was so anxious to help sell the seals.

"Well, my father and two sisters died with tuberculosis," said the boy, "and I know that this money will go to help other sick people, and so I am going to do all I can for you."

Have you bought your share of Red Cross Seals?

## Don't Delay Treating Your Cough.

A slight cough often becomes serious. Lung get congested. Bronchial Tubes fill with mucus. Your vitality is reduced. You need Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It soothes your irritated air passages, loosens mucus and makes your system resist Colds. Give the Baby and Children Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It's guaranteed to help them. Only 25c at your Druggist.

## For the Holiday Trade

Our stock consisting of Mince Meats, Seedless Raisins, Currants, Dates and Figs is complete. Full line Heavy and Fancy Groceries, Hay and Feed Stuff. Goods delivered in any part of the city. Prices Lowest. Terms Cash. Phone your orders to

### SCOTT & BERGERON

## Washington's Oldest Bank

More than twenty years successful business. Resources over one half Million Dollars.

### Your Patronage is Invited

## Bank of Washington

Washington, N. C.

Have you helped the Dollar Christmas Fund for Homeless Belgians?

### Wm. Bragaw & Co.

First Insurance Agents in Washington, N. C.

# CRYSTAL ICE CREAM

Phone 83 Washington, N. C.

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High Grade Furniture  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS & EMBALMERS.  
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LEON WOOD—Members New York Cotton Exchange.—JAMES W. WOOD

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BANKERS and BROKERS.  
Stocks, Bonds, Cotton, Grain and Provisions, 78 Flume Street, Carpenter Building, Norfolk, Va.  
Private wires to New York Stock Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade and other financial centers.  
Correspondence respectfully solicited. Investment and marginal Accounts given careful attention.

## NOTICE.

North Carolina—Beaufort County, Superior Court—December Term, 1914.  
Martha J. Avery vs. John W. Avery. The defendant above-named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Beaufort county by the plaintiff to recover an absolute divorce from the defendant for statutory grounds; and the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the term of the Superior Court of Beaufort county, to be held on the 15th Monday after the first Monday in September, 1914, to-wit, the 21st day of December, 1914, at the courthouse of said county, in Washington, North Carolina, and answer or defend to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.  
This 16th day of November, 1914.  
I. W. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk Superior Court. 11-17-14

## NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Robert Williams, deceased, late of Beaufort county, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Pictolus, North Carolina, on or before the 13th day of November, 1915, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 12th day of November, 1914.  
GEO. C. WILLIAMS, Administrator of Robert Williams. 11-12-14

## NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed on the 1st day of July, 1914, by E. R. Williams and wife, Sarah L. Williams, which said instrument is recorded in the office county, in Book 185, at page 78, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured thereby, the undersigned trustee will, on the 1st day of December, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon, at the courthouse in Beaufort county, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate: Situate, lying and being in the county of Beaufort, in the State of North Carolina, to-wit: A certain lot of land in the town of Washington, county and State aforesaid, containing fifty-one feet in width, and one hundred feet in depth, the same being lot No. 3 in the Third Ward, as shown on a compiled plat of the said town made by Howard Wiswall, Jr., C. E., in 1905, to which reference is made, and bounded north by Eighth street on said plat; east by Lot No. 1 on said plat; south by Lot No. 22 on said plat; and west by Lot No. 3 on said plat, the same being the property this day conveyed by Howard Wiswall, Jr., and wife, Travis S. Wiswall, to the mortgagees herein, this mortgage being given to secure the unpaid portion of the purchase price. Terms of sale, cash.  
This October 27th, 1914.  
MARTHA WISWALL, Trustee. WARD & GRIMES, Attorneys. 10-28-14

Timber Bridges Lost. Bridges built of timber, and destroyed through the action of the



## There'll Come a Time

when constant leaning on coffee is bound to result for most people in shattered nerves, heart flutter, biliousness, headache, or some other of the well known coffee ills.

It's the drug, "caffeine" in coffee—about 21-2 grains to the cup—that causes the trouble.

If coffee disagrees, try

# POSTUM

—the pure food-drink,

free from the drugs, caffeine and tannin, or any other harmful substance.

Nothing but the goodness of choice wheat, roasted, with a bit of wholesome molasses, enters into Postum. A beverage of delightful taste and aroma, used with benefit by young and old.

"There's a Reason"

Postum comes in two forms:  
Regular Postum, which has to be boiled—15c and 25c packages.  
Instant Postum—soluble—made in the cup, instantly—30c and 50c tins.

Cost per cup is about the same for both kinds.

Grocers everywhere sell POSTUM

Since before the Civil War these boots have been worn by fishermen

For over sixty years Hub-Mark Warrior Rubber Boots have been made right and sold right to men of the sea. Modern machinery and modern methods have enabled us to make these boots stancher, more comfortable, and longer wearing than ever before.

Hub-Mark Warrior Rubber Boots are made of extra-grade pure Para rubber, A-1 tested deck-walrushide throughout—and lined with soft, warm wool-wool.

Always buy Hub-Mark Rubber Footwear. Dealers who sell it sell the best of everything!