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The Greatest Historian.
By common consent the greatest of all historians is Thucydides, the Greek contemporary of Pericles and author of the history of the Peloponnesian war. One of the greatest tributes that can be paid to him is that, according to the estimate of a very able critic, we have a more exact account of a long and eventful period by Thucydides than we have of any period in modern history, equally long and eventful, and yet all this is compressed into a single volume. For concise, vigorous and yet intense presentation Thucydides has never been equaled. He is easily the king of historians.—New York American.

Quite Appropriate.
"I would like to bring some of the benefits of our movement to the convicts in this prison."
"What is your specialty, madam?"
"I am president of a shut-in society."
—Baltimore American.

Poor Prospects.
"She told Tom she simply could not make up her mind to be the wife of a poor man."
"But Tom isn't a poor man."
"No, but he soon would be if she married him."
—Boston Transcript.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.
The regular annual meeting of the Home Building & Loan Association will be held at the banking room of the Savings & Trust Co. on Thursday, January 20, 1914, at 4:30 p. m. Jan. B. Sparrow, Sec. 12-15-14c.

WOULD REDUCE ARMY OF U.S. TO 50,000 MEN

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7.—In his talk on national defense before the House yesterday, Congressman Sherwood of Ohio brought out some radically different views regarding this important topic. He said:
"In stead of increasing our standing army, already costing the taxpayers over one hundred millions a year, I favor reducing it one-half, to 50,000 men. This would probably save close to fifty millions per year. I would use an adequate sum to improve and strengthen our National Guard, which, should war ever come, will prove our chief reliance. I would set apart, say, ten million as a starter for old-age pensions to the worthy workers, the wealth producers in our busy hives of industry. Nothing would do such valuable service in healing the constant conflicts between capital and labor as a humane system of old-age pensions, such as Prince Bismarck inaugurated in the German Empire. Not only would this benign alleviation of the woes of the workers heal the antagonism now so apparent in labor strikes, but it would be an inspiration of patriotism to every

worthy worker in the United States. Our flag would then be a hope and a symbol of helpfulness, saying to every son of toil, Be true, be faithful to your trust, and when old age comes on apace this flag with the shining stars will be your protector, and a grateful Nation will help you to make your last days on earth comfortable and full of gratitude. As a matter of national defense it would be a cogent inspiration to every worker. Under this proposed system of economic reform and patriotic preparedness we could use ten millions to inaugurate a humane system of old-age pensions, and spend five millions in perfecting the National Guard, and then save thirty-five millions of our present Army budget. This would relieve our weary Ways and Means Committee of much wearing worry and prove a balm and a sweet solace to the great troubled army of overtaxed taxpayers. And the ten millions would give 100,000 old-age pensions at \$100 per year. This money would all go into circulation and prove a potent element in the education of the men and women who do the world's work that this Republic is not ungrateful."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

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WALTER HACKETT

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And chin. But no, she couldn't, said her shell-like ears, blushing as pink as coral. But yes; why not, said the firm mouth at last, and Mr. Cyrus Martin, watching this delicate byplay across her lovely features, that found more favor in his sight than ever this minute, despite his gruff demeanor, knew that the fates were playing on his side.
"Very well, Mr. Martin," said Mary Grayson finally. "It's a bargain then."
"A bargain," said old Cyrus, chuckling inwardly, and rubbing his hands together like an old-fashioned actor doing the part of Shylock. "Come here, and I'll give you my blessing."
He stooped and kissed her respectfully on her white forehead and could not resist the temptation to let his hand linger a moment on the firm roundness of her upper arm and shoulder before he released her. "A bargain," he resumed, with suddenly returning gruffness. "So now go to it."
Rodney Martin himself, as luck would have it, opened the front door with his pass key and came in just as Mary was descending into the lower hall from his father's library.
"Mary," he exclaimed delightedly, "you here? What in thunder's the matter with Johnson?"
"One question at a time, please," said Mary, collecting herself as rapidly as possible. "What's Johnson got to do with it?"
"Why, I left my telephone numbers with him," explained Rodney, "so he could call me up the very moment you came in."
"You sound like a doctor going to the theater," said Mary.
"Same principle," echoed Rodney; "S. O. S. C. Q. D. and all the rest of it. Safety first, you know."
Mary parried and fenced as best she could. This was going to be a somewhat earlier opportunity of putting through their scheme than she had bargained for with the old magnate upstairs. Rodney showed only too plainly that he had something on his mind. He drew her into a small reception room on the first floor and made her sit down. It was a little pink and gold room which was never used except for a cloakroom when dinners were given or the housekeeper engaged a new servant. Lately Mary's typewriting machine had come to figure inconspicuously as a part of its furnishings since the clicking keys bothered Mr. Martin in his library and Mary came down here often to write.
Despite her bargain with the old gentleman upstairs she made a brave attempt to ward off something that she was inevitable here and now. She took the lines in her own hands and tried to steer the conversational craft safely through the rapids.
"Rodney," she said, "tell me what you have been doing today."
He told her.
"Well, I call that a very unprofitable twelve hours," said Mary firmly. "Rodney, why don't you do something worth while? Why don't you go into some business? Have an office with your name on the door. Be somebody. It would please your father so."
Rodney was dressed in the correctest masculine fashion, Mary noted—gray spats, a braided English morning coat, a huge white carnation in his button-hole, and quite heavenly trousers. He wore a tie from Dasher's. Rodney was a nice boy, and had nice manners. He was only twenty-four, and his face had a certain quiet, frank charm in spite of his funny little mustache. He was by no means brainless, Mary was sure, notwithstanding his father's theories; only undeveloped by reason of the kind of life he had led and its appalling frictionless conditions.
At the present moment he had an unaccustomed air of resolution that pervaded all the little room and made Mary retreat behind the typewriting desk, quailing in spite of herself. As she sat down, to her astonishment, she beheld Rodney turning the key in the door that led into the hall.

for days, and now that I've got it I don't propose to be interrupted. That's why I locked the door."
Rodney had come over to her.
"I want to talk to you," he said impetuously. "Mary, will you marry me?"
"Why, really," began Mary shyly.
"I don't know what to say," hesitated the girl, feeling her ground.
"Say yes," cried Rodney, waiting feverishly to hear her answer.
It came at last shyly. "Yes," whereupon Rodney cried, "You angel!" joyfully and tried to grab her. But things must not go quite so fast. Mary thought intuitively, and drew away a little from him, though, to tell the truth, she would willingly have let him catch her as she felt now.
"No, no, wait a moment," she said.
"We'll be married right away," went on Rodney unabashedly.
"But suppose your father disapproves?" said Mary.
"He won't know anything about it until we're married, and then what could he do?" objected Rodney.
"He might cut you off," suggested Mary sagely.
"Would you care?" asked Rodney.
"If No, no, indeed," said Mary hastily. "I was thinking of you, dear."
"Don't you bother about me," cried Rodney. "We'll be married tomorrow and then come home for the parental blessing."
"No, I couldn't do that," said Mary.
"It wouldn't be right. I'm his private secretary. He trusts me and brings me home to his home, and then to find I'd married his son on the sly—no, Rodney, we couldn't do that."
"You do as he would rather than," said Rodney. "I shouldn't want to treat father badly. We've always been pretty good friends, he and I. I guess I'd better tell him in a week or so."
Mary's self-composure had been rapidly returning during this colloquy, and she was aware of what she wanted. Indeed it pleased her a little that Rodney should have made such a proposal to her, so that now her own inclinations and the old gentleman's upstairs ran in the same channel. She spoke up quite resolutely.
"Why, Rodney, if you love me you will want to get this awful suspense over with."
"But suppose he does object?" Rodney argued, seeing his light of happiness grow dim.
"Even then I wouldn't give you up," said his sweetheart.
"Mary?"
"You could go into business," she went on, "make a big man of yourself, make me proud of you."
"You talk just like the heroine in a play I saw last night," said Rodney. "She wanted to be a man and go to work, and he did, and then for four acts everybody suffered."
"Don't you want to work?" asked Mary anxiously.
"I shouldn't say no," Rodney answered quite seriously. "Imagine going to bed every night knowing you'd got to get up in the morning and go to business."
"You'd be happier, wouldn't you," queried Mary, "if you had a job?"
"Please don't talk like that," protested Rodney. "He's promised a job at me ever since I left college. Why should I work? Father made millions out of soap and is forever complaining that he's always had his nose to the grindstone, that he's to or know what fun was, that it's all made him old before his time. I can't see the sense of following an example like that—I really can't. He's got enough for you and me and our children and their grandchildren. I've explained all this to him, but I can't seem to make him understand. But it's simple—why work when there's millions in the family? And why even talk of it when you and I are in love?"
He looked hungrily toward her, stretching out his arms to her, and finished on a note of genuine appeal: "Come, kiss me, Mary."
But Mary drew back from him quite shyly. "No, you mustn't," she said firmly. "Not till you've spoken to your father."
"You won't even kiss me till I tell him?"
"No."
"And you will when I do?"
"Yes."
"Then I'll tell him right away," cried the valiant lover, striding to the door.
"Oh, Rodney, you're splendid!" applauded Mary, "and don't be afraid."
"Afraid!" retorted Rodney scornfully. But he paused a moment at the door and said:
"You don't think I'd better wait till the morning?"
"No, I don't," said Mary. "And don't be silly about his going. He really is a very patient invalid."
Rodney stood a moment with his hand on the knob, plucking up resolution. As he fingered there a violent knocking sounded on the other side, and his father's voice could be distinct.

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"Open the door!" cried the elder Man in anxiety in the hall.
"I'm coming, father. Coming," quaked Rodney as he turned the key.
The door was no sooner opened than his father strode into the room sternly, uttering the ejaculation "Ouch!" twice and the polite phrase "The devil!" at least once as he crossed the threshold.
"Why was that door locked?" he demanded, scowling.
"Was it locked?" asked Rodney innocently.
"You young fool, didn't you just throw lock it?" roared his father.
"So I did," said Rodney nervously. Mary in the meanwhile had retreated to her typewriter, and now began typifying tolerantly.
(To be Continued.)

Most Famous River.
Religion, history, and nature combine to make the Jordan the most famous river of the earth. Across it the hosts of Israel were led into the Promised Land; in its waters the Christian rite of baptism had its birth; up and down its valley many civilizations in the morning of history rose and fell. Perhaps the strangest thing about this famous river is that none of the ancients ever guessed that its mouth was below the level of the sea. It was not until 1876 that accurate measurements were made and the mouth of the river was found 1,285 feet below the Mediterranean, less than sixty miles away.

Subscribe to the Daily News.

STATE MILITIA TOO IMPORTANT BE NEGLECTED

Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 7.—At the meeting of the officers of the N. C. National Guard in this city, Major Coleman, president of the association, in his annual address, spoke in part as follows:
"Probably at no time in the history of the National guard have there ever been more vital questions concerning the very existence of the National guard as we have come to know it, that are now pending. When Congress reconvenes there will be presented the so-called national defense bill, which will be along the lines of the President's preparedness program. Just what form this legislation will take and just what changes it will bring to our present military system is to us, a question of the gravest importance. There was recently held in Washington, a conference between the chairman of the senate and house military affairs, committees and the members of the executive committee of the National Guard Association of the United States. General Young, our adjutant general, is a member of this committee and attended this conference and is therefore in position to tell us at first hand what has been agreed upon in reference to the National guard. It is, I think the feeling of every officer and every enlisted man that what we really need is legislation which will make it possible for us to maintain the National guard as now organized, well equipped and well trained and ready for instant service. It is obvious that to do this it will be necessary to increase considerably both the service and the pay of the officers and enlisted men. When this is done we can avoid the necessity of reorganizing the National guard after war has been declared, or after the necessity has arisen for taking the field. It is estimated that with the help of suitable legislation the National guard can place in the field for immediate service at least 500,000 well trained and well equipped officers and men."

FORMULA FOR FERTILIZER

Local Farm Demonstrator J. F. Latham today gave out the following of interest to planters:
"Suggested fertilizer formulas for North Carolina: On account of the high price of potash, and in some cases total lack of it in sufficient quantities for fertilizing purposes, the following fertilizer formulas have been suggested by Director Kilgore as suitable for conditions in the State. These formulas give the correct apportionment of plant food and will give good results at a low cost. They are advisable to use for the purpose of meeting the abnormal fertilizer situation arising from the necessity of omitting potash almost entirely from fertilizers during the coming season.
"For coastal plain or Eastern Carolina:
"For cotton: 6 per cent. phosphoric acid; 4 per cent ammonia.
"For corn, grains grasses, etc.: 6 per cent phosphoric acid; 4 to 5 per cent ammonia.
"For peans, soy beans, clovers, etc.: Straight acid phosphate on good land. On poor land, 8 to 10 per cent phosphoric acid; 1 to 2 per cent ammonia."
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BRUTAL MURDER IN MARYLAND

Westminster, Md., Jan. 6.—William F. Brown, a young farmer near Silver Run, was murdered last night at his farm, his skull being crushed with an ax. Solomon Sudler, a negro farmhand, is suspected of the crime.
Mr. Brown went to the barn about 6 o'clock to milk, when Sudler, it is believed, slipped up behind him and struck him over the right ear with the blunt end of the ax, causing a wound as large as a man's fist and exposing the brain. Death is believed to have been instantaneous.
Sudler then procured a rope, it is alleged, and tied it around the body, hitched a horse to the rope and dragged the body three-quarters of a mile across a muddy road and field to a woods, where he left it. He afterward returned the horse to the barn and then made his escape.

LOVED 50 YRS: ARE MARRIED

Old Couple, Who Loved Each Other in Their Youth, Meet Again and Are Married.
Kernersville, Jan. 7.—The culmination of a love affair of more than 50 years ago occurred when Mrs. Malinda Ingram, age 71 years, of this place, and Mr. Zachariah Payne, age 72 years, of Cana, Va., married. Mr. and Mrs. Payne met in their early childhood days, being in school together, but were separated by the war, and had not seen each other for more than fifty years past until last autumn.
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"Rodney, why don't you do something worth while?"

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"You angel!"

ly heard crying "Ouch!" in an extra loud tone in the hall.
"Speaking of the patient invalid," whispered Rodney, looking back at the girl for whom he was so greatly daring.
"If you don't ask him now I'll never marry you," whispered Mary, forming her words as distinctly as was possible under the circumstances.

CHAPTER III.
Complications.
"I WANT to talk to you," said Rodney, coming toward Mary. "I've been wanting this opportunity