

The Plain Kind

By R. RAY BAKER

There was no question about it. Martha Bain was not beautiful. Freckles are not necessarily rocks on the road of romance.

Perched behind the desk in Eagle Heights hotel Martha watched the summer lads woo the summer ladies, and her little heart, which really was very big, thumped away unalarmed and neglected.

Nevertheless, Martha often dreamed when she sat at the edge of Wagon lake in the light of the moon, that she had a hair of her own—something two of them.

Harold Kingsley came to Eagle Heights for a month's recreation from his literary labors. He was tall and slim, almost to the point of thinness, and he had black hair and deep brown eyes from which a soul seemed to shine.

When he came along the beach Martha was throwing sticks into the water for a white fox terrier to chase. Harold stopped and watched, standing some distance behind the girl, so she did not become aware of his presence.

"Come on, Knight," she admonished, and the dog emerged from the water holding a jagged stick, which he dropped at the girl's feet. Then Knight spied Harold and went to him just as a shallop spell seized him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Martha exclaimed, when she turned and saw Harold brushing drops of water from his clothes. "That is, Knight begs your pardon."

Harold laughed lightly and reaching down, patted the terrier regardless of the latter's dripping skin.

"Don't bother about the apologies," he remonstrated. "I can dry out again. Besides, this is not my best suit. I have another—honest."

From that time they were friends, the three of them. Nearly every evening they were together, walking along the tannark paths in the woods or seated in a secluded nook on the lake shore.

Sometimes he talked to her of the big town and the sights he had seen on his travels; at other times he read or recited poetry.

As the days rolled past their relations became more intimate, and frequently they talked of personal things. The man proved fascinating beyond her most imaginative dreams of knights, and she held an attraction for him to which none of the beauties at the hotel, who were bound to notice what went on, could possibly equal.

One night Harold kissed Martha's hand and told her:

"Martha, something has come to me for you."

"Why?" she asked, looking at him with a good looking, and I must be a beauty."

"You are just what I need, and you are not fitted for contact with the world. You are just what I need, and you are just what I need, and you are just what I need."

"The next night—it was nearly a month since his first appearance at Eagle Heights—his manner was entirely different. He answered her in a hesitating and appeared wrapped in thought.

"Why are you so very different to what you were?" she asked. They walked on and came to the steps of the hotel veranda before he answered:

"I'll tell you. Today I received word that Elizabeth Ross, the girl I was engaged to marry, is coming here tomorrow. She expects to stay several days, and then I am to go back to her. I hated to tell you."

He left her there on the steps and went to her bed, where soon she was fast asleep. He went out on the dock and found a bench and smoking his pipe for a full hour.

Elizabeth Ross took the place by sitting in clothes that were the latest in style, she swept into the room, greeted Harold with an affectionate kiss, and complained because the best room already was occupied, and she had to put up with the second.

She had a pronounced blonde, with a high school education, and she was a very nice girl, and she was a very nice girl, and she was a very nice girl.

"I hate that girl!" said Martha, and she meant it so much she broke the point of the pen when she jabbed it into the potato that served as a holder.

Martha's feelings toward Elizabeth Ross were not improved by an incident which took place the day after the latter's arrival. Knight, the terrier, liked to be friendly with all the guests, and he tried to be with Miss Ross when the latter ascended the steps to the veranda after a walk with Harold along the shore.

Did Miss Ross stoop and pat Knight as he frisked about her? Decidedly she did not. Instead, she kicked him with her dainty foot, and Knight went away with his tail between his legs, surprised and mortified.

Came the day when Harold and his bride-to-be were to leave. Martha had her eyes open for a last glimpse of him, and she finally spied him through a window, coming toward the hotel, in company with Miss Ross. They were talking earnestly—at least, the girl was—and Martha rejoiced that there might be some kind of a dispute.

Slowly the sun crept out of sight behind the rim of Wagon lake, leaving a streaked blaze of blended red, gold and blue. In a secluded dell, fringed with faintly rustling maples, stood a freckled-faced, pug-nosed girl, one arm against a tree, her gaze following a little steed that was lazily puffing a path through the placid water.

A shrill scream pierced the sky as a seagull, circling overhead, spied a dinner and swept down to snatch it from the blue. The little boat plugged steadily onward, the sound of its exhaust carried distinctly on the clear air. The waves lapped against the shore at the girl's feet. From the hotel came the phonographic notes of a jazz band melody.

The girl stooped and patted the head of the white dog, which stopped snapping at a fly long enough to caress the hand with his tongue.

"He's gone, Knight," she said. "He's on that boat, see?" And she turned the animal's head toward the ferry, which just then uttered a hoarse blast and glided behind a point that shut it from the view of the watchers. Tears could not be kept from Martha's eyes, and Knight sniffed as though he were crying, too.

"Now you're my only Knight," she told the dog.

Something rustled behind them and the dog growled as he sprang toward the sound; but the growl was smothered in his throat and his tail began to wag furiously.

Martha looked and her eyes met those of Harold Kingsley, standing with his hands in his coat pockets, a queer little smile curving his mouth.

For a moment Martha was too astonished for words.

"Why, why—I thought you and Miss Ross left on—that boat," she finally managed to stammer.

He reached and picked a leaf from a tree, and crumpled it in his hand.

"You thought right, partly," he said. "Miss Ross is on that boat, but we—well, we had a disagreement after she made a show—after she kicked this little dog, and so things are not—they are different now. You see, she's one of the artificial kind; and I rather prefer girls like—well, the natural, the plain—yes, the freckled kind."

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BUCK UP AND KEEP GOING

World War Lovers for Men Who Wishes His Taxes and Their Taxing Herd Look.

"I don't know," he said, "I'm not a tax collector, but I know that a man who is a tax collector is a man who is a tax collector."

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DISARMAMENT MUST BEGIN WITH HUNS

ARMISTICE DISCUSSIONS ARE BRINGING OUT QUESTIONS OF MOST VITAL INTEREST.

PEACE ITSELF IS INVOLVED

Proposed Action Towards Germany is Not for Purpose of Trampling Upon a Conquered Foe.

Paris. — The armistice discussion continues, and from it are arising questions of vital interest to peace itself. This extension of the scope and working of armistice terms may not commend itself entirely to former legal minds, but the arguments in its favor are extremely weighty.

The German attitude today and the difficulty of obtaining equality of demobilization among the allies makes it imperative to settle at once the general demobilization scheme, and in doing so there will be found opportunity of starting at once and practically the great peace work of disarmament and achieving the great peace aim for the destruction of German militarism, indeed of the whole principle and habit of militarism throughout the world. In order to do so it is evidently necessary to make a start with the destruction of German militarism.

There are various methods by which this may be brought about, but before discussing them it is well to point out that the proposed action is not the result of a purely pettish desire to trample upon conquered Germany, but is really, at any rate in the minds of some people, due to the urgency of starting with a real disarmament of the whole world. The Germans can hardly complain if the beginning is made with them.

WILL ASK BAKER TO SEND THIRTIETH TO CAMP GREENE

Washington.—The entire North Carolina delegation in Congress will call on Secretary Baker and urge him to arrange to have the Tar Heel boys in the Thirtieth division parade in Raleigh and demobilize in Charlotte, at Camp Greene. The movement is being supported by Senators Simmons and Overman and all of the house members from the state.

BARON CHINDA DECLARES ALL REPORTS ARE UNTRUE

Paris.—The Hayas agency gives out a statement by Viscount Chinda, the Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, who is now representing his country at the peace conference here, declaring the reports to be untrue that Japan has exercised pressure on China to restrain the action of the Chinese delegates to the conference.

"There has been no pressure exercised, no menace formulated, no bargaining done on the subject of the province of Shantung, or any other Chinese territory. No right of control has been sought over China, and there has been in no degree any ambition to represent China at the peace conference.

"Besides our relations with the president of the Chinese republic and the ministry is most cordial.

LOCKED UP AT ELLIS ISLAND FOR DEPORTATION TO EUROPE

New York.—Fifty aliens, including 24 Industrial Workers of the World, pine anarchists and other undesirable, who were brought here from Seattle and other western cities by order of the secretary of labor, were locked up in the detention pen at Ellis Island, where they will be confined awaiting their deportation to European countries. The action of Caroline Lowe, a Chicago woman attorney, in requesting permission to visit the aliens after they had been lodged at the island, is believed to foreshadow an attempt to obtain the release of some of the number on habeas corpus proceedings.

FOCH'S ANNOUNCEMENT HAS CREATED MUCH UNEASINESS.

Since Marshal Foch's announcement before the armistice commission that the Germans could mobilize 2,000,000 men in six weeks, there has been a feeling of uneasiness expressed by the French public. Pessimistic views have been openly discussed, as also has been apprehensions of a renewal of the German offensive. The newspapers have commented on the situation in a manner such as to call for frequent blanks in their pages.

CHINA WANTS WORLD'S AID TO FREE US FROM JAPAN.

San Francisco.—"All China is solid for fair play and we want the world's aid to free us from Japan," said Wang Chin Chun, member of a Chinese mission, on the way to Paris, in commenting on the published reports of Japan's demands on China concerning secret treaties.

Mr. Wang is accompanied by Hahn, the first Chinese railroad financier, and S. C. Kim, former vice minister of the government of Korea.

February Sale of FURNITURE

AT Welborn Furniture Company High Point, N. C.

We are offering SPECIAL BARGAINS in Furniture and all House Furnishings during February

Matting Druggetts, formerly \$7.50 now \$5.00 Grass Rugs, formerly \$15.00 now \$11.75

10 to 15 per cent off of regular price for remainder of month

Our Mahogany and Walnut bed room suits ranging in price, \$150 to \$500

Dining room suits in Mahogany, Walnut and Oak, prices \$75 to \$500

Don't Fail to see our Splendid Line

Welborn Furniture Company High Point, N. C.

ROBUSTNESS

Nature has not been prodigal with everybody in the matter of robustness. Many, all through life, must stand guard and combat colds, coughs, bronchitis or pneumonia, more serious pulmonary ailments. For nearly five decades

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been helping to turn weakness into strength. For those who are afflicted with tender lungs, weak nerves and a propensity to cough, colds, and other ailments, the definite nourishing and tonic qualities of Scott's are of special value.

KEPT HER AWAKE

The Terrible Pains in Back and Sides. Cardui Gave Relief.

Marksville, La.—Mrs. Alice Johnson, of this place, writes: "For one year I suffered with an awful misery in my back and sides. My left side was hurting me all the time. The misery was something awful."

I could not do anything, not even sleep at night. It kept me awake most of the night. I took different medicines, but nothing did me any good or relieved me until I took Cardui.

I was not able to do any of my work for one year and I got worse all the time, was confined to my bed off and on. I got so bad with my back that when I stooped down I was not able to straighten up again. I decided I would try Cardui. By time I had taken the entire bottle I was feeling pretty good and could straighten up and my pains were nearly all gone.

I shall always praise Cardui. I continued taking it until I was strong and well. If you suffer from pains due to female complaints, Cardui may be just what you need. Thousands of women who once suffered in this way now praise Cardui for their present good health. Give it a trial.

A national war program for agriculture. More food must be exported than last year.

Advertisement for Wrigley's chewing gum, featuring the brand name in large letters and images of various gum packs like Spearmint, Juicy Fruit, and Double Mint.