The Temperamental Boob

By H. B. KNIGHT

"Yep, that's right; I want to see the editor in chief of the Courier, and want to see him quick!"

To the utter amazement of the little boy in knickerbockers who sat in the hallway leading to the editorial office of the giant publishing house a tall and lean visitor, with a general dapper appearance, made the above remark in an indifferent and even bored sort of

In a second the office boy was on his feet, and not carelessly leaning back in his chair, with his feet upon the much worn and misused, varnish-scratched table, as though his only concern and embition were to shirk and kill time.

"Your card, please," respectfully said the fawning youngster.

The lanky newcomer looked surprised.

"Card?" he queried, unbellevingly. "No card! Tell the editor in chief that a gentleman wishes to see him—and hurry! There's no use in my giving you my card; the editor doesn't know me, anyway.

Bewildered by the visitor's imponity, the boy looked him over from head to foot. How neat and clean-cut was his mien! But a closer observation revenied that his patrician appearance was artificial. His clothes were of expensive texture, indeed, but shiny spots about the kness betrayed their years of wear. His shoes were genuine patent leathers, but so much worn that wrinkles showed even in the profusely colored tops; and the soles seemed thinner than paper. To crown it all, linen and hosiery bore the familiar unsubstantial shade and transperentness common to all cheap wear; and the flowing "silk" tie came direct from the window of a ten-cent store.

Calculating on the "value for gold" standard, the at first interested urban, and even servile bey now appeared disgruntled. For a moment he revered the commanding stranger. Now he thought

"What d'ya think you are?" scoffed the little ruffen; "man or half a man? The editor wouldn't see anyone without first knowin' kie name an' learnin'

his business-"It's about some manuscripts," interrupted the newcomer, in an agitated, impatient sort of way.

The boy went on talking nonsense the self-confessed writer suffering nouse torture and waiting for seconds that seemed agos

"You see, Bud," now a little more ambitiously disposed, once the apparent hauteur of the caller had vanished, "I almost got caused once for lettin' in a crazy post that thought he was the marvel of the world, before the boss could decide whether he (the letter) was in or not."

"May I see the editor in chief?" anew demanded the eagur frantie

"Olimme your card, first," repeated the cruel and heartless weekin.

"Confound it?" cisculated the young man. "Again I loss!" His voice was spiced with pain, somow and despair. Then he drew a deep breath and straightened himsulf out. Ignoring the boy's reply, he muttered determinedly. half to the listener and helf to himself:

"Oh, I'll see him sumehow!"

With this pithy resolution in mind he hastened out of the unfriendly hall, into the elevator, down into the dirty street, and in a few minutes found himself on Times square, deliberating by what subway he might get farthest away from what in his opinion were narrow-minded, hated, exclusive journalists who set their watchdogs, in person of office boys, out to hinder young talent like himself from proving their "art."

But where could be go? Never-ending traffic in streams moved down the streets, and nudging people flocked and crowded the sidewalks. He glanced at the peaceful green of the square; even there were people. After a half-dozen unkempt boys had offered to shine his boots for a "fitney" he managed to make his way to one of the benches and sat down among a distinguished company, consisting of resting business men, hebitual "air breathers" and ordinary loafers an ideal atmosphere, exactly the kind for a temperamental tramp or poet.

From above towered in midst of other skyserapers the redoubtable Singer building. The youth gazed at its lofti-ness. His eyes blinked in the blinding radiance of the searing sun, and he shrugged his shoulders in absolute disgust.

"You are an ass!" be exclaimed. "Yep, Bill Willikins, you're an ass. You thought you'd be rich some day, but you're not. You thought you'd have the price of a Singer building, but you won't. You haven't even got a girl. You're no good-absolutely no

With this highly encouraging optnon of himself he succeeded in some what depressing his spirits. In a fren-sy, suddenly he snatched a large envelope from an inside coat pocket and tore it to shreds. He felt that in doing this he had wreaked a horrible tungeance upon the world-at fi, real-

ids deep to his pock-

herited for it. Now she's going to marry a Hindu! You thought you'd be-come a wonder in New York. You spent your last ten bucks for a typewriter. Now the lan'lady's fired you out into the street. Bill Willikins, I agree with you, you're an ass!"

Downheartedness his only sense of feeling, Bill's mind soon became exhausted with all he sorrowed and pined over his hard tuck. His worries had prevented him from sleeping well nights and he had not eaten just as much as his young and ravenous appetite required. Then, too, he felt weak and tired. Before long slumber well comed his disconcerted mind. Sweet dreams came to him, as they

come to all the crestfallen, weary and sad. He dreamed that he was home and the Singer millions his. And the Hindu, too, had not won his sweetheart, but had gone to where he belonged, in the East. His first and childhood love was his wife. Onco more he was rhyming and chanting songs of love to the girl who had been his inspiration and caused him to come to the great, writhing Babel and strive against fate. He had reached his gual -realized his ambition. Love had not trifled with him; it had made him and the mate whom he so tondly adores happy. But the delectable, beautiful vision did not last long.

He was soon awakened by a sheep, stinging mp on the skin-thick sales of his shoes. His beauteons thrill vanished. The blood no longer tingled in intoxicated fascination in his veins; it boiled in incensed passion at his indulgence in allowing himself to doze away and thus bring him into the clutches of the law.

He endeavored to collect his sense and try and elude duress at the hands of the being who disturbed his nan. He stretched himself and yawned for time. Something flapped polgnantly against his nose, fluttered with the wind in his eyes. Slowly he opened his sleepy organs of vision, wondering what it might be. The sunlight was very strong, but he succeeded in making out an inscription-it was his

He had to blink several times before he could really see, for Or Sol's candescence burt his somniferous sight. Now he grasped the paper in his hands and read it in a spell-bound, increditing wonder and astonishment. Evidently he did not believe what he saw, for he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to ascertain that he was not "seeing things" in a seance.

Another sharp wallop greeted his surprise. He turned up his eyes to the unknown bystander, who held up his

"Wake up, sleepy post-I've decided to take you back. I guess I was

His surprise was even greater when he discovered that the imaginary minion was his stubborn and bigoted father, who always loved to have his own way. His heart beat loud for joy when he beheld the second person. He wished to speak, but his tongue be-came paralysed. "Darling" was all he could say.

The girl's buxom countenance he came suffused in red. She attempted to hide her deep emotion by saying:

"The Courier will publish in book form the 'scripts-the, er, vary perwrote te me from the time we were little children."

"They are your property," interposed bonest Bill,

"No, they're yours," argued the form girl; "you wrote them. And this is the fnitial check for one thousand. The company is famous for its word. The provisions for royalties that I have made will be faithfully carried out."

"And," continued the youth, huskfly "you remember, when I should make good-you remember the old contract -will it be carried out, Marjorie?"

The girl could no longer control her emotions.

"It will," she said, in a moved votoe and buried ber blush in the boy's arms. even if it was broad daylight and the hundreds who teemed Times square did laughingly look upon them.

When they hear the current report

Pigeons May Come Back.

that a member of the Connecticut state game commission has seen several passenger pigeons, persons who know the story of bird life in North America are almost as surprised as if he had said he had seen specimens of the great auk. The passenger pigeon has been considered equally extinct. Less than a century ago it was the most plentiful game bird on the continent, and flocks of passenger sons are said to have darkened the landscape like a cloud passing beneath the sun. This seems likely enough, when one recalls Audubon's estimate of well over a billion pigeons in a migrating flock. Their reappearance would be a true return of the native and would be widely welcomed.

Politics and Hairdressing.

In ancient civilizations a distinctive style of hairdressing had sometimes had its origin in politics, as for instance the pigtail imposed on the Chiness by their Manchu conquerors. The soldier class of old Japan shaved their heads except for a topknot of hair. olom, so far as his long hair goes has had many imitators, some whom tied it with ribbon like a school girl of today. The "love locks" of the English cavallers were tended as care fully as any woman's, no doubt to om wearers and their enemies, the "crop-

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ILLITERATES

Bill Introduced In Senate and House In Their Behalf-The Church Organization Will Also Give Practical Aid.

WILL PROMOTE EDUCATION

The Significant Movement of the Times Is That of the Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South-Will Spens Millions Among the Uneducated.

The fact that several thousand coldiers were unable to understand the orders given them from their superiors and that many, many thousands could not sign their own names to their questionnaires brought to light a condition so serious that two Southern Representatives at Washington are now introducing bills to promote the education of illiterates throughout the length and breadth of America. Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, has introduced a bill in the Senate "to promote the education of illiterates, of persons unable to understand and use the English language, and other resident persons of foreign birth," and the same measure has been introduced in the House by Hon. William B. Bankhead, of Alabama.

The introduction of this important bill means a great deal to the South, which, because of its negroes and mountain whites, has long borne a @ reputation for illiteracy out of proportion to that of the rest of the country. Just what steps will be immediately taken as the result of the passage of the education of linterace.
Washington cannot be stated at this practical meas. ures will be put into operation for the establishment of schools in both rural districts and cities.

Other organizations besides that of the government are at work on the same problem—the establishment of schools in the heart of tenement districts and rural communities being a matter of first importance with all of them. One of the most signif cant movements of the times in this connection is that of the Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, because that denomination will expend within the next five years over \$3,000,000 among the uneducated classes in the Southern and Western States. The church is to raise a fund of \$35,000,000 in an eight-day drive in April, the financial campaign being a part of the Centenary Celebration of the denomination. The money is be ing raised with a view to putting the work of the church on a business basis, the church considering its duty to the illiterates here in America to be among the matters of first importance which it should undertake. A survey has been made and the result of the campaign will be the apportionment of \$3,000.000 among the various illiterate population as follows: Mountain population, \$750,000; immigrant, \$900,000; negroes, \$500,000; Indians, \$150 000; cotton mili population, \$150.000; Christian literature for all of them, \$100.000.

With the definite step undertaken at Washington, with one denomination already completing its plans for furthering the work among them, and with other churches and organizations getting ready to join hands in their behalf, it is more than possible that the liliterates of the South are in a fair way to soon become educated citizens of the United States.

METHODIST LEADERS RETURN FROM FRANCE | ₹

Three prominent leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have just landed in America, after spending two months in Europe, where they went for the purpose of investigating actual conditions and deciding upon a program for the expenditure of \$5,000,000, which sum will be allotted to European upbuilding by the Cente nary Commission of the denomination The three returning church leaders are Bishop James Atkins, Chairman of the Centenary Commission; Bishop Walter Lambuth, who has been in Eo rope for nearly a year in the interest of his church; and Dr. W. W. Pinson, General Secretary of the Mission

Dr. Pinson and Bishop Atkins returned to the headquarters of the denomination at Nashville the latter part of the week, and Bishop Lambuth went directly to his bome at Oakdale, Cali-

While the plans for the European work have not been announced as yet the returning members of the commis sion say that they have mapped out s very satisfactory program and that five million deliars of the Centenary fund will be expended in upbuilding schools and churches in the devastated



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STATE PREPARING FOR SOLDIERS' RETURN

To see that the returning soldier and sa lor does not meet conditions that will cause his demobilization to become his demoralization, is to be the first peace responsibility of any community, says the government. The first reconstruction work that any city, town or community undertakes after the war should be to protect the soldier from the social vices, from which he has been more or less free in the army. The War Department has announced that it is returning the soldiers to their families and to civil life uncontaminated by disease, and that it holds the community in which they live re-sponsible for further protection and welfare.

"There must be no peace with p. stitution, no truce with the red lightdistrict, no armistice with venereal diseases", says the Government. While many war institutions will go to the scrap heap as a result of the close of the war, war on venereal diseases will continue. Unconditional surrender is the Government's demand from this enemy at home.

North Carolina has already begun to assume her responsibility to her se diers, sailors and private citizens as regards venereal diseases. The State Board of Health is waging an active campaign for the eradication of this great health menace by endeavoring to inform and educate as far as possi ble every citizen as to the nature and danger of disease and by suppressing the prostitute and the near prostitute. Several of the largest towns have appropriated funds for establishing venereal disease clinica. The citizens of Asheville have voted to establish a free clinic and have purposefully set about to make their town a safe home for all their people as well a safe home for all their people as well as for the returning soldiers and sailors Wilmington has also appropriated funds for a free venereal disease clinic, and it is understood that Greensboro and Winston-Salem will do the same in the near future.

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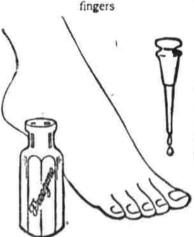
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The Pneumonta Season, .

The cold, damp weather of March