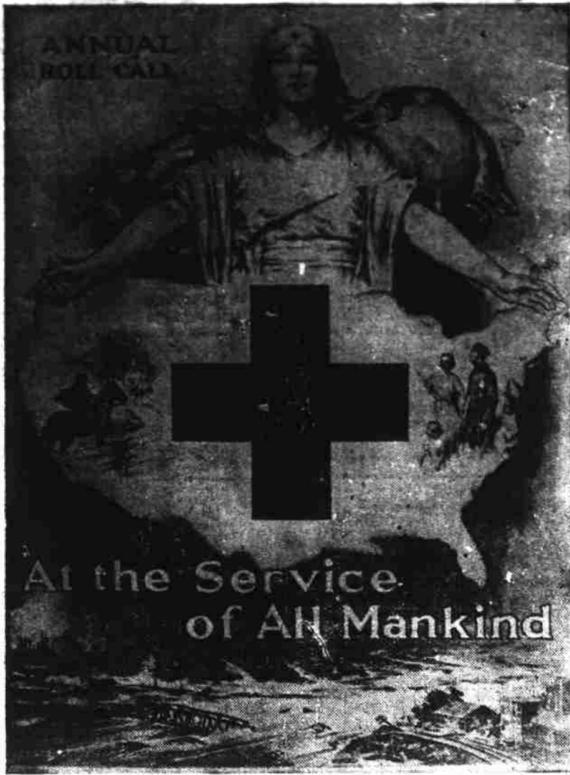


Greatest Mother Summons Her Children



At the Service of All Mankind

An allegorical concept of the Red Cross as a peace-time ideal is employed by the American Red Cross in a new and striking poster for its Annual Red Cross Roll Call. Spread out before the heroic size figure is the outline of the United States with a Red Cross superimposed upon it while around its borders are sketched scenes depicting the chief activities of the Red Cross today—service to disabled veterans of the World War, disaster relief and promotion of the public health. The poster is the work of Lawrence Wilbur, a New York artist and will be displayed throughout the country during the enrollment of the Red Cross membership for 1923.

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder?

MISS MARY CULBERSON, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Culberston of Texas, whose love affair with Alexander E. Robertson, a British war veteran, recently led to sensational charges of kidnaping, has gone to Europe. She was accompanied by a group of friends, but not by any member of the Culberston family. In starting abroad Miss Culberston was carrying out plans decided on some months ago, said a statement issued here by Senator Culberston.



Friends of the Culberston family said the intention is to show that the affair with Robertson, who charged that agents of Senator Culberston kidnaped him in Newark in a plot to spirit him out of the country, is definitely an end. Miss Culberston has not seen Robertson since last March, although they exchanged letters and telegrams until the young Englishman obtained an indictment against John Ellies, a Burns detective, on the kidnaping charge. When Robertson was in Washington trying to interest the British embassy in his case Miss Culberston refused to be seen by a representative of Robertson. The affair between the two started five months ago at Austin, Texas, and continued to Washington, when Robert-

son followed Miss Culberston to the home of her parents. In order to learn something about Robertson's identity, Senator Culberston hired Burns detectives, with the result that it was decided to oppose the match between the two, which had gone to the point of Robertson's proposal of marriage. As part of the breaking up process Senator Culberston proposed, through the detectives, to finance a trip for Robertson into South America, where he wanted to go to make a fortune. Robertson went with detectives to Boston where he was to take the steamer. The charges of kidnaping by an aunt of Robertson caused the trip to be abandoned. Robertson is twenty-four and Miss Culberston is twenty-one.

JULIAN NEWS

The farmers in this section are very busy in their fall harvesting and wheat sowing. Mrs. H. H. Harden is seriously ill. Mrs. P. R. Montgomery and children, of Greensboro, spent a few days recently with their aunt, Mrs. Charley Burrow. Mr. DeWitt McClintock made a business trip to Burlington Wednesday. Mr. J. P. Devinney, who was injured when falling from a load of hay a few weeks ago, is able to be out again. Some of our people attended the circus at Greensboro Wednesday. Miss Alida Montgomery and brother from Greensboro, Miss Bessie Smith and Ross Wilson were guests of Miss Ma Burrow Sunday evening. Mr. Walter Hemphill had the misfortune of having his Ford stolen Wednesday night. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Staley attended the funeral of Mrs. Staley's uncle, Mr. Bob Lednum last Monday evening.

Beaten by Band of Men.

The kidnaping of R. F. Mills, of Macon, Ga., is openly charged by the injured man to have been done by members of the Ku Klux Klan. Mills was kidnaped and taken to a lonely place where he was horse whipped and left to die. He revived about midnight and returned to his home where he reported the affair, and appealed to the governor of the state. His little son, who was with him at the time, was so frightened that he crawled home on his hands and knees to tell his mother. Doctors who were summoned said that Mills was attacked with clubs. He sustained several bruises about the head which bled freely. No reason seemed to have been assigned for the attack.

Auto Accident Near Salisbury.

When the automobile in which the Bradshaw family were riding plunged into an embankment near Salisbury Saturday the entire family were injured. The mother and one child were seriously injured, and an infant was killed.

CLUB REORGANIZED AT N. C. STATE COLLEGE

The Randolph County Club was reorganized at State College Thursday night, November 1. Sam G. Newlin, Jr., was elected president, and J. Stanton Skeen, secretary and treasurer. The club is composed of the following boys: Sam G. Newlin, Jr., R. F. Routh, and Carson Sheffield, of Randolph; J. Stanton Skeen and Floyd Beaver, Asheboro; S. A. Allred, Jr., Staley; J. L. Wall, Edgar; L. N. Brown and Guy Lane, Rameaux; J. B. Slack, Why Not; B. J. Beason, Climax; Chas. Hyton, Sperry; and E. T. Kearns, Jr., of Thomasville, formerly a Randolph county boy.

Eight of these boys are taking agricultural courses, four of them being seniors. The other five are taking courses as follows: One, electrical engineering; one, mechanical engineering; one, civil engineering; and two are seniors in textile.

Dies as Result of Car Accident.

Mrs. Henry James died at a Burlington hospital Monday as the result of an automobile accident which occurred Sunday afternoon near Brown Summit. The accident occurred Sunday afternoon at a curve in the road when the car in which they were riding collided with another car. Mr. James and other members of the family were in the car at the time of the accident, but Mrs. James was the only one injured. While she lived several hours, her neck was broken and she never regained consciousness.

Killed by Shifting Eagles.

John Worham, who was a blacksmith on the Southern railroad, stationed in Durham, was run over and killed by a shifting engine Saturday afternoon. He was rushed to a hospital but only lived a few hours. He had been at work in Durham since the railroad strike, coming from Oxford, where it is understood his family lives.

HANMER & MOSEK

JIMMY'S BOSS

By GLADYS PLUMMER.

Jimmy Murphy's freckled forehead assumed perplexed lines as he opened his blue eyes and beheld a long room bordered by numerous small white beds, similar to the one he occupied, but was immediately smoothed by remembrance as a sharp pain shot through his left leg. "A hospital," came from the thin, expressive lips. "Yes, dear, a hospital." Jimmy's head turned quickly to the pretty nurse sitting at his bedside. "You ran in front of an automobile and your left leg is broken. Keep up good courage, and in a few weeks you will be about again. I will tell the house doctor you are conscientious," she continued, "and he will send word to your home."

"He'll have a job to find it, I guess," said the boy, then adding suddenly: "I must let my boss know, though." "The head nurse will be here soon to fill out your bedside card. You give her your employer's telephone number, and she will deliver any message you wish," said Miss Ashby kindly. "I go off duty now and will see you again in the evening."

The boy's intelligent eyes watched the slim little figure of the nurse as she passed between the rows of beds and out through the large swinging doors.

Jimmy's head dropped back on the cool pillow, and a sigh of momentary, physical peace escaped him.

"She's just like the girl my boss always tells me about, and the tears are always hanging round the corners of his eyes when he talks about her," he mused.

"Better today, Jimmy?" asked Miss Ashby next morning, as she placed the thermometer in his mouth.

"I'm not going to whine, nurse," but his slight movement caused a barely perceptible twitching of the mouth.

The nurse bent over him, her cool hands bringing a wonderful peace.

"Say, nurse, you've got hair that looks like gold in the sunlight, too, haven't you?"

Jimmy's eyes glistened with the recollections of the man's description of the girl in his stories. "And eyes that look like violets growing in the fields," he continued.

"Oh, Jimmy, I do hope you are not getting worse."

"The boy became serious at once. "Sure not," he said reassuringly. "I'm lots better. I was only thinking about a girl somebody told me about once. I'm thinking about something else, too, Miss Ashby. If I don't get to work by Monday I lose my job. The boss he—she sent word—and it's Saturday now."

"That's ridiculous, Jimmy. Don't worry about that."

"But you know, nurse, it's an awful hard beginning to a business career to lose your job. I wouldn't lose mine for anything."

"You cannot possibly go to work by that time, Jimmy. What is his address? I will go and see him myself."

Jimmy's eyes brightened. "It's the Cumberland building, room 24. He's alone about four o'clock in the afternoon, and that's the time I always ask favors."

"All right, Jimmy; don't worry about it any more. Good-by, and I will tell you all about it tomorrow."

His blue eyes never left the graceful figure as she left the ward.

"She's just sunshine and violets," he said to himself, and his contented brain was quiet.

The next morning as Miss Ashby was making Jimmy's bed he thought the violets shone brighter than ever in her eyes.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "The boss says you may stay until you are absolutely well. And, Jimmy—" she was not looking at the boy now—"you did not tell me his name, but I found that—that I knew him very well. He did not understand about your fear of losing your place. What did you mean, dear?"

Jimmy hesitated a moment, then said: "I wanted to do something for him, nurse. You see, he used to tell me a story every day when he came to bring me things, and every story had a girl in it. And one day I said to him: 'That's just like Miss Ashby.'"

"What do you know about Miss Ashby?" he asked; and then I told him you was my morning nurse.

"I need to see her real often, Jimmy," he said to me after a while.

"Not now?" I said. "If you'd seen her once, I shouldn't think you'd ever want to stop."

"I didn't," he said; "she won't see me."

"And then, Miss Ashby, I lied to you. He never told me I'd lose my job if I wasn't there Monday. I kept thinking about all he had done for me, and I knew he wanted to see you badly; so I lied to get you to see him again."

The blue eyes closed; gentle lips pressed the brow. In her voice was the sweet tones of old.

"He's going to be my boss, too, Jimmy," she whispered softly in his ear, "and you are going to live with us."

Jimmy did not answer, but he knew how violets glowed when life was in them.

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Not on the County List.

Father—Well, son, I see you're back here. I'm glad and not a word. Son—No, I can't remember no more as we got out of the trouble.

Popcorn Queen

By R. RAY BAKER

As the little roadster rounded the curve near the tiny house the wheels ceased to spin so rapidly.

"This would be a good time," remarked Ted Marshall, "to call on the popcorn queen. What do you say, Madge?"

Madge Holbrook turned a glance on him in which the presence of irritation might have been noted had there been more light.

"Popcorn queen," she said, with a tinge of asperity in the tone. "Do you mean old Mrs. Quentin? What a name to apply to her! Ted, you must have popcorn on the brain. You're eating it or talking about it all the time. Some day you'll have a ruined stomach because of it. Don't you know that popcorn will destroy your appetite, consuming it by the barrel the way you do?"

Ted had brought the roadster to a stop in front of the tiny house, which perched on a green terrace, peering over a group of rose bushes and between the tendrils of a flourishing vine.

"Popcorn is an appetizer for me," he replied. "I just can't seem to get enough of it. Yes, Mrs. Quentin is the popcorn queen. You see she used to be a neighbor to us over in Valley City and I call on her now and then to renew acquaintanceship—and to consume a big bowl of popcorn which she always prepares. She and her husband, who works at the sawmill, are perfect friends for popcorn—as bad as or worse than I. I promised I'd bring you for a call some time, so let's stop now."

Madge shrugged her shoulders and adjusted her cape.

"All right, I'm willing, because it's rather chilly and this will be an opportunity to get warm. But don't expect me to eat any corn. You know I detest it. It's had enough to sit around and watch a lot of others fill up on it—and hear them, too—without being obliged to take a hand in the performance. Remember, we can't stay long."

Mr. and Mrs. Quentin were quaint, kindly old souls, both with beaming ruddy faces, and they extended a hearty welcome to the wayfarers. The man of the house smoked a corn-cob pipe while his wife bustled herself in the kitchen, and the two young people sat about the fireplace blaze, which was glowing red, and discussed weather, motion picture stars and congress with the genial old gentleman. In the kitchen could be heard a staccato rattle like the voice of a machine gun, and presently Mrs. Quentin bustled into the parlor with four heaping bowls of fluffy white kernels which she proceeded to distribute.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Quentin," said Madge, "but I never eat it. It looks tempting, but I really don't care for it."

"Heaven sakes, girl!" deplored the hostess, "but you certainly do miss a lot in life."

When the roadster had resumed its rolling on the road Madge remarked: "Nice people, but that popcorn eating session nearly drove me wild."

"Yum, yum," said Ted, smacking his lips, "I can taste it yet. Madge, you must learn to like popcorn. By the way, have you decided yet when we are to get married?"

"Don't you think," she said finally, "that it would be nicer for you to learn to unlike popcorn, seeing that I have no use for it? And, as for marrying you, I haven't thought seriously about it. In fact, marriage doesn't worry me at all. You're a nice enough friend, Ted, except when you're eating popcorn, but really you'd never do for a husband. Let's talk about the weather."

But Ted was insistent. Perhaps the harvest moon, rising over the eastern hills, had something to do with it.

"But you can give me a little hope, can't you Madge? You know, I'm going away to the city—to get rich, I hope, and I want something to look forward to."

The moonlight was not sufficiently bright to reveal the whimsical little smile that played about Madge's red lips.

"This much I'll promise, Ted," she said. "When I consent to eat popcorn I'll consent to marry you."

In the two years that Ted spent in the city he did not amass wealth, but he managed to obtain a nice little nestegg. The city was a long way from the village of Gregory and his business prevented any visits home until the termination of those two years. He carried on a regular correspondence with Madge, and occasionally asked her whether she had learned to like popcorn, to which he always received a negative answer.

When Ted came home for his first vacation he made the trip in a new roadster. It was early in the fall, and he and Madge enjoyed a number of rides along the roads which were familiar to them. The weather was warm with bright sunshine, and the tours were made more attractive by the multi-colored autumn leaves that hung from every tree.

But one afternoon they started on a spin with conditions less favorable. Lowering clouds hid the sun and there was a cool, damp breeze. They passed the tiny house on the curve, and Ted observed:

"The palace of the popcorn queen looks deserted. See, the blinds are down. Have they moved away?"

"Didn't I tell you in my letters?" inquired Madge. "Mrs. Quentin died several months ago, and Mr. Quentin lasted only a few weeks. It was grief that took him, I believe. They were nice old people, too."

They drove on in silence for a little while. Suddenly they noticed that the clouds had become blacker and denser, and thunder began to rumble. Lightning flashed in the dark sky and premature night came on.

"Let's go back," suggested Madge. "A storm is coming."

She was right, for hardly had they progressed a mile on the return trip before the deluge descended. It was a veritable cloudburst, with thick sheets of rain that obliterated the road and everything else. Water pelted the occupants of the car for all of the top and side curtains. As they swept round a curve the motor suddenly halted.

"We'll have to find shelter," said Ted. "The spark plugs are wet or something, and the top is beginning to leak. See, there is the deserted palace of the popcorn queen. Make a break for it while I push the car out of the road."

Madge scampered for the tiny house, and Ted moved the roadster to a place of safety. They were both drenched when he joined her at the door. A skeleton key proved useful and they entered the little house. It was empty and dreary, with furniture gone and floors bare, but it was shelter. Ted found some paper and fuel in the wood shed and kindled a blaze in the fireplace. While they dried themselves they watched from the window and saw the roadster making a brave stand against the furious elements.

While the darkness became more intense the storm became more terrific. Ted dispelled the gloom by means of candles found in a cupboard. Hours passed and there was no let up in the rain.

"Gosh, I'm hungry!" exclaimed Ted, and he began rummaging about the house. With a triumphant grin he returned to the parlor, carrying a paper sack in one hand and a popcorn popper in the other.

"Here's some real food," he announced. "There's nothing else in the way of nourishment in the house. We'll see if it works."

Madge looked glum as Ted shook the popper over the fire. Presently the popping began and the popper filled with white kernels. Ted smiled gratefully.

"Smells good, I can tell you. No salt or butter, but I guess we can get along. Oh, I forgot, Madge; you don't eat the stuff. Well, that's no reason for me to starve, is it?"

He began a ravenous inroad on the corn, while Madge turned away and kept silence. Ted munched on while the rain played a merry tune on the roof. Madge could endure it no longer.

"Ted!" she cried desperately, "give me some of that corn. I'm so starved I could eat my gloves!"

He extended the popper, then drew it back, hesitating.

"Madge, do you remember a promise you once made—about eating popcorn and marrying me?"

"Of course I remember," she smiled. "Pass the corn and I'll make good."

"No basis for absurd story. Incident from which arose expression 'Tap the Admiral' has been completely disproved."

"Tap the admiral" is a nautical phrase, meaning to tap and steal the liquor from a cask by means of a gimlet and straw. The expression is said to have originated in the story that the body of Admiral Nelson was conveyed to England after the battle of Trafalgar (1805), it was placed in a cask, which was filled with brandy and closed. On arriving at Spithead, the cask was found to be empty, and the body of the admiral "high and dry"—the sailors having drained the liquor. This ridiculous and repulsive tale, however, has no foundation in fact.

"It was not until the day after the battle that the surgeon of the Victory could find leisure to give a portion of his attention to the remains of the hero. There was no lead on board to make a coffin of; a large cask called a leaguer had to serve as a shell; the hair was cut off the head of the body, which was stripped of all clothes except the shirt; the corpse was then put into the cask, which was filled with brandy and closed. During the heavy weather that followed, Nelson's remains were placed upon the charge of a sentry on the middle deck. The cask stood on end, having a closed aperture at its top, and another below, that the spirits might be withdrawn and recovered without disturbing the body."—"Life of Nelson," by W. Clark Russell.

Solitude. The fisherman had just fallen overboard, and was caught in the tide.

"Fervent's sake, throw me a life preserver!" he shouted.

"Whamman! You're swim!" retorted a lazy oarman.

"Yuh better throw me a life preserver, darn yuh!" he came back. "I swim a-right, but yuh better not sht no chances. I got th' bottle in 'a pocket!"

Didn't You Believe It? "Are there many mosquitoes here?" asked the man who was thinking of wing a breeze by its swishing.

"None whatever," answered the agent. "The mosquitoes are all gone, and the flies are there to keep you the flies."

RED CROSS PUTS UP \$9,739,872

Year's Budget Stresses Relief and Services at Home and Overseas.

MILLIONS FOR VETERAN AID

Over \$3,000,000 Allotted to the Disabled—Foreign Work Lessens.

Washington.—Expenditures totaling \$9,739,872.47 for carrying through its program of services and relief during the fiscal year in the United States and overseas are authorized in the budget of the American Red Cross, effective July 1, 1922. This total is \$2,735,975 less than the expenditures for the last fiscal year, when disbursements reached \$12,475,847.69, it is announced at National Headquarters in a statement emphasizing the necessity of continued support of the organization by enrollment during the annual Roll Call, November 11-November 30 inclusive. This total for the budget is exclusive of the large financial operations of the 3,900 active Red Cross Chapters, which, it is estimated, will more than double the total.

War Veterans Have First Call

First call on Red Cross funds is for the disabled ex-service men, of whom 27,487 were receiving treatment from the Government on June 1 last. This work for veterans and their families in a wide variety of service that the Government is not authorized to render and for which it has neither funds nor facilities has the call on \$3,030,692.90 during the current year, or about \$368,000 more than was expended last year for soldier service. Adding the funds disbursed in this humanitarian work of physical reconstruction following the World War by the Chapters throughout the country will approximate a total for the current year approaching \$10,000,000. This work, in the opinion of the Surgeon General's office, will not reach its peak before 1923.

Through Its Chapters the American Red Cross is equipped to find the individual ex-service man, help him in his problems and difficulties, provide immediately for his necessities, and open the way for him to the Government compensation and aid to which he is entitled. The extension of this work to the families of such men grows to them that the Red Cross has lost none of its sympathy nor will to service manifested in wartime. Similarly the service goes out to the men still in the Army and Navy, 11,007 of whom were under treatment in Government hospitals on June 1, 1922.

Greater Domestic Program

This year—after five years of constructive effort during the war and after the armistice—brings with it a greater responsibility for domestic service to the American Red Cross.

The budget for foreign operations, however, totals \$3,404,000, but of this amount \$1,824,000 is for medical relief and hospital supplies for Russia, which is a part of the gift made by the Russian famine relief work of the American Relief Administration program. The child health service in Europe continues, moreover, and \$654,000 is appropriated for this work undertaken in 1920. Other items in the stringently diminished foreign program include \$200,000 to support the League of Red Cross Societies, \$22,000 for nurses' training schools instituted by the Red Cross abroad, and \$800,000 for liquidation of the general Red Cross foreign relief program.

Prepared for Emergencies

For disaster relief the Red Cross has set aside \$750,000, and for emergencies in Chapter work \$500,000 to be available for domestic, insular and foreign demands. This is more than \$305,000 above last year's expenditures. For service and assistance to the 3,900 Chapters and their branches \$1,293,000 is provided by the National organization.

Other budget items of importance in the domestic program include \$200,000 for assistance to other organizations and education institutions for training Red Cross nurses and workers; \$150,000 for Roll Call assistance furnished to Chapters; \$100,000 for unforeseen contingencies.

Of the total budget less than \$500,000 is allotted for management in the National organization. No cash estimate, of course, is possible to weigh the value of the service by volunteers in the Chapters.

THE RED CROSS SUPPLEMENTS GOVERNMENT SERVICE BY MEETING THE PARTICULAR NEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL EX-SERVICE MAN. THIS WORK CANNOT GO ON UNLESS YOU SUPPORT IT WITH YOUR MEMBERSHIP DOLLAR. PAY UP TODAY.