

**DON'T FORGET PARENTS.**

Don't forget that children, like plants, suffer seriously from want of sunlight.

Don't forget that children are more seriously affected by impure air than grown people.

Don't forget that little children are easily depressed by gloomy surroundings, and this lowers their vitality.

Don't let the nursery be used as a laundry or a larder. Food should never be kept in it.

Don't forget that lowered vitality makes children more liable to catch any infectious disease.

Don't think that any room in the house will do for the nursery as "it's only for the children." The sunniest, most airy and cheerful room in the house should be given to the children if you want them to be healthy.

Don't think that money is wasted in buying pretty paper and brightly colored paint for the decorations of the nursery. Money spent on brightening life at its opening will bear good interest in health and happiness.

Don't shake or scold a child who wakes up and cries out in the night. Often night terrors are a purely nervous affection, and any harshness only makes matters worse.

Don't say "don't" to your little one. Remember to tell the child what he is to do, not what he is not to do.

**REVERIE OF A YOUNG FARMER ON A WINTER NIGHT.**

—

El C. Foster in St. Louis Republic.

—

The evenin' fire is burnin' low,  
And as I sit alone  
A-watchin' it my heart goes out  
To him without a home.

My wife and babe are in their beds,  
But on a night like this  
I like to sit and watch the fire  
And hear the elm hiss.

It fills my room with ruddy warmth  
Though through the trees outside  
The cold wind wails as mournfully  
As though someone had died.

Above the patter of the rain  
I hear the lowing kine—  
The horses stamping in their stalls—  
My lazy grunting swine.

D'you know ther's somethin' creepy  
'bout  
The sounds that come through  
the night?  
But 'long as Shep ain't barkin' I  
Am sure that all is right.

I know my stock's contented, for  
Two hours ago I saw  
That trough were full and beds were  
made  
Of warm sweet-smelling straw.

I guess they're kind o' talkin' 'bout  
Their feed and warmth of fold  
And wishin' they could share 'em with  
The stock that's in the cold.

I ain't no wealthy farmer  
Just a quarter's all I own;  
But everything about the place  
Is glad to call it home.

As for me; my wife and child  
(The roguish little elf)  
Are all the treasures that I want  
And all of us have health.

Then what care I for markets? Let  
Them climb or tumble down  
I have my little kingdom here  
And love is made the crown.

I owe no man a single cent;  
And food enough have we  
To live like kings a year of me  
And some for charity.

The cellar's full of every kind  
O' fruit that's good to eat;  
And all around the place are things  
That's buried good and deep.

There's apples, 'tater, cabbage  
And turnips, not a few;  
There's pumpkins, onions, carrots and  
Some sweet 'ptaters, too.

The smoke house is full of meat  
Great shoulders, sides and hams.  
With pickle stuff that is delight  
To any healthy man.

I've filled the woodshed full of wood

While clearin' out the grove,  
And its all cut and split just right.  
T' slip into the stove.

So let old Winter come. He can  
No terror to me bring;  
I'll laugh and mock his wrath until  
He's conquered by the Spring.

And, as I sit and dream, I give  
All praise to Him above,  
Who's made it such a pleasant task  
To work, and Live, and Love.

**MEN WHO DO NOT KNOW.**

One question that members of the Industrial Relations Commission frequently address to important witnesses relates to the knowledge possessed by directors of big corporations as to labor conditions in their enterprises. It is a question that should be repeated over and over again in the pending inquiry and everywhere else.

No director has been found as yet who knows anything about labor conditions. All such who have testified seem to have been startled, even shocked at the discovery that they were expected to be in touch with the men and women by whose labor they depend for profit.

One of the weakest spots in our industrial and by consequence in our social and political systems is right here. Directors of corporations in the United States do not direct. They are absolute landlords who deal with labor through overseers. They do not know their employes, representatives of whom they refuse to receive. They do not attempt to know them.—New York World.

**SQUELCHED.**

He—Miss Banks—Edith—I love you. It is true that I am not rich, but I am young, strong and willing to work.

She—You may see papa.

He—Then you think he'll consent?

She—No; but I believe he is looking for an office boy with just the qualifications you mention.—Boston Transcript.

**TO BE AVOIDED.**

"I'll have nothing to do with that fellow."

"Why not?"

"He's pig-headed, intolerant and tyrannical."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. He always thinks the Lord is on his side."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**FATALLY LIMITED.**

During the year ending June 30, 1914, the cotton goods made in the United States and sold abroad in the markets of the world, amounted to less than fifty-two million dollars. That is to say, our sale of cotton goods in foreign markets is a mere bagatelle.

Meanwhile we imported sixty-nine million dollars worth of cotton goods, mainly from Great Britain, Germany, France, and Switzerland. These imported cotton goods were dainty merchandise—fabrics, laces, insertions, edgings, embroideries and lace cuttings for the most part, and such goods are produced only by artistic brains and nimble fingers. They are fabrics that can never be made by clumsy, ignorant operatives.

The sooner Southern cotton mill owners start a campaign for vocational and continuation school, the sooner will our mill business in the South get away from the coarser cotton products in which the margin of profit is gradually decreasing, and move on up into making these finer cotton fabrics in which the margin of profit is wider.

No other business people in the South can better afford to support public education, industrial education every kind of education that develops taste, invention, intelligence and skill. It is a simple, sensible, constructive business policy.

The future of Southern cotton manufacture is fatally limited by clumsy, unskilled labor.

The University News Letter will be glad to see about and celebrate progressive movements of this kind in the mill villages.—University News Letter.

There is nothing the matter with Mr. Bryan's position when he holds that the offices under a democratic administration should be filled by democrats.

**READING THE "EXCHANGER"**

Every craft has its crosses. One of the sore afflictions of the newspaper business is found in the fact that people generally think it's no work to get out a paper. One of the hardest jobs every editor does—though generally the pleasantest—is to read his exchange. But it is hard work, and it must be done. For the editor who gets a day or two "back" in his exchange never catches up. And the thing that makes him maddest, though he will look up and greet the stranger with a smile who does it, is for a man to come in saying, "Well, I saw you were sitting, so I thought I'd just pass the time of day with you!"

Remember this, you who would have business with the editor: "It's all right to come in when he's reading or writing or editing copy, but don't get it into your head that when he's reading his exchanges you have come in the idle hour."—Ex.

**TEACH YOUR DOLLARS TO HAVE MORE CENTS.**

An alert storekeeper has his sign posted on his counter.

Every reader of this newspaper should copy it.

Teach your dollars to have more cents.

In other words, be sure to get the worth of your money when you buy. Know the market. Know what suits your use best. Know above all else where the best service and prices prevail.

To be posted read the advertisements in this newspaper.

Compare offers and prices before you buy. Teach your dollars to have more cents!

And then have sense enough to place an ad in The Dispatch.

**Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly**

The Old Standard secret strengthening tonic, GROVE'S "CAPTELESS" CHILL TONIC, drives out malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic for adults and children. 50c.

**A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.**

"What a funny-looking man that conductor is!" said Mrs. Jiggles, on the trolley.

"Yes," said Jiggles, "I've been trying to think who he looks like. His face is very familiar to me.

"Oh, I know who it is," said Mrs. Jiggles. He's our goldfish."—Judge.

**MIGHTY BAD COMPANY.**

A countryman in Savannah observed a gang of darkies laboring on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one why the ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darky; "heap of thieves about here."—Argonaut.

**AFTER THE COON.**

A Presbyterian minister by the name of Haynes was once traveling through the wilds of West Virginia. One Sunday evening late he called a halt at a log cabin by the road and gave a "halloo" when a woman came to the door.

Haynes said: "Where is your husband?"

"He went coon huntin'—og. He killed two whoppin' big coons last Sunday."

"Doesn't your husband fear the Lord?"

"Oh, yes; he always takes his gun with him."

"Are there any Presbyterians in this country?"

"I don't know whether he has killed any Presbyterians or not. You can go out to the shed and look at the hides and see."—National Monthly.

**How To Give Quinine To Children.**

Quinine is the trade-mark name given to an insecticide. It is a Tasterless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not irritate the stomach. When given it is never known to be Quinine. It is especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for Quinine original package. The name FERRAZZINI is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

**IT SIMPLY CAN'T BE DONE BY ANY MUSICIAN.**

He was a member of a regimental band and he did not forget to brag about it.

"Why, man, we can play the most intricate airs at sight," he was saying.

"Indeed!" said the unbelieving listener. "I should like to hear you play the airs the drum major puts on."—London Answers.

If you cannot find happiness in your work, there's no use getting out a search warrant.

**MAKE GOOD.**

- Make Good.
- Cut out "if," "could" and "should."
- And start to saw wood.
- You can still have the best.
- Things in life, like the rest
- Of men who've achieved
- Just because they've believed
- In themselves. You're deceived
- If you think fortune comes
- With a rattle of drums
- And a fanfare of state
- To hand yours on a plate.
- That isn't the way
- That she visits today.
- You must get out and rustle and bustle and hustle;
- You need all your muscle for you have got to tussle.
- Plunge into the fight,
- Hit to left and right,
- And keep crashing and smashing.
- Don't let up with your striking
- Till things meet your liking.
- For God's sake, stop bawling—
- Instead do some mauling.
- It makes the world bitter
- To look at a quitter;
- Fate scowls when she sees
- A grown-up on his knees.
- A man with his health
- Is a mine jammed with wealth
- Full of unexplorable lodes.
- Why, the freckled-back tons
- Have the sense to keep jumping!
- Come now, strike your gait—
- There's no such thing as fate!
- Droy that fool-talk of "luck,"
- Get a grip on your pluck and buck.
- Begin
- To gain
- And win.
- Herbert Kauffman in Every-body's.

**A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.**

I believe the greatest privilege and greatest duty for any man is to be happily married, and no other form of success or service, for either man or woman, can be wisely accepted as a substitute or alternative.—Theodore Roosevelt.

The man who spends nine-tenths of his salary for booze believes that economy should begin at home.

Some men begin saving up for a rainy day when they look out and see that it is raining pitchforks.

These candidates for the Raleigh postoffice who withdrew in favor of Mrs. Aycock evidently knew where they were at.

**A FUTURE ROCKEFELLER.**

"Trust, monopolies, have had their day. They did more harm than good. Hence, they must go. But, all the same, we must admire the long-headedness of the men who created these vast enterprises."

The speaker was Senator La Follette, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He went on: "The trust creator reminds me of the little boy who entered the farmer's truck patch and said, touching a handsome cucumber on a vine:

"How much for this?"

"Ten cents," the farmer answered.

"I don't want to pay more than about two cents," said the boy.

"Well, here's one for that price," said the farmer, and he lifted up a very small cucumber that grew beside the big one.

"All right, I'll take her," said the boy. "But don't cut her off now. I'll eat for her again in two weeks' time."

**WHY THE FAIL.**

One of the chief reasons why many men fail in life is that they do not go in to win. They are not likely to buckle down to hard work, to pay the price for the kind of a victory they want. They do not want it enough to go through the years of disagreeable discipline and training that makes the victor. They are not willing to forego their little pleasures, to give up the good times they love for the sake of a larger future. They are not willing to spend their evenings, their bits of odd time, in self-improvement, in getting an education, and in fitting themselves superbly for their life's work.—O. S. Marden.

We shall be satisfied with any primary law that gives every voter a chance to express his choice of candidates.

Little will be accomplished as long as each succeeding legislature is satisfied if it does as well as its predecessor.

The legislature may pass a primary law even if it is not very enthusiastic over it.

If a government-owned merchant marine is not the thing the democrats may make a mistake in establishing it just because Mr. Wilson desires it.

---

**Something for Nothing.**

To get started with you we make you the following offer: Send us \$1.50 for 1,000 Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, grown in the open air and will stand freezing; grown from the Celebrated Seed of Bolgins & Son and Thorburn & Co., and I will send you 1,000 Cabbage Plants additional FREE, and you can repeat the order as many times as you like. I will give you special prices on Potato Seed and Potato Plants later. We want the accounts of close buyers, large and small. We can supply all.

**ATLANTIC COAST PLANT CO.,**  
YOUNGS ISLAND, S. C.

---

**BRING**

Those old chairs, beds, tables, dressers etc to BURLINGTON, N. C., at the Corner Davis & Worth Street have them repaired a stitch in time saves nine.

**MASK & FISHER**

---

We are making

**Some Close Prices on Pianos Now**

Have 8 Pianos we want to sell before Christmas. Have you seen our \$175.00 & \$225.00 Pianos? See our \$49.00 Organ.

Have you seen that New Machine?  
"No Shuttle, No Bobbin."

Put spool thread below and spool on top and "Go to Work," Simple, isn't it!

**Ellis Machine & Music Co.**  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

---

**AVOID SPECULATION INVEST**

Your surplus earnings in first mortgage real estate bonds. No investment is SAFER. We guarantee the payment of both principal and interest. BONDS ranging from \$100.00 to \$500.00 on improved country and city property.

---

**STANDARD REALTY AND SECURITY CO.**

C. C. Feaville, Mgr. :: :: Burlington, N. C.

---

**RALPH'S PLACE.**

The only cash store in town, nothing charged, nothing delivered.

When you trade at Ralph's Place, you do not have to pay others peoples bad debts.

Full line fruits, candies, cakes, crackers, salted and roasted peanuts fresh all the time, all kinds cold drinks, tobacco, cigars, snuff, canned goods, coffees, oranges and apples.

**MISS LILLIE SHATTERLY, Mgr.**  
RALPH'S PLACE, The Ladies Store.

---

**VICK'S Croup and SALVE**

Pneumonia