

THE MEBANE LEADER.

"And Right The Day Must Win, To Doubt Would be Disloyalty, To Falter Would be Sin."

Vol 4.

MEBANE, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9 1913

No 91

No Denying The Fact

Mebane Leader:-
I have read with interest the articles in the "Leader" from Citizens of Caswell and Orange Counties, in regard to the road from Orange County line to the road leading from Cross Roads Church to Mebane. There is no denying the fact that this short stretch of road a distance of only 1 to 1 1/2 miles is a very bad piece of road also that it means a great deal to Mebane, especially to our Tobacco market and to the merchants of Mebane. When the Citizens of Caswell and Orange Counties propose to come over and help Alamance to build this road, is it not about time for Mebane and Alamance County to get busy and do something. I am told that this road even now is in a very bad condition, and if something is not done quickly it will be almost impossible to get over it with a load this winter.

It is unnecessary to say more. If the people of Mebane will go before the County Commissioners and explain to them the importance for quick action, I believe the County Commissioners will give speedy relief.

W. E. White.

Some Sales at the Planters Warehouse

W. M. Ward, Carr, N. C. 1464 lbs, \$513.51.
Richmond and Thompson, Carr, N. C. 455 lbs, \$133.35.
Martin and Harvey, Bayes, N. C. 327 lbs, \$38.93.
Morton and Bice, Cedar Grove, 509 lbs, \$100.32.
F. P. Fitch, Corbett, 425 lbs, \$87.59.
Rogers and Burnett, Carr, 844 lbs \$237.53.
J. P. Fitch Corbett, 505 lbs \$147.58.
Garrison and McAdams, Mebane, Rfd 602 lbs, \$147.99.
Bettie Mitchell, Watson, 672 lbs, \$158.19.
Chas. Vincent, Mebane, Rfd, 2, 892 lbs, \$166.99.

Sail From Chicago To San Francisco.

The three World's facsimiles of the caravels in which Columbus crossed the Atlantic to America are to be sailed from Chicago to the San Francisco Panama Exposition by some Harvard student. It is stated that they will take the vessel—the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta—the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta—the Chicago drainage canal to the Illinois river, thence via the Mississippi, the Gulf, through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific coast to San Francisco.

These three replicas of the historic vessels were built for the Chicago World's Columbian exposition in 1893 and have ever since remained in the Jackson Park lagoon. The Santa Maria is the largest of the three, and her length is only 75 feet.—Patton's Monthly.

Working the Wrong Way

We heard one of our citizens in town Monday complaining that his cotton was in the fields unpicked while the negro children on his place to whom he furnished rations during the summer were attending the school under the compulsory school law. He was in town looking to see if he could not find some way to stop the schools so he could get his cotton picked. He said cotton was selling at fourteen cents but so far as he was concerned it might as well be fifty as he was in the patch and the negroes who had eaten his rations were in the school house. We pass this along in order that those who made the law may see that it takes foresight to see all the workings of a law which on its face looks good. We take it the Board of Education or the school committees in the various districts will provide some way whereby cotton can be picked and let the children go to school also the required time.—Moore County News.

Card of Thanks.

In the affliction that has recently befallen my family in the death of my father, my neighbors and friends have exhibited the kindness and most patient attention, and shown us every consideration that a thoughtful sympathetic people could show. We feel the most profound gratitude and beg to express to all our most heartfelt thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Qualls.

But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.—Young.

Death of Mr. J. C. Qualls.

On Friday morning Oct. 3, about eight o'clock Mr John C. Qualls, aged sixty-nine, died at the home of his son Mr. Dave Qualls in North Mebane.

Mr. Qualls spent the greater part of his life in Orange County, and for a long time lived near Efland, managing the farm belonging to Mrs. Josephine Freeland of Hillsboro. Within a very recent date, being troubled with a heart-disease similar to dropsy, he was obliged to give up his farm work, whereupon with his wife he came to Mebane to his son's home. His last illness, lasting nearly two weeks, was attended with much suffering, and death was a Heaven-conferred rest.

Mr. Qualls is survived by a wife, and two sons, Mr. Dave Qualls of Mebane, and Mr. Jim Qualls of Burlington.

The burial was at Efland Saturday a large number of friends and relatives from Mebane attended it.

Odd Fellow Meeting

Next Tuesday night Oct. 14th J. C. Walker Assistant Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina will address the Odd Fellows of Mebane in the Odd Fellow Hall at 7:30 o'clock. All Odd Fellows, and those who have been Odd Fellows are invited. The meeting will be informal.

By order of the Grand Sec.

Attend The Burlington Fair.

If you do not see the sights at the Burlington Fair this week it wont be the Leaders fault. They have promised an interesting fair, and those who have made the promise are good people and will likely keep their promise. It does not matter what fair you attend you will learn something, but it is all ways best to attend your home fair if possible.

Boy With Axe Kills Seven, Then Sleeps Peacefully.

Marcel Redureau of Nantes, France., fifteen years old, murdered last week with an ax seven persons in the village of Basbriange-en Landreau, Department of Loire-Inférieure.

The boy was employed as a vine cutter. While he and his employer, Georges Mabit, were pressing they quarreled. Redureau seized a huge ax and with a single blow cut Mabit's head nearly off, killing him instantly.

Then Redureau went to the house, the ax dripping with blood, rushed up to Madame Mabit and hacked her throat till she was dead.

Next he killed a servant in the same way.

Still with his dripping ax in his hand the boy went to another room where he slew his employer's mother, after which he killed three of Mabit's children who were lying asleep in the same chamber. For some unknown reason he spared a fourth child, aged four lying by his side.

Thereupon Redureau went to bed and slept calmly till morning, by which time the bodies had been discovered by the villagers. After his arrest he made a full confession.

A North Carolina judge is quoted as saying that the telephone is answerable for fifty per cent of neighborhood quarrels and one hundred per cent of all the popular silliness. But, may we be permitted to ask, were neighborhood quarrels and silliness things unknown before the invention of "talking by wire?"

Good words will do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, made the traveller cast off his cloak, which all the blustering of the wind could not do, but made him bind it tighter.—Anonymous.

List of Letters Advertised

For the week ending Oct. 4 1913.
These letters will be sent to the
1 Letter for Mrs. Mary J. Willow
1 " " P. S. Piper
1 " " Miss Susan McAdoo
1 " " Emma Hart
1 " " L. F. Herring
1 " " W. S. Clark.

Dead Letter Office Oct. 17 1913. If not called for. In calling please give date of list.

Respt. J. T. Dick, P. M.

Mebane, N. C.

The Divining Rod

(Rambler, in The Chatham Record.)
The twig business is as old as the hills. The writer has been hearing of it ever since he was a boy. Here in Chatham, near Pittsboro, some years ago, a farmer wanted a well dug and wanted it in a certain place. Another farmer who, it is said, could locate water, was called in. He came with his twig and began to move about the yard, finally locating water. The owner of the farm did not want the well dug where the water had been located but in a certain place near the barn. He would not listen to the "twig toter" and had the well dug where he wanted it. Ninety feet was sunk but not a drop of water found and the well had to be filled up. One was dug where water had been located, and it is said that it was the best and coldest water for miles around.

The Home Kitchen

Paint your kitchen walls and woodwork white above the wainscoting. It keeps soiled hands away. Its cheerful brightness is always inviting. One quart of Turpentine added to one-half gallon of L. and M. Semi-Mixed Real Paint makes 3 quarts of the highest grade of pure paint, and it is enough to paint a kitchen and two more rooms. For outside painting the very highest grade is long life paint, is made by adding three quarts of pure Linseed Oil to each one gallon of D. and M. Semi-Mixed Real Paint. Sold by Mebane Supply Company.

Great Work Among Negroes.

(From The Raleigh Times.)
Shaw University, which has the honor of being the largest Baptist institution for the negro race in this country, began its Fall term today, and it will have the usual 500 students, representing several States and also other countries and islands. Work is in progress on the theological building where there will be rooms for 75 students of that department. About a dozen years ago an African prince, who as the eldest son, would have succeeded his father as King, came to Shaw from Oxford University, England, in order to study and prepare himself to be a real worker among his people, but he died here. The students from this institution are scattered all over the world.

One War Enough.

(Detroit Free Press.)
Robert Bridges, the new British poet laureate, is a fastidious critic, and hence sees little to admire in the commonplace verse of Alfred Noyes. Noyes once brought to Mr. Bridges two very long odes that he proposed to submit to the English Review. "I'll read them both aloud," the young man said, "and afterwards you will tell me which is, in your opinion, the more likely to be accepted by the English Review."

Poor Mr. Bridges sighed and settled himself in his chair, and Noyes, in his loud, harsh voice, read the first ode. It was very long, and at its conclusion Mr. Bridges leaped to his feet and said briskly:

"Now, my young friend, I can advise you. Send the other ode to the Review."

Boys And The Farm.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)
The question of keeping "the children" on the farms is largely a question of educational reform and to some extent a question of recreation and amusement. Not only are good schools, primary and secondary, essential, but these schools should serve as social centers and should have reading rooms, rooms for games and exercise, rooms for social meetings and dances. Youth is youth; sound moral advice alone will not keep boys and girls in the country. Make it more attractive and interesting for them.

A German inventor claims to have perfected a mechanical contrivance which will tell how drunk a man is, but our reprehensible acquaintance says that when a man has reached a certain stage of drunkenness he doesn't want to know and doesn't care how drunk he is.

I see the day coming when man, with his infinite aptitudes and capabilities, joyously creating for himself good things out of the infinite resources of the universe, will live in a world in which youthfulness, wealth, abundance, peace, progress and happiness will be supreme.—Newcombe.

Get Busy.

More houses is a condition and not a theory that confronts Mebane, that threatens Mebanes progress. The Hosiery Mills which have been in operation for some time say they can not continue their business successfully unless they can increase their force, they can not increase their force unless they can have houses in which to place their tenants. Houses are not here, what must be done?

The question is, you must build houses or Mebane will cease to grow, and her industries cease to expand.

We learn that the land may be secured from the Mebane Land and Improvement Company which has offered to sell land for building at a reasonable price, and the Hosiery Mills will enter into a contract to rent these houses when completed at a fair rent for a term of years. It strikes us that it is time for some one to get busy.

MR. BOWLAND LOST.

Jury Returned a Verdict Against the Plaintiff

The Durham Herald of last Thursday says:
After being out about half an hour yesterday afternoon, the jury in the case of J. E. Bowland against the Southern railroad and the Western Union Telegraph company, returned a verdict against the plaintiff. This was the case in which Mr. Bowland sued these two companies jointly for \$10,000 on account of a broken arm sustained when he fell from the platform of the Southern station in Mebane.

The case was one of the hardest fought legal battles that has ever been waged in the court house. The whole of yesterday was taken up in the speeches of the attorneys in the case. The arguments were started Wednesday afternoon. Yesterday the lawyers spoke nearly all day and late in the afternoon the judge charged the jury and sent them off to make up their decision.

Menace To The Nation

(Philadelphia Ledger.)
Though Sulzer may be stained and striped, good government, independence and honesty must make their stand for him or be counted on the side of bad government, of humiliating subjugation of the people to autocratic and irresponsible rule, of dishonesty. Let Tammany succeed in this audacious conspiracy, let Murphy work his will even on the governor of the state, and nothing but a political revolution will be able to stay him. He is out to plunder the state not only of its money, but of its independence, its self-respect, its sovereignty.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and, consequently, should not be any part of your concern.—Epictetus.

To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed! It is the work of a God.

Took it Good Naturedly

Four-year-old Tom was expressing his sorrow and anger at the act of a neighbor who had drowned four "beautiful little kittens," "she might have given them to me," said the boy. "Never mind, Tom," said grandfather, "we have lovely kittens of our own. We have a nice little boy kitten—"

"That's me," said Tom proudly. "And a lovely little girl kitten—"

"That's sister Ella," said Tom, pointing his spoon at his sister.

"And the dearest old cat in California—"

"That's grandma," said the youth exultantly.

Grandma glowered for a second of time and then she burst out laughing.—Los Angeles Times.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates that if the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division.—Addison.

Money

Money has been called the root of all evil by some reckless person. But if such is the case (and the facts to be obtained are strong for the accusation) we would all greatly enjoy the sensation of owning a Washington forest whose inmates are supported by the victim of evil. Verily, they would enable us to ward off an attack of the bill collector and sass the bankers with impunity.

Money is a potent factor in almost every walk of life. A coin adorned with the portrait of a buzzard can remove all obstacles that beset the average individual, even to the eradication of his mother-in-law. Money is a powerful magnet. It can attract a gout-infested man seven leagues away and force him to throw away his crutch and sprint across a new ground field with the rapidity of a trained book-seller. Money affects the descendants of Adam in sundry forms and fashions. A college youth will contribute to the winds in one night his entire month's allowance and then complain that he is a mendicant and a victim of the old man's parsimonious habits, whereas "Texas Ike" or some other gentleman of road prestige will count the ties from Vermont to Oakland and strongly protest against the tactics of the money trust.

Money is a perfect stranger to newspaper men. If a dollar should summon the audacity to enter the haunts of a journalist, he would be seized as a suspicious character, and held for identification by the police. For this reason sleeve men pick reporters and photographers as the object of their attempts, knowing that the news gatherers could never detect a spurious piece of money. This undeniable fact is to be greatly regretted. That the members of the fourth estate should suffer from want and privation for the sake of a few mensly plunks is a burning shame and a reflection on the manhood of humanity. It was ever thus, however and will thusly continue, until Gabriel sounds his call for the close of terrestrial activities.

The smallest things become great when God requires them of us; they are small only in themselves; they are always great when they are done for God and when they serve to unite us to him eternally.—Francois Fenelon.

Idlers can not even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must always be doing or suffering.—Zimmerman.

There is no harm in being stupid, so long as a man does not think himself clever; no good in being clever if a man thinks himself so, for that is a short way to the worst stupidity.—MacDonald.

Plants in Sleep

(From the Scotsman.)
Clover shuts its leaves before rain and at night, bringing two of its three leaves face to face and folding the third over the top. The young blossoms are also carefully sheltered by inclosing leaves which move forward in the evening and wrap them around.

There are two plants in the garden whose flowers sleep by day—the night blooming stock and Lychnis vespertina. The former is withered and shriveled in daylight, but expands and exhales a vanilla like odor at night. The Lychnis is white, and in bright sunshine every flower closes and hangs limply down.

As the sun sets this Endymion plant awakes expectant of the moon. The drooping calyxes raise themselves and slowly expand their floues; it visibly ceases to droop and fade, and the plant, which almost died by day, is adorned anew. Its sister, the red Lychnis, shines by day, and is called diurna, but this white one has long left the beaten ancestral path and has become vespertina.

As it opens, small flies appear and visit it; the calyx is of that reddish hue which they approve. The sundew which attracts flies shows the same dull red in its leaves. It is not a rarity, but few have seen its blossoms opened.

Eggs promise to be very cheap in Philadelphia for a time and then to rise to record-breaking heights, because of the law which forbids cold storage longer than eight months. Bum actors would do well to give the city of Brotherly Love a wide berth until the rise comes.

He serves all who dares to be true.—Emerson.

See Marvelous Weight Carrier. A bee will carry twice its own weight in honey of wax.

GREAT STATE FAIR

Raleigh, October 20-25

The indications are that this will be the greatest Fair and Exposition ever held in North Carolina.

Three new stock buildings, modern in every respect, and 65 x 150 feet each, have been built this year, ensuring adequate accommodations for horses, cattle, sheep and swine. About 600 head of live-stock will be exhibited. There is great opportunity for stock raising in this State, and it is earnestly hoped that our farmers and breeders will look over these exhibits carefully. Tremendous displays of horticulture and farm products, corn, cotton, wheat, rye, tobacco and such articles will be shown, and displays of farm machinery and labor-saving devices. Many counties will make exhibit, and some of our towns will make collective displays.

Eighteen acres of new ground have been added with a new entrance and roadway, with ample parking places, eliminating the dangerous crowding and congestion of vehicles.

One of the most interesting and instructive features will be the Better Babies Contest under the auspices of the State Board of Health, with sixty-five prizes. Practical instruction as to the care of babies will be given free.

The racing will be unusually good. Many fast horses have already been entered.

The Third Regiment Band will furnish music.

Prof. Walter W. Raub and Mme. Lawrence (Mrs. Raub) will ascend each day in two balloons side by side and will drop in double parachute leaps from an immense height. The Great Damman Troupe of German Acrobats will perform marvelous stunts on the trapeze in front of the Grand Stand each day.

Among the paid attractions are the merry-go-round, Ferris-wheel, motor-rome and Midway Shows, and Oklahoma Bill's Wild West Show.

Pain's Fireworks Company of New York will put on for four nights, October 21-24, their tremendous spectacle, the "Last Days of Pompeii." This is grand beyond description. The ancient city with its towers and temples is seen before the spectator with the people engaged in a grand procession and ceremony before the doors of the pagan temple, introducing the entrancingly beautiful Fire Ballet, the Golden Pony Ballet (from the London Crystal Palace), superb and sensational aerial and acrobatic specialties, Flower Girls, Dancing Girls, Roman Senators, Priests, Guards, Gladiators, Incense and Flame Bears—in all two hundred and fifty performers, gorgeously costumed. Suddenly in the midst of the revelry the mighty Vesuvius, with a deafening roar, hurls forth flames, burning lava and ashes, and the once proud city is buried forever.

The gloom and awe of the scene of destruction will be lightened by a magnificent display of fireworks, set-pieces of exquisite design, fire-flowers, dragons, snakes, rockets and bombs. Music by Pain's Pompeian Military Band.

Remember the dates, October 20-25. Reduced rates on all railroads. Ask the agent.

If you glance at history's pages, In all lands and eras known, You will find the buried ages Far more wicked than our own. As you scan each word and letter, You will realize it more, That the world today is better Than it ever was before. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Worry pulls down the organism, and will finally tear it to pieces; nothing is to be gained by it, but everything is to be lost. Look out for the bright, the brightest side of things, and keep thy face constantly turned to it.—Anonymous.

What is defeat? Nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips.

Whenever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial.—Hume.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods? Draw near them then in being merciful; Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. —Shakespeare.

Ah, be kind! Lite hath no secret For our happiness like this; Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones, Blessing ever bringeth bliss. —Selected.