

I. W. WEST DRUG CO.

MAIN STREET
MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

AFTER GRIPPE

Vinol Restored Mr. Martin's Strength

Wapakoneta, Ohio.—"I am a farmer by occupation, and the Grippe left me with a bad cough and in a nervous, weak, run-down condition, and I could not seem to get anything to do me any good until I took Vinol, which built me up, and my cough and nervousness are all gone, and I can truly say Vinol is all that is claimed for it."—JAMES MARTIN.

Vinol is a constitutional remedy for all weak, nervous and run-down conditions of men, women and children, and for chronic coughs, colds and bronchitis.

I. W. West Drug Co., Mount Airy.

The Old Flag.

Up, up, with the old flag!
Up, up, to the sky!
If live must the old flag,
Then some one must die!

Up, up, with the old flag!
And wave it afar.
If peace means the old flag,
It also means war.

For, was not the old flag
Born out of the fray?
Then why pull the old flag
Adown in dismay?

'Twas justice that gave it,
'Tis justice that calls;
'Tis more than a ribbon
To hang from our walls.

'Twas truth that unfurled
It out in the past;
If truth it did symbol
The symbol must last.

'Twas home love that gathered
Its votaries then;
'Tis home love that brings them
Together again.

'Twas patience and valor
That kept it so long;
Then patience and valor
Must still be our song.

Up, up, with the old flag!
Up, up, to the sky!
Oh, God, bless the old flag!
Thy truth must not die!

—Rev. James Deans in Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Cost of Ill Nature.

Our neighbors furnish us with the main staff of our conversation, and if we think a moment, we realize that we do the same kindness for them. That is perfectly natural and justifiable, since it is only by observing and analyzing the life that goes on about us that we arrive at what knowledge we have of human character and motive, which, even so, with most of us, is very little.

Unfortunately, speaking of others too often means speaking unkindly. Being men and women, those others have human weaknesses, and in discussing their actions those weaknesses, are bound to be discussed. Moreover, there is a certain sense of superiority in fault-finding, as if our seeing the fault implied that we were without it—an inference as natural as it is quite unfounded. And the follies and mistakes of others frequently furnish us abundant matter for wit and pleasantry, sometimes good natured, sometimes ill-natured, but rarely of a character to be agreeable to the object of it. Jestings at our friends' and neighbors' expense is so easily devised and so quickly appreciated that few of us abstain from it altogether.

There are some who do abstain from such jesting, who speak seldom of others at all, and, when they do, speak kindly; who let rash deeds and speedy repented words pass into oblivion and emphasize only those acts that we all would gladly have done ourselves. Such people are not necessarily dull or unobservant, either. Indeed, if, as the cynic would have us believe, there is little good in human nature, it surely takes a finer and more active intelligence thus carefully to distill it out.

And those who treat human weakness gently are the men and women who are sought and loved by human weakness. We turn to them in joy and sorrow alike, confide to them our hopes and fears, unfold our lives to them. The brilliant talker who minces his friends' hearts to make a savory dish of gossip is listed to, and smiled at—and avoided. Hearts are hidden away from him as far as possible, covered close that they may escape mining, and for that very reason he perhaps knows less of the things that are worth while.

A quick and eager and piquant tongue is a splendid instrument, but the too free use of it is an expensive luxury.—Youth's Companion.

DANCED TO HIS DEATH FROM TOP OF FREIGHT.

Carl Cheek Will Be Carried This Morning to State Road, Near Elkin, for Burial.

Greensboro News, 12th.

The body of Carl Cheek, the young white man who died after a fall from a freight train north of Greensboro Saturday evening, will this morning be carried to State Road, near Elkin, for burial, but the memory of how he met his death will remain vivid for many days with the two ladies who saw him fall and were the first to reach his side. Cheek and an unknown companion were supposed to have been aboard the train seeking to beat their way to Danville, where two brothers of the deceased live. However, their manner on the freight was vastly different from that of the average hobo.

Two ladies in a home in a stone's throw of the railroad track stood on the back porch to watch the passing of the freight, being interested particularly because of its unusual speed. They saw two men on a box car, dancing and flourishing their arms, apparently in great glee. Astounded that the pair seemed so devoid of caution as the train whirled onward, they watched. The astonishment changed to horror as one of the pair kept up his athletics and failed obviously to realize that each time he sprang into the air, the jerk of the locomotive drew the car a bit forward from under his feet and that he came nearer and nearer to the end of the boards upon which he pranced.

The observers, powerless to warn the unknown man who danced to his death, saw the footing suddenly fail under him and the body drop down for a moment out of sight between two cars. Then, as a bale of hay might be thrown from a window, the body was tossed out from the moving train to the trackside, and with unabated speed and its crew all unaware of the little tragedy, the train continued northward. The ladies saw, too, the backward glance of the companion of Cheek. Their last view of him was a body suddenly like a statue, with the head craned around toward the fallen friend.

The ladies called for physicians and officers and then went to the side of the youth. He was praying and calling for help. He complained of the cold and while pleading for relief from that, he begged the two not to leave him, as he was dying. He talked strongly, and gave the name of his mother, Mrs. C. N. Norman and told where she lived. Although he had a sister at White Oak, brothers in Danville, and a wife in Hopewell, so his letters indicated, he spoke only of his mother. The young man was of good appearance. He had a cork leg, and this was crushed in the fall. He lay on the ground by the railroad for two hours before the train could get out for him, and then died on the way back to town.

TAKE IT IN TIME.

Just as Scores of Mount Airy People Have.

Waiting doesn't pay. If you neglect kidney backache, more serious troubles often follow. Doan's Kidney Pills are for kidney backache, and for other kidney ills. Mt. Airy citizens endorse them.

Mrs. J. C. Harris, 314 S Main St., Mt. Airy says: "I couldn't stoop over or straighten up without having sharp pains in my kidneys. At times, my back ached so badly that I could hardly get about to do my housework. I felt tired and languid and the least exertion seemed to play me out. After I had taken a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the West Drug Co., my back felt much better. I only had to take one box when my back was as strong as ever and I haven't had any trouble from it since."

Price 50 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Harris had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

C. B. TILLEY
Contractor and Builder
MOUNT AIRY, N. C.
General Repair Work and Re-modeling

COUNT ZEPPELIN NOTED CONQUEROR OF THE AIR DIES FROM PNEUMONIA.

Became Famous at Age of 70 as Builder of First Practical Dirigible Balloon.

London, March 8.—Count Zeppelin is dead, according to a dispatch from Berlin received by Reuter's Telegram company. According to a Berlin telegram transmitted by Reuter's correspondent Count Zeppelin died this forenoon at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, from inflammation of the lungs. Gave up Brilliant Career in Army to Conquer Air.

Count Ferdinand Zeppelin became famous at the age of 70 as the builder of the world's first practical dirigible balloon. On his 75th birthday he navigated his 20th airship to celebrate the occasion. But before he had achieved fame he had devoted a half century of his life, exhausted his personal fortune of \$750,000 and sacrificed a brilliant career as a German cavalry leader, in conquering the air.

Emperor William recently proclaimed Count Zeppelin to be "the greatest German of the 20th century." As a token of appreciation he conferred upon him the exalted Order of the Black Eagle, the highest honor in the emperor's power.

It was in the United States that Count Zeppelin made his first balloon ascension. It occurred while he was following Gen. Carl Shurz, in the Civil war, as a military observer for the German army. A captive balloon in use for military observations by union troops greatly interested the young German officer, and he was taken up in it in 1863.

Scion of a wealthy family of ancient lineage, Count Zeppelin was born in Constance, Baden, in 1838. As a youth he was trained for a soldier's career. He fought through the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian wars, and is said to have been the first German soldier to cross the frontier into France in the last named conflict. Serving in the German cavalry for three decades, he rose to a rank of general at the age of 42. He retired ten years later a distinguished soldier, to devote all his time to the problem of aeronautics.

He began to study and experiment soon after arriving in Germany from the American Civil war. Except for the time demanded in routine military duties, for the time spent in fighting two wars and for a year spent in honeymooning with his bride, who was a girl of the German nobility, he spent the remainder of his life in building flying contrivances that, for the most part, refused to fly.

From a wealthy nobleman owning vast estates, Count Zeppelin was gradually reduced to an aristocratic mechanic living in a humble cottage on an allowance supplied by his friends. He met many narrow escapes from death, and disaster repeatedly overtook his airships. These became so frequent that pert paragraphs began to appear in the German press in ridicule of his efforts.

Then in a day the tide turned. He electrified a sceptical world in 1906 by staying aloft for 37 hours in the fifth airship he had built, and by sailing it in a straight course for a distance of nearly 900 miles. Emperor William, and all Germany in fact, hailed him as the "conqueror of the air."

This monster balloon, 465 feet long and of the rigid type and resembling a huge cigar, soon met with disaster as had its predecessors. Each wreck was a great financial loss, for Zeppelin's balloons were valued as high as \$500,000 each. These disasters, however, also proved the affection in which the German people held the aristocratic aviator. When one of his airships was torn from its moorings by a gale and wrecked, the public subscribed \$1,000,000 to a fund, of which the crown prince was president, for the inventor. The German emperor frequently helped him out of financial difficulties, and the German reichstag appropriated several hundred thousand marks for the purchase of his airships for the German army.

At the close of his remarkable career, Count Zeppelin had retrieved a large part of his fortune he spent in his conquest of the air. He trained his son, also an army officer, in the science of aeronautics and especially in his methods of building dirigible balloons. He also made an accomplished aeronaut of his daughter who has made more than a hundred flights in the airships her father fashioned.

In commemoration of Count Zeppelin Friedrichshafen, the city from which most of his voyages began, has decided to establish a Zeppelin museum.

When to Take Chamberlain's Tablets.
When you feel dull and stupid after eating.

When constipated or bilious.
When you have a sick headache.
When you have a sour stomach.
When you belch after eating.
When you have indigestion.
When nervous or despondent.
When you have no relish for your meals.

When your liver is torpid.
Obtainable everywhere.

DETECTIVE SCHUETTLE RIDES CHICAGO OF VICE.

His Second Sight Has Solved More Crimes Than Any Character in Fiction.

Chicago, March 10.—Probably in all of the police annals of the country there is no more romantic figure than that of Herkman F. Schuettler, new police superintendent of Chicago.

His second sight has solved more stranger-than-fiction crimes, surprised more confessions than Lecoq or Hams or Dupin all rolled into one. His eyes are hypnotic. Hugo Munsterberg, the late Harvard professor, saw and studied them, wrote treatises about them and ascribed almost occult powers to them. To Schuettler, the policeman, this was amusing, but those eyes still shine through the ghost stories of the underworld.

Of Schuettler's work among criminals the police of the entire world know. He is held up to them as an example of the best developed detective in America. Of the anarchists of whom he has run afoul there is not so much said, but his battle with Louis Lingg, one of the red circle, is an epic in police history.

Lingg was a bomb maker, one of the stage managers of the famous Haymarket riots, a burly youth of 23, of huge strength and tremendous physique. Schuettler was a young detective sergeant and then, as now, known as the biggest policeman in America.

Schuettler had trailed the young anarchist to his lair, a little house on Blake road. He walked in alone at the back door and with his revolver in his pocket. He found Lingg waiting for him and with a revolver trained straight at the heart of the policeman. Lingg's weapon was an old style single action revolver, one of those which had to be cocked before it could be discharged. Schuettler leaped and the two men crashed through a door into the dining room, the policeman on top. They clinched, both gripping the gun.

It was a terrible battle. The men were well matched. Through the dining room and into the parlor they fought.

"I was trying to shove the muzzle around toward Lingg's body," said Schuettler, afterward. "But he had the leverage of the stock and, inch by inch, he pushed the muzzle toward me. I reached over and seized his thumb in my teeth and pressed them down—through the flesh, then the muscles and into the bone."

Lingg shrieked and dropped the weapon. His face was white with agony. Schuettler got his own weapon, pressed it against the ear of the anarchist and the fight was over.

Every piece of furniture in the house was demolished, both men were stripped to the waist and Schuettler's uniform coat hung from his belt in rags. His shirt and undershirt had been lost in the struggle.

Lingg was sentenced to hang, but he blew off his head with one of his own bombs in prison.

Schuettler also was one of the prime factors in the capture and execution of the car barn bandits.

As superintendent of police he has shaken the department, steeped in vice and graft, from its head to its toes. He has gone to the ministers and asked their cooperation; he has caught lid lifters, long immune, by the simple expedient of using pretty policewomen to get evidence; he has stopped a lot of crime by simply rounding up all the known crooks and putting them in jail or chasing them out of town.

Police work a la Schuettler is very simple. But Chicago sits back and gasps and wonders how he is going to solve a few other problems which have baffled and confused his predecessors.

Why We Talk

A man does not talk to tell what he knows; he talks to find out what he knows. This was Socrates' great discovery. A clear mental vision of any subjects is not obtained by brooding over it, but by trying to express it. Doubt and confusion are best removed from the mind by finding a friend or an adversary, and arguing. You may not know what you believe when you begin, but you will know when you end.

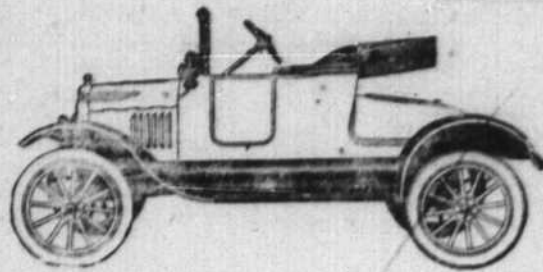
It is a mistake to suppose anyone knows, before he speaks, what he is going to say. He surprises himself quite as much as his hearers. The one who learns most is the teacher. If some way could be devised for pupils in the school to do the teaching, they would learn more.

LaRochefoucauld observed that "there is scarcely anyone who does not think more, in conversation, of what he is about to say than of answering precisely what is said to him. We can see in their eyes and minds a wandering from what we say, and an impatience to return to what they wish to say."

The reason for this is that the pleasure of conversation consists not in what you learn from the one with whom you converse, but in what you discover about yourself.—Exchange.

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR



In the scale of advancing business costs, Ford travel continues the same positive economy. City and country salesmen, manufacturers, merchants, professional men—every demand for motor car transportation is satisfied in the Ford car at about two cents a mile to operate and maintain. Over 1,750,000 Ford cars are making performance and profits every day. Runabout \$345, Touring Car \$360, f. o. b. Detroit. Place your order now.

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Which costs most—painting or waiting?

After your house needs painting, every year you wait it will require more paint and more labor to put it in good condition. And every year you wait, your house is worth less. A little paint-money is good paint-insurance.

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THE GUARANTEED
LEAD AND ZINC PAINT
FEWER GALLONS - WEARS LONGER



Just as soon as your house needs painting, come in and let us show you how little it will cost you to use DEVOE. We say "DEVOE" because it's absolutely pure. That's why DEVOE takes fewer gallons, wears longer—and costs less by the job or by the year. And that's why we guarantee Devoe without reserve.

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Surry County Loan and Trust Company

Mount Airy, N. C.

Capital \$25,000.00.

Does a General banking business and lends money on real estate. Interest paid on time deposits.

Mitchell's River Farm For Sale!

About 150 acres, one mile above Kapps Mills, (Bryan Township) 35 acres good bottom land, and 35 acres upland. Good lot of fine timber. School and church on place. Two-story 6-room dwelling. Good community. This is a very desirable place. Price reasonable and terms to suit purchaser. Place has been neglected for some years, but can be easily made one of the best farms of the country.

Write:
J. E. COCKERHAM,
LOW GAP, N. C.



NOT HEAVIER BUT LIGHTER THAN AIR

is bread made with our flour. You'll fly high in the realms of good baking if you include our flour in the materials used. Eventually you will use it. So why not now? The sooner you do, the quicker the better baking will begin.

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