

PATRIOTISM.

"This idea comes from abroad."
 "Yes?"
 "War profiteers ought to feel grateful to the ex-kaiser for starting the recent row."
 "Our profiteers are too patriotic for that, but some of them might smile wily when war contracts are mentioned, and admit that Uncle Sam is a good old scout."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Independence.

"This poem," said the timid caller, "is free verse."
 "I don't care whether it's free or not," said the editor of the Chiggerville Clarion. "My paper this week is crammed full of paid-in-advance political advertising and I wouldn't publish the best piece of poetry ever written."

Something to Consider.

"Always remember, my boy," said the man who was fond of giving advice, "that Caesar, having made up his mind, went ahead. He crossed the Rubicon."
 "I know," the boy replied, "but the way he dressed there wasn't any danger of gettin' his pants wet."



HE WAS WISE

He: Darling, I wouldn't swap you for any ten other wives.
 She: Oh, George.
 He: No, sirl Living's too high these times.

Present Realities.

The heroes of a classic age,
 Oh, why should we their deeds recall?
 We read upon the sporting page
 Of live ones who can hit the ball.

Discouraging a Helpful Spirit.

"I don't understand that new woman next door," remarked Mrs. Gadder.
 "What's the trouble?"
 "She calls herself a seeker after the truth. I've told her everything I know about the people around here, but she doesn't seem to be the least bit interested."

The Prize.

"Then you wouldn't let him propose?"
 "Not last night."
 "Why not?"
 "We were at a bridge."
 "Hasn't he won you?"
 "Yes, but I didn't want it said that he won me at a bridge party."

Getting Square.

"You don't mind if I leave my hat on, do you?" asked the sweet young thing of the short man in the seat behind her at the pictures.
 "Not at all, miss! Not at all!" replied the little man. "I enjoy looking at bargains."—London Tit-Bits.

Under Suspicion.

"How long had he lived a life of crime?"
 "Only one year, he told the court. For six years previous to that time he was a taxicab driver."
 "Umph! That means seven years of crime in all."

Sufficient Excuse.

"I've just heard the news," interestedly said an acquaintance. "Why do you suppose John Schott killed his hired man?"
 "D'know," replied the gaunt Misourian, "unless it was 'cuz he acted like a hired man."

Personal Charm Absent.

Fair Aspirant (with manuscript)—Do please let me read my story to you.
 Publisher—Don't trouble, my dear young lady, my reader will see it.
 Fair Aspirant—Yes, but he won't see me.



HIS ATTENTIONS NOT WELCOME

"My love for you drives me mad," "I think I'm the one to get mad about it."

Cheer.

Let's give a cheer
 For Old Man Banks.
 He never moves
 "A vote of thanks."

Ap.rehensive.

"This is a fash. able grillroom."
 "Yes, Tessie; all the other ladies are smoking."
 "So I see. Do you think they will put us out for not smoking?"

Truth vs. Poetry.

"They say he fell at her feet the first time he ever saw her."
 "No, that's the poetic version. The fact is he fell over them."

THE CLOUD'S LINING

By JENNIE LITTLE

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A soldier's hospital in the South. Rows and rows of men reclining in the sunlight, patiently waiting for the feeble sparks of vitality to be fanned to a steadier glow.

A frail lad laid an open letter on his neighbor's knee. "Read it to me, bud. My hands are so heavy today, it tires me to lift them."

With a pitying look, the older man hesitatingly glanced first at the signature. "Little Mother." Reassured, he began aloud: "Dearest Boy." When he finished, tears had washed away the bitterness from his eyes.

"Say," he murmured, "if I ever got a letter like that, it would pull me clear back from the heavenly gates if I was lucky enough to be headed that way."
 "Little old brick," agreed the other. "Since I left home in 1917, she's never missed a week except when she was sick last fall. Can't be strong yet, as her writing isn't the same."

"Must be quite an old lady," thought the reader, picturing the dream mother so often in his own mind, with soft white curls and gentle touch. A terrible pity she and the boy couldn't be together!

"Fate plays some scurvy tricks," he said, aloud. "Here am I, the loneliest doppelgänger—a second edition of Topsy, pulling out of the scrap whole, while fellows with families got theirs. And then, after the flu had a go-at me, I'm getting over this lung business, too. Wish to heaven I could take your place, Davy, and send you back to her as good as new."

"You old bluffer," said the boy, affectionately, "you're worth a dozen of me or any other, and there's nobody knows it better than this same me. I've told her a little of what you've done since I knew you."

A sudden light glowed in his eyes. "Say, Rupert, make me a promise, will you?"

"Sure, kid. The whole of my kingdom."

"I figure, Rupe, that about the time you go out cured, I'll go out, too—yes, cured. It won't be long, I know. You've nobody else, you say. Will you go and comfort her a bit, and look after her for me? For she thinks I'm just it, bless her."

All letters afterward were shared by Rupert Kay that he might get better acquainted with his charge, the boy said. His soul knelt in homage before the purity and sweetness of her life, expressed in her written thoughts. "Priscilla Dean." Quaint old name, just suited to her.

As the boy predicted, the two were discharged together. Rupert by the government, he by a higher power, and Rupert turned his face toward the North.

On a balmy Sunday morning in spring he reached David's Vermont town. Out in the suburbs he found the little gray home.

On the wall hung David's picture, on the rack his hat and coat. Everything waiting for David, who was coming with his gallant heart still and unresponsive.

Rupert trembled as footsteps came hurrying, but it was not the object of his search who paused in the door. Instead, he saw a girl who reminded him of apple blossom time—and David.

Her hair was the same gold, her eyes the same blue, but holding a vague look of patient pain.

"I wanted David's mother—Priscilla Dean." He knew he was bungling things, but hadn't realized how hard it was going to be.

She smiled. "His 'little mother'?" I am she. Our parents died when we were small, and he always called me that. Have you seen him? Is he still getting better?"

"He asked me to give you this letter. I am Rupert Kay."

"Will you read it to me, please?" she asked, quietly. "You see, I am quite blind."

The visitor almost staggered—"Blind! Did he know?"

She shook her head. "He had enough to bear," she said, simply. "It was last November, I was teaching, and there was a fire. Two little ones got trapped on the second floor, and when I got them safely out, my eyes were ruined. But tell me of David."

He led her to an open window, where Easter chimes floated in like comforting voices. "Will you remember what day it is, and the message that it brings?" he urged, then told his story.

A long, tearless silence. "I must not rebel," she said at last. "But he was so dear and gay, and I must stay here to be a burden."

"Don't!" he cried. "This is the answer to the riddle of my lonely life—today was waiting for me all the time. For the sake of the love we both gave David, won't you grant his wish, and let me take his place as best I can?"

A new fragrance arrested her attention. "Why," she said, wonderingly, "my lily bloomed in the night. Perhaps your friendship is the blossom that has come from my night of suffering."

He kissed her hand reverently. "Then to each of us this Easter has brought something new and beautiful. To you my lifelong devotion—to me a sacred trust to fulfill—to him the first wonders of heaven."

The old dog came over and nosed her arm till she put it around his neck, then pushed his paw into the stranger's hand. And still the bells rang softly, and the Sabbath peace brooded over all.

World and the Woman

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Hale stood upon the highest point of his property, surveying life.

The highest point was just six feet above the level of the sea. The lowest point was about six feet below. But the palmettos were so scattered and the mangrove so dwarfed that Hale could see clear to the encircling waters.

Over them a boat was coming. Hale swore.

He did not want company. He would warn off the intruders. He hurried down to his strip of silver bench and assumed an angry look.

In reality Hale could not look very angry. It is impossible to look angry at twenty-nine, when you are the owner of an island kingdom.

As the boat drew near Hale saw that it was pulled by a single occupant, a girl, with copper-colored hair and white arms. She did not see Hale until the boat grounded. Then she sprang ashore and gasped:

"Goodness, I didn't know anybody lived on Shell Key!"

"I am the owner of Shell Key," said Hale grimly.

"I'm sorry I trespassed. You see, I—I wanted a place to be alone."

Hale softened. "Won't you come up to my cabin and have a cup of tea?" he asked. "That is, if you don't mind condensed milk."

She laughed. She had pretty gray eyes and a delightful smile, though she looked a little sad, Hale thought. She sat down on the camp stool, and soon the tea was ready.

"You see," she explained, "I was a school-teacher, but my throat got bad, and the doctors were afraid of tuberculosis. So they sent me down to Florida. And it isn't tuberculosis at all, and I'm getting better, but you see there's the cough, and the boarding-houses are afraid of coughs down here, so—so none of them would take me. It's so hard to stop coughing."

She coughed apologetically.

"So I had to come down to Palm Point and live in a cabin there, and it's crowded all the time with tourists, and I just wanted to be alone. So I came over to Shell Key to look at it, meaning to camp out here for a week if—well, if there was no one here."

"And then go back to teaching?"

"And then go back to teaching," she answered sadly.

"I'm much like you," said Hale. "I was threatened with the same trouble, only I had just a hundred dollars left when my fare was paid. So I bought Shell Key—an acre and a half—for twenty dollars down, purchased fifty dollars' worth of food and implements and started—but come, and I'll show you."

He led her to the highest peak of his domains. Through the palmettos the girl saw a clearing of a quarter of an acre, in which corn, tomatoes, and other esculents were flourishing.

"I'm going to get a nanny when I sell my corn," said Hale.

"And you mean to live here always?"

"Rather than go back to clerking, yes. I'm going to make Shell Key the most highly intensified example of truck farming in the world. And I'm going to raid an orange plantation five miles down the coast on the next dark night, and bring back sucklings. They grow the best navels in the world there."

Slowly they went back. "You seem to have made a little island paradise here," said the girl.

"A kingdom—a world," he answered. "I wouldn't go back to the world outside for anything."

"And I," she said, "must go to take up my work in the world again. Each of us to his fate."

"Yes," he answered.

"Perhaps I'll row across to Palm Point some afternoon and call on you."

"I've only got one more week," she said. "And I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"It's—too sad, isn't it. I mean—he saw that her eyes were full of tears—"giving up one's dreams."

"We all have to give up our dreams, I suppose," he said.

"But you have your dream."

"Not all of it."

They were upon the beach now. She turned and looked at him. "What dream have you had to abandon?" she asked.

"Oh, every man's dream, I suppose," he answered.

"The dream of finding some one to share my kingdom with me. I've often thought of her. She has gray eyes and coppery hair."

"And you've abandoned that dream?"

"I've never found her." His look was unmistakable. And she could amuse herself no longer with him.

"I ought to have told you," she said penitently. "My husband's at Palm Point. He's an invalid, and—and we don't care for each other at all, but that—binds you, you know."

From the summit of his island kingdom Hale watched the boat receding.

Multiplication.

Josiah White died in 1806 at Rockingham, Vt. At death he had 386 direct descendants. A check-up shows that at least 3,000 direct descendants of Josiah have entered the world up to the present time. This shows the wisdom of death in nature's scheme of things. Without death earth would become so thickly populated that its whole surface would be a closely packed crowd of standing-up humans. We have to die to make room for newcomers.

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