

Feeding Babies.

One hundred and sixty babies will be born in North Carolina tomorrow. Thirty-two of these will die within a year. Over half of these deaths will occur because of improper feeding.

Immediately after birth do not give artificial food while waiting for the milk supply to come. Give him nothing but cool boiled water. Never give ice water.

Nurse the baby by the clock. "Meals at all hours" cause indigestion in babies as well as adults. Do not feed the baby every time he cries. Crying is usually a sign of discomfort.

If you suspect that you have not enough milk, that your milk does not agree with the baby, or if any other question arises, ask the doctor before changing him to the bottle.

Do not be content with advice of neighborhood grandmothers concerning the baby. Know the best life saving and health giving methods of child hygiene and apply them faithfully.

To Wed Young Carthage Lady.

Carthage, May 6.—Mr. and Mrs. George Graves of Carthage, announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret McNeill, and E. Cabell Penn, of Reidsville, the wedding to take place in June.

Waddill Page.

Carthage, May 6.—The following invitation has been issued and will be read with interest throughout the State: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Edmund Waddill request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Mitchell, to Mr. Henry Allison Page, Jr., on Tuesday evening, the twenty-first of May, at nine o'clock, Methodist Episcopal church, Carthage, North Carolina.

Miss Waddill is the daughter of J. E. Waddill, vice president of Tyson & Jones Buggy Co., and is a young woman of rare beauty and accomplishments.

Napoleon on Shakespeare. It is a fact that the great emperor of the French had a very poor opinion of Shakespeare's plays.

One more: A worthy old man of eighty years lived in an Iowa village. His daughter, who was a widow, determined to marry to her son.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

TRUE PICTURES.

Yonder goes an old woman with a monstrous load on her head.

It is easy to fill out the picture. Her home is some two room tenement where she has piled a needle all day long and far into the night working on the garments she is carrying.

Possibly the woman has made \$3 in a week's work. In another place hundreds of girls issue from a garment factory. For ten hours they have speeded machines under the infamous "pacing system."

Note the pallor of the faces. Some of them, young in years, are old in appearance and broken in health. You have read the newspaper stories about the white slave traffic and the startling bulletins of the city board of health concerning tuberculosis.

Do you wonder? As a companion picture to these go the "bargain sale" in the basement of some department store and watch women struggle with one another to get to the counter where the garments of the sweatshops are being sold.

Another picture: Conditions are so intolerable the garment workers strike. For months they live on the verge of starvation. And the manufacturers refuse to "sign any contract that recognizes the principle of collective bargaining."

What does that mean? That it is easy enough to break down one girl when you "bargain" with her alone. It is different when you bargain with her union.

It is in the hands of American women. Let them refuse to buy the stuff of those who will not recognize the right of the workers to bargain collectively.

Are our women heartless? Or do they understand? When will they put a stop to the ruin of body and soul made possible by the wrongs done to their helpless sisters?

A SPIRITUAL MILLIONAIRE.

Austin W. Mann died in January of this year.

Who was he? You will not find his name in any "Who's Who" book, and outside the deaf mutes of this country and of the world he was not generally known.

Mr. Mann was the spiritual comforter at large of the speechless. In boyhood, just when he began to realize the use of language, he was deprived of speech and hearing as the result of a severe attack of scarlet fever.

But he made a great struggle to get an education. In a way he was ambitious. He wanted to bless and help his brothers and sisters in affliction, those who were forever deaf to the sweet sounds of earth and dumb to the expression of thought and feeling.

He became one of the most cultured of the deaf mutes of the country. And of them all he was certainly the most gifted.

After a time his attention was attracted to religion, and he became a minister of the gospel. His field of labor was the whole country, and he had no associates or assistants.

He was a sort of minister plenipotentiary to the dumb. Traveling over many states, often without money to pay expenses, he visited state institutions and cities, where he organized missions and societies for improvement. Sometimes he preached every night in the week.

His personal presence among the deaf mutes was a benediction, and he was everywhere held in utmost affection. And now—

This man who, though dumb, spoke to souls has gone to his rest, and everywhere, though their lips be mute, there is utter mourning of the spirit among the speechless.

What is a man worth? The Arabs say, "When a man dies, say, 'How much did he leave?' but the angels say, 'What good deed did he send ahead of him?'"

Measured in that way, Austin W. Mann was many times a millionaire—a spiritual multimillionaire.

WAIT!

These are real life stories: A young man, the youngest and favorite son of an old mother, wanted to go to China as a missionary—a laudable ambition.

His mother was infirm and needed his care and attention. She begged him to wait until she was gone. "Then you will be free," she said. And his answer was: "I belong to God."

Another: "I acted as if he did not belong to any one. He stepped over his mother's prayers and went to the mission field. Shortly after his departure his mother died in an insane asylum."

Two daughters of a feeble old mother are announced to her that they intended to change their religion, which they see a right to do.

But the mother could not see the matter from their viewpoint. She was too old to change her religious feelings. She entreated her girls to wait until she should be dead.

One more: A worthy old man of eighty years lived in an Iowa village. His daughter, who was a widow, determined to marry to her son.

she wait the short time he might have to live.

The daughter was obdurate. She offered to take the old man with her, but he said he could not leave his friends of a lifetime.

The daughter went to the coast. Two weeks afterward the father died. These are not pretty stories.

How many heathen will that boy have to convert before he feels that he did right in sending his mother to the insane asylum? Will the comfort of the new religion compensate the daughters for sending a dagger to mother's heart? And will that daughter in California enjoy the flowers when she remembers that she sent her father prematurely to his grave?

Ah, child of some one, can you not accompany the rest of the way those who have come so far with you? Wait! You need not wait long. Wait, I pray you.

FEAR IS EVIL.

This is the suggestive picture of a modern painting: Some savages stand with upturned faces gazing at an eclipse of the sun. The sun is partly in shadow. The weird light reveals the terror written upon every face.

The picture is named "Superstition." The savages are frightened at the shadow of a shadow passing over the sun's face. Fear of something, they know not what, makes life a fearful thing.

But, come to think of it—Civilized man is little better in some respects. He, too, is frightened at shadows. His fear is as foolish as that of the savage. He works himself into a mental state where he loses his head; the fear becomes contagious, and—"The panic" is born.

The panic is mostly aggregated pessimism. A group of men get the idea that money is going to be tight and interest rates high. They confide their fear. By and by men agree that the outlook is gloomy. It becomes gloomy. Credit disappears. In abject fear the panic spreads.

Men say, "Money is scarce." It is not true. There is as much money in existence as usual. None has been destroyed. Nevertheless, under the monstrous fear of what may be, "hard times" appear.

Fear is an evil thing. It makes the civilized man a victim almost as helpless as the superstitious savage. It destroys confidence. It sows distrust. It paints a shadow on the face of the sun.

Could we banish fear we could put civilization ahead a thousand years. Could we cut out pessimism there never would be another panic. Therefore the duty of all who love their fellows and desire the progress of the race is plain:

French optimism. Practice it. Let not pessimism and the fear of what is not have dominion over you. Does the shadow of a shadow appear over your sun? It is only a shadow and will rapidly pass.

Laugh at the shadow. Laugh out loud! Laughter is contagious, as fear is contagious. Fear cannot live in the atmosphere of laughter.

It is in your power to laugh at foolish fears and make the world laugh with you or to cringe and cry out your fears and make the world afraid.

REST AND RELAX.

Do you know there are a lot of people who pronounce that word with fear? To be alone, if only for a short time, is regarded as a bore, if not worse.

You wonder why? Because they have never become acquainted with themselves and do not know how to entertain themselves for a single hour. They really need to be introduced to themselves.

There is need of it. The mere friction of mingling with other persons becomes wearing, however little one may realize it. And there can be no real culture of self except there be occasional solitude.

Watch the faces on the street. See the set expression, the lines of solicitude and weariness, the worn looks. How seldom you see a calm and happy face!

I saw one plain face the other day. It was the face of a woman I know. And I know the cause of her calmness and poise.

She is a woman with a good sized family and many cares, but she is careful to take a certain hour to be alone for a short time each day, when she lies down for rest and relaxation.

Husband and children know and respect her moments of quiet withdrawal. They know she is the sweeter and better wife and mother because of the stated rest of mind and body.

Another instance: A Chicago business man of very large affairs lurches alone not because he is staid, but because he finds strength in a quiet moment by himself. His associates understand and do not disturb him.

And another: A Des Moines lawyer in active practice at eighty years says the secret of his vitality is in a five minutes nap he has taken in the middle of the day for the past fifty years.

Practices being alone. Under the strain and tax of household duties the delicate, nervous system of women especially becomes overwrought. Rest and relaxation come as a benediction to the tired spirit.

Alone you can think your best thoughts and work out your special problems. All great men and women have cultivated solitude.

Alone they have gained victories over self and have been able to face a frowning world with cheerful effort.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Weston, the grand old man who at the age of seventy-one walked twice across the continent, says in an address to young men: "Never in my life walked the money on Sunday."

Other professionals made money by Sunday, but Weston, who was a man of God, never did.

old mother years ago he would "never walk for pay on the blessed Sabbath."

Once, he says, he was in Paris and needed money badly, but refused an offer of \$5,000 which would require Sunday walking.

In the long run, however, he says he has profited by his vow.

His mother was afraid he might become a drunkard or a gambler, as so many professional pedestrians have become. He says he has enjoyed health and long life largely because of his promise.

Did you fancy, young man, that Sunday is observed simply because it is commanded in the Bible? Do you not know that the commandment in the Bible because the observance of it is best for you? You need Sunday.

Other things being equal, the person who works six days in the week and rests on the seventh will do more work with greater ease and live longer than the person who works seven days in seven.

That is scientifically proved. The commandment is laid in the deep need of man physically, mentally and spiritually. And the regularity of its recurrence is its greatest boon.

Besides: The man who works without Sunday rest and recuperation is often driven to stimulants to brace up his impaired vitality.

Weston's mother was wise. She knew the dangers from overstrain, the temptations to which her son would be exposed and the tendency toward the letting down of morals once the barrier of Sunday observance was thrown down.

Old fashioned? Yes; the observance of one day in seven is old fashioned—as old as the experience of the race. And the fashion of it cannot be changed by individuals or nations without great harm. History proves that. Therefore—

Sacredly observe the day.

Refused British Titles. A long list might be compiled of men who refused titles. Gladstone, of course, is the best known instance, but there are many others.

Carlyle refused the grand cross of the Bath. In 1837 Palmerston wanted to make the Marquis of Lansdowne a duke, but "the Nestor of the Whigs" declined the honor on the ground that he was too old to change his rank.

According to Henry Grove, the same plea of old age was advanced by the Duke of Grafton when offered a vacant garter in 1834. "It was an honor he had long coveted, but it would be a waste of money for a man to pay fees amounting to nearly £1,000 for a decoration which he could not live long to enjoy."

Two distinguished historians, Grote and Hallam, refused baronetcies, and the same honor was declined by Watts, the painter, in 1855. Lord Beaconsfield found in his time that there were those who were disappointed with the mere rank of knight bachelor. But, as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's diary records, he had the answer for one member of his party who ventured to complain of insufficient recognition. "I assure you," he said, "you altogether underestimate the honor of knighthood. It satisfied Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Isaac Newton."

Stones For Dessert. Quite a number of birds and beasts swallow stones or fine gravel or even sand to aid their digestion by pulverizing the food with which it comes in contact in the stomach.

A large seal will, with this object, swallow ten or fifteen pounds of large, round pebbles, and the coastal Indians of the Pacific slope always insisted that there were ballast for the long sea voyages made by these creatures at the time of their migrations. Their real purpose, however, is as an aid to digestion, and precisely the same habit on a smaller scale is to be found in all manner of parrots, pigeons, cranes, bustards and game birds generally, which swallow quartz and grit to help their gizzards.

Wise Answered. I am clearly for going. Think-stones' advice, who being once asked how he would marry his daughter, whether to one that was poor but honest, or to one that was rich but of an ill reputation, made answer: "I had rather have a man without an estate than an estate without a man."—Cicero.

do their work more effectively. Where the native soil does not readily provide suitable mineral particles these adventurous fowl are quick to find vegetable substitutes equally efficacious. The curious little bird of New Zealand adapts to its purpose the hard kernels of the taro, and the American prairie chicken similarly utilizes the seeds of rosinweed, while it may be that the curious and mysterious habit of the grebe swallowing their own feathers is not unconnected with the same ultimate purpose.—London Globe.

That Wooling Ham. Ham, it has always seemed to us, varied more than any other articles over which blessings are mumbled in degree to palatableness, fragrance and invitation. The variation is "due to the manner of approach. If a person is off his appetite, ham does the best when served as an Arizona breakfast—something else for the man and the ham for the dog.

But supposing you have been hunting, rising early and staying late. You have lost your lunch. You have to trudge home over a hard road. You pass a farmhouse, and from its open door there comes the sound of sizzling ham and the heaven's breath of its perfume. It matters not if that ham sprang from a razorback hog in the wilds of Arkansas, you recognize that that ham is the most glorious flower that grows, the world's desire, the inner fountain of Eden, the pillar of fire by night, the sweet influences of the Pleiades and the deliverance from envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. For the next three miles you can't say a word to your companion because of a watering mouth.

Walked to the Reunion. Macon, Ga., May 3.—James C. Williams, the Texas veteran, who started from his home in Denton county, Texas, February 25, to walk to Macon before the Confederate reunion, has arrived, and is now the guest of honor of R. A. Smith camp, U. C. V.

Though 72 years of age Mr. Williams made the trip without any difficulty whatever. There were originally three in the party that started from Texas, but two dropped out and Mr. Williams completed the journey alone. He expects to write a book about his observations along the way.

His trip consumed 65 days of actual walking and during the trip he rested 25 days. He says that along the route the people told him they were coming to the reunion in large numbers.

Wisely Answered. I am clearly for going. Think-stones' advice, who being once asked how he would marry his daughter, whether to one that was poor but honest, or to one that was rich but of an ill reputation, made answer: "I had rather have a man without an estate than an estate without a man."—Cicero.

ENTRY NOTICE. I hereby give notice that M. B. Deaton has this day entered for 150 acres of land in Troy township Montgomery county, on the waters of Denon creek, adjoining the lands of Richmond Johnson's estate, S. J. Smithman, I. M. Deaton and others.

The said M. B. Deaton will be entitled to a survey of said land if no protest is filed in 30 days from this date. This 28th day of April, 1912. O. B. DEATON, Entry Taker.

Daddy's Bedtime Story. How Dickie Bird Had His Own Christmas Tree. On Christmas Eve Dickie Flew About the Tree.

Daddy's Bedtime Story.

How Dickie Bird Had His Own Christmas Tree. On Christmas Eve Dickie Flew About the Tree.

WHAT do you think of putting something on our Christmas tree for Sheppie and Tabby?" asked Evelyn. Daddy smiled. "I am sure that your doggie and pussy would consider this a good idea. What would you give them?"

"Well," replied Evelyn, "Jack thought that a nice bonnet tied up in tissue paper would please Sheppie. I can't make up my mind whether Tabby would rather have a heart cut out of fried liver or a bunch of catnip."

"I'm sure Sheppie would love the bones and Tabby would be charmed with either the heart or the catnip. That reminds me of two friends of mine who had a pet canary for which one year they dressed a Christmas tree."

"They lived in a boarding house most of the time. There they could have no pet save a canary bird. Of Dickie they were as fond as any two people could be of a dear little bird, and Dick was about the nicest and brightest canary I've ever known except, of course, our own Dickie."

"Well, when Christmas time came, this nice lady and gentleman said, after listening to their friends' Christmas talk, 'Isn't it a pity we have no one for whom to have a Christmas tree?'"

"Let's have one for Dickie," said the bird's mistress after thinking for a few minutes. "So they did have one for Dickie. They bought a nice little evergreen tree and string it with popcorn and lumps of sugar and apples and grapes and nut kernels. Beside these they had tinsel and gilt balls to make the tree look gay."

"Around the bottom of the tree was laid a neat layer of dark green crepe paper to look like moss. The box on which the tree stood was covered with neat packages. A bow of narrow ribbon was tied to each package and that ribbon was run up to one of the branches of the tree, where a knot of the ribbon was attached to a fancy Christmas card bearing a name."

"When Christmas eve came Dickie was allowed to come out of his cage and fly about the room. All of Dickie's children friends were asked to come in and see his tree."

"That was a nice gift for each one. Dickie enjoyed himself immensely, hopping about and picking first at this tinsel and then at that."

"When 1 o'clock struck and it was time for the little folks to go home, each went hanging one of the packages which had been under the tree and bearing a Christmas card on which was written 'Merry Christmas. From Dickie Bird.'"

RE-LEASE OF LAND. By virtue of a decree of the clerk of the superior court of Montgomery county in special proceedings, entitled David Cagle, et al. vs. Marshall Cagle, et al., there is hereby released to the said Marshall Cagle, et al., the following land:

Free! Free! Demonstrations and Lessons in Embroidery, Battenberg and Drawn Work. The lessons and demonstrations will be given on a Sewing Machine now on exhibit at our store, and which cannot be done on any other Machine. The date will be announced sometime soon. See our Reed and Fibre Porch Seats, Rockers, Hammocks, Screen Doors and Windows. Dixie Furniture Company Troy, N. C.

The Only Policy Written Correctly. In a recent loss of a mercantile establishment in a Montgomery county town on which four companies had a line, the adjustor who adjusted the loss reported that the policy of the LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO., written in this office, was the only one written correctly. In case of loss it is very important that your policy be written correctly, and the lesson to be learned from this experience is: That it pays to have your insurance written by men who know how. I KNOW HOW! FREDERICK BLOOMER, Real Estate and Insurance, Southern Pines, N. C. J. C. Currie, Local Representative, Candor, N. C.

ALL THIS FOR \$5.48. 27 PRESENTS WILL. See and be believing! READ OUR OFFER. Return this ad. to us naming your Express Office and we will ship you a Full Size D.A. Royal Royal Revolver worth \$7.00; Solid Nickel Shaver worth \$2.00; also 1 Barber Creamer worth \$1.00. Watermelon Knife worth \$1.00. 27 Additional Presents. 27 RE-RELEASE OF LAND. By virtue of a decree of the clerk of the superior court of Montgomery county in special proceedings, entitled David Cagle, et al. vs. Marshall Cagle, et al., there is hereby released to the said Marshall Cagle, et al., the following land:

Old Papers Suitable for placing under carpet, matting and for wrapping purposes, etc. 5 cents per bundle while they last. The Montgomery Office

G. D. B. Reynolds, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Albemarle, N. C. Will practice in all state and Federal courts.

DR. S. H. McCALL DENTIST. TROY, N. C. OFFICE: Over the Furniture Store. (Abb Woolley's Building)

CHAS. A. ARMSTRONG Attorney and Counsellor at Law TROY, N. C.

IF YOU DON'T Believe your teeth can be filled or pulled WITHOUT PAIN, give me a trial and be convinced. DR. S. E. DOUGLASS Mt. Gilead, N. C. Office over McAulay Bros. Store.

thence with the old line s 8 w 10 poles to stake old corner, w 12 poles to a stake by pts, s 81 1-2 poles to post oak, w 29 poles to post oak, s 148 poles to stake by several pts, s 92 poles to stake several pts, s 30 w 40 poles to old corner gum, s 73 1-2 w 12 poles to old corner gum on machine branch, thence up said branch n 6 w 28 poles, n 27 1-2 e 20 poles, n 14 e 12 poles, n 29 e 22 poles n 10 w 14 poles, n 26 w 12 poles, n 27 w 12 poles to corner above spring thence w 62 poles to old corner on the mountain, s 23 w 162 poles to red oak, n about 261 poles, passing the beginning corner of the 100 acre tract at 156 poles to a stake, the 3rd corner of lot No. 2, thence with its line to same s 88 e about 288 poles to the beginning containing 250 acres more or less. The bidding will start at \$35.20. The sale will be left open 20 days for 10 per cent raised bid and if bid received within said time the same will be made on 24th day of June 1912 at 1 o'clock p. m. without further advertisement and this sale will be final. This April 27, 1912. T. P. Cook, Commissioner.