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Public Ledger Want Ads are read by the people. If you have a want let them know it. Small cost.

MISS DREW'S SECRETARY

By JEANNE KILBY.

Carlotta Drew pushed away the account books that littered her desk and sighed wearily.

"Oh, dear, I never can make these books balance," she panted. "I wish Miss Smith had not been so stupid or Miss Hart so slovenly. I simply can't get along without a secretary."

"You might try one of the secretarial schools," suggested Mrs. Marsh, bending over her embroidery.

"I will—I must have someone at once."

Carlotta picked up the receiver and telephoned her wishes:

"Send along anyone who is fairly intelligent," she wailed at last.

"There," she said, looking defiantly at her aunt, "they are sending up a young man."

"A young man!" echoed Mrs. Marsh. "Are you crazy, Carlotta?"

"Only desperate, Aunt Anna."

"I shall send him away again."

"Not until he has straightened out my accounts. I make them say that I have spent just four dollars instead of five hundred in the last month, and yet my checkbook shows I have overdrawn my account."

"What a muddle!" sighed Mrs. Marsh. "You really ought to marry a good business man, my dear, someone who can look after you and your property."

"I met a man last summer," she began. Then, biting her lips to keep back a secret she had not dared confess to anyone but herself, she added gayly, "I'm going out, Aunt Anna. If the young man comes tell him to straighten out my books. I'll be home before he leaves."

It was an hour after Carlotta's departure when Biggs brought in a card.

"Mr. Anthony Lester."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Marsh, looking coldly at the tall, self-possessed young man who regarded her

so affably. "My niece is out at present. She wants you to wait until she returns. No use wasting your time, though. Miss Drew said you might straighten out her books—there on the desk—find out what the trouble is."

Lester smiled and sat down at the desk. Presently Mrs. Marsh noted that he was working busily over the offending accounts.

He worked so steadily that Aunt Anna's heart warmed toward him. She would reward him with a little amiable conversation.

"Are you married?" she asked abruptly.

"Good heavens—no!" he laughed.

"I was married for twenty years and I never had one single regret. My husband has been dead for ten years. Ours was a perfect marriage," sighed Mrs. Marsh, now on her favorite topic, "and I dislike to hear young people laugh flippantly at matrimony."

Lester colored. "I assure you," he said gently, "I had no intention of laughing. It was the idea of your thinking I would be here—" His voice trailed into embarrassed silence.

Aunt Anna Marsh sat up stiffly and regarded him over the tops of her eyeglasses.

"Young man," she said sternly, "when you came here this afternoon did you know that my niece, Miss Drew, is very, very rich indeed?"

Lester had the grace to blush quite perceptibly.

"Yes," he said at last.

"I thought so," she said.

Lester got up and paced the floor.

Now he was scowling in a most unpleasant manner, but even the black look didn't mar his handsome face.

"Can't a man marry a rich girl without being called a fortune hunter?" he suddenly asked.

"No!" exploded Aunt Anna indignantly.

"Does your niece share your views—that every man—no! I won't doubt her for an instant!" He turned toward the desk.

The door flew open and in came a radiant Carlotta, her blue eyes agleam with the glad light of surprise and her cheeks aglow.

"Anthony! Anthony! you dear!" she cried, and she went straight into the arms of the "secretary young man," who held her closely.

Aunt Anna shut her eyes upon this horrifying sight.

"And there is the poor secretary waiting in the hall," cried Carlotta, releasing herself from Lester's arms.

"The secretary! Carlotta Drew, who is this young man?" demanded Mrs. Marsh in a tragic tone.

"Why it's Anthony Lester, the man I almost told you about—it's a secret that we love each other, and I suppose now our engagement must be announced. Who did you think he was, auntie?" she asked curiously.

Lester gallantly came to the rescue and Aunt Anna never forgot it. She took him to her heart even before she discovered that he was considerably richer than Carlotta.

"Why, who did you think he was?" repeated the girl curiously.

"Mrs. Marsh asked me to help straighten out your accounts," he interposed tactfully. "I've brought order out of chaos, but there's still one more thing to settle."

A small, dapper-looking youth, with owlish, spectacled eyes, entered the room meekly.

"This is Mr. Mook, the secretary, Aunt Anna," said Carlotta.
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ROOMS FOR RENT—ONE LARGE and one small room in the Mitchell Building. Apply to J. T. Britt **

How to Fight Tuberculosis

In a paper read last year before the Bexar County Medical Society and published in part in the Louisville "Medical Progress," Dr. J. W. Carhart, of San Antonio, Texas, a physician who has devoted much time to the study of tuberculosis, said: "Since lime salts constitute three-fourths of all the mineral substances of the human body, they must be supplied in the foods or supplemented in mineral preparations, or natural starvation ensues with tuberculosis unchecked. The widespread and unchecked spread of tuberculosis and other preventable diseases is due largely to the de-calcified (lime lacking) conditions of multitudes throughout the civilized world."

Thus from another authoritative medical source comes justification for the use of lime in the treatment of tuberculosis.

Since this is one of the ingredients of Eckman's Alternative, much of the success attending the widespread use of this remedy doubtless is due to the combination of this salt in such a way as to render it easily assimilable. It causes no stomach disturbance, and since it contains neither opiates, narcotics nor habit-forming drugs, it is safe to try.

Eckman's Alternative has effected remarkable results in numerous cases of pulmonary tuberculosis (consumption) and allied chronic affections of the throat and bronchial passages. In many instances such conditions, apparently, have yielded completely to it.

In case your druggist is out of it, ask him to order, or send direct to us.

Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia
For Sale By J. G. Hall, Oxford, N. C.

HEALTH NOTES

(By Benj. K. Hays, Health Officer)
Typhoid Vaccination.

About fifty people are receiving the typhoid vaccination at my office every Saturday afternoon. The vaccine is furnished by the State and is administered without charge every Saturday afternoon from three to five. Of the two hundred and fifty people who have taken the treatment so far only two or three have been made sick by it and no one has been unable to be up and at work on the following Monday. In the entire history of the treatment, including practically every soldier now engaged in the European war as well as every person in the American army and navy, no death or permanent injury has resulted from the vaccination. The life of a soldier makes him peculiarly subject to typhoid fever, and yet, as a result of the compulsory vaccination now enforced in the United States army typhoid fever has practically disappeared from among the troops.

Health Work in the Canal Zone

When Dr. Gorgas, in the year 1900 went to the city of Havana to fight yellow fever he found that for the preceding ten years the average number of deaths in the city from the disease was five hundred. After eight months work spent in fighting mosquitoes, backed by federal authority, yellow fever was stamped out of Havana and has found no foot hold there since. Gorgas was then sent to Panama to fight malarial and yellow fever there. These two diseases had in some years killed as many as one half the workmen on the canal, and, in fact, had made the continuation of the work impossible. When Gorgas began his campaign against mosquitoes in the cities of Panama and Colon the Governor wrote back to this country and begged that this theoretical fool be removed and a man of some practical sense be placed in his position. Gorgas converted a pest hole into a health resort, and the average death rate today in the canal zone is less than that in American cities.

Five hundred deaths from one disease in a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people shows a most alarming condition. And yet, to every two hundred and fifty thousand people in North Carolina tuberculosis kills six hundred and sixty annually. If a case of small pox appears in Oxford the whole town is set agog, if a dog with rabies runs through our streets the town throws a spasm, but the well known fact that ten people within one mile of the court house in Oxford die every year of tuberculosis makes so little impression that we do not even enforce the law against spitting on the side walks.

Oxford's Death Rate.

The death rate in the town of Oxford is sixteen per thousand population. It could easily be reduced to twelve per thousand population. Counting the population in Oxford and immediate vicinity as five thousand we see that there are four deaths per thousand population or a total of twenty deaths in Oxford every year that are entirely unnecessary. Now, let us suppose that the people in Oxford have no desire to prolong their lives except for the purpose of saving funeral expenses, and let us suppose that the average funeral costs fifty dollars. Then twenty unnecessary deaths and funerals costs this town one thousand dollars every year. If we put an economic value of one thousand dollars upon the individual then Oxford pays an annual tax of twenty thousand dollars for unnecessary deaths.

The Negro Death Rate

It is answered that the high death rate is largely among negroes. This is true, but the greater number of whites in Oxford makes the total number of deaths in the two races about equal. Suppose the white people had no interest in the death of the negro population save as it effects the whites. There is no known disease which affects negroes to which white people are not subject. The relationship of the two races is such that disease in the negro is of more danger to whites than disease among the whites. The cook with tuberculosis is a far greater danger to an entire family than the members of the family suffering with the disease would be to one another. The same thing is true of a "typhoid carrier." The nurse that harbors diphtheria germs in her throat is certainly more dangerous to an infant than the infant's father would be were he a "diphtheria carrier." Personally I regard the most important work that any southern health officer can do is to improve the health conditions among the colored population.

GOOD PAINT

is cheap; and Devco is not the only good paint; it is one of a dozen; and, very likely, the only one in your town—there are hundreds of middling and bad.

You can see what chance there is of another good one there: perhaps one in ten at the most.

Bad paint is dearest; middling is dear; costs 2 or 3 times as much as the best.

No matter about the cost a gallon; that isn't it; the cost a square foot the cost a job; better yet, the cost a year.

There's a whole education in paint in this advertisement.

DEVCO.
Acme Hardware Company sells it.

DRIVE IN!

The Johnson Warehouse

Will Hold Its Opening Sale On Wednesday, Sept. 15th, 1915

For years the old reliable Johnson Warehouse has been noted for its high average of prices. This year I have the house by myself and I intend to keep up the high record that has been made in the past. I will use every effort to get you the top-notch price for every pound of tobacco.

Bring Me a Load on Opening Day

If you can't get a load ready, come along anyway and see the others sell. Make our warehouse your headquarters. Plenty of stables.

**All Kinds of Good Accommodations,
Good Lights, Good Floor Space,
Polite and Courteous Floor Force.**

Yours For Highest Prices

Johnson Warehouse.

SAM WATKINS, Prop.