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Oxford, N. C.

DAVIS HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.
7-15-3t

The Newspaper In Pulpit.
(News and Observer)
Rev. Dr. Straton is original and effective. Is anybody effective who lacks originality? On a recent Sunday night he took a copy of The Sunday New York Times in the pulpit, read the headlines and preached a sermon on the state of the world as recorded in that chronicle of twenty-four hours of its history. He urged more adherence by all papers to the rule of presenting only news "fit to print."
It is unfortunate that the world has its good sides and its bad. If we read only what the good folks are doing we would think this a heaven and never sing "I want to be an angel." If we read only of the things bad people are doing we would think this a hell and torment would have no terrors for us. A newspaper's headlines carry the story of both good and bad. Let us be thankful that most of them are good, and that the world is beginning to recover from the backsliding which followed the war.

—Although ninety-six per cent of the twenty-two thousand inhabitants of the Aaland Islands speak Swedish, they have formed part of Finland for more than a century.

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THE WAR'S GREATEST HERO FACES BEING TURNED OUT OF HOME

Sergeant York Refuses To Commercialize His Patriotism.
(Pall Mall (Tenn.) Times)

If you were living on one of the finest farms in Tennessee— If you had a wife and three-months-old baby dependent upon you—

If you faced losing your farm through foreclosure of a \$12,500 mortgage—

AND— You were the greatest hero of the world war—

AND— You could make possibly enough to pay off the mortgage merely by showing yourself in public—

WOULD YOU?

That is the question that Sergeant Alvin C. York has to face. His answer is "No." He will not commercialize his patriotism. His sense of obligation in his country and his religious scruples prevent.

"I would far rather lose my farm, and go back to work upon it as a day laborer, than to commercialize the fame which was only incidental to an act of Providence," he says.

How York Won Great Honor.

That "act of Providence" made the red-headed sergeant famous as the war's greatest hero, not only throughout America, but in every allied country. On October 18, 1918, in the Argonne Forest, York single-handed killed 25 Germans, put out of commission 35 machine guns and marched into camp 132 German captives, including a major and three lieutenants. For his feat he won the congressional medal of honor and the Croix de Querre, pinned on by Marshal Foch himself.

Spurning movie and vaudeville offers that would have made him rich, he came back to his mother's hillside farm and took up the hoe.

A short time later he married a girl of the neighborhood. Friends and admirers picked out a farm for him almost directly across the road from the farm of his mother, and paid \$11,235 on it through popular subscription.

For a time things moved serenely. York, whose whole ambition had been to own a home in his Tennessee mountains, farm his own land, hunt the foxes that roamed the hills and show true hospitality to the strangers who passed his door, was wholly content.

A little later Alvin C., Jr., came, and life seemed even more worth living.

But such good fortune was not to last.

Crop Failure Spells Disaster.

Crops were a big disappointment. Farm products brought exceptionally low prices. Taxes reached an unprecedented high figure.

With the \$12,500 mortgage for the balance on his farm due this fall, things went from bad to worse. A \$250 grocery bill accumulated and the grocer feels unable to extend much more credit.

York is toiling from "kin to kant"—from earliest break of day to the last lingering of light—to prevent his life's dream from being shattered. But it looks like a vain task.

"Religious faith sustained me in my danger and removed my fear," he says. "I was only a pawn in the hands of Providence. Any credit that is due for my achievements should go to the Lord. For me to attempt to take any credit personally would be a great wrong."

"But He will see me through."

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WORK OF HOMING PIGEONS LIBERATED AT SALISBURY

Bird Makes Trip To New York In Less Than Five Hours.
(Salisbury Evening Post.)

The Evening Post has received an official score sheet from the United Homing Pigeon Concourse on the flight of the birds liberated in Salisbury on the morning of Saturday June 11th. The report shows that the birds were turned loose here during cloudy weather with a light southeast wind, while at New York, their destination, it was also cloudy with a light southeast wind. The first bird arrived at the loft of Robert Crozier, 120 Clifton avenue, Clifton, N. J., at 4:16:39 p. m., flying the distance of 497.09 miles in 9 hours, 46 minutes and 39 seconds, making an average velocity of 1,491.31 yards per minute, this being the prize winner. There were 25 birds winning diplomas in this class, the 25th bird making a speed of 1,334.15 yards per minute. The slowest bird in this class made an average of 1,021.44 yards per minute. These birds 122 of which finished the prescribed limit, were in the derby flight.

There were 1,387 birds completing the 500-mile club and concourse honors. They left Salisbury with cloudy weather and a southeast wind and on arrival at New York the weather was clear with northeast wind. The first bird in this class to arrive was that of F. A. Phillips, New Rochelle, reaching its roost at 7:31:57 p. m., flying a distance of 521.53 miles in 13 hours, 16 minutes and 57 seconds, making an average velocity of 1,131.88 yards per minute. There were 31 diploma winners in this class. The last in the class being a bird of T. Seiz, Jr., Long Island which made an average speed of 788.55 yards per minute.

—An army of grasshoppers is advancing on El Paso County, Colorado, from the southwest, destroying virtually all vegetation in its course. The county farm agent says the onslaught of grasshoppers is the largest in the history of that section.

IF ITS A BUGGY OR SURRY OR set of harness, we have them lower than you order or buy elsewhere in our opinion, and when it comes to beauty, quality and price we can show you. **SAMUEL DAVIS** the man who leads. 7-15-3t

—A royal decree has been issued in Belgium for the calling of an international congress for the protection of children. The question of establishing an international office for child protection is to be discussed.

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—The cost of producing a ton of hard coal is from two and a half to three times as great as for mining a ton of bituminous coal because the beds are deeper, thinner and generally inclined at steeper angles than those of the soft coal.

WAGONS, WAGONS, WAGONS, and we have them in both two and one horse, Studebaker, Thornhill or Chase City, and at prices like old times. Write me, phone me or come to see me. **SAMUEL DAVIS**, Clarksville, Va. 1-15-3t

Orpheum Theatre
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MAN - WOMAN - MARRIAGE



Buy a pipe— and some P.A.

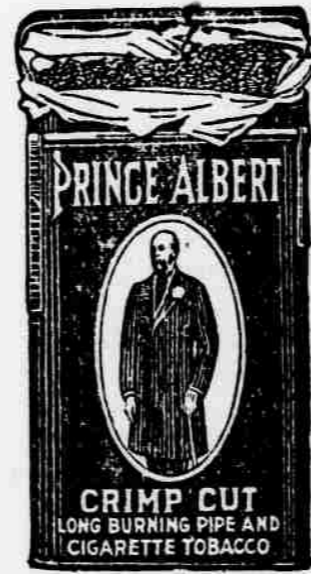
Get the joy that's due you!

We print it right here that if you don't know the "feel" and the friendship of a joy's jimmy pipe— **GO GET ONE!** And—get some Prince Albert and bang a howdy-do on the big smoke-gong!

For, Prince Albert's quality—flavor—coolness—fragrance—is in a class of its own! You never tasted such tobacco! Why—figure out what it alone means to your tongue and temper when we tell you that Prince Albert can't bite, can't parch! Our exclusive patented process fixes that!

Prince Albert is a revelation in a makin's cigarette! My, but how that delightful flavor makes a dent! And, how it does answer that hankering! Prince Albert rolls easy and stays put because it is crimped cut. And, say—oh, go on and get the papers or a pipe! Do it right now!

Prince Albert is sold in tappy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top.



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