

For the Children



MASTERS TOMMY WITH HIS PET COLLIE.

Most of you children have seen the advertisement of a certain talking machine which shows a clever little fox terrier dog listening to his master's voice as it comes through the transmitting horn.

Well, here's a splendid, fine collo puppy who not only recognizes his young owner's voice, but is perfectly familiar with the music played on the piano by his talented master.

There is a spirited march that makes the dog come from under the piano and walk about the room to the stirring strains, sidestepping and prancing about in wonderful dog fashion.

He never whines and yelps as so many of his kind do at the sound of music, but seems to appreciate it in a remarkably intelligent manner.

Master Tommy is something of an all round sport, and he and the dog have many an exciting wrestling match in which it is hard to find out which is the winner.

Consequences. One of the most popular games at a party is consequences. It is an old favorite, but has lost none of its charms with age. The players sit in a circle.

Each person is provided with a half sheet of note paper and a pencil and is asked to write on the top (1) one or more adjectives, then to fold the paper over so that what has been written cannot be seen. Every player has to pass his or her paper on to the right hand neighbor, and all have then to write on the top of the paper that has been passed by the left hand neighbor (2) "the name of the gentleman."

After this the paper must again be folded and passed as before; this time must be written (3) one or more adjectives; then (4) a lady's name; next (5) where they met; next (6) what he gave her; next (7) what she said to her; next (8) what she said to him; next (9) the consequence and lastly (10) "just what we expected."

A Little Bird Told Me. Mr. and Mrs. Robin has just returned from their annual trip to Florida.

The newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Thrush, have been looking for furnished apartments in the Grove. It is to be hoped that they will soon be settled and give us all a "house warming" party.

Our friend Mr. Blue Jay has laid in a lot of horsehair and straw for building purposes. He will sell them to the highest bidder. Come early and avoid the rush.

Friends of the Wrens will find them at home hereafter in their new quarters at the junction of Old Fence and the Stone Wall.

Mr. Robin is organizing a police force to drive out the unruly sparrows who have taken up their summer abode in the Park Trees. Good for Mr. Robin!

The Kind Word. Some of the older boys and girls doubtless studied cancellation in school last winter. But there is another kind of cancellation that can be used by boys and girls of all ages, says Apple of Gold. For example, two boys were speaking of another boy.

"He is slow in games," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid in school," said the first boy.

"But he always studies hard," answered the second.

Thus, you see, every unkind word spoken by the first boy was canceled by a kind word from the second.

Woman's World



MISS NORMA FREDERIC GIBBONEY.

"I have already made two arrests for game violations. I had no trouble with the prisoners. I carried a revolver and a shotgun, and the pothunters knew that I could use either of them."

Which announcement goes to show that Miss Norma Frederic Gibboney didn't become game warden merely to wear a bright badge. Miss Gibboney was appointed warden recently by Governor Emmet O'Neal of Alabama. She probably is the only woman in the United States with this sort of commission.

When the news of her appointment was made public the pothunters in their huts along the Mobile bay marshes thought it a good joke.

"She's one of these society women," they laughed. "She never would come out on a rainy day for fear of getting her feet wet.—On with the killing!"

They were fully convinced of their mistake when the handsome warden came upon two of their number slaughtering ducks and marched them in with one hand resting significantly on the black butt of the revolver at her hip.

Miss Gibboney's home is Aloha. It stands among acres of forest and foliage. Mobile bay stretches away to the east, and at the back is the Dog river. She is a dandy shot with a rifle and can bring down the mallards from behind a blind with the best shot in Mobile. It was her love for animals and not the passion for hunting that led her to become one of the Alabama game police.

"It is the birds that I particularly want to protect," said Miss Gibboney recently when speaking about her work. "We seldom realize how much good they do. If they didn't prey constantly on the insects we would be without vegetation before very long. I am familiar with every bird of Alabama. Ten years ago you could see flocks of beautiful blue cranes in the edge of the water out there. Now they are curiosities."

"I have recently fitted out a log cabin in the midst of ten acres of forest that is just as nature made it. I intend to spend the rest of my life there."

Miss Gibboney is well known over the entire south. She is a frequent visitor to New Orleans. She is a descendant of Zack Taylor, Patrick Henry and the Virginia Sheltons. She is prominent in society. From now on she won't see much of receptions and pink teas.

Concerning Women. Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons of New York has written a book which she calls "The Old Fashioned Woman." Mayor Gaynor, who generally is credited with saying what he thinks, declared that it is a most interesting book, but suggests that the title might be changed to "Primitive Fancies About the Sex."

Mrs. Metcalfe resides at the station at Sackett Harbor, on Lake Ontario, and looks after the buildings, which are old and worn, for \$1 a day. She is therefore the only woman "commandant" in the United States and was present when the monument to commemorate the victory in the war of 1812 was dedicated recently.

Miss Elizabeth G. Berdan in "Reminiscences of a Diplomat's Wife," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is described as a former friend of the grandchildren of Queen Victoria. Upon one occasion one of the princesses gave her a ring and accused the fact that it was not a more expensive one by the remark, "But, you know, Granny Vie is so stingy."

Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, librarian of the League of American Penwomen, is a member of the school board of Washington and has been chosen by the commissioners to represent the District of Columbia at the international congress of school hygiene to be held in Buffalo the last week in August. She is one of the editors of a cookbook now in the press.

NOTICE. Beginning September 1 we will have to charge 25c. for all packages of Blue Mineral water where I have to fill same. This charge is necessary as the demand is so great it takes most of my time with horse and wagon to deliver this water to depot. Water is free to anyone that calls for it themselves.

W. D. Ippock, Aukla.

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W. G. BOYD.

LOVE'S HORRORS

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

The loveliest, the most barbarous, the simplest, the strangest acts committed by human beings find their motive in love. And there is no country in which love in its greatest intensity has flourished as in Italy. It is the soul of Italian poetry. It is the motive of Italian crime.

One of the oldest families of Italy is, or rather, was, the Contis. Medieval Italy was ruled by great families, and their power lasted with varied degree for centuries. Beatrice Conti, a beautiful girl who lived in Rome a hundred years ago, when the Conti family was still, at least in name, prominent, loved Caesar Brandini, and her love was returned. Beatrice was a superior girl, and Brandini was a prominent young man. He was very accomplished, especially in those many arts pertaining to war, being the best fencer as well as the best shot among the patrician set of Rome. But he was nothing of a bully or a braggart and had only once had occasion to punish any man. That was for abusing a deformed child.

Scipione Brescini, a man about Caesar's age, was one day seen by the latter to cuff a crippled beggar who got in his way while crossing a street. Caesar was so indignant that he cuffed Brescini. Scipione did not return the blow, and the matter seemingly ended then and there.

Scipione was a rejected lover of Beatrice. To have been struck by his successful rival turned his soul into a fiery furnace. Had he not feared the superior skill of Caesar he would have challenged him. As it was, he found himself in a contemptible position, with no way out of it. Strange to say, he not only coveted revenge on Brandini, but on Beatrice. He brooded and brooded till he conceived the idea of striking the girl through her lover.

One night as Caesar was passing through one of those medieval Roman streets, too narrow for even a sidewalk, an arm was thrust out of a window, and a knife entered his back, piercing the heart. He fell and died in a few minutes.

Beatrice, knowing that her lover had only one enemy in the world and that was Scipione, felt assured that he was the murderer, but when a stiletto was left at her house on a dark night when the person leaving it could not be recognized, she knew that it was the weapon with which Caesar had been stabbed and that Scipione was his murderer.

No more fiendish revenge is to be conceived. Beatrice was at once changed by it from the gentlest of women to a deadly fury. The new Beatrice differed from the former Beatrice in proportion to the strength of her love. It did not even occur to her to punish Scipione through the courts. She had no proof that he was the guilty person, and if she had she would not have produced it. The blood of the Contis ran pure in her veins, and the Contis of the past had not been in the habit of troubling the courts with their disputes. The men relied on their swords; the women—one of them was a Borgias.

She did not meet Scipione Brescini for some time after the murder and when she did surprise him by appearing not to suspect that he had anything to do with it. She even asked him if he could not think of some one whose enmity Caesar had aroused. Moreover, she did not appear to take her lover's death to heart so much as he had expected. Scipione gained confidence. All might yet be well between him and her. True, for a time he had hated her, but her presence rekindled love.

The two met often. Scipione did not need to go to see her at her house, for at that time every one in Rome met socially at all sorts of open air festivals. Beatrice always greeted Scipione with a smile—a smile that never had and never could fail to win him. And this is an effect of love. Like liquor, it steals a man's brains.

And so Scipione drifted in his ruin. He renewed the offer of his hand to Beatrice and was accepted.

Before their marriage Beatrice insisted on making a trip to India. She had heard of something in that country she wanted. Scipione was loath to part with her and could not understand her going. She told him she wished a flower that grew there and was nowhere else to be found with which to decorate her bridal veil. "What a singular woman's whim—to go all the way to India for a flower!" Beatrice was gone a long while on her journey. When she returned she fixed a date for her wedding, but preferred that it should be in private.

After the ceremony she sat in her wedding dress, decked in the fresh plucked flowers of a plant she had brought from India. Her husband sat beside her.

"For my sake, inhale the perfume of the flowers I was at so much pains to get for our bridal," she said.

She held one of them to his nostrils, and he drew in the perfume. When he was about to turn away she put her arm about his neck and pressed the flower to his nose. Presently he made another effort to turn away. He could not be so paralyzed. Then where he had seen his loving wife he saw a demon. As his senses faded the face before him grew more terrible till death came to his relief.

He had inhaled the odor of the poison flower of India.

A Preparatory Test

By OLIVE EDNA MAY

"Harry," said Bess, "I've been thinking what an awful thing it is for a girl to trust her whole future to a man, not knowing whether he's going to make a good husband or a horrid one. I've a good mind to break our engagement."

"Strange, isn't it? I was thinking the same thing about a man's tying himself up for life to a woman. My uncle says a man runs an awful risk when he marries."

"How should he know? He's never been married."

"I've no doubt that your aunt, who is an elderly maiden, put all this distrust into your head. I've often heard her say she wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"Aunt Martha has a very clear idea of men's faults."

"So has my Uncle Jim of women's shortcomings. But, as I said a moment ago, I've been thinking myself that it's like taking a cold plunge to be married. If you think you don't care to risk it perhaps we'd better break it off."

She pouted at this and bent her eyes down on a locket she was toying with.

"Uncle Jim says," he continued, "that marriage is all very well so long as the spooning lasts, but just as soon as a couple come down to the real thing the girl discovers that she hasn't got exactly what she wanted, or the fellow finds he's made a bull, or both, and the fracas begins. Now, suppose we stop spooning and treat each other in that friendly way married people do. We'd find out the cause of future dissatisfaction and could make up our minds with deliberation whether we'd better risk it or not."

"That's a good idea. When shall we begin—now?"

"No; the next time we meet."

He didn't care to begin now, because it was only 11 o'clock at night and he was quite sure he would wish to spoon till 1. So they sat locked in each other's arms till 2, when they made preparations for parting, which required half an hour more, and finally succeeded in dragging themselves away from each other at 3. They were to begin their humdrum matrimonial treatment at their next meeting, and in order to be well prepared he was not to call again for three days. When the time was up he had nerved himself to act like a man who had been married ten years. He gave her a perfunctory kiss and, throwing himself into an easy chair, asked if anything new had turned up since he saw her last. She gave him a scornful glance, made no reply and, taking a seat in another part of the room, took up a book she had been reading.

He yawned and, taking a cigarette from a box, lit it, leaned back and smoked. There was a long silence. It was only a few minutes, but it seemed long.

"Been to your aunt's today?" he asked.

"No. Is your uncle well?"

"Very."

Another silence, during which he took up a magazine from a table, turned over the leaves and threw it down. Then he glanced in her direction and saw that the book she was reading, or rather, pretending to read, was upside down, pictures and all.

"Been a big storm lately?"

"Not that I know of. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I see a picture of a cupped shell in the book you're reading."

This called her attention to the inverted position of the volume, and she reversed it. There was no sound except the turning of its leaves, which occurred so rapidly that she must have been capable of reading a page every ten seconds. Finally he said with a yawn:

"I shall have to go to bed early to-night. I've been up till late for several nights."

"I'm sorry you must go early."

He took out his watch. It was a quarter to 9. "I think I'll go now," he said. "I'll drop into the club for a few minutes before I go to my room."

"Good night."

Since he had not risen this was somewhat unexpected. He arose with a scowl on his brow and, without saying a word of adieu, strode to the closet in the hall and was hunting for his hat and cane when he heard a sob distinctly behind him. She was there, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. He clasped her in his arms, and her head fell on his shoulder. There was an impressive silence for some moments, which he broke.

"I don't believe this test plan is at all necessary."

"I—don't—think—so."

"I'm sure there are no disagreements about you that would cause me to wish myself unmarried."

A Blighted Hope

By WILLIAM BLAKEMAN

Here is a story suggested by the present interest in eugenics.

There are a number of elements that enter into the condition of criminality, but they are inextricably mingled. For instance, heredity plays an important part, but since there are two parents, the ancestors of each reaching back indefinitely, it does not necessarily follow that a child begotten by them will inherit a criminal tendency. Moreover, criminality may be a disease or an imperfect working of the bodily functions. Then there is environment, which many experts in criminology consider by far the most important of all causes.

In England many years ago there dwelt a family named Ball. John Ball, one of these people, at twenty years of age became a paricide. That was the time when the English government was sending criminals to Botany Bay, in Australia. Those transported were treated according to their condition, some of them being allowed full liberty within bounds, to live in their own houses and earn their own living. John Ball, to all outward appearances, was a perfectly good man and soon earned the right to be treated as such within the limits of the law.

In the penal colony was a young woman named Mary Coolidge. She had stolen money to keep her widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters from starving. It would seem that this act was only on the border of crime and should have met with a light punishment. But the act was committed at a time when there was but little mercy under the English law, and Mary was sent to Botany Bay.

These two, John Ball and Mary Coolidge, met after they had been members of the colony eight years. There was an inclination among John's associates to consider his crime as the result of a temporary insanity. As for Mary's, it was simply an overstrain of human endurance. The two became attached to each other and were married, each obtaining a ticket of leave to go anywhere on the island and build a home for themselves.

Each had saved some money and, putting their funds together, had capital enough to go into sheep raising. At that time land was cheap in Australia, and they were enabled to buy what would now be considered a large tract. They prospered and as they accumulated more capital put it into sheep and what was required for their flock's protection. A son was soon born to them, and he was followed by two daughters.

Johnny Ball was a fine little fellow and the apple of his father's eye. At an early age he learned to ride on horseback and made frequent trips with his father over his ranch. They were enjoyable rides over areas that they owned, well stocked with their sheep. The family was a happy one notwithstanding the reason for their being where they were, though the children were brought up in ignorance that their parents had been criminals.

John Ball, Sr., became quite wealthy, and his wealth and his sterling qualities did much to eradicate the effect upon his fellow men of his having been transported for crime. He had excellent judgment, and before important ventures were entered upon by his associates they usually consulted him.

Ball's family grew up under entirely different conditions from other descendants of criminals, who even today constitute a class by themselves. They are called larrikins and are noted for their worthlessness and furnish their full quota of Australian criminals. Those who were observing claimed the case of the Ball children indicated that environment was more important than heredity. Their father had been enabled to raise them far above that association which produces criminals.

John Ball, Jr., grew up to be a man with the same judgment, the same character, as his father. It was believed that he would furnish an example of the son of a criminal who, far from being the usual larrikin, would be an honor to Australia. While he manifested a disposition to continue sheep raising, at which his father had been so successful, he also showed an inclination to enter the political field.

But one morning this optimistic structure that was being built upon the case of the Ball family fell with a crash. The mother and the children, except John Junior, who was now twenty-two years old, were away on a visit, leaving father and son in the ranch house. In the morning a servant went to their rooms to call them to breakfast and found the father murdered in his bed and the son gone.

The matter cast a gloom over those who had drawn such hopeful conclusions from a case which it seemed had been proving and would continue to prove that hereditary crime was of minor importance and could be overcome by an improved environment. The widow shut herself up with her younger children and never appeared in public again.

An Australian friend of this unfortunate family who was interested in the scientific points connected with the crime committed by both father and son, on making a trip to England, investigated the record of the Ball family. He found that two different generations, back of the subject of the story had furnished a murderer and both were cases of paricide.

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THE KOLA NUT IN AFRICA.
It Plays an Important Part in the Lives of the Natives.
In the parts of Africa where it grows the kola nut is much esteemed by the natives on account of its stimulating and other properties, and it occupies a large place in African legends, as well as in ceremonies and customs. These tribes have been aware of its power as a stimulant from time immemorial, and it is also used as a remedy for malarial fever and other maladies.
It is used as a pledge of friendship or affection, as an offering to fetiche men and also as money or for paying tribute. In the Bambara and other regions a young man sends a basket of white and red kola nuts to the father of a young woman whom he desires to marry. If the father consents he keeps all the nuts, but if not he keeps the white ones and returns the red.
The kola tree is much respected, and the belief is strong among the natives that if one of them plucks a flower it will bring him bad luck. Among the Bagas a tree is planted at each birth or notable occasion. In the Dlorug region when a chief goes through the ceremony of naming his child he plants a kola tree, and this afterward belongs to the child.
In the whole of the Sudan region the kola nut is a symbol of friendship, and as it is an article of luxury the act of offering it as a gift is taken as a mark of the wealth of the giver. Eating the kola nut together is a sign of friendship, and it would be a great offense to refuse to do this. Treaties, vows or contracts are made binding in the same way.—Chicago News.

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NEW RETAIL GROCERY FIRM
A new enterprise that has just started in business here is the Parker Grocery Company of which E. L. Parker is manager. The store is located at 105 East Front street. Mr. Parker has been with the Duffy Grocery Company. He announces in an advertisement to-day that he has an entirely new stock and solicits the patronage of his public.