

CELESTE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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"I'm real glad you've come," said Mrs. Lawson, "it'll be so nice to have a good visit once more. Folks don't get to our corner of the world too often, an' you'll want to know what's happened to your old friends. I reckon we an' our houses look about the same as they used to before you went away. Ain't much progress in Landsend. You asked about Celeste an' those are the same words I says to her last time I got up as far as her place. You know it's awful inconvenient to get there, but Sam said he'd take me when he drove over with supplies, so I went. Celeste's gran'ma had died then, an' Celeste was alone in the little house her gran'ma left her under conditions that Celeste would go on livin' in it, an' keep the place like it was used to. I reckon it wasn't so much because she cared about losin' her legacy that Celeste kept on livin' there alone, but the girl has that kind of a conscience. A dylin' wish to her is an oath—it has to be kept.

"Course there was another condition to the will, which was that Celeste should go on livin' there only until she married and had a home of her own; there wasn't nothing binding against that. But land! the old lady felt pretty sure about having her place kept up. If ever sweetness was wasted on desert air it was Celeste's. There she sat in her gran'ma's faded parlor, flowin' like a rose, cheeks all pink, her eyes bright an' her hair soft and curly. "Celeste Robins," I says, "how do you manage to keep cheerful in all this lonesome waste?"

"I'm not exactly lonesome," she says. "I read an' sew an' play, an' drive my old horse Mollie. But I will admit, I often do wish for companionship."

"Well," says I, "Mr. Right will come along some day." As I said it I knew there was as much chance of anyone who would be Mr. Right to Celeste—findin' her in that buried corner—as there would of the president to drop in for afternoon tea.

"Oh, I didn't mean that particular kind of companionship," Celeste says, laughin'. "I just meant that it would be nice to have some pleasant person about to enjoy things with. There's so many things to enjoy," says Celeste: "the flowers in summer, and right now, even with all the snow about, there's the birds, who come to be fed and sit in rows on the red berry tree, and there are cookies to be baked for the schoolchildren," she says. "How they love to find me in my cutter at the bend of the road when they come home from school. Sometimes I drive the smallest ones home."

"I hope," I said, as a parting joke, "that Mr. Right will drop in soon an' surprise you."

"Airplanes don't fly this weather," Celeste had laughed back. An' I looked up to see a blizzard gathering around me. All night that blizzard raged, while the thermometer went down below zero. No mail came in to Landsend that night, or went out, either; for the trains had been blocked in big drifts miles out, where even snowplows couldn't reach 'em."

But as the train didn't draw in, no whistle sounded. So, quicker than us careless wits, Celeste was at the telephone asking the station agent why, an' when she learned of the plight of those stranded people the girl pulls on her fur coat, ties her red hood and goes out in the darkness to harness Mollie to her cutter. An' when Mollie was ready for her fight against the night and the roads Celeste runs back to the house to fill up a hamper with everything eatable she could find. She found considerable. Celeste always did keep cooked up. I can believe that she looked like an angel to those hungry folks in the car when she went smilin' down the aisle, her red hood over her pretty hair, an' her basket on her arm. She'd fell into several snow mounds as she came, but she didn't mention that.

An' when one little frightened girl learned that Celeste had driven there she held on to her and begged to be taken home.

"Marion's not very well," a man told Celeste. "I'm afraid a night in the cut will be hard on her."

The trains were held, you see, nearer to Celeste's faraway home than to Landsend. An', with the child's arms around her, she suggested to the man whom she took to be the father, that she be allowed to carry Marion home with her for the night.

After one look into Celeste's face he agreed willingly. That was the beginning of the end. The man wasn't Marion's father, as it turned out, but an uncle who'd gone to fetch the child to his own bachelor quarters after her father died. An' when this uncle managed to get to Celeste's next day, an' the child hung on to her there an' begged to stay—why, that's the way it was arranged. He came back, this uncle, to visit, reg'lar, an' as her gran'ma's will hadn't said nuthin' about holdin' Celeste to the house after she was married, Celeste left it. Oh, yes! she married Marion's uncle.

An' Celeste now has a fine home of her own in the city. She keeps her gran'ma's here for a sort of country place. So to Celeste happiness did come, you see. And I reckon that, while flowers may bloom unseen, you can't hide a kind heart—it's bound to make itself known.

FIRST LASSIE AND SECOND CONVERT STILL IN SALVATION ARMY SERVICE



Commandant Emma Westbrook, member of the first Salvation Army contingent to land in America. (Insert) Louis Petain, the Army's second American convert.

Veterans both, Commandant Emma Westbrook of Indianapolis, 70, member of the first contingent of Salvation Army lassies to invade this country, and Sergeant-Major Louis Petain, 67, of Brooklyn, second convert made by the struggling little band in America, will be active workers in presenting the Army's 1920 appeal for support of its Home Service Fund to be made throughout the country May 10 to 20.

These two workers have seen the organization grow from the veriest tyro in the field of service and relief in 1880 to the powerful influence that it is today. They have never left its service and entertain no thought of doing so. They want to help raise the \$10,000,000 necessary to carry the work through another year.

Their enthusiasm is boundless, as it well may be in people who have seen such an inauspicious beginning in the face of jeering and antagonistic crowds result in the universal respect and love held for the Salvation Army today.

The difference in the figure of the coming appeal and the mite collected in their tambourines in the old days demonstrates concretely the difference that 40 years have brought.

Louis Petain is particularly jubilant over the transformation that he has seen and remarks epigrammatically: "You can't buy confidence, sonny. You've got to earn it."

Commandant Westbrook is a traveling inspector of corps in Indiana, while Sergeant-Major Petain is still an active worker with the Brooklyn Post No. 1.

"Ash Barrel Jimmy," the Army's first American convert, died a few years ago. He was sentenced to serve six months with the Army by an exasperated judge who had given up hope of reforming the drunken "remittance man." Jimmy decided voluntarily to make it a life sentence and stayed with the organization until his death. He attained the rank of captain and served others as the Salvationists before had served him.

PERISHING TO JAZZ MUSIC.

Such members of Congress as do not dismiss Henry P. Davison's moving appeal for the dying millions of Central and Eastern Europe as an untimely jest treat it as a preposterous demand for alms. If they close their minds to suffering that may through economic ruin and disease place our whole civilization in peril they should at least be able to state his proposal without misrepresentation.

What Mr. Davison asks is a loan of \$500,000,000, the proceeds to be spent largely in America and its administration to be in the hands of American citizens exclusively, the principal to be repaid with interest in fifteen years. At a time when debt and taxes are bearing heavily upon the country new obligations should not be slightly assumed, but in this case humanity, to say nothing of self-interest, answers that consideration conclusively. We advanced \$10,000,000 to our European associates for war purposes without much thought of interest or payment. To loan one-twentieth of that sum to establish peace, to save entire peoples from disease and death, to safeguard the fruits of our victory and to protect ourselves from the terrors of plague, revolution and economic collapse might almost be expected to impress even the present Congress as a venture worth making.

Thus far, however, there is no sign of appreciation in that quarter. A world headless of misery unequalled, the result in part of its own duties neglected and its own tasks unfinished, is jazz-crazy, crazy, politics-insane and money-mad, and the American section thereof seems to be fittingly represented at Washington. The ignorance and heartlessness of such members of Congress as have spoken on this subject are as appalling in their way as the fate of the 65,000,000 of people whom we feed from bondage and abandoned to die.

And So Are Immune. "Less than half the people struck by lightning are killed," says a floating scientific item. The other half, we suppose, try to be presidential candidates.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jamaica Grows Green Roses. In some parts of Jamaica it is not unusual to see green roses.

To Drive Out Malaria. And Build Up The System. Take the Old Standard GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteful form. The Quinine drives out the malarial, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

At-Ease TRADE MARK REMOVES TOUCHY CORNS and BRINGS INSTANT RELIEF

Apply a few drops on a sore, touchy corn or bothersome callous. Instantly the soreness leaves. "At-Ease" removes hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, without soreness or irritation. "At-Ease" the guaranteed corn remover is sold at all drug stores. Manufactured by THE STANLEY SALES CO. Albemarle, N. C.

TAR HEEL BOOSTS EDWARDS.

Word comes from the Washington headquarters of Gov. Edwards of New Jersey, the avowed "wet" candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, that Robt. H. Jones of Raleigh gives Edwards headquarters assurance that the North Carolina delegation to San Francisco will be composed of men who believe that Gov. Edwards is the strongest man in the party today and that he is the only Democratic candidate thus far mentioned who can carry the country. Mr. Jones is sure that Gov. Edwards will not only carry every State in the South, if he is nominated, but that he will swing the States of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island into the Democratic column, and that Pennsylvania, too, is ready and willing to join the procession. Mr. Jones confesses that his assertion seems optimistic and it must be admitted that it is a little strong. But the matter of most interest in this connection is, Did the North Carolina morally stunted lead up the delegation to the national convention with a bunch of wets, as Mr. Jones' talk indicates, while the pure-in-heart were off guard? Mr. Jones was evidently talking through his hat.

Be Master of Difficulties. Grapple the first difficulty that comes up. Wrestle till you down it. If it takes till break of day. Get on top of it with both feet.—Archer Brown.

Just Look What A Dollar Will Buy

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5 yards of good apron Gingham for only \$1.00

25 spools Croceit thread for only \$1.00

1 pair of Ladies' White Shoes for \$1.00

4 yards of Home spun Dress Checks for only \$1.00

3 yards good quality dress gingham, Pretty patterns for only \$1.00

25 spools of Sewing Thread, black or white, all sizes for only \$1.00

25 packages Octagon Washing powders for only \$1.00

4 yards extra heavy shirt Cheviot for only \$1.00

4 good towels regular 25c value for only \$1.00

Good leather half soles, 12 prs. for only \$1.00

1 lot of Ladies' Wash skirts and White Dresses at only \$1.00

28 packs 5c size Ferry's Garden Seeds for only \$1.00

5 yards of unbleached Sheeting 38-in. wide for only \$1.00

28 bars of good laundry soap for only \$1.00

13 bars Palm Olive soap for \$1.00

8 pairs Ladies' cotton hose, a good 25c value for only \$1.00

8 pairs Men's cotton hose, a good 25c value for only \$1.00

12 cans No. 1 1-2 briar rabbit Syrup, regular 15c size for only \$1.00

50 good cigars, sell regular for 6c, a good smoke for only \$1.00

1 lot of C. & B. Corsets, regular \$2.50 value to go at only \$1.00

2 grass rugs, size 18x36, worth \$1.00 each, special 2 for \$1.00

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