

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MOVING MAN'S STORY.

The boy and the girl adventurers met a curious old man who spoke in a very loud voice.

"I am called the Moving Man," he said, "because I am always moving. I used to think it would be nice to have a change every little while, and so I used to move. I thought I was moving always like the world is moving always. But I didn't never finish anything by moving. I was never satisfied, and neither was my wife."

"Well, as I said, my name is Moving Man. No matter if I told it to you more than once, for I do things over and over again. That's what makes me so mad, too. I must tell my name over and over again, though there isn't much point to it, I'm sure."

"Couldn't you speak in a little lower voice?" asked the girl.

"No, I can't," said the old man, "for I'm angry and I want to yell."

"But you get all tired out," said the girl.

"I know best," said the old man, "and if you don't think I do you will both miss my story, and I'll put you in the trunk and carry you off."

"In fact, I don't know why I shouldn't do that anyway. Yes, I do believe I will."

"Oh, please, please," said the boy, grabbing hold of the girl's hand, "don't do anything like that. You'd be so sorry for it if you did."

"You would be the sorry ones," said the old man. His faded blue eyes looked rather wild as he said this.

"Yes, I can see how sorry you'd be to spy in the trunk where you couldn't



"Can't Get Away."

get any air, and you'd wobble this way and fall that way, and bump from one side to the other and from the top to the bottom.

"There are no soft clothes in there to make you comfortable, and you will see that I speak the truth when I get you in there."

"Please, please don't put us in the trunk," said the girl. They had tried a number of times to run away, but every time the old man had taken hold of each of them by the shoulder, and his grip was terrific.

They tried to run when he wasn't holding on so tight, but every time they did this or started to run he knew it, it seemed, for his grip grew tighter.

"You can't get away from me," he said.

"You were going to tell me a story," the girl told him, trying to make him forget he was holding them.

"Oh, yes," he said, "so I was."

"Well, in the good old days of yore (that means long ago, or at least it means some time past, before you two foolish ones were around) I thought I would be a great man."

"Oh," said the boy, "and will I become like you? I want to be great, but oh, not like you."

"No manners," said the old man, "do manners at all. It is most certainly a fact that he has no manners."

"The girl smiled a trifle, for it had amused her the way the boy had spoken so fearfully of the possibilities that he might ever be like the old man. She had had that same fear, though, herself, when he spoke of having longed to be great.

"You've no manners yourself," said the old man to the girl as he saw her smile. "But no matter! Smiles or no smiles, manners or no manners, you'll hear my story before you go into the trunk."

"But you mustn't put us in the trunk," said the boy, "you really mustn't. If you did, you would be arrested and you would be sent to prison, and you would stay day and night in a great cage-like den, and they would say:

"He was so cruel to a boy and a girl, so much, much younger than himself, that this is his punishment."

"Bah," said the old man, "I don't believe a word you say." But yet he knew they would escape from him!

Job for Grandpa.

Little Phyllis Payne heard the remark that her grandfather was a tailor.

"Are you a tailor, granddaddy?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," admitted the old man.

"Then will you put a tail on my rocking horse?"

She led the way to the attic, where mice had robbed the steed of its rear appendage.

She was selling privately at a lively rate, fine rockers, tables, dressers, stoves, ranges, trunks at half price at Gastonia Furniture Company.

A PRISON WHERE EVERY MAN IS ON HIS HONOR, WHERE RULES ARE FEW AND RARELY BROKEN

WILMINGTON, DEL., May 17. — A prison where every man is on his honor at parole day and night; where guards are few and rules are rarely broken; where life-terminers work unguarded out-side the prison walls, and where punishment, when needed is decided on and administered by the prisoners — this is the New Castle County Workhouse, in the outskirts of this city, where a remarkable experiment in penology is being carried out by a warden who believes men the world over are being driven to crime by existing prison methods.

The New Castle County Workhouse this month marks out its first year under the direction of Marwood S. Plummer, the warden who instituted the "honor system" in May 1920. There are in this jail 217 prisoners, slightly more than half of them colored.

Mr. Plummer believes that crime is a mental affliction and that men can be "cured" by proper treatment. He believes that 95 per cent of the men in prisons are morally sound and that only 5 per cent are "incorrigible." It is his theory that kindly and human interest shown in a prisoner inspire him with the conviction that society is his friend, not his enemy and that he will respond by becoming a useful member of society. In a recent address to the State Legislature in behalf of a parole law similar to the one enacted in Wisconsin, he declared:

"Most jails are schools of vice, hot beds of disease, leprosy, foul and immoral, where abnormal conditions pervade and unbalance the mind, where men become mere elemental beasts and where initiative and energy is sapped."

In the carrying out of Warden Plummer's theory, the internal affairs of the workhouse are administered by the prisoners themselves, through an "honor committee" of eight men, whose chairman is a man serving eighteen years for manslaughter and which includes on its membership three "life-terminers." There are various sub-committees on cleanliness, morals, recreation and other matters.

A prisoner who breaks a rule is reported, tried by the committee, which sits every night, and punishment meted out. This takes the form of partial withdrawal of privileges and, in extreme cases, ostracism by the other prisoners, which it is declared, is the punishment felt most keenly. The culprit is represented by counsel at these hearings and may appeal to the warden, but rarely does.

There are now only six guards in the institution. These are in the main stationed at the doors and carry the keys. The prisoners have their meals and recreation without a guard present, do their work unguarded and leave in batches for work on the surrounding farm with one of their own number in charge. In the tailor shop, 180 men work all day long under the sole supervision of men selected by themselves. The prison is scrupulously clean.

The men have a band of 25 pieces, a gym club, two baseball teams and dramatic societies. They are allowed visitors at any time when it will not interfere with their work, and may be seen in the corridors near the entrance covers.

Did You Ever Stop to Think How Much You Owe to Advertising?

By J. R. HAMILTON
Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

One hundred million people owe most of their comforts, their luxuries, their degree of prosperity, and many of them even their lives to advertising, and yet few of us even stop to think of it except as a necessary evil.

Through the publicity given a certain antitoxin, that dread disease, diphtheria, which used to mow down our children as a reaper mows down grain, is hardly dangerous any more. We never cut a finger or scratch a hand but what we go straight to a bottle of advertised antiseptic. (And this has no relation to so-called patent medicines.)

When we rise in the morning we put on an advertised stocking that saves us hours of weary labor. We touch a match to an advertised gas stove and save another half hour. We put on an advertised toaster and save our tempers and our digestion. We dress in advertised clothes (advertised either by the maker or the seller), and from then until the time we go to sleep again on an advertised bed, we are dealing with and living in touch with publicity throughout the livelong day.

We use it as our guaranty of quality or price, or good faith on the part of the seller. We act on it with full faith and we accept it implicitly at all times. We sometimes doubt the absolute veracity of what it claims, but we never doubt the dead certainty of the man who signs his name to it, either to make good what he claims or cheerfully to give us back our cash.

They say this is a day when no man can succeed without advertising, but it is even more than that. It is a day when no family can succeed without reading the advertising.

If most people were as impervious to advertising as they think they are, they would be twenty-five years behind the times in everything they do.

The time has come when advertising has got to be treated as news, read as news and acted upon as news.

The people who do not read advertising, like the people who do not use advertising, are getting farther and farther behind in the race every year.

ing freely with relatives. Gifts are not restricted. "They can bring them dynamite if they want," said the warden. "It wouldn't be used."

In the main corridor is a store where candy, tobacco, soap, toilet articles (including razors), biscuits and novelties are sold at cost.

The prisoners work eight hours a day and have from 5:30 until 8 p. m. for recreation, in addition to having free access to the yard or recreation rooms during the day when tasks are finished ahead of time or are temporarily lacking.

Only six prisoners have attempted to escape under the "honor system." Three of these were recaptured and punished by their peers.

On the Saturday half holiday, baseball games are played, with outside teams sometimes present, and many spectators. The Sundays, church services of every denomination are held. In fact, the "honor system" is based on the Bible, Warden Plummer says, and it is to religious influences he looks for his results.

The prison's work is not finished on discharge. The warden's first task is to find the prisoner employment with a firm which will overlook his prison record and help him along. A local shipyard has employed scores of discharged men. The former inmate comes to the warden frequently for advice and assistance, sometimes financial.

PHILADELPHIA HAS 'BIG YEAR'

Foreign Trade in 1920 Beats All of Port's Former Records, Say Commissioners.

Philadelphia—All foreign trade records here were surpassed in 1920, according to commissioners of the port. Combined values of imports and exports totaled \$742,224,167, an increase over the previous record year of 1919 of \$65,909,391.

A gain of \$126,303,656 was shown in the value of imports over the previous year. Exports fell off \$90,343,265.

A feature of the export trade was the large quantity of coal shipped to foreign countries during 1920, when 2,490,867 tons of bituminous and 120,746 tons of anthracite coal was shipped, compared with 1,097,300 tons of bituminous and 45,189 tons of anthracite in 1919.

Button Causes Girl's Death.

Danville, Ill.—Jane Holmes, thirteen years old, is dead, following the accidental entrance of a cloak button into her throat. She placed the button in her mouth and it slipped into her throat. Surgeons pushed it into her stomach, and it was ejected by vomiting. There was an injury to the throat passages, which developed blood poisoning, and death resulted.

"Why, gentlemen," thundered a congressional candidate, "my opponent hasn't a leg to stand on."

"All the more reason why he should have a seat," came a voice from the rear.



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I'm through experimenting. No more switching. No more trying this and that. It's Camels for me—every time.

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R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

Clergyman Got Hit.

A clergyman who had been preaching some miles away was returning home at a late hour. He noticed that the occupants of one house had left a window open, so he decided to warn them and through the open space he called out: "Hello, good peep—"

"That was all he said. A puffal of water struck him in the face, and as he staggered back a woman shrieked: "Didn't I tell you what you'd get if you didn't get home by 10 o'clock."

Worthless.

"I gave that beggar a penny, and he didn't thank me."

"No. You can't get anything for a penny now."—Karikaturen, Christiania

Believe us or not, it's an uphill business trying to write editorial paragraphs since Burleson retired from office.—Nashville Tennessean.

Slamming.

Mrs. Robinson would never take her husband's golf seriously. She was one of those people to whom all games are an absolute mystery.

One day she accompanied him to the links and followed him round, grumbling all the way. At last he landed in a bunker and spent some time floundering about in the sand.

His wife sat down on the top of the bunker, opened her novel and said, quite affably: "You see, darling, I knew perfectly well that you could do all your playing in one place if you wanted to."

Debit.

Whether the world owes every man a living or not, it owes him his part of the world's work.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just like the world's problems to grow harder as the old custom of granting orations passes out.—Boston Herald.

A Reliable Safeguard

Is a checking account. With it you can pay all your bills, simply by writing out your personal check for the amount due and mailing it to the proper person.

It gives you absolute protection, because you are not required to carry or transmit the actual currency itself. It affords at all times a complete and accurate record of expenditures and income.

It shows you exactly why, when and to whom your money has been paid out.

Your canceled checks are the best receipts obtainable; they save you from paying the same bill twice.

The First National Bank

GASTONIA, N. C.
"The Bank of Dependable Service."



PLEASANT WALLS

Soft and restful in tone, the walls of a room should form a natural background for its furnishings. The velvet-like finish and delicately subdued shades of CH FLAT WALL PAINT give a room an atmosphere of pleasant restfulness.

COLEDGE & HYGRADE

Paints and Varnishes

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GASTONIAN

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in
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"NOMADS OF THE NORTH"

Greater than all other photoplays of life, in the far North. A veritable scenic marvel in which lovers of nature will find rare delights. A record-breaker for romance and thrills.

It's a First National Attraction.
Added Attraction: Good Comedy.

WEDNESDAY

Winter Hall, Alice Terry and Bull Montana
IN

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS"
A METRO Special All-Star Production.