Established 1882

V JL. XXX.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1914.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

The Great Rush I Had Last Week Caused Me To Increase My Capacity For Filling and

I am now prepared, better than ever, to FILL and DE-LIVER your orders on VETY short notice.

Delivering Orders

A good many things have been reduced in

Price

and all who trade with me shall have the FULL benefit of the reduction.

much I appreciate each telephone or personal call.



Phone 174 Goods Delivered Promptly E. W. Staton's old stand next old postoffice.

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Rocky Mount, North Carolina Will be in Scotland Neck on the third Wed iesday of each month at the hotel to treat the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and fit glasses

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Scotland Neck, North Carolina Will look after your interest, representing the strongest and most liberal companies. All business appreciated.

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Livery quick service. Bowers & Jones in battle.

FOUNDATION OF WILLIAM A CLARK'S IMMENSE FORTUNE.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY

Multimillionaire Has Never Forgotten the Incident That Gave Him His First Boost Toward His Wonderful Success.

The power to foresee and predict the future, to take advantage of that foresight, and the ability to pile up millions out of an event that other men blindly pass by is a factor in the lives of many important men. Senator William A. Clark, the Montana copper king, can trace the foundation of his vast fortune to a single incident away back in the sixties. Like all big men, he does not disdain to recall the lucky moment when the winning card was played that placed him on the road to a gigantic fortune and prodigious success.

He was keeping a trading store in Salt Lake with flour at \$1.50 for a 50-pound barrel, and ham at \$1 a pound, when his lucky moment arrived. He had been teamster, trader, miner-anything and everything that seemed to hold a chance of successand to all these different callings he had devoted arduous and incessant

He had toiled for nine months with his back bent double over promising streams, often up to his knees in icecold water, to find himself with \$1,500, all told, as the result of this heartteams and mule teams in all sorts of right. weather across a wild country, with Indians a constant menace, and the amid a confusion of noises, to see the chance of death by the roadside lurk- broad patches of color reflected from ing in every clump of stunted fir. To the Pullman windows moving swiftly open his trading store in Salt Lake away from him. he had driven an ox team 300 miles The greater bulk of the train through a rough wilderness, bought stretched far in front. Faster and freighter. In one year the \$1,500 had tramp with a choice of only two cars

Then the incident occurred which clous freight that Last Chance Gulch last coach. could conceive. The news of the loss

of winter, with the thermometer 28 from danger and onto the rod. degrees below zero, started to ride anyone who saw him start expected to see him return alive, but Clark knew his own vitality, gained through early letermined to see the thing through. with 2,000 pounds of tobacco on his wagon. It had cost him \$3,000, but he sold it for \$10,000, and found him-

Has Made Valuable Discovery. reature, the guinea pig, Prof. Rutedge Rutherford, a physiologist of Chicago, has finally unearthed and bitrophen," which means "to produce nourishment and life." His experiments began with guinea pigs; were confirmed afterward upon mice, chickens, kittens and other animals, and same." there is not the slightest doubt that

self the most popular man in camp.

his great discovery will lead at once to the rewriting of all our knowledge upon foods and nutrition. Trophogen is an all-sustaining nutriment that is absolutely essential to life. It is widely distributed in every known food, and without it-that is, by trying to nourish yourself on supposed foods that do not contain itdeath quickly occurs. It occurs in al-

buminous-so-called protein-foods,

and is the basis of all animal tissue.

Long-Drawn-Out Battles. Whereas it used be "the day" that was lost and won, it is now anywhere from the week to the fortnight, and one wonders what must be the "state of soul" of officers and men during these all but never-ending battles. Marked by a great dullness, we should say, if not by a clearly defined fatalism. Retreat means only another fight, as bad if not worse. Death means relief. Getting wounded means a sojourn in hospital, but the chance of being shot even there. At a guess, we think we should become fairly indifferent as to what befell us there in the trenches, and, if any perceptible interest relieved the boredom it would be curi-C. Speed & W. H. Josey osity—a vague, tired, dismal inquisitiveness as to how the infernal set-to was destined to end.

> Tiger Hunting and War. In the last year for which statistics are available, 767 human beings in India were killed by tigers. Along one line of Himalayan railway, the depredations of these ferocious brutes have been so great that the company is building tiger-proof stations for its signalmen, many of whom have been carried off and devoured.

Evidently there will be opportunities after the war to use those "virile virtues" which militarism claims to develop. To hunt man-eating tigers on foot takes at least as much valor as is required to perform any ordinary feat

ON A SINGLE ROD

By A. HERSCHIN.

As he walked across Burnside street bridge, his hands plunged deeply into

fling and fill; he was going home. What had his fourteen years of exile brought him? he mused. What was there to show for his long dissociation from the conventional world and its endeavors?

way he most always went anywhereby beating it.

He stepped away from the station lights and crawled into the narrow space between a long, high pile of ties and a steep embankment, some distance from the tracks.

breaking labor. He had driven ox couple of hours. He was dog-tired, all He awoke suddenly in a cold shiver.

own faster it took its way, leaving the

to negotiate. He saw the uselessness of trying

His outstretched hands struck the of the steamer sent them into a fury steel brace, and instinctively doubled of rage, but no man thought of a plan about it. His body was yanked horifor retrieving the situation. Lamen- zontally into the air like a feather in tations and curses were the order of a gale. With quick, experienced groping he managed to throw one leg into Clark saw all this, and he saw, too, the space between the rod and the that it was his time to act. He har- car-floor, and with one leg twined safe, nessed his horse, and in the middle he quickly pulled the other away

There he sprawled like a frog aleap. the 250 miles that lay between Last hugging his hold, rocking from side to speeding car.

hitting a pretty clip, with no stops in

a rigid grip straight ahead.

dentified a remarkable substance coming over him? He yawned and which he has named "trophogen" or | gently released the tension on his numbed hands and legs. Again he yawned, and his drowsy head sagged.

what tricks his imagination was playing. He must stay awake! he almost

now," he rambled to himself.

slipped away somewhere. He didn't their cramped hold and glide away. of anxious to drop off easy into the foot-path by the tracks.

shriek of the air-brakes as he jerked back a crippled knee from the ties. row purchase like a caterpillar winding itself around one's thumb.

With another cry of agony, he tightened his grip on the rod-and knew no more.

ried the half-conscious tramp into the station and settled him comfortably in a reclining position, placing his injured leg on a low box. "Get his name and address when he

"and send it in." Then he passed out into the night. The agent tucked back the torn trousers and underwear of his patient,

he held the blade for a moment in a pot of boiling water. While the now conscious man attentively watched the operation, he quickly thrust the sterilized steel into a great, colorless protuberance on the

He stared at his surgeon with a grin of pain distorting his face. gasped, as he perspiration formed in

"It's pretty tough, at that!" he thick, tiny crystals on his forehead. "It's just like .. guy going safe with a wad of coin through a tough alley, only to be rapped on the head and robbed on his own door-step."

ORGAN GRINDER'S DAY

TON STREET MUSICIAN.

Story From the Capital Concerning French and German Ambassadors is a Good One, Though It is

It was before the war came in grim earnest, of course, but here is the form in which a perfectly respectable old story used to be told over the cigarettes in Washington. When the governments of France and Germany were merely barking at each other across the conference table, it happened one day that an Italian organ grinder, strolling along the streets of Washington, planted his instrument of torture on the curb in front of the German legation and began grinding out the Marseillaise.

tional air fell upon the ears of the stocky figure of a man with a slight German ambassador, Count Bernstorff, roll in his stride, seemingly engrossed as he sat within, deep in the diplo- in his own thoughts. He passed along, matic puzzles of his office, and a frown stopped, examined her outlines with overspread his brow; for the Germans, though a music-loving people, love not | cylinder as one might pet a child, and the tune of the Marseillaise. How- stood listening to the purr of her ever, he passed the incident, as a steam. Presently he noticed me, and momentary annoyance, and buried strolled over to the truck. himself deeper in his work.

the end of the Marseillaise, proceeded | the engine. to adjust his machine and play it over again, the ambassador grew rest- from a cab in his time, and he nodded less. And when the third round be with some pride. gan, Count Bernstorff's patience broke under the strain. Hammering upon his

turning again to his work when a my day-I quit in '86." bright idea flashed upon him. "Here, He relapsed into silence, and I wait a moment," he called, and, draw- waited. ing a coin from his pocket, save the valet some instructions along with the

The valet, swiftly making his way to

Rhein?" he asked. "Yes, sure, Mike, I play him," re-

plied the son of Italy, in the lingo of "Do you know where M'sieur Juserand, the French ambassador, lives?"

sponded the dago. serand's house and play 'Die Wacht am Rhein' for 15 minutes without stopping. Understand?"

gan across his back, as he prepared to move on, added proudly:

beeg mon'. Ambass' Jusserand, just now he giva me one dollar to come here and play de Marseillaise for 15 minutes."-New York Evening Post.

house, and a call for a quorum had been sent forth. Wearily the members dragged themselves forth from the cool house offices into the heat of a summer day. And as one congressman greeted another, the question, "Is the dam bill up?" was overheard by a rather prim and earnest visitor, who went on, horrifled at such profanity, of them one night on old Muldraugh's only to hear another group inquire: "Is | hill. the dam bill up?" Hurrying on toward the office building, still a third undignified query-"Is the dam bill

Deposits of Phosphate Rock. While the states of Florida, Tennessee and South Carolina have for many years been the principal sources of phosphate rock in the United States, curve in a shallow cut and out onto tion in the future will probably come from the great deposits of phosphate | middle, the bridge was burned in two. rock on public lands in Idaho, Utah, town is the only village strictly within the area discussed, Montpelier and Soda Springs are closely adjacent. An | The rest of the crew got off. estimate of the high-grade phosphate rock available in the area northeast of Georgetown has been made-2,663,- shoving too hard to be stopped; be-290,000 long tons. Although this es- fore us, a gap in the trestle, where timate is approximate, it is derived for three or four feet everything was kindergarten schools receive only \$300 from the most complete data availa- gone but the rails. When I saw how a year salary. ble at the present time and has been | it stood, I got up and threw her into confined to the content of the main | the forward like a maniac-I guess I bed, which lies in the greater part of this area near the base of the phosphate shales, and no attempt is made to estimate the vast tonnage of the intermediate or low-grade rock.

Cat Had the Advantage. Cherry Kearton, the famous photographer of wild animals, says that dur-

☆◆☆●☆●☆●☆●☆●☆●☆●☆●☆●☆●☆● LEAP OF OLD 637

Half an hour before train time, I

and Broadway streets station, Louisville. The train nearest me -eight electriclighted palaces, besides mail and baggage-cars, drawn by a 100ton racer-was the one by which I should depart. I became aware

of a small, gray man sauntering The strains of France's great na- along by the big engine-a grizzled, an admiring eye, patted her ponderous

"Ain't she a beauty?" he queried. When the musician, having reached jerking his thumb in the direction of

I remarked that he must have leaned "Yes," he said. "I wrestled the reverse-lever and eased the steam into

call-bell, he summoned an attendant. the cylinders on one of them for 16 "Go out and drive that fellow from | years. Not a big girl like that one, the block!" he commanded, and was | though; there wasn't any like her in

> am waiting for you to tell me about "About what?" he asked.

> "Well, about-your most thrilling experience!" I said. "Never had any thrills," he said 'Used to have lots of hard work and plenty of wrecks and very little pay; but thrills, as you call them, we didn't

pay much attention to. "We rarely ever got from one end of the division to another without go-

ing in the ditch. "One time we got into West Point about midnight, and the river was out in the bottoms. There used to be an servant, handing him the coin. "I old wooden drawbridge across the Salt there that was built like a culvertnothing above the stringers but ties and rails, not even a hand-rail.

"The Ohio was backed up in the "Yes, yes, sure, Mike," exclaimed Salt, chock-full, and there wasn't any the dago eagerly, and, slinging his or bridge in sight-just black, lapping water. Old man Morrison and me went down and set sticks to see how fast she was rising, and she was crawling

"'What'll we do?' said the old man. "'Cross her, if the bridge is there,' I said; and we all climbed on, and I let 637 walk out on that bridge mighty slow and careful, with the crew ready to pile off if she dropped. The bridge was there, all right, four inches under

water, and we got across. "Old 637! There was a good old engine! She knew just as well as a horse or dog knows their masters, and she never went back on me."

"How did I happen to quit? See these gray hairs? I reckon I got most "You know how the old line winds

in and around that old knob and all time her ears were assailed with the | those old wooden trestles. There used to be nine of them trestles-some curves; one had a reverse curve in the trestle itself. "I was pulling a local freight that

year, and we had quite a bit of business hauling dried apples, tobacco, "It was about seven o'clock of a

summer evening, quiet and peaceful, enjoying the breeze; everybody feeling "Down around the hill we bowled, over the trestles, and around the rocky

points. I was thinking about supper and a smoke on my back porch at home when we came out of a short it is believed that the main produc- one of those hundred-foot high bridges, and my breath stopped. About the "It took me a second to pull a screech for brakes. The fireman jumped before we had hardly left the embankment, and wasn't hurt.

> "As for me and 637, we were out in the air; behind us, a loaded train to a beauty doctor to make her a was crazy.

"Then I gave her steam, and we jerked away from the train like a horse when you cut it with the whip. Then, when we reached the gap, I pulled her wide open, and she took it like a hunted deer. She shivered one instant, settled, and sunk-then she rose and leaped, sir, she leaped across, and we went out on the firm track beyond.

"The rest of the train went through, the box cars dropping and crashing, end over end, to the valley below, and the farmers used them for kin-"I took my engine in and resigned.

I haven't been in a cab since."

OLD LONDON JOURNAL

GAZETTE IS MOST VENERABLE BRITISH NEWSPAPER.

Publication Has for Two Hundred and Fifty Years Officially Chronicled the History of the Island Empire.

Modern newspaper enterprise has somewhat dwarfed the importance of the London Gazette, Britain's oldest newspaper, which for 250 years has officially chronicled the history of the country. Today it is practically only used for such announcements as the king's birthday honors list and legal notices. Time was, however, when the Gazette was the only medium through which the public could learn any foreign news or any public announcement which royalty and statesmen had to

Nowadays such announcements, while being sent to the London Gazette, are simultaneously communicated to the more important newspapers. But even today the London Gazette is controlled by the government, and a particularly watchful eye is kept on the advertisements in its pages, which are regulated by law. These advertisements are mostly of an official or legal character, of which it is necessary to keep a record, and earn for the nation about \$60,000 a year. No great manufacturer could obtain a puff in its pages, even though he were willing to pay \$50,000 a line for it. Altogether, the Gazette yields the country a profit of about \$100,000 a year, although practically the only people

who buy it are government officials One of the most curious facts regarding the London Gazette is that while it is Britain's oldest newspaper, it is also it was not until 1908 that it was registered at the general post office for transmission by inland post as a newspaper. Previously it had been regarded as a government publication only, and was dispatched "O. H. M. S."-in this way escaping postal charges altogether. But apparently the government saw a way to reap a few extra halfpence by having it regis-

The Gazette varies in size very considerably. Sometimes it consists merely of one page, and sometimes of between four and five hundred, but the price always remains the same, viz, one shilling. There was one memor able week in 1847, which was known as the "Railway Year," when so many parliamentary notices had to be published that the Gazette for the week totaled about three thousand pages.

One of the most interesting numbers of the Gazette ever published was the Diamond Jubilee number, the whole paper being devoted to an official record of that historic celebration.

As an illustration of the importance of the Gazette in the old days, it might be mentioned that as recently as the Crimean war the Gazette was the first to publish that important item of news, the victory of Alma. At one time the London newspapers had to wait for the publication of the Gazette Obtainable on Farm, Ranch or City in order to secure such news of public which the war office in those days sent direct to Fleet street.

It is the proud boast of Messrs. dred and thirty years published the London Gazette, that although kings lished the paper, and although thousands of employees were engaged on Building, Denver, Colorado. away up in the air, too—built on short | the work of producing the Gazette, no official secrets sent to them for publication have ever leaked out.

The Gazette is probably the only paper which returns the original copy to trix of the late J. H. Hopkins, this its authors along with the proof. This is to notity the persons having is done in the case of communications claims against hie estate to file same

Activities of Women. It is claimed that women medical students complete their course much

The average earnings of women employed in the clothing trade in England is \$2.12 per week. Women among the lower classes in New York have started a crusade

against high rents. Women constitute only four per cent of the persons engaged in transportation in this country. Women are now prohibited from working between certain hours at

In Persia women are forbidden to go unveiled in the presence of any man but her husband. A Pennsylvania woman paid \$25,000

night in 14 European countries.

physical ornament to her home. Teachers in the Newtown, Mass.,

Waterproof Cement. It is said that the United States army engineers have long used the following mixture for water-proofing ce-

ment: One part of cement, two parts of sand, three-quarters of a pound of dry powdered alum to each cubic foot of sand. These are mixed and dried, Scotland Neck, and to them is added water in which has been dissolved three-quarters of a hire. Quick service at reasonable pound of soap to each gallon. This, it prices. Telephone 73. is said, is nearly as strong as ordinary cement, and is quite impervious to water, and does not effloresce. For a wash, a mixture of one pound of lye and two pounds of alum in two gallons of water is often used .- Scientific

TO OLD & NEW

NUMBER 45.

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Good prices paid for country produce, Chickens, eggs. Good prices paid for nice ripe Scuppernong Grapes. Good prices paid for old brass and rubber of all kinds. ¶All kinds of hydes and skin bought at the highest prices.

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importance as the list of casualties, Property. To improve, purchase or remove incumbrance; liberal options; 5 years before making pay-Harrison, who for more than one hun ment on principal, etc. For the proposition address: Assets Dept., and cabinet ministers contributed to at 1410 Busch Bldg., Dallas, Texas, its pages during the time they publor 422-423 First National Bank

Administratrix Notice

Having qualified as administrafrom sovereigns and cabinet ministers. with me on or before the 10th day of August, 1915, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will please make immediate payment. This 10th day of August, 1914. MARTHA HOPKINS,

Clee Vaughan,

. PAUL KITCHIN, Atty.

Administratrix

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Italian, Vermont and Georgia Marble of highest grade, and the best grades of granite. Will save you money and guarantee quality.

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Transfer North Carolina Scotland Neck, Cars for hire. Cars repaired. Polite attention. Quick service. Telephones-Residence 45, Office 66.

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House Mover North Carolina Scotland Neck. If you are thinking of having a house of any kind moved see me at once. Prices reasonable.

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Fire Insurance Agents

Willie H. Allsbrook Life Insurance Scotland Neck.

North Carolina Teams for hire, prompt attention,

his pockets and

his head sunk far into the turtle neck of his soiled sweater, he reflected grimly on the prosaic termination of his wandering career. On this particular day he had decided to end his alliance with the

panhandling citizenry. He was

definitely and satisfactorily "done." He had had his

He was going home, going in the

Here, he concluded, he would rest a

brought him luck. The citizens of for the handles of the vestibules, and, Last Chance Gulch (now Helena) were impelled by the fascination of motion threatened with a tobacco famine, and the anxiety to succeed, he stooped since the steamer bearing the consign- half over. Running close to the smokment had been sunk on the Missouri er with all the power of his lithe river, and no man but Clark had the limbs, and with a fierce burst of foresight or courage to realize what strength and speed, he darted forth it meant. Tobacco was the most pre- to the single, outside rod under the

Chance Gulch and Boise City. Hardly side with the wide oscillations of the This was a new one on him, he said -this hanging on to a single piece of years of plowboy labor, and he was flying steel. If there was only some way to maintain a little better bal-On January 1 he drove into Helena ance, he could surely stay with it-until Woodburn was reached. That was only 20 miles farther, and they were

Say! It was cold! He drew one arm in and crooked it across the rod By means of that invaluable little to serve as a balancer, a face-protector, and a rest; the other he held in What was that strange lassitude

> It wasn't cold now, and something was saying: "Go to sleep; it's all the He jerked himself in horror back to his right position when he realized

"What's the use? May 's well quit His clutch of the rods relaxed and care. He could feel his legs break It seemed as if his body was just kind

A scream of agony merged with the He seemed to curl around his nar-

The conductor and brakeman car-

comes to, Joe," said the trainman, and picking up a small, sharp penknife, he sterped to the stove, where

HARVEST REAPED BY WASHING-

Not Official.

the street, addressed the organ "Can you play 'Die Wacht am

now queried the servant. "Yes, yes, sure, Mike, I know," "Well, here's a half-dollar." said the want you to go up to Ambassador Jus-

"Today, beeg day; today I make de

The Dam Bill. It was a legislative field day in the

"Well, I never," said the good lady, shaking her hussar plumes viciously, "I never heard such profane congressmen. The changeable weather has worked on their tempers sure enough, for every congressman I meet has sorghum, and such like, and we never been inquiring about that dam bill, had any schedule except to start out and the thought of it so impressed it- on-we got back when we could. self on my mind that I almost feel like saying that dreadful word myself for the sake of relief."-"Affairs at Wash- the fireman standing in the gangway ington," by Joe Mitchell Chappel, in National Magazine.

Wyoming and Montana. While George-

ing the bombardment of Antwerp a dog and a cat followed him down the street. "As the shells burst the dog went dodging from one side of the road to the other, but the cat never turned a hair." A cat is naturally used to being bombarded, and, be- dling wood afterward. sides, has eight lives advantage on a

By EMMET F. HARTE.



