

**NEW-YORK-DAY-BY-DAY**  
O-O-M:INTYRE.

(Special Correspondent of The Dispatch)

New York, Jan. 30.—It is easy to get back and laugh at magazine editors, for you just know, so to speak, the modus operandi. There, for instance, is Arthur Somers Roche, who has recently run in "A Scrap of Paper," a story in which George Horace Lorimer's journal, "The Review," dropped in on Mr. Roche and a few other friendly spirits. The lure that attracted Roche was a desire to force me into a game of draw. I succumbed not to their personal enjoyment but to the substantial enrichment of their respective pocketbooks.

It was the first time I had seen Roche since he ceased annoying editors and let them worry him. He used to be a reporter on Park Row and then he went up into Maine to write. Through a literary agent "The Review" was sold and the editors wanted more.

Some years ago Roche sold "A Scrap of Paper" to a syndicate—that syndicate was several magazines. This syndicate did not know that he had landed in a big magazine and so they paid him back "A Scrap of Paper" double the price they paid the syndicator.

Roche immediately sold it to the big magazine for a handsome sum. Now, almost every editor is clamoring for anything he will write—and the joke of it is Roche has not written a story for a year. Whenever he is asked for a story he just dives down in a trunk and comes up with some rejected manuscript, fires it into the editor and lolls about in his chair until the check arrives.

The sad touch in the brilliant career now looming before him is that his wife, who struggled with him in the early days, passed on before his first story was published. It was she who was his inspiration and who on a day when he almost starved for work, she told him—so that he could realize his ambition. He is the most modest success I have ever met—despite the fact that he boasts of nicking me in that game of draw.

A hotel proprietor in New York who sets out to kill off tipping has about as much chance of success as did Old King Canute when he ordered the deep blue sea to cease its flow away from his royal brogans. Harry Copeland Townsend's wall. He has announced that despite signs asking patrons not to tip but boys the public persists in shunting dimes the old-fashioned way.

Some even get sore and wrote him abusive letters that they could tip if they pleased and intimated that it was none of his business, so there you are.

Even waiters themselves have the tipping habit. At a recent dinner a hundred extra waiters were required and a room was given over where they could check their hats and coats. Every one of those waiters gave a tip despite the notice that it was

not required. In London there is a hotel that has banned tipping successfully, but Americans want to tip and they'll do it, 'b'gosh!

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, lighted a cigarette and puffed at it unconcernedly at a banquet the other day at the Hotel Astor. Reporters snooping around printed the story—at least it appeared in the early editions and for some reason or other it was dropped out.

Miss Morgan, it would seem, does not crave publicity. Since her father's death she has been very active in her charity work. She has grouped about her several prominent women who devote a large part of the time making things easier for the working girls.

For a time she was one of the patronesses of a Broadway roof garden where working girls could go and dance and be under proper chaperonage. Later the roof garden fell into unscrupulous hands and was raided.

**IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS BOTHER**

**Eat Less Meat Also Take Glass of Salts Before Eating Breakfast.**

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so if no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble—Advt.

**MEET IS ON FOR MORE DAY LIGHT**

**National Day Light Saving Convention Gathers in Gotham.**

(By Associated Press.)  
New York, Jan. 30.—The National Daylight Saving Convention opened a two-day session here today to consider the proposition to turn the clocks of the United States one hour forward after midnight after the last Sunday of April and turn them back after midnight on the last Sunday of September.

Delegates from all over the country were present, including ten from the American Railway Association, which fixes the time zones for train schedules.

"The results anticipated and already experienced abroad," Marcus M. Marks, President of the Borough of Manhattan and chairman of the New York Daylight Saving Committee, told the convention, "are economy through reduction of lighting bills, saving eyesight, through the use of less artificial light, and more daylight, and health building through working one hour in the cooler morning and one hour less in the hot summer afternoon. An extra daylight hour is thus added for recreation."

Mr. Marks suggested the organization of a National Daylight Saving Committee with officers and members representing each part of the country, its purpose to be the general education of the public in daylight saving and the enactment of legislation to make it Nation-wide.

Colorado farm women have perfected an organization.

**FORECLOSURE SALE.**

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of mortgage executed by E. F. Burdick, on the 26th day of January in the year 1914, and registered in the records of New Hanover County, North Carolina, Book Number 73, at Page Number 381, default having been made in the payment of the note and debt in the said mortgage described, and the power of sale therein given having become absolute, the undersigned, on Thursday, the first day of February, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Court House door in the city of Wilmington, N. C., will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described land and premises:

Lying, situate and being in Masonboro Township in New Hanover County, North Carolina. Beginning at a stake near the run of Clay Bottom Branch, on the old Federal Point road, and running thence with said road South 14 degrees East, 48 poles; thence South 56 degrees West, 176 poles; thence North 62 degrees East, 25 poles to a stake on the same mill pond; thence with said pond North 70 degrees East, 68 poles; thence with said pond West 40 poles; thence with said pond South 67 degrees West, 40 poles; thence with said pond North 70 degrees East, 96 poles to the mouth of Clay Bottom Branch, where it enters into the said mill pond, and thence with the run of said branch, and John G. Garford's line to the beginning, containing 53 acres more or less, being the same land and premises conveyed and described in deed from Aaron and Serena Davis to W. P. Oldham, registered in the records of New Hanover County aforesaid, in Book Y Y at Page Number 575.

This the 20th day of November, 1916.  
WILLIAM L. SMITH, Attorney.  
Jan. 2-9-16-23-30

**"BIRTH CONTROLLER" TEMPORARILY WINS.**

(By Associated Press.)  
New York, Jan. 30.—Mrs. Margaret Sanger, leading birth control advocate, expressed no triumph today over the temporary defeat of efforts to punish her for circulating her doctrines.

Mrs. Sanger insisted that she was mentally prepared to go to prison in support of her belief and share "martyrdom" with her sister, Mrs. Ethel Byrne.

The Court of Special Sessions yesterday halted the Sanger trial and gave the prosecution until Friday to present proof that Mrs. Sanger's birth control clinic was conducted for illegal purposes.

Mrs. Byrne, according to her custodians, is in excellent condition today. She still refuses to partake of food voluntarily, but offers no resistance to the administering of liquid nourishment through a tube.

A big mass meeting last night here expressed sympathy for the cause of birth control and condemned the action of the authorities in prosecuting Mrs. Sanger and Mrs. Byrne.

**1,000 ARE ATTENDING TEXAS FARMERS' UNION.**

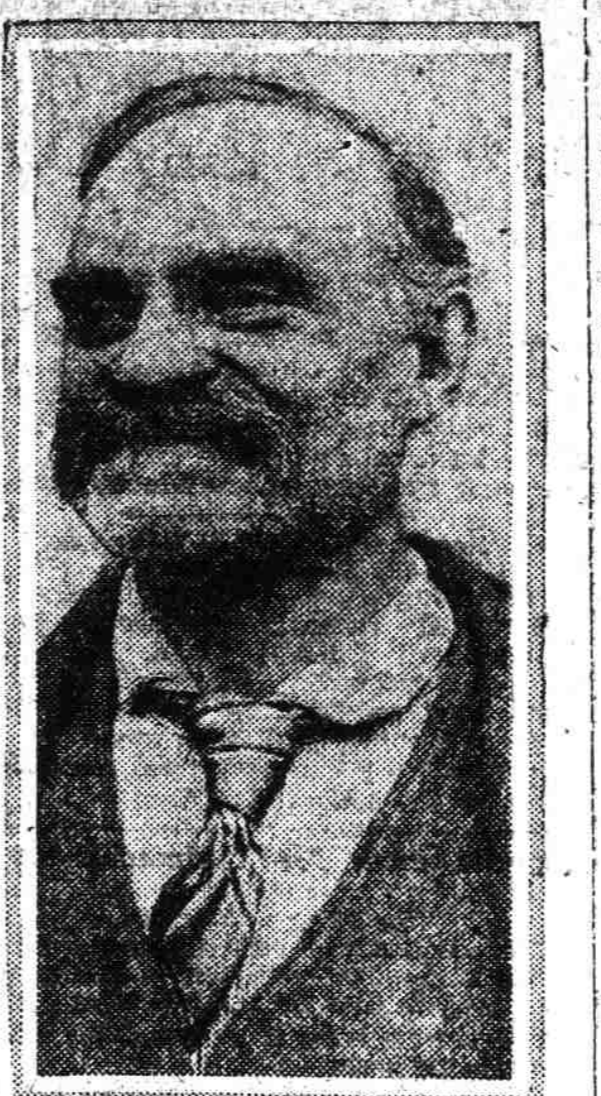
Fort Worth, Texas, Jan. 30.—The biennial meeting of the Farmers' Union of Texas, which assembled in this city today, for a three-day session, has attracted an attendance of more than one thousand delegates and visitors from all quarters of the State. The convention will consider reports from the legislative committee, embracing recommendations for such legislation as are deemed necessary for the best interests of the Texas farmers. This will include marketing and warehousing of the products of the farm, plans for financing and marketing the 1917 cotton crop, and other important problems.

**St. Valentine's Golf Tourney.**  
Pinehurst, N. C., Jan. 30.—The thirtieth annual St. Valentine's golf tournament, one of the leading events of its kind of the midwinter season at this resort, was opened auspiciously today on the links of the Pinehurst Country Club. The large and high-class field of participants gives promise of some spirited competition before the tournament is concluded on Saturday.

**Tennessee "Suffs" Meet.**  
Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 30.—Large and enthusiastic delegations of women came to Nashville today for the opening of the tenth annual convention of the Tennessee Equal Suffrage Association. The convention sessions will continue two days. The delegates will formulate plans looking to a realization of their ambition to have Tennessee gain the distinction of being the first State in the South to grant the rights of suffrage to women.

The Countess of Darnley, one of the few peeresses hailing from the colonies, has turned her palatial English home, Cobham Hall, into a hospital for the wounded Australian and New Zealand soldiers.

**THIS PICTURE SHOWS JESSE POMEROY AS HE LOOKS TODAY.**



**JESSE POMEROY**

Mingling with his fellow prisoners after forty-one years of solitary confinement means nothing to Jesse Pomeroy, the most famous prisoner in the country, unless he can leave behind him the dark gray walls of the prison at Charleston, Miss.

Pomeroy was recently granted the privileges accorded other prisoners. He has asked Governor McCall for a pardon.

Pomeroy, in 1876, when sixteen years old, was convicted of a series of atrocious crimes in an abattoir. It was brought out in the trial that shortly before his birth his mother frequently visited the plant and watched her husband killing cattle and sheep. Pomeroy has read practically every book in the prison library and has learned to speak eight languages. Although he has seen none of the modern inventions, he is familiar with all of them through his vast reading.

**MORANVILLE DENIES HAS DESERTED "BOYS."**  
(By Associated Press.)  
New York, Jan. 30.—David Fultz, president of the baseball players' fraternity, yesterday received a telegram from Moranville, short-stop of the Boston Nationals, denying he had signed a 1917 contract. The message, which came from Springfield, Mass., read: "Have not signed 1917 contract. Am with the boys. Use this anyway you see fit."

The number of former pastimers now engaged in the banking business has received an addition in Orvie Overall, the former Cub pitcher, who has been elected a director of a bank at Visalia, Cal.

**PA. SUPREME COURT AFFIRMS ELECTION**

(By Associated Press.)  
Philadelphia, Jan. 30.—The State Supreme Court yesterday affirmed the Allegheny county court in the Congressional contest in the Thirty-second district between Guy E. Campbell, Democrat, and A. J. Barchfeld, Republican, in which Barchfeld appealed from the lower court in taking the figures on the tally sheet in preference to the certified return sheets. The tally sheets showed that Campbell had a majority over Barchfeld.

**LITTLE GIRL BASEBALL PLAYER KILLED BY BALL.**  
(By Associated Press.)  
Fredericksburg, Va., Jan. 30.—The first baseball fatality of 1917 occurred a few days ago in Spotsylvania county and the victim was a nine-year-old girl.

According to the story of the tragedy, which reached here today, Ruby Crafton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Crafton was playing ball with other children during a school recess, when she was struck in the temple and instantly killed while running to base.

Associated Ohio Dailies.  
Columbus, O., Jan. 30.—Members of the Associated Ohio Dailies rounded up in convention here today to consider the news print situation and other problems of interest and importance to those engaged in newspaper making. The convention is to conclude with a banquet at which Governor Cox, President W. C. Thompson of Ohio State University and other speakers of prominence are to be heard.

Mrs. August Belmont (formerly Eleanor Robson, the actress) is fostering a project to give New York a strictly amateur theatre, to be conducted along such lines as to make it a real community playhouse.

**Cataract Cannot Be Cured**

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

E. A. GILBERT & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, price 25c.  
Take Hall's Cataract Cure for constipation.

**EXECUTORS NOTICE.**  
Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Betsey Shrier, deceased, late of New Hanover county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claim against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them, duly verified, to the undersigned on or before the 2nd day of January, 1918, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This January 2, 1917.  
I. SHRIER, Executor.  
Law 6w. Tues.



**You Look As YOU FEEL**

You know well enough when your liver is loafing. Constipation is the first warning; then you begin to "feel mean all over." Your skin soon gets the bad news, it grows dull, yellow, muddy and un-sightly. Violent purgatives are not what you need—just the gentle help of this old-time standard remedy.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

Genuine bears Signature  
Benton  
Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.



**CLYDE LINE**

To New York and Georgetown, S. C.

**NEW YORK TO WILMINGTON.**  
S. S. Cherokee, Friday, Feb. 2nd  
S. S. Cherokee, Wednesday, Feb. 14th

**WILMINGTON TO GEORGETOWN.**  
S. S. Cherokee, Monday, Feb. 15th  
S. S. Cherokee, Saturday, Feb. 27th

**WILMINGTON TO NEW YORK.**  
S. S. Cherokee, Monday, Jan. 29th  
S. S. Cherokee, Friday, Feb. 9th  
S. S. Cherokee Carries First Class Passenger's Only.

Freight accepted from and for near-by North Carolina points at advantageous rates.

**CLYDE STEAMSHIP CO.,**  
C. J. BECKER, Agent,  
Wilmington, N. C.

**TWO DOLLARS MADE and SAVED**  
*Three Novel Ways to Add to the Family Income.*

**How Ten Cents grew to Sixty Dollars.**  
THERE are many ways of helping to earn money these hard times, but I think you will agree that this plan of mine is a good one. I had only ten cents for a starter. With this I bought two packages of seeds, one the Carolina tomato, the other self-bleaching celery. It was the first of May, so I had to rush the plants to sell them. I had never tried my plan before, but I took two small dishes and filled them with rich loam. The seeds I sifted through the dirt thoroughly, and kept them very damp and warm by the stove. In four days they were sprouted and ready to put in the window boxes, which I made myself out of old boxes from the grocery. They were two feet square and only three inches deep. I scattered the sprouted seeds in these well filled boxes of dirt and covered them lightly with soil, kept them damp and in a sunny window. In four weeks time I began to sell the plants. The tomatoes sold for twenty-five cents per dozen. There were twenty-five dozen. They brought six dollars and twenty-five cents. The celery brought ten cents a dozen, and there were over a thousand plants, but I sold only sixty dozen. That was six dollars. Here was twelve dollars and twenty-five cents from ten cents in four weeks. I took ten dollars and bought one hundred white leghorn chicks, a day old, for ten cents apiece and a pair of ninety-two of them. Fifty-five pullets I sold at fifty cents. At the age of four months thirty broilers averaged three and one-half pounds apiece. I sold them for sixteen dollars. The pullets brought forty-four dollars, and my chicken venture netted me in cash sixty dollars and eighty cents. Ten cents increased to sixty dollars and eighty cents clear. I planted the boxes over to cabbage and sold the plants at twenty-five cents per hundred, which paid for my chickens' feed. The cabbage seed cost ten cents. Eight chicks died, and seven we ate.

**An Income from a Town Lot.**  
MY story seems very common place, but it might suggest an idea to someone. My specialties are chickens and onions. The chickens which hatch very early are the ones that lay early next winter. I once saw in a magazine the suggestion, "Make use of the opportunity that lies at your door." I owed a man two dollars. He said he would take four hens in payment of the debt. I asked him to wait, and meanwhile I set two hens, and when they hatched I sold one hen and her chickens for one dollar and forty-five cents. I set the two other hens, and sold one hen and her chickens for one dollar and sixty-five cents. I paid my two dollars debt, had two hens for

**Money from Poultry.**

ANY woman living the country can surely fill a big gap in the home expenses with thorough-bred poultry. You need not take them to the shows, although this will give you a lot of free advertising.

I began with two settings of pure bred eggs. Now, I keep about one hundred pullets each year, which will, with good care, lay all winter. In the spring I sell half of them at one dollar each; cockerels at two dollars.

The winter eggs I put in cartons holding one dozen, and sell to regular customers for cash, receiving merchants' retail price or a little better. Well-to-do people do not mind carrying them home.

Always have the eggs clean. Do not be afraid to let a new customer try your wares before paying for them. When spring comes, advertise the eggs for settings. I get one dollar for fifteen eggs.

India Runner ducks will outlay a good breed of chickens, are easy to raise, good to eat, and their feathers make lovely pillows. Sell surplus drakes, dressed, to egg customers. Hens over two years sell like hot cakes. You can dispose of a few every time you go to town if you wish.

Take good care of your poultry and deliver everything in the neatest way possible. Then associate your name with it and be proud of your work. Keep an incubator to hatch early pullets.

Now this is not a way to get rich or an easy way to make money; but the woman who has a good flock of pure bred poultry has a steady income for every week in the year. I have been in the poultry business for twenty years.

**The RUNAWAY CRICKET**  
A Story for Boys and Girls  
By Jane Arnold

HE was a very young cricket or he never would have thought of doing anything so very unwise. He had such a comfortable home, too, that it seemed the greatest pity in the world for him to leave it.

His home was a chink under the gray door-sill of the house, snug and warm in the winter, and dark and cool in the summer. There was plenty of room here for his fiddle, and every evening about supper time the cricket used to play all the little charming little tunes he knew; slow, dewy tunes that made the morning glories and the four o'clocks think about closing their petals for the night; faster, busy tunes that made the old tea kettle think about singing, too; and quaint, sleepy tunes that never failed to put the baby to sleep. It ought to have been pleasurable enough for the cricket just to listen to his own pretty fiddling and just to live in the chink under the gray door-sill, but one day he went away.

"I want to play in the meadow band," the cricket chirped to himself. "I am of no use at all to anybody here under the door-sill. My music is quite wasted. I might play first violin over there in the meadow and help the little leaves to dance. I shall leave this dull chink and go over there and apply for a position in their band."

So the cricket brushed his black waistcoat until it glistened in the sunshine, and he hopped from beneath the door-sill far down the garden path and underneath the garden gate, taking his fiddle with him.

"I will be an important musician," he chirped to himself all the way down the lane. "Why did I ever move into that chink, when I really belong in the meadow?"

He found the lane very warm indeed and very dusty. Being used to the nice darkness and the cool dampness underneath the door-sill, the light blinded the cricket's eyes and the dust choked him. But he hurried along, trying to overtake a few red and yellow leaves who hopped on ahead and seemed to know the shortest path to where the music was playing.

Once he bumped his head very hard against a fat pebble in the middle of the lane.

"How stupid you are!" rustled a

behind, but the cricket did not answer her. Why should he notice such an impertinent little person?

Once he fell into a ditch and was nearly drowned, but he managed to pull himself out and to save his fiddle.

"How very awkward you are!" rustled a proud little yellow leaf as she floated lightly over the ditch, but the cricket did not answer her either. What did such an important person as himself care about the opinions of others?

By the time he got to the meadow the thrushes were nearly bursting their throats playing their futes; the frogs' drums boomed loudly and the grasshoppers' cellos kept up a lively tune—loud and piercing. All over the meadow the care-free little leaves in their red and yellow party dresses danced about in a merry, one-legged fashion to the music played by the band.

"Here I am," chirped the cricket, as he brushed the dust of the journey from his black coat and perched himself upon the top of a clover stalk, where he might be seen and heard.

"Don't you hear me?" he chirped away as loudly as he could. "I have come to accept the position of first violin."

But the little leaves in their red and yellow party dresses danced farther and farther away from him and the thrush's futes and the frogs' drums and the grasshoppers' cellos instead of keeping time to his music, played in a different measure altogether.

So the cricket stopped fiddling, jumped off his clover stalk and hopped over to the edge of the brook where a big oak leaf was dabbing a little more red in her cheeks, using the brook for a mirror.

The leaf looked the little cricket all over. Then she rustled scornfully: "Didn't I see you a minute ago trying to make yourself heard in our meadow band? How foolish of you to think your little fiddle would be of any account in that big orchestra. Go home where you belong. You're too little to be so far away from your door-sill."

It was really quite true. The tunes that the cricket could play were very pretty indeed, in fact there were no tunes in the whole world quite so sweet, but they were so very low that the other meadow sounds quite drowned them. It was a terrible disappointment to the tiny fiddler, but he hopped away down the lane toward his own garden gate. His little cricket heart was nearly breaking, and he couldn't think of anything to do but to go home.

"I'm of no use at all," he chirped as, tired and lame and dirty, he crept into his chink under the gray door-sill of the house just at sunset. "Nobody needs me and I'm never going to play my fiddle again." Just then he heard an impatient rustling and murmuring among the flowers. He peered out of his chink to see what the disturbance was about. The flowers were whispering softly to each other.

"I can't go to sleep without the cricket's music!" the morning glories declared.

"Neither can we!" rustled the four o'clocks.

Just then the house-mother came to the doorway.

"I can't make the tea-kettle sing for supper!" she complained, "and the baby doesn't want to go to sleep. I believe it is because the cricket isn't singing to-night."

Oh, how the cricket swelled with pride as he listened! He took up his fiddle and began to play. It was a new tune that he played, so pretty that the morning glories and the four o'clocks went to sleep directly, dreaming pretty dreams about butterflies and bees. As for the old tea-kettle, as soon as it heard the cricket's fiddle it began to sing with so much energy that its cover flew off with a great spluttering. And the dear baby Why he went right to sleep smiling, because his blessed little cricket had come home again.

Long after the whole world was asleep and it was very dark in the garden, the cricket kept on fiddling. He just couldn't stop because he was so happy.

What was his tune about? Why, about just this—how nice it is to live in a little chink under a gray door-sill and be of use to those who love you.

**When Should Baby Commence to Walk?**

By Marianna Wheeler

**M**OST children commence to walk when about one year old. A month or two before this, they seem to become conscious of the increasing strength in their legs, and will put this to test by grasping some object and pulling themselves up on their feet and bearing their weight on them for a few moments at a time. The next move is to take a few steps forward by holding fast to mother's hand, or walking around some piece of furniture—a chair for instance, clinging to it for support. Next comes a little daring practice in acquiring equilibrium; this gained, the little legs, backed up by a spirit of fearless independence, become veritable machines of perpetual motion, never still but when the power behind them is sound asleep in its little bed. There are of course, exceptions to every rule. A few children walk earlier than the twelfth month, and quite a number not until they are much older. Babies who walk as early as the tenth month are generally those who have had the advantage of being reared in pure country air, and of having been nursed by mothers of unusual health and vigor. When children are back-

ward in walking, some of the contributing causes, in fact, the usual ones are: nursed by a delicate or poorly nourished mother, especially those living in the crowded sections of large cities, and artificial feeding, either cow's milk not adapted to suit the child's general physical development or some of the prepared infants' foods. Many of these children seem perfectly healthy; they increase steadily in weight and are sometimes abnormally fat. At the same time their food is not evenly balanced, for it does not supply enough of the material which goes to make the bones strong and hard. Time and proper food will remedy this trouble, and these children will after a while walk as well as others. Starchy foods, such as potatoes, cereals, gruels made from cereals, and sweets should be given in limited quantities. Potatoes should not be allowed before the third year. Milk, eggs, beef juice, orange juice, stewed fruits, and for older children very tender beef, or chops, breast of chicken or fat bacon, all are good. Never urge children to stand on their feet or walk before they show a decided inclination to do so. Children are naturally active and ambitious to walk as soon as they feel that their legs are strong enough to bear them. Bow legs are caused by children being nursed by mothers of unusual health and vigor. When children are back-