

EDITORIAL PAGE OF

The Free Press

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HELP THE ROAD COMMISSION

The citizens of Rutherford county voted \$250,000 in bonds a few months ago for the improvement of the public roads. This sum, to many people, appears to be enormous, but when compared to the needs it is small. If every dollar of it was put to the actual building of roads it would not give the county the highways needed.

There has been and is at the present time opposition to the bond issue. Some citizens fought it and have talked against it from every stump, and while they have injured the cause of good roads to some extent nothing serious has been accomplished.

But just now there are breakers ahead. The \$250,000 looks big and to some of our citizens and they are preparing to get a portion of it through damage suits filed against the road commission. The Free Press is told that a number of suits have been filed by citizens living along the Rutherfordton-Westminister road for alleged damage to property through which the new highway runs.

Some, it is understood, are asking more than their land is worth. The Free Press knows nothing about this, but it cannot see how any man can feel that he has been greatly damaged by the road commission. There is now a beautiful, well graded highway—a credit to that section. It is one of the best strips of road in the county and when the top-dressing is applied will put Westminister citizens thirty minutes nearer the county seat.

The road commission believe it should and is willing to pay a reasonable sum where permanent damage has been done to land, but cannot see wherein fabulous sums—or any sum, for that matter—should be paid when the man filing the suit is the one most benefitted.

The idea is prevalent that "if John Jones gets damages then why shouldn't I?" and the suits are increasing as the work progresses. The commissioners have struggled with the problem. The money from the bonds is in their hands and they desire to give the citizens the greatest benefit possible and in order to do this they have decided to give their attention to sections where they find the last opposition and where the citizens are willing to cooperate in the work. Every dollar of the issue is needed for road improvement and, realizing this, the road commission does not propose to pay it out in damage suits.

Mr. Taxpayer: YOUR Money is threatened. It matters not how you voted; the issue carried and YOU PAY THE TAX. Do you want to pay damage suits or do you want to build roads? If your section of the county wants its roads improved then wipe out the opposition and Superintendent Clark and his force will come to your aid. If you do not do this you will continue to pull through the same old mud and up the same steep hills.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself.—Charles Kingsley.

THE NEW YEAR SPIRIT

One cold day, in New York, a girl saw from her window a poorly dressed and very old woman, walking past the door with a basket of chips and wood. When a building is torn down on a city street in the tenement quarter many people take advantage of the opportunity to gather bits of broken board to light their fires. The girl ran out and asked the old lady if she would come in and rest.

"We are having a party," she said. The house was one well known to numbers of people in the neighborhood as a Christian settlement. The women who lived there, both younger and older—were trying to be friends with their neighbors, and doing everything they could to make them happy and show them sweet and unobtrusive charity and clean ways of living.

When they had a tea party in the afternoon they invited mothers and children in and tried to offer them real friendly hospitality and a good time. "I can not come in," was the reply of the old woman in halting English. "I am not dressed for a party and I haven't any money."

"You don't need any money," said the girl, "and your dress is quite nice. We only want you." This persuaded, she stepped into the warm, bright room, sat down and had coffee and cake, while her basket was filled with fruit and flowers so that the rough wood was hidden. When she said good-bye the old lady looked about her, and in a quivering voice made this little speech: "I am eighty years old. I came from Germany fifty years ago. This is the first time I have had any thing to eat and drink outside of my own room."

The thought of that speech can never lose its impression on those who heard it. It says to you, "You are young and happy that you will be looking out for the people who are lonesome, so that you may cheer their pathway."

"There are lonely hearts to cherish. While the days are going by."

—Exchange.

THE CALL OF COUNTRY LIFE

Farm schools are being established all over the world. In addition to these new schools, designed specifically for preparation for farm life, rural high schools with definite departments of agriculture, and of home making are rapidly multiplying. Hence there is coming to the profession insistent calls for men and women who are competent to teach these subjects. In most States there are few teachers prepared for this most important field. The demand for some time will be in excess of the supply. Hence it would seem that bright and ambitious young men and women would rapidly begin to fit themselves for such positions. There are several reasons why such careers are attractive:

(1) The salaries paid such teachers are far larger than the usual salaries. Just recently a call was sent out by one of the Southwestern States for fifteen teachers in rural high schools. The salaries offered were \$12.00 each. Many of these schools are paying higher salaries than this State was offering.

(2) These positions are more permanent than teaching positions ordinarily are. Men are wanted who will have charge of the school farm and gardens all the year round and a house for this teacher is usually provided. The trustees want men who will cast in their lot with the community and become the leading worker in it. Many of these teachers do extension work during the summer months.

(3) Teachers in these fields have such splendid opportunities for social service. No positions are more inviting in this respect. The teacher has the usual opportunity of building character, but in addition has the added opportunity of helping materially in establishing comfortable, sanitary homes and economic farms. From the very nature of these positions, leadership is thrust on the teacher and only such teachers as are capable of leadership are wanted.

—Ex.

Try Our Job Department.

THE CRY OF THE WEARY

By Dr. Frank Crane
I stood at one of the gates of the city where the human streams pour out to take the suburban trains. It was evening in the sky, it was evening in the faces around me, it was evening in my heart. The grimness, tenseness, mercilessness of the strife came home to me.

I waited in the railway station and saw tired, unshaven men sitting stolid or asleep from weariness; and faded women, tired, tired, tired, with infant children tugging at their skirts, little full and strong lives devouring the weak and failing, as wolves eat their wounded.

I watched the army of workmen coming out of the factory at the closing hour, carrying dinner pails, walking with heavy dragging feet, a few laughing as if galvanized for a moment by a joke, but the most of them looking ahead with set eyes.

I saw the mother of six when she had put the last into bed, and had sat down and seemed to collapse, as a pack-mule too heavily loaded; and she fell asleep, too tired to undress.

I saw the vaudeville actor that had been setting a thousand people into roars of laughter; he came from the stage door and his features were drawn with weariness, and his mouth wore the twisted smile of the heart-broken.

I saw the boy, alone in the city, come into his mean hall bedroom, take off his shoes as a prisoner takes off his chains, and sat with his face in his hands, too tired to go to bed.

I saw the shopgirl, whimsy ebb, I saw the sluggard when she thought no one was looking, sit down for a moment's rest, and her face was gray with exhaustion; all night long she had watched by a sickbed.

I saw a slouching man, his coat shabby, his trousers frayed; he walked stealthily into the park late at night, and sat down upon a bench; he spread a newspaper out over his knees and in a moment he was asleep.

I saw the morally tired; the boy, tired of the isolation of decency, drift into the saloon and drink; the girl, tired of the struggle for virtue's sake, let go a whirl into the pool of lost souls.

And I saw strong men, betrayed and shamed, grow suddenly tired and sick of life.

And I saw old men and women tired because hope had left, enthusiasms faded, ambition ebbed away longed for the rest and peace of death.

And I saw the invalid, the broken and wounded, tired, tired, tired.

And I saw all the failures, those who were not made of stuff stern enough to win in the push and fight for success; they stood pitiful, hopeless, pathetic.

The whole world seemed to be so tired, tired, tired.

Were it not for its two friends mankind could not endure.

Its two friends are sleep and death.

A WIFE'S BELIEF IN HER HUSBAND

Ida M. Tarbell publishes in the January American Magazine a thrilling description of the work of Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago—a court which settles disputes between husbands and wives. Following is a story of a wife-beating case that Miss Tarbell saw settled:

"In a touching case a woman of fifty, gentle, hard-working and respectable had served a warrant on her husband for beating her. They had no children; he never drank. He worked regularly, and regularly 'beat her up.' She wasn't strong as she used to be, she said apologetically, and 'she couldn't stand it.' The judge looked at the big, bent, surly-faced fellow, and broke out in wrath. 'You've got to go to the Bridewell, that's the place for you, a man who will beat a woman like that! all worn out and a good wife, anybody can see that. You'll go to the Bridewell for a year.'

"The man looked up in real alarm—'But what will she do, Judge? We ain't got much ahead. She ain't got anybody but me. How'll she live?' His concern for her was perfectly sincere. 'She's nobody but you, and you beat her,' exploded the judge. The man seemed like one awakened from a stupor. 'I'll never do it again, on my honor I won't. I didn't know she was sick; I didn't realize. Things got so hard—noting but slave, and I just got into the habit, guess I took it out on her. I'll never strike her again in this world.'

"The woman behind him, with the tears streaming down her face, said: 'He won't, Judge. Don't send him away. He won't beat me if he says he won't. He has had it hard.'

"Well, they went off happy and I, for one, do not doubt his keeping his word."

Experience also teaches us a lot of things that are of no particular use.

BANQUET TO OFFICERS

Supt. R. J. Dobbins of Caroleen Entertains Overseers
Caroleen, Special.—Supt. and Mrs. E. J. Dobbins gave their annual banquet Christmas Eve, the occasion surpassing former events. The invited guests were the officers of the Caroleen and Henrietta Mills and the ministers and teachers of the two towns.

Good Christmas cheer prevailed the home. Charming music, spicy speeches, reminiscent and full of anecdote and innocent glee and a four-course dinner made up the program.

A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation to Superintendent Dobbins by the officers of the two mills of a handsome and valuable watch an expression of esteem. This is Mr. Dobbins' sixth year in his present position. During this time he has enjoyed the full confidence and support of his overseers.

FOR SALE—Beautiful Shetland pony, buggy and harness. See Dr. George P. Reid.

PRODUCE MARKET

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Young Chickens, Hens, Eggs, Butter, Bees Wax, Tallow, New Corn, Wheat, Oats, Peas (white), Peas (colored), Beans (white), Beans (colored).

Andrew Liler, and ex-slave, died at Lawrence county, Ga., last week aged 103 years.

Dr. Frank K. Haynes, DENTIST, FOREST CITY, N. C. Office Over Fortune, King & Lowe store

A. H. LONG, NOTARY PUBLIC, Forest City, N. C. Office at J. B. Long's Store

Dr. Geo. P. Reid, PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Residence Phone No. 43; office No. 1.

Dr. J. H. Gettys, DENTIST, FOREST CITY, N. C. Office in Moore Bldg.—Phone Residence 26.

Dr. W. C. Bostic, PHYSICIAN, Office on Young Block, Phone No. 31 at office; residence No. 14.

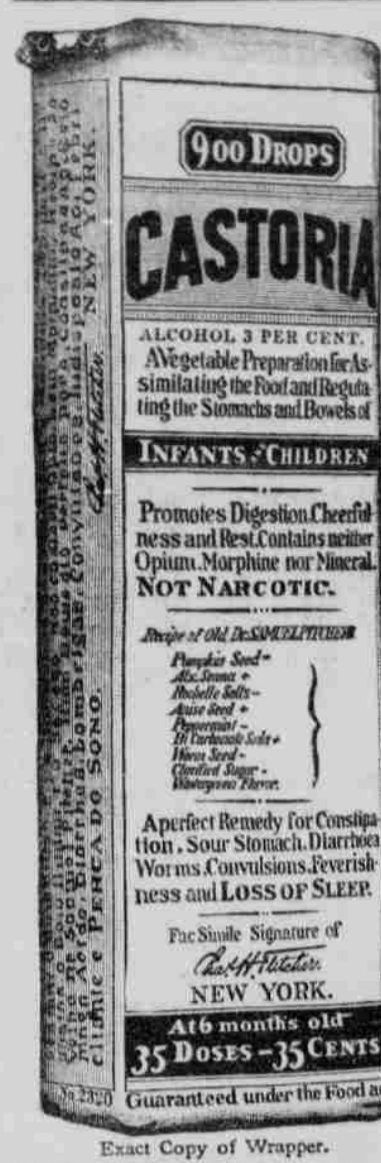
Robert E. Morris, ATTORNEY, FOREST CITY, N. C. Office in Moore Bldg.; over Harris Hardware Co. Phone No. 51.

P. A. M'GREGOR, Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

FOREST CITY, N. C. FOR SALE

Fifty acres land lying between Forest City and Caroleen, on Caroleen road. Cash or on time. Easy payments. A bargain. See or write

MRS. ADORA TOMS, 136 E. Lee St., 6-6t Spartanburg, S. C.



CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. H. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

We Wish for all our friends three hundred and sixty-five days of health and prosperity. We will continue to furnish homes during the year just dawning. Padgett & King

To All Our Friends and Patrons We wish to express our sincere appreciation for your patronage during the year 1913, which has been the most satisfactory year for us in the entire history of the Bank, and we are looking forward most hopefully to the year 1914.

With best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to each and every one of you.

THE First National Bank of Forest City, N. C.

PRESIDENT: G. E. Young VICE-PRES.: Geo. P. Reid CASHIER: W. W. Hicks ASST. CASHIER: Lloyd Biggerstaff

Happy and Prosperous NEW YEAR To All Our Friends Harris Hardware Co.