

BABS AND THE LITTLE GRAY MAN PART II

By Florence Ryerson in N. Y. Tribune (Continued from last week)

IT WAS an hour later that Babs her hair guiltless of hairpins, her scarlet gown rumped beyond repair and her slender bare legs scratched from much climbing, faced the little Gray Man. He was standing under the tree looking up at her with a sort of quizzical bewilderment. For an instant Babs looked back; then she sat down suddenly and curled her feet under her.

"Can you tell me whether Mrs. Martin is at home?" inquired the man.

Babs hesitated, a thought obtruding itself upon her consciousness.

"It's a man selling something," she told herself, then aloud, "Did you ring the bell?" she inquired.

"Yes," he nodded. "Nobody answered."

"Then I guess she isn't in," said Babs brazenly.

He seemed puzzled.

"I presume you're right. But it's odd"—He looked up suddenly.

"You don't happen to know when she will be back, do you, my dear?"

It came over Babs in a rush that he took her for a small girl.

"No," she said, choking with laughter. "I—I don't!" The man seemed undecided.

"I don't believe she'll be gone long," he said. "If I won't interrupt your game, I think I'll wait." He started to sit down under the tree, then looked up with his boyish grin. "Mind if I come up there?"

Babs grinned back.

"You don't!" she said.

"Is that a dare?" he replied.

"Double dare."

With surprising agility he swung up in the tree beside her.

"There!" he said. "That's the first time in fifty years."

For a minute Babs regarded him seriously. He was a slender chap of about sixty years, with a clear skin and white teeth. There was something about him which she liked at once. Possibly it was his quick, friendly smile, or the humorous little quirk at the corner of his eyes. Perhaps it was the curly gray mane of his hair. He was, indeed, all gray—his hair, his suit, even his eyes; and it was this that made her christen him mentally "The Little Gray Man."

He was returning her regard with a smile.

"About fourteen, I take it," he said, "and still fond of climbing."

"Yes," she nodded; "I love my trees."

"They're the loveliest things God makes," he said. "And yet men cut them down! I'll fight for a tree as quickly as I will for a friend."

HE WAS looking about him with obvious interest and Babs found time to wonder what he was doing there. He did not look like a friend of James Senior's, nor yet a real estate agent. He must be selling something.

"You can't be Mr. Martin's children!" he said suddenly. "He's not old enough."

"No," she told him; "the other two are, but I'm not. I'm just a sort of neighbor."

He regarded James Junior and June-Baby with a critical eye.

"Look healthy!" he observed.

"They are," said Babs proudly.

"Except for once in his life Jim-Jams has never had a sickness, and the Spanking—why, you could throw her downstairs, she's so tough!"

"Jim-Jams, the Spanking; I like that! And you?"

James Junior was rounding the corner house on the run.

"Babs!" he called, "Babs!"

"So that's your name!" said the Little Gray Man.

She inwardly blessed the fact that James Junior had steadfastly refused to call her "Mother."

The man bent over to swing Jim-Jams to the limb beside them.

"Steady, son!" he said, and the youngster smiled back at him.

"You're 'most as strong as Daddy" he observed, "and he's the strongest man in th' world."

She was looking at him honestly. "Because it's the one thing in the world he wants to do. You see, he's got all he can out of his college professorship—that was only preparatory really. Now he's writing a book and this labor thing will give him just what he needs—the chance to try his experiments with people."

He spoke suddenly.

"You aren't as young as I thought."

"No," she confessed. "I was fooling you, I am Mrs. Martin."

For an instant he stared at her in wide-eyed astonishment and she flushed.

"Please," she said, "I didn't mean to be rude; but I hadn't darned any stockings and I thought you were trying to sell me something, so when you mistook me for a little girl!"

Suddenly his laugh rang out, and together they rocked back and forth on the limb in genuine merriment while Jim-Jams and the Spanking stared at them in round-eyed astonishment.

The man was first to speak.

"You have been here all morning?"

"Since breakfast," she admitted.

"Oh!" It seemed to explained much.

"If you'll hand up that bag I'll darn a pair of stockings," she told him, "and appear more respectable."

He swung down and retrieved the bag, handing it to her. From her perch, she regarded him.

"Why did you come?" she inquired.

"If you aren't trying to sell me anything, I'm having a terribly good time."

She answered with a smile.

"You won't get much luncheon," she told him. "But you're invited to the picnic, anyway."

HE CLIMBED back onto his perch with alacrity and for a time was engaged in a romp with James Junior.

Then:

"Is your husband returning soon?" he inquired innocently.

"To-morrow, I think," she told him.

"I haven't had a letter to-day." She leaned forward suddenly.

"I'll be glad when he's back," she said. "I never know what he's going to do when he's away from me."

"Do you mean he's erratic?" inquired the other, but she indignantly repudiated the word.

"Of course he isn't. It's just that he's—he's"—she groped for a word—"he's so friendly with people. I mean, you never know exactly what he'll do or whom he'll bring home. Of course, I don't mind," she told him loyally, "I'd just as lief he brought home a tramp or—the governor. Only, I do like to know a little bit ahead."

The man was regarding her blandly.

"I can imagine that," he said.

She expanded under his sympathy.

"It isn't so bad now," she explained, "because we really are getting enough from the university to live on. But in the beginning"—she dimpled suddenly—"I wish you could have seen us! He's always poking around and investigating, you know, and everybody always tells him the story of their lives. I don't know why it is," she disgressed, "but nobody can talk to him ten minutes without telling him all about the innermost parts of themselves. I suppose it's because he's so interested in people. Why?"—with a sudden thought—"I bet he'll come home and tell me the most intimate things about the governor himself!"

The man started, the limb swayed dangerously, and he sat down again.

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right," he said meekly.

"And when he finds people who are hard up he always brings 'em home," she went on. "Why, one time we had a man living in the chicken house who thought he was a weevil. He wasn't harmful at all, you know. Just wanted to be quiet; and he wouldn't live on anything but crackers, and he slept out of doors. James Senior couldn't bear to see him shut up, so he let him stay on the place. And there was a tramp in the barn. At least he wasn't exactly a tramp. He was a poet or something and had a soul above work. And there was a red-light lady he'd picked up, trying to drown herself in the pond down the road. And we washed her off and put her in the spare room." She looked up from her darning to flash the Little Gray Man a dimpling smile.

"Wasn't that exactly like him?" she chuckled.

"What happened?" he inquired.

"Why, the Weevil got mixed up in his mind, or his alphabet, I don't know which; one night he decided he was a weasel and killed all our chickens. And then a perfectly awful thing happened. At least I ought to think it was awful, I suppose. Really, it was just too funny."

"We had a lot of people here, members of the faculty, heads of departments and all that. And those two scamps, the tramp, you know, and the girl stole some clothes and came in to the affair. And"—she

choked with mirth at the thought—"everybody was crazy about them! He was the most brilliant talker you ever heard, and she—well, when you got her dressed up in my best things she was a perfect beauty! She patronized every one of those frumpy faculty wives until I thought I'd die. James Senior and I had to go out into the back yard and hold onto each other and simply roar with laughter. You see, every one thought they must be some terribly well known people, because they put up such a good bluff; but later, when it was found out"—

(To be concluded)

Reader Criticizes All Local Fault Finders

Did you compliment the preacher Sunday for his good sermon?

Do you compliment the instructor of your children for their good work?

Do you personally praise the men for smoothing down the streets and putting the road in good order?

Did you personally praise the city officials for having it done?

Do you personally show your appreciation to the editor for his excellent paper and for his splendid articles on public doings?

Do you see and show your appreciation of all good things in your community and pass out the bouquets to the living?

Or are you in the class that can see all the mistakes or apparent mistakes that everyone makes and make it your business to tell everyone you meet about them. Are you the authorized town critic seeing all of the meanness and none of the good?

Lets make it our business to compliment and personally show our appreciation for the good things done and be very careful about our criticisms and note the effect in the community.—Hamlet News Messenger.

Law Enforcement Convention

On February 2-3, a law-enforcement convention under the auspices of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, will convene in Greensboro. The purpose of this convention is to kindle in the minds of true and patriotic citizens a reverence for the law, to generate throughout the State a spirit of law-enforcement that will not tolerate the lawless liquor traffic, and to bring about full co-operation between citizens and officers in the enforcement of law.

The slogan is: "Blind tigers must go."

A letter has been sent to sheriffs, policemen, solicitors, police judges, mayors, and other town officers in the state urging their attendance upon this convention.

A helpful program has been arranged, with notable men to take part.

Treasury Report of the U. S.

Washington, D. C.,—The vaults of the national government hold a grand total of \$13,883,819,826.36 2-3, it was revealed at the completion of the first count since 1913 of cash and securities in the Treasury. This total is about \$10,000,000,000 greater than usual, and is accounted for by approximately that amount of notes deposited by foreign governments. Of the total amount \$97,410,283.02 is in cash, and the rest in paper currency held in reserve, incomplete currency certificates, in complete gold certificates and bonds and other securities held in trust.

The last previous count in 1913 showed a grand total of \$1,426,422,051.48 2-3, of which the cash amounted to \$1,199,231,911.90.

NEW HOPE NOTES

The snow was a great surprise to people and caught many of them with nothing to burn.

The teachers' meeting was postponed Wednesday on account of the snow.

On account of bad roads the mail stopped going for a few days.

Because of the snow the great chewing gum case was postponed until Friday night, Feb. 4th.

We would like very much to have Parker's school correspondent correct his error concerning the basket ball game of January 19.

We are glad to welcome so many pupils in school since Christmas.

A young man and young lady of the neighborhood went for a ride Sunday afternoon. Having the misfortune to burn all of their gas, they included a walk also.

The boys at New Hope wish to play a game of basket ball with some school every week if possible. "C."

MAGISTRATE: "But your wife says you haven't spoken a word to her for over a year." Polite prisoner: "No your worship, I didn't want to interrupt her."—Pearson's Weekly.

A STENOGRAPHER'S ROYAL POWER

American stenographers, especially those of the enfranchised sex, should be interested in the rise to royal power, of one of their number. The Princess Anastasia, sister-in-law of King Constantine, whose restoration to the throne of Greece, astonished the world last month, was an American widow before she married Prince Christopher, the King's brother. In her youth she was stenographer and secretary to W. B. Leeds, an American multimillionaire, and she must have been a good one for her employer decided to give her a life tenure of the position by marrying her. His death left her with one son and a vast fortune. She married the Greek Prince, when the fortunes of that royal family were at the lowest ebb. Constantine and his household were exiled in Switzerland, and it was reported that they were frequently not able to pay their hotel bills. Nevertheless, when the prince announced his intention of marrying the wealthy American widow, the former Queen Sophie, a sister of the Kaiser, was bitterly opposed to the match. With unregal violence, she hurled at her brother-in-law, the usual woman's threat, "I'll never speak to you again" if he persisted in the marriage.

But Christopher braved her wrath, and married the millionaire, who it seems set about immediately to restore his family to the throne. She used immense sums of money in various judicious ways to secure the good will of the Greeks and to publish propaganda for the return of Constantine. The Greeks were as responsive as anyone could wish. They soon grew so enthusiastic over the wealthy woman who had married their prince, that when she alighted from her car on one occasion to enter her hotel, the populace lifted her, and carried her into the building, upon their shoulders, to the cries of, "Long live the Princess Anastasia." Fabulous tales of her wealth have been spread broadcast, and the Greeks have been brought to believe that she will share it with the people. They expect her to restore the royal palace, and make it a residence befitting a great king. And she may do this and much more, as she seems bent on enjoying her royalty. It is commonly supposed that she financed the campaign for the return of Constantine, to the extent of 10 million dollars. At present she is the popular idol of Greece.

The Greeks never liked their Queen Sophie, who had the arrogance of her brother, and who always appeared to feel herself "above" them. She is less liked now than ever, since her gallant husband laid upon her, all the blame for the treacherous part, Greece played towards the Allies during the first years of the war. It is generally believed that the great popularity of Constantine himself in his native land, is mostly "made in Germany" and it will not long endure. It is said that his son may soon be called to succeed him on the throne. The young prince is to marry the daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania, who always acted squarely towards the Allies. Perhaps this exchange of rulers will improve the international status of Greece. Just now Greek foreign exchange has fallen low, although it was higher during the government of Venizelos, than it had been in years.

There was a great demonstration of affection when Constantine returned; but it was prepared in advance. All the press correspondents who were allowed to be present were invited to go as guests of the King and of course they could not write anything which was not favorable to him. Probably the money of the American Princess paid their expenses.

Her son, young Leeds, a youth of 19 is living in Athens, and the royal family have already picked him a bride from among them in order to keep the foreign money in the country. The boy is said to be a red-blooded American and probably he will soon become disgusted with the purchased popularity of his mother, and will come back home to live, as an American boy should do.

When we read of the abject devotion of the modern Greeks to money it is hard to realize that they are descendants of Lycurgus, Aristides and Pericles! Their degeneracy is a sad commentary upon the effect of six centuries of slavery.

Put Your Money in Bank

News reaches here to the effect that a Person county farmer sold a load of tobacco at Roxboro last week for which he received \$120. He deposited \$60 of the money in a Roxboro bank and carried the balance home with him. While unhitching his horse in the barnyard, a calf was attracted by the greenbacks protruding from a bank book in his overcoat pocket and grazed them. The farmer discovering the calf's error promptly knocked the animal in the head and recovered the money. He exchanged the mutilated bills for new ones at Roxboro.—Oxford Public Ledger.

MORNING TONIC

(Celia Burleigh) When God would educate a man He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the Necessities rather than to the Graces, that by knowing all suffering he may know also the eternal consolation. News and Observer.

WELL, WELL, THAT'S A MARRIED CASE

"WELL, well, that's a married case. What made you marry 14 wives?" asked the judge. "Well, your honor, I didn't like the number 13."—Jefferson (Texas) News.

COTTON ASSOCIATION MEETS

Farmers Sign up to Reduce To One Third of Open Land. Will Canvass Each ownship

The Johnston county branch of the American Cotton Association held a meeting at the court house yesterday afternoon and voted to sign up every land owner cotton farmer in the county to reduce his cotton acreage to one-third of his open land for 1921.

The Executive committee elected to see that it is carried out is W. M. Sanders, J. H. B. Tomlinson, Vick Pittman, J. W. Stephenson, and S. B. Honeycutt.

A man was appointed to canvass each township. This man will sign up members and collect 25 cents per man to help pay for printing, mailing and canvassers. This is the rule for the whole South. They are to report the number signed up February 4th, 9 a. m., to A. M. Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer, Smithfield, N. C.

A permanent committee will be appointed later to see that the pledge is kept. More will be done later after the National Convention to be held late in February.

Letter on Way 19 Years

A letter that had been nineteen years on the way, part of the time travelling through the war capitals of Europe, was delivered Friday to Mrs. Fred I. Pratt, of Deaham, Mass. It looked like a futuristic conception of the international postal system gone mad, with more than a score of foreign postmarks cutting curls with domestic marks.

London, Petrograd and Berlin and other far places were registered, with the little station of City Mills, from which the letter was sent on February 2, 1902.

Some of the dates indicated that the letter at times was within a day or two of overtaking Mrs. Pratt. At others it was years behind, and oddly it found her to-day within a few miles of its starting place.

Y. M. C. A. County Convention February 11th, 1921.

A great treat is in store for the people of Johnston county on the above date. The Young Men's Christian Association was organized in Johnston county just one year ago and the first annual county convention will be held in the Centenary Methodist church, in Smithfield, on the evening of Friday, February 11, at which time Mr. Albert E. Roberts, of New York will be the principal speaker.

Mr. Roberts is at the head of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America and is recognized as one of the leading spirits in Association work today. He is a profound thinker and is considered one of America's ablest speakers, especially to men and boys. Certainly no man can speak with more authority than he on country life problems and the County Work of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was a member of the Commission sent to Europe by President Roosevelt to make a study of country life there and in other countries. The splendid work done by that Commission is too well known to require any comment here. He has devoted many years of his life to the development of the County Work of the Association and is so interested in the progress of the work here in Johnston County that in arranging a tour of the Southern States he agreed to give all of North Carolina's allotted time to this county.

The local Association is very happy indeed at the prospects of Mr. Roberts' coming and no doubt a large and enthusiastic audience will greet him in Smithfield and at other places in the county.

In addition to Mr. Roberts there will be several other prominent speakers on the Convention program. Every town in the county is expected to send a good representation and every Hi-Y club is expected to attend in a body. The County Committee of which Prof. W. H. Hipps is Chairman and Lloyd Ranson, County Secretary is making all arrangements.

ANNOUNCEMENT We have opened up our Blacksmith Shop—Ready for your horse-shoeing and all kinds of Wheelwright work. Bring your work before the rush starts, so we can do it at once. Yours to serve, Fitzgerald Motor Co. PINE LEVEL, N. C.

MR. A. W. PEEDIN PROMINENT FARMER Of Pine Level, N. C., Highly Recommends Creech's Laxagistine Mr. Peedin says: "Some time ago my wife was stricken with paralysis and her liver became very inactive. Our physician did not like to give her Calomel so often but it seemed there was nothing else that would do the work. I finally bought a bottle of Creech's Laxagistine and am happy to say it does the work perfectly. I consider Laxagistine the best liver medicine I ever used. I am glad to recommend it to my friends when ever I have an opportunity. My wife also had rheumatism until her joints were very much swollen. Since taking Laxagistine her joints are normal size and I believe her general health very much improved. Laxagistine is sold in Smithfield, N. C., by Creech Drug company, and can be had by mail from the manufacturers, Creech Chemical Co., if you cannot get it at your regular drug store, for 75 cents per bottle. We will cheerfully refund your money if this fails to relieve you of Indigestion, Constipation and Nervousness.—Adv.

Need A Sewing Machine? If you need a sewing machine be sure to buy a New Home. Have been selling them thirty one years and if there is another as good a machine I have never yet seen it. For sale by J. M. BEATY SMITHFIELD, N. C. Register in Smithfield at Once Mr. Walter M. Grantham at Mr. N. B. Grantham's store is the registrar who is to take your name for the new registration to be made before you can vote in the Smithfield school district on the bond election to be held March 2nd. Every voter, male and female in the district should register. Nobody can vote except those who register anew. Register if you are for the bonds, register if you are against the bonds, register if you do not care either way. If you are in the school district then it is your duty to register. You may want to vote.

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