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Editorial Comment

"Airship late again this morning," remarks the Baltimore Sun. Ours hasn't arrived yet.

The world doesn't expect the man to pay up who has no money; it knows he cannot, but it very well expects him to go to work and get in shape to do so.

An incident of the recent Reunion was the complaint among the merchants and business men of Wadesboro that they themselves did nothing to amuse the veterans and their friends who came to town. We understand that the matter came up for discussion in the business meeting of the Retail Merchants Association last Friday night, and it is very probable that on next Reunion day the merchants and business men of the town will unite in giving those who come here that day the best time of their lives. People like to come to Wadesboro and the citizens of the town are determined that they shall enjoy every trip they make here.

Four thousand troops have not been able to suppress rioting at Springfield, Ill., caused by a most heinous assault upon a respectable white woman in the heart of the residential section of that city by a black brute. For three days the infuriated citizens, after mobbing the guilty wretch, burned property owned by negroes and killed a great number of these. There are several lessons in the affair for both whites and blacks, and the pity of it all, is the fact that, as usual, these lessons will not sink deep enough to prevent the something occurring again.

One significant fact illustrated here is that in the South a mob is usually content with having destroyed the guilty negro, while a Northern mob seldom stops at that, but goes on with the death-dealing and property-destroying violence until a great army of soldiers is unable to maintain order.

Again, we see vividly shown the utter impossibility of social equality among the white and black races, and it is well that no man who wishes to see the Anglo-Saxon race reach its highest perfection, desires to see this equality. Whether or not political equality, as striven for by so many negroes and not a few whites, is in any way responsible for these outrages, committed as a rule by the worst element of the black race, we do not attempt to say. But this much is certain, that the frequent occurrence of this nameless crime is surely removing every thought of political equality from the minds of most leading statesmen of the South.

The "close season" for college freshmen is about over, as most of the colleges and universities open during this month. Already the talk of hazing is heard and remedies suggested for its prevention. Dr. Hill, the recently elected president of the A. & M. College at Raleigh, is reported as saying that unless the student body extended its sympathy and gave its aid, the faculty was, to a certain extent, powerless to suppress these unlawful assaults and batteries even in places where respect for law and the greatest intelligence is supposed to prevail. Looks like it is about time that the hazers were taught that the destiny of these institutions is not altogether in their hands; that they are welcomed there for a specific purpose and not desired when they propose taking charge of affairs. Commenting on the subject, the Statesville Landmark is moved to say:

There is little reason to expect reform in the hazing matter from Dr. Hill. Whenever the president of a college admits that the faculty is powerless to control the student body, the student body may be expected to engage in riotous conduct whenever the hazing in the college feel so disposed; and really it is a poor recommendation for a college president to say that; it means, if it means anything, that he is not the man for the job.

The trouble, sometimes, is that the wrong fellows engage in hazing, the fellows whom the faculty is not willing to expel. It is another case of "fearing the people" and failing to perform duty. Not many years ago, one of the most successful high school principals in the State, sent ten boys away from school for hazing and did it without much parleying too. The boys came from a section which furnished many students for the school and people said a great injury had been done. Even the trustees, some of them, criticised the principal's course but next session found a larger number than ever from the section mentioned, and they are coming yet. Parents and students, as a rule, like such discipline and the faculty with the nerve to demand it will always have students, provided they have the best instruction to give.

But after all, the young man who stays away from college because he is afraid to face the music, will find much difficulty in facing the ordinary affairs of life. Not for want of knowledge alone, but because he stands very much in need of a nerve tonic treatment.

As schools and colleges begin to announce their openings, many boys and girls are asking themselves the questions, "Will it pay me to go?" "Can I afford to spend all that I have saved and maybe go in debt?" With the ambitious, these questions will not do. They mark the crisis in so many lives, the tide, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and miseries." Along this line, the following questions, asked by the Editor Marden of "Success," should be read by all:

Does it pay an acorn to become an oak?
Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?
Does it pay to fit oneself for a superior position?
Does it pay to get a glimpse of the joy of living?
Does it pay the "chrysalis to unfold into the butterfly?"
Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind?
Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life?
Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope?
Does it pay to know how to take the dreary drudgery out of life?

Does it pay to taste the exhilaration of feeling one's powers unfold?

Does it pay the rosebud to open its petals and fling out its beauty to the world?
Does it pay to push one's horizon farther out in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?
Does it pay to learn how to center thought with power, how to marshal one's mental force effectively?
Does it pay to acquire power to get out of life high and noble pleasures which wealth cannot produce?
Does it pay to acquire a character-wealth, a soul-power, which no disaster or misfortune can wreck or ruin?

Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of life?
Does it pay to make lifelong friendships with bright, ambitious young people, many of whom will occupy high places later on?
Does it pay to become familiar with all the lessons that history and science can teach as to how to make life healthy and successful?
Does it pay to become an enlightened citizen, able to see through the sophistries of political claptrap and vote intelligently on public matters?

Does it pay to change a bar of rough pig iron into hairsprings for watches, thus increasing its worth to more than fifty times the value of its weight in gold?
Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?
Does it pay the sculptor to call out from the rough block the statue that sleeps in the marble, and which shall tell the story of heroism and greatness to unborn generations?
But above all, remember that simply "going off" to school or college is far from getting an education. Be sure you do not miss the mark altogether, having gone.

STATE AND GENERAL NEWS

Mrs. E. T. Ingle of Albemarle, by mistake, gave her 7-month-old baby morphine instead of colamel, which caused its death very soon afterwards.

Wm. Christenberry, a young farmer of Tarboro, aged about 23 years, committed suicide last week by taking iodine and then shooting himself in the temple. No reason was given for the deed.

Mr. George Bennett, a lumberman of Washington, on becoming despondent because he was out of a job, committed suicide by taking laudanum. He is survived by a wife and several children.

Mrs. Wofford Tweed and three children together with Mrs. Murray Tweed, were burned to death in their home on Laurel Mountain last week. Mr. Wofford Tweed was on business at Marshall about 15 miles away.

A horse hitched in a back lot in Fayetteville became frightened last week and dashed through a store, across the street and through another store window, smashing a lot of glass and china-ware. It then ran about two miles and got entangled in a barb-wire fence.

White miners at the Woodside coal mine, a mile from Springfield, Ill., and the Tuxhorn mine, four miles distant, have refused to work with the negroes under the ground. They say that the negroes, who number about 150 of the 500 men, are armed and that they do not feel safe with them.

Gertie Lewis, a young white girl of Salisbury, attempted suicide last week by jumping into a 40-foot well because her parents punished her for attending a party without their permission. After rising above the water, she clung to the walls until rescued and her injuries were very slight.

The largest procession probably that the veterans have had since the war was at Winston-Salem last week. Over two thousand veterans marched and for miles the streets were lined with sight-seers. About one-third of the veterans rode in private carriages and there were over one hundred men on horseback.

Joseph Lance, charged with the killing of Alma Green by a random shot at Buena Vista station December 12, 1907, and convicted of manslaughter, was released Thursday on \$8,000 bond pending an appeal of the case to the Supreme Court. After the jury had convicted him Judge Ward imposed a sentence of nine years in the penitentiary, and to this judgment of the court the defense appealed, the appearance bond being fixed at \$8,000.

A Faithful Friend
"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since it was first introduced to the public in 1872, and have never found one instance where a cure was not speedily effected by its use. I have been a commercial traveler for eighteen years, and never start out on a trip without this, my faithful friend," says H. S. Nichols of Oakland, Ind. Ter. "When a man has used a remedy for thirty-five years he knows its value and is competent to speak of it. For sale by T. R. Tomlinson."

CASTLED WALLS AND PALACES OLD IN STORY

Editor Poe's Visit to Sterling Castle The Bloody Tower, Westminster Abbey, and Other Scenes Interwoven With Great Names and Events of English History

(While a number of The Ansonian's subscribers read that excellent farm journal, The Progressive Farmer, the liberty is hereby taken of reproducing some more of Editor Poe's letters, written from historic scenes in Europe. They are not only of intense interest to old and young but are themselves models of correct English, and the many compliments paid them recently, by people who know, are well-deserved by the bright young author.—Editor The Ansonian.)

In my former epistle, most excellent reader, I promised to give in this letter some impressions of the historic and notable places I have visited in Scotland and England. This, therefore, I now set out to do, beginning at Stirling (thirty-six miles from Edinburgh), for it was as I went over the moat-bridge into the gates of Stirling Castle with its more than a thousand years of checked and stirring memories that I first felt the atmosphere of the Middle Ages and of the romantic days of knight-hood and of chivalry. Here for the first time I saw a great mediaeval castle with its massive stone walls and frowning battlements and towers, standing out upon its lofty eminence above all the surrounding country: secure in the front by moat and drawbridge and trap door at the entrance on the gigantic outer walls, and then by two or three inner walls, while from the rear a ragged and precipitous stone ascent of sixty feet guards the approach of the ancient fortress. And Stirling has a history worthy of its lofty eminence and its isolated grandeur. It looks out upon one of the most beautiful and upon one of the most historic views in all Great Britain. The battle field of Bannockburn is before you here and Stirling Bridge of course, and yet another battle field—Cambuskenneth—in which Scots and Picts fought each other six hundred and fifty years before Columbus discovered the New World. It is when you come upon facts like these that you begin to realize that the annals of America indeed deal only with the last half hour of human history. This very Stirling Castle, for example, was taken by Edward I. of England in 1304—more than three hundred years before the first white man set foot upon Jamestown soil—and ten years later the famous Scotch chieftain, Bruce, recaptured it. It was at Stirling that Lord Darnley courted Mary, Queen of Scots, and it was here that James I., who was King of England when the first permanent English settlements were made in America, was arrested and crowned, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon.

Stirling Castle, too, at the very first brings you face to face with the tragedy as well as with the romance of the old, old days. Not only does the terrible dungeon—its opening a mere hole in the ground twelve feet down before you enter the dark grim caverns in which captive enemies or suspects went to the torment of a living death—not only, I say, does this foul dungeon cast a shadow upon the rose pictures we like to paint of "the age of chivalry," but Stirling and almost every other castle in Great Britain has its story of crime involving one or more figures well known in history. At Stirling they still show you the room where King James I. stabbed and killed the Earl of Douglas five hundred and fifty years ago. In Holyrood Palace in Edinburgh I saw the little room where Rizzo, secretary to Mary, Queen of Scots, was murdered by Darnley and others—and but a few months later Bothwell, having plotted with the Queen for the murder of Darnley, here married her himself. In Edinburgh Castle near by I saw the old banquet hall where in 1440 the young Douglas were invited to a great dinner, of which only picturesque ruins now remain; of course calls to mind the alleged murder of his wife by Earl Leicester as told in Scott's famous novel, and the Bloody Tower of London, of course, is famous for the horrible crimes which it has witnessed. At its very portals you pass the spot where the young princes were smothered by Richard III. four hundred years ago; and among those who languished in prison here before finding death from the headman's axe were Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, and mother of Elizabeth; lady Jane Grey and

her husband (beheaded because of their claim upon the throne), and Sir Walter Raleigh.

With the memory of these terrible crimes upon me—committed in most cases by Kings and Queens claiming to rule by the grace of God—it is not so very far we have come from the time when men and women with human blood upon their hands could sit undisturbed upon the world's greatest thrones. Having stood but a few days ago upon the spot in Oxford where Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were burned at the stake for conscience's sake, while God has put us of his generation upon a time when the whole world enjoys religious liberty, should I not be a blind pessimist indeed did I not believe that—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

This is the best age that the world has ever known, and tomorrow will be better than today. It is a good thing to come to Europe and get that historical perspective which makes for faith like this. Not only has public morals improved, but life itself is infinitely richer and nobler now than ever before. The plain South-ern farmer today may live in greater comfort than the lords and ladies of the so-called "brave days of old." There are eddies and cross currents in the stream of human history, and sometimes the "backwaters" of reaction from the furious current; but always the main movement is toward good; of this we may be sure. Here in the British Museum a day or two ago I looked with interest and with reverence upon the original copies of the Magna Charta, that great corner-stone of our English liberties, and reflected upon the long, hard fought and yet unending struggle through which the idea of "liberty, equality and fraternity" has since fought its way toward—

"That far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

I was glad to come to England as much as anything else for the privilege of making pilgrimages to the shrines of some of the men whose history or literature has provoked my admiration. No single incident of the trip thus far, therefore, has pleased me more than the special privilege given me at Warwick Castle of putting in my head the helmet of Oliver Cromwell; and in Westminster Hall it was Cromwell's figure that was most in my mind; Cromwell with patience exhausted coming upon England's unprofitable servants, who had dilly-dallied so long about weighty matters, and driving the miscalculated Parliament to its stalls. I can hear him now, he stern-visaged and purposeful Puritan and man of iron, speaking in the language of the Bible as he did at Dunbar and as he does in the letter from him which I saw here in London the other day. He recounts the follies of Parliament; resolutely at last he drives them before him. "Your hour is come," he proclaims, "the Lord hath done with you." That day Cromwell was master of England, ruling with the power of a Caesar ten if with a Caesar's ambition and yet it was but a few years from this time when he stood before England as its Lord Protector that the returning monarchy had his name upon the gables of this same Westminster Hall! But Cromwell's story proves afresh that the sure verdict of history may always be awaited with calm confidence—like as the bipolar needle, temporarily disturbed by some unusual attraction, will yet inevitably return and swing true again to the unchanging north star. Nine years ago a great assemblage met here again and a life size monument of Cromwell was unveiled—the monument honored with a place within the hallowed court of Parliament—and a mighty nation uncovered its head in reverence to Cromwell's memory.

Carlyle's another one of my heroes, and I was glad to go out to Chelsea just as I was glad to see a typical English gentleman—like as the bipolar needle, temporarily disturbed by some unusual attraction, will yet inevitably return and swing true again to the unchanging north star. Nine years ago a great assemblage met here again and a life size monument of Cromwell was unveiled—the monument honored with a place within the hallowed court of Parliament—and a mighty nation uncovered its head in reverence to Cromwell's memory.

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Sunday morning I was glad to see John Milton's old church; his grave is in the chancel, and this, by the way, is the same church in which Oliver Cromwell was married. I also went to the Wesley Chapel where John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, preached in the latter years of his life, assisted by his famous poet-brother, Charles Wesley, the author of so many familiar hymns. John Wesley died in the little house built the chapel, and his mother, Hannah Wesley (mother of seventeen or nineteen children, I have forgotten which number) is buried in the Bunhill burying grounds just across the way, as is also Isaac Watts, no less famous than John Wesley as a hymn writer, John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Daniel Defoe, who "Robinson Crusoe" has been a delight of every generation of boys that has grown up since its publication. London's full of such historic places. Not far from St. James'

palace we saw the house where Byron "woke up to find himself famous;" in Chelsea we saw the homes of George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the artist Turner; near Whitehall is the place where Charles II. was beheaded; the house given to the Duke of Wellington by the English people (just as America gave a house to Admiral Dewey) is pointed out; in the crypt of St. Paul's are the tombs of Wellington and Nelson; and in Westminster Abbey, Chaucer Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, William Pitt, Wm. E. Gladstone, besides numerous English monarchs, including Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary and the royal Edwards and Henrys. In Westminster Abbey we also saw the coronation chair in which all the Kings of England have been crowned here since Edward I. and in the Bloody Tower the crown of the King and Queen, sparkling masses of the costliest jewels, are shown to the public.

Writing this much, however, has only served to convince me of the impossibility of giving within the limits of a newspaper article and adequate description of the many towns and places here in which mighty men have wrought mighty deeds, blessing not only the little island of Great Britain, but the whole world in fact, and especially the great English speaking people of the United States and Canada. There is the little town of Stratford-on-Avon where we saw the humble cottage in which Shakespeare was born and his bridal place in the church whose approach is such a beautiful avenue of trees; there is Oxford with its famous University, and its rich heritage of splendid names—Blackstone, Raleigh, Westley, Samuel Johnson, Wellington, Peel, Kuskin, and many others; there is Chester with its famous Cathedral and its nearly nineteen hundred years of known history. Roman ruins here still telling the story of its beginnings as a Roman camp sixty-one years after the birth of Christ—so short a time after the crucifixion that an historical novelist might imagine as transferred here some of the very soldiers who represented the imperial Caesar upon Golgotha's hill, or with the unquestioned historical fact of Charles I. watching from the walls the defeat of his forces at Marston Moor, the same novelist might wonder if the proud monarch dreamed here of the headsman's axe which was to be his end.

My next letter will find me in France. CLARENCE H. POE. London, England, July 21, 1908.

McWhorter's Immortal 406

(Monroe Journal)
The vote received by Squire Henry McWhorter in the primary last Saturday, after his powerful whirlwind canvass on anti-agent platform, means one thing, and one only—that there are just 406 voters in Union county who are not agents or kin to agents or married into the family of agents. All honor to the noble 406, who, with agents to left of them, agents to right of them, agents in front of them, vollying and thundering against McWhorter, marched straight to the polls and voted for their chief. History records the glory of the 300 at Thermopylae, and Tennyson has immortalized the 600 of Balaklava, and now we, in our humble way, are modestly calling attention to our own famous 406.

As for McWhorter himself, glory has done enough for him. His name, as historian and old time Democratic war horse of Jackson township, is linked on all tongues throughout this county, with that of Old Hickory. So much so, that a great poet has said of them:

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their names are knit and linked,
And memory's prances round and round,
These two together yoked."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve Wins.
Tom Moore of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore on my foot and my doctor could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. This salve cured me in twenty-four days for me by affecting a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at Parsons Drug Co.

"In Praise of Kings"
(Lyman Abbott)
The real rulers of America are its intellectual and moral leaders: the teachers, the college professors, the writers of books, the editors, the preachers; above all, the fathers and mothers. They are shaping the future industries, framing the future policies, determining the future destinies of this Nation. The real rulership is not in legislative halls, nor in railway offices, nor in mercantile centers, nor in labor lodge-rooms. It is the church, the school-room, and the nursery. The kings of America are not those that appear to exercise authority. They are those that quietly and efficiently serve. The pedagogue is the prince. The pen is the scepter. The mother is the queen.

Pineles for Backache, little golden globes, easy and pleasant to take. Acts directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 80 days trial \$1.00. Guaranteed. Martin Drug Co.

Sunday School Department

Conducted by Special Editor.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30.
Lesson—David spares Saul's life.—1 Samuel 26:17-25.
Golden Text—"Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you."—Luke 6:27.

FUNDAMENTALS
Time.—Sometime during the seven years of exile, 1062-1055.
Place.—In the wilderness of Judea. Southeast of Hebron.

Persons.—Samuel dies about this time, aged 86, at Ramah. David was about 30 years old. Saul was still King.

CONNECTION
After David's interview with Jonathan he went to Nob, where he got the shewbread from Abimelech, the priest, and he also took the sword of Goliath. He then fled to Gath where he feigned madness. Then he went to the cave of Adullam in southern Judah. There he gathered a band of several hundred outlaws. After carrying his parents to Moab for safety, he and his little band took refuge in the caves among the hills of southern Judah, keeping off the Philistines and being rewarded by the inhabitants. As the result of one of these adventures, Abigail, the widow of Nabal becomes the wife of David.

LESSON STORY
Saul learning of the hiding place of David, takes with him 3000 men and seeks him. David, through his spies learns of the approach of Saul and watches for his camp. In the night David with Abishai visits the camp. The host are all asleep and David enters into the very tent of Saul. His enemy is at his mercy, but David refuses to touch the "Lord's anointed." He takes Saul's spear and his water bottle and returns to his hiding place. When the morning David calls to Saul and when Abner answers him, he tells of his nocturnal visit to the camp and reminds him of his opportunity to kill the king. Saul professes sorrow and promises to do no further injury. David returns to his palace. David, however, does not believe Saul and continues to remain in hiding.

LESSONS FROM DAVID
The discipline of the wilderness life was useful to David. It made him realize his dependence on God and not on himself. It made him independent of other men and threw him upon his own resources. It taught him the needs of the common people and with their ways of thinking. It trained him to rule men not alone by force, but by influence. It trained him to the useful lessons of prudence, patience and persistence. It deepened his piety and taught him of God's goodness.

PRACTICAL
Respect for rulers is a Christian duty. The treachery of men is a danger we must expect. We must willingly wait God's time; remembering that he knows best. We must be sure that we know the difference between temptation and opportunity. If our cause is a just cause we can safely leave it in the hands of our God. He will bring all things right. Remorse is not always a token of repentance. Saul has not repented of his anger at David. Realizing the danger escaped in the night, remorse fills his soul. But the remorse did not lead him to repentance.

METHODS
The editor of this department is desirous of not simply handling the lesson of the day, but lending a hand to all workers and if possible bringing to greater efficiency the Sunday Schools of this county. This department is entirely undenominational and all denominational writers are drawn on for assistance. From a recent address on the "Superintendent Who Superintends" by Mr. L. P. Leavell, a prominent Sunday School Specialist, the following extract is

made, with the hope that every worker will read it.

1. On Sunday morning.—The real superintendent will not be satisfied with the "same old thing." He will plan to have something different from last Sunday, because it is not the same lesson, nor the same day, nor the same school exactly. The needs are not the same; the songs and prayers should not be the same. He will plan to have it different. He will plan to have the appropriate thing, each Sunday, in opening words, songs, prayers, Scripture readings, memory work, Bible drill, map drill, and blackboard outline.

The superintendent who superintends is a planner. The superintendent who superintends will be on hand twenty or thirty minutes before opening time, getting his grip on the reins so as to prevent runaways. Things must be ready to go, however, if we start on time. They will not be ready unless planned for. The real superintendent gives the opening signal, then superintends the carrying out of the program as planned. The program is written up before the eyes of the school. He nods to the boys to sing; "now girls" is the signal for the girls to read. A brief word explains the special object for prayer before all bow. "Teachers" brings the teachers to their feet for part in reading or song. "Officers," brings them at once into their part of the service.

The superintendent who superintends is the all-but-silent man at the front, who never leaves the front during the opening or closing service; who has a plan for each minute; knows who is to carry out that plan, and who wins others to carry out his plan.

2. During the teaching period.—The superintendent who superintends gives his teachers the full time allotted for teaching and protects them from interruption during the time. No secretary goes fussing and rattling papers about the pupils' ears now; this superintendent sees to it that the secretary does this work before and after the teaching time. This superintendent spends this time in noting how well the plans of the school are being carried out.

3. During the closing service.—The superintendent who superintends does not retreat the lesson in the closing moments. His teachers have taught it. He met with them in the teachers' meeting and planned it all. Besides, he knows it is a pedagogical impossibility for one person to teach all the classes of a Sunday school at once! Else, why have classes? He may sometimes "sum up," bringing out the facts from the classes; thus honoring his teachers and confirming their work. Of course he knows what truth to "bring out," as it was all planned in the teachers' meeting. Sometimes he previews the work for the next Sunday, or next quarter. He and his teachers have decided on a plan of study for the quarter, and he reviews the work from the first, in the light of this plan, and relates the work of the day to it. The school catches the idea of a systematic whole; they study better after that.

Reports are very brief—only totals. Announcements are written on the board—never read. Brother Long-wind and Dr. Dry-as-dust are simply recognized and made happy by his saying, "We are glad to have them as visitors today." They are never asked to "speak to the children."

4. Between the sessions of the school.—The close of this morning's session means, to the superintendent who superintends, the beginning of plans to do better next Sunday. Between sessions the teachers' meeting must be held. Between sessions the conference on "Problems" must come off. Between sessions the teacher must be found for that teacher training class, and the plans of work gone carefully over. Between sessions those committees must meet, plan, and do their work. Between sessions that young man must be won as president of the Baraca Class. Between sessions the program for the special day, next Sunday, must be worked up.

ROCKY RIVER SPRINGS

This is to let you know that the latch string is on the outside, and you are invited to come and stay within our gates. If you are a sufferer from stomach, bladder, liver or kidney troubles, the great variety of water here found will reach the seat of trouble. Rheumatism in any form, diseases of the skin, and other similar affections find the Arsenic water a complete specific. If in search of a little rest, and change from old surroundings, every reasonable comfort is here provided for you. Rates \$8 and \$9 per week. Special rates for children.

Rocky River Springs Hotel

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Rocky River Springs, N. C.

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