

Fresh Air

Bamberger's wife has gone away for a much-needed rest and his sister is keeping house for him. The children miss their mother, but, after all, it's rather spicily having Aunt Nan around.

One evening while Bamberger was taking off his overcoat in the hall, he called out to whom it might concern: "I sincerely hope, for the sake of the rest of you, that the air of this house is not so vitiated as it seems to me."

"Hello, daddy! What's that?" It was his high school daughter, answering from the living room.

"I was saying that you need fresh air in here." He appeared in the doorway and viewed his three children, snuggled together under the lamp, reading in stuffy content. His sister was not there.

"Kenneth, get up and open the window, and do it quick," the man of the house commanded. "The air in here is vile. You could cut it with a knife."

"Vile!" The echo sounded from the dining-room. Then the curtains parted and his sister faced him. "Vile!" she repeated, emphatically.

"Well, Nannie, you there?" His tone became conciliatory. "I mean, you know—coming in from the fresh air outside—"

"There certainly can be nothing in the air of this house as offensive as your word—vile!"

"Oh, well, I didn't mean it as strong as it sounds. But, really, now, have you had any of the windows open today?"

"Any windows open! Before you came down to breakfast this morning I opened the dining-room window, all three in here, the parlor window, and the front door! After you'd gone to the office they were all open again, for cleaning and dusting. One window in the kitchen is down from the top all the time from morning till night. The bedroom windows were wide open half the forenoon. The window on the stairway has been up all day. I just closed things a little while ago to have it comfortable when you came."

Bamberger suppressed a retort that rose to his lips. "Oh, all right!" he said joyfully. "I'm glad it's better than it seemed. It struck me as pretty hot as well as close." Then he looked at the thermometer and smiled.

Remembering the children, his sister swallowed several remarks which she felt would have been good for him, before she said calmly: "Really, George, it's out of place to ask an intelligent woman whether any windows have been up during the day." She turned back into the dining-room, where she was giving last touches to the table. "Cut it with a knife!" they heard her say indignantly. "The idea!"

The children looked on in open-eyed delight. There was nothing new in daddy's criticizing the air of the house, but to have anybody dare to talk back—that was the spice of having Aunt Nan around.

At about five o'clock next day things began to get spicier than ever. Aunt Nan, with spirited motions, went from room to room, flinging up every window in sight.

"Whew! It's cold," Kenneth grumbled, but a word from Aunt Nan turned his scowl to a grin. Down to the basement he hurried and turned off the hot air from every register in the house except Aunt Nan's. Then into that warm and cozy spot, by Aunt Nan's invitation, he and his brother and sister merrily trooped.

"It's just a little April fool joke on daddy," Aunt Nan explained. "If we could get him to complain of too much fresh air for once, you see, it would be a great success."

"I say, Aunt Nan," somebody proposed, "wouldn't it be better if we were sitting down there enjoying it when he comes? We could put on our coats and things."

"Yes, and spoil the whole effect!" the high school daughter objected. "The right way would be to put on double clothes underneath and look as if we were just dressed for the house."

A little later four puffy-looking persons, bubbling over with giggles, met in the living-room. Aunt Nan, looking unusually plump and matronly, proposed that they all pretend to be reading. At the last minute Kenneth, with a brilliant inspiration, presented each one in the group with a table knife. As soon as daddy should comment on the cold every one, instead of answering, was to lift this knife and begin to cut the air.

In the dining-room a disapproving maid sneezed and sneezed again, wondering if everybody was crazy.

"Sh! Here he comes," whispered Aunt Nan for the seventh time, but the step outside passed by once more and died away.

The high school daughter began to cough. "My feet are like ice," she confessed.

"It can't be long now," Kenneth encouraged her, and as he spoke every one jumped.

Just the telephone bell on the desk! Aunt Nan, being nearest, took down the receiver.

"Well, what's the trouble, Nan?" said Bamberger's voice, a shade impatiently. "I've been trying for an hour to get the house. I won't be home to dinner. The New York manager's in town, and I'm tied up with him for the evening. Good-by." Chicago Daily News.

His Hospitable Way Going to Theater

"Do you remember, mother," asked young Mrs. Albaugh, "that before I was married I used to hope that when I got a husband he would be a whole-souled, hospitable man?"

"Yes, I remember," was the smiling answer, "and I wondered then if you realized just what it means to have a man in the family who issues invitations to everybody all the time."

"I realize it now, anyway," said the daughter. "Why, mother, Jimmie is absolutely the most inordinately hospitable person I ever saw. He seems to want everyone he knows to have a meal in our flat."

"It's because he's so proud of his little home, I suppose," returned her mother.

"Well, I'm afraid he wasn't very proud of it last Sunday. But I'll have to tell you about it."

"Saturday night we had the Fishes—you know they are the people in the apartment beneath us—to dinner, and as they had entertained us so nicely when we first moved in of course I wanted to give them a spread, so we had a four-course dinner. Just after dinner Thora got a telephone message that her brother-in-law had had an accident, so without washing a single dish she left for South Chicago to help her sister take care of him."

"When we got up Sunday morning there were so many soiled dishes I could hardly get breakfast. I complained to Jimmie that it would take me all day to wash those dishes. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'We'll go to church and dine downtown and then tonight, when we have taken off our Sunday clothes, we'll do the dishes together in no time.'

"That sounded pleasant to me and I turned my back on my disorderly flat with a delightful runaway sense of freedom."

"While we were in the restaurant rain began to fall in torrents, so we lingered over our dessert and coffee a long time. Finally the storm subsided and we went home. Imagine my astonishment when Jimmie unlocked our flat and I beheld his cousins that I hardly knew at all—Robert Albaugh and his wife—sitting in our parlor dressed in Jimmie's lounging robe and my kimono!"

"Why, hello!" cried Jimmie. "We're mighty glad to see you."

"I'm afraid we came a little early," said Mrs. Robert as I shook hands with her. "You see, we have taken some liberties."

"Not at all! We are delighted," bubbled Jimmie. "This is great. But how, did you ever get in?"

"Well," said Robert, "when we found you weren't at home we thought we'd take a ride in the park, as this is the first time we've had our car in town. But we hadn't gone two blocks when that cloudburst came and we got drenched. We were too wet to go anywhere that we couldn't make ourselves at home in, so we ran back here and I climbed the fire escape to your kitchen window. The man who lives under you rushed out and threatened to have me arrested. I told him not to bother me."

"And I told him who we were," added Mrs. Robert, "and begged him not to stop Bob, as we were expected to tea."

"When she said that I just looked at Jimmie, but Jimmie was busy assuring Robert that it didn't in the least matter that he had cut our new window screen in order to get in, so my precious husband never noticed my accusing glance. But when I got him alone for a minute I said, 'James Albaugh, you invited your cousins to tea and never told me!'"

"I forgot all about it," he answered. "But you can get up some little thing for supper, can't you?"

"Well, what did you say to that?" asked her mother.

"I said of course I could and I pitched in, while Jimmie talked to his guests. I washed enough dishes to set the table and I made hot biscuits and coffee and I made a salad of the cold chicken that was left from the night before. Inside of an hour they were all eating."

"I was pretty hot and hurried, but I tried to be bright and chatty while they ate. When they left Mrs. Robert squeezed my hand in the most sisterly manner and whispered, 'The Albaugh men are all alike, but they've got sense about one thing—they choose capable wives.' So I knew that, despite all my efforts, she had taken in the whole situation."

"I hope Jimmy was properly contrite?" remarked the mother.

"Oh, Jimmie was a perfect dear. He said that night while we were washing the dishes that after this experience he wouldn't be afraid to ask in a whole regiment to dine, for I was such a wonder. I don't want you ever to think, mother, that Jimmie is unappreciative."

"No, nor inhospitable," added her mother, dryly. Chicago Daily News.

His Luck.

"Well, thank heaven," he said, approaching a sad-looking man who sat back in a dark corner, "that's over with."

"What is?"

"I've danced with the hostess. Have you gone through with it yet?"

"No. I don't need to. I'm the host."

Six-Year-Old's Useful Invention.

Among the curiosities of the United States patent office is an invention by a six-year-old boy. This is a toy with sliding disks, capable of making a delightful noise—to a six-year-old—and its inventor is said to be the youngest person in the world to whom a patent has ever been issued.

"Tell me all about last night's play," said Mildred as she did her hair up in a psyche.

"I have nothing to say about it. Nothing at all—not a word," emphatically declared Marjory.

"Whatever do you mean?" questioned Mildred. "Everybody is raving about it. This morning's paper stated it is the best drama produced in years. I fully expected to hear you rant about it."

"That might all be true, but I reiterate that I have nothing—no comments to make on last night's masterpiece."

"Marjory, you are exasperating. Speak! Explain! Never before have I heard you claim that you had nothing to say, be the subject what it may."

"How can I criticize a production that I have never seen?" innocently inquired Marjory.

"Do you mean to say you didn't go to theater last night with Bob, after all your wild anticipations and preparation?" demanded Mildred.

"I went to theater with Bob last night, but I didn't see the play," calmly vouchsafed Marjory.

"Kindly give me the answer to this riddle. You seem to enjoy propounding conundrums."

"I didn't intend telling anybody about this affair," began Marjory. "I think Bob is sensitive about it, and I know my feelings on the subject. But you have a way about you of making people tell things they have firmly made up their minds to keep a dark secret—so here goes."

"On arriving at the theater, he reached in his full dress coat pocket for the tickets, turned pale and exclaimed: 'Heavens! I left them in my business suit.' He rushed to the ticket office. Not a seat to be had in the house. Even the scalpers had nothing."

"Marjory," said Bob, "I'll take you to the ladies' parlor. You wait there. I'll jump in a machine, ride home, get the tickets and return before you know I'm gone. I'm beastly sorry that I was such an idiot as to forget those card boards. You won't mind, little girl, will you?"

"So I retired to the waiting room and waited. Never was an apartment better named. Ladies came in and ladies went out. Still I waited. Between each act I fussed with my hair and powdered by nose so the ladies would not be suspicious of my lengthy stay. One congenial woman with her mouth full of hairpins turned to me and said: 'Isn't this play divine?' And rolling my eyes upward, I truthfully answered, 'Simply unheard of.'"

"Near the close of the third act Bob appeared. Poor boy, I felt sorry for him."

"Had a deuce of a time," he gasped, all out of breath. "I gave the chauffeur orders to 'beat it' on the way home. Got held up for speeding. Had all kinds of trouble to straighten it out. Guess my family thinks I'm crazy, the way I rushed in and rushed out. Such a miserable evening for you, Marjory. I'm mighty sorry. It is too late to go in and see the finish, isn't it?"

"Most certainly it is," I agreed.

"Then Bob said, 'Well, let's go and have a good supper—a regular blow-out—and see if we can forget my ashlarity.'"

"The lights, the music, the gay surroundings and the delicious repast put us in good spirits and by the time the finger bowls were served we were quite exhilarated."

"As I was buttoning my sixteens-inch white glove, imagine my dismay upon seeing Bob turn ghastly white for the second time that evening, and hear his and pathetically wisp, 'Marjory, I left my money in my other suit!'"

"He was a complete stranger in that restaurant. He didn't know any of the guests, either. He couldn't pay the bill. He couldn't tip the waiter. Think of our chagrin."

"Finally I spied a Mr. Worthington, whom I knew in prehistoric times. We waited until he passed by our table. Then I explained to him our humiliating predicament. Of course, he gladly loaned Bob the necessary sum. But the embarrassment! Most awful!"

"You poor, poor child," laughed Mildred. "Such an evening! It certainly was exciting. But I wager, Bob and you with your sense of humor will have as much sport talking about it as if you had had a normal evening."

"Maybe we will," said Marjory. "Any way, we are really going to see the play tonight. That is, if Bob doesn't forget his tickets."

Treatment Explained.

"How," she murmured in passionate tones, leaning across the table, "how can you treat me so?"

"A shadow crossed his brow. Then he said frankly: 'Well, I got \$25 on my watch today.'"

Her face was wreathed in dimples. "Let's have some more lobster," she gurgled.

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Respectfully,
D. J. MEERS.

Notice

Having qualified as Administrator upon the Estate of Susan Jones Deceased, Notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said Estate to present them to the undersigned for payment on or before the 1st day of March, 1912, or this notice will be read in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment. This 23rd day of March, 1912.
W. C. HYMAN, Admin.

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