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ELL JONES.

Window Jones's Bill, he goes
"Bill" any time you like,
An' he's caught at least, I s'pose,
Ma-fa-million bass an' pike.
He can throw an "in" an' "out,"
An' can handspring standin' still;
An' his mother chokes about—
My! I wish that I was Bill!

He don't have to dress up slick;
An' when some o' d' button tears
He can use a nail or stick—
An' one s'pender's all he wears!
He knows how to smoke—an', sir,
Heaps on heaps o' times he's said
Linges swears that ever were,
Yet he don't fall over dead!

Long when summer comes, Bill, he
Tends a lot o' Sunday-schools,
Making them believe, you see,
He'll be 'bedient to rules,
An' 'll fight an' fight with sin
Like a soldier—till, Gee-whizz!
By September he's took in
Ev'ry picnic that there is!

An' las' Christmas—listen, now!—
When our Sunday-school all met
For a tree, Bill, anyhow,
Got more things than me, you bet!
With a dandy s'ed, hard wood,
That I guess I wish I had,
What's the use of bein' good
When you might as well be bad?
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

The Circus in the



"WHERE are you going, Aunt Mildred? Won't you take me with you?" begged Marjorie one bright Saturday morning.

"Now, don't tease, Marjorie," said her mother. "Your auntie is in a hurry, and there is no telling what you might run into—smallpox or scarlet fever—most likely. Besides, you would be in the way."

"Indeed she wouldn't," protested the aunt. "If you weren't afraid to let her she could help me quite a little by carrying this basket. And, really, I do not think there is the slightest danger, because I am only going to see the Randalls and the Browns, and there is nothing contagious in either place. Little Polly Randall is a cripple. She has never walked a step in her life, and I fear never will. As for the Browns, it is merely a broken bone. Jimmy is a newsboy, and he wasn't quick enough the last time he tried to jump off a moving car. I think it was being called clumsy by the other boys that hurt him worse than the broken leg. There, now, I have put into this basket everything I shall need. Is Marjorie going?"

Mrs. Brent looked at her little girl's eager, upturned face and smiled in a way that sent Marjorie scurrying off for her hat and jacket. The child had learned that when her mother was going to say "no" she didn't smile at all.

It was Mildred Marvin's turn to do the neighborhood visiting that day. She was a trained nurse, a bright, strong young woman, whose skill and energy were unflagging. Whether her fair head, with its coils of light hair, bent over a fever patient or her blue eyes gazed with sympathy when she dressed a wound, she was always gentle, always beautiful. Her very presence brought comfort and light into the poor homes she visited.

Marjorie adored her as did the poor afflicted little ones she did so much to help, and niece and aunt were very much alike, everyone declared.

They certainly looked alike as they started down the street that morning, and one had only to look into Marjorie's blue eyes to see how happy she was. There was the long ride on the cable cars, and there was plenty of time to ask questions, so that by the time the journey was ended she had heard all about the people they were going to see—knew how little Polly sat in a chair by the window day after day and watched the people pass or saw the children playing in the street below.

"And doesn't she ever go over to the park?" Marjorie wanted to know.

"No," replied her auntie, "the park is too far away and there is nobody to take her. Her mother is away all day long at work, and though Polly cannot do very much there are children still younger, little brothers and sisters that she must look after. I wish, though, she had a rolling chair," added Marjorie's aunt, as she looked thoughtfully out of the window. "Then Marjorie wanted to know what that was and how much it cost."

Then the two went on to the wretched rooms that were the only home Jimmy Brown knew, and left substantial evidences of their visit. Poor Jimmy looked up and grinned at them in spite of the pain in his broken leg, but there was a drawn look on his freckled face when he sank back on the bed.

"The doctor said Jimmy would be

all right after awhile, but it's myself is wonderin' where he's to get the crutch he'll need when he's first gettin' up. What with all the bills and goin' without the money he always brings home it's little enough we've got left, I tell yez."

"Don't worry about that, we'll manage some way," said Marjorie's aunt, slowly, and gently rubbed the poor little limb that ached so cruelly until the boy sank into a peaceful sleep.

Two things were uppermost in Marjorie's mind on the way home—how

of the neighborhood. To the assembled crowd Jack made a speech and unfolded certain plans, which seemed to meet with unanimous approval.

From that time on there was much whispering together in corners, many secret meetings, mysterious hiding places of things under coats and aprons, and finally a grand rally in the large attic of the Brent home. At this meeting Marjorie's aunt was present, and up to that time she was the only grown person let into the scheme.

The next day each member of the company began to approach parents and other friends with little square pieces of pasteboard which said:

GRAND CIRCUS PERFORMANCE.
At Brent Hall. Come one, come all.
May 21, at 8 o'clock. Admission, 50 cents.

Simultaneously there appeared upon porch, window sills, trees and fence posts other gaudy bills calling attention to the "Great and World Renowned Wonders." "There will be," the poster went on to relate, "an unsurpassed aggregation of freaks."

"Come and see the 500 Horses in the Ring." "Do not miss the Big Chariot Race. Also behold the Lady who eats Nives! And the Cannibal feasting on human food." There was much more of this thrilling, but badly spelled advertising, which, however, accomplished the purpose for which it was intended and aroused enough curiosity to insure a good attendance on the Friday night chosen, because there would be no school the next day. The children had decorated the big



GRAND CIRCUS PERFORMANCE AT BRENT HALL.

to get a chair for Polly and how to get the crutches for Jimmy.

"Aunt Mildred, wouldn't papa give me the money? Would it take so very much? Or perhaps I might earn it?" she queried.

"Your father has already done so much I shouldn't like to ask him," said Mildred. "Perhaps we can think of some other way."

As soon as Marjorie reached home she hunted up Jack and told him all about her visits, not failing to mention her hope of getting the things that were needed. Now Jack was just two years older than Marjorie and sometimes he was pretty cross and "bossy," as Marjorie said, but he loved his little sister, and nothing pleased him better than to be consulted about things, so when she finally ended her account with "Now, Jack, how can we do it?" he began to rack his brains hard to think of some way.

Under her plate at lunch that day Marjorie found the following announcement:

"Meet me back of the Blue Bush at 2 o'clock."
JACK.

When she arrived at the appointed place half an hour too early, for she went as soon as she could crawl down some food, she found two other children, and presently Jack arrived with six more, constituting the entire flock

by the savage. They were made of ginger bread, however, so that the feat was not as difficult as it seemed.

Sally, the sword swallower, next appeared. My! How sharp and shining those tin swords did look! Only a very hungry sword swallower, indeed, could have gotten away with those dangerous blades. And this is the way she did it. Her blouse waist was a big bag with armholes. The neck was gathered into a band which fitted closely around the throat of a false face provided with a generous mouth. Into this cavern disappeared the knives and other sharp things. The audience was so much pleased with this achievement that the sword swallower was forced to empty her pouch and respond to an encore.

The chariot race was a great success with the necessary equipment in the way of Roman car, a regular Ben Hur driver, and other small boys for horses. There was a clown that cracked jokes, tumbled around and did other time-honored acts. The trapeze work was so daring as to make all the mothers shiver, and if the clothesline had broken there would have been sad times for poor Jack.

Next came the tight rope walking. A pretty little girl dressed to look just like a Japanese boy or girl performed this feat, and the fact that the rope was sprung very loose and touched the ground when she walked made it possible. With all the grace of a real tight rope-walker she stopped to balance the rod she carried, swayed herself to preserve her equilibrium, opened and closed the fan she carried, and did many things with her parasol.

Besides this there was a group of Japanese tumblers, who appeared to climb upon each other's shoulders, but who, in reality, simply walked up a ladder and sat on the steps, and then walked down again while all the friends laughed and applauded.

This, then, was the children's entertainment, and so rich were they when it was over that Polly got her chair and Jimmy got his crutches; and another thing that I forgot to tell you was that Polly and Jimmy were both at the circus, and, besides being the only circus they ever saw, it was the only time they ever rode in a carriage.—Margaret Huston Mann, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Loud Telephones For Ships.

One of the most important instruments on modern vessels is the so-called loud talking telephone. Experiments have recently been made with it in the German navy, and have proved so satisfactory that instruments are now being placed on most of the large seagoing ships. The special value of this telephone lies in the fact that a captain standing on the bridge can easily hear any words that may be spoken to him from the interior of the vessel, even though a violent storm may be raging at the time, and can in turn transmit without straining his voice his own orders to officers or men in any part of the vessel.

Bed accidents have occurred through a misunderstanding of orders given at a critical moment, due to the fact that the words were not distinctly heard, and it is only reasonable to assume that casualties of this kind can be avoided in the future through the use of this loud-talking telephone.—Electricity.

Model Lodging House at Milan.

The model lodging house which was open in Milan, Italy, last June, has proved a great success. It is patronized, not by manual labor, but by clerks and shop assistants. Rooms rent for sixty-seven and one-half cents a week. Every lodger must be in his room before midnight, and be out again before 9 o'clock in the morning. Bathrooms are open day and night, a full bath costing four cents and a shower bath two cents. Lodgers may buy food outside and cook it themselves in the hotel kitchens, or they may buy their supplies at the lowest possible price from the hotel store-rooms. Lodgers are also furnished with facilities for doing their own washing. The building is five stories in height, with a roof garden on the top. The building contains 530 rooms, all of the same dimensions, five feet ten inches by seven feet six inches.

The Longest Reign in Europe.

Francis Josef of Austria, now seventy-one years old, has been on the throne fifty-two years, and so holds the record for length of reign. King Christian of Denmark is eighty-two, but has only been on the throne thirty-seven years.

"WHERE'S THE MONEY?"

"Oh, I've done well to-day," he said; "I gave a man whose hope was dead new hope and saw him push ahead." His wife asked: "Where's the money? You gave another hope, you say; what profit have you in return? No footman waits on me to-day. And few with envy of me burra—Where's the money?"

"Oh, I've done well," he said again; "A golden sentence from my pen has earned the praise of the faithful men." His wife asked: "Where's the money? Your golden sentences may please a few poor mortals here below; but oh they do not bring us ease Or spier'or such as I would know—Where's the money?"

"Oh, I've done well," he said once more; "My honor spreads from shore to shore, Success is mine." But as before His wife asked: "Where's the money? How have you won success, I pray When I am still compelled to save And you are forced to work away? As if you were some shackled slave?—Where's the money?"

"I wonder," he sighed, "if up there, too, When the man who has done his best is through And stands to be judged at the grand re-view They'll ask him: 'Where's the money?'"

When he proudly says: "I have tried to be a gentleman and to make my name Ours men may mention reverently. Will they still, in cold, hard tones, exclaim: 'Where's the money?'"

S. E. Kiser.



Appearances do not avail. When judging of a family tree, The dog that has the shortest tail May have the longest pedigree. —Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Keepinhouse—"Are you sure this bread is fresh?" Baker—"Sure, ma'am." "It isn't yesterday's?" "No, indeed. Why, this is to-morrow's bread."

Rollingstone Nomess—"Hello, Tatterdon! Wot yer rumm' fer?" Tatterdon—"Dis is me busy day. I'm tryin' ter dodge a feller wot wants ter give me a job."

"Hello," the first deaf-mute's fingers signaled rapidly; "did you get that job as office boy?" "No," replied the other deaf-mute; "the man said he didn't think I'd answer."

Lazee—"That's my new alarm clock. It's the most satisfactory one I ever had." Gazee—"Why, it seems to me to be broken." Lazee—"Exactly; it won't go at all."

Mrs. Buggins—"It must be dangerous to go up in one of these new-fangled air ships that are being invented." Mr. Buggins—"It seems more dangerous to come down."

"That is your husband rapping?" announced the medium in a solemn voice. "My husband rapping?" said the widow, absently; "gracious! He must have forgotten his night key!"

It might be a very good thing, indeed, And clear up a lot of our mystery, If some historical novelist Should write a historical history. —Baltimore American.

"Now that I am poor, I suppose you'll throw me overboard," exclaimed the man bitterly. "Oh, no," replied the woman. "But of course you can't expect to be a first-cabin passenger any more."

"I flatter myself you will like this article," said the would-be contributor. "That's a fact," said the editor, after glancing over it. "You do like it, then?" "No, I mean it's a fact that you flatter yourself."

Mrs. Wunder—"It seems to me that that music teacher is always asking for money." Mr. Wunder—"That's perfectly natural. His scale, you know, begins and ends with 'cough.'" —Baltimore American.

Nell—"That's Mrs. Browne. Her husband's very delicate, you know, and they say he's dying." Belle—"How positive she is! I suppose she's thinking how soon he will leave her." Nell—"How much, more likely."

Earl Cadogan's Immense Estate.

Some idea of Earl Cadogan's wealth may be gathered from the fact that some thirteen or fourteen years ago he expended \$1,000,000 on the purchase of the Calford estate, in Suffolk, and the rebuilding of the house. Shortly after this he presented an extensive site in Chelsea, known as Blacklands, to the Guinness Trust, for the erection of workmen's dwellings. It is probable that during the next few years his wealth will be doubled.