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THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick,
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the road like a well-heated brick;
And all earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl!
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

FIRMNESS WHICH FAILED

A FORBIDDEN OUTING AND ITS SEQUEL.

YOU cannot go, and that settles it!" said Alfred Saylow, loudly.

If a bolt from the heavens had descended in the midst of the little group seated about the breakfast table it would hardly have created more consternation.

Julia Saylow, stout and impressive, put down her coffee cup with a deliberation and eyed her husband in open-mouthed wonder.

Violet and Mignonette pushed back their chairs as if a second outburst would precipitate immediate flight, and looked anxiously at their mother.

Only Willoughby, the nine-year-old scion of the house, retained his composure to any extent. He was accustomed to violent surprises in his daily walk and recovered himself quickly.

"Why not?" he asked, boldly.

"Because you can't—that's why," returned his father sharply. "You all hear me, don't you?"

It was quite evident that he had been heard, although no reply was forthcoming. The girls feebly played with their food; Julia's face underwent various changes of color, which finally settled into an aggressive red; and the boy broke into a long whistle of bewilderment.

"Will, you may leave the table," said Mr. Saylow, sternly.

Willoughby gazed thoughtfully at him for a moment, then seized a slice of toast and vanished. He had seen that in his father's eye which reminded him of an almost forgotten hour of sadness, closely associated with the tingling recollection of a strap. So he went.

"He meant it," he ruminated as he slipped away; "yes, I'm sure he meant it! What's got into him?"

Saylow was not an imposing figure as he folded his napkin and rose to depart. A thin, undersized man, with much gray in the light brown hair and straggling beard. He stooped slightly from close attention to his desk, and there seemed an air of physical weakness about him, in strong contrast to his portly wife and bounding daughters.

But his usually kind gray eyes, wrinkled at the corners with his perpetual smile of conciliation, were now quite fierce, as he stopped with his hand on the door knob and looked severely at Julia. "You heard me!" he said with emphasis.

When the sound of his quick little nervous steps was heard fading away in the passage the feminine tongues were unloosened.

The repression of Julia now burst forth. "My dear children," she began, rapidly, but impressively, "I trust you observed that I controlled myself. I thought it better to say nothing in reply, nor to open an argument. There will be no argument—we shall go as I have planned. Vi, you may invite Edgar; Min, you may order the wagonette from the stable. We shall go. Tell Willoughby. We start at eleven."

"Of course we will go," cried Vi. "I knew we would all the time. Let's get the luncheon ready."

Trips to the lakes, five miles from the town, had become weekly occurrences. Alfred had sat down to a lonely mid-day meal so frequently that he could scarcely remember the number. And these meals had been occasions of trying thought.

"It cannot go on," he had said to himself again and again. "I do not see what Julia is thinking of. It is too expensive. The bill from the stable is something enormous—and they get boats and men to row them and hire fishing tackle. I can't bear to say anything—they enjoy themselves, I suppose—but Julia should know better. She is so thrifty in some ways and so improvident in others. I do not understand it. I am so out of the

habit of finding fault at home that I don't know what to say. I shall lose my self-control some day; I know I shall."

And he had. No one but he knew the volcano smouldering under the eruption—it was but the hiss of the puff of steam from the safety valve of the boiler of a surcharged mind, anxious and worried and shrinking—hating to give offence and having to.

Saylow attended to his business that morning with a certain feeling of exalted emancipation. He had asserted himself. He had not intended to be so cross, but his voice had sounded different from what he meant it should. Still, they had said nothing, and it would be all right by dinner time, and he would exert himself to be very pleasant.

"Going?" queried Willoughby, in great astonishment, when he was notified. "Why, father said we couldn't."

"Ma says we are, and she is the one," answered Vi. "He didn't mean anything. Hurry up, Will, and go over to Edgar's."

"The boy shook his head dubiously. 'I don't know about this,' he said, cautiously. 'He did mean it. They say pa's awful in the office when he gets cross.'

"Oh, come on," laughed his sister; "he is a dear, harmless old thing, and will be all right by to-night. Run along. We are going to fish to-day, you know. The wind is just right."

"Tell Mr. Saylow that we will be back about six o'clock," called Julia to her maid, as they drove away in style behind a pair of grays. "Give him a good lunch, Margaret."

"It is a lovely day. I almost wish they had gone," sighed Alfred, as he walked into the house at noon. "I had to do it, though. I will try to make it up to them in some other way—why, where is everybody? Hello, Julia, where are you?"

"They're gone, sir. Mrs. Saylow said she expected to be back at about six. Your lunch is ready, sir," announced Margaret, appearing from the kitchen.

"Gone! Gone where?" gasped the man, with a shrieking premonition of the reply.

"To the lake, sir. Didn't they tell you?"

"Oh—oh—yes! To the lake. Yes, I forgot," replied Arthur, instinctively hiding his feeling, while a great wave of anger surged through him. "Serve the luncheon now."

He flew upstairs to his room, closed the door and paced up and down with clenched fists and set lips. The mirror on the bureau reflected a white, strange face, unlike his own.

"I'll teach them a lesson they will never forget," he muttered. "It is high time. I will show them who is master in this establishment."

"Maggie," he said, calmly, "to the girl as he sat down at the table, 'this house is to be closed to-day. Here are your wages and a month extra. I want you to pack up and be gone by five o'clock. You shall have a splendid recommendation—you have been a good girl.'

Margaret began to weep loudly, with incoherent protests.

"Stop crying, now," said Saylow; "it cannot be helped. Do as I say and leave everything."

"But, Mr. Saylow—" sniveled Maggie.

"I'll attend to everything," he replied. "This is my affair, and you must be out by five o'clock. Don't try to talk to me. I will not listen. Go now and get ready."

With the firm belief that she was alone in the house with one demented, the domestic dried her eyes and departed for her little room to pack her small belongings with alacrity.

"That settles Maggie," thought the irate Saylow. "Now I will write her a

testimonial, and also one to my dutiful wife, lock up everything as tight as a miser's fist and get out myself."

It was a very thoroughly closed domicile that Alfred Saylow contemplated from the pavement, when, at half-past four, he watched a wild-looking girl take her departure.

A short but impressive note was lying on Julia's little writing desk for her edification, in view of the time when she should gain admittance. Her husband looked cautiously about, mentally noting such articles as might be used for battering rams. He was quite positive that his better half would not delay operations. All the afternoon he had worked in a frenzy of anger. Now he stopped, wondering at himself.

"It's done," he murmured. "Am I fool or not?" A curious reaction possessed him. Thoughts of Julia, of the girls, of Will—a strange medley of their loving ways and tender words and kindly acts, of the homecomings and homegoings of the past, of the trustful look of the slender-faced bride of the long ago, the babies' faces, the burdens and joys borne and shared, rushed through his brain.

He started irresolutely up the steps, his eyes full of tears. Then he shook himself together and walked rapidly away, hardening his soul.

A boy stopped him—a boy who was breathless and panting.

"Here, sir!" he gasped, holding out a paper. "It's from the stable."

"Tell 'em I can't pay that bill today. I'm too busy to attend to it!" snapped Saylow.

"No, no," cried the lad; "taint no bill. It's about your folks. They're all drowned in the lake."

Saylow clutched the note, glanced at it, and ran, making little moaning sounds like a tortured, dying animal. Five minutes later he was galloping like the wind through the dust on the road to the lake. People yelled at him.

"It's a madman!" they shouted. "Get out of the way!" Then the pounding hoofs and the savage lash of the whip were by and by out of hearing of their shocked ears.

"Thank God and that doctor, Mr. Saylow!" exclaimed the proprietor of the boathouse; "we thought your wife and one of the girls were gone. The young man kept the other girl up and the little fellow swam ashore. Lucky they was close in, and lucky the doctor knowed how to bring folks to. They're all right now, I think. All in bed up at the hotel."

Alfred leaned against him, white and trembling. The rough man covered his eyes. The other was praying aloud, a strange, incoherent mixture of heartfelt words. Presently he stopped with a long breath. "They must stay at the hotel to-night," he said. "I'll go there now if you'll lend me your arm. Send their wagonette home, Bob. I'll ride back. I think Mr. Lovell had better stay here, too, to look after them. Our girl had to go away suddenly, and they'll be more comfortable here. I'll drive out in the morning and get them, and I'll send out everything they need this evening. I have some business I must attend to and I may not be able to come myself."

Saylow sat by Julia's bed for a long time, holding her hand in happy silence. She was very weak and glad to stay.

Alfred, a carpenter and a locksmith were busily engaged from seven o'clock until nine. Maggie was recovered immediately and silence purchased with the extra month's wages, but she has been known to say that Mr. Saylow is a queer man.

"Yes," said Julia, as she went up the steps the next day on her husband's arm, "we were very comfortable at the hotel, but after all, Alfred dear, there is nothing like the comfort of one's own home. Why, what's that in the corner?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Saylow, meekly. "I had a man in to mend some of the doors. They squeaked, you know, and the locks needed mending."

"Yes, they did," said the wife. "I'm glad it's done."—New York News.

Only Book He Saved.

Congressman Curtis had 1100 books in the library of his North Topeka home. Every book was destroyed by the floods save one, which happened to be in an upstairs bedroom. And, curiously enough, this book was a copy of Kelvin's "The Floods of the Amazon."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Madison Square Garden, New York City, paid expenses last year, for the first time since it was built.

IMPROVING SMALL HOMES.

Movement to Promote the Material Aspects of Home Life.

The American Institute for Social Service has named delegates to attend the international housing congress, which is to be held in Paris from July to November, and the purpose of which is to arrive at the best plans for making the homes of the working people, more especially the poorer classes, more healthful, convenient and attractive without imposing serious additional burdens on the occupants. It is expected that in this long continued congress the whole subject, from the standpoint of the working people, the landlord, the tenant, the philanthropist and the municipal and State governments, will be reviewed and considered. Much good should result the world over from such deliberations.

This subject is one to which the people of this country should give special consideration. The working people of the United States live better than those of any other nation in the world, but so they should. They are better paid. The opportunities for general education and refinement are within the reach of a much larger proportion of the population than in any other country. The inducements for individual ambition are greater in this free, democratic land than in other parts of the world. Yet there is scope for great improvement in the domestic environments of a very large class of American working people, and it should be the business of all those who, through the obligations of special fortune or those of official position can do much to promote the social order, to give this subject attention.

A little direction, given in the right spirit, will help amazingly those who have little art in helping themselves in the improvement of the material aspects of home life. The matters of sanitation, cleanliness, order, furnishings and decorations, both in the house and on the premises, can be greatly promoted through a measure of encouragement. These things do not necessarily make living more expensive, nor do they increase the burdens of home keeping. A house once in order may be kept in order with but little daily attention.

But the greatest aid and incentive to better standards in the home is higher standards in the municipality. A city that has well-paved and well-kept streets, good sidewalks, plentiful shade, fine parks, handsome boulevards and abundance of water at cheap rates, a perfect sewer system and a public-spirited administration will not only inspire civic and individual pride in the hearts of its residents, but it will also invite the better classes in all the walks of life. People who seek new and permanent homes take into consideration the general advantages of a city as well as the immediate interests of their business or profession.—Kansas City Star.

Love-Making in Various Lands.

A curious inquirer into amorous customs and traditions has lately set forth some interesting observations on "the way of a man with a maid" in different parts of the world. In Japan, it appears, the affair is carried on with characteristic delicacy. There, the lover who wishes to declare his love throws a bunch of plumflower buds into the lady's conveyance as she enters it on her way to the wedding of a friend. Should she fasten them to her gown it signifies that the suitor is accepted; should she throw them away, however, the fates are against him. In the arctic regions a less amiable habit prevails. The Eskimo lover cares little for the usual amenities of civilization; he walks boldly into the fair one's abode, seizes her by the hair, or by her garments of fur, and drags her away to his home.

The Hungarian gypsies use cakes as love-letters. A coin is baked into the sweetmeat, which is then thrown at the favored lady as she passes by. If she eats the cake and retains the coin, all is well; but if she should fling back the silver, it would be fatal to the lover's hopes. Among the savages of the Arabian desert the girl is approached without ceremony while pasturing her flocks. She resists strenuously, attacking her suitor with sticks and stones. If he succeeds in driving her into her father's tent she is his, but if she should repulse him, lifelong disgrace would be his portion.—Harper's Weekly.

Parisians Smoke Coffee.

Parisians smoke cigarettes made of the leaves of the coffee plant. Those who have tried them prefer them to tobacco cigarettes.—Exchange.

THE SOFT SPOT.

Most men are just a little off
In one way or another;
One thinks the best pies ever made
Were fashioned by his mother;
Another fancies he can sing
Or thinks himself a poet,
And here and there is one who has
A horn and wants to blow it—
But nearly every man, down in
His heart, goes on believing
That if he had a garden he'd
Do something worth achieving.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



Mrs. Clubman—"Will you be home early, Jack?" Mr. Clubman—"Well, yes, but don't wait breakfast for me."—Brooklyn Life.

"So you think justice should be repented with a rod and reel?" "Yes, of course! The big fish most always gets away."—Puck.

He—"The fact is that you women make fools of the men." She—"Sometimes, perhaps, but sometimes we don't have to."—Boston Transcript.

Columbus swore the world was round, And many of us swear That since his time we've often found It anything but square.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I is always sorry," said Uncle Eben, "to see a man boardin' his penies like a miser an' squanderin' his opportunities like a millionaire."—Washington Star.

"What is your position in the choir?" asked the new church member. "Absolutely neutral," replied the mild tenor. "I don't side with either faction."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Bargain—"Oh, Ethel! I have just talked Edward into giving me the money for a new hat." Mr. Bargain—"Which I shall enter into my accounts as 'hush money.'"—Town and Country.

If college bred is a four years' loaf (Some people say it's so), Oh, tell me where the flour is found For us who knead the dough.

—Pelican.

Growler—"When I was younger, madam, I was a lion." Mrs. Growler—"I agree with you." Growler—"You do?" Mrs. Growler—"Yes, you are still the king of beasts."—Philadelphia Record.

"He is now, they say, on the very pinnacle of fame, and yet he isn't exactly in comfortable circumstances." "That's not surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle of any sort?"—Philadelphia Press.

"Well, there's one thing about him, any way. He's always ready to confess his faults." "Nonsense! He's forever bragging that he's a self-made man, and—" "That's it, exactly."—Philadelphia Press.

"Madam," said the conductor to the plain and somewhat elderly woman standing up in the street car, "why don't you ask one of these men to give you his seat?" "Because," she answered, grimly sarcastic, "I haven't the face to do it."—Chicago Tribune.

The two young persons who were eloping were making their way in the darkness through a pile of old lumber in the rear of the parental dwelling. "Be careful, Angelina," cautioned Harold, "and don't step on a rusty nail. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it doesn't laugh at lockjaw."—Chicago Tribune.

The Thin Man's Adventure.

They were talking of strange adventures. The big man from the Northwest told of one which astonished his hearers.

"Some years ago," he said, "I was sleighing in the country and my way lay across a frozen river. I knew the ice was thin, but I determined to cross. The team scurried over the river under whip, and we were midway between the shores when the ice suddenly gave way and the sleigh, horses and myself sank within a second to the bottom. However, the speed of the horses was so great that we were carried by the momentum safe upon the other shore—a little wet, but not much the worse for that."

The thin, silent man had listened with great interest to the story.

"It is strange," he said, "but the same sort of an accident happened to me. The issue, however, was more tragic."

The big man squinted at the speaker. "And what was the issue?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Well, I was drowned," said the thin man, seriously.

It is expected that telegraphic communication with Fashoda will be established very shortly.