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UNINTERESTING PEOPLE.

They live in a quiet sort of way,
In a quiet sort of a street;
They don't meet a great many people,
Impress the people they meet.
The newspapers never mention their names,
The world doesn't care what they do.
They never go in for anything much,
And their intimate friends are few.

He never has had a favorite club,
Though somebody said he might.
For a fat little nose on the window pane
Awaits him every night;
And eight little fingers and two lit
thumbs
Undo all the work of the comb,
As he sits in the quietest sort of a way
In his quietest sort of a home.

He doesn't belong to a woman's club,
She hasn't a single fan,
She spends her time with a blue-eyed lass
And a mischievous little lad,
He never unraveled a Problem of Life;
She doesn't know lots of things;
She plays with the "kids" and works all
day,
And most of the time she sings.
He can't like most other husbands at all,
She isn't like most other wives;
And they never attempt to make a change
In the course of their quiet lives;
But once in a while they dress the "kids"
And go to spend the day
In a nice little, quiet country spot,
In a nice little quiet way.
—Maurice Brown Kirby in Collier's Weekly.

LIBBY THE UNLOVED.

Libby Anderson hung the dish cloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain, from the way she looked, that she had determined to speak.

"Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?"

"Some things he was showing me," "Ma," she asked, quivering, "you didn't sign anything, did you?"

"I didn't sign your name to anything," And the needles clashed again.

She knew her mother too well to press further.

"I don't just understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer."

The old woman was folding her knitting.

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply.

A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up the work one morning and went to town.

Her first call was at the solicitor, and here she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came to be sold that she broke down.

"Why not?" she demanded, in a half-frightened, half-aggressive voice, "He's sold the place, ma!"

"What's that you say? Something about Dave selling my place? Are you gone crazy, Libby?"

"You know you deeded it to him, ma. It was his after you did that. And he's sold it, and we'll have to move out."

Hearing no answer, she turned around, and it was then she coveted Dave's gift of saying things smoothly.

The old woman was crouched low in her chair, and her face was quivering and looked sunken and gray.

"I didn't think he'd do that," she faltered.

"Never mind, ma," Libby said awkwardly. "Poor ma."

It was the nearest to a caress that had passed between them since Libby was a little girl.

Nothing more was said until after ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed she was asleep, when she called quaveringly to her.

"Libby," she said, "you mustn't be thinkin' hard of Dave. He must have thought it for the best."

Libby was used to caring for ma, and she needed care now.

"Yes, ma," she answered; "I'm sure he must."

It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the silence between them was broken. Libby got up to take down the clock, when she heard

the clock behind her, and turned

Dave would hear of us leavin' the place. I always knowed you'd never precluded Dave."

Before morning broke ma was dead. Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave—the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in her son. And Libby—the homeless and unloved Libby—was happy, too, for she had finished well her work of caring for ma.—London Answers.

FADELESS CHEEKS OF PINK.

How Women Now Achieve the Bloom That Won't Come Off.

The idea of ladies having that delicate rose color which is the desire of all tattooed into their cheeks is not new, but it is only lately, writes a correspondent, that a permanent tint has been secured. Formerly there was the horrible possibility of the beautiful pink cheeks gradually assuming a purple tinge.

The new method of ordinary tattooing is by means of an electric needle. The instrument is welded just like a pencil, the little needle darting in and out so quickly as to be almost imperceptible and forming a very fine line, which, for patternmaking, is a great advantage. For the face, however, the old-fashioned hand needle is often used, as it gives a soft, blurry effect. It is another proof of the readiness of woman to suffer in the cause of vanity. They are not, however, called upon to suffer any sensation of pain, as cocaine is mixed with the paint.

Many clients indifferently read a book during the process. The color is a harmless vegetable dye, and varies in tone to harmonize with different complexions. It is put on in a patch in the middle of each cheek, and then gradually shaded off round the edges.

A pair of rosy cheeks complete takes two sittings of about two hours each to tattoo, and the sitter generally gives her face a week's rest between them. When the operation is over the face is covered first with cream and then with a dusting of powder. For a couple of days, the color is somewhat too vivid, but after that the upper skin, which has, of course, been honeycombed by the needle, comes off in flakes, and underneath is the rose petal complexion.

A large number of men have undergone the operation. One explained that he had been in London for the last few years, but was going down into the country and wished it to be thought that he was spending his time abroad! He wanted his neck and shoulders tattooed with brown to represent sunburn.—London Mail.

"BLUES"—TIRED NERVES

THE PEOPLE MOST SUBJECT TO THIS DREAD COMPLAINT.

The Blues Are Always from Within and May Be Thrown Off or Persevered in as the Sufferer Will—Change of Scene a Good Prescription.

There are persons who deny ever having the blues, but as a rule they confuse the term with hysteria and womanish fits of sulks. They do not call their own fits of depression the blues, but fit them with some more high sounding name. But the blues, nevertheless, are a distinct mental affliction to which humanity generally is subject.

The blues have no special reason for being unless the old-time idea is right that they come from a disordered state of the liver. That the liver is closely connected with the mental attitude resulting from an attack of the blues is indicated by the fact that dyspeptics are as a general thing morose and given to brooding. But this does not hold good in all cases, for there are some notably cheerful dyspeptics, who joke over their enforced dieting and their lack of flesh.

The active grief that follows a bereavement or fit of illness or business trouble is in no way the same thing as the depression that comes upon when there is a clear sky and envelopes everything in its fog. The one has a reason for being, the other is not so much a rebellion against conditions as a general tiredness of life, its duties, joys and sorrows. It is the condition which in many cases produces suicides otherwise unexplainable.

So says a clever woman doctor, who points out that, oddly enough, in hospitals the blues are not common among the patients and convalescents. There is too much of real suffering to admit of the brooding, self-analyzing condition that attacks people without reason in the world outside.

The weather, she says, is one of the principal inviters of blues. A week of bad weather increases suicides and fills people with despondency. In many cases it is inseparable from a despondent state of mind. The east wind has always been accused of producing low spirits.

But on the other hand, people inherit the brooding and despondent just as they inherit the wit or dull ones, kindly or the reverse. There are people who begin as children to cry when their small

CLIMATE IN MANCHURIA.

Frost at the End of October—Ten Months of Dry Season.

The climate of Manchuria plays an important role in the war between Russia and Japan. Up to the present we have had but little precise information upon this point. Mr. J. Ross has lately given some indications as to the climate of that region and the character of the different seasons. He states that in the months of March and April there are strong southwest winds which bring with them heat and moisture. At the end of March the winter season ends. The under-soil can be worked for agriculture. April appears to be the only month of spring. At the end of this month the sowing of wheat commences. Summer begins in May, and at the end of June or the beginning of July the wheat is cut. Up to the end of June rain is rare and the sky is generally clear, while cloudy weather is an exception. The heat reaches its maximum at the end of July and first part of August. Afterwards come heavy rains or storms. It often rains for several days and nights without stopping. The soil is completely saturated, and inundations are frequent. September is the harvest month, while October gives some of the finest weather of the year. At this time the heat is agreeable during the day and the sky is clear, with bracing air, while vegetation is at its height. At the end of the month the first night frosts begin to appear, and in November the cold weather commences and keeps up until March.

At Mukden, the temperature sometimes goes down as low as -33 degrees C. During the day, however, the cold is not excessive, and sometimes in the middle of winter the sun's rays become very warm, on account of the southerly position of that locality. The maximum temperature of summer is 98.6 or 100.4 degrees F. About ten months of the year are dry for the most part, and the excessive wet season only occurs during a month or so. At Niutschwang, on the north shore of the Gulf of Liao-tung, the mean winter temperature is 16 degrees F., and the mean for the summer 74.8 degrees. The mean annual temperature is 47.1 degrees F. The Russian maritime provinces have a very low mean annual temperature. Thus at Vladivostok the average for the winter is 10.2 degrees F., and for the summer it is 57.5 degrees F.—Scientific American.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. HERBERT H. MOTT.

Subject: Can a Man Do as He Likes?

Boston, Mass.—The following sermon was contributed to The Christian Register by the Rev. Herbert H. Mott. It is entitled "Can a Man Do as He Likes?" and the text is: "Choose you this day who you will serve."—Joshua xxiv., 15.

Can a man do as he likes?

Of course not! you say. All sorts of barriers hedge him round. He would like to fly as the birds fly, but the weight of his flesh and bones keeps plodding along the ground. He is born poor or stupid; consequently he can neither buy a steam yacht nor set the Thames on fire, though he would like dearly to do both. The force of public opinion compels him to don a tall silk hat and a frock coat when he would much prefer to go about in a golf cape and a shooting jacket. The force of public law compels him to run his auto at ten miles an hour when he very much wishes to spin along joyously at the rate of thirty. Every man exists under a set of compulsions. He is obliged to submit to many limitations, natural and artificial, and he is compelled, by pushes and pulls and pressures he is unable to resist, to do many things he doesn't want to do.

Nevertheless, in spite of a man's abject slavery in certain directions, there are some small spaces, some little areas, in which, instead of being a slave, he is actually and truly free? a department of life and conduct in which he can do as he likes?

The old doctrine—the doctrine believed by our fathers, and by nearly the whole of humanity, civilized and uncivilized, in every part of the world, from the beginning of recorded time—was that there is such a department of life and conduct; that in all vital matters, in all matters that have to do with the moral quality of life, a man can do as he likes. Our fathers held that, whenever we stand at a point where two roads diverge, we are able to choose, select, determine, which road to pursue. In such a situation the casting vote remains with us.

Whenever two or more governments, leaders, employers, claim our allegiance, we can "choose whom we will serve." This is true, said our fathers, no matter how severe the pressure. The temptation, urgency, force of circumstances, may be so great as to resemble compulsion. It appears as if we were obliged to take one road rather than the other. This, said our fathers, is appearance only. In reality, whenever two or more alternatives present before us, the decision remains with us. It is with us to say yes or no, to lift the latch or not to lift it, to take the left or the right. No matter how great the pressure brought to bear on us, in the last resort we can always choose poverty instead of riches, captivity instead of freedom, suffering instead of ease, and instead of life, rather than yield, if need be, we can always choose death.

and are accosted by an individual in shabby garments. You are touched by his tale of woe, and with your usual generosity you give him an ample alms. Five minutes later (this incident is founded upon fact) in the crush of a crowded corner, you feel an unwonted hand busy at your pocket, and, turning round, discover in the would-be thief the very man you have just helped.

What do you think of this fellow? Do you feel toward him as if he were an invalid, a sick soul, a deluded victim of circumstance?

On the contrary, you regard—and justly regard—the robust purloiner of your pocketbook as an ungrateful scoundrel, and, if you are a good citizen, you promptly and indignantly hand him over to the police. Sorrow and pity you no doubt experience, but mingled with sorrow and pity there will be righteous indignation. However many excuses your kied heart makes for him, you will still blame the man; for you will be convinced, however bad his surroundings and his bringing up, being a man, he could have kept straight in spite of all, as many another has done. You know, in your soul, that, however great the obstacles, being a man, he was still master of himself. He might have chosen differently. He might have taken the right road instead of the wrong one, if only he had tried hard enough. You feel, after all is said and done, he was, in this matter, able to do as he liked. Consequently, he is responsible. Therefore, we blame him.

Take the opposite case, that of the hero. We have all read recently how the Japanese attempted to block the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking steamers in the channel. One of these vessels had reached the appointed spot. Her anchor had been let go. The fuse attached to the charge which was to blow a hole in her had been lighted. The officer in command ordered the crew into the lifeboat, he himself being the last to leave the ship. A moment he stands on the gunwale, ready to cast loose. He counts his men. One is missing. Shall they leave him? The officer has just an instant in which to make up his mind. There is an inward struggle between the rival impulses of duty and self-regard. Then he climbs again upon the shot-swept deck to seek his lost comrade. Alas! it is in vain. The next moment he is killed by a Russian shell, and his crew push off, only just in time to save themselves.

Why do we regard this man as a hero? Why was a public funeral held in his honor by his countrymen? Why do we praise him? Because we feel the brave action was due to him, and to no thing and no one else. Because we feel that he stood where two ways diverged—the way of duty and the way of safety—and that he was master of the situation. He determined which road to take. Out of his own brave will, out of his own courageous soul, he chose the right way. The decision lay not with circumstances, conditions, previous training, or ancestry, but with himself. We feel that he, and he alone, was responsible, and that therefore to him, and to him alone, belongs the credit and the praise.

We cannot help blaming the criminal, we cannot help praising the hero, but, if criminal and hero were made the victims of circumstance, to talk of blame or praise would be meaningless. We have

POOR MAN!

We may talk of man's strength, his genius and power, and how he can see other mortals to conquer. Of these things it's easy to prate by the hour; But it's queer, ever since this old planet began, What a poor weak woman can do to a man.

She comes into his office to sell him a book, An affront from a male that he never would brook; But all she must do is to give him a look And he buys every one that he possibly can. Just because she's a woman and he is a man.

He comes home at night, tired out with his work, And anxious all further endeavor to shirk; But his dress suit goes on with a frown and a jerk, For his wife for the evening's concocted a plan, And he goes—she's a woman and he's but a man.

She walks into the stanchest and strongest of banks; In the president's office her beauty she planks, And draws several thousand and pays him in thanks. She oughtn't to do it, but really she can, Because she's a woman and he is a man.

When he wants to be naughty she makes him behave, For her sake a coward will try to be brave. She makes him right gladly perform as her slave. He will go the whole route from Beer-sheba to Dan, Because she's a woman and he is a man. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

JUST FOR FUN



Nellie—She suffered in silence, Frances—I'll bet she suffered.—Punch Bowl.

Fuddy—They say Pinchley has money to burn. Duddy—That's because he never burns any.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Nurox—What book can I get that will fit me and the best society? Mrs. Blurox—Have you tried the check book?—Cleveland Leader.

The Lawyer—H'm! What makes you think you wish to study to become a lawyer? The applicant—Well, me folks object to me bein' a burglar.—Judge.

Larry—When th' doctor came to vaccinate yez did yez roll up yez slave? Denny—Shure. OI pulled up both av thim awn dared him to come outside.—Chicago Daily News.

Excited Committeeman—My! You're here at last! I thought you were going to disappoint us. Lecturer—I am. Just watch the audience while I'm talking.—Baltimore American.

"To what account shall we charge these new battles?" asked the Russian treasurer. "To the account of the Russian treasury."—New York Herald.

Billy—What's the matter with you? You're tall and thin and you're looking like a