

THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XX.

FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1905.

NUMBER 11

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

"A certain crooked city street, through which I often pass, there's a narrow little window, set with tiny panes of glass. Where it seems to me the moments must in sweetness slip away. For a little candy-maker stands at work there every day. He wears a cap and apron which are picturesquely French. There are snowy flour and sugar scattered all about his bench. In fact, I almost fancy, seeing things so spick and span. That this little candy-maker is a little sandy-man!"

But how queer a candy man can be I never really knew. Till I happened to be passing when the mid-day whistle blew. And thought to stop and stare a bit could hardly be a crime. Just to see the kind of candy he would eat at luncheon time.

Then the sight was so surprising that my vision seemed to fail. For from underneath his sugared bench he drew a dinner-pail. And, as if he didn't care at all for any sort of sweet, this funny sandy-maker fell to eating bread and meat!

Now don't you think that such a taste was something very strange? Consider what a diet he could easily arrange: On solid things like taffy-balls, for instance, he could dine. For luncheon, candied violets—so delicate and fine! And on leaving in the evening, when the honeyed day had fled, he could take a box of creams to eat before he went to bed! I wonder, now, what you and I would like if we were French. And moulded candies all the day behind a sugared bench?

A STRANGE CLEW

BY "The Captain."

When I was quite a young man I counted among my close friends a private detective. The two of us were enjoying a quiet smoke and chat in his cosy little office one day when the door opened and his boy ushered in a lady client. She was apparently under twenty and was quite fashionably attired. Her form was tall and slender and her face exceedingly attractive; but it bore traces of some sudden and overwhelming affliction, for her eyes were red with weeping.

"Mr. Banks, the detective, I presume?" she queried, turning, after a quick glance at me, toward my more mature companion.

"At your service, madam. Pray be seated."

"I am in sore trouble, sir," she said, in tremulous tones, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "Death has suddenly robbed me of a father, and the prison, if nothing worse, threatens to take a dear cousin from me."

"That is very sad," my friend said sympathetically. "But compose yourself, my dear lady; we may yet avert the latter half of your trouble."

"Oh, sir! Heaven grant that you may, for my cousin, whom they suspect of the murder of my poor father, was to be my husband," she said, the seriousness of the case quite overcoming her natural modesty. "But he is innocent; I know it, I feel it, in spite of the evidence against him. Oh, he

Being slightly acquainted with one of the clerks, I stepped up to him for a moment's conversation. When I returned to my friend's side he was pocketing a sheet of paper which he had been examining with his microscope. A quick glance at his face showed me that he had hit upon a promising clue.

"I think we have seen sufficient," he said immediately, and in a few minutes we were on our way back to town.

"Found something, Banks?"

"A mere trifle," he responded, "but mum's the word, my boy, even for you. A little spice of mystery, you know, will sharpen your interest."

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we again entered the factory office, Banks carrying a package about fifteen inches square.

"You will oblige me by gathering all the employes of the factory together in this office, Mr. Williams," said Banks, addressing the head clerk. "Let the outer doors be locked, and when the men are all in here see that the office door is securely fastened also. I wish to try a very interesting little experiment."

"I observe that you use a typewriter," he went on, after Mr. Williams had given orders to have the men called. "Will you kindly remove the ribbon or if you have an unused one, better still."

Banks proceeded to call the employes of the factory, and in a few minutes the office was filled with a group of men, some of whom I recognized as having been in the office when I was first called. Banks then turned to the head clerk and said: "Now, Mr. Williams, I wish to see that you have the office door securely fastened, and that the outer doors are locked. I wish to see that you have the office door securely fastened also. I wish to try a very interesting little experiment."

other pursuers realized what was happening John Trasker was struggling to free his pinioned arms from the iron grasp of his muscular captor.

"Why, if it isn't Stanton!" cried Mr. Williams in surprise as he and the others came up.

Arriving at the factory, Trasker broke down and made a most abject confession. He had planned to remain behind that evening to rifle the open safe. Overhearing the quarrel between uncle and nephew, he saw how it might be used to his advantage. On his way through the general office he looked through Stanton's desk and secured his knife. Returning after the deed, to complete the evidence against the young fellow, he had left the incriminating thumb mark. As for Stanton, his story was very simple. He had returned to the premises last evening with a view of a doling to his uncle, but, pride overcoming his good intention, he had gone away without entering. Shortly afterward, meeting a friend who lived some twenty miles from town, he had been tempted with the prospect of a day's shooting to accompany him home. Three o'clock that afternoon, and just after they had got back from the woods, the first information of what had occurred reached him, and, borrowing his friend's mare, he started for the factory, with what result has already been made known.

Banks received a check and abundant thanks from his charming young client, and some fifteen months later an invitation to the wedding.—New York News.

THE PROVIDENT LOAN.

A Society to Aid Deserving Poor by Loans on Personal Property.

The Provident Loan society of New York was incorporated in 1894, "for the purpose of aiding such persons as the society shall deem in need of pecuniary assistance by loans of money at interest, upon the pledge of personal property." It was organized by a number of New York City's leading citizens, including James Spoyer, Seth Low, Abram S. Hewitt, Otto T. Barnard and Solomon Loeb. It charges 1 percent interest per month on loans of less than \$250, or at the rate of 10 percent per annum on loans exceeding that amount; and these rates are recognized as somewhat philanthropical, considering the class of securities offered, many of which, such as furs, being likely to deteriorate in value unless cared for at considerable expense.

It is true that the patrons of the Provident Loan have been mainly of the middle class, but the loans averaging

THE JUNGLE'S TERRORS

WILD BEASTS AND SNAKES EXACT A HEAVY ANNUAL TRIBUTE.

The Total Loss of Life in India Through the Depredations of the Tiger and the Cobra is Appalling—Government Powerless Against Superstition.

It is popularly believed by English people whose friends have recently gone to India that the tiger and the snake play an important and inconvenient part in the domestic economy of the Anglo-Indians, and that the perils of life, already sufficiently numerous by reasons of climate and epidemics, are augmented by the aggressiveness of wild beasts and the insidious ambushes of reptiles. To allay these apprehensions the unqualified assurance may be given that the majority of Englishmen, and certainly most English women, never see a tiger during their stay in India, and may in all probability never see a poisonous snake. In the great cities and the larger civil and military stations, where most of our countrymen pass their lives, the houses are immune from wild beasts and snakes, and even in the more primitive and out-of-the-way places, in which British officers sometimes spend their lonely existence, the house is secure from the man-eater, and the premises, thanks to the mongoose and the vigilant fox terrier, are fairly free from snakes. If ever there is an encounter with a tiger it usually arises from no fault of the tiger.

But the life of Europeans in India is one thing; the life of the Indians is quite another matter. The average European, who observes a few obvious precautions and treats the Indian sun with respect, will find the conditions of life quite as healthy, if not healthier, than those which are found in Europe. His dress gives him an immunity from snakes, and, as some think, from plague, which the bare-legged, bare-footed Indians do not enjoy, and his place of residence and habit of life do not expose him to dangers from wild beasts.

Unhappily, in spite of the rapid spread of roads and railways and the enormous increase in cultivation, the Indians in the villages, and even in the small towns of certain provinces, every year offer a number of victims to the tiger and the cobra and the other wild beasts and snakes, which they at once venerate and dread. Scarcely a day passes without some news in the Indian press of the depredations of life caused by

worship and respect. Among the more ignorant sections of the people it is believed that the cobra has supernatural powers and can influence their fortunes. No Indian would kill a cobra if he could help it, and it is said that, when a cobra is killed perforce, it is given all the honors of a regular cremation and assured with many protestations that its reluctant destroyers are guiltless of its blood and that it was slain of necessity. This unfortunate attitude of the millions of India toward the snake makes it almost hopeless for government to diminish the loss of human life. Many an effort has been made to discover some antidote for snake poison, but so far without success.

One is forced back on the somewhat helpless conclusion that the snake terror will never be removed from the people until real education has freed them from their superstitious fears of the serpent. It has been well said that in India we have to deal with "creeds that range between the extreme points of the basest animalism on the one hand and the most exalted metaphysics on the other, and with standards of life that cover the whole space between barbarism and civilization," and no one who has listened to the stories of the Indian peasants about king cobras and tiger incarnations can gainsay the truth of the utterance. It is a melancholy presentment of Indian life, this short annual statement of men and cattle killed by wild beasts and snakes; but the background of terror and superstition is darker still.—London Times.

THE GREAT TITIAN

His Was an All-Embracing Genius, Courty, Serene, Majestic.

At once a genius and a favorite of fortune, Titian moved through his long life of pomp and splendor serene and self-contained. He was of old and noble family, born at Pieve in the mountain district of Cadore. By the time that he was eleven years old his father, Gregorio di Conte Vecellio, recognized that he was destined to be a painter and sent him to Venice, where he became the pupil first of Bellini, and then of the great artist Giorgione; from the first, indeed, he enjoyed every privilege that an artist of his time could need. The Doge and Council of Venice recognized his ability, as did the Dukes of Ferrara and Mantua. As the years went on, kings, popes and emperors were his friends and patrons. In his home at Biri, a suburb of Venice, from which in one direction the snow-clad Alps are visible and in the other the soft luxuriance of the Venetian lagoon, he

THE PULPIT

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH, OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA.

Subject: Freedom Through Christ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The seating capacity at the Majestic Theatre was taxed to its utmost Sunday afternoon at the meeting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and many were unable to secure admission. At the close of Mrs. Booth's address there was a most impressive sight. As she gave the invitation for men to definitely accept Christ, men all over the house stood with heads bowed and after a moment of prayer the audience was dismissed.

Mrs. Booth said in the course of her address:

I esteem it a great privilege to have the opportunity of bringing a message from my heart to this great audience this afternoon, and I am so glad that I come to you merely as a messenger; that I have not to rise before this audience to exploit some hobby of my own; that I do not come to you with some theory, but that I realize as I stand up and speak that my message is not only my own, but that I come to you as I went to my audience this morning with a message from One who can follow the message with the divine touch. As I looked down upon and out upon this audience trying to gather something from the faces of those whom I was to address I saw arise before me again my audience of this morning, a very different one in one sense and very similar in another. It was an audience of men—all men—and an audience perhaps nearly as large as the one which I address this afternoon, but, ah, what a difference. It was an audience behind prison walls. An audience of men who have lost their chance, an audience of men shut away from the world and its sunlight and blessings and happiness and freedom and joy, and who in the darkness of prison walls have learned to the full the bitterness of a life of sin, and yet as I rise to speak to this audience this afternoon my message will be very much the same as my message to that audience this morning, for I come not here to speak to Christians this afternoon. My message is a message to the captive, a message of liberty to those who are bound, and it does not take the walls of Sing Sing; it does not take those narrow cells to make bondage, but there are many who walk the streets of Brooklyn in the sunshine today and who boast that they are free citizens, who are shackled and bound because they have not yet learned the freedom that the dear Christ can bring.

As I spoke to my boys this morning I quoted to them two lines that somehow or other came to my notice a little while ago, and I told them that there were just two classes of prisoners before me in that prison. The lines are these:

Two men looked out over prison bars,
The one saw mud, the other saw the stars.

In this audience to-day there are just two classes of men. There are those who are upon life, and there are those who are upon death.

we want to know and when we want to see then the light will come to us; a revelation will come and we shall learn in truth the message of Christ, but we must leave our position as a critic and we must come down and as a penitent sinner at the foot of the cross and the light and glory of revelation will stand behind that divine and beautiful figure of the loving, tender, compassionate Christ and we shall see Him, not a dead Saviour, not even a great and mighty Judge of the world in the future, but our own tender, loving, personal friend.

What is the next thing that seems to me the greatest hindrance of men who should swiftly run the race, to the men who should bravely climb the hills of power, to the men who, with their manhood and strength, should battle on the side of Christ? It is one word and it is that word that has done more to fill our State prisons than anything else. It is weakness. We are not accustomed when we speak of the human race to think of men as weak. Woman is always spoken of as the weaker vessel, but I speak not of comparison between men and women, but between men and men. It is weakness that has led men to go with the tide, instead of fighting against it. It is weakness that has made them yield in the presence of evil companionship and do that which their manhood and conscience rose against. It is weakness that has made them sell their souls to drink. It is weakness that has made them, instead of being the protectors of the weak, trample even women under their feet. It is weakness that has made them hide their colors when the name of God is taken in vain or when ribald jokes are made, when they should rise and proclaim their indignation against it, and, if you should ask me what keeps these men between prison walls, I should not answer the desire for any of these things, but weakness. And no man can have strength unless the spirit of God is within him. It is weakness that drags him down and strength that enables him to mount above, and strength can only come from the touch of the hand divine.

Perhaps you say to me: "Do you believe that all men are weak?" Indeed, I do not. I have known men, strong men, but I have known no man strong enough to be strong without the divine Christ. I have known strong men who have said that they were strong enough to fight the evils of this world and it has seemed that the grosser evils have passed them by because of the strength and nobility of their character, but they needed something more than that. If they would be a blessing to the world that needed more than their great, manly strength—they needed the strength divine. And even into these very strong men's lives have come some one temptation stronger than themselves, and I have known what it was to see the strong man defeated. And yet I have known what it was to see poor weak men, men whom I have seen wrestle in anguish over the past, men who have said to me: "I cannot live right. Look what the past has been—a series of attempts to do right—and all have failed. I am too weak." And I have seen them in their helplessness cry out for strength, they have come to me and said: "They have come to me and said: 'I am too weak.'"

WITH A STOCK COMPANY.

It was a proud and happy day when Russell Crane Salvini Gray joined a flock of a few folk, a real stock troupe; Yes, he was taken in the group. With the stock.

They started west without delay, And Russell Crane Salvini Gray Wore a truck. A lovely coat, with conscious air, Hebeling gravely to be there. With the stock.

They bustled out near Santa F, And Russell Crane Salvini Gray, Who couldn't look The clothes at anything like par, Came home inside a cattle car. With the stock.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

JUST FOR FUN



He—Has he a college education? She—Oh, yes; he plays football, golf and he's a crackjack at tennis.—Yonkers Statesman.

Gerald—Mamma, can you change 15 cents for me? Mother.—How do you wish it changed, dear? Gerald.—Into a quarter.—Puck.

Lady—Oh, that big dog isn't the one I advertised for. My dog was a little fox-terrier. Boy—Yes'm. Your dog's inside o' dis one!—Puck.

Suitor—I came to ask your daughter's hand. Father—Can you support her auto in the manner to which it has been accustomed?—New York Sun.

Mayme—What a gossip Mrs. Gadby is! Edith—Yes, indeed. I never tell her anything without finding out that she has already told it herself.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Giles—So you've got a place in that banking house? I suppose it was because you knew the president? Harris—Partly that, but partly because he did not know me.—Boston Transcript.

Seedy Stranger—Excuse me, sir, but can you change a dollar for me? Humanitarian—Why, yes. Seedy Stranger—Thanks. And now will you kindly tell me where I can get the dollar?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That Mrs. Snaggs is too much of an aristocrat for me to mingle with." "How's that?" "She was knocked down by a pushcart and she had it put into paper dat she was hit by an automobile."—Detroit Free Press.

Rimer—"Do you really prefer to have long poems sent in to you rather than short ones?" Editor—"Yes. When they're long, you see, I don't have to think up any other excuse for rejecting them."—Philadelphia Press.

Mamma—"Fighting again, Willie? Didn't I tell you to stop and count one hundred whenever you were angry?" Willie—"But it didn't do any