

Hungry Roaches Damage Cloth Binding of Books

The scurrying roach is commonly looked for in the pantry, kitchen, or cellar, but many book lovers and librarians can testify that this tireless insect has been devoting not a little of his time to the library where evidence shows it finds nourishment other than food for thought. Frequently cloth-covered books have spots on the bindings which lead the owner to believe that water has been spilled on them or that they have been carelessly left lying near an open window where rain has driven in, but such marks are usually produced by hungry roaches.

Cloth used for bindings is often given added body and stiffness by being "loaded" with such fillers as starch, dextrin, flour and casein, all of them foods similar to the ones these bugs have been finding in the kitchen and pantry. The chemists of the Bureau of Chemistry, United States Department of Agriculture, who are searching for means for improving bookbinding materials and increasing the life of books, have found that the roach samples the cover of a book by wetting a small area with saliva. If the cover is not of waterproof nature, the filling materials are dissolved by the saliva or can be worked up into a mush. If the stuff is to his liking he continues wetting the cover here and there until his appetite is satisfied. The result is that spots of nearly bare cloth appear wherever the insect has fed.

So far no means has been devised to prevent this peculiar damage to loaded cloth covers that do not have a water resistant finish or are not waterproof, but the problem has been recognized and it is hoped that some method of treatment will be found which will make the filler distasteful to the roach. Obviously much damage to books may be prevented by taking measures to repel the insects.

The Bureau of Entomology has found that, aside from fumigation, the most effective simple means of ridding the library of roaches is the use of sodium fluoride and phosphorous paste. The sodium fluoride may be applied with a small dust gun or blower, dusting it over the book shelves and floors.

The phosphorous paste should be distributed on bits of cardboard or paper placed on the shelves where the roaches are seen. Both substances, which may be purchased at any drug store, are poisonous and should be kept out of reach of children and pets.

GOLF LINKS.

Notice to all concerned: Due to lack of funds the Board of Directors has decided that the Board of Trade cannot operate the golf course during the coming summer.

Don't Understand Ice.

Ostriches do not seem to understand the slipperiness of ice and may fall and break their legs if allowed access to frozen ponds.

And He Often Fails.

Too often a man will do a mean act merely because he has confidence in his ability to square himself by offering an apology.

Genius and Science.

If genius is merely a greater supply of blood vessels to the brain, science may yet provide a greater supply of blood vessels.

A GOOD LAXATIVE

Black-Draught Recommended by an Illinois Lady, Who Says It Helps Her.—"Fine for the Liver."

St. Elmo, Ill.—"I have used Black-Draught for three years," says Mrs. J. W. Boyd, a well-known member of this community. "I was visiting a friend who had used it for some time. I was in need of a laxative and I had a burning in my stomach. I was constipated. She gave me a dose of Black-Draught and it helped me, so I used it from then on. It certainly benefited me. I think it is fine for the liver, too. I am glad to recommend it."

"One day our pastor was visiting us, and he said his system seemed clogged and asked me to give him something to take. I gave him Black-Draught. He was much pleased with the results and bought a package, himself."

Constipation forces the system to absorb poisons that should be thrown out, causing pain, discomfort and tending to undermine your health. Black-Draught helps to relieve this condition by acting on the bowels, and by regulating the liver when it is torpid, thus helping to drive out many poisons in an easy, natural way.

Don't take chances! At the first indication of constipation, take Black-Draught. Costs only a cent a dose.

Your local druggist, or dealer, sells Black-Draught. NC-153

Intelligence of Indian Elephant Illustrated

The real test of animal intelligence, according to Mr. Samuel A. Derieux in the American Magazine, is the ability to meet an unforeseen difficulty, to grapple with a situation for which neither training nor instinct has prepared. Here is a good example:

A traveler of the name of Tenant was once riding horseback along a road in India, on both sides of which grew a dense jungle. Suddenly his horse shied violently, and Mr. Tenant saw coming toward him a huge elephant unattended and balancing on his tusks a heavy timber that he was evidently carrying from a sawmill to the shipyards. The timber filled the road from side to side, and Mr. Tenant could not possibly pass.

Suddenly the elephant, seeing horse and rider, stopped and turned sideways. Then he backed a short distance into the jungle and, leaving room for horse and rider to pass, snorted out his direction that they should go on. But a horse is terribly afraid of an elephant, and Mr. Tenant's horse continued to rear and plunge; the man himself, interested to see what would happen next, did not force him to pass.

Deeper and deeper into the jungle the elephant backed; still the horse reared and plunged. At last the elephant laid the piece of timber down and, pushing hard against the undergrowth, disappeared. Then Mr. Tenant rode past.

A short distance down the road he reined in and looked back. The elephant came out of the jungle, picked up the timber with his tusks, balanced it with his trunk and, turning it round in the road, went on his way with loud snorts of indignation and disgust.

The Latest Age.

By T. F. Corbin, Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn.

As we look the whole world in the face,
We dare not speak of the same old face,
Nor see the sun's rays when the stars are shining;
But hark! a reflection from their golden lining.
Everything so bright in its red decoration,
But it brings our thoughts to civilization.

In a beautiful morning is the time which we live,
And our attention to new ideas we all must give;
In preparation for tomorrow as our motto;
Seeking the sweet calm features I know.
We are having many battles of a good opinion
In this great nation below the Dominion.

Never shall we cease to roam
On the educational road that begins at home.
Tomorrow they will wear another face,
And receive the beauty of His loving grace.
All of these thoughts are not receding,
But old from new are ever resigning.

Today we're preparing for the future storms;
The shelters for children of different forms,
By mastering the things that are infinitely small,
And grasping the problems standing before us so tall.
We are looking out yonder at the temple of ease,
And turning our backs to the cruel disease.

The industries are growing as time goes by;
But that, which we shall have, we inherit or buy.
We are aware of the road which leads on to glory;
By keeping in mind that good old story,
Of leaving the past and going on before,
Doing something for Him who saves evermore.

Plant New Trees.

Benedictine monks for 810 years have been cultivating one of the world's finest forests. It surrounds an ancient hermitage, about fifty miles southeast of Florence, Italy. A report of an American forestry magazine says that this forest is as fine as it was nearly 1000 years ago, though lumber has been taken out of it steadily in great quantities.

The shrewd monks plant new trees as fast as they cut down the old ones. Our forests rapidly are disappearing. Unless we want a treeless America we, too, will have to plant a tree for each one logged. Forest destruction is our greatest waste.

Press Want Ads bring Results.

X-Ray Sermons

Religion and Politics.

There are some very well-meaning people of my acquaintance who say that politics is rotten and that therefore they do not intend to take any part in primary elections, etc. This brings up the question: What should be a Christian's attitude toward elections? Should a follower of Christ show interest in a government which is more or less corrupt?

Jesus answers, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's." Our government is vastly superior to that of the Romans at the time when the Christ uttered these words. We can not but suppose that if He were speaking today His command to us would be, "Do your duty to the American government and to the Father's divine Kingdom."

Then it remains for us to decide what are the things which we should render unto our nation. The question will have to be answered by each in a different way, for no two men have exactly the same capabilities and opportunities for doing good. But there is one thing which we ought to watch closely. This is not an outside danger to be guarded against. We will be ready enough and wake enough to give battle if any imperial kaiser or mikado comes with his legions to take away our liberties. But will we be equally careful to prevent the ruin of our government by self-seeking political factions? Right here in Macon County there have been grave charges made of votes illegally secured. Where will be our hope for good, honest government if the mighty dollar and whispered promises control our elections?

I believe that it is our duty to our government and to our God, O fellow Christian, to try to prevent the casting of a single illegal vote in the coming elections. I believe that real Christians are numerous enough and strong enough to guarantee a fair election if we will but have the courage to act and to act soon enough and firmly enough. It will do no good to howl "Rotten" after a vote is illegally counted. Have you the courage to prevent an unqualified voter who is your friend from casting his vote? "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if salt has lost its savor—it is thenceforth good for nothing." Have we about us the savor that will keep our institutions from corruption?

R. N. M.

Former members of boys' and girls' agricultural clubs make up more than one-third of this year's enrollment in South Dakota's school of agriculture, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture. A number of them are acting as local leaders for the boys and girls who are now in the clubs in their neighborhood.

See that the label on your paper is dated in advance, if you want the Press to continue coming to your home.

A FRIEND remarked, "You have built your business on service." I appreciate this friendly remark, for my motto has always been "Service and the Best."

FRANK T. SMITH
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
Established 1887.
FRANKLIN, N. C.

Roane's Mill Items.

Mr. George Johnson came up from Tugalo, Ga., and spent a few days with his family.

Miss Lola Patterson, from Lower Cartoogehaye, spent Saturday night with Miss Virgie Roane.

Mrs. W. R. Cloer, of Young Harris, Ga., has been spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. M. S. Roane.

Mr. Charlie Kimzey went to Franklin on business Monday.

Mrs. Charlie Rhodes and Mrs. Dock Waldrup were visiting at Mrs. J. T. Roane's, Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Fred Conley spent Saturday afternoon at Miss Nannie Roane's.

Mr. Lawrence Hasting has moved down to the Carl Slagle farm.

Mrs. Charlie Ledford has been spending a few days the past week with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Nichols.

Mr. Charlie Collier and Miss Alice Hodgins were married Saturday at Clayton, Ga. ROSE LEAF.

Battle Branch News.

Mrs. Mack Hopper is very sick at this writing, but we hope she will soon recover.

Mrs. John Stanfield is real sick. We hope she will soon recover.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Stanfield announced the arrival of a fine boy a few days ago.

Miss Lucile Sorrels, of Haywood county, is visiting her sister in this section, Mrs. Bill Singleton.

Mrs. Fred Henderson has been very sick, but is getting some better. BROWN EYES.

"Go to Father," she said.
When I asked her to wed;
Now she knew that I knew
That her father was dead,
And she knew that I knew
What a life he had led,
So she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
"Go to Father."

The Value of Life.

Oft at night while I am sitting,
Thinking of the days gone by,
My thoughts chance to wander
And I see with memory's eye—
A crowd of jolly school mates,
Just the boys and girls you see.
How we laughed and played together
Oh! how happy we would be
As we laughingly planned the future
Cracking jokes and acting a fool.
Little thought we of the trouble
We would meet when we finished school
We didn't think of the dear old classmates
To whom we all had to say good bye
But on receiving our diplomas
All the class had a tear and a sigh
To give to the dear old comrades,
As they bravely said "Good-Bye."
For four long years we had struggled
Striving to do our very best
But sometimes we thought of the present
Willing to let the future rest.
Now we're out on life's battle-field
And our own battles we must fight
We must work while the sun is shining
For soon it will be night.
No more helpers to push us forward
And urge us on day by day,
We must win our own battles
Making each victory pay.
Life is only what we make it
Let us make it then worth living
Striving, conquering, battling upward,
Taking as well as giving.
To each straying disheartened comrade,
That we meet on either hand,
Give a smile and help them onward,
Receiving a reward in a better land.
So that at last when life is o'er
And our every duty done
We can look back o'er our lives
And see a victory won.

RUTH STILLWELL.

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