

STATE'S TAX RATE

CHANGED—NO GENERAL REASSESSMENT.—FIVE CENTS EXTRA FOR SCHOOLS.

THE UNIVERSITY IS SHORT

Carolina's Appropriation is Cut, This Being the Only Change the House of Representatives Made in the \$2,497,080 Bill.

Raleigh.—After a four hours' wrestling over the state financial problem this afternoon the joint finance committee of the legislature adopted unanimously a resolution by Representative Doughton receding from the proposition to have a complete reassessment of real property in the state this year, but providing that there be created a separate state tax commission of three members to have immediate supervision of matters of taxation the state over, and that the machinery act of 1903 be adopted as far as changed conditions warrant, the county commissioners naming the tax assessors, but the state tax commission to have control of these assessors and the oversight of the enforcement of the whole scheme of assessment and listing. It is understood that the machinery bill, in accordance with this committee action will be forthcoming.

The house has passed the general appropriation bill that was introduced carrying \$2,497,080 appropriations for the next two years, the only amendment proposed or adopted being a cut in the maintenance fund of the state university from \$95,000 to \$75,000 annually. This was proposed by Ray of Macon and was carried over the protest of Chairman Doughton, the appropriation committee, 43 to 29. Mr. Doughton in explaining the appropriations bill and how it was arrived at, stated that appropriations have grown as follows: 1903-10, \$1,969,300; 1911-12, \$2,270,900 and 1913-14, \$2,497,080. Of the latter amount \$387,500 is proposed to be carried for in the \$1,248,525 bond issue for permanent improvements.

North Carolina New Enterprises. Raleigh.—The Bank of Angier was chartered with \$10,000 capital by W. O. Tarver, Ector H. Smith and N. O. Dobbin of Wilmington, for a general and savings bank business. Another bank charter is to the Bank of Hoffman, capital \$10,000 authorized and \$7,500 subscribed by F. T. Giles and others. The Elks' Home Corporation, Salisbury, is chartered with \$50,000 capital authorized and \$2,000 subscribed by J. M. Maupin and others for providing an Elks' Home for the lodge of that city. Other charters are for the Progressive Real Estate Company, capital \$20,000, subscribed by C. E. Lightner, W. H. Fuller and others, and the Woodland Electric Light & Power Co. of Woodland, Northampton county, capital \$2,000, subscribed by R. C. Benthall and others.

Votes For Road Improvement. Lincoln.—In the election held on the question of a bond issue of \$200,000 for road improvements in Lincoln county the vote cast is in overwhelming majority for the bond issue, which means that Lincoln has joined the progressive procession. While the returns are not all in, it is safe to say that the bond issue carried by eight to one. At the Lincoln box the vote stands 472 for bonds and only 16 against. Reports from other precincts throughout the county show handsome majorities.

To Reclaim Lowlands. Scotland Neck.—The government engineer who was here some time ago looking over the situation on Roanoke River, with a view to building dykes and thus preventing the disastrous overflows that frequently come on these lands in the spring, has made his report to the authorities and, it is said, recommends the same. He submitted with his report a rough map of the part of the lands he went over, showing where the dykes should be built.

Craig Declines Powell Pardon. Raleigh.—Governor Craig declined the application for the pardon of E. E. Powell, Sr., the Scotland Neck septuagenarian, who killed Deputy Sheriff C. W. Dunn, wounded Corporation Commissioner E. L. Travis and severely hurt Paul Kitchin, brother of the ex-governor. Powell is now serving a term of thirty years. He was tried and convicted by Judge G. W. Ward, June 29, 1910. He has since been at work, though more than 70 years old, and no previous effort had been made to secure his release.

Disatisfied With Route. Durham.—Reports reached the city saying that the county commissioners of Orange county laid out the Durham-Hillsboro road at their regular meeting and that the route taken is causing a good deal of dissatisfaction in that section. They decided to join the Durham county end of that road and changed the route some after crossing the railroad. There has been a fight between the people living on the north side of the Southern and those on the south, both wanting the new road to come on their side.

To Repair Gaston County Road. Gastonia.—Mr. John E. Leeper, chairman of the board of county commissioners has been ordered to repair the public road approaching the new bridge on the Gaston county side at Sloan's ferry, on the Catawba river. This piece of road was built of sand clay when the new bridge was constructed. It has been in very bad condition during the winter season and there has been much complaint on the part of motorists and the traveling public about it. It will be repaired and put in good condition soon.



the sensation of being astonished at something she had expected to happen. Just before going down to dinner that night, Fortune turned to her mother, her chin combative in its angle. "I gave Mr. Jones a hundred and fifty pounds out of that money you left in my care. Knowing how forgetful you are, I took the liberty of attending to the affair myself." She expected a storm, but instead her mother viewed her with appraising eyes. Suddenly she laughed merrily. Her sense of humor was too excitable to resist so delectable a situation. "You told him, of course, that the money came from me?" demanded Mrs. Chedsoye, when she could control her voice. "Surely, since it did come from you."

"My dear, my dear, you are to me like the song in the Mikado," and she hummed lightly. "To make the prisoner pent Unwillingly represent A source of innocent merriment, Of innocent merriment!" "Am I a prisoner, then?" "Whatever you like; it can not be said that I ever held you on the leash," taking a final look into the mirror. "What is the meaning of this rug? You and I know who stole it."

"I have explicitly warned you, my child, never to meddle with affairs that do not concern you." "Indirectly, some of yours do. You are in love with Ryanna, as he calls himself." "My dear, you do not usually stoop to such vulgarity. And are you certain that he has any other name?" "If I were I should not tell you." "Oh!" "A man will tell the woman he loves many things he will not tell the woman he admires."

"As wise as the serpent," bantered the mother; but she looked again into the mirror to see if her color was still what it should be. "And whom does he admire?" the Mona Lisa smile hovering at the corners of her lips. "You," evenly.

Mrs. Chedsoye thought for a moment, thought deeply and with new insight. It was no longer a child but a woman, and mayhap she had played upon the taut strings of the young heart once too often. Still, she was unafraid. "And whom does he love?" "Me. Shall I get you the rouge, mother?" Still with that unchanging smile, the woman received the stab. "My daughter," as if speculatively, "you will get on. You haven't been my pupil all these years for nothing. Let us go down to dinner." Fortune, as she silently followed, experienced a sense of disconcertion rather than of elation.

CHAPTER VI.

Moonlight and Poetry.

A ball followed dinner that night, Wednesday. The ample lounging-room filled up rapidly after coffee; officers in smart uniforms and spurs, whose principal function in times of peace is to get in everybody's way, rowel exposed anklets, and demolish lace ruffles, Egyptians and Turks and sleek Armenians in somber western frock and scarlet eastern fez or tarboosh, women of all colors (meaning, as course, as applied) and shapes and tastes, the lean and the fat, the tall and short, such as Billy Taylor is said to have kissed in all the ports, and tall-coats of as many styles as Joseph's had patches. George could distinguish his compatriots by the fit of the trousers round the instep; the Englishman had his fitted at the waist and trusted in Providence for the hang of the rest. This trifling detective work rather pleased George. The women, however, were all eyes to his eye; liberal expanses of beautiful white skin, the bare effect being modified by a string of pearls or diamonds or emeralds, and hair which might or might not have been wholly their own. He waited restlessly for the reappearance of Mrs. Chedsoye and her daughter. All was right with the world, except that he was to sail altogether too soon. His loan had been returned, and he knew that his former suspicions had been most unworthy. Mrs. Chedsoye had never received his note.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Pet from Carib Bagdad

by HAROLD MACGRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER
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step, a dread which, whenever she strove to analyze it, ran from under her investigating touch, as little balls of quicksilver run from under the pressure of a thumb. She was never without the comforts of life, well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed, and often her mother hung her some jeweled trinket which (again that sense of menace) she put away, but never wore. The bright periods were when they left her in the little villa near Mentone, with no one but her old and faithful nurse. There, with her horse, her books and her flowers, she was at peace. Week into week and month into month she was let be. Never a letter came, save from some former schoolmate who was coming over and wanted letters of introduction to dukes and duchesses. If she smiled over these letters it was with melancholy; for the dukes and duchesses, who fell within her singular orbit, were not the sort to whom one gave letters of introduction. Where her mother went she never had the least idea. She might be in any of the great ports of the world, anywhere between New York and Port Said. The major generally disappeared at the same time. Then, perhaps, she'd come back from a pleasant tram-ride over to Nice and find them both at the villa, maid and luggage. Mayhap a night or two, and off they'd go again; never a word about their former journey, uncommunicative, rather quiet. These absences, together with the undemonstrative reappearances, used to hurt Fortune dreadfully. It gave her a clear proof of where she stood, exactly nowhere. The hurt had lessened with the years, and now she didn't care much. Like as not, they would drag her out of Eden for a month or two, for what true reason she never could quite fathom, unless it was that at times her mother liked to have the daughter near her as a foil.

At rare intervals she saw steel-eyed, grim-mouthed men wandering up and down before the gates of the Villa Fanny, but they never rang the bell, nor spoke to her when she passed, and she never tried to conjure up what manner of man he had been. One day she spied her old Italian nurse with questions. "Handsome? Yes, but it was all so long ago, cara mia, that I can not describe him to you." "Did he drink?" Behind this question there was no sense of moral obloquy as applying to the dead. "Sainted Mary! didn't all men drink their very souls into purgatory those unreligious days?" "Had he any relatives?" "I never heard of any."

Fortune never asked questions relative to the family finances. If she harbored any doubts as to their origin, to the source of their comparative luxury, she never put these into speech. She had never seen her father, but she had often heard him referred to as "that brute" or "that fool" or "that drunken imbecile." If a portrait of him existed, Fortune had not yet seen it. She visited his lonely grave once a year, in the Protestant cemetery, and dreamily tried to conjure up what manner of man he had been. One day she spied her old Italian nurse with questions. "Handsome? Yes, but it was all so long ago, cara mia, that I can not describe him to you."

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There Weren't Two Other Women in All Cairo to Compare With These Two.

good-looking, a devil-may-care, educated, witty, amusing; and in evening dress he appeared to be what it was quite evident he had once been, a gentleman. At first she thought it strange that he should make her, instead of her mother, his confidante. As to what vocation he pursued, she did not know, for he kept sedulous guard over his tongue; but his past, up to that fork in the road where manhood says good-by to youth, was here. Among this direction, clever and artful as the mother was, she sought in vain to wrest this past from her daughter's lips. To the mother, it was really necessary for her to know who this man really was, had been, knowing thoroughly as she did what he was now. Persistent he undoubtedly was, but never coarse nor rude. Since that time he had come back from the casino at Monte Carlo, with the worse for wine, she feared him; but, in spite of this fear, she had for him a vague liking, a hazy admiration. Whatever his faults might be, she stood witness to his great physical strength and courage. He was the only man among all those who stayed at the Villa

Fanny and immediately vanished, who returned again. And he, too, soon grew to be a part of this unreal drama, arriving mysteriously one day and departing the next.

That a drama was being enacted under her eyes she no longer doubted; but it was as though she had taken her seat among the audience in the middle of the second act. She could make neither head nor tail to it. Whenever she accompanied her mother upon these impromptu journeys, her character, or rather her attitude, underwent a change. She swept aside her dreams; she accepted the world as it was, saw things as they were; laughed, but without merriment; festered, but with the venomous point. It was the reverse of her real character to give hurt to any living thing, but during these forced marches, as the major humorously termed them, and such they were in truth, she could no more stand against giving the cruel stab than, when alone in her garden, she could resist the tender pleasure of succoring a fallen butterfly. She was especially happy in finding weak spots in her mother's armor, and she never denied herself the thrust. Mrs. Chedsoye enjoyed these sharp encounters, for it must be added that she gave as good as she took, and more often than not her thrusts bit deeper and did not always heal.

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the right sort of women from the wrong sort, from which there is no appeal to a higher court. They could well afford to admit of her beauty, since the dancer was outside what is called the social pale, for all that her newest escort was a prince incognito. They also discussed the play at bridge, the dullness of this particular season, the possibility of war between England and Germany. And some one asked others who were the two well-gowned women down in front, sitting on either side of the young chap in pearl-grey. No one knew. Mother and daughter, probably. Anyhow, they knew something about good clothes.

George was happy. He was proud. He saw the glances, the nods of approval. He basked in a kind of sunshine that was new. What an ass he had been all his life! To have been afraid of women! Just because there was Percival Algernon Jones! What he should have done was to have gone forth boldly, taken what pleasures he found, and laughed with the rest of them.

There weren't two other women in all Cairo to compare with these two. The mother, shapely, elegant, with the dark beauty of a high-class Spaniard, possessing humor, trenchant comment, keen deduction and application; worldly, cynical, high-bred. The student of nations might have tried in vain to place her. She spoke the French of the Parisians, the Italian of the Florentines, the German of the Hanoverians, and her English was the envy of Americans and the wonder of the Londoners. The daughter fell behind her but little, but she was more reserved.

As Fortune sat beside the young collector that afternoon, she marveled why they had given him Percival Al-



"I Expect Every Hour to Hear of Some One Arriving From Bagdad."

gernon. Jones was all right, solid and substantial, but the other two turned it into ridicule. Still, what was the matter with Percival Algernon? History had given men of these names mighty fine things to accomplish. Then why ridicule? Was it due to the perverted angle of vision created by wits and humorists in the comic weeklies, who were eternally pillorying these unhappy prefixes to ordinary cognomens? And why this pillorying? She hadn't studied the subject sufficiently to realize that the business of the humorist is not so much to amuse as to warn persons against becoming ridiculous. And Percival Algernon Jones was all of that. It re-

and humorously explained why he did so. "Is he young, old, good-looking, or what?" Mrs. Chedsoye eyed her offspring through narrowed lids. "I should say that he was about thirty-five, tall, something of an athlete; and there remains some indications that in the flush of youth he was handsome. Odd. He reminded me of a young man who was on the variety eleven-foot-baller—when I entered my freshman year. I didn't know him, but I was a great admirer of his from the grand-stand. Horace Wadsworth was his name." Horace Wadsworth, Fortune had

Fear to Display Emotion

Mistaken Sense of What is Dignified is a Common Fault of the Times.

This is not an age in which clear distinctions are made in the meaning of terms. Grotesque errors arise through haphazard conclusions drawn from this loose method of reasoning. One of the popular misconceptions is that the display of emotion on the part of men is belittling and indicates a weakness of character, disgraceful and shameful to the victim, says a writer in the Pittsburg Gazette Times. It is claimed by some that the natural processes of materialism and the hardening of men's natures by the struggle for success that the age demands has brought about this contempt for anything like a display of emotion on the part of men. It may be questioned, however, whether this explains the assumed respect for callousness that is so marked a feature of the times. There is a false idea abroad as to what emotion is, and a mistaken conception as to its proper expression.

Hysteria is one of our national diseases. The excesses into which it leads men and women have become the subject of widespread contempt, sensible people, feeling an instinctive aversion for this sort of exaggerated feeling, have fallen into the error of mistaking sane, human emotion for hysteria and have gone to the extreme in their effort to avoid any expression of feeling as "womanish," puerile and unmanly.

A Forced Confession. "Fahaw! Here's the rain coming down again and somebody's stolen my umb-jils." "Somebody's stolen what?" "Well, the umbrellas I've been carrying for the last week or so."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Poor Method of Education. A smattering of many things is probably the worst and most barren way of educating children that has prevailed with men could devise.

Dependent on Wood Pulp. Mr. Frank Lloyd, at the annual dinner of the British Wood Pulp association, spoke of the serious effect upon the industry of the drought in Scandinavia, and referring to the rapid development of the industry, pointed out how dependent paper makers now were upon wood pulp. If they had to rely on straw, etc., as was the case only about twenty-five years ago, his mill at Sittingbourne would alone require a string of carts over four miles long, and at least 40,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

How He Fixed the Date. The lawyer was determined to discredit the witness. "You are positive this happened on Wednesday," he demanded. "I am." "Can't be mistaken?" "No." "Why couldn't it have been Thursday or Tuesday? How is it that you can fix this day so positively in your mind?" "Because," answered the witness with some spirit, "we had chickens that day. Chicken day is Wednesday where I live."

To Repair Gaston County Road. Gastonia.—Mr. John E. Leeper, chairman of the board of county commissioners has been ordered to repair the public road approaching the new bridge on the Gaston county side at Sloan's ferry, on the Catawba river. This piece of road was built of sand clay when the new bridge was constructed. It has been in very bad condition during the winter season and there has been much complaint on the part of motorists and the traveling public about it. It will be repaired and put in good condition soon.