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MARSHALL, MADISON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAV, SEPTEMBER 11th 1914.

SACRIFICE PRICES

Seasonable

Goods

One lot Crepe Ratane and other 25c goods at 15c per yard.

One lot Striped Crepe 17 1-2c grade at 10c per yard One lot Flowered and Striped Lawns snd Dimities 5c per yard. 10c grade at - 5c per yard One lot White goods 10c grade at A good grade 12 1-2c bleach at - - 10c per yard One lot black & tan Serge 35 to 40 c at 25c per yard One bolt only Pink Silk Ratane bought at a bargain, 171-2c per yard regular price 50c Now - /-

A big line of samples in ladies Petticoats Gown combination Suits and Princes Slips at less than wholesale cost.

Boys wash suits and Childrens'

A few Ladies White Skirst

THE MAN WHO STICKS

The man who sticks has his lesson learned Success doesn't come by chance-it's earned By pounding away; for good hard knocks Will make stepping stones of stumbling blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail; That no ill fortune can make him quail While his will is strong and his courage high,

For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride To jump to the front; he is satisfied To do ev'ry day his level best, And let the future take care of the rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by the boss-It's work, and not favor, that "gets across." So his motto is this; What another man Has been able to handle, I surely can."

For the man who sticks has the sense to see He can make himself what he wants to be. If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in-Why, the man who sticks can't help but win! (CHAS. R. BARRETT)

THE MAN WHO QUITS

The man who quits has a brain and hand As good as the next; but lacks the sand That would make him stick, wiht a courage stout, To whatever he tackles, and fight it out.

He starts with a rush, and a solemn vow That he'll soon be showing the others how: Then something new striks his roving eye, And his task is left for the bye and bye.

It's up to each man what becomes of him; He must find in himself the grit and vim That brings success; he can get the skill, If he brings to the task a steadfast will,

No man is beaten till he gives in; Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin; The man who fails needs a better excuse Than the quiter's whining "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances slip, Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.

than any mere man could bear. If you have been operated onappendix taken out, for instance -you are all swelled up with conceit. You can hardly bring yourself to associate with ordinary folk who have not been cut into.

If a member of your family is sick you make the case seem about four times as serious as it really is, when talking to friends about it. You exaggerate in order to impress, and your conceit feeds on the momentary publicity the incident affords you.

If you have a child your pride blinds your eyes to its faults, and you weary an already nerveshattered world with tales of the youngster's smartness.

If you have a boy in college you think, and endeavor to make the world think, that he is the amartest in his class.

If your daughter has a beau, you tell the neighbors how rich, how clever, how industrious he is, and relate how many girls he set aside in order to choose yours. And when the girl finally manages to hood-wink some unsuspecting, half witted wart who clerks in a livery stable, you announce to an anxious public that she has been given in marriage to an enterprising and successful young business man who holds a lucrative position with a big organization.

Conceit is a common vice. There are fifty seven varieties of pride.

People who have money grow chesty over it. People who haven't money wear ragged underclothes and swell outside clothes, and are just as proud.

People who have been to college are conceited about it. Peo-

