

LAMENT PASSING OF OLD IMPERIAL ARMY

Berlin, Monday, Feb. 24.—The conservative press laments the passing of the old imperial army which will become a thing of the past when the Weimar assembly, perhaps this week, adopts the republican constitution. This bill provides for the organization of a national guard which will be composed of one brigade for each former army corps. Conscription will be abandoned, according to the terms of the bill and voluntary recruiting will be a central business.

At present, unofficial organizations are receiving soldiers and are being supported out of private funds. These organizations will be incorporated in the new army, which it is declared, will be built on the strictly democratic lines, but with rigid discipline. As voluntary enlistment is a new experiment the numerical strength of the national guard is problematical.

WHERE NORTH CAROLINA TAKES LEADING PLACE

Chapel Hill, Feb. 25.—That North Carolina is the best developed industrially of all Southern States was shown by J. V. Baggett, of Sampson county, a member of the law school, in an address before the regular fortnightly meeting of the North Carolina Club held last night in Gerrard hall. "She ranks first in the number of cotton mill establishments; first in the variety of manufactures; first in the distribution of capital; first in the use of foreign-produced raw materials; first in the number of people engaged; first in horsepower employed; first in electric power used; first in women and children employed; first in the value of our cotton mill products; first in the amount of wages paid employees; first in wealth aided by the process of manufacture; and first in furniture-making, wood-working industries. In fact she is so far ahead of the other Southern States that it is not necessary to take time to make comparisons, he declared. "And not only this, but North Carolina leads the nation in the number of cotton mills and factories; in the amount of raw cotton consumed; and in the manufacture of chewing and smoking tobacco."

But these facts about North Carolina industries constitute what we might call a "judgment day" for North Carolina, the speaker continued. "North Carolina is not a great mining State. Nor does she hold first place in the production of wheat, flour, pork, livestock, in the production of crop wealth per man, the retention of farms, in the ownership and improvement of machinery; for in these things North Carolina makes a miserable showing. But North Carolina's leadership lies principally in cotton mills, knitting mills, and her furniture, fertilizer and tobacco factories."

Mr. Baggett gave some interesting statistics bearing on the increase of the cotton mill industry in the State, during the past decade. He showed that the mills had increased 10 per cent, capital stock 52 per cent, number of spindles 35 per cent, number of looms 23 per cent, horsepower employed 40 per cent, number of employees 15 per cent. The increase in wages for the same period he showed to be as follows: highest paid men 72 per cent, lowest paid men 118 per cent, highest paid women 125 per cent, lowest paid women 132 per cent. The increase in textile mills for the same decade he pointed out to be: in number of mills 152 per cent, in capital stock 400 per cent, in spindles operated 192 per cent, in knitting machines used 96 per cent, in horsepower employed 120 per cent, in number of looms 23 per cent. The wage increase for highest paid men was 144 per cent, for lowest paid men 118 per cent, for highest paid women 117 per cent, for lowest paid women 150 per cent.

He referred to the furniture factories as the greatest gainers in other branches of industries whose growth has been consistent with that of the cotton mills. The danger of such rapid expansion in our industrial life, however, was emphatically pointed out by the speaker. "Although our wonderful system of cotton mill factories whose growth gives North Carolina an advantage over the other States, nevertheless their influence has had a great weight in encouraging the farmers to adopt a system of farming under which they can in general never become anything more than tenants of the land. This does not mean that our cotton mills and tobacco factories are bad things. They are our most valuable industries, and should be developed as extensively as is compatible with the economic development of our agricultural industries. The danger lies in the too great concentration by the farmers along these particular lines to the neglect of the food crops, live stock, pork raising, etc."

Mr. Baggett offered encouragement with the statement that "the people of North Carolina are beginning to wake up, and are fast turning to diversified farming, to live stock raising, and to the development of farm industries. The most encouraging thing, however, is the development of the live stock interests of the last four years. In 1910 there was not a single creature in the State; now there are no less than fourteen. In 1910 there were no cheese factories south of the Mason and Dixon line; today North Carolina has around twenty-five. No less than 2,000 boys and girls are enrolled in the poultry clubs and almost as many as in the pig clubs. Five thousand children attended the dairy schools held during one winter."

"Thus, North Carolina, although doing business in the old ways, is beginning to see the light so far as industrial development goes," Mr. Baggett declared in conclusion, "and with wonderful resources at her disposal inviting to the investment of capital no one can predict the proportions the development of her industries will finally reach. To the outsider who is looking for a home easily acquired, and where he can make fortunes in mere any kind of work North Carolina is the 'land of Opportunity.'"

The United States went into the war to win. Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds will settle the bills. The government has done its part. It now looks to the people of the nation, always patriotic, to lend—not give—the money so that the war bills, so necessary for the destruction of the German military machine, may be paid. The government offers an opportunity for every man and woman to prove that loyalty is as potent today as it was when the war was in full blast.

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POISON. BEWARE.

Mary Quint Walker in Mother's Magazine. There was great excitement in our little town last week. Woman paid early morning visits; men, who would indignantly deny that they ever gossiped, talked on street corners. Even the children discussed the all absorbing topic of conversation. And all this because Dorna Wheeler, a sixteen-year-old high school girl had "gone wrong."

"She has been getting more wild and reckless every day this past year," my neighbor, Mrs. Griggs, told me after cautioning me to keep the news quiet. "Wild - reckless!" I said incredulously. "Why, Lorna Wheeler was always the quietest little girl. I loved her dollies and can see her innocent eyes now as she listened to the make-up stories that I used to tell her and Beatrice."

"Remember that three years is a long time in the life of a young girl," Mrs. Griggs answered. "Lorna was at the dollies' party, now she has reached the boy age." "But her nature cannot be changed," I argued, "and she was always such a darling little thing. Oh why," remorsefully, "have I not looked after her. She lost her mother and I my father. Why did I not take her mother's place?"

"Seems like you are one to answer that," replied my neighbor, who at least did not lack frankness. "It's a rather pitiful fact, and her father don't pay much attention to her. He takes no heed that she is fed and clothed. If she had a mother, that girl would not have been out at night after Billy Chester in that big car. Oh, I had my suspicions long ago. I wasn't one bit surprised. They say her father ain't going to have much mercy on her, but will pack her right into the reformatory school."

To my relief Mrs. Griggs said she wanted to think and as I did so, my cheeks burned. How selfish I had been in my grief for Bob! I could have mourned just as truly if I had tried to help somebody else over the hard road. Sweet little Lorna Wheeler, who had been my lassie's chum from kindergarten days—how could I have forgotten her? In the old time she had seemed almost as close as my daughter; and when her mother died she had been the sorrowing child to my own home."

She was the kind little girl that liked to "play house," and her doll family was always large and well beloved. When the children "visited" Bob was Mrs. La Smith, while Lorna insisted upon the rather pretentious title of Mrs. de St. Louis. Now she was in disgrace—the dear little maid who offered up a prayer for every one of her thirteen dollies, and asked in her sweet voice that they be kept from harm. But harm had come to her! What was the cause, and was there any way that I could help even now? I determined to find out though Mrs. Alexander Wheeler might tell me to go home and mind my own business. I had minded my own business too long. The maid told me that Miss Lorna did not wish to see anybody and that Mr. Wheeler was not at home. I could do so. As I sat there I picked up one of the magazines I saw at once that it was of a kind that has come to the front during the past five or six years. However, I had not supposed that they were left on library tables. The name of the periodical is indicated by the name. I have noticed them piled high upon news stands, and on the trains they sell faster than other magazines. As I read the stories I became more and more disgusted. They were clever, in a way, and most of them bright, but every one of them was unclean. It is not an accepted fact that all married women had lovers, and a girl's virtue was treated as a flimsy thing, indeed. A maid, passing, stopped at the door her honest Irish eyes were red. "Excuse me, Mrs. Blake," she said timidly, "but I do wish you would make Miss Lorna see you. Here, my heart aches for the lass, and her father is hard-hearted."

try to cultivate a taste for them, will you, Katie?" I answered, and then hurried up to Lorna's room. "Let me in, Lorna, dear," I begged, but she said angrily, "go away—I do not want you or need you." "Please, Lorna," I asked again. "It is Auntie Blake."

Somewhat to my surprise the door opened and she said ungraciously, "Well?" "Then, as though the sight of my face brought back to the old days, she burst into tears. I took her in my arms and talked to her as I would to it had been my own little daughter. After a while she became calmer, but kept saying, "aren't you glad that Be died, Auntie?"

Knowing now of the lurid stories with which she had been feeding her mind, it was easy to understand the change in Lorna. At the same time she should have been reading wholesome girls' stories, or good clean fiction, she was feasting upon tales of illicit love. Just at the most impressionable period of her life she had been left to read of unfaithful husbands and husbands, of young girls who languish at the bare idea of being virtuous. And the father who should have watched over his motherless child was going to send her to an industrial school.

"What a wicked girl you must think I am," Lorna said, later, and her eyes did not meet mine. "It does not seem possible that I could have changed so. Of course, I liked Billy, and Dad did not seem to care, and I was with him every night and—"

"Tell me more," I said gently. "Perhaps you will not understand. Auntie Blake, but really I was more to blame than Billy, for he wanted to get married. I did not care whether we were married or not, for in most of the stories I have read lately, such things are regarded as bad. A girl usually proves her worth by 'giving herself' as they call it. Oh, I was ashamed, and I can see now that such things are just wicked and disgusting."

She hid her face on my shoulder and cried again—such pitiful sobs. "But I will not send away," she said suddenly. "I will kill myself before I will go to Reform School. There is only one way out of this, Auntie, and that is for us to get married."

"But you are only sixteen, and Billy is not more," I objected. "It is the only way," she repeated, and I was forced to admit that it was. An hour later Alex Wheeler came home, and, as I had anticipated, promptly told me that he could attend to his father's affairs. However, I was not afraid to stand up to him. He had roared and stormed about the worthless girl who had brought shame upon the name of Wheeler; of the hussy who should be put in the place provided for such as she, and had threatened until he was breathless, I told him a few facts which he could not deny. "If you had been feeding Lorna a slow poison for two years in this condition would she be?" I asked abruptly. He looked at me as though he thought I was crazy, and began his tirade again.

"Mrs. A. T. Lassiter's collection of current events is unusually interesting and instructive. After adjournment the hostess served delicious refreshments. The next meeting will be with Mrs. W. D. Boone. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week. Meeting of Boston Book Club. Benson, N. C., Feb. 22.—Mrs. O. A. Barbour was hostess to the John Charles McNeill Book Club Thursday afternoon. Letters were read from the American committee for devoting Relief Implying the club to continue sending supplies to our devastated allied countries. This request was complied with and a box will be sent at an early date. Mrs. A. T. Lassiter's collection of current events is unusually interesting and instructive. After adjournment the hostess served delicious refreshments. The next meeting will be with Mrs. W. D. Boone.

Alex Wheeler looked shocked. "Lorna does not read them," he said hesitatingly. "Don't shame you for not knowing what your children read. I related to you that she had read 'The Rape'." "Possibly they do not harm you, but think of leaving them about for a sixteen-year-old girl to read." "Happily I chose one from the pile. I have never seen this particular magazine before, but I know that there is not one of you, wonder if I am turning the pages." "The first page tells of an actress who kills her seducer. In the next, a very detailed description of a house of ill fame is given. The third story tells of a girl who spends the week-end with her friend's husband, and the next that your girl has reached the stage where it is hard to tell right from wrong?"

"You are right," said Alexander Wheeler, his voice trembling. "I did not think—did not realize—" And he broke down and cried like a child. Lorna and Billy were married the next day. As she had said, it was the only thing to do—but the pity of it! Thousands of these magazines are printed each month; thousands of them are bought in the stores. There are sweet little girls like Lorna Wheeler. Quite often it is the father who finds the stories amusing; but sometimes it is the mother who buys them. Yesterday, while calling at the house of a friend, I saw one of the most sensational lying upon the table among the household magazines. At the risk of offending I told Lorna's story. "Gertrude was looking at this today," my friend said, her face flushing. "Without another word she took her magazine from the table and carried it from the room in her hand."

a touch with the public and his eyes and fairness were not over-aver with all. He was a faithful member of the gift of comb. He was a man of good habits and an exemplary life. In 1900 he joined the Baptist church at his home and on coming to Orlando became an active and useful member of that church here. He was president of the local Barbers class for several years and was the present treasurer. Mr. Kivett's father and mother are living at the old home in North Carolina and he is survived by five brothers and four sisters.

Last July he was married to Miss Natalie Hall, who is well known in Orlando. Mrs. Kivett, who was taken sick at the same time as her husband, has also been very ill but is considered out of danger. Mr. Kivett has many warm personal friends in Orlando and he was admired and respected by all. He was a Mason and a E. F. The funeral will be held at the Baptist church this morning at 10 o'clock and will be in charge of the Masonic Lodge. Dr. Tupper will officiate.

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IDA HOLT. Ida Holt was born October 4, 1882. Died Jan. 23, 1919. She was the daughter of Nell and Harriet Pleasant, a very dutiful child she was kind and obedient to parents, teachers and playmates. I have known her all her life. She was two years younger than I. We were very close together as children, mates in youth, and loved each other till the end of her beautiful life.

She was saved seventeen years ago, joined the church at Hodges' Chapel and true to the end of her life. She and her husband were in the Holy Chest in our meetings when the Pentecost fell twelve years ago. We stopped in their home many times, it was her pleasure to attend services and have God's people in her home. She loved to give of her means to help the poor and the orphans. It was a warm place in her heart. It was a shock to her many friends and relatives, when the news spread that this good woman was gone. She was prayed for by many of the saints. Several preachers went to see her and begged God to spare her to her husband and her children. Her tender care so much, but that dreaded disease influenza-pneumonia, that has slain its thousands took this kind mother, too. We often wonder at God's way when He takes those that to our mind are needed so bad, but we will understand it better by and by.

At the time of her death there was much distress in her family. Her brother, Willis Pleasant, was sent home dead, Monday. His throat was cut in the navy. No one knows how it was done. He was a fine looking young man. Mr. Kivett's brother and her baby were both buried on Monday. Her husband was very sick, unable to go to the funeral. That was three of one family laid in Hodges' Chapel graveyard in one week.

Her funeral was conducted by Rev. Luther Davis. I have a great pity for her husband and children. God help them in their lonely sad hours. May their children live, so they can meet mother in heaven, in the prayer of a cousin that loved her—Florence Goff.

NOW is the time to order Fertilizers if you want them. ORDER ROYSTER'S F. S. Royster Guano Co. Norfolk, Va. Baltimore, Md. Toledo, O. Tarboro, N. C. Charlotte, N. C. Columbia, S. C. Spartanburg, S. C. Atlanta, Ga. Macon, Ga. Columbus, Ga. Montgomery, Ala.

MRS. S. J. BEEKER'S GIFT. We are in receipt of a communication from Mrs. S. J. Beeker offering to give to Buie's Creek one hundred and twenty-five volumes of books belonging to the private library of her devoted husband, Rev. S. J. Beeker. This great gift from this good woman will be of inestimable value to our students. Brother Beeker has a valuable library, select books, and remembering how he loved Buie's Creek and how we loved him, we rejoice in the reminder of him and Mrs. Beeker.

So many of our friends are interested in Mrs. Beeker that we know they will be glad to know that Mrs. Beeker and little daughter will be at home with her father and mother Mr. and Mrs. D. F. King, Leekville. And our love and prayers will follow them unflinchingly—Little River Record.

MILD WINTERS. This winter is similar to the winter of 1890-91, except that during the famous "mild winter" of 90 years ago there were less rainfall than this winter, and there was practically no frosts during the '90-'91 winter. The weather continued so warm that a lot of meat was lost, and old cotton stalks sprouted at the roots in early spring.—The Monroe Enquirer.

COOK OLLIE R. LINK. Company M. 119th Infantry, A. S. 1316897. For extraordinary heroism in action near St. Souplet, France October 10, 1918. Hearing that the enemy were in the company were very heavy. Cook Link left his place in the kitchen and joined his comrades on the front line. From there he advanced alone a distance of 200 yards and located two machine-gun nests, the journey being done in the face of heavy enemy fire. Home address, Mr. James E. Link, father Buie's Creek, N. C.

THE PRODIGAL SON WHO REMAINED AT HOME. A man need not travel into a far country to become a prodigal. Prodigality is not a question of distance or place—it is a question of attitude. We would expect the elder prodigal

BOX PARTY. There will be a Box Party at the Parker School house Saturday night March 1st for the benefit of the church. The girls bring the boxes and the boys a pocket full of money. Come! Come! Come! TEACHERS.

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