

NEWS OF THE CITY

NO DANGER OF FUEL SHORTAGE SOON.

There is certainly little danger of a shortage of fuel in Goldsboro before Christmas, it was stated yesterday by W. H. Griffin and Seth...

FOUR COMMUNITY FAIRS TODAY.

Community fairs will be held in Belfast, Saulston, Smith Chapel, and Woodland today, it was stated yesterday by Miss Elizabeth McEachern...

JITNEY DRIVERS GET "WATCH-OUT!"

Jitney drivers without license at the Wayne county fair had better "watch-out," said A. T. Ussell, deputy internal revenue collector...

SERVICE PRAYER CIRCLE TO MEET.

The Service Prayer Circle will meet at the home of Mrs. John R. Crawford, Jr., on East Mulberry street...

STORIES OF OLD MAN CLEMENCEAU WHO COMES THIS MONTH

France's Member of Big Four Who Lectures in America This Fall

WROTE FROM UNITED STATES IN SIXTIES

PARIS, Nov. 9.—Georges Clemenceau, one of the foremost journalists in France, got his first experience as a newspaper man during his sojourn in the United States between 1866 and 1869.

Throughout his residence in America, Clemenceau sent contributions to the "Temps," "Letters from America" they are called, and he dealt with all the foremost questions of the day. His articles on the future of the negro race in the United States, written two years after the end of the Civil War, are a model of style and show a clear understanding of this complex problem.

Clemenceau wrote them after an extensive tour of the South, and he drew a vivid picture of conditions in that then devastated area. Admirable literature documents, displaying democratic tendencies, political foresight, and large philosophical ideas, they show on the part of this young man of twenty-seven nearly all the qualities of the remarkable old man of today.

A New York editor, after Clemenceau's



The beheading of Marie Antoinette was one case of where a woman did not keep her head. To keep your head properly, cover it with millinery from H. Well & Bros.

When a man tells a girl he feels "all wound up," it is best she tell him "to go." People run down, go for prescriptions to Vinson's Drug Co.

A woman will sometimes open her mouth so wide that you can see she is heartless, but when she shows her teeth, bring her for a bite to eat to The Republic Cafe, Stocking Acme Theaters.

When girls dance stockless on the stage, it is a bad joint to go to—but when you see many dotted calves in a store, you'll find the best meat joint to go to is Serve-Us-Market.

Some autoists will run up a steep hill and immediately up a steep bill—if they are not running in a Jewett from Spence Motor Company.

Recently Miss Black and Mr. White, a colored couple, were united in marriage. This is the first case where a black was made white. We always make things white at Wayne Laundry and Dry Cleaner.

fall from power in 1909, asked him to write a book on America. "It is already written," replied Clemenceau, "just look through the 'Temps' file from 1867 and 1908."

PARIS, Nov. 9.—Georges Clemenceau is charged by his enemies with being heartless. He has never shown any mercy to a powerful enemy; the fight was always to a finish. Toward the weak, however, he has been known to be lenient.

After the court had sentenced young Cottin to death in 1910 for having pumped seven bullets into the back of the automobile in which Clemenceau was riding, two of which struck the "Tiger," he recommended that the young anarchist's sentence be commuted to a term of imprisonment.

"How long shall we give him," the Minister of Justice asked. "About ten years," said Clemenceau, "I'll be dead and gone before he comes out, in case he should like to use me for a target again."

Cottin has now served about four years of his sentence and, with time allowance for good behavior he should leave jail about 1926.

Clemenceau, in spite of the bullet from Cottin's revolver which still carries between the shoulder blade and collarbone, shows no signs of departure from the world. He is in better physical shape now than he was when the attempt upon his life was made.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—Georges Clemenceau's anti-clerical ideas were always very pronounced until he witnessed the courageous behavior under fire of catholic priests mobilized during the war. Then his point of view underwent a change, and his attitude toward the church of Rome at present is not antagonistic.

As Clemenceau was being carried in to the house on the rue Franklin after the attempt on his life by the anarchist youth Cottin, a priest belonging to a congregation with headquarters adjoining the garden of the former Premier's home, rushed up to him and offered his good service.

"Thank you, my Reverend Father," said Clemenceau not unkindly, "but I don't think I'll need you this time." Then he added earnestly: "However, if you wish to be agreeable to me," he added, "I should like you to have that tree removed," pointing to a tall poplar in the Premier's garden which throws a shade into the Premier's garden—"It keeps the beautiful sun away from me."

"It shall be felled today," replied the priest. "I should not like to be responsible for keeping you from enjoying the only sight of heaven which a sinner such as you are likely to have."

They both laughed and shook hands, the priest wishing him a prompt convalescence.

PARIS, Nov. 9.—A bright young deputy had just made his maiden speech in the Chamber. His debut had proved a huge success, and congratulations were being showered upon him from all sides.

"Come and let me press you to my heart," contributed Clemenceau with a slight touch of sarcasm. The young deputy belonged to the opposition.

"Thank you, Mr. Premier," retorted the deputy, "but I have horror of a vacuum."

PARIS, Nov. 9.—Georges Clemenceau had just overthrown one of the numerous cabinets for whose downfall he is responsible, and the President of the Republic had sent for deputy Sarrien and entrusted him with the task of forming a new ministry. Sarrien telephoned to Clemenceau that he would like to see him at his home.

The "Tiger," upon arrival, found the Premier Sarrien, already surrounded by nearly all the future ministers of his cabinet. These were sipping long cigars and partaking of various refreshments. Looking over his stock of wet goods, Sarrien asked Clemenceau, "What will you take, Mr. Clemenceau?" Sarrien was getting ready to choose from the various bottles on the buffet, when sharp and peremptory came the reply: "I'll take the Interior," Clemenceau said.

He was Minister of the Interior for 6 months, afterwards succeeding Sarrien as Premier.

Fourth District Medical Society

The quarterly meeting of the Fourth District Medical Society will be held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce at Wilson next Tuesday, Dr. C. F. Stronider of Goldsboro, president, will preside, and will call the meeting to order at 3 p. m. The following program will be followed:

"The Cystoscope as an Aid in Diagnosis," by Dr. James C. Zayner, Goldsboro, N. C.

"Foreign Body Protruding from Intestinal Diverticulum," by Dr. Paul Lane, Wilson, N. C.

"Some Remarks Regarding Infant Feeding in Diarrhoea," by Dr. G. M. Brooks, Elm City, N. C.

"Kidney Conditions Simulating Appendicitis," by Dr. B. C. Willis, Rocky Mount, N. C.

Report of clinical cases. Minutes of the last meeting. Miscellaneous business. Election of officers.

Membership in the Fourth District Medical Society includes all members in good standing in the following county societies: Edgecombe, Halifax, Greene, Johnston, Nash, Northampton, Wayne and Wilson.

OLD HOME WEEK

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Carrie Brown left fall the home town paper she had been reading and gazed unseeing out through her white dimly draped window. So they were going to have an Old Home week back in Glenwood, and had sent out a call for the return of all native sons and daughters.

How she would like to go back! Not since she had left the place, twelve years ago, had she revisited it and her heart held a mighty longing to see once more the winding, maple-shaded streets; the modest, comfortable homes; even the unprogressive business block with its one-story post office, fruit groceries, meat market and Horace Kimball's hardware emporium.

Thinking of Horace, she sighed, just a bit wistfully. How easy it had been to scorn his proposal of marriage when the years seemed beckoning her to a special, glorious destiny.

Could she bring herself, even for one brief week, to return to Glenwood? How could she, a confessed failure, face her townspeople who had prophesied so bright a future?

Yet she had failed, for want of some vital spark. Oh, she had made a living. Odd jobs of translations, hack work of various sorts, the syndication of her Daily Verse for Daily Needs. But the novel of her dreams, the tremendous poem, the short-story that was a masterpiece—where were they?

Thinking over these things, Carrie dabbled with the thought of Old Home week in Glenwood. Yes, she finally decided, she would go back and bask once more in the quiet obscurity of her own home town.

Glenwood laid itself out in the matter of decorations for its first Old Home week and Carrie descended from her train to find the shabby station of her memory glorified in streamers and drapings and festoons of colorful bunting. Yes, and there was even old Eb Smith, the station master, all spruced up for the occasion to the extent of a genuine white collar and a flower in his buttonhole.

A number of other passengers had descended with Carrie, and the unusual amount of stir and bustle distracted Eb, who wasn't as young as he used to be. Then, all of a sudden, he caught sight of Carrie and actually broke off in the very midst of directing a couple of prosperous-looking gentlemen to the Glenwood house.

"Well, well, well! If it isn't Carrie Brown, what used to sit on the baggage truck and wait for her dad on the 6:18. Well, well, well!"

He had grasped both her hands and was swinging them joyously. Suddenly he dropped them and smiled embarrassedly. "Sho' now I'm being kind of free, I suppose, only I forgot for a moment and could only see you as a pig-tailed, long-legged little Carrie instead of—"

"Why, of course, Eb!" Carrie spoke heartily. "You—you can't know what it means to receive such a welcome!"

row, and yards.

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When sidgling thoughtfully. All too well she realized how little she became the pedestal her fellow-citizens had endowed her with. And yet her simple lines, unadorned frequently, never very spontaneous, had somehow gained a foothold in their hearts. To disabuse them would be unkind, perhaps impossible.

As for Horace, she had to confess she looked more kindly on this well set up, middle-aged man than she had on the awkward, tongue-tied youth. Besides, he deserved something in return for his years of loyalty to her memory.

She turned a soft glance toward him. "Horace, I'll marry you on one condition," she said whimsically. "That you never, once, accuse me of being famous!"

"Have you forgotten, Carrie," asked Horace joyfully, "that I loved you long before you ever were?"

Pistol, Flashlight in One. An inventor has combined a small caliber automatic pistol with an electric flashlight of the tubular type.

The Women's Club of Raleigh, with 700 members, is the largest in North Carolina.

BARBARA FLAPPED

By KARIN C. SUNDELUF

(© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Barbara, left alone again, was rebellious. The twins had gone to a whist party. It seemed as if they always had a whist party, or a tea, or something, immediately after lunch, and a dance or theater party or something immediately after dinner.

Barbara gazed in rebellious silence around the forsaken dining room, at the disorderly table with its hordes of dishes that had to be washed. The cold, half-eaten food nauseated her. She looked at herself in the glass over the buffet. She was only twenty-three. She looked thirty-five. Her eyes were tragically blue, her cheeks white without any of the modern rose-bloom, her hair drawn back from her forehead into an unbecoming knot in back, yet it tried to escape in little curling tendrils over her ears.

It had been going on for weeks. Whatever nobody else wanted to do, Barbara would do. Barbara never complained. She never really cared to go out. She never liked the men—at least that was the twins' version of the matter.

They were in the califone stage, and modern. Flappers! That was what they were, and Barbara had hated the sound of the word. But Dot and Ted had continued serenely rolling their stockings, rousing their cheeks and lips, powdering their little noses, and flirting outrageously with anything in trousers, in spite of Barbara's very evident disapproval. Ted had even vanquished that Whimsical fellow, and he was the talk of the town.

She was such a little, young thing, and he was a man of the world. He had just come back from four years at law school and was now in active practice with his father. And now Ted had gotten hold of him. He was much older than she, and Barbara had a sneaky feeling that it was Ted that did all the flapping. The girls seemed to do that a lot—too much, Barbara thought—and the boys just sat back and expected them to.

Suddenly a fresh wave of rebellion surged over Barbara. She would be a flapper, too. She fled up to her room. She laid her best Sunday-go-to-meeting dress on the bed, and speculated briefly. It was rather long. Of course, long skirts were coming in fast, but she would be a flapper for a day, anyway. A needle and thread soon brought it almost to the knees. She rolled her stockings and borrowed a pair of Dot's garters. They were yellow. She made lavish use of the twin's lipstick, rouge and powder. When she was satisfied with her work, she proceeded, outwardly brave, but inwardly shrinking, to the barber shop at the corner.

It was a flustered and triumphant bobbed and fluffed Barbara who let herself in cautiously about half an hour later, a Barbara who had shed the years behind her.

The house was still silent; the stale and unsavory remains of the luncheon were still on the table. Barbara considered for a moment. No, she was a flapper now, like Dot and Ted. They could clear the things away when they

YESTERDAY'S MARKETS

Table with market data for New York Cotton, Spot cotton, and various dates from December to July.

CUBAN PATRIOT HONORED



A delegation of prominent Missions from Cuba journeyed to Washington to attend the unveiling of a marble tablet to the memory of Gen. Calisto Garcia Iniguez, Cuban patriot, the ceremonies taking place at the Raleigh hotel, where the tablet was placed and where the general died. Photograph shows Felix V. Frezal, grand secretary of the grand lodge of the Cuban Masonic bodies, and Y. Gonzalez, interpreter, speaking to the gathered Missions.

Be generous with compliments, especially with complaints.

NORFOLK SOUTHERN R. R. Announces Reduced Fares to Richmond, Va. Account Foot Ball Game University of North Carolina vs. V. M. I. November 11, 1922

One and one-half fare for the round trip, tickets sold Nov. 10th and for morning trains of Nov. 11th, final limit Nov. 13th.

J. F. DALTON, General Passenger Agent.

NORFOLK SOUTHERN R. R. Announces Reduced Fares to Norfolk, Va. Account Foot Ball Game, November 11 N. C. State College vs. V. P. I.

One and one-half fare round trip, tickets sold November 10th, and for morning trains Nov. 11th, final limit November 13th.

J. F. DALTON, General Passenger Agent.



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FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE PARROTT & CREECH Goldsboro, N. C.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Southern Railway System announces the following change in Pullman sleeping car lines, effective Tuesday, November 7th, 1922: Raleigh-Greensboro sleeping car handled in trains 111 and 112 will be extended to become the Raleigh-Winston-Salem sleeping car line and will be handled in trains 1 and 8 between Greensboro and Winston-Salem.

Effective same date, Goldsboro-Winston-Salem sleeping car line will be discontinued and passengers from Goldsboro and beyond for Greensboro and Winston-Salem will be taken care of in Goldsboro-Salisbury sleeping car. This will also apply in opposite direction.

There will be no change in Raleigh-Asheville, or Goldsboro-Salisbury sleeping cars.

J. S. BLOODWORTH, D. P. A.

SPECIAL NOTICES

RATES Twenty-five cents per insertion for 25 words or less. For more than 25 words, one cent each word. White space or type display ads inserted in the columns for 50 cents per inch, each insertion. When five or more consecutive insertions are desired a discount of 30 per cent is allowed.

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT. Apply 116 N. John street or phone 833-J or 508. 18-31c

A MANUFACTURING CONCERN desires to place in charge a local representative an investment of \$400. Will enable you to derive an income from \$200 to \$250 weekly; patented articles; guaranteed 10 years; exclusive rights. See A. W. Hughes, 306 N. John St. Call after 5 p. m. 9-34p

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED SAWYER for ground mill. Patten Packaging Company, Calypso, N. C. 9-31

CONNECTING FURNISHED ROOMS for rent on ground floor, with running water. Phone 332-W. 9-31c

WANTED TO RENT STRICTLY FIRST class furnished apartment or house from 5 to 8 rooms in attractive neighborhood. Best references. Answer "X. Y." News. 8-31p

SEE THE NEW SUPERIOR CHEVROLET, \$539. E. O. B. Flint, Mich. On display at J. L. Hatcher's Garage. 9-71c

FLYER LEAPS IN WABASH His Landing Gear Lost. Other Aviators "Signal His Danger"

DANVILLE, Ill., Nov. 9.—Signalled from the air by other aviators that he had lost his landing gear, Captain Lawrence H. Hickey, of Raytown, Mo., was saved from possible fatal injuries by a dash over neighboring rivers until he found a suitable place to jump into the Wabash river, it was learned today. Lieutenants Carr and McDuffie took to the air after Hickey, and were able to make him understand his predicament. They flew close behind him and rescued him from the water.

If you are straightforward you will always go straight forward.

FOR SALE—NEW, SIX-ROOM, Cottage, small cash payment, balance in monthly payments. D. C. Humphrey, 16-11c

LOST—A BUNCH OF KEYS WITH large folding store key on bunch. If found return to 214 N. John street and receive reward. 9-31p

LOST OR MISLAIN—SMALL PACKAGE containing some black satin, military head and other articles. Finder please leave at Well's store, Mrs. W. R. O'Herry, Dudley, N. C. 9-31p

FOR RENT—FIVE ROOM MODERN apartment unfurnished. Steam heat and hot water furnished. J. L. Jordan, 9-31c

FOR RENT—TWO ROOM MODERN apartment. Steam heat and hot water. J. L. Jordan, 8-31c

THREE UNFURNISHED ROOMS connecting bath, ground floor. Suitable for light housekeeping. References required. 407 N. William St. 8-41c

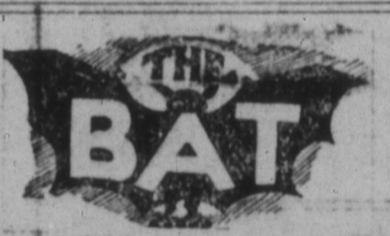
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Palmists and Clairvoyants Is now located in tents at extension Williams street at City line North.

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