

The American Model

Choctaw Indian Chosen by French Sculptor for Statue of "American Fighting Man"

A Choctaw Indian, Otis W. Leader of Oklahoma, has been chosen by an eminent French sculptor as model for his statue of "the American fighting man."

There can be no question of America's pride in her aborigines, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Indian, who was cordially hated by the pioneers and shamefully despoiled and exploited by the successors of the pioneers, has become in the present generation a popular, honored and justly respected citizen.

The French sculptor made a wise choice when he selected Private Leader as his type specimen of the American soldier. It is a fitting tribute to the red Americans who fought so valiantly for white civilization and no white American will begrudge the honor.

470,034 Boy Scouts Raised \$354,180,687 in U. S. Bonds

The Boy Scouts of America has grown to a total membership of 470,034 since its organization nine years ago, according to a report issued recently. Of this number, 14,890 are scout masters and 17,334 assistants, while of the 69,351 troop committeemen and local council members all but 250 are unpaid volunteers.

FACTS AND FANCIES

Originality is nothing more than doing something which so far no one has thought of trying to do.

There's nobody quite so busy as the man who doesn't want to do something else.

If everybody did his best there'd be more men at the top and fewer at the middle or the bottom of the ladder.

It takes only about three weeks for a woman to learn to hate the bonnet she fell in love with at first sight.

The Helm.

Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good.—Emerson.

Putting an Egg in a Bottle.

An egg may be put into a bottle which has a mouth much smaller than the egg, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. First soak the egg in vinegar until the shell becomes soft and pliable. It will then be easy to force the egg into the bottle. Pour cold water into the bottle and allow it to remain until the shell becomes hard again. The bottle can then be shown to friends, who are certain to be greatly mystified by the sight of an egg in such a place.

Chemists have developed a method in Sweden for removing carbon from coal tar, leaving a clear, transparent, golden brown liquid.

Eliminate the Poisons

The chief indications in the treatment of RHEUMATISM etc. are to neutralize the toxins and destroy the specific poisons circulating in the body.

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PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

IMPERATIVE NEED FOR ACTION

Twelve Months Since the Signing of the Armistice Practically Wasted —Call for Aid From America Must Be Heeded.

Article V.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

The signing of the armistice ended the fighting. The signing of the peace treaty brought peace, but neither of these acts restored devastated Europe. The great job ahead is the work of reconstruction, and when I write the word "reconstruction" I have not in mind the mere rebuilding of the war-stricken areas of France, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Russia. Glorious and important as this task is, however, it is only a small part of the work of real reconstruction. Hundreds of thousands of square miles made up the actual war zone, the ground marched over, the territory under shell fire. Millions of acres of land that once yielded food in response to the touch of the plow have for the past four years been filled by barbed wire.

Belgium was literally looted, pillaged and ravished. Almost the entire state was violated. Nearly one-eighth of France, her industrial section, was crushed. Buildings were destroyed, factories dismantled. Sixty thousand square miles in Poland were laid waste. Italy suffered terribly. The ground is filled with high explosive shells, undischarged mines and shells. Every day since the work of recovery and restoration began men working in this zone have been blown to pieces. Billions of feet of barbed wire and millions of tons of metal make a dangerous wilderness out of what was once a highly productive area.

Cities and villages are jungles of twisted, broken, torn wood, iron, brick and stone. I have walked through these villages and have stood stunned by the completeness of the destruction. The streets are uneven and lumpy with brick and stone and plaster and glass, piles of wreckage. Roofless houses with walls gutted and torn, heaps and piles of broken building material; jagged, ragged piles of masses of debris meet the eye. Had I not known of the war and come upon one of these unsightly, shapeless masses of material, I should have thought nature had entered into a mad conspiracy, combining and concentrating all of the powers of a cyclone, a tornado and an earthquake, and spilled their fury on these mangled, dead villages.

Sights to Wring the Heart.

Picture the refugees returning to these villages—coming back home. What the sight must have meant to them. I have seen them, their faces gray as the gray ruins, standing in the midst of their destroyed homes. I have seen them picking their way over piles of stone and brick through great openings made in the broken walls. I saw in their eyes homesickness, a hurt of heart I never shall forget. Old men and old women and little bare-legged children; now and again a boy with a worn, soiled uniform, some limping on crutches, others wearing an empty sleeve. One thought surged through my mind until it almost sickened me—War. The land of the war zone must be reclaimed. These acres are needed now more than they were before the war. The world's food supply is low. Hundreds of miles of trenches must be filled up. Trees must be planted, the ground must be cleaned of shells, cleared of barbed wire; villages, cities, must be rebuilt; sewer systems must be installed. The mess must be moved. It is a big job.

One great misfortune is that although 12 months have come and gone since the signing of the armistice, no general comprehensive plan of reconstruction has been started. Here and there small sections of the devastated regions are being partly reconstructed. Temporary provision is being made for the homeless. This is all well and good, but intelligent, economical, efficient and speedy reconstruction demands a general plan and an organization big enough to put it over. The doing of this work requires vision and capacity for doing big things well. If the physical reconstruction is left to Europe it will not be finished in 50 years. Here is a chance for America. We have a faculty of doing things on a big scale and in a short period of time. Europe needs our help. If we are to give it eventually, why not now? But the clearing up of the wreckage and the rebuilding is a minor problem compared with the other greater and more important question of reconstruction, the reconstruction of industry, the establishment of normal life.

The reclamation of the devastated area is, after all, only a matter of plan, time and money, and notwithstanding the fact that Europe is bankrupt today, the money must and will come. The barbed wire will be rolled up, the mines and shells will be dug from the fields, the villages will be rebuilt; everything that has been destroyed will be replaced. Physical reconstruction is the least of Europe's problems.

The great problem is the reconstruc-

tion of life. The war-devastated and disordered life of the world. It threw everything into confusion; it left the scheme out of balance.

Only Road to Prosperity.

We live by work. Prosperity means production. Poverty is underproduction. Stripping economies of all its high-sounding jargon, the simple truth that everyone knows is that the world has only the things it works to produce.

It may not be amiss to state a few facts known by everyone which explain the meaning of production: We live on the earth. It is land and water. In the ground are minerals. The land grows crops. We need the minerals that are in the ground. We need the crops, but minerals in the ground, as well as the fertile soil, mean nothing until man by his work brings the mineral from the ground and makes the soil yield. We must have food, we must have clothing, we must have shelter, and the only way we can get these things is by working. If little work is done we have a shortage. There isn't enough food to go around, there aren't enough clothes, enough coal, and as a result the prices of all these necessities go way up. But this is not so important as the fact that when there is not enough to feed the world some go hungry, others must starve. When there isn't enough coal, some are cold, others freeze. When there aren't enough clothes for everyone, some must be ragged and half-naked. Everything by which we live is the result of work. Stop work, and poverty follows. Work, and plenty results. Work is responsible for everything that goes to make life worth living.

To understand Europe's condition today, one must stop and realize that the war stopped production. The result is a shortage of everything. There isn't enough food, there isn't enough raw material, there isn't enough coal. The whole story is told in the word Poverty.

Only Cure Is in Work.

There is a cure; the prescription can be written in a single word. Everyone knows that word, but knowing the word and adopting the word are different matters. Before we can get back to normal life this word must find root in the consciousness of the people. We must realize that the world will continue sick and grow sicker unless this prescription is taken. Further, we must know that if we delay taking this remedy it will be a longer time before we get well. The prescription is work. Every effort should be made to make every man will to work. Every employer must not contribute to unrest and provoke idleness by refusing to negotiate with his men, and into this negotiation he should go with a friendly spirit and a willingness to compromise. The employer who meets labor with the thought in his mind that he is better equipped to fight than labor, because he has a surplus and can eat and be warm, while labor has been living from hand to mouth and will starve, is shortsighted. He had better get the idea out of his head that you can starve men into submission. There was a day when that was true, but that day has passed, never to come. The man who depends upon his ability to turn a key in the factory door and go off on a vacation, imposing his will on his workmen, will discover that these men stopped a certain "gent," late of Pottsdam now of Holland, from doing this very thing to the world. He may wake up some morning to learn a new definition of the word "fight."

One thing that people do not realize is that the men who fought the world's fight for freedom are the men who are now complaining that they are not getting a square deal. Who made up the fighting men of the war, the rank and file of the armies that stopped the Prussian Push? Who were the great majority of the volunteers and the conscripted men numbering millions who went to the front for the allies? The teamsters, the shophands, the millworkers, the factory hands, the coal miners. These are the same men who are the center of the labor problem.

Mr. Employer, you are dealing with ex-soldiers. Please don't forget it. They fought for you. You wouldn't have any business today if it hadn't been for them, and when you think of the bond you bought, remember the blood they gave.

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Applied Christianity.

The late Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool used to relate how on one occasion he separated two women, one a Roman Catholic and one a Protestant, who were fighting in the street. Afterward he asked the latter, whom he knew, how she, as a professing Christian, could justify her behavior, to which she replied:

"Well, sir, I was only obeying you. I have often heard you say 'Fight the good fight!' That other woman came into my house and she saw a picture of you on the mantelpiece. 'That's no priest,' said she. 'Nor no parson, neither! He's only an old quack.' Do you think I could stand that, sir? No! 'Touch not the Lord's anointed!' I says, and I ups with my fists and I hits her!"—London Post.

Smart Kid.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer. "And now," he said to the same boy, "what is latitude?"

The youngster hesitated a moment and then with a merry twinkle in his eye he replied, "Please, sir, we have no latitude. The British government won't allow us any."

LOWELL LOCALS

Correspondence of The Daily Gazette.

LOWELL, Feb. 12.—Miss Iola Titman, who is a student at Queen's College, Charlotte, spent the week-end here with homefolks.

The many friends of Mr. Lester Teague are glad to see him out again after an illness of two weeks with influenza.

Messrs. Coit M. Robinson and P. P. Murphy attended the automobile show in Charlotte Tuesday.

Miss Ida Groves, who was taken to a Gastonia hospital Sunday, is reported as doing very well.

Mrs. G. Frank Hovis attended the meeting of Gastonia Chapter, U. D. C., which was held Saturday afternoon at the home of the president, Mrs. T. W. Wilson.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilliam, who has been quite ill at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Blair, is now very much improved.

The Woman's Club will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the school house, the meeting having been postponed from

last Thursday on account of the epidemic of influenza.

TEN MILLIONS FOR 1920.

Tampa, (Fla.) Daily Tribune. Gastonia, N. C., is sending out proposed building estimates for 1920, and the total is three million dollars, exclusive of seven millions for mills.

Accepted Incident as Mandate.

A remarkable case of ring finding is related of St. Atlan, bishop of Zamora, who lived in the tenth century. He wanted to surrender his bishopric and threw his episcopal ring into the Douro. But a fish brought it back to him, and he concluded that he should

The Second Load.

It takes two trucks to move the average household—one to carry the furniture, and the other to convey the old clothes the housewife gives away as soon as she moves into the new place. —Kansas City Star.

First Woman Journalist. Mrs. Anne Royall, born in Maryland in 1769, was not only the first woman journalist, but the first of her sex to own and edit a newspaper. She was the widow of a Virginia revolutionary war officer, and appeared in Washington in 1824 for the purpose of trying to secure a government pension. Failing in this, she started a small weekly sheet which was first called the "Washington Paul Pry" and later the "Huntress." She had met personally and talked with every president from Washington to Lincoln, and was the terror of politicians.

Fire Losses and Tragedies. The fire loss in America averages \$250,000,000 a year, while 15,000 persons die or are injured by fire each year.

Worst Form of Unbelief. The fearfulest unbelief is unbelief in yourself.—Carlyle.

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The Power of Money

When William Payne, the banker at Bisonville, decreed that no farmer who did not raise cows as well as wheat could borrow money from him, the angry grain growers almost lynched him. But they had to do as he demanded—and today his county is an oasis in a blowaway desert, his depositors and borrowers are prosperous farmers, his bank is looked upon as the agricultural father of the whole countryside. Such is *The Power of Money for Good*. Herbert Quick, formerly a member of the Farm Loan Board, tells the story in the February 7th issue of

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