

A NEW DISCOVERY WILL REVOLUTIONIZE THE WAR

Will a single stroke of American inventive genius win this war, as it has won every other war the United States has ever fought?

Despite President Wilson's warning that the country must not sit back and wait for a miracle, Washington is tonight excited over a new power system that will, if its inventor's claims materialize, revolutionize warfare overnight and end the conflict as suddenly with America victorious.

The system is a "free energy generator" and its inventor is Garabed T. K. Giragosian, an American mechanic who has been working on his plan in Boston the greater part of twenty-six years. Here are some of the things he says it will do:

Drive a battleship any distance, without stop for fuel.

Propel an airplane around the world.

Give an airplane strength to carry thousand of pounds of munitions.

Enable an airplane to wear armor heavy enough to turn any anti-aircraft gun missiles.

Send torpedoes at greater speed. Practically double the speed of steam engines.

Other than to state that his system of utilizing free energy is as revolutionary as Franklin's discovery of electricity, Giragosian has not publicly described his theory. So radical are his assertions that they would be dismissed with a shrug and a smile, had he not, in secret demonstrations, backed up his statements Official action has been taken, and if he can make good on a big scale, the United States will contribute more powerfully than any imagination had conceived, to winning the war.

In secret testimonies Giragosian convinced the house committee on patents.—Washington Special.

Your Brain Must Have Pure Blood

No more important physiological discovery has ever been made than that the brain requires a due supply of pure blood. It is estimated that is sent from the heart—a great deal more than any other organ of the body. If the vitality of the blood is impaired, the blood then affords the brain an imperfect stimulus and there is mental and physical languor, sluggishness or inactivity.

Pure blood is blood that is free from humors, it is healthy blood, and the term pure blood as it is generally used means blood that is not only right in quality but also in quantity. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich red, blood. This is one of the great truths about this medicine.

WOULD LIKE TO FURNISH THE DEVIL WITH ICE CREAM

J. W. Dunn, Secretary Electra Commercial Club, Electra, Texas, writes the Manufacturers Record as follows: Every week there is a thrill for me in the Manufacturers Record. Last week it was your reply to Mr. Collier (or is it Mrs. Collier), whose sappy, jellyfish view of the situation is so much in keeping with the sentimental attitude adopted by thousands of well-meaning but utterly silly Americans in their view of the rape of Europe by the Hun. These poor people make a man who has red blood in his veins grind his teeth, and when I think of the number of them scattered among our full-blooded human Americans I almost thank God the war came along before our whole nation was poisoned with this deadly upas tree of sickening sentimentality, hardly distinguishable from traitorism, and indeed worse, if anything.

I believe if we were to circulate a petition to furnish the devil with ice cream these hot days men of Mr. Collier's type would subscribe to it. Mr. Collier, I have no doubt, is a good citizen in many respects, but he has gotten the wrong point of view, and we see now where the wrong point of view has landed the German nation. With you I feel that the name of Germany ought to be inscribed in the International hall of infamy and only washed out upon ample proof of complete moral rehabilitation.

With the most sincere expression of appreciation for your unwavering stand for righteousness, consistently maintained in the face of half-hearted condemnation and whole-hearted traitorism by some of those who are supposed to guide the helm of State.

"America Had Better Look Out"

"America had better look out. I shall stand no nonsense from Americans after the war!"

These expressions by the German Emperor, quoted in Ambassador Gerard's article in today's Sentinel would seem to furnish considerable food for thought on the part of the American citizens. It appears to us that it would be particularly appropriate for those who may have felt that good relations with Germany could have been preserved and war averted to ponder carefully these words of the Kaiser.

This sentiment, expressed by the head of the imperial German government, was provoked by the fact that the allied nations were getting arms and munitions from the United States, something they had undoubted right to do under the provisions of international law. Germany had the

same right and the only reason she did not avail herself of it was that Great Britain controlled the seas and German ships bearing arms could not have gotten through the blockade. For United States to have refused her citizens the right to sell arms to the allies merely because the fortunes of war had made it impossible for Germany to get such arms would have been a clear violation of this nation's neutrality.

And the Kaiser's threat was not the only thing said by German military leaders along this line. Other similar remarks have been attributed to others, all showing that Germany had a deep-seated feeling of resentment against the United States and that her militarist chiefs would doubtless have welcomed the first opportunity, after her other enemies had been disposed of, to fight this nation.

Such facts as those given by Mr. Gerard must convince anyone, we think, that America was forced into this war; that it is primarily a war of self-defense; that if the United States had not determined to fight Germany now, we would have had to do so later, and probably under conditions more favorable to the enemy. Those who talk as if war with Germany, now or later, could have been averted and the honor of the United States been preserved, simply have not studied the situation as they should. They are talking without sufficient information on the subject they choose to discuss.

America is engaged in a great humanitarian task in the present war. The forces of this nation are fighting to make the world safe for democracy and civilization; we are in the war because of Germany's treatment of Belgium; we are fighting because the rights of neutrals on the high seas have been violated; we are in the conflict because, in disregard of the rules of civilized warfare, hospital ships have been fired upon; we are in the struggle for the reason that civilization and democracy demand it.

But we should not lose sight of the fact that the United States is in this war primarily for self-protection. We are engaged in holding aloft the banner of humanity, but we have a very particular reason that comes very close to us, one that demands the careful consideration of every man, woman and child in this country. We are in the war because our national self-respect demanded it; we are in the war to protect our own country; we are fighting in foreign lands because, if we did not meet Germany there now, we would have to meet her later on our own shores.

It is right and proper that our obligations to humanity should be real-

ized but, in stressing the fact that we are also fighting for other people we should not lose sight of the fact that the war in which we are engaged is primarily our own war, a struggle for our own defense, for the very existence of the nation and the preservation of its self-respect.—Winston Sentinel.

Good Times

The country seems to be loaded up with ready money, and as long as that lasts times will be good. It may take fifty cents to buy a pound of butter, but if the fifty cents is on hand it really makes no difference. Back in 1893, you couldn't get hold of fifty cents. Butter then was offered at twenty cents and many people cut it out because they could not afford it. In those days you would see an all-wool suit of clothing in a show window marked at five dollars but the five dollars couldn't be gotten, and therefore times were hard, while products were shamefully low.

Those were free silver years—the years when bankers in the west hung signs in their windows at least, that no money could be borrowed, and if you got a hundred dollars you had to give a gold bond; nothing else would do. Free silver was a great craze, and gold bugs feared disaster, or at least pretended to, and while crops were plentiful and everything ridiculously cheap no one could buy. Silver was worth about forty-three cents an ounce and Bryan wanted to coin it and say it was worth one hundred cents. Coin Harvey, with a theory that looked good demoralized the world, and finally free silver and its advocates dropped out.

The last quotation we saw on silver was something over one dollar an ounce, and you hear nothing about double standards of money and hear nothing about the tariff. You simply hear some war talk, some high-price talk some wonder talk about what will happen, and the mail each day brings you the glad tidings that all kinds of articles in your particular business have advanced in price, and you grin and bear it.

Just when this will end is guess work, but end it must. The prices now are absolutely fictitious; there is neither reason nor sense in what is on, and some day the bottom will fall out. Metal markets fluctuate without reason. Paper is worth what it happens to be quoted for. The other day we wired for quotations on paper in carload lots and received replies and prices varied as much as twenty per cent.—apparently just the mood the fellow offering the quotation. One good house said it could

offer a bargain at a certain figure and it looked good in the face of bills previously rendered and within an hour another house just as good quoted paper at thirty cents a hundred pounds—and there you go. There was no reason for such a difference in price; it was all mill stuff and the jobber simply was doing the best he could.

A young man the other day told us that he didn't see how people could live on the present salaries, and said he had just paid fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes his wife ordered, while another man was complaining because he had to pay a dollar for half-soled his wife's shoes, whereas a year ago it cost but sixty cents. The older woman had learned the lesson of economy, but where under the sun are we going when young men on salaries much less than a hundred a month cannot resist the temptation to pay fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes?

Wonderful age it is. Forty years ago, when we were on the pike and looked toward the east—long before the sun was setting, that was—to pay three dollars for a pair of shoes was going some. Five dollars for a pair of French kid boots—elegant tops in Morocco leather and the real thing—was considered sin against mankind, and the one daring enough to attempt such extravagance was considered a capitalist or a crook. But nowadays they tell us that in big cities twenty-five and thirty dollars is considered a small price for the latest thing for milady in footwear.

In those old years, and, b'gosh they were happy years, printers stood at the seven ten hours a day and worked for seven and eight dollars a week, and married and reared their families and owned their homes. Nowadays to get twenty dollars or fifteen dollars and be unable to live is the cry—and things still going up. Just where we are going to get off is the problem that the philosopher cannot solve. To keep on advancing is impossible. Some day there must come the reverse; the pendulum must swing the other way. In the 1893 panic, with the election of McKinley and the war with Spain, we rapidly got back the momentum, and instead of profiting from the sad experience of hard times and almost starvation in many places, because in December of 1863 there were six million idle men, men who wanted to work we were on high speed and forgot all about it.

And we are on higher speed than ever. With the terrible lesson of the war across the seas; the fact

that the allies have been forced to borrow of us nearly three billion dollars in gold; the fact that the world is really right now impoverished if it undertook to square accounts we keep on going headlong, dizzy and undaunted, and the question will not dawn: "Where are we going to get off?"—Everything.

EVER SALVATED BY CALOMEL? HORRIBLE!

Calomel is Quicksilver And Acts Like Dynamite On Your Liver

Calomel loses you a day! You know what calomel is. It's mercury; quicksilver. Calomel is dangerous. It crashes into sour bile like dynamite, camping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

When you feel bilious, sluggish, constipated and all knocked out and believe you need a dose of dangerous calomel just remember that your druggist sells for 50 cents a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone, which is entirely vegetable and pleasant to take and is a substitute for calomel. It is guaranteed to start your liver without stirring you up inside, and can not salivate.

Don't take calomel! It makes you sick the next day; it loses you a day's work. Dodson's Liver Tone straightens you right up and you feel great. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and doesn't gripe.

Twenty thousand airplanes for America's fighting forces in France authorized in the \$640,000,000 aviation bill passed by Congress last July actually are under construction. The necessary motors also are being manufactured, Secretary Baker announced, and the whole aircraft problem has been so co-ordinated that when planes and motors are completed trained aviators, as well as machine guns and all other equipment, will be waiting for them. "When this nation's army moves up to participate in the fighting," said the secretary, "the eyes of her army will be ready."

Treat Children's Colds Externally

Don't dose delicate little stomachs with harmful internal medicines. Vick's "Vapo-O-Bub" Salve, applied externally, relieves by inhalation as a vapor and by absorption through the skin. Vick's can be used freely with perfect safety on the youngest member of the family. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. VICK'S VAPORUB SALVE

OCT. 10th

BIG LAND SALE

OCT. 10th

THE HOPKINS FARM, Nine Miles From Reidsville and One Mile From Monroeton, N. C.,

Containing 330 acres, sub-divided into tracts of various sizes, will be sold at public auction to highest bidder on easy terms

Wednesday, Oct. 10, 10 A. M.

The land that we offer goes to the highest bidder—positively regardless of price—while the famous Penny Brothers, the world's original twin auctioneers, will conduct the sale. This farm is located in Rockingham County, near the Iron Works Mill road, and is a valuable farm.

SALE RAIN OR SHINE! MUSIC BY OUR LIVE WIRE BAND. Ladies Especially invited

Sale Conducted By PENNY BROTHERS The World's Original Twin Auctioneers Greensboro, N. C.

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