

**WELL ON ROAD TO WEALTH**

**Farmer Undoubtedly Has a Great Scheme Unless Some Indignant Motorist Should "Catch On."**

Straight ahead lay a long, straight stretch of road, and the man at the wheel of the car settled down in his seat. It was evident he was preparing for a sprint.

But before he was well under way an honest-eyed old farmer stepped from the roadside toward him and held out a detaining hand.

"Thowt mebbe ye would be a-goin' to go full steam ahead," he remarked casually when the car slid to a standstill.

The motorist nodded in reply.

"Well, just take a look through these at that tree over the bend," went on the farmer, producing an elderly pair of field glasses, "and happen ye'll change your mind."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the motorist when the glasses disclosed a blue trousered figure perched on a branch in the tree. "I say, thanks most awfully!"

There was the sound of coin clinking on coin and then the motor went sedately down the road at about six miles an hour. And at the beginning of the clear stretch of roadway the honest-eyed farmer was counting his cash.

"The idea o' carting the old scarecrow from the orchard and perching it in that ere tree works out pretty well!" he chuckled as he heard another car approaching.—London Tit-Bits.

**MUSIC IN COST OF LIVING**

**Inhabitants of Densely Populated Flats in New York City Begin to Take Alarm.**

Opening windows on the first warm days of the year bring a warning that this will probably be the most musical season New York has ever seen, says the Evening Star of that city. The apartment-house court has always been cosmopolitan in its musical tastes and prone to prodigality in its volume of more or less musical sounds in summer, and this time it appears that not only are all the young men home from the army but that the high cost of everything has also made the apartments more densely inhabited and more continuously so than ever before.

The magnets are lacking that once drew folk away from home in the evening. Beer is negligible as a corner attraction. The movies are more expensive and more tiresome. Soda bears a war tax paid by the dispenser and also charged to the consumer. Home has become a rather forced haven for all and music is being overworked in an attempt to relieve its tedium.

This season we have with us, apparently, not only the phonograph and the player piano—those resources of the musical and unmusical alike—but there is also an apparent return of the child who practices on the piano.

**Illuminated Traffic Cop.**

With a view to solving the difficulties that beset motorists and traffic officers on Boston streets after nightfall the officers of the First motor corps are conducting experiments throughout the city to make a traffic handler visible to drivers as well as to pedestrians.

An experiment demonstrated that with the help of three light bulbs, which burn continuously, white bands crossed on his breast and long white gauntlets, a traffic officer can be seen by motorists even at the busiest and darkest of corners.

One of the lights is placed on the traffic guard's hat and the other two on his shoulders. They are fed by batteries in the pocket of his overcoat. Both red and white lights have been tried. So far the red lights seem to be more satisfactory.—Boston Globe.

**Portable Town Given France.**

Many an American tourist will be surprised this summer to find just outside the war-torn city of Lens, France, a quaint Dutch village. The stranger will learn that the village is a gift from the people of Holland to the returning citizens of Lens. The houses, all of wood and of an ingenious, knock-down construction, are now awaiting shipment from the Netherlands, where the parts were sawed and fitted. Assembled, they will shelter in comfort 500 refugees. When all the dwellings are occupied, the Dutch government will send landscape gardeners to lay out flower beds and shrubbery in harmony with the buildings.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Plane Lands on Street.**

Thousands of spectators lined the curbs of a business thoroughfare in Oakland, Cal., some weeks ago as a result of the announcement that an airplane was to land and take off from the street. On schedule time the plane appeared overhead, glided down between the walls of the man-made canyon and touched the pavement. Skidding here on the slippery asphalt, the plane grazed a lamp-post, swerved to the curb and damaged its tail skid. The accident was trivial, but served as a warning to the authorities, who promptly forbade the take-off.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Need of a Backyard.**

"We simply must have a house with a backyard."  
"For the children to play in?"  
"No. We have no children, but we've simply got to have a place to throw empty cans."

**DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE**  
by Mary Graham Bonner

**THE MEAN FLIES.**

"I was so mean this morning," said the fly. "Yes, I was just as mean as I could be."

"And so was I," said the second fly.

"Tell me about it," said the visitor fly. "I love to hear of mean acts. They make me buzz with happiness. Indeed, I enjoy hearing of mean acts second only to doing them myself."

"I like to go on sweets and eat other creatures' food—just nibble at it, you know. I don't care whether I am brushed away or not. I come right back again."

"The other day some people were having lunch and some of my brothers and sisters were fearfully annoying. We knew it. We knew we weren't wanted. But that didn't matter to us. We stayed about and bothered the people dreadfully."

"They brushed us off and said:

"Oh, dear, those horrible flies, why can't we get rid of them?"

"We'd go back again and bother them. We were just as mean as mean could be."

"I can see," said the first fly, "that you will enjoy our story."

"Yes," said the second fly, "I can see that, too. You will appreciate it."

"Do tell it to me," said the visitor fly.

"Well," said the first fly, "this morning there was a little girl asleep."

"Yes, yes," buzzed the visitor fly, "this sounds mean and nice."

"It is," said the second fly.

"Pray continue," said the visitor fly.

"Well," said the first fly, "this little girl had been to a fancy dress party the night before. She had had a beautiful time. I was on the ceiling when I heard her telling her mother about it."

"It was very late when she got home and she had had such a very exciting time that she was all tired out."

"She told her mother all about the costumes and what every one did and



"We Weren't Wanted."

said and what games they played and how they danced and how everyone fooled everyone else.

"Well, just as her mother was saying 'good night' to her and was kissing her and wishing her pleasant dreams and all that foolishness, I heard her say:

"Now, dearie, you can sleep late, for tomorrow is Saturday. Don't wake up for breakfast. You can have some fruit and milk any time you get up—or you needn't get up until lunch time if you don't want to. You can have a great, long rest."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said the little girl to herself, "for I just feel as though I could sleep and sleep."

"That was enough for me," said the first fly.

"And for me," said the second fly.

"This sounds wonderful," said the visitor fly. "Do go on."

"Well, she was just so tired and sleepy that it was fun to be so mean," said the first fly. "If she hadn't been so tired and so sleepy it wouldn't have been half such fun."

"You can understand," said the second fly.

"Easily," said the visitor fly.

"And," said the first fly, "early this morning I began my work, just when she was sleeping so hard because she was so tired. I got on her face and there I stuck until she had to half wake up and brush me off."

"Then," said the second fly, "I did the same and got on the other side of her face."

"She tried to lie on one side and then on the other," said the first fly.

"Then she tried to cover up her head, and of course she was most uncomfortable doing that, for she couldn't breathe that way," said the second fly.

"So between us we wouldn't let her sleep, and she was so tired, oh, so terribly tired, and so terribly sleepy that it was great fun."

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the visitor fly.

"And when she went downstairs so early, for she couldn't sleep, and her mother asked why, she said:

"The flies simply wouldn't let me sleep."

"Wasn't that great?" said the first fly.

"Yes, wasn't it?" added the second fly.

"Great!" buzzed the visitor fly.

**PUNISHED FOR KINDLY DEED**

**English Magistrates Seem to Have Dealt Harshly With Man Who "Broke" the Sabbath.**

John Bull is an English publication. The letter we are reproducing from its columns was written to the magistrates of the English town of Reading. One wonders if they ever heard of the distinction between the letter and the spirit of the law, remarks Our Dumb Animals.

"Your Worship: I gather you don't go to church on Sundays as a regular thing. Let me tell you why I gather. On a Sunday during the strike a policeman dug up the Sunday observance act in order to convict a poor devil of a drover—Charles Palmer, to wit—of driving cattle through the streets. The man had fetched the beasts from the railway station, where they had arrived from Dublin. They were then in a bad state. If they had not been removed to be fed and watered they would have been the victims of callous cruelty; and though on this particular Sunday that which is written, 'Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day' was part of the gospel, you made the drover pay the costs of his prosecution. To all intent and purpose, therefore, gentlemen, you might as well have convicted and fined him. What a pity it is that the act of 1677 doesn't prohibit Reading magistrates from walking or driving through the streets on Sunday in order to catch their dinner."

**VOLCANOES AWAKE TO LIFE**

**Mount Katmai, in Alaska, Especially, Shows Signs of Preparation for Destructive Outburst.**

Affording an awe-compelling spectacle of nature in a sullen mood and awakening memories of the ghastly details of the eruption of eight years ago, Mount Katmai, most powerful and restless of North American volcanoes, is again in violent activity, according to Capt. Charles A. Glascock and Purser Gary Bach of the steamer Admiral Watson, which reached port recently from southwestern Alaska, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A sable pall of smoke from the funnel of the belching crater broods over the northern sky for a radius of 40 or 50 miles by day, while fretful tongues of flame can be seen by vessels a score of miles at sea at night, according to the Seattle mariners.

Knight's peak, a neighboring volcano, has also been stirred to spectacular efforts by the outburst of its more deadly companion, and wreaths of smoke hang over numerous peaks of the rugged Alaska peninsula.

A slight earthquake shock was experienced at Kodiak Island the night of April 8, a day before the arrival of the Admiral Watson. Two days later those on the Admiral Watson had a rare view of the volcano.

**Submarine Radio.**

The last annual report of the bureau of standards states that members of the bureau's staff have developed very successful methods of communicating with submerged submarines by radio-telegraphy. With a single-turn coil or loop attached to the outside of the submarine, signals can be received as well when the vessel is submerged as when it is at the surface. It is also possible to transmit from a submerged submarine a distance of 12 miles. Thus it becomes possible for a ship and a submarine to exchange recognition signals. A coil aerial is a satisfactory direction finder when submerged and readily receives signals transmitted thousands of miles, just the same as when used in the air. The navy has equipped its larger submarines with this apparatus.—Scientific American.

**Airmen Guide Cavalry.**

While the Fourteenth cavalry was on the march recently from Fort Sam Houston, Tex., to Fort Ringgold, Tex., an aviator, who chanced to pass over their heads, acted as their volunteer guide.

The observer in the airplane saw that, instead of the Trio City road, they were following what is known as the Somerset road. He advised them of their error by a message dropped in front of the moving column, and the troop detoured to the correct road.

The air-service officers reported the incident to the chief of operations at Kelly field upon their arrival, and 25 minutes later a map showing the route to their destination, Fort Ringgold, was dropped in the middle of the marching column.

**Just What Did He Mean?**

Little Henry Hoanhammer is a typical Hoosier youngster, who uses his ears to good advantage. Since prohibition has been enforced in Indiana he has heard a great many remarks made by people who in the past were accustomed to imbibing occasionally. But at Christmas he electrified his family by his own opinion.

The Christmas tree was aglow and everyone was talking about its beauty, etc. Finally it came Henry's time to say something and he did. He looked at the brilliant tree. "Gee, it's all lit up," he sighed, "and I sure wish I was, too."—Indianapolis News.

**Hard Luck.**

"I was born too early," he sighed.

"What's the matter?"

"I had to wear overalls when they were a fadge of hard labor, and now that wearin' 'em is fashionable I'm out of the game."

**Pulp Yields 20 Commodities.**

Twenty commodities manufactured from near-silk made from the pulp of fir, spruce and hemlock are being exhibited by the West Coast Lumbermen's association in Portland, Ore. The exhibit was prepared in the United States forests products laboratory of the University of Wisconsin and is being sent to all parts of the country for inspection. The commodities include silk cloth, silk stockings, gunpowder, paper absorbent (a substitute for absorbent cotton), paper bagging, rope and twine, linoleum, shingles, reed fiber for furniture and matting, paper lath, rug yarn, paper webbing and phonograph records.—Indianapolis News.

**War Brides Awary.**

Incompatibility of American and French customs has caused 12,000 of approximately 50,000 French war brides to return to France, according to Mrs. Reginald H. Johnson, president of the recently organized L'Espoir Franco-American club in Pittsburgh. The club, formed at the suggestion of Mile. Odette de Bouillon of Paris, who was in Pittsburgh recently, is expected to broaden the interests of French girls who became the brides of Americans overseas, and to make them contented in their new homes.

**Pictures Show Effects on Tires.**

Slow motion pictures of the type that have amused movie fans by slowing down swiftly moving bodies to the point where every action may be analyzed have been utilized by a tire company for a scientific study of just what happens when a heavily loaded motor-truck climbs a curb, drops off an elevation or bumps over a railroad track. This is the first time this very valuable form of photography has been used by a tire company. Among the questions the pictures will aid in solving are the effects of heavy blows on highways, trucks, loads and tires.

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