

Aquadale, where she has accepted a position as teacher in the school there.

Miss Cora Williams spent the week end in Norwood visiting her brother, and in Mount Gilead with home folks.

Miss Margaret Johnson has returned from Fayetteville, where she has been undergoing treatment for tonsillitis.

Mr. Aiken Moore is the proud father of a son, John Aiken, born October 27, 1920; weight, 8¼ pounds.

Miss Lillian Cornish and Mr. Jones attended Barnum & Bailey's circus in Winston-Salem.

Miss Ellen McKenzie spent the week end with relatives in Salisbury.

Mr. P. E. Book is away on a business trip.

### Laboratory News

Questions often heard of late. Have you paid your poll tax? Have you paid your furniture dealer? Did it work? Are you challenged? Well then, what are you doing over here? Do you live in Arkansas? Are you behind with your rent?

From general appearances the minority of Stanly County has no cause to fear, as there are plenty of squirrels, rabbits, 'possums, and black haws in the hills of Montgomery to last for a period of two years.

Spence Kirk says that there are still a few cozy corners found in Albemarle. Now, D—you; challenge that.

Mr. J. C. Black, of Davidson, N. C. is now doing the analytical work in connection with the resistance pot.

Who's who, and where do they belong on election day? Ask Nishie Clodfelter.

J. C. Dick is spending the week end in Concord.

### Club House Notes

Fellows who live on the second floor wonder why a certain room is lighted so late at night. Can it be that we have zealous students in our midst? And there are frequent gatherings on the second floor in the Annex in that well-known "den." Mike and Dick are often heard to say, the morning following, "Who entertained the fellows last night?" "Oh, I don't know. I guess Scottie gave the party." Well, sometimes he does.

The fire in the garage across the road from the Club Annex threw a scare

into some of the Annex dwellers. But if they could have seen Kirk Erb, Joe Leonard, Quinlan, and a couple of the other fellows from the Club pushing the hose into the burning building they would have had no fear. Just to show how easily he handled the nozzle, Erb threatened to turn it directly on the fellows behind him—but he finally hit the building!

Tennis is dying a slow death at the club courts, for there are a few enthusiasts who manage to get in an occasional game during the week. And on Saturday afternoon and Sunday one court is usually occupied. This weather sure influences one to believe that tennis is still in season.

Everyone is enjoying the new records which the House Committee purchased with the money obtained from the general subscription. That effort toward co-operation was richly rewarded, and now we know that the crowd can and will pull together if approached in the proper manner.

Lois Bell has a difficult time dividing her time suitably between two of the "little fellows." The chap with the long hair and the glasses appears to sway the romantic-minded Lois with his singing; but we will be hanged if we can see what pulls her the other way.

Two of our largest members, a couple of course, are such regular attendants at the movies that we are beginning to believe that they have a season ticket, although we never knew that there was such a thing in the movie-theater world.

The Sunday night gatherings in the lobby are gloomy affairs. We wonder if it is not because of the atmosphere a few provincial minded bring with them. It is very evident that hymns and sacred music are de trop for the average club member.

E. E. Erb reports that his minstrel troupe is making commendable progress, and that the first dress rehearsal will convince the entire cast that their minstrel is to be one of the treats of the coming season.

Tilson feels natural again—he can spend a few evenings playing his favorite game. Those who witnessed the first basket-ball game of the season will say that he is some player at his game, too.

Joe and Julia will soon be stepping out! Who is next?

### A Giant Wants a Job in Badin

A giant has been put in harness at the dam down at the Narrows. He has been harnessed so that he is safe to work in the home with your wife and babies. He will do your bidding, faithfully, tirelessly. He will work cheaply. He requires neither food nor sleep. He will work for only a few cents a day. This is ELECTRICITY.

He will run a vacuum cleaner an hour and a half for a penny, or toast thirty slices of bread, or heat an electric iron for twenty-five minutes for the same sum. For a nickel he will run your sewing machine long enough to do two days' sewing, or heat your room for nearly an hour.

Do you know anything that will work as cheaply? Then why are you letting your wife work week after week, while this giant is asleep in your home, just waiting for you to put the proper tools in his hands so that he may work for you?

Do not put it off another day. Come in and look over the many labor-saving devices that we have on display. You will find many that will lighten the burden on your wife's shoulders. Or, if you do not find it convenient to call in, just 'phone number twelve, ask for Beckham, the electrical man, and he will be glad to demonstrate any article you may wish right in your own home.

### The Electrical Appliance Department in the Rent, Light, and Water Department

#### Another Good Record

For the first time in the history of the Safety Organization one of our potrooms worked twenty-one shifts without a single minor or lost time accident. This record was established by Potroom No. 34 for the week ending October 30. The success achieved in Accident Prevention and Safety Work in this room is due largely to our three head-potmen, namely, Mr. Otis Bracewell on seven to three shift, Mr. Dan Holifield on three to eleven shift, and Mr. J. F. Hall, on eleven to seven shift.

Boys, now that you are the first to establish a record of this kind, and have reached the ultimate goal in accident prevention, work and strive to hold it, and you will set a standard worth working for by the other potrooms.