

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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When earth's last picture is dusted,
And the floors are painted and dried;
When the oldest carpet is beaten,
And the youngest spider has died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall
need it;
Lie down for a moment or two,
Till the dust on the grand piano
Shall set us to work anew.
—With apologies to Kipling.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

This is the time of year when parsnips are at their best. Some like them

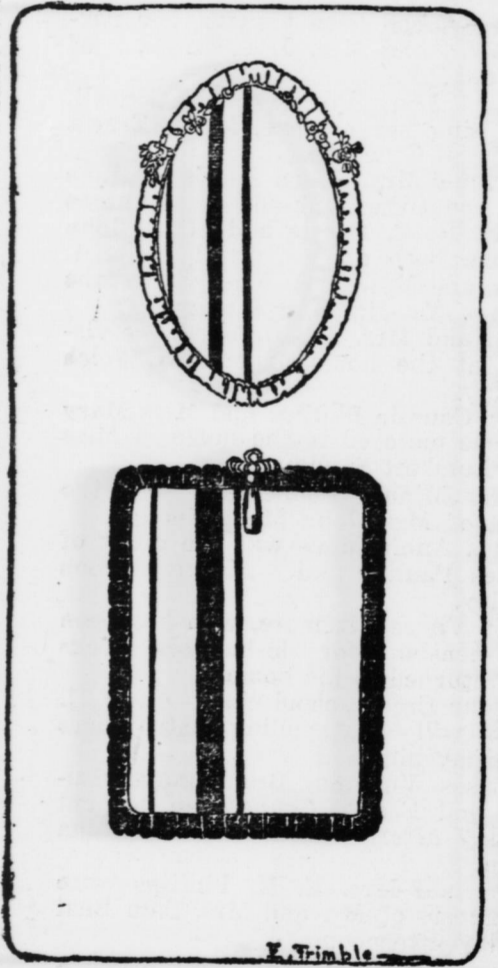


cooked with vegetables in a boiled dinner; others like them cooked tender, cut in halves lengthwise and fried brown in good fat, while there are others who think a parsnip fritter is the dish of excellence. To prepare the fritters the vegetable is cooked, then skinned and mashed very fine, seasoned well and a teaspoonful of the mashed parsnip dipped into a fritter batter, then fried in deep fat. These fritters are usually served with some kind of sweet sauce like hot maple syrup.

Cheese Souffle.—Prepare a thick white sauce using one-fourth cupful each of flour and fat with one cupful of milk; when cooked and thick, cool and add one-half cupful of grated cheese, three egg yolks, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice. Mix carefully and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Turn into a well-greased baking dish and set this dish into a pan of hot water; bake in a moderate oven until firm in the center.

Oysters a la Poulet.—Prepare a poulet sauce by adding one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk to six tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring and mixing well before cooking, then cool slightly and add two well-beaten eggs. Take one pint of oysters, toss in a pan until the edges curl, then drain and add to one-half cupful of mushrooms, or the same amount of celery cut in small pieces, one chopped pimento, one hard-boiled egg also chopped, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter seasoned with salt and pepper, and serve in croustades, made by cutting bread into oblongs and hollowing out the centers; then brush with butter and brown in the oven or toast under the gas flame. Decorate the tops with minced parsley.

Nellie Maxwell
FRAMES HARMONIZE WITH FURNISHINGS



The two attractive mirrors shown here are made by covering old mirror frames with shirrings of some material which harmonizes with one's room furnishings. The lower one of black velvet is rich enough for any living room. It has a cording of black satin next to the mirror and a corded ornament and tassel at the top. The oval one has flowered cretonne or plain saten shirred over the frame.

Good Business.
"If you can sell more cars than you can get why do you employ salesmen?"

"We need a few bright young men to jolly customers who are standing in line."

Would Change Things.
"The great duke of Guise was proud to be known as 'The Scarred.'" "Rather risky title." "How so?" "Any printer might drop one 'r.'"

Sensation in Murder Trial.
Versailles, France. — A sensation was sprung in the murder trial of "Blue Beard" Landru when counsel for the defense announced certain persons had seen two of the women alleged to have been slain, since their disappearance.

THANKFULLY YOURS

By MARGARET A. SWEENEY

Matilda Bennett, slim, short and sixty, sat alone in her basement kitchen. Outside, against the shining window with its cross curtain of dainty dimity, the rain slashed and streamed in torrents. Miss Bennett, having just finished her midday meal, gazed idly at the storm-lashed window, and her thoughts, from thirty years of habit, began to center about her "rooming guests."

Between the window and her brooding eyes there slipped the picture of a slim young man in a tawny raincoat, dripping wet. He carried a violin case, and his rather handsome face was white and sullen.

The picture faded, and Matilda arose briskly, and took a black tin tray from the shelf behind the stove, and upon it she placed a large yellow bowl which she filled with hot soup and covered with a plate, heaped with butter sandwiches.

Then she climbed the four flights to the top floor where, breathless, she paused to rest. The black tin tray in her trembling hands had become smeared, and the little woman wiped it clean and rearranged the sandwiches before she knocked at the door of the "front square room."

"I didn't see you go out this morning, and I just remembered that you had a bad cold when you came last night," she explained to her new guest. "Now—now don't thank me at all, but sit right up and take this while it's hot."

The young man upon the white iron bed squirmed to a sitting position, and the woman placed the black tin tray upon his lap.

"I have the rooms on this floor to tidy up," she told him, "and I'll be in for the tray on my way down."

When the door had closed behind her the young man ate ravenously and drank the soup in great gulps; and long before she returned, the last crumb had disappeared.

"That soup was just fine," he greeted his landlady when she entered, "and, believe me, I—I appreciate—"

"How is your cold—? I forgot to ask you, Mr.—Mr. Dunlap?"

"Thank you; it—is isn't cold. I'm subject to a—a slight throat trouble, and in wet weather my voice becomes husky."

"I'm glad it isn't a cold," Miss Bennett lifted the tray, and from the doorway she spoke again: "The day after tomorrow is my birthday and I—I always invite my rooming guests to have dinner with me on that day. I hope you can come."

"That's mighty good of you, and—I—I thank you. I really have no home. I—"

"Excuse me; I hear my telephone bell." The little woman hastened away, leaving Dunlap staring at the closed door.

"Rooming guests!" There was derision in his husky voice. "Rooming guests! Well, she is all right," he whispered to himself.

Toward nightfall, while drawing the parlor shades, Miss Bennett saw Dunlap go out. She watched him cross the street, his tawny coat collar turned high, and the rain beating down upon the soft rim of his black felt hat. And the thought came to her: "I'm glad that I brought him that soup. He is young, and he looks troubled, and he has no home." And, ever mindful of the comfort of her "rooming guests," she added: "I must tidy up his room before he returns."

Her thoughts still upon him, she went to the small desk in the parlor and opened the book where her lodgers, as the law requires, had registered. She read again: "John Phillip Dunlap, violinist, former address 14 Staba avenue, Boston."

Miss Bennett was about to climb the stairs to the top "front square room" when the newsboy brought the evening paper, and, pausing in the hallway to glance over the headlines, Miss Bennett read:

\$2,000 Reward! Messenger Missing.

"John Dunn, messenger for the Thurlow Trust, has disappeared with \$30,000 in United States bonds. Dunn is twenty-two, slight of build, medium height, brown hair and blue eyes. His voice is noticeably husky. Two thousand dollars reward is offered for information leading to his arrest or to the recovery of the bonds. He—"

Matilda Bennett hastily made her way to the top floor. Upon the dresser in Dunlap's room she found a note addressed to her. She read:

"Dear Madam—If you had known that I am a thief, hiding in your home from the police, you probably would not have been so kind to me."

"Well, at heart I am not a thief, for I have been sorry every minute since I took what did not belong to me. It is my first attempt at stealing, and it will be my last."

"The \$30,000 in bonds that I stole is in the violin case in the closet, and will you please call up the Thurlow Trust tomorrow morning and ask them to send for it?"

"I am going away, provided I am not caught and sent to jail, to begin all over again, and I am going to try to be the kind of a man that you, no doubt, thought me to be when you brought me that nice hot soup today, because you thought me sick with a cold."

"Some day when I have made good, I'll come and have dinner with you. Thankfully yours,
"JOHN DUNN."

WHEN SAM JONES PRAYED.

Noted Evangelist Once Brought Rich Man to the Light.

All America knew Sam Jones as a great evangelist, writes Marvin A. Franklin, in the Atlanta Journal. The South especially knew and loved him as a foe to evil and a champion of righteousness. Georgia was proud to own him as his beloved and honored son. But there are many who do not know that he began his ministry as a Methodist circuit rider on the Van Wert circuit composed of five churches in Polk, Paulding, Bartow and Floyd counties.

Before the Civil War, Van Wert was a thriving little town, the capital of Polk county, with a happy and contented people. It has the distinction of being the first town in this entire section to have waterworks, the water being brought down from a mountain spring two or three miles distant through bored logs. Van Wert was in the pathway of Sherman's army and when the northern troops had passed there was little left save the "meeting house" standing at the foot of the hill.

It was to this little town, fifty years ago that Sam Jones comes as the "new preacher," fresh from his remarkable conversion and in the glowing enthusiasm of his divine call to the ministry. For three years he threw himself into the work and his evangelistic gifts and power were soon in evidence, for all over the circuit the revival fires began fairly to flame, and whole communities were literally transformed. To this day, there are Christians, loyal and true, in this section who delight to tell that they were converted and joined the church under the ministry of Sam Jones. During the three years he was pastor of the Van Wert circuit more than five hundred people joined the church, and the circuit developed from the poorest in the conference to one of the best charges.

Many amusing incidents are related about his ministry of those early days. Mrs. Jones in her "Life and Sayings of Sam P. Jones," tells the following which was typical of his frankness in dealing with his members.

"One of our wealthiest members was taken seriously ill, and thought that he was going to die. He sent for his pastor to come around and pray with him. Mr. Jones called upon him, and when entering the sick chamber the member said, 'I have sent for you to pray for me!'"

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "I don't see any good reason for asking the Lord to heal you. If you can tell me any reason why you should live, I'll pray for you; so far as I know you have not done anything for the Lord that I can stand upon, while praying. You have paid absolutely nothing to the assessments of the church; none of the missionary money for home or foreign cause has been paid by you; the stewards can't get anything out of you toward my salary; my wife, children and myself have needed the necessities of life, and my horse has had nothing to eat, and you had an abundance of everything in your house, and feed in your barn, and could have helped us; therefore, I don't see anything to stand upon. There is no use in my asking God to restore you; I can ask him to forgive and save you and take you to heaven; but there is no reason why I should ask Him to preserve your life; as you are absolutely worthless to the cause!"

"You are right," replied the sick man, there is no reason why I should live, but I will make you a promise if you can stand upon that."

"Very well," answered Mr. Jones. "What is your promise?"

"The member said, 'I will see that my assessment is paid in full, and that you have the things that you need for your table and horse.'"

"Mr. Jones knelt down and told the Lord about the man's promise, saying in his prayer: 'Lord, you know all about him; he may deceive me, but he can't deceive you, and if he is going to change his way, stand by your work, forgive him, heal him and save him!'"

The man got well and faithfully kept his vow.

The little house in which Sam Jones and wife were so happy is still standing, showing its extreme age and with clinging vines growing over its side.

Then there is the quaint church house built in ante-bellum style. It stands almost at the foot of the hill on a rise, overlooking the little village of Van Wert. Its framing is hewn from the hearts of the pines such as once grew in profusion about it. The windows are high and numerous.

The interior is plain and simple, the home-made benches very straight—the Bible, yellow with age, with one back gone, and many pages missing— for it has done service there for nearly three-fourths of a century—still rests on the pulpit. It is easy to imagine Sam Jones fifty years ago, standing in this pulpit, reading to the congregations that crowded this little church—and preaching with such power and earnestness that scores sought and found God about its old-time altar.

Mr. Jones himself always held the place and the people in tender esteem. Thirty years after his work at Van Wert had ended, and he had become a famous evangelist preaching to multitudes wherever he went, he returned to deliver the commencement sermon for Piedmont Institute and Rockmart.

The Significance of "AD."

Did you ever think of the significance of those two letters, "A D"? They have a world of meaning when affixed to the fore part of certain words, completely changing the meaning. For instance "A D" attached to vice makes it advice, the thing everybody wants to give everybody else; it turns age into adage, venture into adventure, vers into adverse, visible into advisable, just into adjust, mire into admire, a long-winded oration into tender adoration, transforms cold, hard ore into adore, here into adhere and a lady's dress into her address.

Profit by reading the ads in this paper.

POOR AT FIGURES SO HE LEFT HER

Julius Berman Wanted Wife Who Could Juggle Mathematics With Euclidianlike Precision.

PROBLEM UP TO JUDGE

Man Needed an Adding Machine So He Got Married and Then Found His Spouse Was Nothing but Housekeeper.

New York.—And now its the mathematical marriage in which a wife is pictured as the least common denominator, with emphasis on the least. The fractions consisted of a husband and six children, or 1-6 and alimony, which at present is 0-2,000.

Mixing in a little algebra, X, as usual, being the unknown quantity, there is the following equation:

A plus B equals C minus X. Considering that A is husband, B wife and C, money, Justice Kapper has to solve the marital problem, not by multiplying the means and the extremes, but by resorting to trigonometry and calculus if he is to make X equal happiness.

Wanted Figuring Wife.

It seems that Julius Berman, a widower, with six children and real estate, married to get a mate who could figure up first and second mortgages with Euclidianlike precision—that his wife told him she was on speaking terms with Q. E. D., and most certainly intimate with addition and subtraction.

Berman, in effect, said he wanted an adding machine, so he got married. He told the court:

"My wife falsely and fraudulently represented that she was a fit person to manage financial matters and so we were married. As a matter of fact, she is not. She cannot be trusted even with a half dollar, because she does not know how much to pay the huckster and how much change, if any, she should receive. As soon as I found out she was unfit to disburse funds, I refused to live with her and refused to take her into my household."

Mrs. Berman, who is fighting proceedings to have the marriage annulled,

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said that, while not an expert mathematician, she knew that a log table had nothing to do with wood. She added: Found Better Bookkeeper.

"He left me, I think, because he found a woman who knows more arithmetic than I do. All the mathematics required for the wife of a man of his type is to know how to buy the necessities of life. I want alimony and counsel fees pending trial of the suit, in which I stand ready to prove I know more about the three Rs than my husband."

"I must have time to think this over," said the judge. "It's a long time since I went to school."

MAN IS SILENT SEVEN MONTHS

Alleged Murderer Even Refuses to Recognize His Wife and Children.

New York.—After spending seven months in jail, refusing to speak a word to anyone or to recognize even his own family, Salvatore Longo, mute, alleged murderer, will be sent to a prison farm somewhere, according to a court order, in the hope that he will regain his tongue and be able to defend himself. He has refused to recognize even his wife and five children. Edward J. Reilly, attorney for Longo, said his client went mute the day he was arrested and has since refused to speak to him, jail attendants or anybody else. Under the circumstances, Reilly said, it had been impossible for him to prepare the man's case for trial.

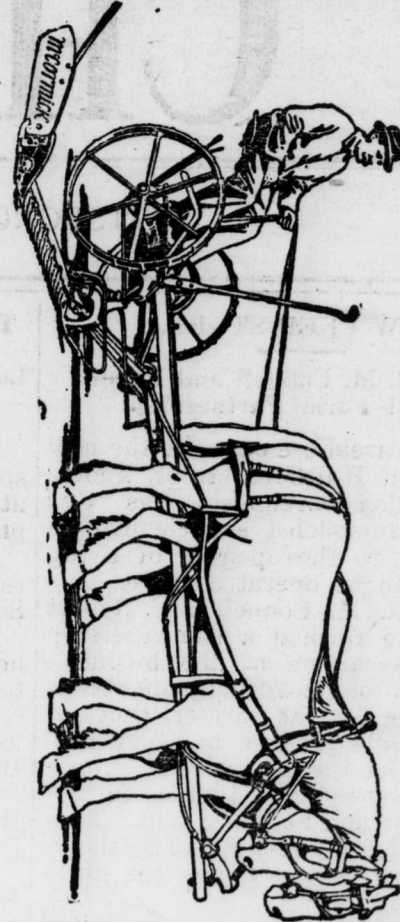
Longo several times has been taken to court, but each time it has been impossible to try him, because every question put to him has been met by a stony stare.

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