

A Beautiful Wedding

One of the most beautiful of weddings took place at Calvin Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Thursday, October 21, when Miss Gertrude McKay became the bride of Mr. George D. Harmon, formerly of Pittsboro, but now of Bethlehem, Pa.

The ceremony was preceded by several selections on the pipe organ rendered by Miss Day. Mr. McLaurin sang "At Dawning" and "I Love You Truly." Then Rev. W. E. Jordan took his place at the altar and was followed by the ushers, Mr. A. L. Bassett, of Bethlehem, Pa., Mr. Bud Herr and Mr. Jack Beedel, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Shadle of the University of Pennsylvania.

Next entered the bridesmaids, Mrs. C. Herrick, Miss Laura McKay, Mrs. H. Prescott, and Miss Elva McKay of Philadelphia. The Misses McKay are sisters of the bride. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Ola Harmon, a sister of the groom, while at the same moment the groom and the best man, Mr. Jack Pomfort, approached the altar from the left. Little Miss Jeannette McKay, sister of the bride, was the flower girl. She was attractively gowned in yellow georgette and carried a basket of rose petals tied with orchid ribbon.

The bride entered with her father, Mr. Joseph McKay, who gave her away. She was charming in white satin lace, showered with pearls, and with long court train. The veil was caught with lilies of the valley. Her flowers were bride's roses, lilies of the valley, and the tulle.

The ceremony was beautiful and impressive, the ring being used. As the couple were pronounced man and wife the bridal party assembled at the rear of the church, where many friends of the bride and groom were gathered, and gave the happy couple their congratulations.

The color scheme was yellow and orchid. The bridesmaids, Mrs. Herrick and Miss Elva McKay, wore orchid georgette, trimmed with silver ribbon, silver slippers and hose to match. Their flowers were chrysanthemums, dahlias, pink roses, and autumn leaves tied with silver ribbon.

Mrs. Prescott and Miss Laura McKay wore yellow georgette, trimmed in silver ribbon, and accessories to match. They carried yellow chrysanthemums, dahlias, and autumn leaves tied with silver ribbon. Miss Ola Harmon, the maid of honor, was attractive in orchid georgette, trimmed in silver ribbon, and accessories to match. Her flowers were orchids, chrysanthemums, dahlias, pink roses, and autumn leaves, tied with the silver ribbon.

The altar and the spacious choir were beautifully decorated in palms and autumn leaves.

The bride and groom were showered with rice, when they and the bridal party entered the automobiles and left for the White Apron Club where they were entertained at an enjoyable reception.

The bride and groom and the bridal party were also entertained on Wednesday evening in the home of Dr.

Pittsboro Young Man at Queen Marie's Reception

It will, no doubt, be of interest to the people of Pittsboro to know that one of our young townsmen, Arthur London, Jr., who is studying medicine in Philadelphia, was chosen one of the ushers at the reception given Queen Marie of Rumania, on her recent visit to Philadelphia. A Ballet interpretative of a play the Queen had written was also given at this time, at which her majesty showed great pleasure. Another North Carolinian was also usher, Bill Joe Martin son of the President of Davidson College.

A FINE ENTERTAINMENT

The people of Pittsboro enjoyed a most beautiful observance of the autumn season Tuesday evening Oct. 26, at the school auditorium. Under the directions of Miss Berta Coletrane, who has charge of the Teacher-training department, and Miss Vivian Allgood, high school teacher, the school presented an Indian Pageant and a one act play. The Pageant was based upon our own American Epic, the story of Hiawatha. The play was entitled "Glory of the Morning."

The beauty in Indian life, dress, manners and folk-lore was artistically shown in the acting and lives of both ancient and play. The red man's reflection of nature in all his moods, customs, love and religion, was interpreted in pantomime.

The students teachers of the training department took the initiative in the production of the program. They planned and made their own costumes; they arranged the stage setting. Especial mention should be made of Miss Louise Brooks who conducted a splendid advertising campaign.

Valuable assistance in advertising was rendered to the students and teachers by Mrs. R. H. Hayes, chairman of the Parent-Teacher association, and her committee. The association also furnished suitable Indian music by Mrs. Henry Bynum, chairman of that department. Judge W. D. Siler, chairman of citizenship committee, gave a short, pleasing talk on the history of the Indian at Chatham county. The cast of characters follows:

Hiawatha, the man, Louise Brooks; Minnehaha, Mary Dell Bynum; Nokomis, Margaret Mann; The Arrow Maker, Pauline Brown; The Guide, Label Meridith; The Ghosts, Leo's Riggsbee and Lillian Nolvin; Red Wing, Mary Alice Hall; Solist, Emily Taylor.

Glory of the Morning
 Glory of the Morning, Bessie Chapman; Half Moon, Lester Farrell; Oak Leaf, Sarah Griffin; Red Wing, Henry Blair; Black Wolf, Roland Glenn.

and Mrs. Babcocks.
 Mrs. Harmon is a popular and accomplished young lady, being educated at Temple University and the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Harmon is a fine young man of sterling qualities. He was educated at Duke University of Pennsylvania.

They will make their home in Bethlehem, Pa. at the present, where Mr. Harmon is professor in History at Leigh University.

ROMANCE OF MONEY AND TITLE

By GEORGE COBBETT

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DE VINCY, polished Frenchman and man of the world though he was, felt strangely disconcerted as he found himself face to face with Miss Elsie Vining. They had never met face to face before without the presence of a third person. Indeed, from the beginning it had been quite obvious to observers that an excessive amount of worldly ceremony, amounting to the ridiculous in the free land of America, surrounded the pair.

In the big ballroom the cynics looked at each other and grinned.

"They've gone into the conservatory together at last," said Charlie Twiss. "Look at old Mamma Vining! Doesn't she look conscious that she's pulled off a good thing?"

"And look at papa," said his friend, Bobby Brooks. "He seems to think his millions have worked something almost as good as a stock exchange coup."

The heartlessness of the marriage de convenience in America is so much greater than in France just because it is so unnatural an institution. In France De Vincy would have been conscious that it was a fair exchange—his title against the dowry. Indeed, he did not feel that he was about to perform a disreputable action when he started for America to win a wealthy bride and thus replete the family revenues. The only thing really upon his conscience was that the agent, Smith, as he chose to call himself, had specified Miss Vining as his prospective bride.

"She's pretty enough, in the cold American way," he said to the vicome. "She's nearer twenty than thirty, and she will inherit money enough, our American representative tells me, to pay all your debts handsomely, as well as our commission."

What did unnerve the vicome was the realization that the few slender periods of their association had accorded him a certain feeling toward which he had long been a stranger. In fact, the sight of the girl's beauty had aroused the latent chivalry of the man. As his prospective wife he regarded Miss Vining with that deference which lies in the heart of every Frenchman.

"This is the first time we have been together," he said lightly. The girl stood facing him, her fingers twining nervously about the fronds of a fern.

"Yes," she answered in a mechanical manner. Then, with a sudden outburst: "Cannot we be utterly frank with one another? I am so surrounded by hypocrites and deceits. . . . Come, let us have a half hour of perfect frankness."

The young man sprang to his feet. "Do you mean that, Miss Vining?" he asked, catching fire from her words. "Utter frankness?"

"Yes." "Whatever the—the pain it costs?" "Whatever the pain." "Then listen," he began. "I have come here to ask you to be my wife. Everybody in the ballroom knows that we have not come here by accident, I believe?"

She nodded again, and a sudden sense of that espionage made him reckless. "Well, then, I have taken it for granted that you would consent. My family's fortunes are at an ebb, and it was necessary that one of us should purchase an heiress in America."

He saw her wince slightly, but then she smiled. "Go on, please," she said, facing him boldly.

"I was selected by my family council. I must tell you that according to our ideas there was nothing derogatory to our honor in the proposition. It was to be a fair exchange. My title against your money. I was given a list by Smith, the agent who finances these adventures."

"Ah! I did not know that they were financed," she said.

"It is a common practice. Smith invested ten thousand dollars in the game. If I failed to win a bride he lost it. If I gained one he was to get five times his investment. It is a lucrative profession, you see."

"And he trusted to your honor to get one?" she asked with withering emphasis.

"Yes. And so I have come here to ask you to be my wife tonight."

"Well, you have been very frank," answered the girl. "Now I will be equally so. I was brought up in luxury, with the idea of making a fashionable marriage with a man of title. It didn't matter who he was—English, French, German, Italian, or what his character was, or his age, or his personality, so long as he had a title. The higher, the better, you know. Well, when you came to New York, of course we all understood your motive in calling upon me. When I am with a plain American he takes me to theaters and the opera alone. Sometimes he may take me out in his auto. But for you, you know, I had to play the part of an ingenue. I was a delicate hot-house flower, who must never be shown alone, I had to have a chaperon with me always. That was part of the game. You understand that?"

"No, I didn't understand that," answered the man, wincing in his turn. "But pray go on, Miss Vining."

"That is about all, except that I was hawked round Europe last year and the year before. They nearly married me to an Italian prince. But

at the last moment it was discovered that he was a courier from Turkey, masquerading. Probably he, too, was in touch with your man Smith."

"I hardly think so, Miss Vining," answered the young man thoughtfully. "You see, Smith is an honest broker, so to speak, and only handles the real article."

The flicker of a smile played about her mouth for the first time.

"Well," she resumed, "I don't count myself one whit better than you, understand. We are both simply the victims of circumstances. The bargain proposed was a very suitable one. It isn't that all the people in our society are like this, you must know. It is just the new-rich—us! The decent families wouldn't have anything to do with us. They married their own people. However, I suppose I oughtn't to disparage my own family. And now, monsieur, suppose we play out this farce to the end."

"By all means," he replied. "Miss Vining, I have the honor to ask your hand in marriage."

"The answer is 'no,'" said the girl. Then she looked in amazement at his chagrined expression. In fact, such a reply had never occurred to him.

"But seriously," he urged. She flashed up angrily. "Did you seriously believe, then, that I would be willing to sell myself?" she cried.

"Why, never—never, sir. I have always resolved that. If I do play a parasite's part at least my heart is clean. When I marry, if any man of my own nation is willing to take me, soiled as I am, he shall. But this—"

Her anger was so genuine that the man did not know how to reply.

"But I will ask you one question," she continued. "A woman's curiosity, you know. Why did you select me out of all the girls upon the list that the man Smith gave you?"

"Why? He repeated stupidly.

"Yes. Rich as we are, I know several families that are richer and have eligible daughters."

"Why, because I fell in love with you," he retorted.

"What!" she cried incredulously.

"After telling me that?"

"But I have never said I did not love you. In fact, I have loved you since I first saw you."

"Is this part of the game, too?" she demanded; but he saw that her lips were quivering.

And suddenly some interior emotion surged up in him and banished the last touch of cynicism. He fell upon his knees before her and clasped her hands.

"Miss Vining—Elsie, I love you with all my heart," he cried. "Can you do you think that if I prove my love I can win you?"

She had broken down under the passion of her heart. The anger which had held her evaporated, leaving only a very miserable and very helpless girl.

He rose to his feet. "I am going back to France," he said. "I cannot expect you to believe in me. And yet it was my love for you that prompted me to say what I have said. I could not win you with a lie. So I told you, as you asked me. But before I go, will you tell me that there may be a hope for me at some distant time? Let the money go, the title go; just look upon me as one who loves you and desires you."

Elsie Vining lifted her tear-stained face to his.

"I don't think—there is any need for you to go back to France," she said softly.

Ten minutes later Bobby Brooks nudged Charlie Twiss.

"Here comes the bridal pair—bridal pair, perhaps would be a better term," he said. "My! Don't they look pleased with themselves!"

"They ought to, seeing what each has got out of it," answered Charlie. "Say, I shouldn't be surprised if there was a romance in it after all," suggested his friend.

Well, if money and title aren't romantic, what is? replied the other. "But still you never can tell."

Covered Heads Long Rule in Parliament

Only a few decades ago it was considered a breach of etiquette for a member of the British house of commons to appear in his seat with his hat off, but in late years the assembly has become almost bareheaded, not more than two or three of the 815 members clinging to the old custom.

The wearing of hats in the house of commons may have been as ancient as parliament itself, a heritage from the primitive moots, at which the leading men of the nation, endowed with the experience and wisdom of age, met in the open air with covered heads for the discussion of public affairs, says a writer in the Living Age.

The first breach of the rule was made by ministers who first came into the house bareheaded in 1852. Thus for a time, to be bareheaded in the house was the distinguishing mark of a minister, although two ministers continued to sit covered on the treasury bench.

Dangers of Liberty

So difficult is it to preserve moderation in the asserting of liberty, while, under the pretense of a desire to balance rights, each elevates himself in such a manner as to depress another; for men are apt, by the very measures they adopt to free themselves from fear, to become the objects of fear to others, and to fasten upon them the burden of injustice which they have thrown off from their own shoulders, as if there existed in nature a perpetual necessity either of doing or suffering injury.—Livy.

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