

TOWN AND COUNTY BRIEFS

Mrs. Wade Barber entertained a number of children one afternoon last week in honor of the fifth birthday of her little daughter, Bettie Scott.

Mrs. R. H. Hayes is visiting her sister at Cana, Davie county.

A dog, mad or suffering from fits or some other malady, caused some excitement on Main street Saturday. The canine was killed by Sheriff Blair.

You will, of course, read the Hall advertisement. Mr. Hall wants to sell lots of goods before he turns over one of his store rooms to the chain store people.

Friday, May the 10th, is set for work on the cemetery at Hanks' Chapel, and the fourth Sunday in May is the annual memorial day at Hanks'.

"Aunt" Dorcas Hill, one of Pittsboro's respectable colored women, was run over by a car Saturday afternoon and painfully, though not seriously hurt. She stepped from behind another car right in front of the car that hit her.

The Record failed to announce earlier the birth of Nell Virginia Perry to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Perry.

Mr. Charles White and Ruby Williams hid away Saturday to another county or another state and got married. The young lady is the daughter of Mrs. Ada Williams of the silk mill community. The groom is a son of Mr. Robert White.

Chatham did not suffer any serious damage, if any at all, from the winds of last Friday evening and night.

Mr. Eugene Goldston of State College spent a few days here this week with his sister, Miss Addie May Goldston, who is one of the graduates at the Pittsboro school this week. Eugene has already completed sufficient work for graduation at State and is taking post graduate work till commencement.

Ralph Connell, Dan Farrell, and Gladys Peterson enjoyed (?) the experience of an airplane flight at Chapel Hill a few days ago.

Be sure to read Hall's advertisement of Close-out-sale. That does not mean that he is quitting business, but reducing his stock to the proportions of one store room, he having agreed to turn the other over to the Ben Franklin Chain Store system June 1.

Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Moore, and Mrs. E. R. Hinton attended the May Day festival at Greensboro College Saturday afternoon. Miss Lena B. Moore was one of the attendants of the queen of the day, representing the sophomore class; while Alma Dailey participated in a minuet put on by the freshman class.

An examination for candidates for a postmaster at Corinth will be held at Sanford at an early date. Applications will be received till May 31. Blanks may be had from the postmaster. Applicants must be served by the Corinth office. The income from the office last year was \$530.

Miss Jennie Connell, who for several years has been the efficient stenographer for Siler & Barber, will leave for Raleigh in a few days to accept a position as stenographer for the industrial commission of which Mr. J. Dewey Dorsett is a member. This is a decided advancement for Miss Connell.

Mrs. Claude Harris, formerly Miss Evelyn Gunter, of Sanford, will succeed Miss Jennie Connell as stenographer for Siler and Barber. She will make her home with Mrs. Walter Johnson. Miss Connell, as stated in another brief, goes to Raleigh to become secretary to Mr. Price of the Industrial Commission.

The election of town officers passed so quietly Tuesday that many forgot it. The ticket as presented last week was elected without opposition, namely, Ernest Farrell, mayor, Noe, Matthews, Dr. Farrell, Griffin, and Moore, councilmen.

Fred Paschal was reelected mayor of Siler City. Also the same board of aldermen.

Mr. A. B. Campbell reports a biddy hatched with two heads and four legs. It didn't live long.

Rains are again this year, as last, preventing preparation of land and planting. That condition lasted last year till June 20, but it is to be hoped that it will not do so again. Twenty days in all for ploughing would probably cover all Chatham farmers have had since Christmas.

The teachers are scattering. It is assumed that the most of them will return for the next session.

The sheriff's forces worked hard the past few days, receiving and receiving taxes, and preparing the list for printing, and just as they were getting ready to get a long breath an injunction against the publication of the list for 20 days was served against the sheriff.

A blockhead is a man who is unable to fit his opinions to your channel.

ADVERTISEMENT OF TAXES STOPPED BY AN INJUNCTION

Judge Midyette has enjoined Sheriff Blair from advertising the sale of land for delinquent taxes for 20 days. It is learned that similar injunctions have been issued to the sheriffs of several other counties.

The people had been paying briskly for several days, but still many accounts were unsettled, and all because the people could not get hold of the money. Some had paid part and could not raise the rest. But many have said that they could possibly pay if they had a few days longer. Now, this injunction gives the

people that opportunity, and it behooves them to improve it.

The injunction, we may say in this connection, has played havoc with the making of the Record this week. Space was being saved for the advertisement of taxes, and much less copy prepared than would otherwise have been in hand, and when notice is given the time is too short to make up for lost time, as the printer must print Wednesday, as his own paper comes out Thursday. But it is good to know that our friends will have another chance to pay up.

Confusion Attends the Making of This Paper

If the make-up of this number of the Chatham Record should be unusual, accredited to the confusion arising out of the planning for space to run the tax sale copy, which was expected to take up at least a page and a half, but which was estopped by an injunction at midday Tuesday, when it was rather too late to remedy the situation. Some matters were not written as fully as they otherwise would have been if it had not been thought that the time would be needed by the printer to set the tax lists. However, those who are thus saved from the advertisement of their lands will be glad to excuse a poorer paper, and perhaps a badly mixed one. Yet the printers may get the thing in good shape.

School Honors Awarded Tuesday

In addition to the award of diplomas to the high school graduates and the graduates of the grammar school Tuesday, scholarship medals were awarded to George Griffin and Jennie Mae Abernathy, who tied with a grade of A all around. Principal Waters praised the two young people very highly.

Miss Edna Knight was awarded a medal as the best all-around girl in the eighth grade. This medal was presented by Mr. L. D. Bell in behalf of the Legion Auxiliary.

Supt. Thompson awarded a prize of a five dollar gold piece to Miss Viola Mann for the best essay on the subject of game conservation in Chatham county, and a \$2.50 gold piece to Master Billy Hamlet for the second best paper on the same subject. These two papers are supposed to appear in this paper.

A number of boys and girls received certificates for attendance the whole session without the miss of a single day.

A large audience heard Dean N. W. Walker's address, which was a good common-sense talk to the young people.

Moncure News

Miss Anna Hershey, a niece of Capt. Wissler and who has spent sometime with him, will return to her home in Pennsylvania tomorrow (Tuesday).

Mrs. Sprower, who has been visiting Mrs. Phoebe Womble left yesterday (Sunday) for her home in New York City.

Mr. P. A. Kearney of Mobile, Ala., reached here last Friday to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moore, where Mrs. Kearney has been spending sometime.

Mr. Clarence Crutchfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Crutchfield and who was a member of the faculty of Biscoe high school the past year is at home for the summer. Biscoe high school commencement was last week.

Miss Hattie Moore, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Moore, gave her nephew, Wm. Murphy Moore, a surprise birthday party last Saturday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock, May 4. Many of his friends and school mates were present and were most pleasantly entertained by the hostess, Miss Moore, and delightful refreshments were served. William Murphy Moore was the recipient of many nice presents.

Moncure has had another burglary excitement. Someone entered the store of Hannon and Thomas Sunday night by taking out a glass from the rear door and forcing it open. Several dollars in change was taken from the cash register, some half dozen suits of clothes and other things were missed. Tracks in the mud were plainly seen and a watchman's seat made of green leaves was discovered on a bank of earth. A blood hound and a detective were employed, together with Sheriff Blair and a number of deputies. The blood hound traced the track to the station of Merry Oaks. One negro, who boarded No. 12 at this point, proved innocent. Another train is said to have stopped at Merry Oaks at about 4 o'clock a. m. The officers and detectives are still diligently working on the case. It is to be hoped that the guilty party will be apprehended.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church met last Sunday evening with the president, Miss Lois Ray, and vice president, Miss Roberta Lambeth and secretary, Miss Dorothy Lambeth, all present. Miss Cornelia Stedman was leader for the evening and the subject "Keep Sweet and How?" was presented by the leader and the following Juniors: Misses Mary Helen Lambeth, Margie Lee Ray, Ruby Womble, Ruth Stedman, and Viola Luxton. Mrs. Daisy Lambeth, the pianist, was present, but Mr. Howard Ross played for the league service.

Mr. Coy Luxton with Mrs. Aurelia Taylor, who lives on Route 2, gave a

party to the young people of Gum Spring community last Saturday evening. Every one enjoyed the most cordial hospitality extended to them and spent a most pleasant evening at the genial home of Mrs. Taylor's.

Moncure high school closed one of the most successful year's work last week. Prof. H. G. Self has been principal of this school several years and with his management and consolidation of schools Moncure has grown each year. Mr. Self has been elected by the school committee as principal for another year. The other teachers will be elected soon.

There were ten (10) in the senior class this year and the following are the ones who received diplomas this year: Lois Ray, Clair Eve Mims, Eleanor Ketchie, Lucile Wicker, Bruce Johnson and George Carr and the following received certificates: Garrett Wicker, Hayes Harrington and Ralph Crutchfield.

High school scholarship medal was awarded to Edward Carr. High school improvement medal to Woodrow Andrews.

Music improvement medal to Inez Andrews.

Monograms for making the girls' basket ball team were awarded to Lucile Wicker and Jack Wheeler, and stars to Lois Ray, Margaret Strickland, Clair Eve Mims, and Frances Thompson.

Letters for making boys basket ball team to Jay Cotten, Julian Ray, and Alfred Womble and stars to Hayes Harrington, Roy Goodwin and Wilson Womble.

Various prizes and certificates of awards were delivered to students of the grammar grades. These will be published in the next week's issue. A list of the students receiving 7th grade diplomas will also appear later as these diplomas have not yet been received from the county superintendent.

Dr. Edward C. Perisho of Guilford College delivered the baccalaureate address last Tuesday evening to a full auditorium. The subject of his address was "The Achievement of Youth," explaining why girls and boys should receive an education and compared the salary of those students receiving seventh grade diplomas and high school diplomas and college diplomas.

The senior class presented the same evening of the address, the following three act play, "Giants of Fortune." It was well presented and enjoyed by all.

The revival at the Moncure Methodist church began today. Everyone has a cordial welcome to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Andrews of C. P. & L. Co. have moved to Raleigh, where Mr. Andrews has a position with C. P. & L. Co. there. We regret to have them leave us and they have our best wishes.

Holland Bulb Farms of Marvellous Beauty

The most casual visitor traveling in the train from Leyden to Haarlem in the spring has his attention arrested by the splendor of coloring on either side, for the Dutch bulb farms are probably as rich in bloom as any other in the world. Field after field of exquisite flowers strike the eye. From early April, when hyacinths bloom, to late June, when the Spanish irises are at their best, the fields hold carnival.

One of the most curious details in the work of the bulb farmer is observed late in the summer, when the hyacinths are prepared for purposes of propagation. In other years a bulb was slashed transversely and set in the ground. By the following summer it had thrown off a number of young bulbs. Accident taught the growers a better method.

Among the bulbs were some out of which mice had eaten the bottom, and in all such cases, in the place where the mice had eaten, an extraordinary number of baby bulbs were found to be growing. The bulb had reproduced itself 30 or 40 fold.

The growers took the hint. Nowadays they cut away the bottom of the bulb from the center and stand the bulb in the sun for a time. Then they plant it out, and every section raises little ones and nourishes them with its own life. Next season the parent bulb has disappeared and 30 or 40 little bulbs have taken its place.

Cure 'or "Backseatitis"

A Detroit mechanic, with a nervous wife and a sense of humor, recently found the burden of the former's "back-seat driving" too much for his own nerves. Consequently, he purchased an old steering wheel and post, mounted the same on a block, to which he also attached a set of brakes, and placed it in the tonneau of his automobile. When he drove the car to the front of his home that evening and helped his wife into the car, she look with amazement at the extra parts, then told him that "you can take that junk out." He did, and offers to lend the contraption to others similarly affected, as a "sure cure."—Detroit News.

THE YELLOW BOWL

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE table was laid for dinner, which they always had at midday on Saturday. The light streamed in at the windows and fell full on the table, with its lace mats, its pretty dishes, its big, yellow bowl of pussy-willows, then it traveled in a long, yellow shaft over the polished, rugless floor, to the fireplace, where a small fire blazed contentedly.

Robert White came swinging up the garden path and into the little hall of the bungalow. Dora, his wife, came out of the kitchen and kissed him. "You're early, Robert."

"I am going to meet Sam on the course at half-past two. Is dinner ready?"

She nodded and went back into the kitchen.

He came back in plus fours and took his seat at the table. It was a chilly day in the early spring and every window in the bungalow stood open to the breezes. He rubbed his hands together to warm them and shut six of the windows in the dining room.

"I am hungry." He looked hopefully up as the maid came into the room, then whimsically at the fruit glass she set before him. He took up his spoon and pushed it rather viciously into the fruit.

The maid removed the dishes and put before them a soup.

That was like Dora's meals—perfectly served, but which somehow left one as hungry at the end as at the beginning; and that forenoon Robert had had before him the mental picture, tantalizing, tormenting of a dish of chops and cauliflower with butter sauce.

He could smell it now. The steam curled up, savory, appetizing; the chops (large and juicy) oozed fragrance, and, in reality, on his plate was a tiny piece of meat, surrounded by boiled rice. Chops! Large and juicy, but above all large. That was what his soul cried out for.

He swallowed involuntarily and looked across the table at his wife. He had a sense of humor, fortunately, besides adoring Dora, and he knew that it was the subconscious effort to live up to her exotic ideas that Dora kept house like this. Chops and cauliflower did not go with them, but he did wish (at mealtime) that she had plainer ideas, something like his old-fashioned mother. His mother had been an unrivaled cook. He could smell those meat pies right now.

When Dora married she had sworn a mighty oath that never on her table should there be seen a steak or kidney pie. Also that her housekeeping should be esthetic. It was, she did not see that her nose was getting a blue tinge and that Robert was steadily getting thinner.

Robert helped himself from the dish of pineapple salad presented at his elbow by the neat maid. He disliked pineapples always, but especially today. He took another cup of coffee and surprised Dora by demanding another glass of milk.

He returned to his coffee and glancing across the table, his smoldering irritation—the irritation of a hungry man—grew at the sight of the yellow bowl. A stupid trifle to bring to a head his smoldering anger, but when the fate of an empire is decided because of the tilt of a woman's nose the mere fact of a yellow bowl of pussy-willows being on a bungalow table is quite sufficient to wreck a happy home as surely as dynamite.

"That bowl again!" he snapped. "Yes," Dora's eyes snapped. "I suppose," she said in a voice upon which ice sparkled, "that you would prefer me to use that—that Bulgarian atrocity that your mother landed on us."

It was out! Ignoring the reference to the "Bulgarian atrocity," which was his own nickname for the bowl in question, Robert breathed hard. These unfortunate yellow bowls! One a gift from Dora's aunt, the other from Robert's mother. The one from Dora's aunt was Satsuma, thin and aristocratic. Dora liked to look at it across the table, whereas the other one was plebeian, but a jolly, rollicking plebeian. But Robert had loved it since he was four years old.

"I wish that you would leave mother out of it," he said coldly. "Anyway, I am going there for supper to-night. I am hungry for a decent meal."

"I would not have been in, in any case," returned Dora swiftly, untruthfully. "I am going to mother's."

He swung out of the room and Dora sat down and stared at the floor.

So this was marriage! To this end she had toiled and planned and carried out menus, to make home beautiful. She looked at the clock. Mother and dad always lunched late on Saturday. At this hour they would be at that meal in the large dining room. Her mother's cooking was superb, without imagination. She could at most smell the good brown gravies she made. Apple tart and cream! And they both loved ginger snaps—did mother and dad.

She looked at her own dining room, ultramodern and hygienic to the letter. All very correct, and, though Dora would not admit it, about as home-like as a railroad station. Robert shut the door behind him with a bang.

WANT ADS

TRAINED MECHANICS to cars for your car at Weeks Motor Co.

MAINE grown seed potatoes, cobbler and red bliss at Poe and Moore's at 40 cents a peck.

USED CARS are always reasonable in price at Weeks Motor Company.

WHOLE JERSEY milk—15 cents a quart delivered anywhere in Pittsboro early in the morning. Lexie Clark.

LOST: Male hound, white and black spotted, short and chunky, near Burlington about March 1. Finder notify E. E. Curl, Burlington, and receive reward.

DON'T GO ASTRAY with your Model A. We keep mechanics who absolutely know how to service the car. Weeks Motor Company.

YOU WILL FIND auto tires better and low-priced at C. E. Durham.

I HAVE THE TIRES and you have the cars and the money. C. E. Durham, Bynum.

CABBAGE and Bermuda Onion plants, all varieties, \$1 per thousand, 5M lots, 75c per 1000. Prompt shipment. Dorris Plant Company, Valdosta, Ga.

NEW GOODS being shown daily at Hall's. You should see their shoes, dry goods, and ready-to-wear prices.

GOOD FLOUR AT A low price at R. J. Moore & Co's, Bynum.

100 POUNDS SUGAR \$6.00; 25 pounds for \$1.55 at R. J. Moore's.

AUTO TIRES 30x3 1/2 cords at \$3.75, and 29x4.40 also cheap; 30x3 1/2 tubes only \$1.25 at R. J. Moore's, Bynum.

VALUES—YOU will find them at Hall's.

TIRES: 12 months' unconditional guaranteed. New Ford sizes, tire and tube, \$11.00. Weeks Motor Company.

CHICKEN FEED, sweet feeds, oats, etc., wholesale or retail at lowest prices at Poe and Moore's, Pittsboro.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for crossties and cedar posts. You may measure posts yourself and be sure you get right measures. R. M. Connell, Highway 93.

GUARANTEED FLOUR at C. E. Durham's for \$7.00 a barrel, 48lb. sack of same for \$1.80.

BUY A TUB of lard from C. E. Durham for 13 cents a pound. Come and get yours.

WANTED: Several cars pine pulpwood on A&Y railway. Much pine timber has blown down in Chatham County during past year, here is an opportunity to save it. Write J. W. & G. M. Gilliam, Sanford, N. C. for specifications and prices. (April 25, May 2)

MODERN SHOP equipment; time saving machinery enables us to render real service cheaper and better. Weeks Motor Company.

IF YOU want good inspection on your ties and cedar sell to W. C. Johnson.

R. R. MILLS Sweet and Strong Snuff, 3 bales 10 cent size for 25 cents, and 60-cent size for 50 cents at C. E. Durham's.

SHOES: Ladies' New Spring Summer slippers are now ready for your service at C. E. Durham's, Bynum.

VISIT HALL'S for anything you wish. A complete line to outfit you from head to foot; at prices, too, that suit the shrewdest of value seekers.

GUARANTEED FLOUR \$7.00 a barrel, also Shipstuff \$2.25 a bag at C. E. Durham's, Bynum.

PROFESSIONAL nurse. I am located in Pittsboro and offer my services as a professional nurse to the people of Chatham county. Elsie Lucile Peterson, R. N., Telephone No. 79.

THE NEW FORD CAR and its service is what you need. Weeks Motor Company.

666 is a Prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue Bilious Fever and Malaria It is the most speedy remedy known.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Mann, an eyesight specialist. Includes an illustration of an eye and text: "DR. J. C. MANN the well-known EYESIGHT SPECIALIST will be at Dr. Farrell's Office PITTSBORO, TUESDAY, April 23 at Dr. Thomas' Office SILER CITY, THURSDAY, April 25"

Advertisement for Wood's Seeds. Includes an illustration of a tree and text: "Time to Plant and the best varieties of Vegetables—Free Flower Seed Collections And how to get them—are told in the Golden Anniversary Catalog of WOOD'S SEEDS Write for your copy today. T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen Since 1879, 55 S. 14th Street, Richmond, Va."

Large advertisement for The Budd-Piper Roofing Co. Text: "THE COLOR OF YOUR HOUSE DECIDES THE COLOR OF YOUR ROOF Your roof is a part of your house—a very vital part architects say—and the roofing you put on should be selected so as to harmonize pleasingly with the walls, trim and architectural style. And you can see in advance just how many different effects will look on your particular home. When you are ready to roof or re-roof, call Budd-Piper to show you the many combinations available. In all we have 108 effective color schemes from which you may select one best suited to your home. THE BUDD-PIPER ROOFING CO. DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA"