

Find That Chuckwalla

Has Dainty Appetite

It is not always the loveliest creature that feeds on the daintiest diet. The chuckwalla lizard of the Southwest, the second largest lizard in the United States, is not exactly a stage beauty among the animals, yet his choice appetite runs very strongly to flowers. A specimen captured in the Grand canyon had in its stomach 118 flower heads of three species of composite plants, and three flowers of the yellow bean bush. These represented the breakfast of the chuckwalla. In his second stomach—the reptile has two—was another mass of flower tissue, but more advanced in digestion. The chuckwalla has for years been a favorite dish among the Indians, and many a lost prospector has overcome the white man's repugnance to eating "varmints," to find with surprise that this big lizard is made of good meat. After the recently captured specimen had yielded up its skin for museum purposes, its flesh was roasted and eight persons had a chance to find out what chuckwalla meat tastes like.

"Gratitude To Sargon Is Beyond Words"



MRS. WM. N. COCHRAN

"Ever since I was a comparatively young woman I suffered from stomach trouble and nervousness. I was terribly constipated, bilious, run-down and miserable. The way Sargon ended my troubles seems little less than a miracle.

"The first normal bowel movement I have had in years I owe to Sargon Soft Mass Pills. My gratitude to the Sargon treatment is beyond words."

—Mrs. Wm. N. Cochran, 1147 Harrison Street, Portland, Oreg. Sargon's fame is based on actual results—not empty promises. Millions use it—millions praise it! C. R. Pilkington, Pittsboro; Wiggins Drug Stores, Inc., Siler City, Agents. —Adv.

THE CHINESE FLAPPER

By MARGUERITE WATERS

Hangi Ling, who was a very pretty Chinese girl, lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Ling, near Hong Kong, China. At Hangi's birth her mother had died, leaving her all alone in the world, to be cared for by her father and grandmother. Hangi was loved and fondled, as all babies are, until she was six years old. Then her father, whom she loved dearly, fell sick. After three weeks of long suffering, he called his mother to his bedside. "Mother, he said, 'I think I am dying, but before I go to rest I want to ask you to care for my little girl. She's my only child and as she grows older she will need the advice and care of a mother. As my dear wife is gone, won't you promise to take the responsibility?'"

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do for her son, promised to care for his child, as a mother, as long as possible. He then called Hangi into the room into the room and drew her to him, kissing her tenderly. Then he said, "Hangi, darling, I am going to leave this world, to meet your mother in heaven, and there we will await for you some day. Be good to your grandmother and ——" His sentence was broken by a deep sigh and his eyes closed in sleep.

The days that followed were indeed sad ones for Hangi. The house was very lonely, without her father, but the grandmother explained that they would continue to live there together. When Hangi was seven years of age Mrs. Ling thought it proper to begin her educational career, so when school began she placed her in a Chinese institution. Hangi grew up with other Chinese girls, learning their ways, habits, and language. But as she grew older she longed for other companions with whom to associate. She felt herself much superior to the modern Chinese girl. When she was seventeen years old she decided that she could stand it no longer.

There came an American missionary to that village one bright Sunday morning. Mrs. Ling was very much excited and decided that Hangi must go to hear her. After she had scrubbed her face until it shone, plaited her long black hair, and donned her best dress and shoes she sent her out to church, which was one mile away. As she seated herself in the pew and glanced at the American woman she was simply stunned. She had never seen a lady quite so beautiful. Her brown wavy hair was bobbed, and her face looked as though it possessed all love, loyalty, and kindness. Before Hangi returned home she had met Miss Marie Lamb.

"Oh, if I could only be like her," she thought, "and I shall some day, I hope," she added. She rushed into the house and told granny of the lady. She rushed into the house and told granny of the lady. "She is going back to America in a week and I am going too. I can't stay here."

The grandmother was horrified. Hangi insisted on inviting the woman to her home on Wednesday. Monday morning the young girl was very busy. She swept the house and cleansed the yards thoroughly. Then she prepared a grand feast for the visitor. Mrs. Ling thought Miss Lamb very lovely indeed.

"I have been in this work for four years," she explained, "I was returning home, but upon request I agreed to stop here for a week. I am thinking of retiring, so I will leave next Monday, at 7:30 o'clock,

for America. I would like very much to have your granddaughter accompany me, as she wants to go."

"I would never let her go there. Never! Never!" said the old grandmother.

By the following Saturday Marie and Hangi had plotted a scheme. Hangi would leave the house, before her granny was stirring, on Monday morning. She would meet Miss Lamb at a certain place and they would go together to the pier, where they would sail to America.

Early Monday morning Hangi slipped away from the old house and met her companion a short distance away. The boat entered the harbor at the exact hour mentioned. Marie and Hangi were so sure of their scheme that they lingered behind, while other passengers entered the ship. While waiting a man approached them. After asking who they were he said, "I am very sorry but Miss Ling will not be allowed to leave on this boat." Upon hearing this Hangi burst into tears. "Marie, I guess I was too sure of going but now I must return to this horrible place." After bidding her an affection goodbye, Marie Lamb left Hangi standing on the pier crying as though her heart would break.

At length she dried her eyes and returned to learn that her grandmother had hired men to watch her to keep her from leaving Hong Kong.

In some way Hangi secured American magazines and papers, which she managed to keep from her granny. She got ideas about the American girls from these illustrations. How she longed to be like them! Occasionally, in the paper, she would read that Shagi Chung, her former lover, who was, at present, in an American college, which was supported by the Chinese funds, had accomplished some great work. Very frequently his name was found among those in the society column.

Shangi had really loved Hangi in his younger days, but when he came to America he became very much attracted by the modern American flapper. So he forgot poor Hangi with her modest ways. He was to finish his college course in a few weeks, and was anxious to return to his parents in China. But he found another one waiting for him. It was Hangi—but a different Hangi—a beautiful Chinese flapper. Her long black tresses had been cut, her dresses had been shortened, and her ways had changed from that of the Chinese, of course, against her grandmother's wishes. But soon granny died, of old age I suppose, and Hangi was left.

Weeks passed and Shangi's love for her returned, only a deeper truer love. One night, with her head nestled in his arms and her lips offered him, she promised to sail for America, with him, and become his devoted wife.

JUST CAN'T WARM UP He married a cold million, but he hasn't been able to thaw any of it out.—The Pathfinder.

"OTHER PAPERS PLEASE COPY" It is better to be silent and be thought dumb than to speak and remove all doubt.—The Pathfinder.

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Lost Motion Found in Travel on Mississippi

It is hard to realize the possibility of drifting downstream in order to travel upstream, yet at one place in the world it is possible to set off downstream in a canoe and end 45 miles farther upstream without apparently turning back. This was done by an Indian on a stretch of the Mississippi known as the Grenville bends, consisting of many loops and curves continually doubling one on another. The Indian started at one of the lower bends and floated downstream until he came to a narrow neck separating him from the next loop upstream. A "carry" of a few hundred feet brought him to a higher reach of the river. The operation was repeated again and again—floating down, and carrying over floating down, and carrying over. Then by floating downstream 16 miles and carrying his canoe a short distance on foot, he was 45 miles farther upstream than when he started.

Muddled

Never before had there been such commotion in the little flat, and the most excited person present was the sister of the young mother who had just presented her husband with twins. Auntie was wildly delighted at being auntie in a double sense, and rushed to the post office for stamps to spread the great tidings.

"Stamps," she jerked, as she reached the counter. "How many, miss?" inquired the clerk.

"Two," she said, joyously. "What kind?" "A boy and a girl," she returned, rapturously.

First Food Preservatives

It is claimed that Nicholas Appert, a Frenchman born in 1750 at Chalons-sur-Marne, was the first to preserve food through sterilization by heat. Food had previously been preserved by the use of spices or the salt method, but Appert proved to the world the loss of food value by the old method and how the method he proposed not only retained food value, but also was more attractive and palatable. He experimented with meat, fish, and all sorts of vegetables and fruits, delighting in the different combinations and forms in which they could be preserved.

Distinctive Watermarks

Watermarks in paper have been used for a long time to lend distinction to the product of a particular paper maker and for other purposes. One of the oldest, a circle surmounted by a tall cross, is found in documents dating back to the fourteenth century. Other old marks are the fleur-de-lis, the court jester, the hunter's horn, the hand pointing to a five-pointed star and the tankard, well known in papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

That's What Counts

The tributes paid on the occasion of his birth centenary to the work of Gen. William Booth by leaders of many denominations recalled a story the general himself was rather fond of telling. A high church dignitary was asked one day what he thought of the Salvation Army. "Well, to tell the truth," said he, "I do not like it, but to be perfectly candid, I believe God Almighty does."—Border Cities Star.

Peggy's Choice

Peggy was descended from a long line of Methodists. One day she and her father and mother were going through a new Baptist church. When Peggy found the lovely modern baptistry she ran for her mother.

"Come quick, mother," she said, "they have a lake in this church."

Mother and dad went to admire the beautiful marble baptistry.

"Let's come to this church," said Peggy, "then I could learn to swim."

Verbatim

It was sales day in a large department store. A very busy wrapper girl was trying to attend to many things at once, when a clerk rushed over and said: "Call a messenger, sweetheart."

Promptly the strange call rang over the main floor: "Messenger, sweetheart."



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Would you like to have 6 pounds of one of the best known brands of Flour made ABSOLUTELY FREE? Through the courtesy of The Hammond Milling Company that very thing has been made possible. Beginning Monday, February 3rd, a 6-pound bag of Flour will be furnished FREE with every waffle iron purchased during our special sale—which will last for a short time only.

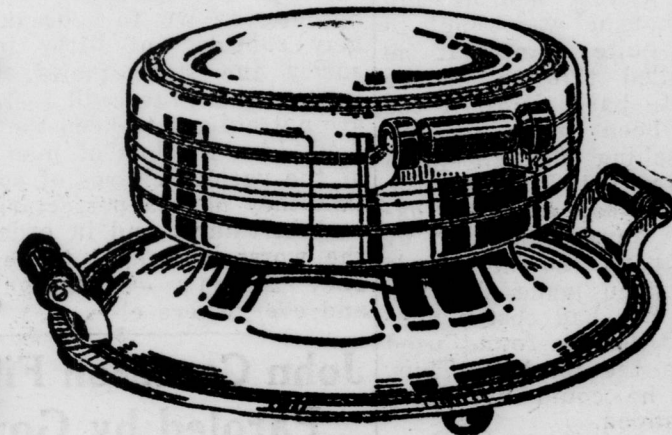
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