

LOCAL NEWS

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was entertained Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. I. A. Wiggins.

President, Mrs. I. A. Wiggins; Vice-President, Mrs. W. C. Ferguson; Secretary, Mrs. H. L. Edwards; Treasurer, Mrs. W. C. Chitty; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. N. Evans; Agent for Voice, Mrs. W. P. Britton; Superintendent Mission Work, Mrs. J. W. Draper.

Two members were received into the society, Mrs. J. W. Draper and Mrs. H. L. Evans. At the conclusion of the meeting, a salad course was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. John Evans.

Miss Marie Evans has gone to Columbus, Ohio, to spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Ward, A. J. Ward, and Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Rountree were visitors in the home of Mr. E. N. Evans, December 11.

Miss Frances Lawrence recently visited relatives in Norfolk. The Senior B. Y. P. U. of Meherin Church gave a program at Lasker December 11.

Miss Julia Vinson was given a surprise party at her home on Friday evening, December 9. Those present were: Misses Bettie W. Jenkins, Inez Parker, Mary Liverman, Laura Ruth Parker, Ruth Townsend, Eva Edwards, Bertha Chitty, and Messrs. Reuben Edwards, J. H. Vinson, Emmett Evans, and Jack Glover.

The annual turkey supper was served by the Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church, December 13.

Mrs. Fannie Jernigan is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Winborne.

Miss Sara Hawkins and her mother, Mrs. Sallie Hawkins, have concluded a visit with Mrs. Nellie Winborne.

Miss Julia Short of Murfreesboro and Mr. Jimmie Raynor of Powellville were quietly married in Ahoskie Saturday evening, December 10.

Mrs. John Evans, Mrs. I. A. Wiggins and children, and John Sewell were shoppers in Norfolk Saturday, December 10.

Recent Visitors At Chowan

Rev. H. Frederick Jones of Greenville, N. C., was a visitor in the College Monday, December 12.

Miss Gertrude Knott, a former teacher at Chowan, visited Mrs. Bob Britton in Murfreesboro during the week end of December 3.

The students here were pleasantly surprised on Monday, December 12, when Miss Marguerite Harrison, who conducted a B. Y. P. U. study course at the College a short while ago, paid them a visit.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

From your chin down you are worth about a dollar and a half a day. From your chin up you are worth anything, there is no limit. Without your head-piece you are nothing but an animal, and about as valuable as a horse—maybe.

Most of you have a mistaken idea; you think you are paid for your work. You are not. You are paid for what you think while you work. It's the kind of brain that directs your work, that moves your hands, that gives you your rating.

What causes you the most concern, the contents of your skull or the mass below the collar bone? You exercise your body, keep your arms strong and your legs supple—but do you regularly exercise your cerebrum?

Are your thoughts flabby, uncontrolled, wayward, and useless, though you are an expert at tennis or golf? Is your thinker as keen, alert, disciplined, accurate, and dependable as your hands?

Where do you get your pleasures, from the chin down? Is it all dancing for your feet and meat for your belly, and clothes for your back? Is all your fun in the cellar? Don't you ever have any fun in the attic?

What are you anyway, an animal pestered with a mind, or a soul prisoned in a body? Do you know that the jist of culture consists in transferring one's habitual amusements from below to above the nose? —Selected.

Said the Turkey, "When Christmas draws near I'm filled with foreboding and fear; but I'm happy to say; when I get by that day, I generally live through the year." —Oliver Herford, "Ladies Home Journal."

If money talks, as some folks think, 'twill tell you to go to THE PEOPLE'S BANK.

UNDER THE GREEN-WOOD TREE

The teacher asked her class to explain the word bachelor, and one little girl answered: "A bachelor is a very happy man." "Where did you learn that?" asked the teacher. "Father told me," she replied.

The Maiden's Prayer

"Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself! Only give Mother a son-in-law."

Billie: You're too conceited about your beauty. Kate: Why, not at all. I don't think I'm half as good-looking as I am.

Polly: Why don't you answer me? Bob: I did shake my head. Polly: Well, I couldn't hear it rattle over here.

"Mamma, what are you going to give me for Christmas?" "Oh, anything to keep you quiet."

"Well, nothing will keep me quiet but a drum." Patient: Doctor, what are my chances? Doctor: O pretty good, but don't start reading any long continued stories.

"Everybody in our family is some kind of animal," remarked Tommy. "What do you mean?" asked his mother.

"Why mother you're a dear, you know." "Yes, Tom, and the baby is mothers little lamb."

"Well, I'm the kid; sister is a chicken; aunt is a cat, cousin is a bird and uncle Jim is a jackass, and little brother's a pig. Dad's the goat; and—"

"That's enough, Thomas."

Kenneth rushed in from play with hair rumpled, clothes soiled and hands dirty, and seated himself at the table.

"What would you say if I should come to the table looking as you do?" inquired his mother.

Kenneth surveyed his well-groomed mother thoughtfully, then replied: "I think I'd be too polite to say anything."

Jean (borrowing a match): Will this strike on anything? Emma Gay: I don't know, I haven't tried it yet.

"Be observing my son," counseled Willie's father. "Cultivate the habit of seeing and you will become a successful man."

"Yes," added Willie's uncle. "Don't go through life like a blind man. Learn to use your eyes."

"Little boys who are observing go on much faster than those who are not," Aunt Jane put in.

The youngster took their advice to heart. A day passed and once more he stood before the family council.

"Well, my son," said his father, "have you been using your eyes?" Willie nodded. "Tell us what you've learned."

"Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whiskey hid behind his trunk," said Willie. "Aunt Jane's got an extra set of false teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips hid behind Emerson's Essays in the bookcase."

"The little sneak!" exclaimed the family with one voice.

A man got stalled with his automobile in a mudhole near Loch Raven last week. While making a vain attempt to get out, a small boy appeared with a team of horses.

"Want me to haul you out, Mister?"

"How much do you want?"

"Three dollars."

After the work had been done and the money paid the tourist asked:

"Do you pull out many cars here?"

"About twelve a day, on the average," replied the boy.

"Do you work nights, too?" inquired the tourist.

"Yes, I haul water for the mudhole."

Shuffle 'Em Up

"That sailor's a card."

"Yeh, that comes from his association with decks."

Yep—First Act

"What must a man be to be buried with military honors?"

"Dead."

Obliging Little Lady

She—"Will you please call me a taxi?"

He—"Alright, you're a taxi."

Specialized Specialist

Dr. Arrowsmith: Think your son will soon forget what he learned at college?

Mr. Rabbit: I hope so. He can't make a living drinking.

The Conway Service Station is ever ready to serve you.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

On December 5, a baby girl was born to Mrs. W. A. McLawhorn of Morehead City. Mrs. McLawhorn was Miss Eunice Day of Murfreesboro, 1913 graduate of Chowan, and niece of Miss McDowell.

The following clipping, from an Elizabeth City paper speaks for itself. We are delighted to have this report and the letter from Mrs. E. F. Aydlett, which accompanied it:

CHOWAN COLLEGE BANQUET JOLLY AFFAIR; ALUMNAE PLEDGE AID IN CAMPAIGN

Mrs. E. F. Aydlett, associate director of the Chowan Association Centennial Campaign, was hostess Monday night at a Chowan College banquet in the social halls of Blackwell Memorial Church from six o'clock until 8:30. About 25 former students of Chowan were present. Although the Chowan girls ranged in their years at the college from 1887 to 1925 they found little difficulty in making themselves at home and much time was spent in recalling reminiscences of olden days.

Mrs. I. A. Ward was toastmistress of the evening and also served as pianist when college songs were sung. Three delicious courses were served the guests by the ladies of the church.

Dr. R. T. Vann of Raleigh made the invocation and a short talk. E. F. Aydlett also made a short talk.

Between the first and second course, each guest introduced herself, giving her name before marriage and her present name and the years she was at Chowan. This disclosed only two out of the 25 with the same name.

"What Chowan Used to Be" was discussed by Mrs. E. E. Etheridge and "What Chowan Is Today," was discussed by Mrs. John H. Bell.

During the second course memories of Chowan were recalled, many telling of instances that happened when there. Several college legends were brought up, including "the changes of society," and "The Brown Lady."

Mrs. J. W. Modin then spoke on the needs of the college, and several plans were discussed for what the club in this city would do for the college. A rising vote of thanks to Mrs. Aydlett, as hostess, was given, and it was voted to have a Chowan banquet each year.

The Centennial Campaign was then taken up, each one present pledging herself to do what she could for Christian education. Mrs. Aydlett made a few remarks on the Centennial Campaign and on the importance of interesting others in the campaign.

The guests at they registered were: (Ruth Lowry) Mrs. W. J. Broughton, (Emma Gilbert) Mrs. E. M. Stevens, (Blanche Ward) Mrs. Robert V. Lamb, (Clate White) Mrs. J. H. Aydlett, (Ella Gilbert) Mrs. H. C. Pearson, (Louise Holland) Mrs. John H. Bell, Miss Catherine Skinner, (Edna Mills) Mrs. L. L. Hedgepeth, Miss Iredell Knight, (Ruth Buxton) Mrs. J. H. White, (Susie Eure) Mrs. C. D. Bell, (Edla Savage) Mrs. E. E. Etheridge, (Elizabeth Fletcher) Mrs. Claude Bailey, (Mary T. Cartwright) Mrs. R. H. Raper, (Essie Sawyer) Mrs. O. L. Hoffer, (Ruth Sawyer) Mrs. Ruth S. Brown, (Ennie Goodwin) Mrs. E. A. Hurdle, (Ruth Lassiter) Mrs. I. A. Ward, (Lillian Bright) Mrs. R. M. Phelps, and (Britt Matthews) Mrs. Mary L. Matron.

Mrs. Aydlett says: "There were twenty-three present, and it would have done you good to have been there and heard the entire program. Of course, we tried to bring back memories of Chowan College days, and to impress upon those present the importance of remembering Chowan for what she has been, for what she is now, and for what she could be—with the personal prayers and help of each individual. The old societies, the C. O. V. A. and the P. N. A.—those whose records were burned—voted to do something for Chowan which would be a memorial to their societies. They mentioned an arch to connect two of the buildings—a structure which would have on it somewhere tablets bearing the names of the two societies. Other things were discussed, but nothing was decided. You will hear definitely, later. They did vote to send, between now and next Tuesday, rose and shrub cuttings to Mrs. J. W. Modin's home, and she is to have them packed and sent to Mrs. Edwards for the college grounds.

"We hope that these contributions will fit in spaces where something is needed. The 'girls' present voted to make the banquet an annual affair, and we feel that this will do much to keep interest in Chowan lively."

The Chowan Club of Norfolk had an enthusiastic meeting on December 14. The following were present: Mesdames Shortridge, '78; Forehand, '78; Crumpler, '84; Simpson, '87; Gay, '86; Howell, '94; Maddrey, '94; Ferguson,

'82; and Cobb, '87. President Edwards was present and addressed the club. Important matters relative to the College were discussed. These will be reported at a later date.

In the next edition of the CHOWANIAN, we hope to give a full history of the old literary societies—the P. N. A. and the C. O. V. A.

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS GIVEN BY W. W. A.'s

The Y. W. A. Service on Sunday night, December 11, was made very impressive by Mrs. Burrell's talk on the W. M. U. Love Offering, the first forty thousand dollars of which will this year go toward sending forty of our missionaries back to the foreign fields.

Mrs. Burrell brought out the following points in her talk: How much the Christmas love offering would mean to the givers; how much it would mean to the missionaries; how much it would mean to the church; and how much it would mean to the unconverted in the foreign lands. "The important thing," she said, "is not the amount we give but the spirit in which we give."

At the close of the talk, each Y. W. A. girl came forward and placed her offering on the table. The gifts amounted to \$7.00.

DO AS YOU PLEASE LAND

The following articles from the New York "New Student" for December 7th are of interest to students and teachers everywhere. A sort of Do-As-You-Please Land is becoming recognized as best for students of reasonable earnestness and maturity.

Intellectual Vagabonds

Harvard's plan of educational "vagabonding" has been winning enthusiastic receptions in other colleges, with consequent attempts by many college editors to bring about similar arrangements in their own institutions. The "vagabonding" is simply a matter of attending interesting lectures in classes besides those in which the student is registered. To enable the students to choose, the Harvard "Crimson," each day, publishes a directory of worthwhile lectures, from which the students make their choice. Harvard students had long followed this program, but their daily paper has crystallized the practice into an extra-curricular activity.

President C. C. Little, of the University of Michigan, while recognizing the excellent scholastic motives behind vagabonding, predicts "it is likely to have disastrous effects if carried to the extreme." If not permitted to interfere with regular class work, he views it as legitimate.

Harvard's reading period, during which students are free to browse, is now on trial. Preparatory statements on what is expected of the students were issued by various department heads. The most detailed explanation came from Dean A. C. Hanford, who indicated that the University has faith in the desire of its students to use their time to good advantage. Commenting on Dean Hanford's statement, the "Crimson" says: "The plan seems neither revolutionary nor premature. It appears as the logical sequence to the general educational policies of the University. Certainly the pessimistic may now rest easier,

since it is seen that the requirement for these post-holiday weeks has been carefully anticipated."

About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph O'Connell, M.D.

Life Expectancy

There is no doubt that the great advances made in medicine and surgery have added to the span of human life, in their ministry against many serious conditions. Our great life insurance companies have become more confident in the selection of their risks, as the years have been added to the great average of "expectancy." But there is a cloud on the horizon of today. I am sure that deaths of individuals between fifty and sixty-five are taking on a very alarming increase—so much so, as to lead me to believe that this is getting to be the most critical period for men who should be at their very best. It is not Providence that removes men at such an age; my opinion is becoming more confirmed each year, that men are unconsciously doing themselves to death!

The newspapers say "heart disease" of course; the heart usually ceases to beat when we die; the question is, what made the heart quit working at such an unseemly hour? It is time for investigation, when so-called heart diseases are sweeping valuable men away before their time. To say that a man died of "dropsy" today, would be to betray the most dense ignorance; "heart disease" is almost as stupid.

In over thirty-five years of active practice, I have perhaps found less than a hundred—certainly not many more—that died of organic heart disease! Diseased kidneys, liver, spleen, stomach, blood, and nerves, undermine the heart, until it can perform no more, and there are other conditions, each remote from the heart, that do the same thing.

My opinion is, if men would cease over-eating, they would reduce "heart diseases" by half; overwork and excesses kill—and at a time of life when mature judgment in men is most needed. This is about it.

Next Week's Edition of Col

"Which of the parables do you like best?" said the minister to a boy in the Sunday school.

"I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes," was the unexpected answer.

Wife—"That's the kind of husband to have! Did you hear Mr. Dike tell his wife to go and look at some twenty-dollar hats?"

Spouse—"My dear, have I ever deprived you of the privilege of looking at twenty-dollar hats?"

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said the little man in the corner. "Next Friday night."

"Why are your socks on wrong side out, Bob?"

"My feet were hot and I turned the hose on them."

Buy your gas at Harry Hill's. It will take you farthest.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas! The magical, musical ring of it; No finer word in the world can be found! Molded and made for us mortals to sing of it; Full of the "tingle" that makes pulses pound! Christmas! The lilt and the rhythm and thrill of it! Dear, loving word that was made to impart Happiness, friends—may you all have your fill of it; Feeling the throb of it deep in your heart!

Christmas! It's coming to wipe away care again; Blotting out memories tragic and dear; Bringing rich blessings for man and hare again, Filling our hearts with the merriment cheer! Christmas! To some it means care to start again; Help for the helpless, and strength for the strong! Giving the hopeless a chance to take heart again; God's loving gifts to humanity's throng!

Christmas! We all love the sound and sing of it; Sinner and saint, and the goddess and good; Hearts of the world all respond to the ring of it; Bringing mankind into one Brotherhood! Christmas! All Nations rejoice at the thrill of it, Paupers and peasants; the rich and renowned; Spirit of Love—may we bow to the will of it; Then we'll have Christmas the whole year 'round! —James Edward Hungerford.

BUS SCHEDULE

FRANKLIN-MURFREESBORO LINE

Table with columns: Leave Franklin, Arrive Murfreesboro, Leave Murfreesboro, Arrive Franklin. Times listed for 8:00, 12:30, and 5:15 A.M.

ROCKY MOUNT-MURFREE

Table with columns: Leave Rocky Mount, Arrive and Leave Murfreesboro, Arrive Norfolk. Times listed for 7:00, 3:30, 7:30, and 4:00 A.M.

FOLK LINE

Table with columns: Arrive Norfolk, Arrive Rocky Mount. Times listed for 1:05, 9:35, 1:05, and 9:30 P.M.

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