

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Chapel Hill, Jan. 25.—Counties, not unlike individuals, court par excellence or ranking degrees of distinction in particular fields of effort. Prof. L. A. Williams, of the University Department of Education, has compiled a table of "First in North Carolina" which is calculated to stimulate other counties not thus classified to acquire these distinctive qualities in educational efforts. The table follows:

Harnett, First to establish a moonlight school for illiterate adults—Leaflet School, Miss Bessie Knight.

McDowell, first to require all teachers to hold a certificate showing completion of a four-year accredited high school course in certain subjects—January, 1915.

Wake, First to have a Teachers' Mutual Aid Society within its borders—Raleigh Teachers, January, 1915.

Nash, First in the per cent. of vaccinated school children—98 per cent. Guilford, First in total number of students enrolled in public state-aided high school for 1913-14—310.

Burke, First in per cent of attendance on State-aided high schools for 1913-14—93.2 per cent.

Wake, first in total amount raised for the support of State-aided high schools for 1913-14—\$8,810.

Jackson, First in average expenditure per pupil in State-aided high schools for 1913-14—\$52.63.

Jackson ranked first in this respect in 1907-08, the first year these schools were established.

Guilford, First to have a whole-time health officer—February, 1911.

Sampson, First to have a county supervisor—Miss Lulu M. Cassiday.

Wayne, First to have a county commencement—1910.

Halifax, first to register a student in the Correspondence Study Courses at the University—1914.

The third annual contest of the North Carolina High School Debating Union will draw its membership from ninety counties. The counties unrepresented in the comprehensive forensic debate are: Bertie, Caswell, Hoke, Jones, Madison, Mitchell, Pamlico, Tyrrell, Washington, and Watauga. The enrollment has enlisted the active participation of 227 schools—137 rural and State high schools, and 90 private schools. The date for the preliminary debates throughout the State is March 26, and the date of April 9 has been named for the staging of the final contest in Chapel Hill for the Aycock Memorial Cup.

(Is there anything that our rock-ribbed Democratic county of Alamance was first in? We fail to note it. This is referred to the next Democratic spell-binder that runs for office in this county.—Ed.)

GREENSBORO ROUTE 1 ITEMS.

We are always glad to read The Twice-A-Week Dispatch.

Mrs. Grover McAndless is critically ill at this time.

Mr. Edgar Morrow came home Thursday from Guilford College, where he has been in school.

Mrs. Elma Hodgins, who has been sick with chills, is now able to be out again. We are glad to say.

Mrs. Van Lamb is very sick at the present time.

Mr. Scott Hodgins is spending the winter with his parents.

Mr. E. A. Hodgins spent last Friday in Greensboro, selling produce and buying goods.

Mr. K. C. Hodgins and family are visiting at Mrs. Hodgins' father's, Mr. W. F. Kirkman.

Mr. J. Hocutt, our faithful mail carrier, has not failed to come out but one day amid the heavy rainstorms.

Miss Mamie Morrow is now in New Jersey visiting her sister, Mrs. Lillian McManus.

OAKDALE DOTS.

We are having plenty of rain and the roads are in bad condition.

Mr. W. H. Steel is right sick, but we hope for him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Hurley Suits called to see his best girl last night.

The wedding bells are liable to ring most any old time, and if you want to know any more, ask Miss Edna.

There will be a Pie Party at Oakdale next Saturday night, (the 30th). Every body is invited to come. Girls

to bring pies and boys to bring their pockets full of money.

We had a very nice baseball game at Oakdale last Friday. Oakdale and the Old Reliable team crossed bats, the score being 10 to 18 in favor of Oakdale. Come again boys, we are little but we are loud.

Mr. Jim Spoon has purchased a new typewriter. Guess he can print his notices instead of writing them.

Mr. Willie Pogleman called to see the school teacher last Sunday—hope he enjoyed himself if it was a rainy day.

Mr. Roy Stuart was visiting at Mr. J. F. Bristowe's Sunday.

Miss Oppie Spoon has gone to Liberty to take music lessons. We hope she will succeed.

We are sorry to say there are several of the Oakdale scholars sick. Among the number are William Thompson, Lester Way, Lola Smyth, Joanna Kimrey and Mary McPherson. We hope they will soon be able to return to school.

SOCIAL EVENTS IN MEBANE.

Mebane, Jan. 22.—Mrs. W. S. Harris entertained the Literary Club Tuesday afternoon at her hospitable home north of town. Mrs. W. S. Crawford read a paper on "With Tenyson Through England." The sketch of current events was presented by Mrs. W. A. Murray. The discussion, consisting of criticisms appreciations, questions and answers, following these not to say startling opinions, and comments. Ambrosia and cake were served. These present and taking part of the discussions were: Mesdames W. S. Crawford, W. A. Murray, W. W. Corbett, J. R. Singleton and J. S. White.

The Benefit Book Club met with Mrs. S. G. Morgan at her lovely home on Main street, Wednesday afternoon. After a historical contest, rock was played. There were present, as members, Mesdames J. S. White, H. E. Wilkinson, W. A. Murray, W. S. Crawford, J. R. Singleton, F. L. White, C. R. Grant, R. H. Tyson, T. M. Crutchfield, J. B. Weatherly, and Ralph Vincent, and Miss Leonora Walker as guests, Miss Della Wilson of Davidson, and Mesdames T. Frank Hatt, W. R. Malone, and Ben T. Warren. Delicious refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, coffee and wafers, were served.

The Embroidery Club was entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Charles Dillard at her attractive home on Fifth street. Rock was the place of fancy work. After the games a salad course was served. Visitors present: Miss Sue Mebane and Lottie Watkins; Mesdames E. C. Durham, U. S. Ray, and C. R. Grant. Members in attendance: Misses Lois Ham and Lillie Fowler; Mesdames S. Arthur White, Charles Lasley, W. O. Warren and J. R. Vincent.

WHY WOMEN ARE POPULAR.

In the February Woman's Home Companion Ida M. Tarbell writes an article entitled "The Talkative Woman" in which she explains why women talk so much and what their talk is worth. In the course of her article she makes the point that women are naturally talkative because they spend so much time with little children, teaching them the language. On the natural inclination of women to talk she says in part:

"It is as natural for the normal woman to talk as for the bird to sing. It is the spontaneous expression and giving of herself. It is this naturalness which gives to her talkativeness its perennial charm as well as its incalculable value in the scheme of things. The woman in the human group is much like the Monarch in Pierre Mille's delightful tale of that name. 'Why do people call me the Monarch? Why am I loved? Why always happy? Because,' he explains, 'I always have time to talk. Without me the people around here would be bored to death. I go and come, laugh and sing, I cost nothing but a glass of wine, and a bit of supper. What do I give? I give myself.' 'The woman gives herself.'"

French soldiers when tired take off their shoes, stick their legs in the air and wiggle their toes, obtaining instant relief. But we wouldn't want to see this method used by all the tired people in Burlington.

THE CROCHETING GIRL ON THE CAR.

She sat by a window in a street car and a young man who stood in the aisle looked over her shoulder as if fascinated by the deftness of her fingers.

Long, slim, dainty fingers they were the nails shining with a pink freshness like the inside of a sea shell.

From where he stood in the crowded aisle of the early morning car all he could see of her face beyond her ears, which was shell-like and pink, too, was the profile of one rounded cheek.

The thumb and two forefingers of her right hand gripped a steel crocheting needle, its long handle describing circles, and ovals and dips and various intricate loop-the-loops of the barbed point searched in and out among the mazes of the filmy thing of lace she was knitting.

The skill and dexterity of her fingers amazed him as he watched the intricate pattern take form. It reminded him of a day last summer when he lay out under the grape arbor and watched a spider weaving its web. It would reach out a long tentacle and fasten a thread to a twig and then another, and then weave back and forth between them a web of silver strands. So her needle worked that morning now very slowly as she wove some complicated half-stitch, and then faster as she fashioned a string of tiny loops and then slowly again as she hooked the knitted strand to the main fabric, and so on and on, her mind only on her work, not knowing how near she was in her work to knitting a net to snare a young man's heart.

For when the opportunity came he moved up so as to look shyly into her face, and a fair face it was, too, and when she hastily dropped the web of lace and the needle into her reticule and alighted from the car his eyes followed her wistfully and he noted the street and the shop into which she went.

Many a young man's heart has been caught in the web woven by such dainty fingers. In the old days, when all the spinning, weaving, sewing and knitting was done by the women in the homes it was a common saying that a girl who was a good spinner and knitter was sure to make a good wife.

And in nearly all the old prints of courtships the young woman was at the spinning wheel.

There may be a hint in this for the many young women of today who are "just a wearily" for the right young man to come along and ask that old, old question that all girls hope to hear some day.

Maybe this is one solution of the problem that is bothering so many these days, the problem of "why young men don't marry."

Maybe they are waiting, as the young man in the car was watching, for the young woman who can sew and knit and mend, and do all other kinds of housework deftly and willingly for sheer love of it.—Kansas City Star.

A PUZZLE.

The lady of the house was explaining things to the new maid.

"An' what's this, missus?" asked the girl, indicating a metal bottle.

"This is a bottle which will keep things either hot or cold, whichever you desire," replied the mistress.

"Well, for the land sakes!" exclaimed the girl, "How's it gwine to know whether you want things hot or cold?"—Philadelphia Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE DRAMA'S TREND.

Tragedian—You tell me, sirrah, that I am behind the times?

Manager—Yes. You come with me. I'm going to produce a modern version of "Ben-Hur" with motorcycles for the principals in the chariot race.—Judge.

After a man has had a spell of sickness and gets out again he likes to go around bragging about how high his fever went.

To keep a secret woman has to have the assistance of all of her female friends and relatives.

The fates lead the willing and drag the unwilling.—Seneca.

THE MODERN SUITOR.

—O—
Judge.

Oh, I shall not search for beauty, Nor for sympathetic eyes, Nor for what they call a "cutie," Nor for winners—otherwise.

For I'm simple—oh, so simple!— And it matters not to me If she have or not a dimple, Love is blind—I shall not see.

But, I pray, ye gods escort me (I am losing hope alone)

To a dame who can support me in a style I've never known!

—O—
"I hear that Germany and Britain will divide Belgium."

"Germany and Bri—?"

"Yes. Germany will get the land and Britain the royal family."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A SOLDIER'S TROUBLES.

Sergeant B. C. Kelly, Troop "L" 15th Cavalry.

Down in dear old Naco, Many miles away,

There's a regiment of cavalry And three batteries, so they say.

There's a general officer down there Who arrived there the other day, Intending to strike terror To the greasers' cross the way.

The bullets keep a-spattering Into dear Naco town; Some day they will wing the general, Then Bill Bryan'll flutter down.

He will bring an aviary, Of peace doves down that way, And the Mexican General's dinner Will be squab on toast, Hoorah!

The people ask protection; They are getting it, alright— A regiment of yellow legs, Who are not allowed to fight.

The batteries of artillery, A general officer, too, What more protection could they ask? Is what I ask of you.

Of course they're not allowed to fight Just decorate the line, And if a greaser pots one off, Why no one seems to mind.

The officers and men down there Are not to blame at all, Yea, if they could but have their way They'd open up the ball.

Of course we'd lose a man or two, We realize that, all right; But any Yankee soldier is willing To cash in, in a fight.

—O—
Some men are so fond of sympathy that they will fight for the privilege of being the under dog.

NEGRO AFRAID OF BANKS LEFT \$4,285 IN A SAFE.

Wilmington, Jan. 21.—When Sam Merrick, an old colored man, died last week he left behind securely locked in a safe \$4,285 in silver coins of one dollar denominations in addition to deeds for six houses and lots. The hoard was found this week when the safe was opened under the supervision of Clerk of the Superior Court Harris. There was little else in the safe except money—in fact there was little room for anything else. There was bundle after bundle of the coin—each bundle being an old sack. The weight of the silver hoard was 268 pounds, avoirdupois. An automobile was put into commission to carry it to a local bank where it was counted—this being no easy job.

Many years ago the old negro lost all the money he had when a local bank failed and never again did he trust any of his treasury in a financial institution. About ten years ago a negro who was living with Merrick stole \$1,600 and got away with it. After that Sam always kept two kerosene lanterns burning on his front porch and one on the rear end as an additional protection, he kept a pistol under his pillow and a Winchester rifle beside him when he was asleep. He was found dead in bed a week ago surrounded with weapons.

WAR AND THE WOMAN.

—O—
Christian Herald.

The life and drum, the banners flue, Spur on the wen in warring line Until the battle is lost or won; But out in lonely hamlets wait Those who can only guess the fate Of father, brother, lover, son.

The Red Cross nurses gladly go To ease the pain of those laid low

By murderous shell and gun and dart

But science has no surgery That for a moment can set free

A waiting woman's grief-torn heart.

The soldiers in the deadly fight Soon grow accustomed to the sight

Of wounded men and ghastly dead, But daily deeper grows the pain

That rends a mother's heart in twain When children cry in vain for bread.

O God of nations, grant, we pray, That there may be some speedy way

Of quieting this warring host; And meanwhile grant Thy special care

To war-robbed women everywhere For they it is who suffer most.

—O—
"Must tell children object of the war," says a headline. Who in the thunder can?

—O—
The man who said that there is more money in circulation than is needed is a—You Know.

—O—
He—"You understand what a margin in stocks is, don't you?"

She—"Oh, yes. That's the money you put up and lose."—Boston Transcript.

—O—
The price of a marriage license is not the only pre-matrimonial trouble.

A skirt that you can read through costs more than a heavy opaque one. The girls can't use economy as an excuse for wearing transparent drapery.

Compared with the European row, a little disturbance more or less down in Mexico doesn't seem to be very important.

—O—
Well, anyhow, the residents of the City of Mexico are getting a look at all of the contending armies as they pass through.

—O—
A wise old owl lived in an oak, The more he saw the less he spoke, The less he spoke the more he heard, Why can't we all be like that bird?

—O—
"Phew wins! It always wins! Though days be slow,

And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go,

Still Pluck will win; its average is sure.

He gains the prize who will the most endure;

Who faces issues; he who never shirks;

Who waits and watches, and who always WORKS."

—O—
A man will always admit that he is liable to make a mistake until he makes one.

Most children do. A coated, furred Tongue; Strong Breath; Stomach Pains; Circles under Eyes; Pale, Sallow Complexion; Nervous, Fretful; Grinding of Teeth; Tossing in Sleep; Peculiar Dreams—any one of these indicate Child has Worms. Get a box of Kickapoo Worm Killer at once. It kills the Worms—the cause of your child's condition. Is Laxative and aids Nature to expel the Worms. Supplied in candy form. Easy for child to take. 25c., at your Druggist.

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