

THE TATTLER

Published weekly by the Athletic Association of Oxford High School

Subscription price—50c per school year.

Advertising rates on request

Entered as second class mail at the Oxford, N. C., Postoffice November 16, 1921.

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Edgar Reece, William Hunt—Athletics.

Almon Upchurch, J. D. Brooks, Jr.—Agony Column.

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DR. HAYS HERE

Dr. Benj. Hays has been called to Oxford by the illness of Dr. T. L. Booth. It is good to see Dr. Hays again. A warm welcome always awaits him in Oxford.

MISS HARRISS' CLASS HAS A PARTY

Miss Harriss' Sunday School class had a jolly party in Lyon Memorial building Friday night. Each boy brought a guest and everybody brought an apron. If you have ever attended an old-fashioned "candy stew" you know what fun everybody had.

It might be added, by way of parenthesis, that Miss Harriss' boys were 100 per cent present last Sunday.

DR. BOOTH'S ILLNESS CASTS GLOOM OVER OXFORD

Dr. Booth's illness has cast a shadow over the entire community. Indeed, as one citizen said, it is a public calamity.

Everybody loves "Dr. Tom." From the moment that it was known he was sick, there has been a constant stream of people going to his door to make anxious inquiries and to offer loving sympathy. Young and old, rich and poor, black and white—all are his friends. His unconquerable optimism has been an inspiration to those of us who are less courageous; his life of service has been a constant rebuke to our own selfishness. Perhaps never before in the history of the town have so many heartfelt prayers been offered up for the recovery of a man. May it please God to hear our petition.

MISREPRESENTATIVE SENIORS

Hail to the prodigy, the mascot of the senior class, and chief subscriber to the honor roll! Behold the man who passed through the recent "Reign of Terror" without so much as one wrinkle to mar the alabaster smoothness of his brow.

Well, why should a fellow worry over exams when he has "cornered" all the available book learning? The above points a moral, brothers and sisters. It is this: If you get up each day's work as it comes along, you will be able to face exams, without a tremor. Why not start in now? The new term begins this week. Make it the best term yet.

Note: The subject of last week's article was Miss Dora Wolf.)

A SENIOR

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Since the subject of our triangular debate is to be "The League of Nations," it is natural that our interest in it should revive somewhat. Even those of us who may not take an active part in the debate are interested, for we all want our school to win.

This subject was the issue in the last presidential campaign, but since we made separate peace with Germany our interest has grown rather lax. In my opinion the adoption of the plan would be in no wise harmful to the United States. And it would certainly facilitate our relations with the other nations of the globe, for people in mutual understanding always get along better together than those who labor under misunderstandings.

You all know that you do not like a person who is always standing aloof and seems to think he is too good to associate with you. You like best the person who is jolly and kind. Is it not the same way with nations? Yet that is exactly what the United States has done. Will it not be the same way with nations as with people? Now this may sound like knocking, but I do not mean it for such.

We are now launched on the project of disarmament. This is a very hard problem. Will this project not be made more practicable and more feasible if the participants are linked by some kind of mutual agreement? You may not like the League of Nations as proposed by President Harding. I am not advocating this plan especially, but I would like to see some plan by which the nations of the world may come to some sort of a mutual agreement.

FRANK SLAUGHTER

BUTLER DEMUTH PLAYERS COMING TO OXFORD

The Butler Demuth players are coming to Oxford for two performances on Monday and Tuesday of next week. They come highly recommended as music makers and mirth provokers. They have played in the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit, the standard by which all vaudeville is judged. They have travelled under the management of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, which stands paramount as a promoter of good clean amusement.

This will give some idea of the class of entertainment the company provides. There is no smut, no suggestiveness; just good, clean uplifting music and whole-souled rib tickling vaudeville.

There will be music, lots of it, instrumental and vocal. There will be readings, and character sketches, Irish jokes, Jewish jokes, joky jokes and funny jokes.

If you want two good evenings of clean, honest-to-goodness humor and amusement, don't fail to be at the High School auditorium next Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Butler comes with a positive guarantee of satisfaction or all money refunded to the patrons.

The performance starts at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 and 50c.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

For lack of anything else to do, Papa's in the cellar making home brew, Baby's on the back porch—don't know what to do, Mama's in the kitchen boiling down the hops, Sister's in the front room watching for the cops.

NED BAKER

"I thought you had given up burnt-wood art, dearie," said the young husband.

"Why, Ferdinand, how can you be so heartless? This is a pie."

JOE RENN GIVES US A PIECE OF HIS MIND

[Editors' Note: Isn't that just like dear old Joe? Always generous—willing to part with the last remnant he has, even if he had only a little to start with.]

"Fools, to talking prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."
—Gay.

Dear Editors—

As you were kind enough to suggest last week, an issue of the *Tattle* without me in the role of goat would indeed be like a circus without a clown. Perhaps some of you have read *It Pays to Advertise*, by Megrue and Hackett. If so, you will recall the following apt illustration: "When a duck lays an egg, she acts the fool and keeps quiet, but when a hen lays an egg, it's 'cluck-cluck-cluck' all over the barnyard until the whole world knows what has happened."

Well, gentlemen of *The Tattler* staff, I'm no hen. I do not lay eggs, and if it is all the same to you, I could manage with a little less advertising.

JOE RENN

Butler DeMuth Players come recommended by press and public, as the highest class entertainers on the road today. Do not fail to see and hear them at the High School auditorium January 30th and 31st.

HOPELESS

[Editorial comment: Not often do we run across a title as aptly chosen as the above. Read the *thing* hereunto appended, Gentle Reader, and examine your own pulse. "Ah," I hear you murmur feebly, "hopeless is the word."]

And ever and anon
From the wide plains spreading by
And all beyond
Sank into the sleeping sky-blue sky—
Save where twinkling stars
Flashed from billowy clouds—
Miniature Venus and Mars
Wrapped in white and fluffy shrouds.
Then still

All the word doth he,

Until

Arises the Mistress of the sky.

With dainty leaps

She mounts the fleecy round

Viewing a world that sleeps

And casts her rays to ground.

Then love

Starts anew again;

From above

She sees my heart in pain;

Alas! too soon

Is my love spent in vain

To the Lady in the Moon.

JAMES MOODY

The Butler DeMuth Players at the High School, January 30th and 31st. Monday and Tuesday. Do not forget the date. Help the library fund.

WHO'S YOUR DRUGGIST?

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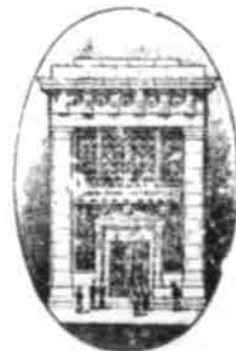
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