

Mrs. Lucy Allen
Richard H. Thornton Library
Oxford, North Carolina

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

The Tattler

FOR A BIGGER, BETTER OXFORD

LET'S ALL
BOOST
OXFORD

VOL. I.

OXFORD, N. C. APRIL 21, 1922

NO. 23

SMART BRIDGE PARTY FOR MISS MARY SHAW

MESDAMES R. G. LASSITER AND A. H. POWELL HOSTESSES AT LOVELY FUNCTION FOR APRIL BRIDE

On Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. R. G. Lassiter, Mrs. Lassiter and Mrs. A. H. Powell entertained at a very smart bridge party in honor of Miss Mary Shaw, a charming April bride-to-be who has been the honoree at a number of delightful functions since the announcement of her engagement in March.

The decorations were most happily April in effect. Great branches of pink and white dogwood, fragrant anemone, and other woody things were arranged in quaint floor vases and jugs of unusual design and shape. Tulips of many colors, baby Iris, and valley lilies overflowed smaller vases and bowls and contrived to heighten the effect of springtime indoors. It might be added that most of the flowers came from Mrs. Lassiter's famous garden, said by tourists to be the most beautiful between New York and Miami.

Seven tables were arranged for bridge. When the scores were added, it was found that Miss Mary Webb, a June bride-to-be, tied with the honor guest for top score. She was presented with a box of lovely handkerchiefs. The guest of honor received an exceptionally pretty hand-made apron. The bride's mother was presented with a beautiful coverage. Following the presentation of the prizes a delicious frozen salad was served, followed by coffee and mints.

Other than the guest of honor those present were: Miss Elizabeth Niles who is home from the National Cathedral School, Washington, for the holidays, and her house guest, Miss Mary Archer Williamson, of Burlington, Mrs. G. W. Hobbs, of New York, Mesdames B. K. Lassiter, H. M. Shaw, Jack Currin, Beverly Royster, Jr., Ernest Howard, R. H. Royster, John Mayes, F. W. Hancock, Jr., Earl Jennette, Pierson Harris, Nelson Ferebee, Marsh Ray, Outlaw Hunt, Edward Matthews, Waverly Harris, and Mrs. Smith of Oxford College, Misses Georgie Winston, Dorothy Royster, Sarah Cannady, Edith Howell, Mary Webb, Sallie Webb, and Mildred Harrington.

LOSING

There's a lot of disappointment and discouragement and such when people really work for things and don't accomplish much. And many men have killed themselves because of short success thus proving how far failure can destroy one's happiness. But cheer up, friend! don't brood o'er loss; what are you weeping for? You've only lost a battle, and you still may gain the war. For this old world holds such complete variety of things, that we may choose positions from the blacksmith's to the king's. And if in one job you don't prove successful as you might, remember that there are other things that for you are in sight.

Now this, I know, is easier to say in ease than pain; but if the storm just bends the corn; 'twill straighten out again. We should recall that saying—when we know we're fairly beat—that there's honor in the losing and there's glory in defeat.

HERBERT ROUNTREE, JR.

OXFORD VISITOR SAYS

"If People Will Talk Give 'Em Something to Talk About!"

"That's me!" says Mrs. Malaprop, "That's me all over!"

The Tattler has it on good authority that Mrs. Malaprop will arrive in Oxford May 5. She is expected to remain only one evening but at that she will very likely create something of a sensation if not a scandal. Briefly, Mrs. Malaprop is a widow who is frankly in search of two husbands—one for herself and one for her romantic niece, Lydia Languish. It may be a trifle premature to announce it but we don't mind whispering that we understand that Mrs. Malaprop has one eye on Mr. Josh King and the other on "Jug" Webb. No! Mrs. Malaprop is not cross-eyed but she knows two good things when she seems 'em!

A number of social functions have been planned for Mrs. Malaprop during her brief stay in town. It is rumored that Mr. James W. Ballou is staging a boxing party (the linotype slipped—we mean a box party) at the well known Orpheum theatre, acknowledged to be the best in our fair city, on the evening of May 5. The theatre party will be followed by a smart supper at the Busy Bee Cafe with Mr. Elliott Cooper as host. We have been misinformed that Mr. Cooper met Mrs. Malaprop during his recent visit to New York and is of the opinion that her charms cannot be under-estimated. Don't take Mr. Cooper's word for it—it wouldn't be safe.

If you think you would really like to meet Mrs. Malaprop, Mr. Crews hopes to be able to arrange introductions for his patrons. It may be interesting to our feminine readers to add that Mrs. Malaprop was Billy Mitchell's fifth fiancée. We got this information directly from Billy's private "Courting catalogue," page 73, entry 195. You will probably observe the unusually handsome belt pin worn by Mrs. Malaprop, the gift of our gallant fellow townsman. We asked Mr. Mitchell for an interview but he says he doesn't think it's nice for a man to talk about the women who have loved him. It's not their fault of course.

Perhaps Mrs. Malaprop can be persuaded to give us an interview.

EFFORT

Don't ever give up without an effort. If your teacher says "Work that example," don't whine out "I can't. Let John Smith do it." Just put on your best grin and sing out "Yes, ma'am, I'll try it." Remember that a prize-fighter who goes into the ring without self-confidence is usually carried out feet first.

In business the man who says "I can" is given a chance and generally comes out on top. The man who says "I can't," is taken at his word. If you get knocked down in a fight and don't try to get up, the other fellows call you a coward. The same is the case in everyday life. To go down is not a disgrace, but to stay there is. If you have sand, the way to show it is by putting forth effort.

NED BAKER

COLONEL SIDNEY MINOR HERE

A distinguished visitor to Oxford recently was Colonel Sidney Minor, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hicks during a brief business trip to our town.

MR. B. K. LASSITER TELLS US HOW TO USE AND APPRECIATE UNCLE SAM'S MAIL SERVICE

Speaking of practical talks that hit the nail on the head and then quit hammering, we had one at general assembly the other day when Postmaster B. K. Lassiter told us in the clearest, most concise English imaginable just how we ought to use Uncle Sam's mail service and just why we ought to appreciate it. In a few minutes, Mr. Lassiter gave us directions for dispatching letters, special delivery stuff, registered mail, etc. We respectfully suggest that Mr. Lassiter put his directions in written form and give them to the Tattler and the Ledger for publication.

Every boy and girl in school ought to be a better citizen for having heard Mr. Lassiter. As all Oxford knows, he has made a thoroughly efficient post office official. There is no earthly reason—except partisan politics—why he should not continue to be. When this generation of boys and girls reach the voting age one of the time-honored institutions of our American politics (both parties are equally guilty) most likely to go will the so-called "spoils system." Surely it is,

"A custom more honored in the breach than in the observance."

MR. AND MRS. OUTLAW HUNT IN NEW HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Outlaw Hunt have just moved into their new home, a ungalow of charm and distinction, on Front Street. The Tattler wishes these young people every happiness in their new home. "May they always be under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty, and General Prosperity."

HOBGOOD-COBLE

Oxford was agreeably surprised to learn of the marriage of Mr. C. E. Coble, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Coble, the popular publisher of the Public Ledger, to Miss Betty Hobgood, the efficient linotype operator of the Ledger office.

The ceremony was performed in Richmond and was witnessed by the parents of the groom and a number of friends of the contracting parties.

To this popular couple, the Tattler extends its warmest congratulations, and most sincere wishes for a long and happy wedded life. May their path be one of sunshine; their troubles submerged by their joys.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Burwell have announced the engagement of their daughter, Sally Burwell Field, to Conrad Dudley, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Misses Beatrice McCrane and Margaret Muse, of Oxford College, spent the week-end with Mrs. Arthur Currin at Dickerson.

Mrs. A. A. Hicks and Miss Julia Brent Hicks have returned from an extensive trip to Richmond, Danville, Greensboro, Greenville, and Madison.

Mr. Sydney Harris, one of the "old boys" who has gone in for farming this year, spent last Saturday in Oxford.

Miss Virginia Flora and Mr. Jerome Flora, of Elizabeth City, were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hunt for a part of the Easter holidays.

HABIT

Our friend, Mr. Webster, says that habit means first, a lady's riding costume; second, a custom or practice, an aptitude or inclination acquired by repetition and marked by facility of performance or decreased power of resistance.

I shall deal with the latter definition.

Life is a habit. We have a habit of getting up at a certain time in the morning, of leaving for school at a given hour, of going regularly to the dining-room for three meals a day, of going to bed at a certain time.

A good habit is one of the best assets that a man can have. If he has good habits, he is promised a long and prosperous life. Good habits are an aid to nature and there is no way to outwit nature and get away with it.

On the other hand, a bad habit is one of the worst liabilities a man can have. Take this story as an example: John is a small boy. His mother lets him do anything he wants to do. When he is still a little shaver, he learns to play marbles for "havings." A little later in life he comes across an older boy who owns and operates a pair of dice. John learns to shoot "craps" and is soon winning pennies. Ten years have passed. John is jailed for gambling.

So much for the bad boy. Now for a good one. James is a small boy. He and John are playmates. John tries to induce James to play marbles for "havings." Then their friendly relations are broken off. James' mother has taught him not to play this way. He finds his fun in a clean and wholesome way. At the end of ten years he is making a good living for his family. He has no acquaintance with jails or courts.

Which do you want to be—a John or a James? Let me repeat: a habit may be an invaluable asset; it may be a crippling liability.

JOE RENN

SPRING

Spring, the most beautiful season of the year, is here at last. Nature is decking herself out in all her finery. The peach trees are putting on myriads of beautiful pink blossoms. The apple trees are covered with little fluffy bits of white flecked with delicate rose against a background of pale white. Little flowers are peeping out of the ground to see if the time has come to rear their heads into the air. The fresh-plowed fields give out a fragrance that fills you with the joy of spring. In the woods the trees are beginning to bedeck themselves in their spring dress of green leaves. Soon the dogwoods will be covered with white blossoms.

The birds too are nearly bursting their little throats in an endeavor to express their gratitude of the beautiful scene. The robins are everywhere, hopping here and there looking for seeds. Everybody and everything is thrilled by the joy of the most beautiful of seasons, spring.

FRANK SLAUGHTER

Miss Tate, "Almon, your example is all wrong."

Almon, "N'om it is not, Miss Tate."

Miss Tate, "How do you know, Almon?"

Almon, "Because it is copied down right."