

WINSTON MILL

SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Banner visited Mrs. Banner's parents at Sanford last week-end. We're glad to hear that Mrs. Banner's mother is improving rapidly.

It seems that everyone in this department is trying to see which one can stay at home the most. There has been quite a bit of flu lately.

We're proud of our boys' basketball team. Come on, boys, we are counting on you to win the championship, even if we girls couldn't.

To get adjusted to the world is after all the wisest aim. It won't adjust itself to us. For it was here before we came.—Cheerful Cherub.

It seems that the rain stopped everyone from doing much visiting this week, so therefore our column is cut short.

NAPPING AND WASH ROOM

This department gives it sympathy to Mr. Jete Smitherman and family due to the recent death of Mrs. Smitherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Phillips motored to Lambsboro, Va., Sunday, March 3rd, where they visited relatives.

We have lost another single girl in our department, Venie Reynolds. We only have a few left now.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Norman had as their Sunday guest on March 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hampton and son, Davey, and Mrs. Gazelle Longworth.

Ivalee Williamson is out sick at this writing. We hope she will soon recover.

To the gentlemen who might wish to know: Becky and Ruby Gough have moved and their new address is 205 West End Boulevard. We do not know the phone number yet.

Grace Masencup, Mary Smitherman and several others have been moved upstairs. We certainly miss you, girls.

WINSTON OFFICE

"Are my babies playing in the street—has the maid forgotten them, and are they playing in the fire?" These are some of the every-minute worries of the mother who helps support the family. Is it any wonder they are often nervous and have headaches?

Some of the good people of Winston-Salem have realized the need of a safe place for the children while the mother is away from home. We have that place

at 522 North Cherry street. The Day Nursery.

Mrs. Lucy Thompson is matron, a lovely person.

On the first floor is the office room, play room, dining room, kitchen and a big screened porch. On the second floor are two bed rooms, bath and another big screened porch. The building is heated and is clean, floors, walls and furniture.

Any child from 2 years to 6 may enter. The following is the daily schedule at the "Play House" as the children call it:

6:30 A. M. open. By 7:30 most of the children have arrived. 7:30 to 8:00 devotional service. The children are told Bible stories and taught songs. 8:00 to 8:30 breakfast. The children are given a good meal and are taught table manners. 8:30 to 9:30 baths. Each child has his or her towel and wash cloth. As they are too young to read names they have pictures over each rack and each child knows which animal he or she is. 9:30 to 10:30 is play hour. They have toys and each child is taught to play with blocks and help some other child with the building of a house, or what they may think of. 10:30 to 11:30 kindergarten work. 11:30 wash face and hands. 12:00 lunch. 1:00 P. M. put to bed. They have individual beds with clean linen and blankets. (Chatham blankets, for which they thank Chatham Mfg. Co.) 3:00 they go out in the back lot which is fenced in and play unless it is rainy or too cold, in which case they play in the porch or play room.

The children are never left alone. Mrs. Thompson or the maid is always with them.

You may wonder how the children like it. One little boy of four cried when his mother came after him his first day and said he wanted to stay in the play house and did not want to go home.

Your child will be well-cared for and will get helpful training at the Day Nursery and Mrs. Thompson would like to have the children of the mothers who work at Chatham Manufacturing Co.

The writer was asked to invite all mothers to visit the Day Nursery.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Mrs. O'Reilly: "An what are ye going to name the bybe?"

Mrs. Mulcahey: "We'll name her Hazel."

Mrs. O'Reilly: "What! With twenty-five saints to choose from, ye name her after a nut?"—Transit News.

ELKIN MILL

HOT CINDERS

From the Power Plant—or Something That Got In Your Eye

The first bullfrog of the season arrived with the rain storm last Wednesday. No, we didn't say that it rained frogs, but we found this one in the coal pile just after it had stopped raining cats and dogs.

Sam Atkinson, of the Dye House, came out of our shower bath shivering like he had just arrived from the north pole. I think it was a dirty trick too, Sam. The idea, turning off the hot water with a man under the shower.

Uncle Dave Woodruff tells us he has just finished sowing his Les-pud—Les-ud—Les-de-za. Aw spell it yourself.

Uncle Dave has just recently completed a small overshot water wheel and put it to work pumping spring water up to his house. He has a real efficient water system and he says it does not cost much to operate it, either.

Walter Barnette entertained a few of his friends with a splendid chicken dinner last Sunday. I say splendid because I ate some of it, even if he wouldn't let me go up and eat with him. I don't blame him, though.

Say you folks up in the mill, you are invited to come down and see the splendid little power plant that your management has installed to furnish the mill with heat and power. Come down either before you go on duty or after you are off. We will be glad to show you around. We always welcome visitors. We do not tolerate loafers.

Uncle Dave tells us that the eleven o'clock hour at Elkin Valley church was occupied last Sunday by Grady Burgiss. He says there was a good crowd out to hear Grady, and the talk was very much enjoyed.

Everette Holbrook and family attended church at Friendship last Sunday.

Clyde Hall has been entertaining a very achy tooth for the past few days. He says it is no trouble to keep awake on the third shift now.

We had a couple of visitors last night—almost. It turned out that they wanted the steam turned on in their department. While they proceeded to tell us in no uncertain terms. Thanks, ladies. Now some of you folks that are too hot, come down and tell us to turn the steam off and we will be even. Thank you too much.

After we had finished washing the turbine room floor last night somebody came in out of the rain with muddy shoes, walked two circles around on our clean floor

and back out at the door. Oh, boy! if we could only catch that guy. We would present him with a pair of boots and a mop.

Have you been listening to Grady Cole on the Chatham broadcast? He is on WBT at 5:45 p. m. six days a week. Some day before long I am going to sneak over to the WBT studio and get a picture of Grady doing his broadcast. We might get it in the Blanketeer.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

I saw him sitting at his door Trembling, as old men do; His house was old, his barn was old, And yet his eyes seemed new.

His eyes had seen three times my years, And kept a twinkle still, Though they had looked at birth and death And three graves on a hill.

"I will sit down with you," I said, "And you will make me wise; Tell me how you have kept the joy Still burning in your eyes."

Then, like an old-time orator, Impressively he rose; "I make the most of all that comes And the least of all that goes."

The jingling rhythm of his words Echoed as old songs do, Yet this had kept his eyes alight Till he was ninety-two.

BETTING ON POSSIBILITIES

A young man recently married was saying to a friend: "I'm a bit in doubt as to what to call my mother-in-law. You see, my mother is living, and it doesn't seem right to me to call my wife's mother 'Mother.' "

"That's easy," the friend replied. I was up against the same thing. The first year I addressed her as 'Say'; after that I called her 'Grandma.' "

PLAIN LOGIC

A Scotchman, upon entering a saddler's, asked for a single spur. "What's use in one spur?" asked the man.

"Well," replied Sandy, "if I can get one side of the horse to go the other one will hae to come wi' it."

At the morning service Dr. Holcomb will discuss "If the Depression Is Disappearing, What Lessons Are We Learning?" Mrs. W. L. Walker will sing "Search Me, O God."—Memphis Evening Appeal.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank my friends for the many kindnesses shown me during my recent bereavement. J. A. Smitherman and Family