

U. D. C.

Friday afternoon at the home of Miss Emmie Hearne Horton, Mrs. Wyche and Mrs. Horton organized a Junior U. D. C. They started with a good number.

The officers were elected as follows: President, Emmie Hearne Horton; Vice-President, Cora Lillian Patterson; Secretary, Nell Whitworth; Treasurer, Mary Louise Patterson, Historian, Hazel Truett; Press Reporter, Claire Huneycutt.

At the close of the party apples and bananas were served. They all had a delightful time. It was decided to meet once a month. Next month it will meet with Miss Claire Huneycutt.

Last Thursday afternoon the MacDowell Music Club met at the auditorium of the high school building. Quite a number of the pupils played the piano, a few being from our room, namely: Eleanor Mann, Mary Louise and Cora Lillian Patterson.

(By Cora Lillian Patterson.)

SOCIAL NEWS

before

Miss Stephenson entertained Miss Sara Burns, a friend from Charlotte, Saturday and Sunday, October 18th and 19th.

On Friday afternoon at 3:10 o'clock Miss Stephenson gave the room a Hallowe'en party.

The room was decorated with orange and black paper and Jack-o-lanterns, cats and moons.

Refreshments consisted of peanuts and apples. All present had a good time.

Last Friday night Miss Stephenson was delightfully entertained at a bridge party, given by Mrs. Harward at her home.

By The String.

Grocer—We have some very fine string beans today.

Mrs. Newbride—How much are they a string?

Some Cow!

An advertisement appearing in a newspaper reads as follows:

For Sale—A cow that gives 5-qts.

of milk a day, also two grind-stones, one set of harness and a hayrake. Some cow!

Maby So.

Max B.—“I wonder if he meant anything by it.”

Henry L.—“By what?”

Max B.—“Doctor HooSoo made a lecture on ‘Fools’ and I bought a ticket. It had on it ‘admit one.’”

—Lamar M.

Teacher in Hygiene—“Why should you keep your house clean all the time, Claire?”

Claire—“Because company may walk in at any time.”

Othor—“What are you crying about, Hoyle?”

Hoyle—“I have to go to the dentist and have a tooth pulled.”

Othor (Boastfully)—“Shoot, my mother takes out all her teeth every night.”

Didn't Have to Worry.

An old colored man was burning dead grass when a “wise guy” stopped and said:

“You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb, it will make the meadow as black as you are.”

“Don't worry 'bout dat sah,” responded Uncle Eb. “Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you is.”

Tit For Tat.

Once a Chinaman was asked, “Why do you place food on top of your graves? You know the man in the coffin can't come up and eat it.”

“All-ee same 'Melican man put flowers on top of his graves,” replied the Chink. “He no come up and smell-ee 'em!”

About the Size of It.

23—She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

22—(Gazing toward the lady)—It must have been a table spoon.

His First Patient.

The Doctor's small son was entertaining a prospective patient in his father's office, and they were looking at the articulated skeleton in the closet.

“Where did he get it?” asked the timid patient in a whisper.

“Oh, he's had it a long time. I guess maybe that's his first patient.”

Hardly Expected

Judge—How old are you?

Culprit remains silent.

Judge—I asked you when your birthday is.

Culprit—What do you want to know for? You ain't gonna give me no present.

Too Few; Too Few.

Mrs. Gabb (reading)—Do you know, my dear, that there are approximately 700,000 words in the English language?

Mr. Gabb—Only 700,000! Why, I thought you used a great deal more than that every day!

Bench and Bar. Judge—Your face is familiar. I've seen you before.

Prisoner—Yes, your honor, six or eight years ago.

Judge—I thought so. And what was the charge the last time I saw you?

Prisoner—I think it was fifteen cents. I mixed a cocktail for your honor, if I remember right.—Boston Transcript.

A prominent gentleman of the moist persuasion says the end of prohibition is in sight. Then it did begin? —Macon Telegraph.

Rural Blessings.

The spendthrift Autumn sows her wealth of gold

Broad-cast, upon the hills, with lavish hand,

And where the corn, like sea-green billows rolled

In Summer's breeze, the rows of harvest stand.

In child-like faith we turned the moist mould,

And now beneath a sky of flawless blue

We raise our songs of praise as we behold

Our cherished dreams of all the year come true.