

CROSS'S COLUMN

A LADY IN DISTRESS appeared at our door a few days ago. In the midst of a telephone conversation she had been called to the door. She told her friend to hold the phone and ran to answer the door. Once outside the door swung shut behind her and there she was. Her keys were inside. Here telephone friend was still waiting. No window was unlocked. No other door was open. Her husband was down town with the car, so she couldn't go to her friend's house to explain. What should she do? The problem was solved by lending her the car to go get another door key.

She was luckier than another friend who was similarly locked out. He was a professor at Cornell University and his wife was out of town. It was Sunday morning and the Professor decided to have a leisurely bath. Just as he was stepping into the tub he decided it would be nice to get the Sunday newspaper to read while he was soaking, so he went down after it. He opened the door into the vestibule and reached out. His feet were wet and he slipped and fell into the vestibule and the door swung shut and locked. Outside the vestibule was a blanket, but it was a blanket of snow. And as for the newspaper, well—a newspaper's snow cover at all in such a situation. He called to the people next door, but they, too, were sleeping late. Eventually he was rescued when a friend of his wife's came by the house and departed hastily for her husband's extra suit and coat . . . but the Professor swears he'll never be the same.

THE SEA DEVIL is at it again. Count Von Luckner is raiding in the Pacific again, just as he did in the last war. Did you ever read Lowell Thomas' book, "Von Luckner, the Sea Devil"? His experiences are as unusual as Jonah's in the whale. The book is so interesting that it's impossible to put down for the first 100 pages, and scarcely less interesting for the remainder. Von Luckner (as a boy) was once saved by a bird: he fell overboard and escaped drowning by catching hold of the legs of an Albatross until the boat could turn around and come to his rescue . . . another time he and another boy were enticed into a strange house on the pretense of being given a suit of clothes, and found a human thumb lying on the window sill and caskets under the table. Then another time he stole some pancakes from the food-stingy cook and was assigned the task of catching the thief, which is one of the funniest incidents in the book. For those who like a romantic flavor to their reading, Von Luckner gives it in his account of meeting his future wife. Once as a boy he had passed a certain island off the coast of Africa and had had a premonition of a beautiful young girl who might live there. Years later he returned to the island and looked for her in vain. Then one night as he was demonstrating some magician's tricks in a show that the officers were putting on, he walked the girl and her father. Von Luckner was unable to finish his performance and was introduced to the girl. She became his Countess, and at the same time the counterpart of the girl he had dreamed about so long before. If the sight of Irma unnerved him, it was the only thing that did, however. His courage, his ingenuity, his treatment of prisoners, and his aversion to killing human beings . . . all mark him as being anything but a devil. He was a devil only in the cleverness with which he planned his attacks on allied shipping. We do not wish him success in his undertakings, but we can't help hoping that the end of the war will find him safe and sound and at

home again with his Countess.

WANT A BE A WHIFF? If so, you must be a "fellow being with a bellow feeling" . . . you must like puns . . . and you must pay 1/4c every time Britain downs an Axis plane. The organization "Fellowship of the Bellows" is a South American one for "raising the wind" for Hurricanes (getting money for British planes). Depending upon how many planes have been downed since your initiation, you become progressively a Whiff, a Puff, a Gust, a Hurricane, and finally, recipient of the Order of the Bellows. Officers are High Wind, Whirlwinds, Receiver of the Windfall, and Keeper of the Windbag. Here's hoping none of them will ever be "Gone with the Wind" . . .

Christian Science Society

930 Roanoke Ave.

Sunday, 11 a.m.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.
Reading Room open every Tuesday and Friday from 3 to 5 p.m.
The public is cordially invited to attend our services and visit our reading room.
Subject Sunday: "Sacrament".

"God" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science Churches and Societies on Sunday, January 5.

The Golden Text: Psalms 65:1, 2. "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed. O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."
Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon were the following from the Bible: "And the spirit of God came upon Azariah the son of Oded: and he went out to meet Asa, and said unto him, Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin; The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you" (II Chronicle 15:1,2)

Census To Give Aid To Farmers

Halifax County farmers who desire information to better enable them to plan their agricultural program for 1941 will be called upon this month to report their crop acreages, livestock and poultry population and give other information for the Farm Census which will be taken for the 24th time by tax listers, Frank Parker, federal statistician with the State Department of Agriculture, announced today.

"North Carolina's leading agricultural authorities are unanimous in their appreciation of the farm census as a medium for intelligent planning of farm programs and as a source of accurate information that can be used as a yardstick in measuring agricultural progress," Parker emphasized. The 1941 farm census summary will be sent to farm leaders and workers throughout the State and will be available to all communities.

Funeral Held For Mrs. Sarah Long

Mrs. Sarah Long, 31, was buried in the Roanoke Rapids Cemetery last Thursday. The Rev. Mr. Kimball conducted the service. Mrs. Long died at her home near Roanoke Junction Wednesday after an illness of about a month. She is survived by her husband and several children.

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