

Who Pays Your Salary?

There is a doctrine practiced by far-seeing business men throughout the world expressed in the words, "He profits most who serves best," a slogan adopted as an expression of their attitude toward business by the Rotary Clubs of the world—in China, South America, England, Japan, in Alaska—wherever men buy, sell, and trade. Read this statement again: "He profits most who serves best"—and observe that the ultimate purpose of service is PROFIT.

The important point, therefore, that we intend to emphasize is that the source of revenue for every business, whether it be a railroad or a peanut stand, is the customer. It is his money that enables the business to operate; it is his money that pays the taxes of the business; it is his money that pays salaries, insurance, rent and transportation. There is just one answer to the question WHO PAYS YOUR SALARY? First, last, and all the time, *the customer pays your salary*. Understand this and you will have a definite advantage over the employee who harbors the notion that his salary comes from the treasurer of the company, or the boss, or the bank.

YOU ARE THE BUSINESS. In thinking about customers and about your relations to them, here are some things worth remembering:

1. From the customer's point of view, every employee *is* the business. The customer who is mistreated by an employee, no matter how minor his place, is mistreated by the business itself.

2. Customers are won and held and the business is promoted by intelligent, unanimous, careful attention to SMALL things—and the way you help to hold—or lose—customers is just as important to your success as it is to the success of the proprietor of the firm.

3. If you ever get to a point where you are willing to admit that your work is TOLERABLY good, remember that Burdette placed tolerably good work in the category with tolerably good eggs.

4. Disloyalty to your work is a greased, inclined plank pointed toward oblivion, and while you may hang on for a time, a little extra jolt will send you scooting down toward the limbo of forgotten people almost before you know what has happened to you.

5. Customers like to deal with pleasant people—just as you do. A typewriter, or an adding machine can't change its expression, but you can. To be grouchy with a customer is exactly like clipping a little bit off your own nose. You may do it for a time without seriously damaging your style of beauty, but eventually you will become entirely unrepresentable.

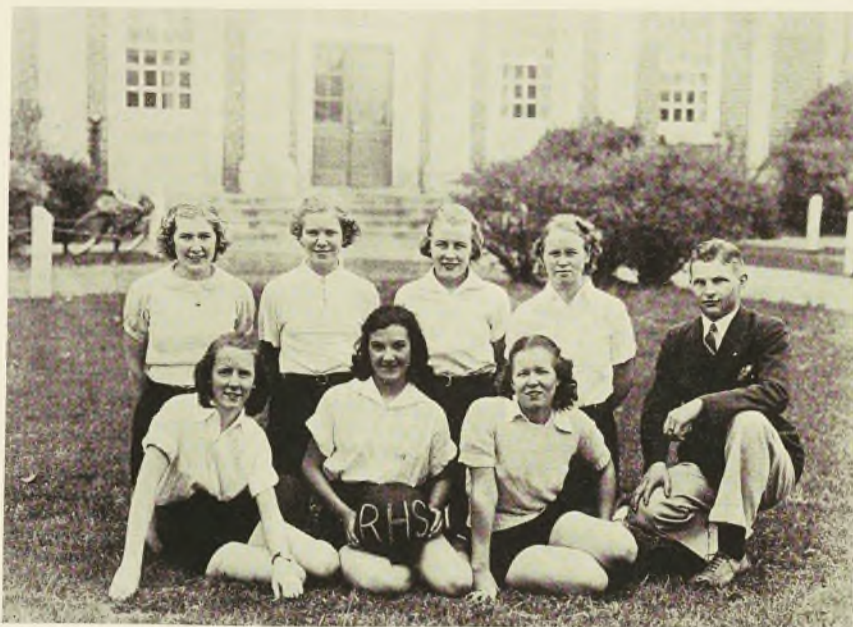
6. Herbert Casson says that the secret of happiness lies in doing your work a little better than people expect you to do it. This is a good theory to carry into your job. It will help you to be thorough. You may possibly do your work in a superficial way and get by with it—but eventually you will develop the habit of doing your work in a slipshod way—and then you will wonder why you are "allowed" to look for another employer.

Automotive

"Please send me the amount of your bill," wrote the garage man to the autoist who was chronically slow with the cash.

"Certainly," answered the slow guy, "it's \$136.73."

Girls' Basketball Team



From left to right: Mary Hester Austin, Emma Baily Jones, Eloise Newell, Doris White, William Sledge, Coach; Kitty Ellmore, Lula Channey, Annie Laura Day.

Pioneers

When the Woman's Club of Roxboro was young and women had been enjoying the privileges of suffrage for only a few years, the membership of that club was asked to recommend two women to become members of the Roxboro Board of Education. The club voted to recommend Mrs. A. M. Burns and Mrs. A. S. deVlaming, who were duly elected.

This proved to be a very wise choice for Mesdames Burns and deVlaming served most efficiently for about fifteen years. They have always manifested an avid interest in all phases of school life.

Their service has been greatly appreciated not only by the faculty and student body, but by the patrons of the Roxboro school system as well.



MRS. A. M. BURNS, SR.



MRS. A. S. deVLAMING

Miss Payne's Home Room Entertained by Grade Mothers

A mother is very fine all the time but when she is a grade mother with forty children she has to be unusually alert. Miss Payne's grade mothers showed that they were more capable than the old woman who lived in the shoe for they delightfully entertained their group Friday night at the Legion hut.

"You Tell 'Em, Kid"
"Son, what does this 60 on your chemistry report mean?"
"Don't know—maybe it's the temperature of the room."

Well, Well!
"Why do artists always sign their pictures?"
"So that people can tell the top from the bottom."

"Go Up One!"
"If your father saved a dollar a week for four weeks, what would he then have?"
"A radio, a new suit, a refrigerator and a set of furniture."

Court News
"—and Madam, have my questions seemed tiresome?"
"Not in the least. You see, I have a five-year-old child at home."

The Days of the Week

E. CARPENTER

Sunday is our Lord's own day—Honor Him in what you say.

Monday take yourself to school, Recollect each helpful rule.

Tuesday, as you pass along, Let your thoughts be big and strong.

Wednesday still try out the same, It will add to your good name.

Thursday, ere the set of sun, Count a noble action done.

Friday, as is always well, Review words you've learned to spell.

Saturday play, but do some work, Otherwise you'll be a shirk.

Use the gifts brought by each day, Lest they quietly slip away.

"Books"

Book of Knowledge give you gain,
Books of History give you pain,
Books of Fiction give you joy,
Books of English, boy, oh boy!

But that Latin is a pill,
You can take it if you will,
But that French is a different thing,
Take it one year and the book you will fling.

Geometry is nothing but an angle
And I always end up in a tangle,
Learning is something like a game,
You try and try but you stay the same. —CARL ALTMAN.

Statistical

It is reported that there is an automobile for every horse in the land. No excuse for a horse walking nowadays.

Live Today

We are told that we must make the most of our lives, but there are few of us who live our lives to half capacity let alone make the most of living.

Once in a while there stands forth from the crowd one who really lives; one who is aware of being alive, who is touched by the wonders of life that is possible only to mankind and who to his end serene in the knowledge that he has lived fully and has left a mark to show his passage. Such a person can be said to have lived beautifully. But that is after all, an abstraction. To say that because a person has sensibilities he is living beautifully is taking too hurried a grasp on the proposition. If a person would really live he must first develop a philosophy of living; he must arrive at a plan of procedure that fits his individual likes, dislikes, ambitions and desires. He must also develop the capacity for thought, which will endow him with tolerance, understanding and sympathy, each of which is necessary to a plan of living. We cannot feel the verve of living unless we have accomplished that lesser objective we had to make the most of after discovering that our parents were wrong about our having a chance to be president.

Live today! I mean the consummation of days, one at a time, that are each on the necklace of life, we are each our own lapidary and we may string our necklace as we will. We may use dull wooden beads; semi-precious lapis lazuli; or we may string our necklace with the finest blue-white diamonds. The jewels are at hand each morning for choosing.

We should take thought for thankfulness that we have been endowed with an essence of Divinity, which we call our mind and use this mind to choose the blue-white stone to place upon our necklace instead of the wooden bauble and there will be no worry that perchance yesterday's bauble was untruly turned, or that this one today may chip its paint tomorrow. —L. SPRIEGEL-GARNER.

Burns, Gentry and Strum

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First in Service

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We've made you beautiful in the past
With many curls and faces new

So congratulations to the '38 Class
MI OWN Beauty Salon

Compliments
of

Greyhound Service Station

Mrs. Woods Presents Pupils in Recital

Mrs. Wallace Woods gave a very delightful piano recital last Friday night in the Central School. Each pupil did his part well. An appreciative audience expressed its gratitude to Mrs. Woods for her excellent instruction and helpful service during the year.

Senior Grade Fathers Hosts

Mr. J. A. Long, Sr., Mr. Wheeler Newell, and Mr. R. L. Harris were hosts at a theatre party last week to the senior class. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was enjoyed by forty-five seniors, Mr. Gaddy, Miss Bowen, and Mrs. A. F. Nichols.

All Teachers at Roxboro City Schools

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