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LOUISBURG HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

STAFF

Table listing staff members: EDITOR IN CHIEF Myrtle Drake '22, ASSOCIATE EDITOR William Webb '23, ART-EDITOR Pearl Pearce '23, POET Gladys Gill '22, JOKES Ned Ford '24, ATHLETIC REPORTERS Louise Allen '24, LITERARY SOCIETY REPORTERS Allen Kemp '22, Lucy Boddie '25, Louise Joyner '25.

The Nearest I Ever Came to Death

It has been several years, but I still shudder when I think of that deep, round curve in the river where, before the events of this story, I loved to swim. One afternoon after school as I was standing on the right bank of the river watching some men fishing up the stream a small ways, I had almost forgotten my chum who had been trying to dive to the bottom of the deep water a few yards out in the river. Suddenly I heard my name called in a gurgling, choked voice, and I could see the terrified expression that was on my chum's face as I turned and saw it sink beneath the water. I plunged into the river, and swam with all my might toward where he had gone down. I did not think how I should get him out, but only of getting to him. I had hardly reached the place where he sank before he again came to the top and as I took hold of him to keep him up, he clutched me around the throat with that fierce strength of a drowning person and clamped his legs around me until I was helpless. Instantly the horrible feeling came over me that I was sinking, and I struck at him with all the strength of my one free arm, but it seemed that my arm was weak and heavy as lead. And we went down into the suffocating water, clinging and fighting like mad people. As we went under I gulped a strangling mouthful of air and water, and then I fought and fought and fought that horrible clinging thing which kept me under, and that awful crushing weight on my chest which would let me have no breath, but only pressed and pressed until my head and eyes felt as if they would burst. Would that thing ever let me loose, and would I ever get my breath? And then pain ceased, and all was blank to me until I came to myself on the bank with a bursting headache and sore, gurgling lungs. I afterward learned that the men downstream had seen and heard us, and with the aid of their boats and oars had rolled us into shallow water, where they were able to get us out on the bank and pump life back into us. Elijah Fulghum '23.

How A Diploma is Obtained

The senior class of the Louisburg High School realizes that without labor nothing can be accomplished, and certainly winning of a diploma. All that to us is great and precious—our diploma—will only be acquired through the necessary efforts, and as we realize that the nineteenth of May is drawing near our anxieties increase as does our labor. Study to some is pain; to some, duty; to some, pleasure; but to all, work. The same Latin, the same English, the same French and similar duties meet us on the threshold of every day. However we keep "pulling" and looking forward to the great occasion—commencement day—in which we will give proof of the labor of our daily life routine. We earnestly hope that our last eight months of the Louisburg High School will be an honor and a glory to the Class of '22. Myrtle Drake '22.

A Letter Concerning Recesses

Louisburg, North Carolina, April 25, 1922. Dear Kate: What made you ask so particularly about recesses? Of all the uninteresting things, they are the most. At eleven ten we go out for recess. We girls form cliques and begin our promenade. From the brick building to the stand-pipe, we go. You know how far that is. Back and forth until the bell rings we walk. At quarter to one, our second recess begins. Most of us go home to dinner, get back about fifteen minutes, and walk the remaining fifteen minutes. The girls who stay during the entire recess sit in the trucks to eat their lunch and then they either walk or sit in the trucks and talk. Don't you think we have interesting recesses? On a ten acre campus we have one acting pole for the boys, one basket ball court for the boys, and a basket ball court for the girls. That is the limit of the play ground equipment for a school of about four hundred children. Only the other day I was looking over a folder of equipment for play grounds. There were swings of different types, see-saws, slides, sand shoots and all kinds of amusements. These were all of metal or strong wood and guaranteed to be safe. Why can't we have such things? If the people won't give the amount needed for a new building, I wish they would give just enough to buy a few of these amusements, to help us enjoy our recesses as well as to be a benefit to our health during the little time we are out of our crowded school building. I hope you've enjoyed your answer. Write me how you spend your recesses. Not like ours, I hope. Maybe we'll get some ideas from your account. Your friend, Louise Joyner '25. Miss Kate Jones, Newport, Tenn.

Dodging The Book Agent

"Auntie! Auntie! Here she comes! I told you I saw a lady with a satchel, next door just now. She's almost up the walk already." These announcements, made by ten year old Clara at the top of her voice, had a very remarkable effect upon the lady so energetically engaged in examining. "With a satchel, you say. Then I just know its a book agent. They swarm around me. I won't see another one. Tell her I've got company or that my daughter is sick, or better still, I'll run out the back way, and you tell her I'm away from home." She finished speaking breathlessly and escaped to the back yard. The object of the tirade, the intruder in that peaceful household, was unmindful of the terror her appearance upon the scene had inspired. She made her way briskly up the path reached the door, and rang the bell. No answer. Deep silence reigned. She rang again. Still no answer, but now peering closer, she glimpsed a large bow of red ribbon bobbing up and down. The shaking became more violent. Then, thinking herself discovered, Clara, very flustered, emerged from her corner, opened the screen door, and poked her head out. "Is your mother in?" The agent spoke very graciously. "No—om—I mean—that is—she has—I mean she is—uh—she stammered helplessly. "Why what do you mean?" "Uh, uh she is not at home," the child fairly shouted, emphatically shaking her head. Having at last got it out, she could not speak convincingly enough. She appeared to challenge a denial of her statement. "Well, I'm sorry because I'm leaving on the next train. Just give her this card, will you?" She slipped into her satchel, found a card, gave it to Clara, and departed, on her clever management of a difficult situation when, her aunt came back. Spying the card which her niece had carelessly dropped on the table, the woman looked at it, uttered a shriek and fell prostrate in her chair. Clara stared dazedly around her then catching sight of the card clutched in her aunt's hand, she snatched it and read "Miss Minerva Preston, Women's candidate for Governor." Emma L. Joyner '22.

Dear Satchel

The boys have a fine baseball team this season. They play three or four times a week and win nearly every game. They played Wilton this afternoon. The score was six and nine in favor of Louisburg. The girls have a good basketball team, but they haven't played but three or four match games. Miss Ewing is their coach. They played Epsom the other day and Epsom beat them. I guess you heard about our High School being burned. The eighth and ninth grades had to move over in the auditorium which has been divided into two big rooms and which before the fire was occupied by the second and third grades. They have moved down in the Sunday school room of the Methodist church now. They are still teaching in the eleventh grade room. You ought to be at the door peeping in when we are on English class. Mr. Carpenter stands with a stick or something to hit the boys over the head with. It's a wonder some of the boys are not in Dix Hill because of the licks they get on their head. They had "Field Exercises" Wednesday and as we were victorious in a great number of exercises, fifteen dollars was given to the school. Your devoted friend, Elizabeth Wilson '25.

An Hour in a Minute

"If others could do it, so could I. Without any further thought of the matter, we started. I was among the foremost scuffling. The object sought was dangling in the air—the same sought by many others of my own physical development, when exerting myself with all strength and knowledge of such affairs. I at last obtained the desired object. The next instant I felt myself gently drifting downward as in a cloud. I tried to speak, but not a sound was uttered; I tried to breathe, but not without pain; so I was content to keep my mouth shut and my breath quiet to gain the former business. My attempt to straighten up resulted in the feet entangling the arms and my long hair in my eyes ears and nose. To further increase my danger my ears began to hum like a Dentist cutting out a tooth, and my eyes to burn like the sun in August. Too scared to open wide my eyes, I saw at one peep that everywhere hovered a dark hanging cloud, occasionally illuminated with artificial spotlights. When my feeling organs told me of the lingering danger, I was afraid; but when that cold gloomy feeling ran down my spinal cord and throughout my body, I shuddered, and knew my measty existence had come to an end. About the same time that thought came to me, what seemed to be my moving apparatus came in contact with a solid mass. I gave a push more by nature than by physical energy, and the crazed form that had once been me began to ascend at a faster speed than in descending, although it seemed double the time. The next thing I knew or rather felt was a sudden jerk of my hair which severed some hairs from the nut-head from which they grew. Again by instinct my hand shot up and a strong arm gripped it. My nervous shaking and flying muscles were drawn from the terrible yet soothing waters by the rope which a few minutes before was so popular. Speed Williams.

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We have money to lend on easy terms, Real Estate, First Mortgage, Improved farm land preferred. Prefer loans for large amounts. We can make loans on Louisburg City Real Estate. We write INSURANCE, Life, Accident and Health, Fire, Tornado, Rain, Live Stock, Dogs of every kind. See HOBBS, The Insurance Man, Office 2nd Floor, First National Bank, Phone 259. Or M. S. Clifton, at Farmers & Merchants Bank. Franklin Insurance & Realty Company LOUISBURG, North Carolina

Opening of PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN DEPARTMENT. SO MANY REQUESTS have been received during the past from patrons of our store for Pictorial Review Patterns that, after thorough investigation of their merits, we have decided to sell Pictorial Review Patterns from now on in our establishment. We are fully convinced that Pictorial Review Patterns are by far the best fitting, easiest to make, and most economical, and that it is not necessary for our customers to pay 40c to 50c for other patterns when they can get PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS At 20c to 35c—None Higher. MAY PATTERNS Are on Sale Now, also the SUMMER FASHION BOOK of Pictorial Review Patterns. Blouse 1027-30c Skirt 9444-30c



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the best debate. We then adjourned to meet again on May 3, 1922. L. C. B.

SUBJECT OF SESSIONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT. In Superior Court of Franklin County, North Carolina. Before the Clerk W. D. Fuller and C. B. Kearney trading as W. D. Fuller and Co. vs. Benjamin McClung and Antonio Colarruso

The defendants above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Franklin County, State of North Carolina for the purpose of the recovery of the sum of \$994.85, with interest thereon from the 21st day of December, 1921, said sum being alleged to be due the plaintiffs by the defendants for goods sold and delivered to P. G. Sturges their agent, upon their order. And the said defendants will further take notice that a Warrant of Attachment has been issued by this Court against the property of the said defendants, situate in the Counties of Franklin and Nash in the State of North Carolina, for the satisfaction of the demand of the plaintiffs as above set forth. And the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Franklin County, at his office in Louisburg, N. C. on the 29th day of May, 1922, said date being the return day of said summons and Warrant of Attachment, or within twenty days thereafter, and answer or demur to the Complaint of the plaintiffs, which will be deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County, on or before the return day of said summons and warrant of attachment. And the said defendants will further take notice that if they fail to answer or demur to the said Complaint within the time prescribed by law, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said Complaint.

Given under my hand, this the 20th day of April, 1922. J. J. BARRON, C. S. C., of Franklin Co., N. C. White and Malone, Atty's. for Plaintiffs. 4-28-22

Found Seven Rats Dead in Bin Next Morning. Robert Woodruff says: "My premises were infested with rats. I tried RAT-SNAP on friend's recommendation. Next morning found seven dead rats in bin, two near feed box, three in stall. Found large number since. No smell from dead rats—RAT-SNAP dries them up. Best thing I have ever used." Three sizes, 35c, 50c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by ALLEN BROS. Co. and AYCOCK DRUG CO.

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To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO SODIUM (Tablets) 3 times the Usual and Bed-Rest and eat of the Good. E. W. GROVES Signature on each box. 2c.

TUCKER'S CAFE. Main Street LOUISBURG, N. C. I have just opened a first class Cafe in the old Neal building and am prepared to furnish meals at all hours, and the best the market affords. Ice Cream 5 cents a cone. Soft Drinks, etc. Prices reasonable, service the best. J. C. TUCKER Proprietor

Charles B. Aycock Literary Society. The Charles B. Aycock Literary Society met Friday, April 25, 1922. The following program was enjoyed: Story—Jones Beasley. Declaration—Elijah Fulghum. Story—John Pierce. Reading—Alma Perry. Declaration—Hep Stovall. Paper—Royal Strange. We then adjourned to meet again Friday, May 4, 1922. L. J.

Matthew Davis Literary Society. The Matthew Davis Literary Society met on Friday, April 28, 1922 in the 8th grade room. The president being absent the society was called to order by its vice-president Speed Williams. The secretary then called the roll and read the minutes of the last meeting. The following program was rendered: Debate: Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be abolished in North Carolina. Affirmative: William Webb, Elizabeth Wilson, Ivey H. Ho, John Mills, Mark Stamps, Adelaide Johnson, Jakes, Hiram Allen. Negative: Gladys Gill, Louise Kemp, Louise Joyner, Alex. Alston. Original Poem—Gladys Gill. The judges for the debate, were Arch Wilson, and Grey Egerton. The affirmative won and William Webb had