

Mrs. J. A. McMillan Hostess to the Raublers.

On last Friday Mrs. J. A. McMillan was hostess to the Raublers at her home on Salisbury street. The following interesting program was carried out:

Reading—New Year's Song, Mrs. Kemp Alexander.

Paper—History of Russian Music—Mrs. J. T. Underwood.

Popular Talk—Songs of Russia, Mrs. L. L. Whittaker.

Auton Gregory Rubenstein—Miss Penn.

Song—Schubert's serenade—Mrs. K. Alexander.

Frederick Francois Chopin—Mrs. J. Bulla.

Paper—The Poles in music—Mrs. L. F. Ross.

Song—National Hymn of Russia, Mrs. T. M. Johnson.

"The Bride's New Year's Resolution" was given by Mrs. K. Alexander.

"Resolved, That though new scenes my heart entwine

I'll remember the long, the long leaf leaf pine,

In the Old North State my heart shall rest

Among the friends I love best."

The program was concluded by Rubenstein's Melody in F by the hostess who rendered it beautifully.

After which delicious refreshments were served by Misses Maud Dickens and Bezie Fant.

The latter is the sister of the hostess and resides in Wilmington. The meeting was highly enjoyable and most instructive.

Each guest was presented with a favor made by the hostess and characteristic of the occasion.

On each was a flag of Russia and a few bars of music from the famous Russian composer Paderewski.

GOOD ROADS

Are More Desirable Than Dreadnoughts and Money Spent is More Sensibly Invested

There is a nation wide agitation going on in this country for good roads. This is not strange. Indeed it is stranger that the agitation did not begin sooner and gain strength faster.

There is surely, no other path of progress that would so elevate the masses and at the same time add to the welfare of all the people as would a perfect system of good public highways.

We quote the following paragraph from a letter recently written by Senator Attee Pomeroy, of Ohio, on good roads:

"In investigating this subject about two years ago, I found that the average cost of building a mile of public road and paving it with the best vitrified paving brick to a width of fourteen feet, was about \$15,000. To build a modern battleship, costs about \$10,000,000. In other words, the amount of money the Government expends to construct a battleship, would build and pave with the best of brick, six hundred and sixty-six (666) miles of public highway. This would mean three paved roads across the State of Ohio from east to west, or from north to south. In my judgment it would cost no more to keep these roads in repair than to maintain the battleship whose life, in no event, exceeds ten or fifteen years, at the end of which time, whether in peace or war, it is useless, except for scrap; whereas the roads, if kept in repair, will continue of equal if not greater value, than when first built."

Is there not wisdom enough in this good State to insure a further advance for 1912 in the cause of civilization? The State is able to build roads and it is encouraging to do it, and when we get them the tax rate would be lower than it is now.

No other improvement could bring such untold benefit to farmer and city and town dwellers alike.

While some may contend about it being no part of the National Government's duty to spend money for roads, yet we can see no harm in apportioning the useless expenditure of millions for battleships which are of no use on earth to our government.

Imagine a brick pavement running in different directions with money paid for battleships.

It is true our sailor boys have sunk a whole navy of battleships of the enemy in the Spanish American war.

It does not add to our glory, but rather to our shame, that two thou-

GOT 'EM GOING IN INDIANY

Some of the seekers after the truth of the mystery stuck in the puzzle of the glue people have dropped out from sheer exhaustion. Since they have found out that the paper must not be folded and two strokes made at once, some have cussed the whole thing for a fake and quit, but even they watch the other fellows try it. Interest may have flagged a bit, but the phone message of Robie Tant spurred the lagging energies of the bunch.

Robie worked it on a shingle, phoned to town that he was coming; and Robie came—but was retired without furnishing the solution. Perhaps he forgot his shingle, or maybe he had folded the paper—anyway Robie retired to the fastnesses of the wilds near Ulah.

There came a letter from a Randolph man in Indiana. It follows: "Kingman, Ind., Jan. 6, 1912.

"Dear Sir: In glancing over your much appreciated paper on this cold, dreary January day with the wind howling and the mercury standing two below zero, I see an article, viz: 'Simple If You Just Know How.'

After reading the article over carefully, I think it high time that the solution to the puzzle be given for the benefit of all the good people of your city. And as I have a brother and a nephew residing in Asheboro, and fearing that they become infected with the thing, I beg of you to accept the enclosed diagram and solution.

Trusting that it will be of all the good people from the impending danger, I beg to remain

Yours truly,
H. P. McCrary."

The Courier thanks Mr. McCrary for his letter, but his solution will not satisfy the Standard. Powell says that the paper may not be folded, and Mr. McCrary folded his.

Yes, the end is not yet, even, and five dollars in "yaller" money is now offered for the solution. The Standard has sold lots of pencils, some paper and numerous cures of nerves, and by the shades of the primal soothing syrup the latter has been needed.

If you want to work on the puzzle, go to it. The Courier force has quit it.

Subscriptions Paid.

Below we give a list of subscriptions paid since December 14, the last list published:

J. M. Pargson, J. A. Crowsor, John Kennedy, H. P. Conville, J. B. Sumner, E. Whalley, E. L. Spencer, A. Burroughs, S. E. Teague, E. N. Farlow, R. R. Anman, M. T. Allen, K. Latham, W. V. Smith, D. B. Kendall, E. B. Leach, T. B. Tynor, L. D. Matthews, H. A. Underwood, W. F. Osborn, E. R. Yow, J. M. Arnold, W. F. Morris, J. H. Redding, Daniel Watkins, Isaac Brown, R. E. Cox, W. M. Parks, Remus Yow, E. M. Kearns, C. O. Ingold, E. O. Yow, John Hill, W. H. Wall, M. H. Moffitt, J. A. Henson, O. R. Davis, J. A. King, J. G. Nelson, B. F. Kearns, R. J. Lawrence, W. J. Moore, G. H. Bean, O. M. Lassiter, B. F. Bulle, J. P. Ward, H. B. Martin, E. L. Vay, J. W. Richardson, J. M. Neely, J. W. Wright, Mrs. K. York, R. Edmundson, Sam Coleman, A. C. Cox, O. M. Nance, S. A. Coltrane, R. F. Vestal, R. M. Julian, R. D. Lowdermilk, S. W. Bowdon, Claude Haggard, H. D. Cox, A. M. Hellig, R. S. Barker, O. W. Alfred, M. C. Alfred, W. T. Parks, J. H. Johnson, J. W. Dixon, W. A. Ward, J. L. Allen, W. D. Lane, W. A. Buckner, E. W. Wellborn, Wm. Hanna, C. McNeil, C. J. Cox, O. R. Cox, E. B. Kearns, M. E. Alfred, E. L. Whittaker, H. B. Carter, Nelli Kead, E. Mance, J. R. Spencer, S. L. Routh, John W. Smith, A. L. Russey, J. A. Stout, A. Anman, W. D. Siedman, H. G. Hayworth, Julia C. Feller, Ella McDonald, J. B. Ward, P. P. Turner, Maggie Dorsett, J. M. Betts, Emma Kearns, J. L. Brown, J. F. Johnson, W. H. Dean, D. M. Weatherly, R. Lee Coltrane, Wm. M. Stevenson, H. V. Hobson, O. Jarrell, G. O. Spencer, M. V. Pesty, Union Store Co., G. A. Foster, J. R. Orriaco, J. S. Redding, J. C. Sreen, S. D. Garvin, T. W. Wilson, M. C. Jones.

and years after the birth of Him who came to establish peace on earth, good will to men, we still get pleasure out of pain to our fellows who for a fleeting time, we look upon as enemies.

Beautiful Double Marriage at Jackson Creek.

On Sunday morning at 11:30 a. m., December 24th, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. A. Morgan, in the presence of assembled relatives and friends, Mr. Gurney Royals and Miss Emma Morgan. Also Mr. Joe McDowell and Miss Sirona Morgan, daughter of Mr. J. W. Morgan, were united in marriage by the bride's pastor, Rev. Joel B. Trogdon in a most impressive manner. It was one of those quiet, unassuming home marriages yet very beautiful.

The parlor was beautifully decorated in white and pea green, holly and ferns. Miss Emma Ridge, of Farmer, rendered the wedding march while they marched into the parlor, and after the ceremony being performed and congratulations extended, the happy pair were ushered into the dining room where a most sumptuous dinner was served which all partook, and enjoyed most immensely.

The many presents received attests the high popularity in which they were held.

That evening they all went to the home of the groom's father, Mr. C. N. Royals. The guests are elegant and prosperous young men. The brides are attractive and charming young ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Royals will make their home at The Seaville.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McDowell will be at home at Asheboro.

May their lives be filled with unalloyed happiness. Their many friends wish them a long, happy, prosperous and useful life.

A Friend.

The foregoing article should have been published in January 4, but was inadvertently omitted.

Mrs. Royals is a popular young lady and her many friends regret for her to leave for her new home in Thomasville. Mr. Royals who is an excellent young man is most fortunate in winning such a bride.

Mrs. McDowell is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John W. Morgan and is a young lady of rare accomplishments, both mind and heart and is a most attractive young lady. Her husband is most highly esteemed. Asheboro friends are congratulating him on his good fortune and are sending to the happy couple many good wishes.

Punishing For Pistol Toting

A New York City judge said the other day in sentencing an Italian "bad man":

"I want every Italian in your part of the town to hear of this sentence, and then, perhaps, he will drop his gun into the East River. The law in regard to concealed weapons will be enforced strictly here, and offenders need expect no leniency. I sentence you to a term of not less than five nor more than nine and one-half years in Sing Sing."

The Louisville Courier Journal says that is the way to discourage pistol toting. The man who gets off easy for pistol toting, usually carries it again and sooner or later kills his man. Is it any wonder that some people say it is not so much an inborn viciousness, but the laxity of the law as administered that causes so many killings.

Died.

Mr. P. A. Williams of Edise Moore County died at Rex Hospital Jan. 1st and was buried at Edise on the 3rd.

Mr. Williams until a few years ago was a citizen of Randolph county, having been conducted with the Worth Lumber Company at Seagrave. He went to Edise when the mill was moved there and has lived there since that time.

Mr. Williams married a Miss Lawless one of the late Dawson Lawless's daughters, to them three children were born all of whom are married. Deceased had been in declining health and went to Raleigh for an operation as a last resort. He rallied from the operation and lived several days.

Rev. J. H. Stowe conducted the funeral exercises.

Fire destroyed the home of the Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York City Tuesday, involving a loss of six lives and six million dollars.

Asheboro Trust Company.

The Legislature of North Carolina by special act, Chapter 104 Private Laws of 1911, created a corporation under the name and title of Asheboro Trust Company, granting it privileges and empowering it to do business in said State, and in all other States and dependencies of the United States, with its principal office in Asheboro, N. C.

Some of the privileges and powers given to this company are as follows: To own, sell, buy, lease and rent real estate and personal property of every nature, either for itself, or as agent, for any person, firm or corporation.

To do a general business as dealer in bonds, stocks, notes and all classes and kinds of securities of any individual, firm, corporation, or State, municipality or county.

To act as Receiver, Trustee, Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Commissioner, Guardian for any minor or lunatic, and Trustee in Bankruptcy,—it being lawful for any and all Courts to appoint this company in such capacity.

To receive money on deposit for investment; to receive money in Trust; to receive money and funds in litigation in any of the courts of the State.

To borrow and loan money for its patrons and customers on real estate and other mortgages, and to act as Agent and Attorney for all persons, firms and Corporations.

To erect and operate storage warehouses for storage of goods, wares and merchandise, cotton and all other products and produce and personal property and to issue warehouse receipts, which are declared to go negotiable instruments.

To act as Agent for Life, Fire, Accident, Sick-benefit, Employers Liability and any and all classes and kind of Insurance and Bonding Companies.

To collect rent, accounts and obligations of every nature whatsoever.

This company is now organized and ready for business, its officers being opposite the store of Wood & Moring, and next door to the Rexall Store, on Fayetteville Street, where the public is invited to call. All persons will be welcome, and prospective customers will receive every consideration and courtesy.

The company has purchased the Life and Fire Insurance Agencies of Mess. Hammer & Co., and hope to receive the continued patronage of those persons who were served by that firm, and it bespeaks a share of the patronage of the public in general, as it is thoroughly equipped for the business, representing only the best companies.

The Directors of the Asheboro Trust Company are:

W. J. Scarborough, W. C. Hammond, Jas. H. McCain, H. B. Hiatt, Geo. T. Murdock, W. A. Underwood, R. C. Kelly and Hal M. Worth.

The officers are: R. C. Kelly, President; W. C. Hammond, Vice President and Hal M. Worth, Secretary-Treasurer.

Died.

Miss Emily Simpson, sister of Mrs. W. C. Hammond Sr. died in Asheboro on Saturday night after an attack of grippe. Deceased had made her home in Asheboro with her sister for a number of years. She had reached her eighty first year and had for sometime been in feeble health. She was an earnest consecrated christian woman, modest and unassuming.

Her remains were carried to Hickory Grove church in Guilford county for burial. Funeral services were conducted at the residence by Rev. T. M. Johnson.

Howell-Moffitt Wedding.

Mrs. M. A. Moffitt requests the pleasure of your company at the marriage of her daughter

Clara
to
Mr. Charles Cook Howell

Thursday afternoon January the eighteenth at two o'clock

at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morris Asheboro, North Carolina

Miss Moffitt is the youngest daughter of the late E. A. Moffitt and one of the most charming and attractive young women in the state. She was educated at Elon College, graduated with honors. Miss Moffitt has a host of friends in Randolph County and North Carolina who wish her joy and happiness.

Old Books

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o'long sine?"

It has been raining now for several days in succession; and what is gloomier than a rainy day in January, for we are rarely ever heard by the faintest hope of the sun, it is a monotonous drip, drip, and the sun is behind a cloud and refuses to smile, not even a sickly smile have we had now in days, but these days of gloom have their advantages I suppose, for I have been thinking this dark morning of the many dear old shadowy friends in "Book Land," and the books themselves, I suppose as we outgrow or forget some friends, so also we forget or become estranged from books we loved in childhood.

I was turning the leaves not long ago of one of the dearest old book friends of my tender years, namely "Children of the Abbey." I had to stop at certain places as in days long past to give my eyes a chance to get so I could go on, but alas, found the hero's only a dim echo of a long ago heartache, but I honor the old acquaintance and love it for the many tears I have shed while following the love-ruin couple through the most wonderful courtship, taking it all round, that has ever been heard of in modern times.

But alas, poor "Children of the Abbey" does not appeal to the young miss of today, for much sentiment, (and we might say feeling) is tabooed in this day of practical, matter of fact, 20th century, and so this dear old book, sweet with the memory of so many pleasant associations, must lead a quite life, fill its niche in the library and we can all

was said of Louis XV. "I did a great deal of good, we feel quite sure it never willingly did any harm."

A peaceful oblivion to the old book, so many times drenched by our childhood tears.

The rain continues to rain. I must wander on down the long row of old friends. Here is "Jane Eyre," Oh! don't I remember how many years I was told to pronounce that girl's name, and no sooner did I get acquainted with a certain way than here would come some great scholar and give another name to Jane. Wonderful! Wonderful! "Jane Eyre."

Years have rolled by and I have never outgrown my admiration for the wonderful self possession of this wonderful heroine, whose character I think would be a splendid guidepost for future generations. I don't think I ever followed the various fortunes bad and good of this great character without feeling exalted, lifted up as it were. I think this book would make a good text book, when a simple book on moral philosophy might be needed by those who compose the school boards.

Many generations yet unborn read and ponder Jane Eyre, not for any word pointing, neither flights of imagery, (although an imaginary flight) nor unheard of plot, but still a wonderfully old fashioned pointing of that thing we call human nature. I go again to the window and look out, still raining.

Here comes the greatest of all friends, "St. Elmo," and it has never faded by time, it still stands out as the most wonderful piece of fiction in the way of a pure beautiful love story, told in exactly the way, and with the right words to attract the reader from first to last. Oh! don't I remember the first time I perused this fascinating romance. I was so sorry when the end came; and Oh! don't I remember the beautiful sentences and the great long Greek and Latin words, which I had to guess at, but that made no difference to the wonderful, wonderful interest thrown around the character of Edna Earl and the sublime heights to which her intellect carried her. I never considered this friend of mine (while I loved it with all my heart) a great portrayal of human nature, that is ordinary human nature. But I will say good bye my dear old friend, I love you as of yore.

Way over here in a corner of the bookcase is that book of books, "David Copperfield." I go back over the years since I first made the acquaintance of David, little Emily, Sterforth, Peggotty, Betsey, Trotwood and Uriah Heep. They all rise before me now from the long, long ago, but David is still the pitiful, bright, helpful, loving little David, and little Emily has never

A State That is Doing Things.

That which has developed dairying more than anything else is the discovery in 1890 by Prof. S. M. Babcock of what is known as the "Babcock test," by which persons untrained in scientific knowledge are enabled to accurately determine the amount of fat in milk. Prof. Babcock was a chemist at the University of Wisconsin. His influence has extended throughout the State. There are forty-three cattle breeders' associations in that State. The average butter fat for the best herd in Wisconsin is 360 per cow per year; for the balance of the country is only 160 pounds. The Courier-Journal says of the progressive and up-to-date state of Wisconsin in its efforts to improve farming methods by demonstration and other methods:

"Wisconsin was about the first State in the union to apply the tuberculin test to cattle, and last year more than 200,000 tests were made. The State has forty-three cattle breeders' associations, promoted by the university for the express purpose of improving the dairy cattle.

Much also is being done for the improvement of the breed of horses, and there is a constant effort for the elimination of the scrubs. In order that stock may be properly housed the university furnishes plans farm buildings of the various kinds from barns to cow stalls, from a hen coops, it renders assistance to drainage projects; it gives fertilizer demonstrations in the rural orchards; it sends out potato specialists to show the farmers how to annihilate the Colorado beetle and other pests. A few years ago 20 per cent. of the oats crops was lost annually because of smut. The university experts set themselves

combat the disease and practically it has disappeared. They have helped the farmer with the weed problem by showing him how to destroy noxious plants and how to secure seeds that are free from adulteration.

Wisconsin farmers have been taught through the demonstrations, the institute work, the farmers' short courses and the boys' corn clubs, how to raise bigger and better crops of corn. In consequence the average annual yield taken by five year periods, shows an increase of five bushels to the acre for the entire State. In like manner the barley production has been increased from 6,000,000 bushels a year to 22,500,000 bushels, and hemp growing has advanced from a nominal production to the proportions of an extensive industry. All along the line there has been improvement. There are demonstration farms in thirty counties. There are boys' corn clubs in forty-three counties, and last year there were some 20,000 contestants. As a result of the interest that has been aroused 1,500 students attended the farmers' course last year and at a farmers' school held in La Crosse five of the students were men past 70 years of age.

With the roads knee deep in mud and pedestrians as well as those in vehicles hampered and with heavy hauling out of the question, this is the time of all times for a good roads course.

grown any older. Starbuck is the same dashing impulsive warm hearted fellow; Uriah Heep still eating humble pie, and Betsey Trotwood, the same woman whose "bark was worse than her bite." Let me put this book away also, and with it many tender thoughts of the mighty genius of his author.

The sun peeps out a little at last and rests lovingly upon a few more of my old friends; farther down there is the one I love above almost all others, for it soothes ails, eases and sinners. I must look over the leaves once again, a great many French phrases, but no matter there is plenty that is translated. Oh! the wonderful man who wrote "Les Misérables!"

I think this book will be read as long as there is a written language, and wept over as long as pity dwells in the hearts of men. I must go now, but one little peep into the lavender scented pages of the antebellum days as depicted by the author in the "Deliverance" But the lavender, along with many mistaken ideas is fast disappearing from our dear south land, and we are working up to life's great possibilities and requirements.

"Aunt Annie."