

RARE EAGLE IN LONDON ZOO

New Arrival Has Easy Time of It, if He Can Forget He is a Prisoner.

"Tim," a large white-tailed sea eagle from Mesopotamia, presented by Sir Percy Cox, has just arrived at the zoo and is vying with the sea lions in the profitable pastime of catching fish thrown by the keeper.

Though the newcomer is the sole representative of his species in the garden the white-tailed sea eagle was, at one time, fairly common in England as far south as the Lake district.

Now it is verging on extinction in these islands, there being only a few pairs left, which nest on the inaccessible cliffs of the west of Scotland and Ireland.

To look at this feathered giant of the air, you would think him particularly fierce and unapproachable, but "Tim's" appearance is deceptive, for he is really quite tame.

Under the tuition of his keeper, he is speedily becoming proficient in the art of aerial sprat-catching—which probably accounts for his docility.

"Tim" seems wise enough to realize that catching "flying fish" is better than swooping at keeper's caps, as some of his kindred do, and for his good conduct he is occasionally rewarded with a nice home-bred rat, by way of a change.

Eagles, however, are treacherous birds, and the keeper is quite as watchful as "Tim" when in his company.—A. E. H., in London Daily Chronicle.

SPIDER NOT REALLY INSECT

Fundamental Difference Which Has Been Recognized by Those Who Have Studied the Subject.

Spiders and their near relatives, the scorpions, are much more closely related to lobsters than they are to true insects. Spiders and insects are both small, both have a number of legs, and both appear superficially alike. The differences between them, however, are of a major sort.

First, as you will see if you examine one, a spider has no heart. All real insects have hearts. Herein lies a most fundamental difference. A spider's face comes directly to the thorax, like that of a crayfish. Every insect has eyes, both compound and simple. The compound eyes are usually large, occupying half or more of the entire head. Between them, in what would be the middle of the forehead, are three simple eyes. Spiders have eight (in some species only six) simple eyes. Each one is fixed and can see in one direction only. Some look forward; some sideways, and some upward, so that spiders are not blind by any means.

Advice Was Disastrous.

He was a newly admitted member of the ranks of married men and after having behaved himself for a period long enough to cause amazement to all those who had known him in the old days he broke out. He was on his way home very much under the weather and growing more timid as his street neared, says a New York Sun writer.

"What'll I do?" he asked thickly of his companion in crime, a veteran benedict.

"Throw your hat in first," said the old-timer. "If it comes out, beat it; if not, follow it in."

The advice was acted upon literally and now the newly admitted member and the old veteran are on the outs. The hat flung into the dining room landed on the table, broke two glasses, split a bottle of catsup on the floor and ruined the carpet, upset the table oil lamp and almost set fire to the house.

Health Talks by Radio.

In his nationwide campaign to prevent the spread of disease and to give impetus to his efforts for the medical education of the country, Dr. Hugh S. Cummings, surgeon-general of the United States Public Health service, has turned to the radio. Twice each week he sends his messages from the government radio station at Washington and from commercial stations. The surgeon-general is a Virginian and was graduated in medicine from the University of Virginia. For a number of years he was quarantine officer at Hampton Roads, and most of his work prior to his present duties, had to do with quarantine regulations. At the time of his appointment he was in Naples fighting a typhoid epidemic.—New York Herald.

Tempt the Child's Taste.

With the value of milk to the growing child so well known, it is a common occurrence for the school child to wish to carry milk to drink at recess time. This is a good habit, as it ensures for both food and drink. The difficulty is in carrying it safely to school. The top of a standard dewar together at one end and shaped into a handle with the edges attached, or with a small piece of black tape sewed on for a handle, makes a very good milk carrier. If the child should stumble the carrier protects the little 4-oz. bottle of milk. This may be taken through a straw, which may be obtained at school or carried in its paper container.

Our Christmas Thoughts

IF HUMAN NATURE is the combination of self-seeking, ambition and greed which some materialistic philosophers assert it is; if life is a contest, in which all finer sentiments are subordinated to self-advancement and success at any price, how is it that the spirit of Christmas has not only endured but grown in power during nearly 2,000 years? If the pessimists are right, it would seem that the light would have been extinguished long since and with it the spirit would have departed.

Were history and our daily lives not replete with evidences—noble evidences too—of the unselfishness in men's hearts, we might be impressed with the teachings of the sordid and the carpings of the morbid. Christmas is the symbol and a celebration of love—love which is synonymous with charity and which our purest teaching tells us is the finest attribute of the soul. We, who during the past few weeks have watched the Yuletide preparations, are prepared to say that they represent a beautiful manifestation of that attribute.

We have noted the working girl taking home at night her parcels; contributions wrung from the dole of her necessities, in order that she may testify to her love and bring a measure of cheer to some child, some relative, some friend. Tired from her daily toil mayhap, but in her eyes that something which transcends all fatigue; transcends, in fact, everything else in the world and comparable only to that which shone from a mother's eyes upon the Babe in Bethlehem. Friends, in the face of these and so many other manifestations which we are all witnessing during this season, what right has one of us to say that the Light of the World grows dimmer?

Our hearts tell us there is no dimming. Let us be thankful for the extra radiance of Christmas. Let us seek to carry it into our daily lives. Our wish is, that this occasion, at least, will help all of us to forget our tribulations and sorrows, our complaints and animosities, and that it will be to all a day of cheer and everything which Yuletide typifies. The words of Tiny Tim have never been improved upon and we here invoke them: "God bless us all!"

THE PUBLISHERS

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MR. R. W. HARRIS LOSES WIFE AND SON IN TWO DAYS

Mrs. Sallie McMasters Harris and O. C. Harris Dead

Mr. R. W. Harris has suffered a distinct loss in the death of his son, O. C. Harris of High Point, Monday, and his wife, Mrs. Sallie McMasters Harris Tuesday of this week. Mr. O. C. Harris had been living in High Point for the past eight years. He was a traveling salesman and had many friends. He had to give up his position a year ago on account of his health. The funeral was conducted at High Point, burial following there.

Mrs. Sallie McMasters Harris was 55 years of age. She was the daughter of the late D. G. McMasters. She was first married to W. I. Kearns who died several years ago. She was married to Mr. R. W. Harris of Asheboro Route 2 a year ago. Mrs. Harris had been in her usual state of health until she was stricken Monday night with an attack with her heart, dying early Tuesday morning. Besides her husband she is survived by three sons, P. H. Kearns, of Badin; R. I. Kearns, of Ramseur; and H. W. Kearns, of Oxford; one daughter, Mrs. Erastus Wood, of Troy; six sisters, Mrs. C. L. Lewis and Miss Mary McMaster, of High Point; Mrs. Allen Browning, of Hillboro; Mrs. J. R. Brooks, of Wetch, Okla.; Miss Cora McMasters, of Asheboro and Mrs. F. E. Steed, of Asheboro; and one brother, H. N. McMasters, of Farmer.

The funeral services were conducted at Salem yesterday, Rev. W. G. Clay officiating. In the death of Mrs. Harris the county has lost one of her most high toned christian women.

Philip E. Fox was found guilty of slaying W. S. Coburn, a K. K. Klan attorney in Atlanta. The verdict provides a life imprisonment in the state of Georgia.

MISS MATTIE ANDREWS BRIDE OF MR. W. L. BROOKS

A quiet home wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Andrews at five o'clock Saturday, December 22nd, when their daughter, Mattie, became the bride of Mr. W. L. Brooks, of Ramseur, Rev. T. J. Green, of Ramseur, officiating.

Their attendants were Miss Pauline McMaster and Mr. Lynnwood Dorsett, Miss Joy Andrew and Mr. J. C. Brooks. Miss Clara McAlister softly played the wedding march while the bride, bride groom and attendants entered the parlor.

They will make their home near Ramseur.

W. A. GRAHAM DIED IN RALEIGH MONDAY

Distinguished As Confederate Soldier and State Official

Major W. A. Graham, commissioner of agriculture, died Monday morning at a hospital in Raleigh, following several days' illness with pneumonia. Major Graham, had been commissioner of agriculture since 1908. He had been active in the affairs of the state for the past 60 years. He would have been 84 years of age had he lived 36 hours longer.

Guy Hayes, of Randleman, Victim of Pneumonia—Dies in New York Hotel

Guy C. Hayes, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hayes, of Randleman, died in a hotel in New York last Friday from an attack of pneumonia which he contracted Monday.

Mr. Hayes accompanied by Mr. John E. Justice of the Justice Drug Company had gone to New York to attend a convention. He was a popular young man and had a bright business future. His body was brought to Randleman for burial.

DEATHS

Hubert Hall, 17 year old boy of Salisbury, accidentally shot himself through the head Monday at the home of his parents. Death resulted almost instantly. Young Hall with some boys had been in the yard shooting the pistol, a .32 calibre, and had it in his hand and is thought to have been reloading it when it was discharged.

David M. Green died at his home near Climax December 19, aged 71 years. Mr. Green was a progressive farmer and was well known throughout his community. The deceased is survived by his widow, four children and 19 grand children. Funeral services were conducted at Melancthon church, of which he was a member, December 21, by the pastor, Rev. B. A. Barringer.

Miss Mary E. Pounds died November 18th at the county home. Her body was taken to Cedar Falls for burial. The deceased was about 76 years of age. Her only brother, Mr. J. M. Pounds, of Cedar Falls, is 83 years old.

Mrs. Martha Jane Lowdermilk died at the home of her nephew, Mr. Randolph Pounds, Cedar Falls, last Thursday, December 20, at the age of about 87 years. Deceased was the widow of the late Reuben Lowdermilk. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Maude Alfred, of Worthville. The funeral was conducted from the Baptist church by Rev. G. A. Loflin, after which burial followed.

Walter J. Pierce, 47 years old, died at a hospital in High Point December 19 following an illness of 10 days. Mr. Pierce was a former Randolph county citizen and the son of Dougan Pierce, who with three brothers, W. T. C. L., and J. G. Pierce, three sisters, Mesdames, T. B. Hunt, J. T. Dunn and Miss Grace Pierce survive. Interment was made in Tabernacle grave yard, Randolph county.

A Christmas Spirit

Eleanor E. King

Western Newspaper Union

IT WAS early Christmas morning. The shadow of a tall gray form cast itself upon the wall of the adjoining building, then followed around until its ghostly shape was cast upon the door. It moved slightly, then remained there for several minutes. The boards of the small porch creaked under the heavy weight upon them. A sudden wind of the cutting December brought the door knob from its dangling position on the battered door to an immediate resting with the floor. It took the full course, rolling down the flight of stairs into the street.

The gray specter started, giving a little grunt as it rearranged some scattered heaps of something hardly discernible in the grayed atmosphere. The figure then picked his way over the creaking boards to a window nearby. Long thin fingers were put up to the window to enable the objects inside to be better viewed. Seemingly satisfied the phantom moved off down the stairs.

As the darkness began to lift a little, it looked as though he carried a large bag, sometimes upon his back, and then again on his arm. Perhaps this was some destitute person, and unable to bear Christmas dawn in his home with nothing for his children, he was taking this illegal means of getting it. But if so, why was he attempting to find what he wanted in homes which looked so unpromising? Only across the street the buildings did not appear quite so dilapidated and forlorn. Still the gray specter haunted the doorways along the block. Upon close observation he seemed to have a certain formula that he carried out at each place.

Soon, a door opened across the street and very cautiously a man crossed to the side where the figure was. The man watched the phantom awhile and after seeing him go through this performance two or three times he stole up behind the gray specter as he was on his way to the next shack. When he was close enough to the form lurking in the shadow he said in an uncertain voice:

"Hands up, you low down thief! So that's the way you get those fine clothes! Drop that bag!"—as he flashed the star on his coat.

To the poor man's surprise his captive began laughing.

"So it's all a joke with you, is it? Just tell that to the judge," said the man opening the bag. When his head emerged he looked at the tall gray-coated man in front of him with a puzzled face.

"You haven't much in this bag for all the places I watched you visit. Explain this idea of robbing these poor people anyway."

"If you had left me a little longer, the bag would have been empty. Don't you think you have been a little hasty in your judgment? My arms are getting tired holding them up this way."

"Oh, come off. None of this sentimental stuff!"

"Well, come over to this house and I will show you what I have been doing."

To the man's amazement, he saw a pile of snow-white bundles before the door of the house. He looked at them dumfounded and speechless.

"I surely am sorry about what I—"

"That's all right, forget it. Here, take this along home with you for the kiddies," and he handed him the bag.

The man confused and abashed, turned without another word and left.

The grayed figure also wheeled around, chucking all the while to himself. Turning the corner he approached an awaiting limousine. Still chuckling, he opened the door, saying to the chauffeur:

"Home, James!"

TRADE AT HOME CAMPAIGN CLOSED MONDAY

Much interest has been manifested in the "Trade at Home" campaign which was launched by the merchants' association in September and closed December 24th.

The persons receiving the prizes were: Ford Car, H. O. Underwood; Victrola, Jerome Webb, (col.); \$20.00, John Sluder; \$10.00, J. H. Green; \$5.00, Miss Belle Gray, C. L. Cranford, Enos Sykes, Miss Mary Wright.

WHITE FURNITURE COMPANY DESTROYED BY FIRE

Damage estimated at from \$300,000 to \$500,000 was suffered by the White furniture manufacturing company at Mebane Sunday in the loss of most of its gigantic plant, together with great stores of raw and partially manufactured stocks. There was \$200,000 insurance. It is stated in preliminary reports.

The White factory is said to have been the largest furniture plant in the South and the second largest in the world. It was erected in 1881 and had extended its business to many parts of the globe.

LEXINGTON GETS JUNIOR ORDER ORPHANAGE

Lexington was last week chosen as the site for the Junior Order orphanage. The orphanage will occupy a 300-acre tract, three miles southeast of Lexington, on the Southmount road.

It will provide at the start for about 500 children, and the initial expenditure will be around \$500,000. It is the second of two such homes of the Juniors, the other being located at Tiffin, O. Construction of buildings will start next spring.

GRADY FERGUSON PAROLED BY GOVERNOR

Governor Morrison granted a parole to Grady Ferguson, of Randleman, last Friday. It will be recalled that Ferguson took money from the Randleman bank saying it was to help his sick wife who has since died.

ASHEBORO BLOOD HOUND CAPTURES NEGRO ASSAILANT

John Roggins, negro, said to be from South Carolina is in the Davidson county jail with a bullet wound in his head and shoulder following an alleged attempt to rob and slay D. L. Owen, a merchant of Southmont. The negro was captured near High Rock Sunday morning after a long chase by the blood hounds which belong to Messrs. York and Hasty of Asheboro. Mr. Owen was wounded in the face.

OTTO WOOD GUILTY OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER

Otto Wood was found guilty of murder in the second degree by a Guilford Superior court jury of the murder of A. W. Kaplan, pawnbroker of Greensboro. He was sentenced to serve 30 years in the N. C. state prison.

Mrs. Helen Foster Dead

Mrs. Helen Palmer Foster, the widow of the late John C. Foster, died at Liberty last Thursday at the age of 68 years.

Apoplexy was the cause of her death. Mrs. Foster is survived by two children, Mrs. May Fogleman, Liberty; Dr. Lucy Foster, of Snow Camp. She also leaves one brother and one sister, R. C. Palmer, of Liberty, and Mrs. Decie Proctor, of

Aged Woman Dies at Ramseur

Mrs. Margaret Rich Ingle, aged 79, died at her home in Ramseur December 19. She was a consistent member of the Methodist church. The funeral services were conducted at the home by Revs. Green and Elam. Interment was in the local cemetery.

Mistaken for a Turkey

Charles Miles, of near Freeman's Mills, this county, received gunshot wounds while hunting last Friday. Athey Spencer a fellow hunter did the shooting. Spencer saw a black object moving in some bushes and thinking it was a turkey opened fire. The doctors say that Miles will recover.

William A. Graham Jr., Succeeds Father as Commissioner of Agriculture

Governor Morrison has announced the appointment of William A. Graham as Commissioner of Agriculture to succeed his father who died Monday.

Mr. William T. Ledwell Dead

Mr. William T. Ledwell died Monday afternoon at his residence ten miles south of High Point, age 55 years. Funeral services were conducted yesterday at Mt. Vernon M. E. church by his pastor, Rev. J. E. Woolsey. Interment was made in the church cemetery.

Growing children need whole milk for growth and development. Substitutes will not take its place, say home demonstration workers of the State College and Department of Agriculture.

Thirty business men gave a verdict in favor of North Carolina krait when they compared it to one of the leading commercial brands being sold in the State, reports county agent John B. Steele of Watauga county.

