

ASHEBORO WHITE SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR THIRD SCHOOL MONTH

Grade 1-C.—Joe Andrews, Howard Allred, Thomas Bull, Alton Cox, C. E. Davis, Walter Hughes, Wayne Henry, Samuel Hayworth, Gordon Hall, James Luther, Ryan Neely, William Presnell, Hal Presnell, John Redding, John William Ridge, Nannie Male Bonkemeyer, Mabel Brown, Florence Brittain, Mildred Hurley, Rebecca Hendrick, Elizabeth Phillips, Amie Gilbert Ross, Inez Wright.

Grade 1-B.—Maude Ruth Prevost, Ola Mae Brown, Marjorie Brittain, Marie Moser, Eleanor McCain, Clyde Rogers.

Grade 1-A.—Edward Hopkins, Edna Beck, Jewel Sken, Ruby Pritchard.

Grade 2-B.—Clovis Andrews, Lloyd Goins, Wayman Kivett, Lawson Lowe, Virla Andrews, Delena Beck, Estha Brown, Frances Brown, Bertha Burkhardt, Margaret Croker, Hazel Cox, Lucile Heilig, Margaret Wilson, Dorris Willard.

Grade 2-A.—Worth Bonkemeyer, Clyde Brown, Edgar Cheek, Marvin Tucker, Evelyn Harelson, Evelyn Hughes, Martha Kearns, Mary Moffitt, Frances Robbins, Ruby Tucker.

Grade 2-A-1.—James Hughes, Silas Hill, Ernest Frye, Arthur Way, Jr., Ralph Bulla, Lassiter Cranford, Michael Berry, David Moore, Bynum Way, Horace Moore, Garrette Cox, Claude Williams, Gaynelle Moser, Howard Hill, Eleanor Anne Hammond, Cleo Hill, Ruby Alice Hendrix, Pauline Steed, Iris Stout, Bertha Wright, Orelene Tysinger, Margaret Wood, Helen York, Veola Cox, Betsy Luck, Nellie Allred, Marian Stedman.

Grade 3-B.—Lillian Brown, Myrtle Brown, Sarah Brittain, Vella Burchart, Nannie Hopkins, Raella Hunt, Sarepta Madison, Connie Miller, Cathrine Presnell, Alberta Thomas, Edgar Brown, Howard Bunting, Salton Ferree, Charles Hughes, James Jarrell, Thad Lewallen, Grady Moffitt, Olin Plummer, Elvin Shaw, Hal Sykes, Hughene Wood.

Grade 3-A.—Edward Armfield Eldon Cox, Howard Fox, Nyal Johnson, Lewis Overman, Wayne Rich, Marion Sams, Bruce Steed, James Walton, Ervin West, Virginia Brittain, Moline Cox, Frances Foust, Edna Gaddis, Virginia Hanner, Pauline Hamilton, Frances Hughes, Anna Glades Ingram, Gladys Ingram, Aline Johnson, Pauline Lewallen, Helen Luck, Hazel McMahan, Fleeta Moody, Edith Osborne, Ruth Paisley, Julia Rice, Mary Smith, Ina Steed, Nellie Mae West.

Grade 4-B.—Robert Allred, Cleon Boggs, Edward Craven, George Foust, Percy Foster, Robert Ferree, Jr., Leon Frye, Norman Hopkins, Robert Hunsucker, Reece Ingram, Walter Presnell, Lucile Brown, Irene Brown, Dalton Scott.

Grade 4-A.—Waldo Cheek, J. D. Allred, Vera Beane, Sarah Helen Covington, Zannie Hamilton, Clara May Heathcock, Thelma Hurley, Beatrice Moser, Edith Rich, Ethel Rich, Lucy Clyde Ross, Lois Stout.

Grade 5-B.—Vance Kivett, Vera Winslow, Jessie Nance.

Grade 5-A.—Ernest Baldwin, Milton Hanner, Dock Johnson, Arthur Miller, Coleman Moore, Clarence Overman, Helen Amick, Edna Johnson, Thelma Luck, Wanna Stout, Annie Leigh Williams.

Grade 6-A.—Margaret Hammond, Emma Rice, Dorothy Whitaker, Virginia Henry, George Birkhead.

Grade 7-A.—Eston Williams, Ruth Hanner.

Mr. W. R. Ashworth, Prominent Confederate Veteran Writes Poem.

Mr. Ashworth, an aged and highly respected citizen has expressed his appreciation for a simple Christmas remembrance in verse which follows:

APPRECIATION 'Tis sweet to be remembered When shut in day after day, A letter, a little book, or a post card Makes sunshine on the way.

'Tis sweet to be remembered When sick in bed we lie, A friendly call to cheer us As the days and weeks go by.

'Tis sweet to be remembered, By loved ones when they pray; That Jesus is with us To comfort us each day.

A Wish "I have taken Cardui for run-down, worn-out condition, nervousness and sleeplessness, and I was weak, too," says Mrs. Silvio Eaton, of Jennings, Okla. "Cardui did me just lots of good—so much that I gave it to my daughter. She soon gained a surplus in her sides and back. She took three bottles of

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The Scrap Book

GOT EVEN ON THE CHICKENS

Parrot Had Learned Its Lesson and Was Determined Others Should Do Likewise.

A man had a parrot of which he was very proud, and which he had instructed to say many interesting things. An uncle from whom he had expectations was coming to stay with him, and he thought it would please his relation if he could teach the parrot to say, "Good morning, uncle."



Accordingly, he said to Polly: "Say 'Good morning, uncle.'"

The parrot simply said: "Good morning."

Over and over again the man repeated: "Good morning, uncle."

The parrot, however, refused to say the word "uncle."

The man lost his temper and seizing the parrot by the neck took it into the garden and threw it in the chicken house.

Later, when he calmed down, he went to get Polly and restore the bird to its cage. To his dismay he found all the chickens dead except one, whom Polly was clutching, saying: "Say 'Good morning, uncle,' Say 'Good morning, uncle.'"

COUNTED AMONG LOST ARTS

Kashmir Shawls, Once So Wonderfully Popular, Are No Longer Being Put on the Market.

It is said that 16,000 looms were once engaged in turning the undercoat or pashm of the Tibetan goat into costly shawls. From the Fifteenth century the Kashmiri had made shawls for themselves; during the Nineteenth they were weavers for Europe. They were treated like slaves and were not allowed to leave Kashmir. At the dictates of the French company that controlled the market, they made the shawls square rather than scarf-like and they altered the patterns to please the taste of Paris designers.

After the Franco-Prussian war money was scarce and fashions changed. The older weavers died and the younger men lacked skill. Even yet native merchants buy up wool and hire workers to weave square shawls and adorn the borders with embroidery, but one of the most beautiful of textile arts exists, in the old sense, no longer.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR SCOURS

According to New Jersey Specialists Trouble is Result of Carelessness in Feeding.

Ordinary scours in calves are a simple digestive disorder, the result of carelessness in feeding, according to New Jersey dairy specialists. They should be attended to at once. Cut the feed in half and give a dose of castor oil (one-half pint). Clean and disinfect all utensils.

White scours is a germ disease and is usually fatal. Prevention methods constitute clean quarters for cows at calving time, thoroughly disinfecting the calf's navel at birth and clean quarters for calves with plenty of sunlight.

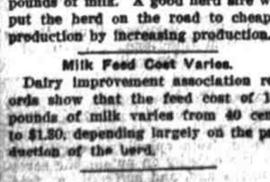
A good remedy when calf scours are prevalent is as follows: One ounce bismuth subnitrate, One-half ounce salol, Three ounces bicarbonate of soda.

Give one teaspoonful of this mixture in one-half pint of milk three times daily.

Good Sire Will Help. The fixed charges of maintaining a cow that milks 4,000 pounds of milk a year is but little less than those of maintaining a cow that milks 6,000 pounds of milk. A good herd sire will put the herd on the road to cheaper production by increasing production.

Milk Feed Cost Varies. Dairy improvement association records show that the feed cost of 100 pounds of milk varies from 40 cents to \$1.20, depending largely on the production of the herd.

BELLS



For foundation planting, use bayberry, thornberry, coralberry, dogwood, Morrow's honeysuckle, hydrangea, Japanese quince, rhodotypha, Bogel's privet, snowberry, rugosa rose, spirea and wickstea.

For borders, use flowering almonds, orangeans, dogwood, forsythia, upright honeysuckle, Philadelphia flowering currant, viburnum.

For screens use Tartarian honeysuckle, buckthorn, elder, lilac, New York ivy and evergreen.

For shrubs use the flowering shrubs, native rose, coralberry and many others.

For shady places, use bayberry, dogwood, viburnum and all the low-growing shrubs.

Make your home look as beautiful as possible.

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Father Time's Baby

ATHER TIME has called the New Year his Young Hopeful.

He presents him as a happy urchin with a smiling face.

Thus we welcome him. We always make new investments in hope on January first.

We are not disposed to criticize Time's new boy.

The criticism of a flower adds to our knowledge, but it spoils the flower.

Even if the future brings something of disappointment it will leave us something to still hope for.

The hope of a snail has sustained many a castaway upon this island of a world.

It is such a pleasure to hope that one could thank God for it, though he never realized it.—(Christopher G. Hazard.)

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

New Year Skating

By Mary Graham Bonner

THAT crisp, cold, bright New Year's day they went skating. The children home for the holidays, the fathers home from business, the mothers who were having a glorious afternoon in the out-of-doors—all took part in the New Year skating party which was being given.

The ice was firm, hard and smooth. Never had it seemed so wonderful.

The air was invigorating. There was no wind. It was an ideal day for a skating party.

Afterward they would go back for a New Year's supper party and sit around a big fire telling stories. They would all be at the party. It would be for both old and young, for was not New Year's day a day that was young and yet so close to the oldest day of the year that had gone before?

And in the meantime they skated and laughed and sang songs and fell down and laughed some more and played games. All of them joined in. And they looked about them at the frozen lake and at the hills surrounding with the glow of the first afternoon's rosy light upon them.

It was a beautiful world and people in it were so beautiful, too.

Had it anything to do with the wishes for a Happy New Year which everyone had been wishing everyone else that day?

And not only that—but the wishes in the hearts of each which were sincere wishes for happiness in the gay, good, New Year just commencing?

UNCLE EBEN TOO BUSY

"I has a great respect," said Uncle Eben, "foh de man dat is too busy shovelin' snow to prance around wishin' everybody 'Happy New Year' when dey bumps on his sidewa'k."

ORNAMENTS FOR THE GARDEN

Essentials That Are of a Great Deal More Importance Than Are Generally Considered.

Many beautifully arranged gardens in which the color and performance of the plants are beyond reproach lack a certain sparkle, a definite point of interest, which may be supplied with a well-placed bit of ornament or a grouping of furniture. The ornament may be anything from a pair of warmed, gracefully shaped, yet inexpensive terra cotta jars, to a finely designed sundial or bird-bath. The furniture, depending upon the character of the garden, may be anything from a simple bench of stained oak to a smart and stylish array of painted-wood or French-iron chairs, settees and tables.

Of course, it is advisable in any instance to give the article some semblance of being used or, at least, usable. The urn might hold a plant suitable to its shape and color; the sundial should indicate the time with a fair degree of accuracy; the bird-bath should be one in which birds will be apt to bathe in their delightful, sun-drenched way, and the furniture should be comfortable and inviting. Yet things will always be essentially decorative. Their usefulness should be shared by an equal amount of beauty and appropriateness.

Shrubs. For foundation planting, use bayberry, thornberry, coralberry, dogwood, Morrow's honeysuckle, hydrangea, Japanese quince, rhodotypha, Bogel's privet, snowberry, rugosa rose, spirea and wickstea.

For borders, use flowering almonds, orangeans, dogwood, forsythia, upright honeysuckle, Philadelphia flowering currant, viburnum.

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The Recent Earthquake in Japan As I Experienced It And As It Was Told To Me By Others

It was on Saturday, September 1st, as the clock hands met at the figure twelve, that I, while receiving money from the cashier of the Karuzawa Bank, became suddenly aware that something awful was happening to the building in which I stood. As I remember it, the first sensation was like the sensation one gets when riding over corn ridges or a road full of holes. This was followed by a side movement like a ship being tossed by the swelling of the ocean. Of course all this happened much quicker than it has taken me to tell it. The next sensation I had was standing in the street with feet apart about as far as I could comfortably get them in order to hold my equilibrium. I felt like I wanted something to hold on to, but nothing about me appeared to be safe. Some of the ladies who were among the banking party that day sat down in order to keep from falling. How we all got to the street so soon I am not able to tell. I can recall seeing one man crawling over the cashier's desk in order to make his escape.

When the excitement moderated a little it suddenly appeared to us that Mount Asama, an active volcano which could easily be seen from our position on a clear day, was erupting, and that we would soon be covered with ashes and molten rocks. But changing our position a little we could see the great pile of ashes in the distance and to our surprise she was as quiet as ever. So we all returned to the Bank thinking that this quake was like many others which we had felt whose sources could not be clearly ascertained. However, we hadn't more than got settled at our respective places in the line (for these were going away days and the people were at the Bank in great numbers that day to draw out their balance) before we had about the same sensation over again, only this time we felt like we might be getting ready to move off somewhere, hence we immediately decided to get off into the street again and see what would happen, but we only had repeated again about the same sensation as before, so we marched back into the Bank and completed our business and scattered to our homes. On arriving at my summer home I found Mrs. uaman and Miss Barnes standing in the yard seemingly waiting for the house to fall. Mrs. Auman complained of being sea sick on account of being rocked so much. But the intensity of the fright was soon over and we were beginning to settle back into normal life again with a few shocks during the afternoon and night to remind us of the experience. We were not aroused from this normality until next morning when a Japanese friend came to

our home and told us that the cities of Tokyo and Yokohama were burning up as a result of the awful earthquake which they had in those parts. But this report and others as well were not received very seriously, as they were given as unauthentic. However, we were soon told that all trains had stopped running and that it was impossible to receive or send any messages to the above named cities or the surrounding district, and furthermore that the train carrying Mrs. E. I. Obee and little daughter and Miss Olive I. Hodges back to their respective places of abode, namely Gotemba and Yokohama, had been wrecked by the earthquake as it was crossing a high bridge near Tokyo City and that all the people on the train had been killed. The day passed and we knew nothing other than that the above named persons had perished. However, as the western sun was taking the last peep from behind Mt. Asama's smoking crater and the shadows of the evening were creeping out from the mountain valleys, one Mr. Buchanan without warning appeared in the village streets of this little mountain village like a God-sent messenger telling of the safety of the people who had left the village that morning previous to the earthquake. His story went that the train of which I have spoken had just crossed the high bridge when the earthquake came and that all had arrived safely in the city of Tokyo. Whether they would continue to be safe was very uncertain as the larger part of the city was on fire and that it was impossible to stop the fires as the waterpipes had been broken by the earthquake. Furthermore he told us that our friends had found lodging in a dormitory for the Blind Girls of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. With this news we felt relieved a little for the time. But as the days came and went no more news came from these parts or could we send, as all communications had been broken.

In a little village at the foot of Mt. Fuji was a house which had been the scene of merry making among Mr. Furniture and Mr. China and his kitchen associates. Really the excitement had begun with such vivacity that its occupants had to immediately seek refuge in the open. The occupants were our well known missionary Rev. E. I. Obee and his son and daughter, John and Mary. Mr. Obee had just finished reading a telegram from his wife saying that she was on her way from Karuzawa. Mr. Obee knew she should have arrived in Tokyo about the time of the earthquake. Where she was now was a question which remained in his mind for ten days until one day a rather small woman leading a little blue-eyed girl made their way up a long flight of steps to the little bell which said "we are here." What these two good people had to suffer during these days of anxiety no one will

ever exactly know.

In order to come a little closer to what really took place during this awful catastrophe I must pass beyond my own personal experience to the experience as I have heard them related.

One night a few days after the great catastrophe, Rev. E. I. Obee and I decided to try to make the long distance between Nagoya and Yokohama cities, for the distance had become very great, since the earthquake had almost made it impossible for trains to run through. So many of the Government's cars and engines had been destroyed or impaired that only a few trains were able to make a part of the distance. We counted ourselves fortunate however to find a place to stand in the car, for many were not able to get on at all. When our train could go no further we would get off and walk across the country until we came to the next train. This we kept up until we reached the remains of Yokohama city about one o'clock the next day. For the last fifty miles of the way we had beheld houses and seemingly at places whole villages upturned and whole forest which had fallen from the hillside into the valley below, but nothing looked quite so heart-breaking as the city of Yokohama. The Bible speaks of the awful destruction which befell the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. To my mind there is no other story which will help you to see the destruction of this once flourishing city so well as this story. It was one big pile of brick and stone.

J. CLYDE AUMAN, Nagoya, Japan. (To be continued.)

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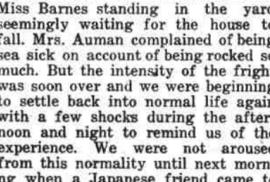
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