

**COUNTY NEWS**

**HAPPENINGS AT CORE CREEK**

Mrs. Alex Foreman was in New Bern Wednesday trading.

Miss Sudie Oglesby of Bridgeton is visiting her niece Mrs. Alex Foreman.

Mrs. D. W. Bell of Harlowe spent Monday with her mother Mrs. G. M. Sabiston.

Mrs. Roy Mason of Harlowe spent Monday with her mother Mrs. J. P. Dickinson.

Mesdames Lula and G. C. Bell of Harlowe spent Thursday with Mrs. E. C. Dickinson.

Mrs. Elmo Taylor and son of Bachelor spent Thursday with her mother Mrs. J. F. Sabiston.

Miss Louise Bell spent the week end at her home at Bogus. She returned Sunday afternoon.

Messrs. Alex Foreman, M. C. Dickinson and D. W. Sabiston made their weekly trip to Beaufort last week.

We had a heavy rain Monday night and it is still raining at this writing. We are sorry on account of the potato digging.

Mrs. Kate E. Gooding of North River returned to her home Friday afternoon after spending a few days in our midst.

Mrs. Joe Dickinson and Misses Evie Lee Hardie and Irene Simpson of North River were guests of Mrs. G. C. Langdale Sunday.

Dr. C. N. Mason of Harlowe was a visitor at Sunday School Sunday morning. We are always glad to see and have him with us.

Mr. Alex Foreman, Mrs. J. H. Dickinson and daughter Miss Marie and Mrs. L. C. Dickinson and little daughter Florence were at New Bern Saturday.

The Ladies Aid of Harlowe met at the home of Mesdames J. D. and B. B. Small Wednesday afternoon. They served oysters, crackers and pickles to their guests.

There will be a pie party out here Friday night Nov. 19. All are cordially invited to attend with a full pocket book and to spend liberally. It is for the purpose of raising money for Christmas.

**Home and Sunday School Must Work Together**

(Continued from page three)  
caresses us and soothes and heals the wounds and whatever trouble there may be, disappears. When we are through with our sniffles, mother wipes away the tears, we jump down and toddle away again to join our playmates, as happy as ever. We forget mother's love and kindness in the happiness of our play, but mother has left upon that heart, that life, impressions that will live on throughout eternity. We come to mother, as we get older, in much the same way. In our outbursts of anger against a playmate because he claims one of our marbles or because our friend's doll, in our imagination, has said some rude things to our own precious doll. We come breathing out threatenings against our playmate. What a wonderful opportunity for mother to take us and in her patient and loving way, calmly teach us a great lesson in self control that may mean much to us in after life. That mother has great and fearful responsibilities—too great for her to bear them alone—the Sunday School should and will help if we as parents will co-operate.

We read and talk so much about the responsibilities, faithfulness and duties of mother. Is there any reason the father should have less responsibilities? In some respects the responsibility of the father is greater than that of the mother especially when there are boys in the home. No matter how earnestly a mother may try to teach and train her boys and try to get them interested in Sunday School and church, if the father is worldly or even indifferent, it sometimes seems like a hopeless task, for the boy looks to the father as an example of the ideal man. This is often true when the father is not worthy of such trust and confidence on the part of the child. We bemoan the fact of so much indifference and waywardness on the part of our boys in our county. Why should they be expected to be any other way? I can tell you where the biggest responsibility lies on the shoulders of the indifferent fathers. Fathers, you are responsible for bringing into this world a human soul. That soul will live on throughout all eternity. When the everlasting hills and mountains shall have become old and crumbled in decay; when the waters of the great deep shall have been dried up; when the sun has ceased to shine and give out its heat, the soul of your boy will have just

begun its life in eternity, in a realm where a thousand years is but a day. Are you willing to face that boy over there and to bear his opinion of your influence on his life? Will it be a glad and joyous meeting among the redeemed? Will he throw his arms around your neck and sing your praises because you led him to Sunday School as a child and by your life set an example that led him to know his Lord and Master? Or will he, from his pit of gloom and despair, shrink from you as from a frightful beast, with cursings too foul to be uttered, because you set him the example of loafing on the street corners or around the stores on Sunday morning instead of attending Sunday School?

Suppose you were invited by the recording angel to write a sentence or a few sentences expressing your ideals of life to be read from the Book of Life on that morning when we shall all come face to face with our Lord, would you not be extremely careful to say just the right things? That is exactly what is happening. Your child is the tablet on which is being inscribed for all time and eternity the influence from your life and the inscriptions on that tablet will be publicly read before you and the great host on that great day.

We love our children dearly, but in so many cases, we are so busy looking after their temporal welfare, we neglect to co-operate with the children follow our example of indifference until they become hardened in the world and there is no hope.

A building was on fire. In that building was a mother and her child. That mother loved her child above everything else in the world. She loved it so much that she had spent much money gathering around it many trinkets and playthings. When the alarm was given, the mother thought of all these lovely things that meant so much to the happiness of the child. Thinking that she had time to save them, she hurriedly gathered them in her arms and rushed out to a place of safety and then rushed back after her child. But, before she reached the room in which was her child, the flames had cut her off. The child was lost. In her anguish of soul, she shrieked and fell in a swoon and would have been lost herself had not some one rushed to her rescue. Is that an extreme illustration? I think not. All around us there are hundreds of women and men doing just this very thing. They are so devoted to their children, so wrapped up in their affections. They spare nothing in reason to give them what they need and give them a good time. Their one desire in life is to make them happy, to dress them properly, to see that they take their rightful place in society. The worldly fire is beginning to burn in that building, the alarm is sounded time and time again from the Sunday School and church. At last we realize that the building is on fire, but the trinkets and playthings must be saved first and before we know it the flames have cut us off from our children and we are left to spend our old age in lives of remorse and suffering.

We as fathers are just as careless and in most cases more so. We, too, love our children dearly. We may not express that love in such tender terms as the mother. We may not be as attentive to the many little things to amuse the children but we love them. We not only love our own children, but we love all children. If some one were to rush through the street at this moment crying that a child was overboard or lost or kidnaped. I a moment this building would be empty. We would be rushing here and yonder trying to find and save that child. Only a few years ago, we had a vivid illustration of this kind, when in the quiet of the evening, suddenly the word was flashed through town that a child had been kidnaped. In an incredibly short time the streets were thronged with people, all in a rush to help save the boy. We as fathers are quietly and in an unconcerned manner letting the kidnapers of the world and the Devil steal away our boys. Oh! that we might realize it and that the men of this county as well as of the world might be awakened to the real condition that faces our children. If we care nothing for our own souls, we should care something for the souls of our children.

We need more christianity in our homes. There is no better way to bring this about than to link our homes with the Sunday Schools and co-operate with the christian workers not only in the Sunday School but in all phases of the church work.

A traveller was passing through an undeveloped country. It was before the day of automobiles and travelling was tedious and slow. Night overtook this man before he reached his destination. He was carrying a large sum of money and he was very much concerned for its safety. He finally came to a dilapidated looking hut in which he sought shelter. The inmates were rough looking, showing the results of their hard frontier life. The traveller was uneasy for fear that they might combine against him and rob him of his money. When he was at last shown to his room, he drew down and fastened every window and pushed the bed against the door trying to make himself secure from attack. After awhile, he heard

low rumbling talking. He thought his fears would be realized and that they were making their plans of attack. Putting his head close to the door and listening intently, he realized to his great delight that the family were having their evening devotions. They were reading from God's word. He immediately rolled his bed away from the door and raised the windows, retired and had a good night's rest because there was christianity in that home.

Fathers and mothers, are we meeting the responsibilities of parenthood as we will some day hope we had? Do we realize how time is fleeting and how fast our children are growing up and away from us? Are we cooperating with the Sunday School

and church in a way that will draw our children? It will be only a few short years before we will face that terrible moment that Mary and Joseph faced when her child of twelve years met their anxious questioning with that strange answer: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Oh! how we then want our children to be active in the Sunday School and church. Will they? It depends upon how you are leading them and training them in their earlier life. Folks, let's get under the Sunday School problems of our county and discharge our responsibilities as men and women in the fear of God and for the sakes of our children and our neighbor's children.

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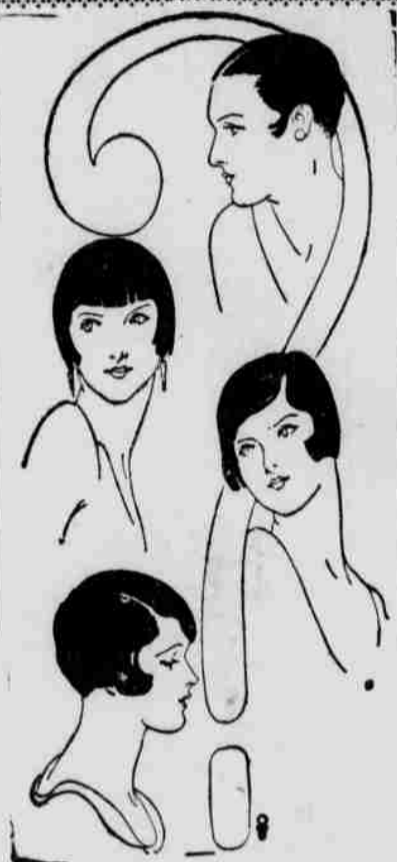
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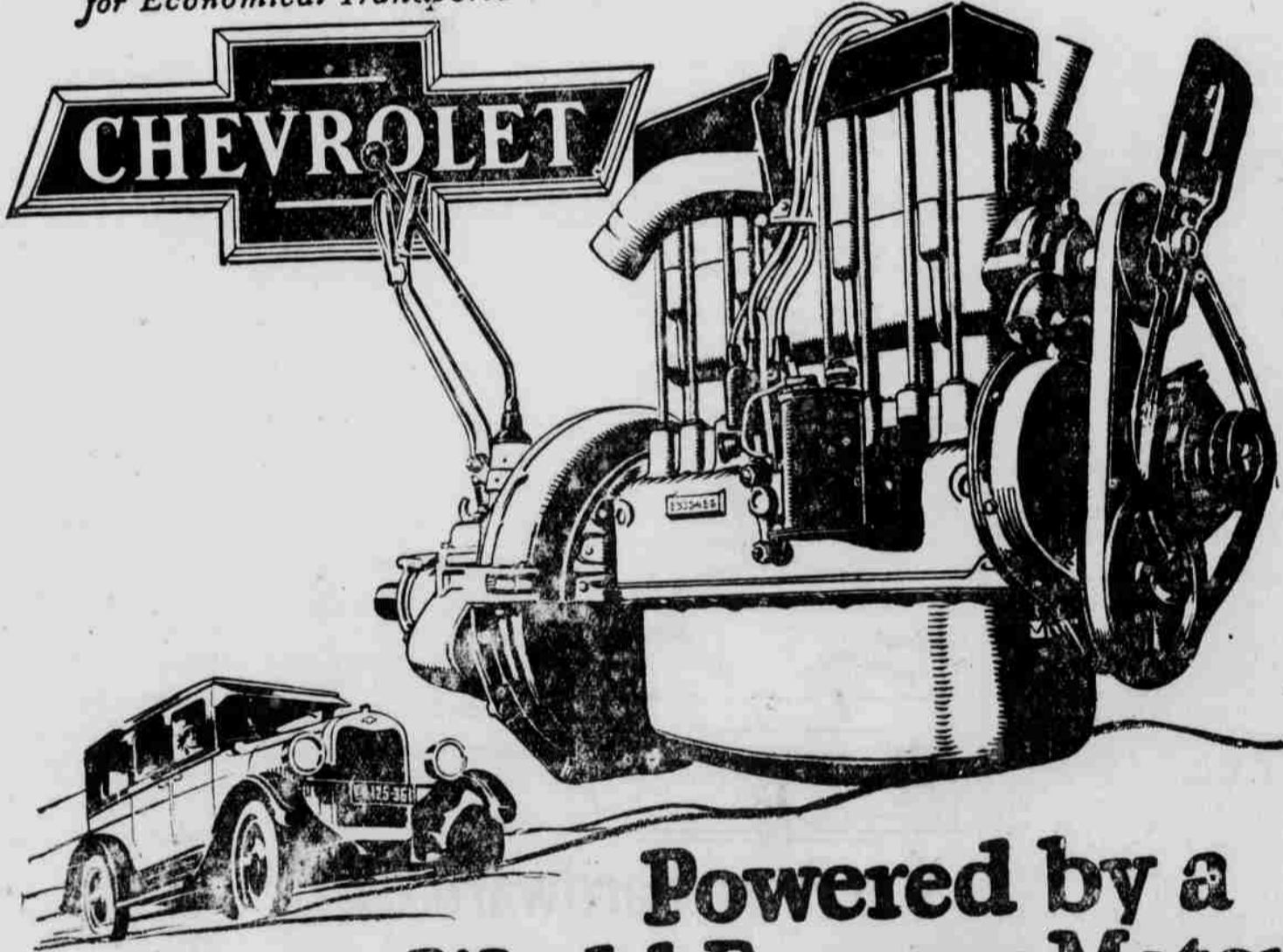
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