

## OAKDALE ITEMS.

The past week has been very cold. Farm work has been on a standstill for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolphus Kimrey are all smiles. It is a baby girl that came to make her home with them for a while. Good luck to them!

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gilton have left us and moved near Liberty. We are sorry to lose Wesley.

Mr. Editor, you have been boasting very much about other States and towns. What about the cotton mills in Alamance? One of our neighbors informed us that they went through some of our mills in Alamance and not one-half of the looms were running and what was running was on 1-2 time, or only three days a week. That does not look like prosperity returning to us. We were also informed that in one town in N. C., people are burning their chairs to keep fire, when there is plenty of wood. We do not object to any one helping foreigners (Belgians) but we think charity ought to begin at home.

Mr. Eugene Spoon, of Atlanta Dental College and sister, Effie, of Greensboro, will spend holidays with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Daffron took a flying trip to Burlington Saturday.

There will be so many hunters and visitors with during the holidays that it is impossible for us to give all.

News is very scarce as the weather has been so bad that we have not been able to get out and pick up much.

Mr. A. T. Spoon, proprietor of Oakdale Nursery, went to Carthage to sell trees during court.

The Christmas tree and exercises at Oakdale will take place Tuesday night, Dec. 22, at 7:00 o'clock. Everybody invited to behave.

To look at the nice letters that the children have written to old Santa, it seems The Dispatch has a large circulation. I hope that all will be remembered by old Santa.

## ACTS SANTA CLAUS IN PERSON.

Mr. A. L. Baker, President of the Virginia Cotton Mills, at Swepsonville, acted good old fashioned Santa Claus to all his active mill operatives in a most unique and clever way. It has been the custom of Mr. Baker to show his appreciation of the loyalty of his many operatives every year, let times be good or bad, and this year was no exception to those past. Year before last it was a trip to the State Fair. Last year a trip to the great Barum & Bailey Circus, and this year feeling that owing to unsettled conditions in the mill business as well as the commercial world, Mr. Baker conceived the idea that it would be a good plan to encourage his operatives in the art of saving, to carry out this program it required a great undertaking as well as a good sum in cash. In order to impress upon his mill help the importance as well as the convenience of a savings account in some good financial institution, Mr. Baker deposited a sum of money in the Commercial National Bank, of Raleigh, N. C., to the credit of each employee, and had a pass book made out in each employee's name with the amount credited therein and the operatives can add to this amount, or withdraw it just as they desire, there are no restrictions or strings tied to it, it is a gift pure and simple. To all the oldest employees that is those who have been with the mill for a number of years their pass book contained a deposit of \$5.00 and to all others, regardless of the time they had been employed their pass book contained a deposit of \$2.50. There are a large number of operatives employed by this mill and the sum deposited to their credit amounted to more than a thousand dollars. Mr. Baker presented these pass books in person on Christ-

mas Eve and had a word of cheer for each one as he presented the pass books. These good loyal and true operatives appreciate the action of this progressive mill management, and will render faithful and better service for this kindness upon the part of Mr. Baker. Mr. D. F. Williams is the superintendent of this large and flourishing manufacturing enterprise, and has been with the mill so long that if Mr. Baker had undertaken to reward him for the long service performed it would have taken about another thousand to have completed the job. The people of Alamance County are proud of the management of the Virginia Cotton Mills, and their one wish today and forever more, will be, Long Live Mr. Baker, Long Flourish the Mill Village of Swepsonville. The Dispatch has many readers and warm friends at Swepsonville and it gives us pleasure to chronicle this pleasant remembrance. A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all of you, is our one best wish.

## ABOLITION OF OFFICE OF TREASURER.

Henry A. Page, of Moore County, who has represented his county in the legislature for several terms, is not only a successful business man, but is a forward-looking man. In the legislature two years ago Mr. Page introduced a bill to abolish the office of county treasurer and allow banks to handle county funds, which the banks would be glad to do without cost. As most legislators much prefer to create an office rather than abolish one, Mr. Page had little company in his effort to abolish county treasurer's jobs. But he persisted in passing the bill for his own county and a few others joined him. Here is the result of Mr. Page's county: A contract was made with a bank to handle the county's funds. The bank not only charges nothing for the service, but pays the county 2 percent on daily balances. The salary of the treasurer in Moore county was about \$1,200. That sum is not only saved to the taxpayers, but in addition they get interest on their money deposited in the bank. If about 75 to 100 per cent. of the men sent to the North Carolina legislature were of the Henry Page type the public would be very much the gainer.—Statesville Landmark.

This sounds good to the Republican Progressives of Alamance County who advocated this measure during the campaign. We were right then, we are right now, and sooner or later it is coming. We need this money that is paid out uselessly, for the ball bonds that are retarding our progress, who will be the first Democrat of prominence to start a petition to our representative to pass a bill to abolish the office of county treasurer for Alamance County? You will cover yourself with glory, even if you get in bad with the politicians.

Other counties are abolishing the office of County Treasurer, and saving the taxpayers hundreds of dollars. Why not Alamance?

## PAY YOUR DEBTS.

More and more we are convinced that what this country most needs is a religion or training that will make a man pay his debts. Shouting does not settle accounts with God or man. Often we want to bounce a fellow right out of Church because he went fishing on Sunday, but never say a word to the pious scamp who never pays his debts, and such people are doing the Church more harm than any lot of Sunday desecrators, for there are more of them in the Church. Readers, are we getting close to you? Then lay down this paper and go and pay up and you can read on at ease. And don't you stop paying because the

"Statute of Limitations" excuses the open account which you made for bread and meat. You must pay it in cash of God will make you pay it in fire and brimstone.—Tazewell Enterprise.

## THRILLING FEATURES IN "ZUDORA."

Mr. E. May, Burlington, N. C.

Dear Sir:— We want to inform you of the many thrilling features that will be inaugurated in "Zudora" in the forthcoming episodes, as follows:

In Episode No. 6 we have a mob scene in which there are more than two thousand people. There is an extraordinary climax in which an innocent man is saved from lynching.

In Episode No. 7 we have a double sensation reproducing the blowing up of a battleship which will portray vividly some of the extraordinary things which will happen in naval battles in the different sections of the world.

We have also bought one of the most expensive mansions in suburb and New York which will be burned up to furnish a thriller.

In Episode No. 8, we give the public an extraordinary battle to rescue "Zudora" in which four members of the Thanouser Syndicate Corporation were severely injured. Nothing so sensational has ever been shown on the screen.

In Episode No. 9, by special arrangement with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company we blow up a freight train in order to furnish spectacular finish to the reel. This has been considered the biggest thing yet in the way of a thriller.

Beginning with Episode No. 10 we introduce the celebrated favorites of the Mystery, including Florence Labadie, Frank Farrington and Sidney Brucey.

When you announce these features you will not be able to handle the many interested patrons that will flock to see "Zudora." Don't forget that the first few episodes were simply the settings for the extraordinary and you are aware that an extraordinary story is impossible to unravel right off the reel. There will be nothing but enthusiasm on the part of every exhibitor and patron when they see these remarkable Episodes.

Thankouser Syn. Corp.,

## UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

The following letters remain in the postoffice at Burlington, N. C., unclaimed by the person to whom addressed on December 19, 1914:

George Pritchard.  
Bogue Griffin.  
Prof. William Keck.  
W. E. Vlevis.  
Jim Murphy.  
Hubert N. Hunt.  
Miss Lona Hughes.  
Persons calling for any of these letters will please say "Advertised" and give date of advertised list.

O. F. CROWSON,  
Postmaster.

## WHY ADAM DIDN'T GET HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Old Man Adam didn't get his money's worth. He never drank any likker; he never had an affinity; he never smoked cigarettes, he never chewed plug tobacco; he never got stung by endorsing for a friend; he never dodged his taxes—he simply made one little error and brought disgrace upon himself and his heirs. He missed so much and paid so dearly for the little fun he had.—Everything.

## GOT HIS.

"Did the play have a happy ending?"  
"You bet it did. Someone in the gallery hit the villain square in the face with a tomato."—Houston Post.

## THE LATEST ULTIMATUM.

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention please  
Your bardner Vilhelm's here,  
Und had a vord or two to say  
Into your private ear;  
So turn away all udders now  
Und listen vell to me,  
For vat I say concerns us much,  
Meinself and Shermany.

You know, dear Gott, I vas your friend  
Und from mein hour of birth  
I quietly let you rule de Heffen  
While I ruled o'er de earth,  
Und yen I told mein soldiers  
Of by-gone battle days,  
I gladly split de glory  
Und give you half de praise.

In every vay I tried to prove  
Mein heart to you vas true,  
Und only claimed mein honest share  
In great deeds dat we do.  
You could not haf a better friend.  
In sky, or land, or sea,  
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm number two,  
De Lord of Shermany.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,  
Dat ve should still be friends,  
Und you should help to send my foes  
To meet deir bitter ends.  
If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do  
I'll nothik ask again  
Und you and I vill bardners be  
For evermore—Amen.

Und listen, Gott, it must be quick  
Your help to me you send  
Or else I haf to stop tack  
Und only blay defend.  
So four und twenty hours I gif  
To make de allies run,  
Und put me safe into mein blaace—  
De middle of de sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart  
I'll tell de vord de fact,  
But if you don't, den I must tink  
It is a hostile act.  
Den var at once I vill declare  
Und in mein anger rise  
Und send mein Sepp'n ships to wage  
A fight up in de skies.

Dis ultimatum, now, dear Gott,  
Is von of many more  
Mein mind is settled up to clean  
De whole world off de floor.  
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,  
An extra chance is giften,  
So help at vonce, or soon I'll be  
De Emperor of Heffen.

It seems strange to us that when a high protective tariff is robbing the people, and when a Republican administration is squandering the people's money in pensioning Yankee soldiers, and Republican postmasters and Revenue doo-dlers, are disgracing the government, that business is good all over the country, banks are just groaning with money which they are anxious to loan, labor is always employed, the dinner pail is full, railroads are taxed to their fullest capacity to move the freight and the traveling public, the price of cotton and other farm produce are high and the people happy.—Yes, strange isn't it.

## \$2 WHEAT PREDICTED IF WAR LASTS ANOTHER YEAR.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 23.—Portland's grain market continued on the upgrade today. Futures held steady but in spot dealings there were gains from a half to one cent in most grades. Dealers on the exchange were predicting that wheat would reach \$1.50 a bushel by the end of January and \$2 in another year if the European war continued.—Philadelphia Press.

## ONE REASON.

"I wonder why there are so few women architects?"  
"Perhaps women are afraid they might be called designing creatures."—Boston Transcript.

## SOUR GRAPES.

At various times, since the election, we have noticed that many Democratic newspapers have professed to be entirely satisfied with the way things turned out. They of course admit that their party lost rather heavily in the election, but say they do not regret this as they had too large a majority in Congress any way. This view of the situation indicates a willingness to accept reverses philosophically, but it is not very good logic nor does it in all probability meet with the approval of those Democrats who were defeated. Mr. Gudger of the tenth district for instance, did not seem to take his failure in a very meek and contrite spirit. On the contrary he gave out a statement in which he spoke rather bitterly of the Democratic voters of his district whom he charged with having betrayed him.

It is quite true that the Democratic majority in the last Congress was very large, entirely too large in fact, but before the election came off we did not hear any Democrats complaining about it. As a matter of fact it was specifically urged by the Administration and the Democratic leaders that all the Democratic congressmen should be returned as an endorsement of President Wilson's policies. The President himself wrote many letters in behalf of the Democratic candidates, in most cases without any avail it is true, still it showed that he did not think the Democratic majority in Congress was too large.

## THE FOOLISH WHIRL-A-GIG.

If a Burlington man buys in Richmond and the Richmonder buys in Baltimore and the Baltimorean buys in New York, and the New Yorker buys in London and the Britisher buys in Paris and the Parisian buys in Berlin—who is helped and who is hurt? If the Burlingtonian buys in Burlington, he passes his dollar on to his neighbor and this neighbor passes it on to another, and this one pays a bill with the dollar and by night the dollar has paid a number of bills and ends up in a Burlington bank ready for another day's work in the interest of Burlington.

Start a dollar off by mail, and it's goodbye dollar.  
As congress is one of those things that we have to put up with, we are not worrying over the prospects of an extra session.

## PAYING PART ON DEBTS.

The Observer learns through inquiry that its suggestions in the way of selling a bale are being acted upon to a considerable extent by some of the cotton farmers. They are selling cotton in sufficient quantities to meet a part of their obligations at the banks, and in this way are putting a good deal of money into circulation, to the material benefit of local conditions. These farmers are taking the view that it is the proper thing to do under the circumstances, and the money they are paying into the banks has been going out to the merchants and through the merchants into the general trade channels, some of it finding its way back to the farmer, as would naturally be the case. It is a much better plan to sell a bale at some loss and pay debts, than to hold the bale in the hope of finally getting ten cents, thus in the meantime adding to the distress of the situation.—Charlotte Observer.

## THE GROUCH.

The world of today is no place for the grouch. He is a common nuisance, not only to others, but to himself. The grouch looks at things through green glasses, or a bilious temperament. He thinks everything is awry except himself. This is a world of good nature if you look for it; but the grouch never sees it when it is right before his eyes.

The grouch gets into the bad habit of snarling and snapping at everybody and everything. He thinks it measures his importance in the community. But he fools nobody but himself and sours everything within the radius of his disposition.

The grouch can no longer command an audience, and a grouch without listeners might as well be marooned on a desert island. So he is being left to his own company to die out and become extinct like the mammoth. Like the fungus on a tree he dies because there is nothing to feed his growth.

The space in the world occupied by the grouch is becoming less and less. Poets are born, not made; so there is really nobody to blame.

Men who have money to burn very frequently have cold homes.

**J. B. Jones Clo. Co.**

BURLINGTON, N. C.

WE wish to thank our many customers for their past patronage during the year that is drawing to a close. We feel that we have served the people with the utmost care and courtesy. We know by the way our store had been crowded during the holiday trade and the amount of business we did, that our customers know that we are giving them a square deal for their money. We beg to serve you in the future as we have in the past. Hoping you enjoyed a Merry Christmas and that the New Year that is drawing near will bring you good health and prosperity. We beg to remain,  
Yours truly,

**J. B. Jones Clothing Co.**

BURLINGTON, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM

**R. D. WHITE, Director**

**PIEDMONT TRUST COMPANY.**