

ELLERBE SCHOOL

Leads The Doctor announced today that "Pete" Smith was love-sick instead of having influenza. At the public will notice they will find that Miss "Flirty" Williams has moved her dimple from the left cheek to her right one. Mr. Mimsie Smith now has egg sandwiches on sale at the Ellerbe Cafe. Mr. "Countryman" Rankin continues to snuff at the ladies. Mr. Claud Thomas is wearing aluminum shoes to prevent so many accidents. See Red Amman for Walkover shoes at Nicholson's store. Mr. Ralph Ballard will take up third grade work at Derbys Memorial school after November 3rd.

School News

A unique saving system has been worked out in our school. This system is designed to get the young people in the habit of saving. One may open an account with five cents or more at either of the Ellerbe banks. The banks may lose money for awhile but they have the backing of the people at heart. Mr. Farlow and Mr. Bennett deserve credit for this system. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Farlow come over each Thursday to the school building to receive the amount each put in wishes to deposit.

Social Items

The many friends of Mr. James Ellerbe will be interested to learn of his marriage to Miss Elsie Allen, of Mt. Gilead, October 25th. These are popular young people and we all heartily wish them a successful life. Miss Ella Jane Smith, of this city, and Mr. Oscar Cole, of Hamlet, were married Wednesday, October 25th. Misses Lillian Patterson, Lena and Bernice Currie, of Jackson Springs were visitors in Ellerbe Sunday afternoon.

Town News

The Main street leading to the school is about complete. Cotton is about all out around Ellerbe. Mr. Willie Broadway has secured a job driving a jitney for Mr. A. D. Nance. The new house of the agriculture teacher is being painted this week. The Jethro Arnon shows came into town Sunday evening. They are counting on taking in a great sum of money.

The Advantage of a High School Education

(Blanche Greene.) A high school education is an advantage in every way. The boy who does not finish high school simply can not master the problems that come before him in his every day life. Then if a boy is to make a life a success and worth while it is his advantage to have a high school education. He need have no fear to face the world, he can more easily see the opportunities that come to him and with a high school education he can make his road an easier one to travel. From a business standpoint a high school education is quite necessary and most essential. A boy must know arithmetic and be able to figure accurately even if he has not completed high school, but he is lacking in other qualities that high school gives and without these qualities he can not gain the confidence of the people he deals with and he can not be successful in his business.

Then, too, with a thorough high school education any boy is able to judge for himself and choose what he likes for his life's work. Should he, after trying one job for awhile, not be satisfied, and have a desire to go higher, he would be in a position to do so. Should he want to attend college after being out of high school five years he could enter and go right on with whatever course he should desire, while on the other hand had he not completed high school there would have been a lost link in his life chain that he couldn't replace and he would have given up the idea of "going on" because he couldn't go back to high school. Yet if he could just enter college he would be all right. Therefore, it is a great advantage to have a high school education before going out into the world because with the high school education he has no lost link and he is prepared to go on with whatever he desires.

"Prettiest theatre in miles"—that's what they all say about The Garden; you'll say so, too, when you go there.—Adv.

PEE DEE NO. 1 ITEMS

Messrs. G. C. Moulden and J. W. Bacon, of Kannapolis, were visiting here Saturday and Sunday. The intermediate class of girls of the M. E. church entertained a number of girls and boys at a Halloween party Monday night.

Mr. Quincy Whiteley and mother are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dunk Solomon this week. They will return to their home in Albemarle Saturday.

Little Miss Grace Black entertained a number of her friends at a party Saturday afternoon.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. A. M. Boggan has been real sick. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Lewis, of Roberdel, were visiting Mr. J. W. Black Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilburn Carter were visiting Mrs. Sarah Flowers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patterson were in Hamlet Sunday to see Dr. James.

Mrs. Louie Williams, of Norman, was visiting her mother, Mrs. J. M. Rush, last week. Mrs. J. M. Rush has been real sick this week. Hope she will soon recover.

Mr. Will Norton has moved out on the farm near Steele's Mills. Mr. J. W. Maske is suffering from a sore hand this week. Mr. A. H. Farmer's children have the whooping cough.

Mrs. A. R. Jones and little granddaughter are visiting Mrs. Jesse Isley in Graham. Sorry to say that Mr. Miles Solomon is right sick. Hope he will soon recover.

Mrs. DeWitt Webb, of Blewett Falls, was visiting Mrs. W. H. Bogan Sunday.

"Naro."

LEDBETTER'S ITEMS

Rev. Dixon has only one appointment here before going to Conference. Mrs. John Garrett, of Great Falls, was visiting her son Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Derby, were visiting Mrs. R. O. Russell Sunday. There are several cases of whooping cough in our village.

We are glad to say that Mr. M. A. Currie is still improving. Mr. John McPherson gave the young people a singing Sunday night. It was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Lucy Gillis, of High Point, spent the week-end at home. Mr. Jim Currie and Mr. Edgar Gibson spent Saturday night and Sunday at Albemarle.

Rev. Ormand preached an able sermon at the convict camp Sunday evening at 3 o'clock. Mr. Clarence Thompson is sadly missed from this place.

Mr. Frank Lewis, of Aberdeen, was visiting friends here Saturday. Mrs. Bessie Dunn is visiting her parents on Route 5.

"American Beauty."

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER MORTGAGE

Under and by virtue of the power and authority conferred upon the undersigned, mortgagee, by the conditions and terms of a certain Mortgage Deed executed the 14th day of December, 1920, by William Fisher and Hannah Fisher, his wife, and duly registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Richmond County in Book No. 128, at page 110, being given to secure the payment of certain indebtedness, and default having been made in the payment of the Note by said mortgage secured, the undersigned mortgagee will, on Monday, the fourth day of December, 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, at the court house door in the town of Rockingham, offer and expose to sale, to the highest bidder for CASH the following described real estate and lands by the aforesaid mortgage deed conveyed, to-wit:

"Beginning at a stake, three black jack pointers on W. M. Cousins' line, and runs as his line and Lizzie Mumford's line North 18:15 East 4988 feet to a stake near the corner of a field and near an old road, on its South side; thence South 86:15 West 650 feet to a stake, pine stump and black jack pointers; thence South 19 1/2 West 3190 feet to a stake near an edge of a field near a fence; thence North 78:20 West 1614 feet to the center of the public road leading to Hamlet; thence with said public road South 7 1/2 East 506:1 feet; thence South 50:45 East 2270 feet to the beginning, containing 103.7 acres, more or less, it being that body and parcel of land conveyed to the parties of the first part by J. R. Henderson by deed duly executed and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Richmond County, reference being hereby made thereto." This November 3rd, 1922. H. D. BALDWIN, Mortgagee.

Been to The Garden yet? A dandy orchestra, first class pictures and plenty of them—and the price is 10 and 25c.—Adv.

Hat Shop

Miss Bertha Covington wishes to announce the fact that she is conducting a millinery shop on the second floor of the new Morse building on New street.

LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Watch Lost

Lost, in Rockingham, a wrist watch. Reward for return to Rosalie Gore.

Cow For Sale

For Sale, a Fresh Jersey Cow. Apply to T. C. Covington, Route 4.

Underwood Typewriters

Rebuilt like new. Money back guarantee. Terms as low as \$3 down and \$5 per month. Also, will rent or buy second-hand machines. Now have several used machines in good condition for sale cheap.—J. W. Moran, at Fox Drug Store.

2 Rebuilt Dodges

Two rebuilt Dodge touring cars for sale. Guaranteed in good mechanical condition. If you want a bargain, see us at once.—Lambeth-Armfield.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the people who gave their assistance in the illness and death of our loved one, Mrs. Fannie Stogner. L. T. Stogner and Family.

Hogs and Chickens

For sale, Duroc-Jersey pigs and hogs and Rhode Island Reds chickens.—Duroc Farms, H. Fairley Long, Rockingham.

Lot Wanted

Wanted, to buy a house and lot in Rockingham, or a lot suitable for building a dwelling thereon. Write to "X" care of Post-Dispatch.

In the market for car lo's cotton seed.—Allen-Morse Co.

LAND POSTED

Trespassers Take Notice

This is to give public notice to all that the lands belonging to the undersigned and situated in Rockingham Township are duly posted according to law, and we forbid any one trespassing upon the lands and especially hunting or in any manner, either with or without dog and gun. Violation of this will be prosecuted.

This October 25th, 1922. J. W. Nicholson, J. E. Covington, C. W. Gibson, C. J. Terry and Sisters, G. P. Entwistle, Corrie Thomas, L. P. Terry, W. W. Gibson, J. A. McNeill, L. B. McNeill, Frank McNeill, J. P. Green, G. B. Goodman, J. R. Hines, G. G. Terry, F. J. Fletcher, F. B. Baxley, J. J. Bennett, A. L. McNeill, D. C. McNeill, J. A. Hutchinson, R. B. Hutchinson, A. T. Hutchinson.

LAND POSTED

We, the undersigned, hereby forbid all hunting, with gun or dog, or trespassing in any way on our lands in Wolf Pit township—the Deputy Game Warden is looking after these lands with instructions to arrest and prosecute any one violating this notice.

J. M. Dockery, W. F. Campbell, E. A. Campbell, Neal Campbell, Tom Campbell, J. F. Diggs, W. K. Diggs, H. W. Harrington, W. T. Hamer, H. F. Long, B. A. Porter, H. J. Rogers, H. C. Wall, S. W. Wall.

NOTICE OF LAND SALE

The Town of Rockingham will offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder on the 5th day of December, 1922, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., on the land itself, the following tract or parcel of land in the Town of Rockingham, North Carolina, to-wit:

That certain tract or parcel of land bounded on the North by Robinson street, on the East by Terry street, on the South and West by LeGrand street.

The said tract of land will be divided into lots suitable for residences and these lots will be sold separately.

The terms of the sale will be as follows: One-third of the purchase price paid when deed is delivered. The remaining two-thirds to be secured and paid in equal installments, six and twelve months from date.

This November 4, 1922. W. STEELE LOWDERMILK, Mayor.

MIGHT PREFER OTHER PLACE

"Do you suppose jazz musicians will go to heaven?" "Maybe so," replied Mr. Grumpson. "According to the modern idea, nearly everybody is going to heaven, but I won't present my credentials to St. Peter until I find out whether or not they'll have to check their horns at the gate."

Hard Labor

"Well," said the shoe drummer, "what's going on in Chiggersville today?" "Heard about Zeke Dawle?" asked Squire Witherbe.

"No. Has he gone to work?" "Yes. Quite a number of our citizens were on hand to see him accept a position. In fact, the courtroom was crowded."

Poor Chance for Him

He—What would your father do if I told him I wanted to marry you? She—He'd refer the matter to me. He (hopefully)—And what would you do? She—I'd refer the matter to Mr. Smart, who proposed to me and was accepted while you were trying to make up your mind.



INEXPERIENCED

"What kind of coal do you wish, mum?" "Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?" "Oh yes. We have egg coal, chestnut—"

"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

Swat! The sneeters sing an airy wing As they linger hungrily by, But off their song, like that of the swan, Is the last before they die.

Named Fif

"The baby specialist is in high dudgeon." "What's wrong?" "A woman of fashion summoned him to attend her 'baby.'"

"Well?" "The cute little animal has four legs."

A Bit Previous

First Prisoner—Well, pardner, what are you in for? Second Ditto—Found some jewelry. F. P.—Why, they wouldn't send you up for that, would they? S. D.—Found it before the owner lost it.

Going It Alone

"I've called with a plan to make you a very rich man," said the stock salesman. "That's very nice of you," replied the prospective customer, "but I've decided henceforth to earn my own fortune and dispense with outside help."

Specimens of Magnificence

Teacher—The word "grand" is used in the sense of "splendid, sublime, noble," and the like. Can you give an example of such use? Little Bobby—Yes'm. Grand dukes and grand larceny.—Judge.

Proof Aptent

"How'd you get the black eye?" "Well, a girl told me she kissed." "Yes?" "Being doubtful, I thought I would see if she lied." "Well?" "She did."—Octopus.

Just So

"The men have gotta quit hammering at the way the women get themselves up. The limit has been reached." "I see your point. Paint and sawdust won't stand it."



FORCED TO IT

Mr. Thurston: Old Guzzie's been drinking like a fish ever since the country went dry. Mr. Wetmore: Put me next. Where does he get it? Mr. Thurston: From the same source where the fish gets his drink.

Hoping

If I survive to ninety-three, Or even ninety-seven, I'll live in hope that there will be No saxophones in heaven.

Progress

North—Do you think infants are burdened with original sin? West—No; but they're saddled up with considerable war debt.

Just So

"How about an itching palm?" "An itching palm is all right if a man is willing to scratch for a living."

A Heavy Burden

Stella carries her age well, at she?—Yes. It's a wonder she grows tired of the burden.

THE VISION CITY

By AGNES G. BROGAN (© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Linnette sat and looked over the rippling river. Linnette was small, dark and bewitching. Far across the blue was a vision city for when purple mists covered the hills the city was not there at all. But when the sun shone and the ships were white as foam, the vision city became a real place of gleaming turrets, towers and tall buildings, white and shining.

At these times Linnette loved to picture to herself beautiful women who might live their lives of pleasure in such a world. The people who came to buy were friends, most of them had watched the French girl grow from babyhood in her kind grandmother's care. The folk of La Mere village traveled abroad and knew but one place of abode. As their great-grandparents lived before them, they lived today.

And out across the blue the towers of the vision city beckoned to Linnette. Sometimes Gene came. Gene was an amusing lad, who persisted in courting her.

Repeatedly she told Gene of her dream. How one day people should come to the little shop and find it deserted. For in some unexpected manner, she, Linnette, would answer the beckoning towers and go to live beneath them. "And never, never, will I come back," she would tell Gene.

Linnette carried tiny dolls down to the shore and made for them these dainty dresses from scraps of silk or calico. It was not for pleasure alone that she carefully studied the fashion catalogs. And as she sewed one afternoon a touring car turned in from the road and a young man alighted. "Could you tell me," he asked, "where my mother and myself might be able to procure luncheon. We have traveled a long way and are tired and hungry?"

"You may not find a pension for miles. But I," added Linnette eagerly, "will be glad to serve you in my shop."

Strangers to Linnette, strangers from some foreign city of beautiful homes, were ever an adventure. The man's mother addressed Linnette as "Dear child."

It was all very delightful. Happily toward her little shop the girl led the way. "How unique," exclaimed Mrs. James Russell Gordon, as she walked about, admiring Linnette's tiny dolls of fashion. "Why, Russell, this French girl is a genius, a designer-to-be. Could Lucille create a frock more originally charming?" The big son laughed.

"Now mother," he remonstrated, "don't allow your usual sympathy and impulsiveness to prompt you to adopt this French girl and take her home. Remember past experience, please." What that experience might have been Russell Gordon did not say, but surprisingly his mother answered. "You have hit upon my very thought, as usual, dear. Of what use is our money if not to spread happiness and lead others to successful living? The past mistakes must not discourage the present. I like this wistful little creature. I am half disposed to give her her chance."

And after an afternoon in Linnette's company, while the son spent his time with the car, Mrs. Gordon became wholly disposed, and told Russell so upon his return. Knowing well his mother, the young man made no demur to her plan, but quietly and resignedly set about the arrangements for Linnette's departure. The girl agreed to the woman's suggestion. "And you think," she asked breathlessly, "that over there where buildings stand tall and lovely women come to buy that I shall learn to design dresses—and to sew pearls upon satin for them to wear?"

"We shall see," replied Russell Gordon's mother, smilingly. The gray-haired woman stooped to kiss the girl's glowing face. "In new deference the young man assisted her into the car. "Good-by," called Gene. Linnette regarded her old home cheerfully.

"It is not," she explained to her benefactress, "as though I had not all my life longed to go to a vision city. Else will keep the shop and Elise will never know what it means to send a heartache with every white ship that sails." Months passed and the girl, happy in her new environment, learned nothing of a dressmaker's art. Constantly she was at the elder woman's side, contentedly they walked and talked and studied together. And the son, so far, had refrained from reminding his mother of her purpose.

"Linnette," he began one day, "it was your purpose, mother, to educate her for a business profession—" "Russell," his mother interrupted, "I cannot part with her. She is so exactly the daughter I have long desired. I must keep her so, Russell." Then Russell Gordon laughed happily. "Our own," he corrected, "for this day, mother, I have asked Linnette to marry me."

And the girl, with wistful eyes no longer, looked up later to where the towers of a city gleamed in the moonlight. "It is still my vision city," she told her lover, "a vision of—dreams—come true."

"Darling," she said the day of the anticipated picnic to Morton's falls, "I wish for my sake you'd wear the lavender muslin; it is so becoming and I want you to make a good impression upon my friends. There's Tilly Saunders, for instance, a friend of my own girlhood—her doctor son is one of the finest if not indeed the finest of Bayard's young men." Daisy laughed. "But good naturedly Daisy wore the lavender muslin, Aunt urged the dark, warm cape upon her at departure.

"It may rain," she said, "and anyway it is cool down at Morton's falls. You will need a wrap." And as it often happens in this muddling world, Mrs. Saunders, glancing from an upper window at the very moment of Daisy's happy departure for the Falls, viewed the lavender frock, and the silk-lined cape contemptuously. Her son near by was preparing his medicine case for the calls of the afternoon.

FATE OR CUPID?

By MILDRED WHITE (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Margaret Eldridge was a very pretty girl—everyone was agreed as to that. But when she came to visit Aunt Margaret Wells in Bayardstown, it was not long before the majority of women residents at least had dubbed her "divolous."

"Does nothing all day," they said, "except dress up to look pretty and joll around." Daisy loved pretty clothes. There was also a dainty lavender frock—painted muslin, it was called—with violet flowers, scattered quaintly over its lavender surface. Mother had made this frock just before the serious time of her last illness—but Daisy could not yet think calmly of those sorrowful days—days of loving self-sacrifice upon her part—for which Aunt Margaret was now trying to atone—or to efface.

"Darling," she said the day of the anticipated picnic to Morton's falls, "I wish for my sake you'd wear the lavender muslin; it is so becoming and I want you to make a good impression upon my friends. There's Tilly Saunders, for instance, a friend of my own girlhood—her doctor son is one of the finest if not indeed the finest of Bayard's young men." Daisy laughed. "But good naturedly Daisy wore the lavender muslin, Aunt urged the dark, warm cape upon her at departure.

"It may rain," she said, "and anyway it is cool down at Morton's falls. You will need a wrap." And as it often happens in this muddling world, Mrs. Saunders, glancing from an upper window at the very moment of Daisy's happy departure for the Falls, viewed the lavender frock, and the silk-lined cape contemptuously. Her son near by was preparing his medicine case for the calls of the afternoon.

"I declare," remarked Tilly Saunders, "that girl from the city is dressed to go to a picnic, as though she were going on the stage."

"By the way," he remarked, "your friend Margaret Wells has invited me to meet her niece at a social. But if the niece answers your description, mother, please write for me the usual polite refusal—I am beastly busy and you can make no mistake in saying so."

Thereupon the young doctor went on his way. And Daisy, swinging her satin-lined cape, went blithely upon her way.

Peggy-Jane would not be pleased with this nor pleased with that. And Peggy-Jane insisted upon going out on the lake in shell-like bents with venturesome youths, or swimming dangerously far from shore.

"She is so reckless," Peggy-Jane's mother confided to Daisy. The afternoon was not a success; just near the supper hour came one of the sudden drenching showers. Daisy was out in it—so was Peggy-Jane—they were far from shelter. A moment the despised visitor of Bayardstown stood looking down at her rebellious charge. Peggy-Jane was giggling. "It is cold here near the Falls, isn't it, Miss Eldridge? Queer, how cold it can be in summer time, just because a little rain comes up." Daisy cast one hasty glance at the cherished painted muslin. Mother's fingers had fashioned it—the violets would run disastrously into the lavender ground. And Peggy-Jane was not the only one who had been warned against cold or dampness that summer. The trip into the country had been suggested as a fortifying remedy also for Margaret after her long days of nursing.

"There!" she said, as she folded the warm cape about Peggy-Jane's receptive figure, "that will keep you both warm and dry. Now let's run for it." Peggy-Jane's mother was tearfully grateful. "You have saved her from an illness, I am sure," she said. But Daisy had not saved herself from illness. It began that night after Aunt Margaret lovingly tucked her in bed. Daisy hated to tell about the queer throbbing pain in her back—the funny little creepy chills. But Aunt Margaret found out and later Daisy found herself telling a kind young physician.

"You see," she explained, "our old doctor at home told me I must be careful to avoid dampness, and all that. I had barely gotten over the flu, when mother was taken sick, and then—" "I see," the understanding young physician said. "The Falls is a damp hole," he remarked later, "and you were soaked in that cold rain; but we are going to prevent any serious trouble. You will have to take my word for it." Doctor Stephen smiled.

Daisy took his word for it. She felt that she would take his word for anything. Certain it was the young doctor did not neglect his patient. "Just run in again to see how she is," he would explain to smiling Aunt Margaret. When Daisy was able to take her first drive in his car, Doctor Stephen gazed admiringly into her violet eyes. "That was mighty decent of you," he remarked perplexingly, "to wrap your cape around my fool young niece. My sister had not forgotten the kindness, however."

Daisy stared, unbelieving. "Peggy-Jane your niece?" she questioned—which shows that fate, that mysterious power—or Cupid, or whatever you choose to call it, will not be cheated where two hearts are destined to beat as one."