

SAY, WE HAVE HEARD THAT

It snowed!

Examinations are over!

John G. Hall, Jr., spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Durham.

Jack Thomas, of Dickerson, is at Brantwood hospital for an operation.

Elizabeth Daniel is back in school after a severe siege of grippe.

Mrs. W. H. Crissman, of Durham, is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. P. Jeffreys.

We are glad to have Mary Taylor back in school after an absence of several days.

Miss Alleine Whitaker, of Norfolk, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. B. Ballou.

Annie Thompson Bradsher made the honor roll at Peace Institute. Good work, A. T., keep it up!

Mr. W. D. Stimson left last week for California, where he will make his home.

John Graham Webb got in Wednesday from Saranac Lake to spend some time with his family.

Jack Usry has been out of school several days this week nursing a severe cold.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Elder Hunt is much improved after a particularly hard attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. F. B. Blalock entertained her bridge club Tuesday afternoon. A brisk game was enjoyed and delicious refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morton and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Matthews have returned from South Boston, where they were called by the last illness of Mrs. Matthews' grandfather.

Mr. R. H. Lewis, Jr., and Supt. Credle attended the meeting of the city superintendents held in Raleigh this week under the direction of Dr. E. C. Brooks. There will be several matters for discussion, but probably the most important one will be the question of the proper Division of School Funds between city and rural schools.

THE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

In the first place, we haven't one. In the second place, we want one. In the third place, we are going to get one.

To start off with we have 184 books, no money, and a vast determination. Everybody is interested and everybody is willing to work. Mrs. Barnhart's 7-A class has already raised six dollars to help pay for the reading-table. A staff of volunteer librarians has classified and arranged the books. These students take turns about keeping the library and are as strict as the teachers about requiring good order. The names of the volunteer librarians are Corinne Cannady, William Hunt, Lucy Taylor Baird, Rosa Dickerson, Elizabeth Sneed, Elizabeth Bragg, and Mabel Smith. In another article in this issue, you will find how you can help us.

CLARENCE BURCH

A DEEP-LAID PLAN

"Would you mind letting me off fifteen minutes early after this, sir?" asked the bookkeeper. "You see, I've moved into the suburbs and I can't catch my train unless I leave at a quarter before five o'clock."

"I suppose I'll have to," grumbled the boss; "but you should have thought of that before you moved."

"I did," confided the bookkeeper to the stenographer a little later, "and that's the reason I moved."

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ROMIET AND JULIO

(The aftermath of Romeo and Juliet)
ACT I.

(P. S.—The only act)

Time: Just after the curtain has dropped on last act of Romeo and Juliet.

Place: Inside Juliet's tomb.

SCENE I. (A REAL SCENE!)

Jul., rousing herself—"Well, Rom., old thing, arise and away; it's nearly twelve o'clock, and here we are."

Rom.—No response.

Jul.—"Do you hear?"

Rom.—Says nothing.

Jul.—"Foul villain, get up!"

Rom.—Shows no inclination towards moving.

Jul., becoming plenty hot—"Traitor! do as I tell you."

Rom.—Does nothing yet.

SCENE II. (TRAGIC ENDING)

Juleo goes over to Romiet preparatory to enforcing her demands. Horrors! The poor fellow's arm had slipped and he had really killed himself!

Volley of uproarious applause ensues.

The End.

[Author's comment—Children, this is good drama. The only thing that keeps it from being printed alongside Shakespeare's stuff is the publisher.

[Signed] A PROMISING PLAYWRIGHT

NOT SERVED THERE

The applicant for cook was untidy and insolent in appearance.

"Don't hire her," whispered Jones to his wife; "I don't like her looks."

"But," remonstrated his wife, "just consider the reputation for cooking she bears."

"That doesn't matter," said Jones testily; "we don't want any she-bears cooked; we don't like them."

AGONY STUFF

Since Mary Therese was born, "sweet papa" has begun to realize the high cost of Livingood.

In a back number of *The Tattler*, feet were referred to as being among man's various fortifications. Someone has since suggested changing the f in fortifications to m, thereby deriving a more perfect definition.

Someone recently reminded us that the old school-house on Williamsboro street accommodated 175 children last year. Strange as it may seem, Mr. John Williams finds it necessary to build more rooms when he moves his family in.

TIDES OF LOVE

Flo' was fond of Ebenezer. "Eb" for short was called her beau. Talk of "tides of love!" Great Caesar! You should see them—"Eb and Flo."

SO TOUCHING

At first she touches up her hair To see if it's in place, And then with manners debonair, She touches up her face A touch of curls Behind her ears, A touch of cuffs and collars. And then she's off to hubby dear To touch him for ten dollars.

HOW COULD HE KNOW?

The youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped shirt and a more wonderful checked suit and had the vacant stare of "nobody home" that goes with both.

The dentist looked at his assistant. "I am afraid to give him gas," he said.

"Well," said the dentist, "how can I tell when he's unconscious?"

YOU CAN HELP US GET A SCHOOL LIBRARY

Mr. Barnhart has found a way by which we can get some of the much-needed books for our school library with the expenditure of only a little time and effort.

The Curtis Publishing Company has offered us 50 per cent on all subscriptions taken for the *Country Gentleman*. Every one that has visited the school library knows that we are in desperate need of books, so when our agents come to you for your subscription remember you are not only getting a first-class magazine but you are also helping to furnish the much-needed books for the library.

The literary societies have charge of the work and we hope to realize a good sum from our work.

POOR MULE IS DEAD

BREATH'S HIS LAST SURROUND-ED BY COLD-BLOODED SCIENTISTS, NOTE BOOK IN HAND

Poor mule is dead. His expiring kick was witnessed by the budding scientists of 9-B who wrote the whole thing down in their cute little notebooks.

For the past year the entire town has been aware that the genus mule has developed a hitherto unsuspected interest in matters educational. Anybody who passes the College Street Building is witness to the truth of this statement. Mule is always hanging around.

But who dreamed that this strange attachment would communicate itself to Squire Herndon's old clay-bank mule. The poor critter escaped from his own cozy stable and in a fit of desperation wandered to the high school campus where he was promptly overpowered by learning.

Moral: If a strong-minded mule can't stand it, what can we do?