

SPENCER DIRECTORY

CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, LODGES

A. F. & A. M. Spencer Lodge, 543. A. J. Gemayel, W. M.; J. K. Dorsett, Sec. Meets second and fourth Tuesdays, 8 p. m.

B. of L. E., Div. 375. D. A. Beaver, C. E.; C. B. Reynolds, F. A. E. Meets Mondays, 10 a. m.

G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Mrs. D. A. Beaver, Pres.; Mrs. A. D. Smith, Sec. Meets first and third Thursdays, 3 p. m.

Order Railway Conductors, Charlotte Div. 221. S. A. Tolbert, C. C.; W. S. Freeman, Sec. and Treas. Meets Sundays, 2 p. m.

Eastern Star. Mrs. C. M. Thornton, W. Matron; W. D. Pethel, W. Patron; Mrs. D. E. Kester, Sec.

Beulah Lodge, No. 226, I. O. O. F. Meets each Friday night Masonic hall, Wachovia Bank Building. A. L. Long, N. G.; A. J. Broad, R. S.; W. C. Norris, F. S.

Jacobi Rebekah Lodge, No. 55, I. O. O. F. Meets second and fourth Monday nights each month in Masonic Hall, Wachovia Bank Building. Mrs. L. M. Sharp, N. G.; Mrs. W. C. Norris, R. S.; W. C. Norris, F. S.

Walnut Camp, No. 92, W. O. W. Meets first and third Thursday nights in B. R. T. Hall, Wachovia Bank Building. W. C. Norris, C. C.; L. M. Sharp, C.

Frances Conclave, No. 928, I. O. H. Meets second and fourth Thursday nights in B. R. T. Hall, Wachovia Bank Building. G. W. Johnston, Archon; C. H. Pendleton, R. S.

Spencer Council, No. 74, Jr. O. U. A. M. Meets each Tuesday night in B. R. T. Hall, Wachovia Bank Building. J. W. Parks, C.; J. E. Connell, R. S.; R. H. Klutz, F. S.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. M. Dunaway, pastor. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Y. M. C. A.—B. F. Stevenson, Gen. Sec. Open night and day. Services and Lectures, as announced in Crescent and on posted bills.

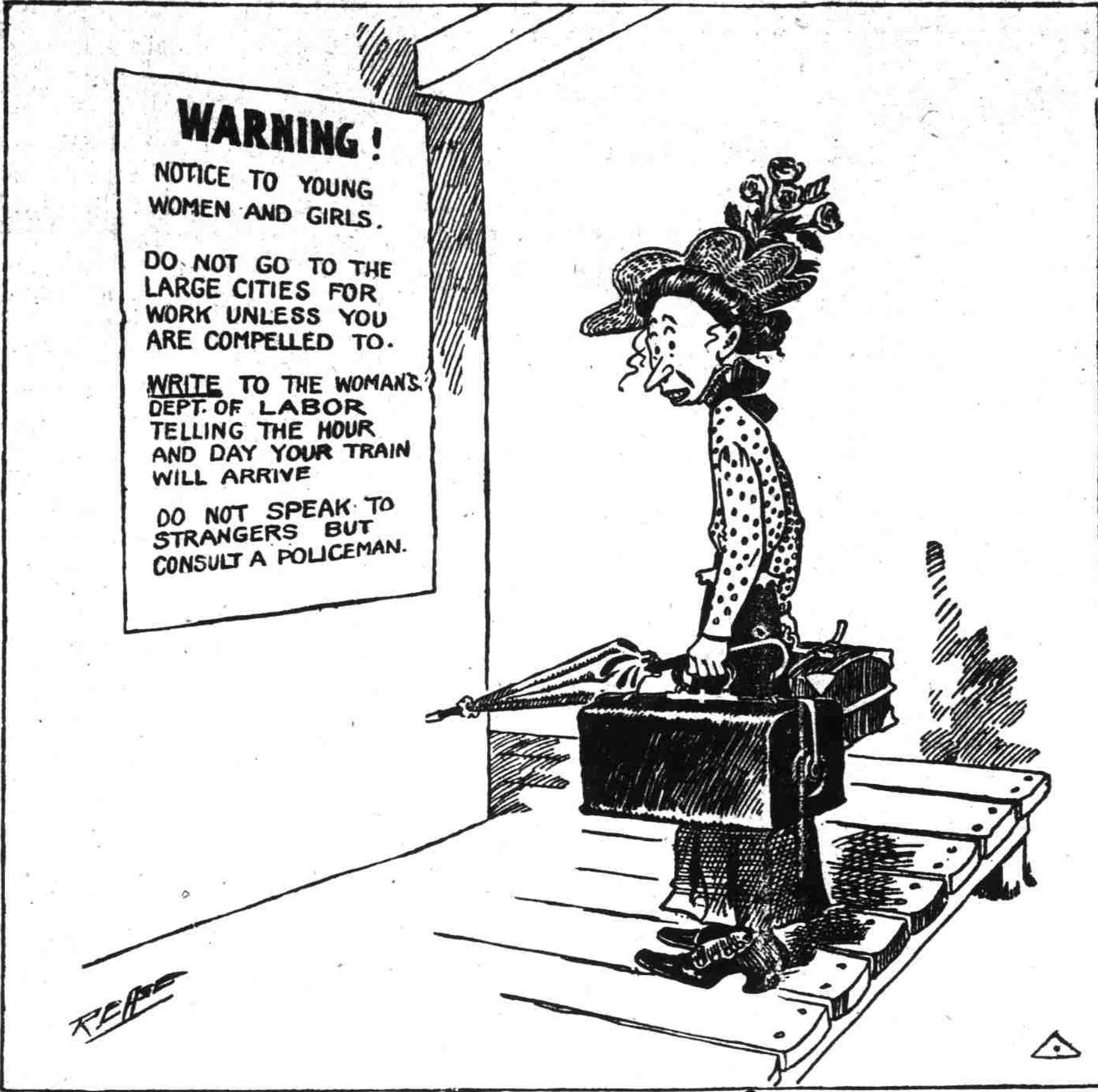
M. E. Church—Rev. R. D. Sherrill, pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m.

Spencer Y. M. C. A. Baraca Club. A. B. Saleeby, Pres. C. L. Bunch, Sec. Meets Thursdays, 8 p. m.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Y. M. C. A. meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays, at 3 p. m. Mrs. Alice Josey, Pres.; Mrs. J. R. Prettyman, Treas.; Mrs. Wray Freeman, Sec.

St. Joseph's Chapel; Episcopal. Services 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 4 p. m.

"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN I'D BE AFRAID OF!"



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AN ENGAGING TALKER.
"Mr. Hardeash called on me last evening. He's the most engaging talker I ever listened to."
"Indeed! What did he say?"
"He asked me to marry him."



THE LOBSTER TURNED RED.
"When that old lobster got in the way of the ball our captain roasted him."
"Our captain must be advancing new ideas in the food line."
"How is that?"
"Roasting lobsters on the grilliron."



TRUE TO HIS WORD.
"Yaas, dat husban' ob mine am de laziest man in town."
"Lazy? Why, didn't he promise to go to work wid a pick aftar marriage?"
"Ef he did he must hab meant a toothpick. Dat's all he's been wukin' since den."



A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.
"What's the score, Jack?"
"Eight to four."
"You are mistaken, I'm sure I haven't seen more than three men carried off the field."

SHOULDN'T BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY



A RACE AGAINST TIME.
"Why, Willie! Why do you eat those cakes so greedily? You have plenty of them."
"I know it. That's why I'm afraid my appetite will be gone before the cakes are."



DISILLUSIONED.
"When I wuz a boy I never t'ought I'd be leadin' this kind uv a life."
"Wot did youse t'ink?"
"In me childhood innocence I t'ought I'd hafter work fer a livin'."



NO TIME TO LOSE.
"Hey! Wait a minute, Mrs. Snail."
"I can't stop now; I am going to town to do some Christmas shopping, and it's October now."



GROWN WISE.
"Is yoh husban' lookin' foh work?"
"Yes; he's done foun' out dat it's less work to go out lookin' foh work dan it is to stay home an' chop wood an' carry water foh de washtubs."

The Panacea of Nature.
Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mohammed, who in a few years from a small and mean beginning established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith in the sentiment of love.
This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history for these thousand years have not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust the thief and burglar and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service.—Emerson.

Toole's Tears.
Sallies of almost childlike high spirits endeared the late J. L. Toole, the lifelong friend of Henry Irving, to all who knew him. On one occasion when the author of "Some Eminent Victorians" was spending a day in the innocent adventures which Toole was a genius in originating they went to the Tower, where they found themselves among a party of eager sightseers in the chamber where the crown jewels are disposed.
It was a woman who was explaining to the eager throng the history of the articles displayed. At the end of a long catalogue she said:
"And this is Anne Boleyn's crown."
Toole, apparently suddenly overcome, burst into a flood of tears and leaned against the wall in seemingly uncontrollable grief.
"Oh, sir," inquired the poor woman, in distress, "what is the matter?"
"Nothing! Nothing!" replied Toole in broken accents. "Don't mind me, but the fact is I have known the family so long."

No Time to Read Them.
Two men sat beside each other in a railway train. One of them, putting down a magazine, remarked:
"That series of articles, 'Books That Have Helped Me,' has engaged the attention of some of the leading literary men of the country."
"So I've heard," the other man replied.
"Have you read any of the articles?"
"No."
"But you have often thought of books that have helped you, I dare say?"
"No, I don't read books and am therefore not helped by them. I read the titles of books, but never turn the leaves."
"You must be a busy man?"
"I am," said the man who only glanced at the titles, "I am a book reviewer."—London Mail.

Shrewd Peter the Great.
Peter the Great adopted rather a novel means to convince his subjects that they should change their clothes to conform with the modern costumes of western Europe. Believing, as is well known historically, that the future greatness of Russia depended upon the facility with which it was made to assimilate all that was best in other countries, he had succeeded in introducing some important innovations into the half civilized region over which he held sway. At length he had patterns of cloth hung up at the gates of the towns, and those who did not conform to the fashions thus set were docked publicly, albeit this was done in as pleasant a manner as

possible, for Peter believed in being good natured with his people. They, on the other hand, loudly demurred and used the argument that what was good enough for their forefathers was good enough for them.
"Very well," said the sagacious Peter. In 1703 he gave a dinner at Moscow to celebrate the marriage of one of his jesters and insisted that it should be conducted in strict conformity with ancient usage. There hitherto had been a superstitious custom of not lighting a fire on a wedding. So Peter made them do without a fire, although it was very cold. He would not give them any wine, because their forefathers never drank it. When they remonstrated he reminded them that it was a poor rule which did not work all around, and thus by his good natured greatness wheedled his people into new coats, about the hardest thing that can be done with humanity.—London Mail.

Good work and good material tell. Poor work and poor material kill. If you advertise your business on your stationery, do it artistically, attractively, and without making a shabby or cheap show.
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When needing anything to eat, phone 59, 60, 120 122—Four Stores—all the same. Fresh stock carried at all times.
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