

**SOME "CRACKING" GOOD JOKES
FOR ONE TO PERUSE OVER**

**Items Gathered Here
and There For
Our Readers**

She—How can I possibly go to the dance when I haven't a thing to wear?
He—Well, I could get a closed car.
—Merton Item.

"So you and your wife eloped?"
"Yes; but I have since had reason to believe that her father bought the ladder I used and placed it just where I couldn't help seeing it."
—Walton Messenger.

Crawford—So you can't understand why your boy in college flunked in all the foreign languages?
Crabshaw—No, it's a mystery to me. He picked up all the college yells in no time—Legion Weekly.

Golde—Don't you think my wife sings well?
Britten—Beg pardon?
Golde—Doesn't my wife sing sweetly?
Britten—I can't hear a word you say, on account of that woman's howling so.—Stockholm Kasper.

"It says, here in the paper," began Mrs. Fumblegate in the midst of her perusal of the county seat newspaper, "that a man dropped dead right in front of the ticket window in the railroad depot in Torpidville."
"I guess likely the station agent must have given him a civil answer to a civil question," replied Farmer Fumblegate.—Moorestown Star.

Two boys met in the street.
"What's that you've got in your button-hole?" asked one.
"Why, that's a chrysanthemum," the other replied.
"It looks like a rose to me."
"You're wrong, it's a chrysanthemum."
"What do you mean? Spell it."
"K-r-i-s, . . . it is a rose!" ejaculated the first boy, as he took another look at the flower.—London Tit-Bits.

Servant—Professor, your little son has broke his leg.
Professor—How many times must I tell you that it is not "broke;" it's "broken."—Christiania Vilkingen.

A Londoner with a reputation as a pugil had gone from London to fight a Scot farmer whose great strength had been praised in the press. He entered the yard of the Scot, tied his horse to a tree and approached the farmer who was working nearby. "Friend," he said, "I have heard a great deal about you and I have come a long way to see which of us is the better wrestler."
The Scotchman, without answering seized the young man by the middle of the body, pitched him over the fence and returned to his work. When his lordship recovered his breath he stood silent.

"Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?"
"No," was the reply, "but perhaps you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."—Wilson Exery Evening.

"What do you mean, Smith," a friend inquired, "by pawning all your nightshirts?"
"Haven't you heard?" said Smith. "I've got a job as a night watchman."
—London Tit-Bits.

He—Do you like candy, young lady?
She (eagerly)—Oh, yes, sir.
He (calmly)—Thanks. I'm gathering statistics for a candy company.
—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Store Clerk—Pardon me, sir, but our rules forbid us to receive bent or battered coins from customers.

Customer—But I received that very coin here as change.

Store Clerk—Very likely, sir. We have no rule against giving bent coins to customers!—Dalton Breeze.

First Flapper—Say, what is an octogenarian, anyway.

Next Flapper—Aw, I dunno. Why?

First Flapper—Well, they must be an awfully sickly lot, because whenever I hear of one of them they're always dying.—Legion Weekly.

A man of the world had slipped and fallen on the icy sidewalk. A deacon of the church came along and remarked quite solemnly, "The wicked standeth in a slippery place."
"I see they do, but I can't," replied the fallen man, trying to arise.—Scribblers Magazine.

Mrs. Elephant—Gracious, that was a close shave!
Mr. Ed.—Yes, it would have served the fool right if he had hit us.—London Humorist.

News Editor—Did you interview the celebrity?

Reporter—Yes.

Editor—What did he say?

Reporter—Nothing.

Editor—I know that. But how many columns of it?—Boston Transcript.

Jane—Oh, Mary, I've a secret just for you. I'm engaged, but don't tell anyone.

Mary—Marvelous. Whom shan't I tell first?—Peabody Star.

Man (standing on coroner)—Could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee and a sandwich?

Good Old Lady—Why, my poor fellow, how are you crippled?

Man—Financially.—Iowa Frivol.

Employer (to applicant for a position, who has handed in testimonials from two ministers—We don't work on Sundays. Haven't you a reference from some one who sees you on week days?—Sydney Bulletin.

The two stood on the darkened porch after the dance. She waited. "Love is blind," he quoted rapturously.

"Well, can't you tell where I am by feeling?" she asked peevishly.—Yellow Jacket.

"Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lion skin?"

"Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."

"You are gathering fireflies? What's the idea?"

"They are for fishing at night or in muddy water."—Paris Rire.

A movie actress had married her sixth or seventh husband in Paris and then sailed for home on her honeymoon. When she arrived in America a customs officer said to her: "Have you anything to declare?"

"Nothing," she said, "except that I still love Clarence!"—Topham Courant.

Smith—You say the speculation has proved a failure?

Jones—A total failure.

Smith—But I thought you said there was a fortune in it?

Jones (with a groan)—So there was. Mine!—Ipswich Beacon.

Counsel (to witness)—You are married?

Woman (blushing)—Yes—but how did you know?—London Tit-Bits.

"Your honor," said the burglar. "I was foodless, friendless and homeless."

"My man," said the judge, "you move me deeply! Food, shelter and companionship shall be yours for the next nine months."—Judge.

Judge—Your face seems familiar.

Prisoner—We were boys together.

Judge—Nonsense.

Prisoner—Yes, we were, because you're about 52 and so am I.—Fenton News.

**Juniors to Meet
Next at Sanford**

The only spirited contest for office in the Junior Order convention which came to a close in Winston-Salem Thursday, August 20 resulted in the election of Charles W. Snyder, of Winston-Salem, as State Vice Councillor. Other contestants were Walter L. Co-hoon, of Elizabeth City; J. C. Kestler, of Saulsberry, and Charles A. Isen-hour, of Concord. The vice councillor usually is chosen councillor the following year.

Sanford won out over Goldsboro as the place for the next meeting, but the Wayne capital put up a brisk contest for the honor.

Both of these contests were commenced on the first day of the meeting Tuesday, but such was the interest in them that they could not be disposed until Thursday.

M. W. Lincke, of Nashville, was elected State Councillor without opposition. It has been understood all along that there would be no opposition to him. He has long been a leading figure in Junior Order circles.

**AWARD CONTRACT FOR
TUBERCULAR HOSPITAL**

The contract for the erection of the Mecklenburg County tuberculosis sanatorium has been let for \$97,304, according to the Public Welfare Progress, published by the North Carolina State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. The article also calls

attention to the tuberculosis situation in Guilford and Edgecombe counties.

The article follows:

"The contract for the erection of the Mecklenburg County tuberculosis sanatorium has been recently awarded to the contractors for the total of \$97,304. The buildings will be located 13 miles from Charlotte and work will start at once. The plans are very like those by which the Guilford sanatorium was built, the Mecklenburg commissioners having inspected the latter while they were studying plans for the institution. The hospital will be two stories in height and will accommodate 96 white patients. Another building will provide quarters for 24 colored patients. "Guilford county has had a tuber-

culosis sanatorium for over a year, and Edgecombe county followed suit about six months ago. The first of May a Preventorium for undernourished children who would be likely to be active tubercular cases was opened in Cumberland county with twenty children.

"In Cumberland county the city of Fayetteville and the county have jointly appropriated \$2,000 to use for employing an assistant welfare officer. The office has not yet been filled, but the person selected will probably be a registered nurse.

WANTED—To buy good second-hand Ford roadster. Must be cheap. H. care Zebulon Record.

LOST AND FOUND—The Record will help you solve such questions.

DR. J. C. MANN



Dr. J. C. Mann, the well known Eye-sight Specialist, will be at his office in the building with Dr. Barbee and Dr. Flowers, in Zebulon, N. C., every second Tuesday in each month. Glasses fitted that are correct. Headaches relieved when caused by eye strain. Children and young people's eyes given expert attention.

His next visit here will be SEPTEMBER 8TH



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ZEBULON, N. C., AT ONCE

Dear Reader:

If you are not a regular subscriber to THE ZEBULON RECORD, we want you to be. We are going to arrange so you can be a regular member of The Record family. We are publishing below a note. The only thing we ask you to do is to sign the note, and agree to its contents; then mail to us. We will then enroll you on our regular mailing list. On or about October the first we will come to see you, or mail the note to you, and we shall expect you to pay the note, as it will be due, as per agreement.

As money is scarce, we are doing this so that you may get the paper regularly and read it. We know that you will enjoy it, and will be willing to pay the note when it comes due. Get your neighbors to sign one of the notes and mail to use. You will help by doing so. We want 1,000 subscribers immediately and we are going to get them. Help us all you can.

The note follows:

NOTE FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE
ZEBULON RECORD

\$1.50

I promise to pay to Record Publishing Co., Zebulon, N. C., on or before October 1, 1925, the sum of \$1.50 for one year's subscription to Zebulon Record, without interest. If I fail to pay when due, come or send to us for the amount and we will pay same.

(Signed): _____

P. O. _____

R. F. D. No. _____

Witness: _____