

"Thy Name Is Woman"

By NANCY M. WALSH

(Copyright.)

WELL, it was done. There was no going back now. She had written the letter and had given it to Tessa to mail. By five o'clock he would have it—and would know, as she knew, that they could not go on, that she did not love him, and that there were many others who meant as much to her.

She was rather proud of that letter, its directness and finality, its self-sufficiency. Bob would be furious, and then he would be rather sad and hurt.

She knew all the stages through which his temper, his pride and his sensitiveness would lead him.

By midnight he would be contemplating suicide. And at daybreak he would probably leave for the wilds of Africa. (They always did.) For what charms could Boston hold for him when she, Margery Doe Elliot, his only love, did not love him?

He would send a tear-stained note of farewell. And 50 years hence she would read it again and smile sadly. If he went away she would never see him again.

Oh, well, there were plenty of others, and she would soon forget. Of course, for the first few weeks she would miss him—his calls and his dependable attentions; she had been fair with him.

Margery ate a lonely lunch. The food was rather tasteless, and she was glad to finish, to go back to the rosy solitude of her sitting room.

On her desk was a picture of Bob. What smiling eyes he had. And such a firm, determined chin. Impatiently she turned the picture to the wall.

She dropped into a chair with such force that she knocked her brass bowl of roses to the floor. There they lay at her feet, 12 fat, pink blossoms in a sad, splashed puddle of water. She righted the bowl, picking the blooms up tenderly. Bob had sent them to her. Wearily she stamped from the room and donated the bowl of fragrance to the library.

It was all over. And she was glad. But she wished now that she had something to do.

Sadly she gazed out of the window. All the little plots of grass were an eager, ardent green. A robin sang lustily from a budding sapling. Margery, disapproving of his flaunted gaiety, closed the window.

The telephone rang. The tailor would send up her suit tomorrow. The telephone rang again. Aunt Miriam would like Margery to dine with her on Wednesday. The doorbell rang.

With unconscionable haste Margery dashed into the hall. What was it, Tessa? Who was it?

But Tessa was busy conversing with the unknown caller.

A man! Margery could hear the low, soft rumbling of his voice. It sounded like — No, of course it wasn't Bob. After that letter he would never call. But it was not yet five o'clock; he hadn't received it yet.

Margery was nearly consumed with regret that she had ever written the note.

The door slammed. She leaned far over the bannister. "Tessa, who was it?"

"Oh, miss, be careful; don't fall." "Who was it, Tessa?"

"That, miss, what rang the bell?" "Yes, yes, who?"

"Oh, that was one of them brush men. I told him we had tooth-brushes and hair brushes and coat brushes and floor brushes. And Miss—oh, Miss Margery—"

But Miss Margery had deserted her precarious position. Tessa sighed as she climbed the stair and tapped at the closed door. A muffled shout bid her enter. Tessa crept in.

"Well—"

"Oh, Miss Margery, this morning, you know, I had the toothache awful." "I'm sorry."

"But, miss, I had it so bad I took to my bed—"

"Oh, that's all right."

"But, miss, I—I just remembered, miss, that I haven't—er—that I didn't yet post that letter you gave me. It's here, though, and I'll go right out—"

"What, miss?"

"I said 'give it to me.' Thank you, and never mind, Tessa."

The door closed behind the relieved little maid. The telephone rang. There was a sound of tearing, crumpling paper. Then Margery answered casually.

"Yes . . . yes, this is Marge. . . . What? . . . Why, I'd love to, Bob. . . . Won't you come to dinner here first? Mother would love to have you. . . . At seven. . . . Fine . . . Good-by, dear."

Margery smiled. Then she turned back the picture on her desk, and, humming a little song, danced off to the library to retrieve her bowl of roses.

Her Birthday Present

By H. IRVING KING

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THE town was a New England community of about 15,000 inhabitants. The principal man in the town was Jacob Fullerton, whose wealth had assumed such proportions as to cause his fellow townsmen to ask each other, "How much do you suppose old Jake is worth, anyhow?" Jacob's daughter, Madeline, was fair to look upon and, though now approaching the age of twenty-six, was still unmarried. Whereat people wondered. The answer was that she was in love with Harold Farington and her father would not hear of her marrying that young man. Harold would not hear of her marrying him, either—he was poor.

Madeline would have eloped with him; but he had a horror of being considered a fortune-hunter and, more than all, considered that he had no right to take the girl he loved from the wealth and luxury with which she was now surrounded to share his present privations.

Harold's father had been obsessed with the idea that nature had intended him for a great financier—whereas nature had intended him for no such thing. The result of this little misunderstanding was that, after divesting himself of an inherited fortune, Farington senior had died of worry and chagrin, leaving his son with an education and a profession and naught else besides. So Harold had set out to practice law in his native town but so far the two older lawyers there had seemed sufficient for the needs of the town.

Into Harold's little office walked one day Jacob Fullerton, beaming with smiles. Harold could hardly have been more surprised had the soldiers and sailors' monument in the square casually dropped in on him. For a year Jacob's only recognition of the young lawyer had been a scowl and a nod. "Well, Harold my boy," said the man of money; "how's business?"

"Not very good, Mr. Fullerton," replied Harold; "the people of this community don't seem, as yet, to appreciate my legal ability."

"Hum," said Jacob. "Well, you can afford to wait awhile. Your father, I am sorry to say, was not a very good judge of values; but he doubtless left you some securities upon which you can realize until you get established?"

"I regret to say, sir," returned Harold, "that, as far as I can find out, none of the securities left me by my father is of the slightest value."

"Too bad, too bad," sympathized Jacob. "That sort of thing is rather in my line, you know—perhaps I might pick out some of them for which a market might be made. Well, good day. Haven't seen you at the house for a long time. Madeline was speaking of you only yesterday. Come up to dinner tonight. It's her birthday." And he went out leaving Harold in a state of pure bewilderment. What was up? Was it possible that among that assortment of financial junk stowed away in an old trunk there was something of value after all—something that Jacob wanted? Yet how could that be? Harold's dubious holdings had been pronounced worthless.

He was still wondering when the office door opened to admit another visitor—this time a stranger. The stranger looked all business and immediately proceeded to business. "Mr. Harold Farington I presume?" inquired the stranger. Harold assented. "Your father, the late Marcellus Farington," went on the unknown, "was possessed of 1,000 shares in the Valpedras Live Stock company. Arid land—Texas—unsuitable for cattle raising—attempt a failure. Well, some rich men with money to fool away—New Yorkers—think that, by expending a million or so—artificial irrigation—they may, in about twenty years from now, be able to make the property pay. At present worthless. Give you five dollars a share for your stock. What do you say?"

"Let you know tomorrow afternoon," replied Harold. And that was the best the stranger could get out of him.

As soon as the unknown had departed Harold called long-distance and talked with a former classmate of his, now in a Wall street office, asking him what he knew about Valpedras. That night after dinner Jacob took Harold into the library and broached the question of stocks and bonds.

"Before we go into that matter," said Harold, "I wish to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"Why, why, my dear boy!" cried Jacob, "you are not in any financial condition to marry; especially with a girl brought up as my daughter has been."

"Oh, yes I am," replied Harold. "I am the owner of 1,000 shares of the Valpedras company. Oil has been discovered on the land—and I am a rich man."

"And you knew it when I was talking to you this morning," roared Jacob.

"No," replied Harold, "I learned it over the telephone about an hour later."

"Humph," said Jacob, "that stock of yours is worth half a million—perhaps a great deal more. Settle half of it on Madeline and you can have her, Madeline! Come here and get your birthday present."

FUNDS NOT SUFFICIENT FOR CAPE FEAR BRIDGE

Estimates on a tunnel and a bridge to span the Cape Fear River are being worked out by the State Highway Commission, and both estimates are expected to be received this month, when Wilmington and the State Highway Commission will be able to get together and talk business. The prospect of a tunnel was lessened when it was found the cost was much higher than at first anticipated. Commissioner Frank Page stated at a conference with Commissioners Addison Hewlett and Frank M. Ross of the New Hanover Board, and W. L. Craven, highway engineer.

The bridge will cost materially more than was at first estimated and the \$1,000,000 worth of bonds authorized by the 1925 legislature is not thought to be sufficient to cover the cost of the bridge. When Mr. Page suggested a tunnel, he estimated that the cost would be materially lower than that of a bridge.

There is a large amount of traffic over the river each day, according to Mr. Ross.

DUNN'S COTTON SALES BREAK ALL RECORDS

Dunn, Jan. 9.—Receipts on the Dunn cotton market from the crop of 1925 already have broken all the previous records, more than 30,000 bales having been marketed and pooled here from last year's crop. Sales on the open market have now passed the 17,000 mark, while 13,000 bales have been poled in the local co-operative marketing warehouse. Around 50 bales are now being offered daily on the open market and the total for the season is expected to be at least 35,000 bales. The local market handled 30,000 bales from the crop of 1924, breaking the record up to that time. Dunn makes the undisputed claim of being the largest wagon cotton market in the State.

MUCH SEED CORN FOR 1926 INJURED BY FALL FREEZES

It is not likely that there will be any widespread shortage of seed corn in the spring of 1926, but it is extremely likely, says the United States Department of Agriculture, that many individual farmers and even some entire communities will find that the seed corn on which they had counted will not grow. Tests already made of many lots of seed in the Corn Belt indicate that the germinating power of much of the corn was injured by the low temperatures which occurred in October before the corn had dried out thoroughly. The safe thing to do, says the department, is to find out now whether or not the seed will grow and, if not, get some that will while there is plenty of time before planting.

Where tests show that the germination of corn is very poor it will probably be better to obtain seed from some other source. Where, however, it is found by a preliminary germination test that only some of the ears in the lot were injured it may be better to get enough ears for planting by careful selection that is based on appearance followed by

COMMON SENSE EFFICIENCY

President Mitchell of the National City Bank of New York says the people do not fully realize the very high efficiency of the service given by the railway systems of our country, which expedites marketing farm crops, and enables raw materials to flow in and manufactured products to flow out of the factories for distribution to retailers, with clocklike regularity.

Besides expending billions of dollars on materials, supplies, wages, taxes, interest and dividends, they enable the farmer, business man and manufacturer to work in perfect harmony and with the greatest prosperity.

The same is true of other lines of public utility and public service like telephones, insurance, banking and electricity. In these fields the American people are the best served people in the world.

Extended telephone development is to be undertaken in Chile.

a germination test of the selected earlier maturing and dry out more ears.

Slender ears, with relatively few rows of smooth kernels tend to be rapidly than ears with a larger diameter and many rows of tightly packed kernels. They are less likely to have been injured by the early freezes and should be given preferences this year in selecting seed.

Corn that was cut and shocked before freezing occurred offers a possible source of seed corn. Ears toward the center of the shock were protected more or less from the low temperatures. This may have enabled the seed on these ears to escape freezing injury in some cases. A germination test of ears selected from a few shocks will show whether or not such seed will grow.

Many useless ears can be detected and discarded without the labor of the germination test if an examination of the germs of two or more kernels from each ear is made first. Cut through the kernel, across the germ. If the germ has been killed by freezing, it frequently turns dark and has a watery appearance. Ears with the germs having this appearance need not be tested further, but should be discarded as the seed on them will not grow. The fact that the germs do not show freezing injury is not conclusive evidence, however, that the seed will grow. Such ears should be given the germination test.

If satisfactory seed corn can not be obtained on the home farm, try to locate some that was picked before frost on a neighboring farm. County agents usually know those in the community who have good seed and the agricultural experiment stations have similar information with regard to the State.

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- J. L. Horton, L. N. Bissette, Mrs. W. H. Whitley, Henry Davis, Z. J. Hopkins.

DANVILLE MAKES GOOD RECORD IN AUTO TRAGEDIES

Danville, Va.—Only one person was killed by automobile in Danville during the year 1925, according to the city records. The tabulation shows that 124 accidents took place. The single death in 1925 was the same as that in 1924 when one child was killed. The records refer only to accidents in the city limits. There were many

victims injured in the surrounding section brought to local hospitals to die.

LOST—PAIR OF GLASSES BETWEEN N. B. Finch's and Wiggs warehouse. Shell rims, balance gold. Dr. Mann's name on case. Reward if returned to Zebulon Drug Company.

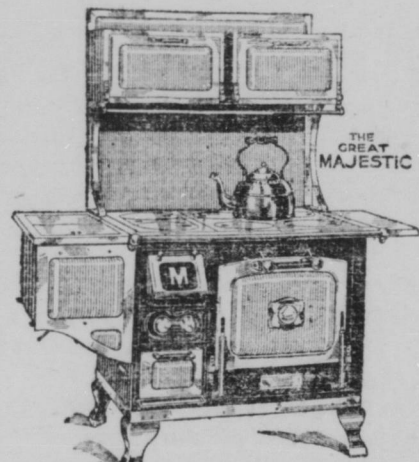
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TAR HEEL STUDENT SECOND IN JUDGING

New York, Jan. 9.—The highest individual score ever recorded in the 15 years of competition in the intercollegiate poultry judging by M. L. Seymore, of the Connecticut State, Agriculture School, Storrs, Conn., at the poultry show at Madison Square Garden. Seymore scored 330.4 points out of a possible 400.

W. W. Keever, of the North Carolina team, was second.