## Shorr's Department Store

We clothe the whole family - father, mother, sister, brother. - Tailored ready-to-wear clothes - If it's the latest, we have it; if it's the best, we sell it; if it's the cheapest you buy it from us. - Our prices are so low, everything is like specials. - Buy from us and you will be thankful all the year.

## SHORR'S DEPARTMENT STORE - ZEBULON, N. C.

B 00 K S

(Courier-Journal, Raleigh)
What is a book? A few sheets of paper on which are written or printed characters, bound together? A scroll of parchment bearing pictures or characters that convey meaning and preserve facts? Tablets of stone or pieces of
bark, tinn pamphlet and mammoth tome? Yes; but a book is much more than this.

Books are the storehouses wherein are gar nered the accumulated facts and philosophies of the ages. Unlike other storehouses the more these are drawn upon the more valuable they become, and though all of the wisdom be taken out and utilized, it remains for any others who care to partake of it.

The Preacher has said that "of the making of many books there is no end, and much reading is a weariness of the flesh." There are many tiresome and useless books, it is true; there are many books whose influence is positively evil and they had better never been written. But for the discriminating reader books become the Magic Carpet upon which he may visit the far places of the earth and participate in all the great adventures that have thrilled men's souls since Adam first ventured forth to see what lay beyond the angel's flaming sword at the Garden gate.

Do the humdrum duties of every day pall upon you? Does your spirit swell against the narrow confines of your home or your office? Then upon the Magic Carpet of books we will seek adventure

With old Ulysses we'li drink delight of batthe with our peers far on the ringing plains of windy Troy, and sail with his intrepid band beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars; we'll hear the siren song of Circe's maids and mayhap fall victim to their wiles; we'll touch the Happy isles and see the great Achilles, and bolstered by the proven courage of our fellows we'll strive, and seek, and find, but never yield. We'll disport ourselves with the gods and goddesses on high Olympus and with Dante we'll explore the bottomless infernal caverns. With Marco Polo we'll find wondrous things to tell of unknown foks and strange unknown customs. With the votaries of Isis and Osiris we'll worship the sun god of Egypt, and we'll dance with the Druids in Old England. With Livingstone we'll blaze the highway of civilization through the trackless jungles of the dark continent and make history with Stanley when he goes to seek and find the lost explorer. With Peary and Amundsen we'll stand on top of the world and turn to right and left and back again and face always ony south. We'll ride beside the Lone Eagle as he breasts the storms above the North Atlantic in the flight that assures for the name of Lindbergh immortality of fame. We'll stand on the deck of a little wooden ship beside the great admiral, with eyes straining across the shoreless western seas; we'll hear his mate plead with him to return to home and loved ones, and the answer of Columbus that has become the watchword of high endeavor:
"Brave Admiral, say but one good word, What shall we do when hope is gone? The words leapt like a leaping sword, "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

## Pleasant Hill News

## RIRTHDAY PARTY

Saturday afternoon from 2 o'clock 'til 4, little Miss Stella Joyce Phillips entertained a few of her friends. Games and contests were played in the yard till about $3: 30$ when they were invited to the dining room where cake and grape juice was served. Centerpiece in the table was a large birthday calie with six candles encircled with autumn leaves.
Those present were Ellis Weath ers. Edna Weathers, Peggy Jean Weathers, Alma Lou Pearce, Mary Francis Pearce, Fannie Mae Gay, Ivon Gay, Jr., Carl Hood Puryear and Stella Joyce Phillips.
Mr. and Mrs. T. Y. Puryear 0. W. Thorne and C. D. Puryear called to see Orlanda Puryear who is confined to his bed near Rolesville. Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Willifurd of Bethany took supper with Mrs. $\boldsymbol{3}$. Y. Puryear Sunday night. Mr. G. R. Richardson was a visitor in Johnson Sunday.

Where's there's marriage without love, there'll be love without marriage.-Benjamin Franklin.
\$1.00 Electric Lantern FREE! Read our ad. on the last page of our comic section. It tells you how you can get a fine electric lantern absolutely free. Read it now. Send in your renewal or new subscription today and let us send you the fine lantern free.

## Our Duffel Bag

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are
they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain Can sweetly soothe and not betray.
-Moore.
A small boy had been sent to a home for feeble-minded children but upon examination it was found that he was of fair mentality and had never had a chance to learn. He was sent to an orphanage where another child in telling of the incident said: "IIsaac was sent to the feeble-minded school and they examined him for an idiot. But he couldn't pass and so they sent him here."

The best way to train the young s to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be seen always doing that of which you would admonish them.

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## Phil ett

Zebulon, N. C.


