

Devoted to the Upbuilding of Vass and Its Surrounding Country

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VASS, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1921

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TO INCREASE DUES IN TOBACCO ASSOCIATION

Growers Who Delay Signing Until After January 1 Must Pay \$7.00 More

Tobacco growers who wait until after January 1 to join the Co-operative Marketing Association will have to pay a \$10 membership fee instead of the \$3 dues now being paid, according to a statement from Raleigh headquarters of the growers' association.

With a big majority of tobacco growers already members of the association, the statement says that the expense of signing scattered farmers will be greater than can be met by a \$3 membership fee, and hence the increase in dues will be necessary.

Tobacco growers who have delayed joining the association, or those who have not been reached by canvassers, are urged to send in their signed contracts to county or state headquarters before January 1, if they wish to save \$7 on their dues. Contracts signed after January 1, 1922, must be accompanied by \$10 membership fees.

CHRISTMAS DAY

By Helen Mar D'Auby

Old Time, with dusty, tired feet,
(So long the way,) Has gladly rested in our midst,
And brought this day. No land so remote,
No isle far away, But feels in its heart
Our gladness today. No animal life,
No tree top, or flower, But feels the love spirit
Of this day and hour. That Babe in the manger,
That wee spark of love, Born high in God's home-land
And dropped from above, And nourished as only a mother's
wise care, Through ages of sin, taught to do
and to dare. For "peace and good will"
In the nations of earth Has brought us this day
Of gladness and mirth; Of holy rejoicing,
Of reverent glee, Of prayer and of laughter,
To you and to me; To father and daughter,
To mother and son, From the long, long ago
Where love light begun. A star in the east,
Whose radiance shed Its light through the valleys,
And mountains o'erhead. To the monarch, and peasant,
To the poor on the way, Old Time is still bearing
Christ's message today, Of peace, and of joy,
Of good will to men. The star in the east
Has risen again.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

AGAIN the world—our world—yields to the gay, glad, caressive spell of Christmas. The sweet emotions it inspires are sympathetic—and they are universal.

Other legends may dim and fade, but the traditions that cluster around the white, bright brow of Santa Claus will thrill the heart of humanity as long as little children live to love and be loved.

The festival spirit reigns supreme. Grandmothers aroused by the babble of memory will glow again as they watch the raptures of the little ones, and feel once more the tingling delights that fifty years ago stirred their souls. Happiness, like history, repeats itself—and we have come again to the season of light hearts and happiness.

It is no time to look back upon the world—for that which has gone holds nothing like the interest to be found in wondering about and preparing for the morrow. This season, the sweetest of all the year, is the one which softens our hearts toward all mankind, and puts in our breast a new desire to be of even greater service to those about us. It is this rebirth of good and kindly hope toward our brothers that makes for us of maturer years the same measure of happiness that the toy and the trinket makes for those of tender age.

To you and to yours, to all citizens of Vass, and to those afar whose homes are opened weekly to the welcome visits of this paper—we wish the merriest Christmas that you have ever known. Into each and every life may Happiness come, and find a permanent abiding place. We wish you health as you celebrate the birth of One who taught you the right path to everlasting happiness. We wish you the joy of reunion with those who are near and dear to you. We wish you the fullest measure of sunny smiles and childish laughter. We wish you all that will lighten your heart, contribute to your happiness and increase your prosperity.

We wish you not only for this week but for all the weeks that shall be allotted to you the power to love your fellowman—the same kind of love that keeps the world worth living in. In the spirit of old Rip Van Winkle of story-book fame:—

"Here's to your good health, and to your family's good health—may you all live long and prosper."

A TRIP WEST

We had to change cars in Portsmouth, Ohio; the main line of the Norfolk and Western railroad goes through to Columbus, but as we were headed for Cincinnati we waited around a bit for what is called the cannon-ball, which is the fastest train we have yet been on; the distance from Portsmouth to Cincinnati is a bit over 100 miles, and this limited cannon-ball makes only one stop. We are again speeding along at 50 miles per hour, still passing through a great farming country; the principal crop seemed to be corn—solid fields of corn for miles. We bore off to the right of the Ohio river for some time, but now we get back along parallel with it again; steamboats can be seen occasionally, and as our train winds around curves we see in the distance clouds of smoke and steeples of many kinds, and we realize at once that we are coming to a great city. We are in the suburbs of Cincinnati; though it is more than ten miles yet down into the center of the city our train has to slow down as per city ordin-

ance, the houses become closer and closer together until they are almost one solid mass of buildings, but by-and-by our train comes to a stop and the conductor calls out, "all out for Cincinnati." We are under a great shed which is the union depot; we next venture out into the street and one finds out in minute that he has to keep an eye peeled all the time, for people are pushing to and fro, everybody in a hurry to get somewhere, and there seemed to be no let up—it was a constant rush all the time. Our next object was to find a room in a safe hotel and we were lucky in this respect, for we got nicely located for the night and at a reasonable price.

(To be continued)

RECITAL A SUCCESS

The piano recital given at the school auditorium on last Friday evening by the members of Miss Ethel Coats' music class was well attended and greatly enjoyed by all. The program was well carried out, every pupil doing their part to the best advantage.

KENTUCKY MEN COMING TO STATE

Leading Tobacco Growers to Assist N. C. in Wind-Up Campaign for Co-operative Marketing

Kentucky is sending four of her leading tobacco men to North Carolina for the wind-up campaign for co-operative marketing. The Raleigh headquarters office has announced the following places and dates for mass meetings to greet these men:

J. C. Stone, Wilson, Dec. 28, 1 p. m.; Winston-Salem, Dec. 29, 1 p. m. Virgil Chapman, Durham, Dec. 28, 1 p. m.; Warrenton, Dec. 29, 1 p. m. Will Collins, Whiteville, Dec. 28, 1 p. m.; Lumberton, Dec. 29, 1 p. m. Clifton Rhodes, Williamston, Dec. 28, 1 p. m.; Warsaw, Dec. 29, 1 p. m.

Mr. Stone is president and general manager of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Association, which includes Burley growers of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and West Virginia, and is an all-round tobacco man, knowing the business as grower, warehouseman, and buyer.

Mr. Chapman is associate counsel for the same association, and has a reputation as a splendid, forceful speaker.

Mr. Collins has been active as a member of the executive committee of the Burley association, and knows all about growing and handling tobacco. Following the death of his father, who was one of the leaders in the movement for co-operation, Mr. Collins has dedicated himself to work for co-operative marketing.

Mr. Rhodes, of Bergin, Ky., is a tobacco grower who has devoted his time to organization of the Burley association, making speeches throughout the campaign and acted as state manager of the sign-up in West Virginia.

LAKEVIEW

After spending a week in Lakeview, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Gibbon left Wednesday for Washington.

Mrs. M. T. Driggers and son Sidney, of Hamlet, are with Mrs. Driggers' parents until after the holidays.

Mr. S. J. Gardner made a business trip to Hoffman, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wray, of Columbia, S. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Roe, of Aken, S. C., stopped here this week at the Seward Inn, on their way to Raleigh to spend Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deaton and little son Edison spent Saturday in Carthage, shopping.

Mr. J. R. McQueen made a business trip to Richmond on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stewart and children, Alex, Jr., and Sara Worthy, of Maxton, are in town for a few days.

We read the statement of a former actress that walking on the tiptoes will make one graceful. Maybe that's the reason so many married men are graceful.

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