

IN MEMORIAM

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the
north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine
own, O Death!"

The gentle, lovely and lovable spirit of Miss Eulah Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Baker, at Baker's Mill, burst the bands which bound it to its tenement of clay, on the night of January 13th, and mounting upon angel's pinions winged its eternal flight to the God who gave it leaving a pall of deepest gloom over the home which she so beautifully graced and the burden of an irreparable sorrow crushing the hearts of a dear old grandmother, and a vacant devoted parents, sisters, brothers and

chair around the family fireside, which can never be filled.

Having been a victim of influenza a few years ago, she had never regained her former health, and gradually her young and beautiful life ebbed away in spite of every effort of human hands to restore her again to healthful young womanhood. Hers was a most beautiful character, endowed with all the nobler attributes which characterize the highest ideals of womanhood. And this combined with beauty of form and features, rendered her not only capable of being loved by those who knew her best, but by every one who came in contact with her attractive personality.

To those who ministered unto her in her last illness, it was indeed an inspiration to witness her patient endurance, and peaceful resignation, even though beyond the beauty and lustrous brightness of her heavenly hued eyes, often blending with the softest, sweetest smile, as if angelic in nature, they could detect the daily imprint of the arch enemy which was gradually sapping her life. Her devoted mother watched over her day and night, as she naturally preferred her to all others, and each night as she kissed her good night, she would ask them all to pray for her, that she might be restored to health. She was a noble-hearted Christian, loved by every one who knew her, and her seemingly untimely going away has cast a gloom over the entire community in which she lived, where she had hosts of friends and schoolmates. The funeral obsequies were conducted by Rev. G. B. Perry, of Princeton, pastor of the Princeton circuit, and was attended by a vast concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

The beauty and profuseness of the floral offerings not only attested in

silent eloquence the esteem and love in which she was held, but were also emblematical of the purity and sweetness of her young life, glistening with the dewdrops of life's early morning sun, only to be plucked and withered before reaching the noonday's splendor. Besides her devoted parents, she leaves a twin sister, Miss Eunice Baker, a married sister, Mrs. W. T. Wellons, and two brothers, Malton and Delton Baker, and a dear old grandmother, to whom the sincere sympathies of all their friends are extended. She was laid to rest in the family burying ground in Wayne County Tuesday evening, and there above her newly made mound may nature's sweetest song birds carol their softest melodies, and the gentlest zephyrs passing breathe a sweet requiem over her sleeping form, as she awaits the coming of the resurrection morn.

A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled;
A precious one from us is gone
A voice we loved is still.

MOTHER.

ARE YOU LIKE THESE SHEEP?

An Easterner was visiting a Western ranch. A flock of sheep were being driven across a field. The visitor noticed that the leader and every other sheep jumped high in the air when it came to a certain point. As there were neither ditch nor fence there, he was puzzled. He asked the ranch owner if he had any idea what caused the sheep to act so foolishly. "Yes," replied the rancher, "many years ago there was a fence here. It was taken down long before any of these sheep were born. Their ancestors used to jump the fence, and ever since then the sheep have kept jumping an imaginary fence."

Silly sheep, you say? But I wonder if many of us do not shy at imaginary fences. I'll confess that sometimes I have worried over what I thought was a high barrier, only to find that the barrier existed merely in my imagination. Is it not true that our worst obstacles are those we create in our own mind? The man who has the stuff of success in him isn't afraid of either real or imaginary obstacles. The failure sees nothing but obstacles and shrinks from attempting to scale them.

Before you mentally laugh at these sheep on the ranch, make sure that you are not even as they—Forbes.

IN TEN YEARS

It was Sydney Smith who did this figuring: "If you make one person happy every day, in ten years you will make 3,650 persons happy; or

brighten a small town by your contributions to the fund of general joy."

Take any worthy act, and figure on it for ten years. Suppose that you speak to someone every day for ten years about the value of Sunday school class-work. Thirty-six hundred and fifty people will have had their attention called to this important factor in the development of modern life.

Or suppose you add one word to your vocabulary every day; in ten years how fluent that vocabulary will be!

Thoughtfully read just one verse from the Bible every day, what a mass of good impressions you will have received in ten years.

Many little things do not seem worth doing. Perhaps they are not, if done only once, but think what the result will be if continued for ten years.—The Boys' World.

For news that is news read The Herald.

Practical Nurse Tells

Mrs. N. E. Snow, of Route 1, near Paris, Tenn., tells the story of her experience as follows:

"I am 62 years old and I have been a practical nurse for more than 20 years, taking mostly maternity cases. One of my daughters suffered from cramping at . . . She would just bend double and have to go to bed."

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

was recommended to her and she only had to take about two bottles, when she hardly knew that it was . . . she suffered so little pain. "My youngest daughter was run-down, weak and nervous, and looked like she didn't have a bit of blood left—just a walking skeleton, no appetite and tired all the time. I gave her two bottles of Cardui. It built her up and she began eating and soon gained in weight and has been so well since."

Cardui, the Woman's Tonic, has helped suffering women for over forty years. Try it. At all druggists. E-100

Money Isn't the Only Thing

In emphasizing the value of a savings account, we don't want to give the impression that the money you save is all you get out of it.

In addition to the money you save you industry and reliability that will influence your whole life.

START TODAY—Tomorrow is Only an Excuse

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Selma, N. C.

FOR SALE

ON EASY TERMS

—OR—

FOR RENT

TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING ON JOHNSTON STREET

Formerly Occupied by Dalton Lee Garage

H. C. Woodall

The BULL'S EYE

Editor and General Manager WILL ROGERS



Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

I WANT it distinctly understood that this is an ad. What's more, it's one of my first attempts. Of course, the logical question is what does Will Rogers know about writing an ad? My answer is simple—everything!

The first thing any ad writer has got to know is how to get paid. I found that out. The first letters of the alphabet I learned were P. I. A.—that means Pay in Advance.

The real truth about why I started writing ads for these people is that I got a family kicking the toes out of lots of shoes daily and I read where my employers sold enough of their stuff so that if the bags were laid end to end they would stretch further than from Oklahoma to Yokohama—and that's some stretch. So I think this looks good to me. That's why I signed up. I hope it turns into a steady job. At any rate, I'll have another piece here two weeks from now.

Will Rogers

P. S. I like to forget to tell you what I was advertising. It's 'Bull' Durham. I don't smoke it myself. I don't smoke anything, but somebody does or else what happened to all those bags?

IT'S MORE ECONOMICAL of course, but the real reason thousands of he-men swear by good of 'Bull' Durham is because for sneer goodness of flavor, you just can't tie it.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents



BULL DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

bake it best with DAVIS BAKING POWDER

Actual Statistical Facts:

—What Happens to 100 Men From 25 to 65

- (1)—One will be wealthy
- (2)—Four will be independent
- (3)—Five will have some earning power
- (4)—Fifty-four will be dependent
- (5)—Thirty six will die

Systematic monthly savings in B&L is absolutely the surest way to land in class ONE or TWO at the age of 65.

JANUARY SERIES NOW OPEN

Smithfield Building & Loan Association

J. J. BROADHURST, Secty. & Treas.



Figure it out for yourself.

If three tons of 12-4-4 contains the same amount of plant food as four tons of 9-3-3 and costs less, why handle the extra ton?

Simple enough isn't it?

The plant food in 12-4-4 costs less per unit than in 9-3-3.

The above statement being true, then why not make 1925 a banner year by using nothing but

High Analysis Fertilizer and

Make every acre do its best.

When you have learned the proper fertilization for your soils, you have learned the secret of profitable farming.

(2)



Just received one car well broken mules

WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION



W. M. Sanders & Son

Smithfield, N. C.