

DOES DUTL OR HABIT KEEP GIRLS AT HOME?

Dear Miss Flo:

Must a girl marry to have her own home? After attending a prominent college for two years, I was forced to leave, because of a change in the financial circumstances of the family. After the intense and interesting life at school, I find that my interests at home have dwindled and I have nothing in common with my parents or with my old friends. I am bored with everything. Life seems uninteresting and flat. I am not popular with men—neither am I overburdened with feminine company. I want to go to a large city and find a position. However, my folks believe that such an action would condemn me to everlasting perdition. They have an idea that no working girl can be respectable, and that no nice girl has her own apartment. The few friends I have say that I am gloomy. Do you believe that I am selfish in wanting to leave my home and make my own life, or is it a mistaken sense of duty and age long habit that is forcing me to remain at home with my folks?

—Gertrude.

Perhaps your friends are right, Gertrude. It may be that you have a gloomy disposition. Your letter carries with it a little touch of discontent. It may be that your two years at college have made you a little too critical—that you feel a trifle superior to your less fortunate acquaintances. You may be intolerant. I knew a Gertrude once. She was born in a fog, and she has been wearing an umbrella over her mind ever since. She has an exquisitely miserable time anticipating horrors that never materialize. Naturally she isn't popular. I believe you need a strong motivating purpose. The very best thing you could do is secure a position. I am not so sure that it would be the best thing for you to leave your home and the few friends you have, to go to a larger city. It is rather difficult to make friends in a city, and you need friends more than anything else.

However, if you are quite sure that it is impossible for you to secure interesting work within commuting distance of your home, I see no reason why a nice girl, when she is old enough to know the conventions, should not have her own home, with the privilege of making her own life. I wouldn't advise you to start in alone, however. You will find it much easier if you start in with another girl—one who has proved herself to have high ideals—and not too many "free" ideas.

First, convince yourself that you are justified in wanting to leave home. If you find, after a careful study of yourself, that you are gloomy, then attempt to overcome it before leaving home. It may be that you are too old to have the illusions of sweet sixteen, and too young to have yet acquired a balance wheel. As it is, you must find joy in work, in friends, in books, in religious faith.

Your folks must be narrow to make a statement that working girls are not respectable. Tell them that the very fact that such girls are earning their living by work proves them respectable.

But the most important thing of all, whether you continue to live at home or go to the city, try to acquire a tolerant nature—and by all means, Live up to yourself.

Didn't Have One

I have just heard a good one. A woman's husband was sick. She called in a doctor. The doctor prescribed for him and told her she must give the medicine to him in a recumbent position. Mrs. Maloney didn't know what in the world a recumbent position was, and she didn't want to betray her ignorance by asking. So she went to a neighbor and said, "Oh, Mrs. Murphy, it's in such awful thurble I am! Me husband is very sick, and the doctor has ordered him to take his medicine in a recumbent position, and do you know, we haven't one of those, at all, and I was just wonderin' if ye'd kindly give me the loan of yours." Now Mrs. Murphy was just as ignorant as Mrs. Maloney, and just as unwilling to betray her ignorance. So, she said: "Sure it's sorry I am to hear o' your thurble, Mrs. Maloney, and it's anything I'd do to help ye, but do you know, 'twas only yesterday I lent Mrs. Dulaney the only recumbent position we had in the house. Sure, it's sorry I am now." Driven desperate in her need, Mrs. Maloney went to Mrs. Dulaney's, although the latter was a stranger to her, and explained the situation, asking her to pass on the recumbent position to her in her need. Mrs. Dulaney was nonplussed for the moment, but her Irish wit came to her rescue, and she began fluently, "Oh, 'tis sorry I am for your thurble, Mrs. Maloney, and glad I would be to help ye, but oh, the bad luck that is with us. Sure I borrowed that recumbent position for my own man

Do You Want a Boyish Figure?



Do as Miss Lila Everett of Los Angeles if you would keep a girlish figure. She does it to keep fit for swimming—and many victories.

who was sick, and when me poor Pat took it up in his tremblin' hands, if he didn't let it down on the flure, and it smashed in a dozen pieces. Sure, it's sorry I am, Mrs. Maloney!" Defeated, Mrs. Maloney turned from the door, saying, wearily, "Well I'll jist have to pour it down him the best way I can.—Old Hurrygraph in The Uplift."

A Preventer of Crime

Business men are turning moralists, and judges are becoming preachers.

Supreme Court Justice Lewis L. Fawcett, of Brooklyn, has spent 18 years on the bench.

More than 4,000 boys under 20 years of age have been before him charged with some crime.

Of this number, only three were members of a Sunday School at the time of their arrest.

Of the 1,092 who received suspended sentences, only 62 were brought back for breaking the conditions of probation.

Judge Fawcett said: "In each suspended sentence case, I insisted upon the return of the youth, if he were a Protestant, to a Sunday School, if a Roman Catholic, the attendance at mass, if a Jew, the attendance at a synagogue or temple."

The Judge further said, "The sustained, wholesome moral atmosphere imparted through habitual attendance upon Sunday School and Church, will expel criminal impulses."

We would expect a preacher to talk thus, but when it comes from a judge it ought to make us stop and think. Perhaps a great deal of our crime bill could be prevented if American Christians took their religion seriously enough.

Is there is a Sunday School in your community? Are you interested in putting the moral props under the sacred things of life? If you do not put up props, you will be putting skids under the moral and spiritual building of the Nation.

How we hold up our hands when some crime shocks us. Yet we allow the boy, who later becomes the criminal, to drop away from the very religious instruction that might have prevented the crime.

Do you know that the means of help are always near? They are not in distant courts and prisons, but in the people of each locality, who are often too busy or too lazy to keep Churches and Sunday Schools open.

There are enough good people in every vicinity to save most of the

young life growing up there, if they will get together, and really try to do something about it.

The Book tells us that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom."

Stand by the churches and Sunday Schools in the country, and gather therein the youth of the entire land for a generation, and most of the jail and prison doors will grow rusty with disuse.

That's what Judge Fawcett says.—Dr. J. W. Holland.

My Mother

My mother is my heart's ideal Of all that's dear and good. Her life is radiant with love And gracious womanhood. She's sympathetic, gentle, kind; She understands a lad; And oh, she's just the truest friend A fellow ever had!

My mother never turns me down Or fails me when in need. To sacrifice herself and serve Her loved ones is her creed. She practices her faith in God With joy and eagerness: Her ministry's a miracle Of sweet unselfishness.

My mother is my pal of pals; She's all the world to me! I owe her everything I am And all I hope to be. I want to live a life like hers, And oh, I want to prove Myself deserving of her faith And worthy of her love. —Christian Herald.

Plant Sweet Potatoes But Don't Overdo It

There is danger of the sweet potato crop in the South being too large this year. The 1924 acreage was not so very short, but the yield was low, thus reducing by about 25 per cent the normal production. This resulted in abnormally high prices, which in turn may cause many to plant an increase of this crop this year. We be-

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The same with anything you may need or want. You already know all about it, by whom it is made, what it costs, and where it is for sale. Advertising is the modern intelligencer. It keeps you informed, advises you of new things, suggests new uses for articles you already own, and prepares you today for wise and useful purchases tomorrow.

It does all this for you, almost unconsciously, as you read. Little by little—the best and surest way to learn—advertising makes you informed of what is going on in the world that is useful to you.

Read the advertisements; get ready for tomorrow

lieve an increase in acreage of around 10 to 15 per cent would be reasonably safe, but to go sweet potato crazy and very greatly increase the acreage will almost surely result in poor prices, if the 1925 yield per acre is a normal one.

The amount of sweet potatoes consumed in the United States is increasing. Before the World War the average amount consumed by every person in the United States was .6 of a bushel. For the five-year period prior to 1924, it had increased to .94 of a bushel per person. This increased consumption is due to several things, one of which is that by proper curing and storing the consuming season is spread over a longer period of time. In fact, sweet potatoes can be had now practically the year round, whereas a decade or so ago, they were either all consumed or rotted in the course of a few months. Then, too, the fact that practically every one is on a higher standard of living now than before the World War leads to an increased demand for almost all kinds of choice food products.

With the above facts before us, it would seem the better part of good business for our Southern farmers to not to go sweet potato wild, but to plant something like a normal crop, probably increasing the acreage over 1924 by around 10 to 15 per cent. Such an increase, with an average yield, will give about as many potatoes as the market will take at a reasonable profit.—The Progressive Farmer.

THE CALL OF THE CHURCH.

"Yes, sir," said Dave, "I believe that church attendance pays. Why just think of the farmers around here who are regular at the little white church in the grove. Judging by their buildings and their dairies and their crops they are certainly more prosperous than the men who spend Sunday loafing, fishing, and visiting."

"How do I explain it? Well, I sort of figure it out that church attendance has something of the same effect upon a man's life that a shower has upon the fields. It starts to growing those business virtues, industry, thrift, honesty, and eagerness to help, which make for success."

After all, is not Dave about right? He might have gone further and have

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DR. MILES' NERVINE

soothes irritated nerves and brings refreshing, restful sleep. Your

money back if the first bottle fails to help you.



FOLKS IN OUR TOWN

Poor Old Hiram

By

Edward McCullough



DREADFUL PAINS

Georgia Lady, Who Had Lost Too Much Weight, Was Advised to Take Cardui and Is Now Well.

Columbus, Ga.—Mrs. George S. Hunter, of this city, writes:

"After I married, thirteen months ago, I suffered with dreadful pains in my sides during ... My side hurt so bad it nearly killed me. I had to go to bed and stay sometimes two weeks at a time. I could not work and I just dragged around the house."

"I got very thin—I went from 126 pounds down to less than 100. My mother had long been a user of Cardui and she knew what a good medicine it was for this trouble, so she told me to get some and take it. I sent to the store after it and before I had taken the first bottle I began to improve."

"My side hurt less and I began to improve in health. ... The Cardui acted as a fine tonic and I do not feel like the same person. I am so much better. I am well now. I have gained ten pounds and am still gaining. My sides do not trouble me at all."

"I wish every suffering woman knew about Cardui." NC-160



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the brown fields of autumn grow green when spring returns; and religion becomes a real experience of fellowship "with a heavenly Father who is supremely made real in the Man of Gallilee, in whose service there is completest freedom and fullest joy."—Country Gentleman.

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