

LATE NEWS ITEMS FROM GLENDON

New Method of Growing Strawberries Being Tried at Glendon—New Garage—Modern Woodmen Lodge Organizes With Forty Members.

(By D. R. McIver.)

Glendon, April 12.—About a dozen men cleaned off the church grove and cemetery at Fair Promise Methodist Episcopal Church Saturday, and greatly improved the church road.

Quite a number of Glendon people attended a ball game at Harper's Cross Roads Saturday. The game was close and interesting. High Falls losing by a score of 9 to 10.

Miss Margaret Maness, J. E. Shields's family, A. P. Davis's family, Dewey Phillips, Henry Phillips, Rev. J. C. Cummings and wife and son, Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dowd, Joe Tillman, Clyde Phillips and others attended commencement exercises at High Falls last Friday.

Miss Vallie Murray from near Goldston, is visiting friends and relatives here since last Thursday.

A. J. Jones returned last Monday from a few days' trip to Charlotte. Work is progressing on the public road from here to the Chatham county line, where a good road leads to Harper's Cross Roads.

A. P. Davis bought a new Ford car at Carthage on April the 4th.

D. M. Phillips, merchant and farmer, was quite ill recently, but his many friends will be glad to learn he is improving.

Dr. M. E. Street bought a car-load of fertilizer last week.

Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Street motored to Raleigh and returned last Saturday in his Oldsmobile car. Dr. Street is enlarging his porch and bath-room and intends to make other improvements.

J. Edgar Shields has partly finished a two-story house with other rooms adjoining it and his old residence.

Bennie Phillips accompanied Rev. J. C. Cummings to Bear Creek Saturday evening to attend preaching by Rev. Cummings, whose services are in great demand and many consider him the best preacher they ever heard.

Getting Oil Leases.
General Ed Glenn recently set out an acre of strawberries. He also is experimenting in growing strawberries in a barrel. He had over 200 holes bored in it, filled it with rich dirt and fertilized it, and set the plants in the holes. It will take much water to raise them in this manner or way.

Swanson Cummings is also making the same kind of an experiment. We anxiously await results.

Quarterly Conference at Fair Promise April 23 and 24, conducted by Rev. J. D. Bundy, presiding elder for Fayetteville Circuit.

New Garage.
General Ed Glenn has a new enterprise at Glendon—a nice, new garage. The garage is a beauty, and part of the equipment is on hand and the manager, Marvin Goldston, of Goldston, is about ready to open for business. General Glenn favors more enterprises and community co-operation to keep the young people here, instead of so many going away. Some who went away make \$50 to \$60 a week salaries.

Charles Campbell and Hugh Cole, of Pocket township have been in this community and High Falls section working up lodges of Modern Woodmen of the World, and expect to organize in Glendon with over 40 members.

Edgar H. McPherson, of Charlottesville, Va., was visiting his sister, Mrs. George W. Reynolds, and attended preaching at Fair Promise last Sunday. He says Rev. J. C. Cummings the pastor, reminds him very much of Gypsy Smith, the famous evangelist. Mr. McPherson was a student in Carthage in 1894.

Rev. J. C. Cummings preached Sunday night at Grace's Chapel, a church of the Christian denomination in Lee county.

Dr. M. E. Street intends to attend the meeting of the State Medical Association at Southern Pines. Mrs. M. E. Street is one of five ladies on the reception committee.

GLENDON GRADED SCHOOL CLOSING FRIDAY NIGHT
Glendon, April 13.—The Glendon Graded School will close Friday night April 15 with appropriate exercises. The school has had a very successful term of seven and one-half months, with the following faculty: Prof. R. D. McIver, of Jonesboro; principal, and Miss Margaret Maness, of Biscoe, primary teacher. The ladies will serve ice cream at the entertainment and some good music is expected to be a feature. The public is extended a cordial invitation.

Mr. Spencer, of Southern Pines, was in Carthage Monday.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE SOUL SEARCH

AN ENGLISH scientist has devoted a lot of time and effort to writing a book which he calls "In Search of the Soul."

At the end the scientist finds himself no nearer discovering the whereabouts of what he was searching for or even knowing the character of the thing he sought than was Plato or Socrates or Pythagoras or Epicurus, all great teachers, but all disagreeing when it came to the thing which none of them KNEW anything about.

Always there has been a doubt as to whether the soul was within or without the body.

One investigator who died not long ago spent years of his life in an attempt to devise a weighing mechanism so delicate that he would be able to determine if there was any determinable difference in the weight of a human body just before and just after death, hoping thereby to establish the weight of the soul.

There were reports, never perhaps justified, that the government bureau of standards had under consideration a similar line of experiments.

It would be just as satisfying, in all probability, to try and weigh a thought, for it is probable that nothing more tangible leaves the body at death.

Did you ever wonder what becomes of the thinking power when the body no longer has power to breathe and move? Is the thinking power the soul?

Where goes the genius of a Beethoven or a Mozart and that indescribable power to group sounds into harmony when death has robbed those fingers of writing down the notes upon the ruled paper?

What becomes of the analytical powers of a Newton or a Euclid or an Einstein when he can no longer pen his formulae or give to the world his conclusions?

What becomes of the genius of the painter when his hand can no longer hold the brush or of the sculptor when his hammer and chisel have been laid down for the last time?

Is there tangibility to knowledge, to talent, or are they wholly spiritual and without dependence on material things and existence?

Plato said, "The body is a prison, from which the soul must be released before it can arrive at the knowledge of those things which are real and immutable."

Is the soul really imprisoned within the body or is the body only an illusion which our belief gives a deceiving reality?

The scientist who is studying matter, for no one yet KNOWS what matter is, tells us that everything material is made up of electrons and that electrons are really only a manifestation of electricity and that electricity is not matter but only energy, and we, therefore, end up with the statement that matter is not material but only a demonstration of energy, so after all what is there to the thing which we ordinarily think of as the home of the soul?

What an enigma! What an eternal problem! We stand upon the edge of a great ocean and wisely discuss it as a whole when we do not know more than the merest fraction of the truth about the one wave that washes at our feet.

We write books with sounding titles and confess at the end, if we are truthful, "I know nothing."

Only ONE thing man really KNOWS. That is that he is conscious, that he has been endowed with some power of recognition and reason. Whether his use of that power results in a truthful conclusion he does not know. It may be that one of the greatest glories and privileges of the hereafter will be to know something and know that it is the truth.

There are many question marks in the paragraphs above but all life is a question to which none of us have ever known the satisfactory answer. (Copyright.)

Too Much for Her.
"A certain 'parlor pink' has had a change of heart." "How did it happen?" "Every time she tried to inhale a cigarette while absorbing tea and bolshevism she had to retire to recuperate and she realized she could never enter fully into the spirit of the thing."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the little bugs and things that sing all night with grating wings. Like them with nothing much to say I'll keep on singing anyway.

A Successful Failure

By WILLIAM FALL

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Warren Talcott took a last look at the long counting room that had once been his, but was no longer. Some men were erasing the sign, "Talcott & Co., Stocks and Bonds," from the glittering plate glass windows. He passed the elevator starter, who halted him by gently catching his arm.

"I've heard of it, Mr. Talcott," he said, his voice quivering. "Sir, my wife didn't sleep all night over it. She says there's a room for you under the roof you helped us save all your life long, if you'll take it."

"Thank you," nodded the broker. "Tell your wife it's such people as you that make a man think there's some good in the world."

Men turned and noted the tall, graceful figure as Talcott passed. There was always something royal in his bearing. Even with "Failure" written that day against his business career, a dauntless courage showed in his kindly, steady eye.

Talcott had brought half a dozen letters from the office. He opened them in turn. Five were of no consequence. The last one startled him. It announced that an old pensioner of his, James Gregory, living in another city, had died leaving him his entire estate—"apply at once to Dockery & Bates, attorneys."

Twenty-four hours later the senior member of that firm escorted the broker to a secluded city court. In the center of a vacant lot stood a large covered wagon. It had windows like a house and was divided into three living compartments. Seated on the grass reading from school books were three small boys. Nearby was a young lady of about eighteen. She was sewing and four little girls were copying her industry.

"Mr. Gregory has left you two horses and that wagon, with all hands included," said the lawyer, grimly. "In addition, here is the deed already recorded in your name, to a six hundred and forty acre tract of wild land a hundred miles from here, up near the pines."

"And this is my legacy!" murmured the perplexed Talcott.

"Exactly, Miss Gregory will explain the details," and the lawyer left him.

Talcott advanced towards the young lady and introduced himself. He fancied he had never seen so kindly and peaceful a face. Her simple story was soon told. Her dead father, an eccentric, had taken in charge, gradually, some homeless orphans. For them and herself he had worked, traveling about the country in the wagon and doing odd jobs as a tinker.

When the broker asked her as to her plans for the future, she only looked helplessly and pathetically at him.

They talked for over an hour. Bluntly Talcott told of his real situation. He suggested a plan. He needed rest; a change, the doctors had said. Here it was, ready made to order. They would go to "the farm," as he called it. It was their only tangible inheritance.

Talcott went to sleep that night feeling the great load of a broken past lifted from his mind. The odd, the new, the unknown life attracted him.

He awoke with a headache the next morning. The reaction had come. By noon he had a fever, by nightfall he was delirious.

For him the next 20 days were a blank. He awoke to find himself, weak and emaciated, lying on a bed in the boys' end of the wagon. Talcott tried to arise. He sank back weakly with a groan. Instantly from the wagon living room a light form came into view. It was Miss Gregory.

Wonder-eyed and grateful, Talcott learned how the brave little woman had nursed him, and carried out the plan of the journey to "the farm." Here they were, the children industrious and happy, and oh! such grand fortune, and her eyes danced as she told him of it.

"A railroad is building right through your section," she explained, "and the wagon stands on the new town site. A man has been here daily to see you about selling him some of the property."

The man appeared next day. He looked Talcott over shrewdly. Then he said:

"I see you are a keen business man, so I'll talk sense. I am a land speculator. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for a quarter section, and fifty per cent of what I make on another quarter section selling town lots."

"You mean," replied the broker, gently, "twenty thousand dollars and seventy-five per cent?"

"I guess I've figured wrong," said the speculator. "You're up to snuff. Well, I'm ready to trade."

"And what is your plan now, Mr. Talcott?" asked the motherly guardian of the little coterie of children a few days later. "You are almost rich again."

"I shall build a nice roomy home," answered Talcott, "and we will all grow up with the country. My dear, good nurse and true friend, I have found hope and ambition where I thought there was nothing but despair. I have found love, too. Will you share the new home, as my wife?"

And when the blushing, lovable Audrey Gregory answered "Yes," Warren Talcott felt that he stood at the portal of a veritable Eden.

NEW ARRIVALS AT

Williams-Belk Co.

This Week Are:

Pongee Waists

12 Mauve Pongee Waists, in pretty new styles, \$2.98

New Taffeta

Another shipment of our Special Taffeta, in brown, silver gray and navy; special \$1.48 per yard.

Silk Dresses Greatly Reduced

All Silk Dresses, Coats and Coat Suits at about One-Third Off for Quick Clearance.

Belding's Satin, \$2.98

A new shipment of Belding's Guaranteed Satin, in navy, brown, Pekin, Harding blue, gray and ivory; also Belding's heavy Crepe de Chine, in new colors. All very special for \$2.98 per yard.

New Shipment Boys' Wash Suits

AND COMBINATION OR OLIVER TWIST SUITS in sizes 2-12 to 8 years; well made out of best quality materials; both dark and light; priced reasonable—98c to \$2.98

Boys' Silk Waists

A fine quality mercerized poplin; priced \$2.98 and \$4.50

New Collar Points

The newest Collar Point Lace and Open Work Vesting and Collar Embroidery; priced \$35c, 50c and 98c per yard.

Jersey Petticoats

in all the wanted colors; very special \$3.50

WILLIAMS-BELK CO.

Sanford, N. C.

COMING! ONE FOR WEEK Carthage, April 18-23

PEABODY'S MOVING PICTURE SHOW

Tent in Rear Alo Furniture Company Admission 10c and 20c. Pictures Start at 8 O'clock

Every Picture Worth the Money Change Each Night. Special Music by Unaphone

PUTNAM NOTES

(By John Davis.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ramon Barber visited near Putnam Sunday.

Collie Smith, Frank Stutts and John W. Davis attended the ice cream supper at McConnell Saturday night.

A number of Putnam people went to Highfalls Friday night to enjoy the play and school exercises.

Rev. Grover C. Phillips spent Sunday at John Stutts.

Frank Phillips of Fall Creek, visited his sister, Mrs. N. P. Brady, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Care Barber are visiting Mrs. Druzelia Maness.

Feared Wieder of Hazard.

Jane was taken to the barber shop to have her hair cut for the first time. There were several men in the shop, so they had to wait their turn. Nothing escaped her notice, so when it was her turn and daddy was ready to lift her into the chair she seemed frightened and cried to go home, and home she came. Next morning I took her to task about it, telling her how bad poor daddy felt when she was so naughty. She looked up at me and said: "I just tell you, mamma, I would a had my hair cut, but I didn't want to be shaved."

Still Down

We are still holding Sugar down at 19c per pound, and have Flour down to \$10.30 per barrel.

Look this over and see what \$5.00 will do:

- 10 lbs. Sugar
- 24 lbs. Flour
- 5 lbs. Rice
- 5 Yards Dress Goods
- 1 Pair Ladies' Hose
- 5 lbs. Lard
- 1 Can Salmon
- 1 gallon Kerosene Oil
- 1 quart Auto Oil
- 1 gallon Vinegar
- 1 lb. Quaker Oats

All for \$5.00

We have for sale Cottonseed for planting at \$1.00 per bushel that has a record of four bales per acre.

HOUGH'S STORE

HILL CREST, N. C.

Report of the condition of the Bank of Moore

at Carthage, in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business, Feb. 21, 1921:

Resources	Dollars
Loans and discounts	161,495.78
Demand loans	6,000.00
Overdrafts, unsecured	853.00
United States bonds and Liberty bonds	20,350.00
North Carolina state bonds	4,000.00
All other stocks, bonds and mortgages	1,000.00
Furniture and fixtures	3,350.00
Cash in vaults and net amounts due from banks, bankers and trust companies	29,013.72
Cash items held over 24 hours	484.00
Checks for clearing	285.90
Total	226,831.50

Liabilities	Dollars
Capital stock paid in	15,000.00
Surplus fund	6,061.36
Bills payable	5,000.00
Deposits subject to checks	135,838.81
Time certificates of deposit	63,133.26
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,808.07
Total	226,831.50

State of North Carolina, County of Moore, March 4th, 1921.

I, M. G. Dalrymple, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

M. G. DALRYMPLE, Cashier.
Correct—Attest:
J. S. WOMBLE,
J. ALTON McIVER,
W. G. JENNINGS, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of March, 1921.
A. G. MARTIN, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March, 1923.)

NOTICE

Having this day qualified as administrator of the estate of P. H. Kelly, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate, to present the same to the undersigned administrator on or before Feb. 26th, 1922, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of same. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
This Feb. 26th, 1921.
M. McL. KELLY, Administrator.