

Show a Circulation of a Million and a Half With Large Plant Value

RALEIGH, Dec. 1.—There is a total of 288 North Carolina publications, with a combined circulation of 1,420,002, valued at \$4,414,440, according to a report made public tonight by Commissioners of Labor and Printing M. L. Shipman.

Democrats control the majority of the papers, holding a total of 95. There are 31 independent-democratic publications; 15 republican; 3 independent republican; and 59 independent?

The first complete list of the State newspapers and periodicals appeared in the report of this department for 1918, said Mr. Shipman. "The report for this year showed the existence of 219 publications as follows: 4 morning; 13 afternoon; 161 weekly; 4 semi-monthly; 1 bi-monthly and 29 monthly.

"Information at hand touching operations for 1922 placed the number of morning dailies at 10, afternoon 29; weekly, 164, semi-weekly, 26; three-a-week, 3; monthly 36, semi-monthly, 6; quarterly, 13, annual, 2.

The combined circulation of all publications was first ascertained by the department in 1901 and found to be 412,281. Reports from publishers for 1922 advanced the number to 1,420,002, an increase of 341 percent.

Increases in the circulation of the morning dailies for the past decade is 120 percent; afternoon 82 percent; weekly 25 percent; semi-weekly 15 percent; monthly 31 percent; quarterly 55 percent.

There has been an actual reduction during the ten-year period in the number of weekly, monthly, semi-monthly, and annual publications, due to the tendency toward consolidation. The morning, afternoon, semi-weekly, three-a-week and quarterlies have increased both in number and circulation. A number of weeklies have developed into semi-weeklies.

Reports from publications operating their own plants show the value of these to be \$4,414,440; the employment of 1,750 persons and annual pay roll aggregating \$2,355,287.

The production of the newspaper printing presses is 1,420,002 copies, and there are 1,420,002 copies of the State, eighty newspapers and periodicals are printed by contract.

The highest average daily wage of active establishments reporting \$4.90; lowest average \$2.15. The average number of hours constituting a day's work was placed at 8 3/4. Electricity, gas and gasoline predominate as mot-

ive power, but the use of small motors, or engines, only are required, and the aggregate number of horsepower in operation is comparatively small—1027."

Summary	No.	Circulation.
Morning daily	10	182,806
Afternoon	29	102,160
Weekly	164	623,388
Semi-weekly	26	60,344
Three-a-week	2	3,000
Monthly	36	325,070
Semi-monthly	6	13,100
Annual	2	100,000
Quarterly	13	35,625
Totals	239	1,420,982

A BURLESQUE OF THE BOOK 'THIS FREEDOM'

Clever Woman Laughs At All the "Silly" Characters in Hutchins' Novel

(From New York Evening Post)

"With a great sum (\$2) obtained I 'This Freedom.'"
Rosalie's first impression was that her father owned the world. Extraordinary father! Wonderful father! Wonderful, wonderful father! There he is bounding across a field in front of a bull! Wonderful bull! There is father! There is the bull! Two there, one after the other. The bull there after father there! Wonderful there! Entering there!
Did her mother ever bound before a bull? Never! Her father was the only bounder in the family—except her two brothers. All men were bounders. Wonderful, mysterious, entrancing men! Wonderful, wonderful men!

II
She's gone to school! She's in school! She's still in school! She's left school! She's looking for a job! She's got a job! She's still got the job! She hasn't lost it yet! She's met a man. She's kissed the man! She's married! She has one child! She has two children! She has three children! She doesn't have any more children! She loses one—jail. She loses two more—dead! What jumps! What leaps! What bounds! She's busted right through the book.

III
One tries to stop her. One can't. It's no use. She's a deluge. She's a maelstrom. She's an earthquake. She's an avalanche. She's several other things, including a boiling pot. Why? One knows only what one knows. One clings to one's knowledge to write a book not understanding one's knowledge disorderly. Why? One knows only what one knows. Why? One knows only what one knows.

IV
Her life, then—her stage. She gets the job. A desk! Mahogany! Ink-well! Penholders! Paper! Typewriter! Scissors! Waste basket! Chair! Other things! Simcox dies. Simcox is buried. Along comes Sturzise. A bigger job! Glass partitions! More and bigger desks

—table! Lombard Street! Trafalgar Square! Pall Mall! Piccadilly! Bond Street! Regent Street! Hyde Park! Kensington Gardens and points west and north!

The war comes. It goes on. It stops. She did not start it. Nor stop it. Remarkable woman! Brilliant woman! Very much remarkable and brilliant.
And yet . . . one must tell it all over in detail. One must write one's book in one's own way in spite of one's habit of prematurely spilling the beans.

IV
Keggo, then. Miss Keggo, her old teacher, mysteriously, unaccountably called Keggo. Mysteriously, unaccountably until—
Rosalie met her near the marble arch. Keggo smiled fixedly. Had evidently been smiling for some time. What was it? They went to Keggo's rooms in a drab street, a sad drab. Forlorn drab drabs, like sad drab ghosts, drably sickered in and out—litterant drabs in drab ceremonies. All drab, except Keggo, who was brilliantly lit up, though Rosalie perceived it not.

V
Harry Ocleve, now. She knew him slightly, had met him once or twice. She despised him. Tame cat! She hated him. Best! This man of all men was obnoxious to her. But he smelt nice—of peat and perfumed soap and tobacco and whiskey and tweed—always a tweed, even when in evening dress. Odd! She was in her uncle's home. He came into the room—poor calf! He despised him—tame cat! How she despised him—sick fool! "Dinner served," the party went down stairs. She had to pass him. Hateful! She trembled. Her knees shook. She hated him so! Then—that smell! Peat, soap, tobacco, whiskey, and—tweed. He is evening dress. Odd how persistent the smell of tweed!

VI
She loved him so! Perfect he was. Simply perfect. In every way. All the virtues. No fault—except that persistent tweed smell. She loved him so! He never swore. Lancing a picture he caught his thumb a proper crack that is to say, he hit it: "Mice and mumps," cried Harry. She loved him so!
Oh, rare saying! It epitomized Harry to her. It was his only swear word. Perfect he was. "Mice and mumps." Never anything stronger. Never "Ra" and rickets, never "Snakes and scarlet fever." No. Only "Mice and mumps." She loved him so!

VII
There were the children, Huggo, Doda, Benji. Huggo first. Harry Doda. He spoke.
"Did you ever notice anything queer about Huggo?"
"Hat! What does? Sets the wind in that quarter? Her defences bristled. What do you mean?"
"Have you ever noticed that he's cross-eyed?"
"Oh, this was dangerous! Where would this lead? Oh, dangerous!"
"Ah, let that go. I have a reply to that."
"What reply?"
"I am a woman."

Unanswerable. He put his arms around her. "Well, ever. It's over. Let's forget it, Rosalie!"
"I don't believe the whale swallowed Jonah," Huggo speaking. She sat upright. She stared. She called out dreadfully, "Huggo!"
"Well, mother, you never taught me to believe it."
She drew her hand to her heart. She was deathly sick. It was very embarrassing. Her Huggo! The whale! Jonah!

She gave up her job. Spent all the time with her children. Read them "The Parents' Assistant," Mother Goose, the Rollo books. "Dull," they cried, "deadly dull." She gave it up, went back to her job. After all, she was a woman.

VIII
Harry came in. His face iron-hard. She said: "Oh, what is it?"
"It's Huggo."
"Huggo?"
"Huggo!"
"Huggo!"
"Huggo!"
"Not Huggo?"
"Yes, Huggo."
"Well, what?"
"In jail for highway robbery."
She went to the bell. "Will you have your tea now?"
"Teal! Why don't you teach that boy hat the whale swallowed Jonah?" His voice like axes thudding. "That's the cause of this! How could he know that highway robbery was wrong, if he didn't know that the whale swallowed Jonah? Why didn't you teach him?"
"I am a woman." "Bull's-eye! The perfect answer! He put his arm around her. "Come, let's forget it."
She saw Huggo in prison. "Why did you do it, Huggo?"
"My name's Hugh. Everybody at home called me that awful name. I'd rather be in jail."
Strike one!

IX
Doda now. Her turn. The less said the better. But one must say something. Dances. Untidiness. Powder on her nose. No Jonah in her head.
Look, there she is! She's fourteen. Look, there she is! She's sixteen. Look, here she is! She's eighteen. Look, here she is. She's dead. The less said, the better.
Strike two!
And Benji. Look, there he is! So neat and gentle. Her wee, spectacled Benji. He's at school. He's at his books. He gets prizes. Look, there goes Benji. Not much to look at, but he gets prizes. Harry idolizes him, weeps over him. Rosalie, too, though a woman. Little Benji collides with a train! He'd never taught him about Jonah and not to collide with trains. How could he know? So Benji dies.
Strike three! Strike out!

That's all there is. There isn't any more. Supply of children exhausted. Yet here was to have been more—much more and worse—Harry dynamiting the Bert Memorial as a protest against matrimony—Rosalie—what? Who can say? But one cannot say more go on. Cars run down one's nose and dilute

one's ink. One's heart—look forward to them. They're all right now. Huggo in Canada, reformed. So he's alright now. Rosalie at home, every day, always, teaches Huggo's daughter about Jonah. So she's all right now. Harry says "Mice and mumps" over and over again all day long. So he's all right now. Doda and Benji still dead. So they're all right now.

CHRISTOPHER L. WARD.



QUEEN HAMANYAH
Her majesty, Queen Hamanyah, ruler by right of wit and sword over a large territory in the vicinity of Sierra Leone, Africa. Her warriors have conquered many a neighboring hostile tribe, and her wit is sufficient to have gained her a large fortune through trading with the whites.

Russia Coming Back?
The old-time scenes at American railway junctions, when the brakeman came through the train shouting: "Blankville, 20 minutes stop for supper," are being duplicated in Russia as the normal conditions of travel are being restored and railway station restaurants, foodless and closed for four years, are opening again. Passengers during the revolution had nothing to eat on long journeys except what they brought with them, but now practically every station restaurant offers almost a complete bill of fare. As the trains pull in a scramble for food occurs that would rival an American quick-lunch counter during the rush hours. Some of the more important trains have dining cars, but they are patronized only by first-class passengers, and even many of these enjoy the rush at the station restaurants more than the decorum of the wagon-restaurant.

FOOTBALL SCORES

Kentucky, 7	Center, 4	South Carolina, 0
V. P. I., 7	V. M. I., 3	Washington & Lee, 14
John Hopkins, 0	Georgetown, 46	George Washington, 6
Georgia Tech, 14	Auburn, 6	Pittsburg, 14
Penn State, 0	West Virginia, 14	Washington and Jefferson, 0
Sewanee, 0	Vanderbilt, 26	Randolph Macon, 12
Elon, 0	N. C. State Freshmen, 33	Oak Ridge, 0
Louisiana State, 26	Talase, 14	Presbyterian College, 33
Newberry, 9	Wilmington Light Infantry, 7	Wake Forest second, 6
Asheville High, 6	Bingham, 6	Norfolk Carolina, 10
Virginia, 7	Chattanooga, 13	Oglethorpe, 9
Loyola, 34	Marian, 6	Alabama, 50
Mississippi Aggies, 0	Maryland, 7	N. C. State, 6
Hochstadt, 15	Horbart, 14	Franklin and Marshall, 6
Gettysburg, 3	St. Johns, 14	Penn McCall, 6
Buskell, 19	Dickinson, 7	Detroit "U", 14
Vermont, 10	Nebraska, 14	Norta Dame, 6
Missouri, 9	Kansas, 7	Farman, 13
Davidson, 10	Cladell, 26	Erskin, 0

CRY OF CAKES AND SALES
Four circles are combining to give the Club Christmas Bazaar a huge success. The chairmen of these circles are: Messdames W. H. Cobb, Sol Isaacs, Colin Moore, and W. S. O'B. Robinson.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR DEC. 8TH

Quite the best shopping opportunity of the season will be offered the Goldsboro public next Friday at the Christmas Bazaar to be held by the Woman's Club in their hall on West Center street. The bazaar will represent the combined efforts of over seventy-five women who have been busy for some time preparing for this event.
Fancy work articles of all kinds, things for children, household novelties and homemade cakes, pies, candy and chicken salad will be offered for sale at reasonable prices. Orders will also be taken at the bazaar for delivery.

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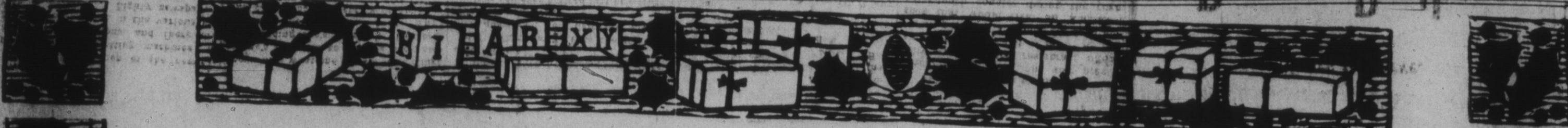
NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT
R. W. Powell and James Powell, trading as R. W. Powell & Bro.

Peetless Chemical Company
The Peetless Chemical Company will take notice that an action has been commenced in the Superior Court of Wayne County, North Carolina, against as above, for the recovery of \$772.20 due the said plaintiffs above named by the said defendant, being the balance due for commissions and brokerage on account of the sale of a large quantity of fertilizer materials sold by the plaintiffs as brokers for the said defendant; said defendant will further take notice that summons in said action was issued returnable on the 4th day of December, 1922, which time, however, has been and is by operation of law, extended to the 2nd day of January, 1923; said defendant will further take notice that a warrant of attachment in said cause was also issued by the Superior Court of Wayne County, North Carolina, on the 18th day of November, 1922, against the property of said defendant or indebtedness due by residents of the County of Wayne, State of North Carolina, which attachment is returnable on the 4th day of December, 1922, and which time is also extended by operation of law to January 2, 1923, when and where the Peetless Chemical Company is required to appear and answer or submit to the complaint or the relief demanded in said complaint will be granted.

This the 1st day of December, 1922.
J. B. HOOKER,
Clerk Superior court.

Barnes Brothers, having bought out the store formerly operated by Barnes Grocery Company, will be open for business tomorrow, Saturday and will appreciate any business given us.

Cleanliness, Quality and Service
Yours to serve,
Barnes Brothers



-- Something for Nothing --

EXTRA TROUSERS FREE

Order any suit in our English American line and we will Tailor to Order an EXTRA PAIR OF TROUSERS from the same material--- ABSOLUTELY FREE

Sale Starts Today

H. Weil & Bros.