

Stories of Goldsboro Sad and Humorous

By JOHN HERNDON

Douglas Sasser, a good-natured, hard-working colored man of family, is happy. He has just been released from the clutches of a modern S.S. Rick, who was charging him interest at the rate of 500 per cent per annum on a loan of \$20.

It's the usual story. The furniture dealer was pushing him for a long over-due payment of his household goods. Foreclosure was threatened, and after making a vain effort to find someone whose endorsement would secure him a loan from the bank, he went to a money lender as a last resort. "Yes," said the money lender after the application had been duly made, "I will let you have \$20 so long as you pay me \$2 a week interest." Douglas needed that money too bad too haggle. He readily agreed to signing a mortgage on the furniture, already sufficiently pledged, a fact that he did not reveal to the money-lender, nor was that gentleman particularly inquisitive on this point—and signed up an agreement to pay \$104 a year for the loan, or until such time he found it possible to raise \$20 at one time—a rather impossible feat to a man who earns but \$12 per week and has a family to support.

The transaction, in some manner, reached the ears of a friend of Douglas, one of the leading members of the Goldsboro bar. Righteously indignant over the high rate of interest, yet realizing that the money-lender had come to the colored man's aid at a critical time, he did not seek recourse from the law, which probably would have annulled the loan under the usury act with its attendant stipulations, but sent him to the Hood bank, which makes industrial loans, with a note bearing his endorsement, to get the necessary \$20 to pay off the loan. The Hood bank gladly let him have the desired \$20, at a very low rate of interest, principal and interest to be repaid in small stipulated weekly sums. Douglas immediately discharged his debt to the money-lender, and now he sings the praises of his lawyer friend and the Hood bank.

A REAL CHRISTMAS STORY

The spirit of the season was in the air. A light sleet was falling. The streets were thronged with a hustling crowd. They were holiday shoppers. For it was the season of seasons—the Christmas season.

A young couple apparently in their twenties, entered the store in which they were standing, and began the customary routine of inspecting the thousands of items before purchasing their Christmas presents. They had the appearance of a couple betrothed. They were chattering among themselves. "This would be

Tutt's Pills

The best dose stimulates the bowels, giving immediate relief, regulating bowels and digestive organs, inducing

GOOD DIGESTION

The Yuletide Season

PREPARES
HEARTS AND OUR
MINDS FOR A
FRIENDLY SPIRIT
AND A BOND OF
FELLOWSHIP TO-
WARD ALL MAN-
KIND
IT IS IN THIS
SPIRIT THAT I EX-
TEND ALL COMPLI-
MENTS AND
GREETINGS
OF THE SEASON
A MERRY CHRIST-
MAS TO YOU ONE
AND ALL

M. N. Epstein
"To Men and Little Men"

grand for Dad," she exclaimed, holding up a old fashion pipe in one hand and a large package of a well known brand of smoking tobacco in the other. "Yes, that would make a wonderful gift for him," he agreed. The clerk asked if she would like to have it, and was told to wrap it up in a nice holiday package.

"While the clerk went away on another errand the young man spied a boy of perhaps 8 or 9 years of age looking at a small mechanical automobile.

For a few moments she paused and gazed at the little fellow. He wore an old and worn coat. The sleeves had been patched at the elbow, and but two buttons remained to fasten it. His trousers were almost as bad as the coat—but they were clean. A cap that was too large for him was pushed back on his forehead. Now and then he pushed back a lock of stray hair that fell across his eyes.

Turning to her companion, she said: "Excuse me for a minute please." And he nodded in return to her question, as he was interested in something that would more than likely go for Mother. Walking to the boy, she spoke in a kind and gentle tone. "Looking for Santa Claus, little boy?" He turned quickly and re-

moved his cap. "No mam, I was just looking at the pretty toys up there," pointing to the counter where were displayed all kinds of games and toys. "Is Santa Claus coming to see you?" asked the lady. A deep sigh came from the boy, a lump worked up into his throat, and tears swelled to his eyes. His right hand was quickly raised to brush away the teardrop. "No'm, he won't come to see me this year," he answered. "Why?" asked the woman. "Because Dad is not with us, like

he was last Christmas," sobbed the boy. A dainty hand, a hand that had not seen hard work was around the child as she drew him closer to her. "Never mind," she said in a low whisper. Santa Claus is going to see you now. What is it up there that you want? He gazed upon the automobile, which, when wound up, would run on its own power. "I would like to have that automobile," came the reply. "But lady, if you are going to buy anything, buy that doll there, for my little sister," he added.

The girl turned away for a moment, stuck by the lad's thoughtfulness of his sister. She stopped a clerk who was passing, and told him she wanted the doll and the automobile. While he was doing up the package the two, the man and the woman conversed in low tones. When the clerk had presented them with the bill and the boy had the things that he wanted for sister and himself, tucked under his arm. They bade him a merry Christmas, and continued happily on their way of "Just Looking." For they had succeeded in making someone else happy.

St. Louis news is good. Man threw a plate at a waiter. While a little rash, this will keep one awake.

Our stand on the farm question is that culture should not be placed ahead of agriculture.

Christmas Groceries

Fruits, Nuts and everything for the cake. Fine assortment of candy for the kids. Everything the market affords for the table in the way of greenstuffs and country produce.

And the Best Thing We Have is "Service"

H. H. Jenkins Grocer

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To enter Mercantile Business in Goldsboro—
Wholesale and Retail

Prefer young man with experience and plenty of energy.

Must close deal within 30 days.

Write P. O. Box 387

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9		9
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4	Merry Christmas	5

Today Is Christmas Day

We desire to express our Thanks and appreciation to those who have favored us with their patronage

We extend to the whole community the best wishes for a Happy Yuletide and a most Prosperous New Year and Thanks for it's confidence.

Miller's Goldsboro Drug Company

Open Today from 9 to 12:00 O'clock



Christmas Greetings and

Best Wishes for a
Happy and Prosperous
New Year

We have endeavored to give you the very best values in the past and will continue doing so in the future.

Goldsboro Shoe Co.

Santa Claus

Arrived in Town
This Morning

It Is Our Sincere Wish

That His visit to every home in this community was the means of Bringing Happiness and Good Cheer—that the day will be the happiest each and every man, woman and child in this community has ever known.

THE HAND OF GRATITUDE IS
EXTENDED TO ALL FROM THIS
STORE FOR 1924 PATRONAGE

COZART & SON



To Our Friends and Patrons

1924 Has Been Good to Us Because You Have Been free with your patronage. We have tried to give you the best and in return we have received the best, therefore we extend to you on this Christmas Day the best the land affords.

A. A. JOSEPH

"MY OUTFITTER"