

He Is Just a Little Boy

The following article by an anonymous writer was read by Mrs. J. O. Bivins at the March meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association, and is entirely worthy of the space it occupies, even though lengthy:

"Listen, son: I am saying this to you, as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blood curd striking wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few moments ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Gently I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking: I had been cross to you; I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I asked you to tuck for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my iron, you turned and waved a little hand and called 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back!'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic. Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper,

impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door.

"What is it that you want?" I snapped.

"You said nothing, but you ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms lightened with an affection that God had set blossoming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs. Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hand and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart. What had habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy! It was not that I did not love you; it was not that I expected so much of you. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own fears.

"And there was so much that was good, and gay, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night.

"Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt here, choking with emotion and to shame.

"It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession.

"And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying, as if it were a ritual, 'he is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary, in your cot, I see that you are still a baby, resting your head on her mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much!

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curls, and, if it were not for waking you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my breast.

"Tears came; and heartache and remorse, and—I think a greater, deeper love when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!"

Frank L. Blum & Co.

It is only natural that the advertisement of Frank L. Blum & Co. appears in this edition.

This firm enjoys a wide reputation as building contractors, and their name is well and favorably remembered by the builders of some of the best buildings in the State. It was a matter of no surprise that the contract was awarded to this firm for the erection of the new Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, and although let to the low bidder it might be said that their business experience was a valuable asset to the firm in knowing how to build good buildings at a minimum of cost, hence the award of the contract.

The building, now completed, is soon to be opened to the general public for inspection, and it stands to reason that the verdict of the visitors will be in accord with the countless numbers who have watched its progress from the beginning until now, and vote their approval with highest words of praise.

Paul Gwyn

Paul Gwyn, local insurance man, needs no introduction to the people of Elkin or this section of the State, and when insurance is the question his name has been established in the minds of countless numbers as a reputable person to deal with. Mr. Gwyn's specialty is fire insurance.

Handling leading lines, and covering all forms of fire hazards, he is in position to offer liberal policies and unexcelled service. Mr. Gwyn feels a pride, naturally, that he was given the policies on the new Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, but the coverage in turn gives an assurance of the utmost protection against destruction of the building and satisfaction to those placing it that the protection has been entrusted to capable hands, which includes Mr. Gwyn as representative and the strong companies represented.

If it's a fire insurance policy your property needs, do delay should be made in consulting him about your requirements. His office is located in Greenwood Building on Brigg's street.

What has become of the simple-minded yokel who expects the moving pictures to show the love scenes that the reading notices hint about,

Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital



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Frank L. Blum & Co.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Winston-Salem, N. C.

We Simply Want To Say:

That as citizens of Elkin and this section of Western North Carolina, we join with our fellow-citizens in extending a simple word of congratulations to those upon whom congratulations are now in order.

We realize fully the value this new institution is destined to be among us, and unhesitatingly recommend the cooperation of our people to the new

Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital

WHICH OPENS ITS DOORS TO THE PUBLIC ON SUNDAY, APRIL 19

for public inspection to see what has been accomplished for the relief of the suffering.

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THE

Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital

has our pledge of heartiest co-operation. We are indeed glad of the privilege of adding our congratulations upon its completion, and wish it every measure of success.

It is a modern institution, built in a good town, and deserving of fullest support. Unquestionably it will receive it.

ABOUT OUR SERVICE

LOCATED IN THE SAME TOWN WITH THIS NEW HOSPITAL IS ALSO A MODERN LAUNDRY, RENDERING A HIGH CLASS SERVICE IN WET WASH AND FLAT WORK AT MOST REASONABLE PRICES. SPECIAL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO HOSPITAL WORK AND THAT OF ITS PATIENTS. JUST REMEMBER, WE ARE AN ELKIN INSTITUTION—AND AT YOUR SERVICE AT ALL TIMES. WE SOLICIT THE BUSINESS OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC IN ANY LAUNDRY SERVICE.

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John Rattledge, Prop.

Phone 205