

RAMBLING 'ROUND NEW YORK with HUGH KENNY

A four page newspaper is published in New York with a vocabulary of only 900 words. It is published by the Language Research Committee affiliated with the New York University and is used to aid foreign-born adults in learning English and adjusting themselves to the American environment. The average American-born adult has a vocabulary of 25,000 words, yet the 900 word newspaper is very readable, quite complete.

Doris Duke, multimillionheiress recently attained the age of 21 and now controls a \$53,000,000 fortune. Her home is 1 E 78th St., New York and her auto license reads 1-E-78. Neat?

On 39th Street, just off Broadway a man sitting on the top of a motor truck. His legs real all the way to the ground. He's the sandwich man who walks on stilts and occasionally holds conversations with workers in second story windows.

The songs most frequently played on five New York radio stations a recent week—in the order named: "Puddin' Head Jones", "The Day You Came Along", "Honeymoon Hotel", "Good Night Little Girl", "What More Can I Ask", "You've Got Everything", "Don't You Remember", "Heaven Only Knows", and "I'll Be Faithful." . . . They seem to indicate a trend toward sentimentality and away from sophistication. Add the continued popularity of skating, bicycling, ping pong, parcheesi, tiddeywinks and croquinole; add the immense success of "Little Women", the film starring Katherine Hepburn; add the popularity of the movement toward long dinners and long wine lists and the total looks like a return to the spirit of the nineties!

In response to my telephoned inquiry for an out-of-town guest came this prompt answer from Radio City's Music Hall, "For equipment for the hard of hearing, speak to one of the ushers, deposit \$2. The usher will show you to a seat in the twelfth row in the orchestra which is wired for the purpose, and connect the instrument. Return the instrument on leaving the theatre and your deposit will be returned in full."

Nino Martini, tenor whose fame has been spread by radio, made his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company in its first week of the season, singing the part of the Duke in Rigoletto. And just about every professional musician in town who had the afternoon off was there to hear and see . . . The newspaper critics of the town were luke-warm in their praise. Admitting the nervous strain of the occasion, their comments, even so, were to the effect—a voice of good, if not exceptional quality.

The opening night of the Metropolitan, incidentally, was one of the most lavish of many years. Among the patrons were the Astors and the Vanderbilts and the J. P. Morgans.

THINK OF IT! We can sell you a bed room suite consisting of four poster bed, chest of drawers and small vanity for less than \$25.00.

EAGLE FURNITURE CO.

BEGIN

1934

WITH ADEQUATE PROTECTION

INSURE!

Paul Gwyn
INSURANCE
ALL LINES
Security — Service
Phone 258
Elkin, N. C.

The Princess Mdvani, the former Barbara Hutton, and many another. Almost every box sparkled with a tiara of some sort, and there was a real diamond coronet—a full crown mind you—worn by Lady Honor Channon, a guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt . . . And associated with all this pomp, strange as it may seem, velveteen was much in evidence, both in wraps and in dresses. . . . Bracelets were worn by the fours and fives—all in a row. Most of them were diamond—but then, how is a mere man to know? Suffice it to say that the opening was, once more, like something you read about.

Ohio has swallowed a whale! Or at least that's the story of the whale's owner here who shipped his 55 ton whale on a 65 foot truck recently, bound for New York. He says that not only is the whale worth \$25,000 but that he loves it and its loss has affected him deeply. He has appealed to Lincoln Highway police to help him locate the whale, the truck and the driver. The whale, stuffed, was to be put on exhibition here in New York.

How many thousands, who would know?—but chances on the Grand National Sweepstakes to be run in March at Liverpool have commenced to arrive in New York. In innocent looking envelopes, addressed in long-hand, they come illegally through the United States mails. And the stubs for the drawing, together with the money in payment for the chances are enclosed in plainly marked envelopes, handed over to a small army of steamship stewards and crews, each with a gratuity. They agree to mail them to headquarters from a port on the other side of the Atlantic. Receipts and acknowledgements are mailed to the United States . . . Then not a word more—till you read of the lucky ones. You don't hear of the thousands who've bought and lost. Only Joe Jinks, laundry driver. He says he'll get somebody else to take his route on Saturdays—now that he has a hundred thousand. Or Mrs. White. Yes, now that she has thirty thousand, she'll have someone come in and wash the dishes at night.

Words with tricky pronunciations! Accent the "turn" in alternately. "Banal" rhymes with "annal." "Camellia" day rhymes with "the-hell-ya-say." "Digitalis" rhymes with "did-ja-fail-us." Accent the "gon" in "gondola." "Gratis" rhymes with "Great iss Mahomet." Accent the "imp" in "impious"; pronounce the second "i" as long "e." Contrary to usual pronunciation, "misconstrue" accents the "con." Pronounce "version" as "vershun"—not as "verzhun."

The first underground railway in New York was a 250 foot tunnel in lower Broadway, secretly excavated in 1873 to prove to objectors that an underground railway could be made beneath Broadway "without interfering greatly with the traffic of that busy thoroughfare." The first subway was opened for operation in 1904. It ran from Brooklyn Bridge to 145th street. Excavation had started in 1900.

"So this is Broadway!" Visitors used to say it breathlessly. More now say it disappointedly. With more and more hot-dog stands, open-front-stand-up-and-eat restaurants, a flea circus, barkers, beggars, peddlers, blaring loud speakers, cloth banners, cut-outs and mechanical advertising contraptions, Broadway becomes more like Coney Island every year. With repeal, high-class restaurants may follow the finest moving picture houses to 6th Avenue or go beyond to 5th, leaving the garish White Way to go Coney Island as fast as it may.

Jonesville News

Mr. Paul Haynes of Arlington, spent the week-end with his brother, Finley Haynes of Elkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Spann had as their week-end guests Mrs. Spann's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Roberson, Mrs. Margaret Husey, Miss Betty Lou Roberson and Pete and Thurmond Roberson, all of Winston-Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Adams of Burlington, spent the week-end visiting relatives in Arlington and Jonesville.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Martin of Jonesville, had as their guests for the week-end Grady Cooke and John Swisher of Hamptonville, Frank Spann and Thomas Haynes of Arlington, Misses Gladys Spann and Connie and Dorothy Haynes and Mr. and Mrs. Nallis Mock.

Mr. Richard Haynes and Miss Myrtle Myers were guests of Miss Angie Haynes Sunday.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Nallis Mock will be glad to know that they have returned to Jonesville to reside, after making their home in Charlotte for the past five months.

Mrs. J. C. Spann is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Richard Pruitt, and Mr. Pruitt, at their home at State Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pittman, Misses Nelda Shore and Lucille and Hazel Vestal spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Spann, at their home in Jonesville.

THE BOOK

the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures

by BRUCE BARTON

THE FIRST FAMILIES

Cain seems to have had good stuff in him, regardless of his envious nature and terrible temper; at least his descendants were successful. One of them, Jubal, was the first musician; and another, Tubel-Cain, as the first blacksmith, founded the useful arts. We skip over a number of other interesting characters, noting only that "there were giants in those days," and men lived to wonderous old age. Adam, in spite of the necessity for hard work, hung on for a matter of nine hundred and thirty years, but the prize for longevity goes to Methuselah, who established the world's record of nine hundred and sixty-nine years. He passed away in the year of the flood; there is no telling how long he might have lived under a dry regime. Old as these patriarchs were; they did not learn wisdom with their years. In

fact their misdemeanors were so flagrant that

It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. There seemed to be no remedy but to wipe out the whole race and make a fresh start. One man and his family—Noah, his wife and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth—were selected for survival, and Noah was instructed to build an ark that would hold them, together with a male and female representative of each species. He was allowed to warn his neighbors, but when in any age has the hopeful human race been willing to face bad news? They jeered at his stories of the coming storm; they stood around the dry-dock when he was working on his ark and passed the same sort of crude jokes with which the folks of a later day greeted Fulton and his Clermont. Noah was an-

gry, but he kept at work and had the last laugh. The rain began, and

every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth; and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark.

God has never again indulged in his wholesale effort at reformation, probably because He discovered that the first attempt did so little good. The descendants of Noah lived much shorter lives than the patriarchs,

but they were up to pretty much all the bad tricks, as we shall see.

One thing which makes the Bible so interesting and so educational is the fact that it presents its great figures in their entirety—no cloak-ing of their mistakes, no effort to set them up on pedestals. We see ourselves in these pages, with all our passions and frailties, all our hopes and affections, our victories and defeats.

Father (to himself): "I can't understand why my watch won't go. I think it needs cleaning."

Son: "It can't be dirty, Daddy. Sis and I had it in the bath this morning."

You are cordially invited to attend a showing of
SMALL ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
at our showroom on
Tuesday and Wednesday, January 23-24, from 2 until 4
Miss Addie Malone will serve tea and sandwiches
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO.



Your Letterheads Are Your Representatives

ARE YOU PARTICULAR AS TO THEIR APPEARANCE?

Each letter you mail is a personal representative of your business. To the person or firm to which it is sent it conveys an impression, which, in case it is badly printed, may not be at all complimentary. It is good business to see that your letter heads and other business stationery is well printed and attractive. We make it our business to print it that way if you send your order to us.

WE PRINT ANYTHING FROM A CALLING CARD TO A CATALOG

Elk Printing Co., Inc.
Next Door to Postoffice Elkin, N. C.