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In recent months we have installed thousands of dollars worth of new machinery, putting us in better shape than ever before for filling your orders.

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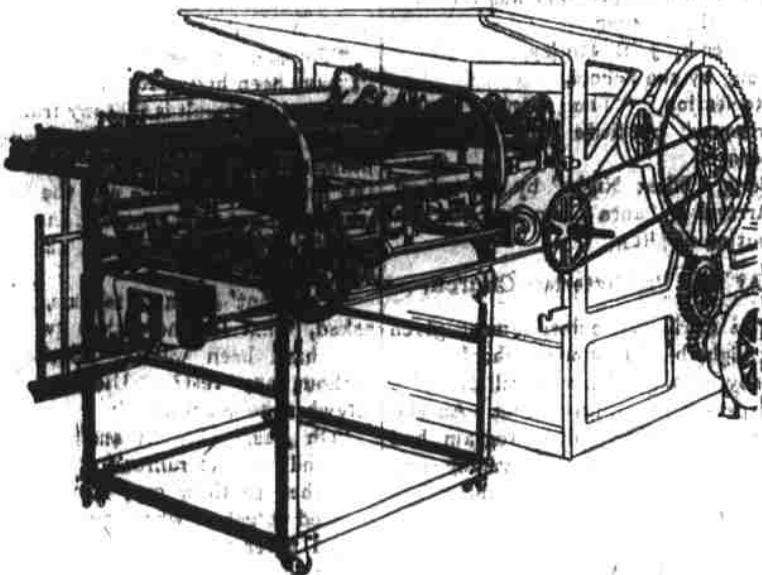


These two illustrations show the Hanston Mono-type Machine, the same being composed of a key-board and caster. The mono-type casting machine is a complete automatic type foundry, producing type, borders and spacing material of any size at a speed that makes it cheaper to cast new than to distribute. It will turn a pound of metal into type of the highest quality in less than two minutes. With this machine we are especially well prepared to provide a variety of type for our patrons.



Monarch Cottrell Cylinder Press

This is the press on which the Daily and Semi-Weekly Journal are printed. It is a new and thoroughly up-to-date machine.

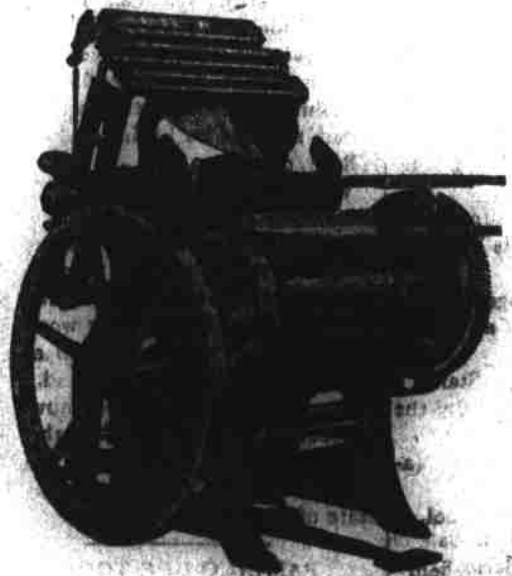


Omaha Folder.

This is one of the latest makes of folder. It is attached to the press and is a labor saver as most folders are detached and require an extra man to operate them.

New Series Chandler & Price Job Press

The cut below also shows a brand new machine—the largest job press we could buy. It will print a small size newspaper.



Another new job press, but smaller size than the other one shown. It is a New Series Chandler & Price, conceded, to be the best job press.

Whether you need the ordinary lines of commercial printing or have a newspaper or magazine you want printed, it will be to your interest to see us before placing your order.

THE PRICES WILL BE MADE AS LOW AS POSSIBLE [CONSISTENT WITH THE QUALITY OF WORK]

E. J. LAND PRINTING COMPANY

Printers and Publishers

45 POLLOCK STREET

NEW BERN, N. C.

A New Year's House Party

By JOHN R. MORRISON

We were two boys and three girls in our family, the youngest fifteen, the eldest twenty-six. When we gave the New Year's house party that proved a turning point in my life. Every room in the house was occupied, some of them by three persons. We had scarcely got together when we began a series of practical jokes on one another, at which the girls were far more adept than the boys. The very first night the sheets in every fellow's bed were scratched, and the next day at luncheon there were cream cakes on the table filled with cotton provided by the girls. One fellow swallowed his own cotton and all, rather than confess himself stung.

We sat up on late nights and some of us were stirring so early in the morning that we were ready to fall asleep any moment. One evening when the game of "twenty questions" was being played in another room I was sent into another room with the others to choose something for a guest. There was no light in the room where I waited, but there was an easy chair. I sat down in the chair and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a kiss. I grabbed a girl, but she got away from me, though only after a fierce struggle. When I had once lost her it was not easy to find her, though the rustling of her skirts was a disadvantage to her, while my greater weight, rendering my tread heavier, was constantly betraying me. She dodged me for some time, when all became quiet. Then suddenly I heard the door open and close. Since the adjoining room was also dark I knew that the others had turned off the lights to enable the girl I was after to escape. The escape having been effected, I went to the door to go out. I found it locked.

It was some ten minutes before it was opened, and I joined the others, the room having been relighted. I cast my eyes from one girl to another with a view to discovering who had kissed me. The first girl I looked at had a scratch on her nose. But the second also had a scratch, and the third. Indeed, every girl was scratched. I looked at the fellows and saw that they were all laughing at me.

Now, among our guests there was one girl for whom my heart had begun to beat. I would have given a kingdom if I had had it for proof that Maria had done the kissing. Whoever had done it had doubtless been dared. Whether my preference for Maria had been noticed by the other girls and when I was found asleep she had been chosen to play the joke on me I didn't know. If she had done the kissing she certainly showed no evidence of the fact—that is, any more than the rest of the girls—a scratched nose. But there was one thing that led me to suspect her. While every other girl in the room was keyed up to the highest pitch of mischief, their eyes dancing, their lips, cheeks, every other feature smiling, Maria seemed slumpy unconcerned.

At 2 a. m. I went to bed no wiser as to the identity of the kisser than before. But the next morning after having dressed, noticing that I needed to change my handkerchief, I jerked it from the outside pocket of my coat and heard something land on the floor. Stooping, I picked up a stickpin.

It at once occurred to me that during the scuffle of the evening before the pin had fallen from the lady's apparel, probably from about the neck, and caught on my handkerchief. Unfortunately it was a very inexpensive article with an imitation pearl for a head and did not identify any particular girl. I realized the importance of keeping my hand a secret, going down to breakfast, I found that three different girls wore pins that were duplicates of the one I possessed. They were the most likely to be suspected, and among them was Maria. Doubtless if there had been enough such articles to go round every girl would have worn a stickpin as well as a scratched nose. By and by it occurred to me that when the pin was in transit from the girl to my pocket it had made the scratch on her nose.

The problem was now narrowed down to three girls, for doubtless the girl who had done the kissing was among those who wore pins. It seemed to me that I must make her betray herself or the victory would be with the girls. I sat down to the breakfast table, ignoring my find. But while the girls were rinsing their dainty fingers in their finger bowls I said:

"I have found something that belonged to the girl who kissed me last night."

Every girl expressed by her behavior a keen interest in what I said except Maria, who took advantage of rinsing her fingers to bend over the little glass bowl before her. I gazed up my mind that I was getting "warmed," as the children say in hide and seek, and concluded on a bold stroke. I continued:

"You may think that a little stickpin she lost when trying to get away from me is what I refer to. It is not."

Every girl stopped smiling and looked serious. I could see Maria wince.

"The girl who kissed me I love," I went on, "and I am ready to proclaim it here before you all."

I fixed my gaze on Maria. A hot flame sprang into her cheeks. To conceal it she turned away and presently threw up the sponge by covering her face with her napkin.

The next year Maria and I entertained the same party in our own house.

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

There is a remarkable interest in Home Baking and Cooking throughout the land.

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The credit for the victory will belong to the women of the country.

Home cooking has the backing of science and the approval of fashion. It adds to housekeeping a pride; to our food, healthfulness.

It is acknowledged by experts, and by the women who know, that the best cooking in the world to-day is with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

Travel.
All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worse he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

In the Swiss Mountains.
"Ethel, that awfully handsome guide kissed me a moment ago. Do you think I ought to deduct something from his pay or add to it?"—Fliegende Blätter.

God rights the man that keeps ef-
fence.—From the Persian

Properly Boiled Meat.
To boil meat so as to retain the juices and soluble salts and yet cook it sufficiently it should be plunged into boiling water and boiled rapidly for about ten minutes. After this first cooking the kettle must be pushed over to the back of the fire, where its contents will simmer gently. This tends to coagulate the outer rind of the meat so that the juices cannot escape. If meat is treated in this manner the inside will be found juicy and tender, but if the meat is allowed to boil it will be found hard and chippy, the goodness having all boiled out of it.

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