



You just think this over
Some day you'll need a home.
Use good judgment, common sense,
And put your money in the Building & Loan.
Richmond County Building & Loan Association.

Why is the road to success like an auto highway? Because too many blowouts keep you from reaching your destination.
Bank of Rockingham.

When a man has been kept in, it feels good to get on the outside. But when you want to get on the outside of something good, eat at
Busy Bee Cafe.

If you want to see things pick up around home, buy mother one of those up to date Vacuum Cleaners, sold by
W. E. McNair, Phone 156.

If you want to get her something striking for Christmas, send her one of our beautiful mantle clocks.
T. R. Helms & Co.

It's got no kick now this is true. It won't put your head to reeling. It's just that good old drink you know
That relieves that tired feeling.
Drink WHISTLE in bottles.

Late one evening a boy who was delivering meat, had no lights on his car. The traffic policeman called, "Hey, son, how about your lights." "We have none, but our liver is fine."
V. J. McLaurin, Phone 246.

When it's one that's been around, And really knows the ropes, If he wants cigarettes, Candy, ice cream or dopes, He always gets the best at
Fox Drug Co., Phone 20.

It feels grand sometimes, they say, to be all charged up, but you can't walk good. Have your batteries charged and you won't have to walk.
Everybody's Service Station
Phones 250-352.

If it is a pressing matter, it is an important matter. If it is an important matter, it should be done right, so call
The Modern Pressing Club
Phone 261.

Pee Dee No. 1 Items.
Rev. Mr. Petty preached a very able sermon in the Methodist church Sunday night.
Mrs. John Covington has been real sick this past week. Hope she will soon recover.
Miss Maggie Meacham is on the sick list this week.
Glad to see Mr. Joe Jorman out again after an attack of flu.
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Davis attended the land sale at Ellerbe Thursday.
Miss Emma Norton was a pleasant visitor in the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Covington Sunday.
Mrs. Julia Wheelis is on the sick list this week, and also, Miss Edith Gale.
Everyone is looking forward to Christmas.

KAYO

Ladies, don't forget that you will get one-half dozen fruit cakes free at McAulay's sale Thursday.
Children's coats, ages 4 to 14, are all included in our 25% discount.—W. E. Harrison & Land Co. advt

What Home Demonstration Work Has Done.

The home demonstration work has done wonderful things for the women of the county, in promoting social activities and doing away with the old ideal that all labor saving machinery and home conveniences were only for our town sisters. It has given many new ideas, (and to many the only ideas) in regards to beautifying and improving home surroundings.

Statistics has it that the majority of insane women in the State institutions for such are from the country. This is due to the isolation mainly. But the home demonstration work has to a great extent broken up this awful condition by bringing the people together mere often and pointing out the ways and means of making their work a pleasure instead of a burden.

Now they may turn their surplus fruit and vegetables into cash by first canning them; also a more practical way of marketing eggs, butter, etc., by grading and packing more scientifically. What woman does not feel encouraged to work harder when she sees that her efforts are not in vain? Of the many things which we have been taught, I will mention a few:
First, we took up canning, preserving, pickling, etc., and we only have to go to the County Fair to see how well this part of it has progressed. Remarkable improvement has been made by all who took an interest in the work and some have turned this side of the work into a very profitable business.

Then the lesson in the making of better butter. It was really surprising to find how ignorant the most of us were in this, though we had been making butter all our lives; but since having had several very interesting as well as educational demonstrations on this, we have our barrel churns, thermometers, brick molds, real butter paddles and now we make butter according to the standard required. This part alone is worth more than we could estimate. Just think of the cost of diseases contracted through improper care of milk and butter.

All this leads up to the care and dieting of children, as well as grown ups. Next we took up labor saving methods in housekeeping, as well as labor saving machinery; i. e., we painted our walls, oiled our floors, bought washing machines with wringer attached, electric iron, etc. Now, instead of the twice a year house cleaning (when all the men folks on the place left or hid out) which called for elbow grease and a lot of it, we take our mops, give the floors the once-over, get the furniture mops in action, the long-handle brushes busy on walls and ceiling, and the job is done without the back-breaking scrub broom that our mothers and grand mothers used, and in half the time.

Numbers have installed lights and water works. This, combined with the home-made fuelless cooker, iceless refrigerator, gives us time to read, rest and attend our club meetings, which does away with the isolation and drudgery of country life that is putting our women in the asylums and the grave.

Next, we took up the plan of beautifying our homes and home grounds; making rugs, basketing, home dyeing, blending colors.
Summing up the work briefly, will say that no one can take an interest in this work and avail themselves of the advantages taught and not be better able to carry on their work as a home-maker.
A Club Member.

"Benton" B. Y. P. U.

The "Benton" B. Y. P. U. of the Rockingham Baptist church (which is the B. Y. P. U. organized recently for the married-folks) held an election of officers at their regular meeting Sunday night.

The officers are as follows:
President—Mr. V. J. McLaurin.
Vice-President—Mr. G. E. Hinson.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. A. Cree.
Corresponding Secretary—Mr. E. N. Covington.
Treasurer—Mrs. Morton.
Librarian—Mrs. F. I. Mason.
Chorister—Mrs. C. O. Funderburke.
Pianist—Mrs. Burroughs.
Captain of Group No. 1—Mrs. E. N. Covington.
Captain of Group No. 2—Mrs. Gregory.

New Schedule.

The Seaboard put on a new schedule Nov. 12th.

Northbound:	
No. 12 (no stop).....	7:10 a. m.
14.....	8:42 a. m.
34.....	12:35 p. m.
20.....	7:26 p. m.
6.....	6:40 p. m.
Southbound:	
No. 5.....	7:58 a. m.
19.....	8:46 a. m.
31.....	1:03 p. m.
13.....	8:33 p. m.
11.....	9:09 p. m.

The Woman's Forum

Conducted by
MRS. LUCY F. RUSSELL
Rockingham, N. C.
(Send contributions or suggestions to her.)

THE WOMAN'S FORUM.

A few years ago every woman in Richmond county was knitting. Sweaters, helmets, scarfs, socks fell from our willing fingers. Some enthusiastic souls carried their knitting to church, many employed the Sabbath rest in furious effort. Soldiers went forth with eight pairs of fine wool socks who never had had one before. "Comfort" bags were filled with every small article that ever grew on a cotton counter. Then came the Armistice and "Peace" and immediately the needles rusted and cretonnes was once more used for sofa pillows.

But, friends, up yonder at Otter and Waynesville there is an army not yet mustered out, men who made the great sacrifice, who offered life as courageously as those who laid it down in the muddy trenches of France and who brought back shattered health to drag out a few years of hopeless invalidism. These soldiers are begging for caps and socks. Many of them never go in a house to sleep and it is almost impossible to keep them from freezing in that keen climate, they are sick men, their circulation is poor, they can not keep warm and the nurses say it is heart-rendering to hear them begging for warm garments, especially close-fitting "skull caps" and heavy wool socks. Sweaters and scarfs are also welcome, but it is the smaller articles most in demand. If these boys were worth knitting for when flags were flying and drums beating and the whole world aflame with patriotic zeal, how much more now that they have come back broken, suffering and hopeless. Richmond county is soon to make an effort to erect a monument to those of her sons who lie in Mother Earth's bosom. A most fitting and noble expression of our appreciation of our brave boys and our sympathy with those who mourn their dead, we wish all success for the movement, but in honoring those who are gone let us remember those who are with us still and "do our bit" for these broken men at Otter. The Red Cross at Otter will gladly supply patterns on application.

There are two or three places in North Carolina that every voter should be compelled to visit. One is the Jackson Training school to see what the State is doing to save the wreckage of our youth. The other is the top of Mt. Mitchell to see with what majestic beauty the hand of God has crowned our State. Several years ago we made the ascent in July on the little logging train whose track has been utilized for the present motor road. The trip up was marvellous but the top was veiled in swirling mists and the distant peaks appeared as islands in a grey and strong sea. Our recent excursion was near the last of October when the autumn colors were most brilliant, the air was clear, balmy and still, the road in excellent condition and the two strangers who occupied seats in the car with us developed into charming and congenial companions. The trip takes about two hours from Park Square to Camp Alice, then the time for the rest of the way depends on one's own lungs and legs.

Words fail when we attempt to describe the glowing beauty of that scene. The swelling slopes, the sheer precipices, the distant peaks were clothed in indescribable colors, crimson, gold, bronze, green, purple, yellow, wave upon wave, line after line, one peak crowding upon another until the eyes ached with the radiant beauty. Even the gaunt grey trunks that are still standing after the great fire of a few years ago accentuate the sheen of the young wild cherries springing at their feet. The black-gum of the balsams on the extreme top were gashed with clusters of the scarlet berries of the mountain ash and over all arched the cloudless sky of October. Involuntarily the stately language of the Psalms sprang into one's mind: "Lift up your heads, O ye Gates and the King of Glory shall come in."
"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world even, from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."
As we drove slowly down the tortuous road and along the banks of the rippling Swannanoa a satisfied silence fell upon our little party for we felt as those who had seen "The Glory of the Coming of the Lord."
L. P. R.

Every Betty Wales dress on our rack, each of which has an absolute guarantee to the wearer, is now being sacrificed at 25 per cent discount.—W. E. Harrison & Land Co. advt

BURNING THE YULE LOG

THE name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival of the winter solstice was Yule, or Yule. The latter term is still reserved by the Scotch.

The burning of the Yule log, known by other names in continental Europe, was an ancient Christmas ceremony descending from the Scandinavians, who at their feast of Jul used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. Similar bonfires were kindled in Europe and elsewhere at the summer solstice.

The English ceremony of bringing in and burning the Yule log on Christmas eve, which still has its local survivals, was full of picturesque detail. The log was a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of an oak.

It was drawn in triumph from its resting place amid shouts and laughter, every wayfarer doffing his hat as it passed. On its entrance into the baronial halls, the minstrels hailed it with song and music, or in the absence of the minstrels each member of the family sat upon it in turn and sang a Yule song.

McLENDON A BAPTIST

Rather Contradictory Statements in North Carolina papers.

(From Bennettsville Advocate)
The following recently appeared in Charity and Children, the Baptist orphanage paper published at Thomastonville, N. C.

Rev. J. M. Fleming, a pastor in the Robeson association, sends a long letter to which he received from Rev. B. F. McLendon, otherwise known as "Cyclone Mack." As this paper made some strictures on the Searchlight for saying that Cyclone Mack had joined the First Baptist church at Fort Worth, which the "Cyclone" denied, we deem it only fair to Dr. Norris to publish the following extracts from Mr. McLendon's letter:

"I wish to say that the Searchlight was absolutely correct when it said that I was going to join the Baptist church, and if anybody is to blame it is me and not J. Frank Norris. He is one of the best men I ever knew and would not make a false statement. The last night of my meeting in his great church I stood before a congregation of six thousand or more people and told them that I was going to join that church just as soon as I could get Dr. W. F. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist church at Nashville, Tenn., to baptize me. When I came home I found so much opposition, or not exactly opposition, either. My wife and children are members of the First Methodist church at Bennettsville, S. C., and all their friends are there and I saw that if they changed churches it would be very reluctantly, and a separated family on church lines is a very serious problem."

In view of the reasons that controlled Mr. McLendon, we think he acted wisely in remaining in the church of his first love.

Then the Biblical Recorder of Raleigh, published the following last week:

In view of the fact that a great deal has been said in the press concerning the church affiliation of Rev. B. F. McLendon, I think it fair to the brotherhood and denomination that the following statement be made:

Rev. B. F. McLendon, the evangelist, popularly known as "Cyclone Mack," was baptized by me into membership of Calvary Baptist church, Wilmington, N. C., Saturday, August 5, 1922. Mack for some time past has contemplated joining some Baptist church, because of the denomination's position concerning religious liberty, baptism, democracy, and the complete independence of the local church.

Members of the Baptist denomination have always received Brother McLendon with great cordiality, and for the last several years his work has been in the main with Baptists.

On the above date, at his request, I called a company of the members of Calvary church together. After Brother McLendon answered in the affirmative the questions I usually ask on such occasions, the motion was passed unanimously that he be received as a candidate for baptism. The ordinance was then administered. The action on that date has since been ratified by the church in regular service.

Baxter McLendon is one of the great evangelists of America, and Calvary church is proud to number him among her members.
J. A. Sullivan, Pastor.
Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 30, 1922.

Get that "Hog" for nothing at Hoyt Hinson's Sale, Thursday, 21st. Somebody will get him.
advt

Special attention is called to the 1-4 discount sale now going on at the W. E. Harrison & Land Co. Store.
advt

The Legend of Christmas

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THEY say that on that first, strange Christmas Night,
So dazzling was the radiance of the Light,
That sun and moon and stars leaped in the sky,
And danced in ecstasy.
The silly sheep fled, scampering in dismay,
Yet stayed their foolish fleeing, so they say,
To kneel in adoration and in prayer.
And peace was everywhere.

The crooked stump stood straight,
The legend tells,
And held forth leafy arms; and tiny bells,
Wee, starry blossoms, gemmed the living green.
No withered thing was seen.
The lion and the lamb watched side by side,
Sharing the wonders of that Christmastide.
The air was rich with perfume, sweet with song.
The cock crowed all night long.

And every Christmas Eve, so runs the tale,
In field and forest, mountain-top and vale,
The blessed fairies guard, that over all
No evil may befall.
They say that angels hover all the night,
Close to the listening earth; and when the light
Of Christmas morning heralds the glad day,
They fold their wings and pray.

You never saw these wonders? No, nor I!
Only the pure and childlike may descry
The tiny fairies fitting in the grass,
And speak them as they pass.
Guiltless of guile, from greed and envy free—
Oh! very like the Christ-Child must you be,
To hear a blessed angel when he sings,
Or feel the brush of wings.
—Vilja Sauvage Owens in New York Times.

Almond Cake.

Cream 1/2 cup butter, add gradually 1/2 cup sugar, beating constantly. Add 4 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon-colored, 1/4 cup milk, 1/2 cup flour mixed and sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat thoroughly, filling small paper cases two-thirds full of mixture. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and powdered sugar, bake in moderate oven until delicately browned. Serve in paper cases.



The Big Old House In the Little Old Town

WELL, Christmas is coming, and all the day long
My thoughts have been running away,
With an echoing laugh and the lit of a song
To an old-fashioned Christmas day—
To a big old house in a little old town.
Where you and the others and I
Made merry together, with never a frown
And never a thought of a sigh.

The big old house in the little old town,
Oh, how it would rock with our mirth,
And gather us gladly and cuddle us down,
The homeliest place on the earth.
It wasn't upholstered in tapestries rare,
(I can see the old window-seat yet)
It may have been shabby a bit here and there—
Well, those are the things we forget.

But, oh! the mysterious secrets it knew,
That old house, when Christmas was coming,
And the laughter and fun ringing through
It and through,
And the voices and somebody humming;
And the hour when around the piano we'd meet.
Yes, even in busy December
For an old Christmas hymn with its harmony sweet—
Ah, those are the things we remember.

And then you recall how the midnight train
Would bring back a sister or brother,
To the big old house in the little old town,
Where Christmas meant home and the others,
And the old house was looking its holiday best.
And the table all spread for the feast:
With an extra chair set for the holiday guest.
Some stranger, "one of the least."

The big old house in the little old town—
They tell me the years are unkind,
It looks bare and neglected, its fence
Tumbles down,
Since we scattered and left it behind,
No, I haven't been back; I would rather recall
The days of its glory gone by,
When we fed to its acres for the best day
of all.
You and the others and I
—Grace Strickler Dawson, in Kansas City Star.

JUST SO.
He: What's the proper thing for a fellow to give his fiancée for Christmas?
She: Oh, anything that costs over \$25.00.



"Loyalty" B. Y. P. U. Elects Officers.

The Senior B. Y. P. U. of the Rockingham Baptist church, held its quarterly business meeting last Thursday night at the home of Miss Bettie Barrett.

The business of main importance being the election of officers for the coming year.

The following list constitutes the officers for the next term:

President—Maurie B. Cree (re-elected.)
Vice President—Miss Bettie Barrett.
Recording Secretary—W. G. Pittman.
Corresponding Secretary—Archie G. Cree.
Treasurer—Willie Flake.
Librarian—Dr. Mary Lou Miller.

Chorister—Jimmie Withers.
Pianist—Mary McBride
The four groups, into which the B. Y. P. U. is divided, were named "Faith," "Hope," "Love" and "Friendship."

A name was also selected for the union as a whole. It is now known as the "Loyalty" B. Y. P. U.

This B. Y. P. U. is rated as one of the best in the state and was named as the second highest in standing of the last state convention. It is composed of a live bunch of young people, who are of great aid to the church.

The McDonald Hotel property is creating some talk in town. advt.

Skirts, plain and sport, all sizes and fabrics, are being sold for 25% discount.—W. E. Harrison & Land Co. advt

At the Star Theatre

Monday and Tuesday,
DEC. 25 AND 26

Rodolph Valentino and Wanda Hawley

in 'THE YOUNG RAJAH'

"Crash"
a one-reel comedy.



RODOLPH VALENTINO

Monday—Matinee at 1:00
Tuesday—Matinee at 2:30
and runs until 11 P. M.

Admission 10 and 25c.

Don't forget to hear the Polish orchestra. It's fine.

At the Star Theatre

WHEN in need of Printing see what we can do before you go elsewhere.