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**Seaboard Air Line R'y**

The Seaboard Air Line Railway announces the inauguration of the "Shoo-Fly" train, between Weldon and Raleigh with connections from Oxford, Louisburg and Warrenton, commencing Monday, 9th.

The trains will be known as No. 29, Southbound, and No. 30, Northbound, will stop twenty minutes at Norlina for breakfast and supper, and will be operated daily (except Sunday), commencing Monday, January 9th, on the following schedule:

No. 29.	Lv. Weldon.....	6 45 a. m.
	Ar. Norlina.....	8.00 a. m.
	Lv. Norlina.....	8.20 a. m.
	Ar. Henderson.....	8.53 a. m.
	Lv. Franklinton ..	9.25 a. m.
	Ar. Raleigh.....	10.15 a. m.
	Lv. Oxford.....	7 45 a. m.
	Ar. Henderson.....	8.30 a. m.
	Lv. Louisburg	8 45 a. m.
	Ar. Franklinton ..	9.15 a. m.
No. 30.	Lv. Raleigh.....	5.00 p. m.
	Ar. Franklinton ..	6.03 p. m.
	Ar. Henderson.....	6 29 p. m.
	Ar. Norlina.....	6.55 p. m.
	Lv. Norlina.....	7.15 p. m.
	Ar. Weldon.....	8.30 p. m.
	Lv. Henderson.....	9.00 a. m.
	Lv. Henderson	6 40 p. m.
	Ar. Oxford.....	9.45 a. m.
	Ar. Oxford.....	7 25 p. m.
Lv. Franklinton ..	6.10 p. m.	
Ar. Louisburg.....	6 35 p. m.	

The above schedules on the branch lines will in no way affect the present connections with regular No. 39 and 41. For further information in regard to schedule apply to

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Mrs. J. M. RANSIER, State President, Hendersonville, N. C.

Talk and Tact —I.

Jennie H. writes: "We have tried to have several societies here, but they always get to talking so that we don't do much and the society is usually broken up."

Most women and a lot of men talk too much.

But we wouldn't mind that if they'd think before they talk.

When you stop and marvel at the speed of time, how the years fly about in their swift circling currents, sweeping us on and on like the dry leaves before an autumn wind, don't you think it a great pity that so many sweetly, precious moments are spent in senseless tattle?

* * *

Sometimes I have listened to the gibberish of half a dozen women lifting up and looking over the winter gown controversy. I wonder if there is anything under the sun more beautifully stupid and hopelessly idiotic than a long drawn out minute description of some other woman's dress? This kind of collar and that sort of trimming and a flounce on the skirt and a stock of blue taffeta with a bit of lace—you know how it goes.

Yes, there is something more tiresome; that is, a prolonged analysis of your friend's last illness and minute descriptions of each successive step to recovery; said address delivered by said friend herself.

I tell you, those men and women who have time to talk such a lot haven't time to work as much as they should.

* * *

Talk!

Dearie me, the world is full of it. Some of it is flattery, some of it is meaningless tattle, some of it is just gossip and some of it is vicious, unkind and slanderous.

The very worst of all, perhaps, is the one who never says, but merely hints. The surmise of this is communicated to somebody else, this second person takes the surmise as a fact, the third one writes out an affidavit and the things becomes something actual. And all coming from the person who does not talk, but merely mentions.

No one can talk all the time without getting on the nerves of the people around us and saying a lot of things that you shouldn't.

Women themselves have it in their power to do away with a lot of tattle. I mean those who do not talk—who only listen. But to many the fascinations of listening to tattle is as keen as the joys of telling it. When there are so many lovely things to talk about, how strange that so many jeweled hours should be spent in giving or receiving tattle.

* * *

There is this much, however, to be said in favor of women who talk too much. They seldom understand the damage they are doing to themselves and to others. There are better things

in this world than aimless chatter. There are occupations more profitable. It is a waste of time and a slow murdering of one's self-respect. This is tattle. There's a great big difference between tattle, gossip and slander.

Lady Teazle said: "I am sure I have no ill feeling toward the people I abuse." And that is the way with many other pretty ladies who talk about their neighbors. There is no resemblance in the world between gossip and slander.

We like to hear about other people's ways and happenings, and if we say we do not, we are humbugs—everyone of us. What would our newspapers be with all solid reading? No personals? Pretty dry reading. So conversation, without personalities, may be blameless, but it is not warranted to keep any one awake. Show me the woman who refuses to talk about people in a lively way and I will show you the one left to her own company.

* * *

Men love to hear gossip, and they are nearly all retailers of it. The practice has been condemned because it has been regarded as near of kin to slander. The one is the spice in the dish of conversation, the latter is venomous poison.

If the gossip begins to be a trifle unkind, a pleasant word will divert it. The gossiping woman is apt to be good natured, with a talent for mimicry. I have rarely known one who meant or made harm for any one; knew a woman who gathered up the news of the whole surrounding neighborhood as unfailingly as a magnet gathers particles of steel. But there was this difference: Everything she heard passed through her mind and came out purified and sweet. A tea party or sewing circle she attended was always twittering with gossip and infused with charity toward all. She was a little drab woman with pale, near-sighted eyes. But I believe her way to heaven was paved with roses springing upward from the general good-will she infused everywhere she went.

* * *

You say: "When I hear a person speak of the peculiarities of other people, I know they will say the same things about me the minute my back is turned."

To be sure, but she will not be likely to say the same things if you are the least bit original. Maybe you will say something bright; if you do she will repeat it, giving you full credit, and maybe adding a word or two of appreciation. I have known gossips to do that. Or you may speak a generous word for the man who has stumbled or the woman who has made a mistake; and it is the gossip whose tongue trembles with eagerness to tell it—perhaps to the very one to whom it may be a trumpet note of new hope and fresh cheer.

Our Sunshine gossip goes about healing wounds of hate with her soft words as swords cuts are cured with the leaves of violets and soothing stings and insults with the tenderest repeated words. It takes a good many

years for some people to understand just what is worth while in life. You see, some of us never grow up. Some few learn all about this when they are young, but to most of us the learning comes through bitter experience, sorrows that soften our natures, griefs that make us see the terrible weaknesses of the human heart—and have pity for them. The mere knowledge that few of us are infallible in conduct or unselfish in all things should make us touch lightly upon the shortcomings of other folks.

Rowe said:

"Malicious slander never would have leisure,
To search with prying eyes for faults abroad,
If all, like me, considered their own hearts,
And wept the scrowls which they found at home."

After all, it is the kind of heart that beats under your shirtwaist that makes your words tattle, gossip, or slander, or like sweet music to the soul. If your heart ticks right it will not bore other folks with senseless chatter, get on their nerves with idle tattle, poison your gossip with slander or in any way distress with unkind words.

It is a matter of being tactful.

Now, this talk on Talk is Chapter One, and Chapter Two is on Tact, and as they should always go together, won't you please save this paper and tack it on to chapter two next week?

Kindness to the Afflicted.

Some of the sweetest Christians and most cheerful men and women are found among the "shut in." They bravely bear their pain and try to hide their infirmities and turn a pleasant face to the world, and sometimes those upon whom they are dependent remind them that they are burdens that must be borne with. This of all their pains and sorrows is perhaps the hardest for them to bear.

To such, a kindly word or Sunshine message or gift is doubly welcome for the glimpse of love it brings. These are all they have to make life endurable. Oh, if you only knew how hungry they are for sympathy, how eagerly they watch for kind recognition that seldom comes their way, but fills them with joy and happiness when it does.

Oh, if you could know their despair in their "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick." They turn their faces away and pray, "O Lord, have mercy on me and give me strength to bear what I cannot help."

Many of these are children, some little ones having to stay alone from morning till night, the parents having to work all day. Then how welcome a sunshine gift of toy, book or kindly letter.

"Small gifts for love's sake
His power can make
Great, by the touch of His hand."

The boy or girl, man or woman, who cheers and keeps hope alive in the heart of such, does more good than one can tell, and in so doing you develop your own soul.