

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1915

RHYMING RIDDLES

How many leaves
Though it has a tree,
Its leaves are red round,
Now, then, what can it be?

They always stand still,
Yet run down and up too,
They fly by night,
And are trained on by you.

It runs around a field, my dear,
But never moves an inch,
I'll let you find out this rhyme
By saying "the" —

Answers—Book, stairs, fence.

A GIRL WITH AN IDEA

In the fall and winter of 1914 the farmers of the South found ready sale for the last grade of cotton at twelve cents a pound. Well-informed agriculturists believed and predicted that the cotton crop of 1914 would bring in the neighborhood of four tons cents a pound.

In December, 1913, Josephus Henderson finished paying for his pretty little cotton farm, almost large enough to be called a plantation. His Christmas present to his wife was a book-wool writing desk and a small leather box of stationery engraved "Eric Cotton Ltd." The daughter and son also received handsome presents. Mr. Henderson promised his wife and children a touring car the following Christmas. This pleased them even more than the presents in hand.

The fall of 1914 found war in Europe and the bottom knocked out of the American cotton market. It cost Josephus Henderson at least eight cents a pound to produce his forty bales of cotton. He was offered from five and a half to six cents a pound for three of the best bales. For the low grades there was no market at any price.

Gloomy settled on the cotton patch. The promised touring car became a remote possibility. Mr. Henderson had "gone native" for the laborers on his place. Bills for provisions, feed, and fertilizer were pouring in; he could not pay them.

Mr. Henderson's best tool was her depressed husband. "We can get along as long till the war ends," she said; and when he made no response, she broke out into some girlish song he used to love.

A cold, chilly evening in December, 1914, the Henderson family was sitting around the fire in the living room. James, the elder son, was reading the discouraging war news. John, in the opposite corner, was whittling out triggers for a rabbit trap. Mrs. Henderson was emboldening "John" on a guess to be sent to her husband's mother in a few days. Mr. Henderson, leaning back in a big armchair his eyes closed and misery written on every feature of his usually happy face, was trying to get his coat off either to wrap it around the chair or sit it at such a price as he could get for it. "I am the only daughter and older than the boys," was reciting a pink border on a little lace handkerchief. Hearing her father's suppressed groan and noting the agony depicted upon his face, she dropped the needles into her lap and sat sadly musing into the fire. "If I were a little older," she was thinking, "I would teach school and help that way. If I were a boy, I could get a place in town and help right now."

Suddenly Mary sang out, so joyously as to startle the others: "I have an idea. Let's organize a family. I move that Father be President. All in favor of the motion say 'Aye'; all opposed, 'No.' Father, we are unanimously elected. Take the chair!"

"The novelty of the idea appealed to the newly-elected President. He smiled and opened his eyes as if he had been drawn out. The mother dropped her work. James, the paper; John, the trap trigger.

"Well, we must have a Secretary," remarked the President in a tone that reminded his family of the good these before the war.

"I nominate Mary," chuckled John. And she was elected.

"We may need a Treasurer," suggested the President, laughing aloud.

James nominated his mother, and she was elected.

James and John were then elected stockholders, and the organization was perfect.

The President then called upon the Secretary to explain the object of the organization.

"Well," said Mary thoughtfully, "Father says that everything he has is ours. If his property is ours, so is this unoccupied house, and we must share it with him. We are now equal partners. For example, it is not right for ten dollars to be spent on me to one spent on mother."

"Hear, hear!" continued Mary. "Let us have a brief session every evening—except Sunday—to consider the condition and progress of our organization."

The next evening the President reported that the merchants had agreed to accept cash at ten cents in payment of accounts. With much discussion the family decided to let the new organization go, the number required to be fifty individuals.

At the end of the week the Treasurer reported: "Two hundred acres of good land unoccupied, situated in our village, \$10,000 in stock and equipment, \$1,200 a comfortable house, furnished, \$4,600; twenty-five bales of cotton at present market price, \$750. Total, \$16,450. Debt, none."

As a subsequent meeting it was decided to sell ten bales of cotton at the advanced market price of eight cents a pound and those of the older miles at \$100 each. At another meeting it was agreed that they could get along without the touring car until the war and that all contemplated purchases, however small, should be conducted by the family in person.

The expanded family required cash to pay for every purchase and duty made on the Treasurer's book. The boys took new interest in the financial and stock. What had been "father's" became "ours."

The Secretary's accuracy kept minutes apidated with plesanties which drove all away from her father's table.

The Treasurer readily honored all orders of the organization.

The President says: "If it hadn't been for Mary's happy idea just at the right moment, I am confident that I should have lost my head and sacrificed our home. Mary saved us. We are so well pleased with our organization that we will continue to do all we can for the members to prove it."

Hearing what her father was saying, Mary recited a prayer of gratitude to God, but said nothing.—Wightman M. Matson.

HONOR ROLL OF THE SCHOOLS

Results of the Examinations Last Month in High and Public Schools

THE STANDING OF THE PUPILS

The following are the results of the April examinations:

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
MIDDLE SCHOOL

The only examination given in the Middle School was in geometry. Margaret Henderson took the highest mark in the senior class and Clara Brown in the Junior class.

LOWEST GRADE.

Class I—J. Wilson.

Class II—H. Mount, M. Wilson, V. Harvey, M. McLean, W. Johnston, N. Kennedy, V. Massey, P. Ault, C. McDonald, L. Kennedy, H. Mount, H. Plank, R. Plank.

Highest in Geography, H. Mount; in spelling, H. Plank; in history, H. Mount.

In art, J. Wilson and R. Plank; in arithmetic, M. Wilson; in elementary science, N. Kennedy.

Jr. CLASS.

Class I—O. Agnew, G. Anderson.

Class II—M. Lester, H. Reid, H. Brown, M. Stewart, O. Mount.

Class III—A. Orr, W. Ross, M. Clarke, D. Stewart, W. McDonald, A. Lind, A. Snyder, M. Hether, M. Early.

Highest in Geography, O. Agnew, G. Anderson; in arithmetic, O. Agnew.

W. H. Stewart, Principal.

PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Su. IV—Melvin Williams 328, Stella Melvin 310, Sandy MacLean 293, Herbert Hitchcock 291, Jack Kennedy 283, Harold Kennedy 281. Total 436.

Ju. IV—Duff Wilson 138, Kenneth Henderson 136, Hugh Williams 128, Jessie Woodhall 125, Lloyd Kennedy 112, Elsie Stewart 93. Total 204.

M. Z. BENNETT, Teacher.

Su. III—Elmer Henderson 210, Florence Melvin 207, Sandy MacLean 203, Herbert Hitchcock 201, Jack Kennedy 203, Harold Kennedy 201. Total 434.

Ju. III—Jennie Laing 202, Eliza Cutt 194, Balra Nelson 192, Eliza Henderson 190, Esther Hartman 177, Violet Davis 170. Total 275. On roll 50.

I. WHITE, Teacher.

Hu. II—Frances Horst, Jean Moffat, Vera Hurst, George Bishop, Johnny Robert, Martha Orr.

Ju. II—Alex. Macchio, Laird Banney, Minnie Blair, Margaret Morgan, Marie Stewart, George Brownlow. No enrolled at Eira A. Pearson, Teacher.

Bu. I—Margaret Ryder, Nella Fauer, Helen Hall and Agnes Aspin, Ray Gamble and Robert Stewart, Laird McDonald, Stanley Wilson.

Ju. I—Evelyn Chiodo, Russell Ross, Gladys Caldwell, Jack Heaton, Willis Hart, Marguerite Cataldo and Tommy Cutting.

R. J. McEvitt, Teacher.

Sylvia P. Parker, Teacher.

Class A & B—Miss Sara and Myrtle Ryder, Lydia Heath, Leslie Gregory, Eric Lambot, Willis Cook, Harvey Hawson, Maggie Ryder, Madeline Massie, Albert Wildquist, Mary Vaughan, Alfred Bishop, Ralph Henderson.

Class C—Virginia Willis, Doris Cutting, Clifford Grace, M. A. Black, Teacher.

Junior PRIMER.

Class A—Willow Reid, Clark Hayes, Charles Darpar, Evelyn Howarth, Maggie Hutton, Stanley Facer.

Class B—Charles Hall, Morris Harkman, Emma Little, Ethna MacLean, Viola Wall, Taddie Gillard.

Class C—Helen MacDonald, Matthew P. Watt, Thelma Gamble, Margaret MacLean, Dorothy Gerald, Jessie Orr, Hugh Lady, Florence Hall, Gordon Hulman, Sam McDonald.

Franca G. Bancroft, Teacher.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use for Over 30 Years

Always bears the signature of

Castorina

YOUTHFUL AMBITION

Little Freddie reached the mature age of three, and discarded pell-mell for knicker-bockers.

"Ah," cried the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

The bedding was in octagons. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged closer to his mother and whispered, "Mammy can I call you Bill?"

Class A—Willow Reid, Clark Hayes, Charles Darpar, Evelyn Howarth, Maggie Hutton, Stanley Facer.

Class B—Charles Hall, Morris Harkman, Emma Little, Ethna MacLean, Viola Wall, Taddie Gillard.

Class C—Helen MacDonald, Matthew P. Watt, Thelma Gamble, Margaret MacLean, Dorothy Gerald, Jessie Orr, Hugh Lady, Florence Hall, Gordon Hulman, Sam McDonald.

Franca G. Bancroft, Teacher.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

The gentle rains are falling, the voice of Spring is calling. "Get busy, sons of men! All Winter's slumber has been broken, and every living creature should look alive, Get busy with your knitting! This is time for sitting and dressing by the stove; All Nature is exclaiming, the life is stirring, "The Springtime has arrived!"

The old grey bear is awakening, for once again she's tackling her great three-hundred-stout; she, in her lowly station helps out the hungry nation, as far as we hunt. The mule works in his collar until the galled spots holler for driver's healing salves; the cows are softly singing, as from the woods they're bringing their tall, long-legged babies. It is the time for toiling, that pots may all be boiling when Winter comes again; it is the time enchanting when we prepare for planting—get busy, "The voice of Spring is urging us to splurge," to slender the skin of the cloth of Winter and bustle like a sprightly spinner who's tötting for a prize! —Walt Mason.

Class A—Virginia Willis, Doris Cutting, Clifford Grace, M. A. Black, Teacher.

Junior PRIMER.

Class A—Willow Reid, Clark Hayes, Charles Darpar, Evelyn Howarth, Maggie Hutton, Stanley Facer.

Class B—Charles Hall, Morris Harkman, Emma Little, Ethna MacLean, Viola Wall, Taddie Gillard.

Class C—Helen MacDonald, Matthew P. Watt, Thelma Gamble, Margaret MacLean, Dorothy Gerald, Jessie Orr, Hugh Lady, Florence Hall, Gordon Hulman, Sam McDonald.

Franca G. Bancroft, Teacher.

WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cape Wolfe, Canada—"Last March I was a complete wreck. I had given up all hope of getting better or living any length of time, as I was such a sufferer from venereal trouble. But I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and today I am in good health and have a pair of twin boys two months old and growing finely. I surprised everyone for neighbors for they all know what a wreck I was."

"Now I am healthy, happy and hearty, and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies. You may publish this letter to the public, for I am sure it will help many women."

The bedding was in octagons. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged closer to his mother and whispered, "Mammy can I call you Bill?"

"What do you say?"

"Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire."

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'

"The main trouble with the fellow who knows it all is that he has so much to know."

"I say, 'Oh, Lord, dear Bill you said blackguard, rather than your heart's desire.'