

STOKES COMMITTEE REACHES RALEIGH

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE CAPITAL CITY -- SPARGER AND FOLGER FOUND NOT AT HOME -- THE NIGHT IN THE CAR AND A HOT BREAKFAST AT THE SIR WALTER -- THE GOVERNOR'S THOUGHTFULNESS -- STORMING THE HISTORIC HALLS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY -- ARRANGEMENT OF THAT AUGUST DAY IN HONOR OF THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS -- OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE OCCASION.

pages of history afford an inspiring spectacle that a triumphal entry into North Carolina's capital city of the delegation from Stokes.

It might very appropriately be compared to Caesar's march on the Applan way and his advance upon the recalcitrant Roman Senate, or Napoleon at the head of his legions as he returned to Paris to chastise the Chamber of Deputies.

The course of our friends was marked with that dignity and decorum which become those who are animated with high purposes of patriotism and of unselfish and immortal service to their bleeding country.

The car moved laboriously and steadily, but its approach was heralded by a loud clatter and a staccato chugging, punctuated with frequent backfires, putting the citizens of Raleigh on notice that personages of more than usual importance were proceeding with confidence into their precincts and environment, and that the coup-d'etat inevitably close at hand was a matter of no secrecy, but entirely open and above board to the world.

As has been noted before, Mr. Marion Stevens was at the wheel, and he guided his sedan very circumspectly ahead, keeping both eyes fixed intently on the right-of-way before him. Between his clinched teeth he held a short-stemmed pipe from which issued at every fifth revolution of the car's wheels a vigorous puff of smoke. His legs were advanced at an angle of 45 degrees from his body, while one No. 11 foot touched the brakes, as the other played with the gas accelerator, constantly producing a gentle pressure.

Perched high at the front, with his legs enwrapping the hood of the car as securely and serenely as if riding his faithful Flatshoal mule to mill, Jerry sat looking like the captain of a battleship stationed upon the bridge and resolving to hang on till the ship went down. Within his capacious south-western jaw reposed a pound and a half of second primings from which ever and anon Jerry handed first to the stiff wind on his right side and then to the brisk breeze on his left side, copious streams and showers of juice.

As to the destination of these ejections, Jerry neither cared nor investigated.

Above the howl of the gale, he could hear the snoring of Mr. Flinchum, who slept on.

Within the sedan now reigned a discreet silence. All that assurance, bombast and rodomontade which had characterized the

journey, as each Delegate had in turn recounted his prowess and had rehearsed the stern and vigorous part he would take when their destination was reached, had now subsided.

From the windows on both sides of the car constantly protruded seven or eight heads as with wide-open eyes and mouths they stared the sights presented along the street of the increasing city. We say constantly protruded, but this with exceptions. Thus when Mr. Baker from Blolity perch chose to use the side breeze on his left side, all heads out of the windows on the left side automatically disappeared within, only to reappear when the chever turned to use the brisk wind on his right side. Then the heads on the right side would disappear until the danger was over, then emerge again. Thus timing and adjusting their movements to Mr. Baker's movements, an automatic and mathematically accurate arrangement had been effected by the heads on both sides of the car which worked successfully to all parties concerned.

IN THE CITY

It was at this juncture that the car stopped at the end of Hillsboro street, as the State capitol loomed before the travelers.

A cop rushed out from a corner demanding:

"Hey, you hillbillies, whure do you think you are going, right up on the square? Git out from here, you are stopping traffic."

P. C. now stuck his head out the window and cried:

"I am a magistrate of Danbury township, and besides I have just sold a boundary of timber and got the cash for it. We are looking for Gilmer Sparger and Fred Folger. Can you tell us where we kin find 'em?"

"I dunno," said the officer. Most of these backwoods representatives stop at Mrs. Jones' boarding house. You might try down there. First house down six blocks, on the left. Git out of this street, I done told you."

Marion stepped on the gas and the car slowly wended its way till it pulled up in front of Madam Jones'.

Now P. C. and one or two others got out and went into the boarding house.

A large number of legislators were seated around a stove smoking and listening to Amos 'n' Andy on the radio and reading the News and Observer's instructions to them what to do next day.

"Does Gilmer Sparger board here?" P. C. asked the clerk.

"Yes, but he ain't here now. He left today for Florida to be gone two weeks."

"Well, I do know," said P. C. "if that ain't bad luck for us. Does Fred Folger stay here, too?" he inquired.

"Yes, he does," the clerk replied, "but he packed his suitcase and checked out this evening, said he would be back the last of March. I think both of them got bad news, as I saw them reading a telegram and looking like they had the toothache."

"This beats h---l," exclaimed P. C., and he went back to the car to deliver the disconcerting news to the committee.

DELEGATES UP A TREE

The question was now where to find a lodging place for the night.

It was clear they couldn't go to Florida, and Fred Folger left no address behind.

But Mr. Young suggested that as they were paying their own expenses, "By gum, let's sleep in the car."

But the night was cold and Hence said he won't crany about night air. But it was argued they could all cram in and sleep together.

So the car was run up alongside a vacant building on a quiet part of the street. Then at a nearby grocery they ate sardines and crackers and drank pop.

Then they piled into the sedan, two and three deep, and as the day's journey had been tiresome, all were soon fast asleep.

Some time about midnight our friends were awakened by a stiff knocking at the windows, and looking out they saw two policemen trying to open the car doors.

When the cops finally flashed a light and looked in, they stepped back and apologized very respectfully, explaining that they thought the motor of the car had been left running, but now understood thoroughly that it was the inmates snoring that caused the fuss.

An hour before sunrise next morning, all hands were up and everybody said he was hungry and a vote was taken whether to eat sardines again or to go to a hotel and get a square meal.

The hotel won.

Stokes county was hungry.

It was decided to leave the car right where it was, and walk. They had sprinted several miles without finding a hotel, and finally were on the verge of giving up the search and going back to the sardines when P. C. said:

"Let's ask that man yonder, in front of that big building to direct us to a hotel."

"Say, mister," he inquired, "can you tell us where we can find a hotel?"

"You are standing in front of the Sir Walter right now," said the stranger as he walked off.

"Well, I do know," said P. C., "come on boys, here's one."

The night clerk in Raleigh's biggest hostelry was rubbing his eyes, and wondering why the day clerk didn't come on, when he saw eleven earnest looking gentlemen proceeding single file up the lobby.

It was our Delegation and they wanted breakfast.

P. C. was spokesman, but he was being very urgently contested with for the honor by Jule Stevens who said in a loud voice that he had stopped in hotels at Norfolk, Virginia, just as big as this.

"Breakfast will be on at 9:30," the clerk explained. "The chef hasn't arrived yet."

P. C. looked at the others and the others looked at P. C. But they didn't know where to find any more hotels, so they guessed they would wait. It was now 7:30. The committee sat down and soon fell asleep in the soft upholstery.

A HOT BREAKFAST

Promptly at nine-thirty our friends were awakened by the porters and informed that breakfast was ready.

But first, P. C. said "we had better wash our faces," and he asked the clerk where to find some water.

The clerk said the swimming pool was in the basement. Mr. Young, searching for the basement for a quarter of an hour, P. C. lowered "H---, let's go out on the street, I know where there's a spikket."

Finally, the committee, looking very fresh, returned and filed into the dining room. The head waiter showed them to their places, all at a long table arranged for their pleasure and convenience, and then stood at attention holding out an embossed menu printed in French.

Now this here was what you call living. It was delightfully warm and comfortable in the dining room, the tables loaded with cut glass and silver glistened in the bright morning light.

Soon the room was filling up with fine people, all of them smiling a welcome to our friends, and making them feel very much at home.

A band in the balcony was playing "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."

The waiter explained that the tune was an adaptation arranged for its psychological effect on late-sleeping Senators.

But our crowd was as hungry as a Stokes county jury that hadn't been home from Danbury for a week, and the bill of fare was passed around.

Every committeeman looked at it solemnly for a minute, then handed it over in silence to the next man, until finally it reached Jule Stevens.

He had been to Norfolk, and with pompous gravity he put on his specks and studied French for five minutes, then looked up at the waiter:

"Bring us fish and pound cake."

"Beg your pardon, sir," apologized the servant.

"You ain't done nothing to me. I said bring us fish and pound cake."

The waiter bowed very obsequiously and disappeared.

After waiting some 30 minutes our delegates were delighted to see several waiters coming with large silver dishes and large wide platters and large steaming coffee pots.

At every plate was installed a huge deep sea denizen of a classification that was altogether uncertain. It was too large to be called shad. Hence Flinchum said he thought they was young whales.

In the center of the table the attendants deposited a cake about the size of an ordinary bath tub, and Jule reaching over, gouged off a piece and tasted it.

"Yes, I gad, it's pound cake." The feast was about to begin when Mr. Bailey interposed:

"Wait a minute, boys, till I go and ask the manager which fork to use."

"D--- the forks," said Mr. Stevens, "fingers was made before knives and forks."

The Stokes committee now became non communicative for full 45 minutes and then when there was nothing

else in sight but the dishes, everybody said he had enough, and P. C., giving the signal, arose to go.

"Beg your pardon, sir," here the head waiter handed the magistrate the bill.

"What does it say, Pinnix? I left my glasses at home."

"One hundred and seventy-seven dollars," gasped the last-expiring Register of Deeds, who was on the brink of expiring again.

"Well, I do know," said Mr. Campbell.

The committee now went into executive session. After taking an inventory it was found that the combined resources of the delegation only totalled \$13.66.

What in the world was to be done. Consternation, despair and bankruptcy. The hotel law puts you in jail if you don't pay.

Just at this auspicious moment one of the happiest events that could occur in this life happened.

Came strolling up a man attired in a cutaway coat, spats, and gold eye-glasses. It was Cousin Cam Morrison.

"Well, I'll be durned, if here ain't all my Stokes county friends--howdy Pid, hello Hence, well if here ain't Jule and there's my old friend Jerry, and all the rest. By the way, boys, this breakfast must be on me--here Alfonso, take care of this little item," and jerking the bill away from Pid, handed it to his secretary.

"Now, boys, have a cigar and when I beat it back to Washington with my 183,000 dry majority, I want you all to come up and take lots of breakfasts with me. Now, so long, Ta ta."

And the princely ex-Governor and ex-Senator sauntered along.

The committee returned to the lobby, every man puffing a 25-cent, special, and each feeling very much like a senator.

GREETINGS FROM THE GOVERNOR

Just as they were taking their seats, a dapper, liveried functionary approached and having bowed with great punctilio said:

"I am an attache of the Governor's staff, and beg the honor to present a memento from His Excellency to the Stokes delegation, with his compliments. His Excellency learning of your presence in the city, desired that he might bestow this little favor for your interest and recreation while guests of Raleigh."

And now when two attendants had handed a large package to P. C., bearing the Great seal of the State and smelling like the attar of roses, the dapper attache and his retinue took their departure.

P. C. lost no time in cutting the cords that bound the package and what was the pleased surprise of our friends but to find that the package contained funny papers for the committee to look at while at their leisure.

In the bottom of the parcel which contained the literature, Mr. Ehringhaus had enclosed a note written in his own hand which said:

"My dear Stokes Friends: "I feel it is a distinguished privilege to be able to hand you herewith the keys to our city and the capital of our mutually loved State.

"Please do not feel at all hesitant to call on me for any courtesies which are in our power to extend. I have several cars and one truck, and as the gas is paid for by the State, I will be glad to convey you to various places of interest, notably, the legislature, the museum, the library and Carl Coorch, or if you want to go further out I shall be glad to send you all to the insane asylum or the penitentiary.

"With assurances of my high regard, etc.

"Sincerely,

"BLUCHER."

"P. S. Please remember me in 1936."

THE LEGISLATURE ADJOURNS

It was 11:45 o'clock when the speaker's gavel rapped for order. The moment was tense in the annals of North Carolina's General Assemblies.

The vote was about to be taken on the Hill liquor control bill when the door-keeper of the House announced that a delegation from Stokes county was outside and desiring admittance.

"Where is the gentleman from Stokes--let's see about their credentials," Tam Bowie inquired.

"The gentleman from Stokes has a leave of absence and has gone to Florida," the speaker replied. "Who will vouch for Stokes in this extraordinary crisis. This looks like revolution to me."

"I will," across the aisle came a voice from Forsyth. "I represented Stokes once and I guess I can do it as well now as I did then. These are honorable gentlemen and I move that we adjourn in their honor right now."

"Wait a minute," said Charlie Jonas, "are there any Republicans in this aggregation waiting to be admitted? I am perfectly willing to assist you fellows in getting back to your stenographers, and don't wish to be contrary, but I must lose no opportunity to do my party service. I say, are there Republicans among 'em?"

"Yes, several," yelled back the door-keeper.

"Then I vote aye." The roll call showed 99 per cent. for adjournment.

And as the House members rushed out of the chamber they were met by the Stokes delegation coming in.

Constipated?

The doctors say . . . Use liquid treatment

Here is the soundest advice anyone can give on the subject of laxatives. It is based on medical opinion. We want you to have the benefit of this information no matter what laxative you may buy:

The secret of real relief from constipation is reduced dosage. You can't regulate the bowels unless you can regulate the help you give them. That is why doctors use a liquid laxative; the dose can be measured to a drop. Avoid laxatives that you can't cut down in dosage; especially those that seem to require larger doses than when you began their use.

Under the doctor's care, you usually get a liquid laxative. The right liquid laxative gives the right kind of help, and the right amount of help. Smaller and smaller doses--until you don't need any.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara--natural laxatives that form no habit.

