

# Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

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## THE BAY

The tides of the Bay were famous. They rose higher than tides anywhere else in the world. Along the Bay strange things happened. Winter always came to pay the Bay a real visit.



Where It Was Warm.

The wind, shrieking and whistling and calling and shouting and howling, had come to the Bay and told of winter in other places.

"Roses and oranges in some parts of the world just now," the wind had shrieked as it whirled about, over the Bay.

"Horrible thought," said the Bay. "Horrible thought."

And, as though to make quite certain that nothing like that would happen near the Bay, the Bay began to kick up an extra bit of excitement so that someone would be swept over the deck of a boat and the Bay which had shot one of its waves to do this would laugh a wicked, wicked laugh as it received the newcomer. Then, when the man had been rescued again, the Bay would speak to the wind:

"I showed it wasn't summer time here."

And the wind would answer:

"That is so. But there are other places where the snow lies softly on the ground and it is almost warm so quiet and still and soft is the snow."

"You don't tell me," the Bay would answer. And then, boastful, powerful, wild old Bay that it was, it would cry out in its shrill, shrill voices:

"Blizzards and sleet and snow, and rain and mist, what about it, friends?"

The snow would swirl about in the air, the rain and the sleet and the mist and the hail would play for the right to be leader and the blizzard would come along and umpire the storm game and shout above them:

"Oh, you aren't doing so well, snow."

Or, "You aren't doing so well, hail."

Or, "You aren't doing so well, rain."

Or, "You aren't doing so well, mist."

"Now Wind, what do you say to this? You can't tell me that I don't know what I want. You only have to tell me of those quiet, quiet winters and I show you that I'm not only pleased with the storms I have but I want them bigger and greater than ever."

"I'm a Bay that is never going to quiet down. Never will I become old and feeble. Living as I do where the climate is just to my liking I will star strong and well. Nothing weak about me. No, Wind, nothing weak about me."

And the Bay would live up to its boasting and the Wind would laugh and roar and wall.

"Oh, Bay, you're a caution. You certainly are a caution."

"S-w-o-o-p, s-w-o-o-p, s-w-o-o-p, oooooo—oooooooo, I've got to go and meet the ocean and do you think I'm going to let the ocean think just because it is so big that I can't be as rough? I'll show that big bully, the ocean, just what I can do. S-w-o-o-p, s-w-o-o-p, s-w-o-o-p, oooooo—oooooooo."

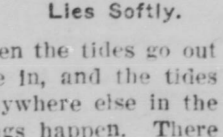
And the Bay rode along on the high, high waves, balancing itself as only the Bay could do, and the land where the Bay touched stood quietly by and said, as land will say where it is near such things:

"Well, I would like to be doing those things myself. I would hate to go jumping about, bobbing up and down, swirling way up in the air, and rolling back and forth. But I know how to get along with the Bay. I do my way, and the Bay does the Bay's way."

"That's the only thing to do. Let each thing decide for itself. I'm the solid earth. The Bay is a bit of wild water."

"But I know something about the Bay, I do. When the tides go out and the tides come in, and the tides rise higher than anywhere else in the world, strange things happen. There is mud reaching from me far into the water and the boats have to stay there, stuck in the mud, until the tide lets them go out again. But the Bay is interesting with its wild storms in winter, its fogs that come up quickly and disappear as quickly on sunny summer days, its great tides that make such a difference that when giving a picnic it is necessary to arrange it according to when the tide will be in. I'm pleased to be a neighbor of the Bay!"

Where the Snow Lies Softly.



## MR. ZEBU'S PRIDE

"Are you feeling better, my dear?" asked Mr. Zebu.

"Yes, I feel myself once more," answered Mrs. Zebu. "And the other mothers are friendly with me again."

"Oh, I've had a bad day of it. When the keeper first put me in the yard with them they tried to push me out of the way."

"They told me they didn't want me there, but they did. They really only minded for a little while."

"They were jealous—that was all—jealous of my beautiful young zebu child."

"Of course it is not nice to be jealous and I am not making light of it, nor of their unkind ways at first."

"But they were better after awhile, and they are quite all right now."

"The keeper," continued Mrs. Zebu, "knew they were jealous too."

"But I really couldn't blame them. That is why I do not feel anything against them now."

"I would have been the same way if one of the others had just come in with a beautiful zebu child, only a few months old."

"I believe you're right," said Mr. Zebu. "And I'm powerfully glad you are feeling cheerful again."

"For when little Zebby—or son Zebu—first came you weren't interested in anything else in the world or the zoo."

"True," agreed Mrs. Zebu, "and we're as interested, we mothers, if we're in the zoo, or not in the zoo, in a zebu baby, or big zebu animal."

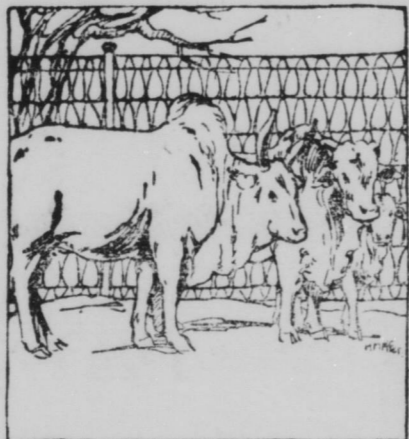
"I suppose my darling could be called quite a big animal, though he is nothing but a baby to his mother zebu's eyes."

"Nothing but a darling baby zebu."

"A zebu mother welcomes a zebu child no matter where she may be."

"A zebu mother is very devoted."

"But the other mothers—those who haven't new, young babies, aren't so



"I Believe You're Right," Said Mr. Zebu.

jealous when they're free. It is here in the zoo that they are so jealous.

"Perhaps when they're free they have so many other things to take up their attention."

"It will be five years before son Zebu has humps and horns like mine," said Mr. Zebu.

The Zebus have humps such as camels have.

"It will be a year," continued Mr. Zebu, "before there are any signs of them."

Mrs. Zebu looked a little sad. "My hump isn't as big as yours," she said.

"Cheer up," said Mr. Zebu, "for I've something fine to tell you—something I just thought of telling you."

"What?" asked Mrs. Zebu.

"Do you mean that you want to tell me about us being sacred in a land called India?"

"We are considered sacred animals there I know."

"That I know, too," said Mr. Zebu.

"But that isn't what I was meaning to tell you. Listen to me," he said, and Mrs. Zebu drew closer.

"There is a reason for having many things," Mr. Zebu explained. "It is sensible to have two eyes—we see with them."

"It is sensible to have horns—they protect us. It is sensible to have a nose for then we know if we like the food which is put before us."

"Yes, there are sensible reasons for having all these things."

"Humph," said Mrs. Zebu, "I don't see that you are telling me anything I didn't know before."

"Wait, my dear, wait," said Mr. Zebu, "this is what I have to say:

"We have humps, interesting, distinguished-looking humps, and there is no reason for having them."

"It is just a fine, handsome, beautiful addition to our cowlike bodies!" And Mrs. Zebu smiled happily as she thought how fine it was to have something that was not a necessity!

## Why He Dug the Ditch

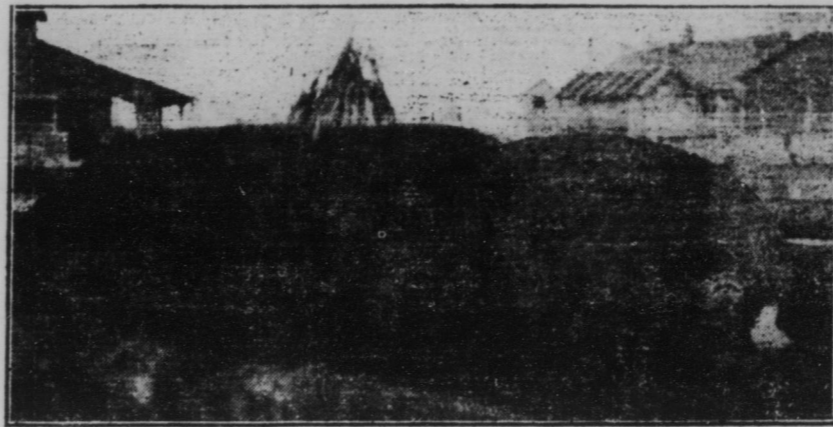
The boys were playing soldiers. Harry was the captain and was having considerable trouble with the new recruits.

"What you makin' me dig this ditch for when I didn't do nothin'?" complained Artie.

"It's this way, Artie," explained Harry, "I'm not making you dig the ditch for what you've done but for what you're goin' to do some time when I don't catch you at it."

## Some Hogs That Were Once Pigs

Mr. T. S. Stallings, who lives six miles from Zebulon, near the Franklin county line, is some hog raiser, and, we may be wrong, when we say that we believe that Mr. Stallings is the champion hog raiser in this section; but we are from Missouri and some one will have to show us. We show a picture of the hogs before they were killed—while in the



While Living in Fattening Pen.



After Being Killed, They Hang on the Gallows

fattening pen, and after they were killed, hanging on the gallows. One of these "pigs" weighed 965 pounds while the other weighed 915 pounds.

These hogs were purchased three years ago from J. A. Mays of Bath Springs, Tenn., while they were small pigs. They were of registered stock, being full-blood Big Bone Poland China stock. Mr. Stallings has some of the off-springs of these noted hogs and expects to keep them in stock for his own purpose.

These hogs were 3 1-2 feet high, and 8 feet long.

## THE INFLUENZA BUG

(Bureau of Health Education, N. C. State Board of Health)

Last week we said that the "common cold" was caused by an infection. Following this it is logical to discuss Influenza which in many ways is hard to differentiate in its mild form from a severe cold.

The bacterium which causes Influenza (the French word is La Grippe) was first isolated in 1892. It is a very small, rod shaped bug and can only be seen by a powerful microscope after being properly stained.

The onset of Influenza is marked by chilliness, flushes of heat and cold, sneezing, nasal discharge, intense headache in the forehead and back of the head, often severe muscular pains, cold perspiration, cough with expectoration of a whitish tenacious mucous, chest pains and a temperature from 101 to 102. Sometimes the symptoms are mostly those of a severe stomach disturbance, as with nausea, vomiting and perhaps diarrhea.

The fever remains usually for 3 or 4 days then gradually but rather rapidly subsides. In many cases the cough continues for an indefinite time and catarrhal pneumonia is a common sequel. Influenza is dangerous because of the serious complications which are so likely to occur.

The predisposing factors are anything that produces debility, such as unusual fatigue or exposure, sudden chilling of some part of the body, wet feet, a previous illness and old age.

There is no place where the old adage "Haste makes waste" is more true than in the beginning of Influenza. Nothing is better treatment and nothing will save more time than to immediately go to bed in a cool well ventilated room with sufficient but not too much cover. There are many different things that should determine the medicine you most need. Go to bed and call your doctor. Two or three days entirely lost from work is much better than two or three weeks half lost and the danger of serious illness and even death. Influenza is serious and often treacherous. Don't play with dynamite.

## STATE TEAM SECOND IN POULTRY CONTEST

The School of Agriculture, N. C. State College, again wins honors in a national contest. A team, consisting of W. W. Keever, C. P. Fishburne, and J. B. Slack, won second place in the Intercollegiate Poultry Judging Contest, held last week at Madison Square Garden, New York, City. First honors went to a team from New York State Agriculture College,

which won over the N. C. State team by a margin of only 21 points.

W. W. Keever, of the State College team, made the second highest score in individual judging, and won a silver medal.

The competing teams were required to judge eight classes of birds, four classes on standard judging and four on utility. The varieties of birds judged were Barred Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Single Comb White Leghorns, and White Wyandottes.

The honor of winning second position in a nation-wide judging contest of this kind reflects creditably on the poultry students at State College, according to Dr. B. F. Kaupp, head of the poultry department, who accompanied the team to New York. The team has had intensive training for two months.

In addition to the benefits received by taking part in the contest, the members of the team made a tour while away, observing such important branches of the industry as an Egg Breaking plant and the Egg Exchange. They were also enabled to visit a large commercial poultry plant having 4,500 layers.

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