

Fine Tribute To Prof. Turlington

Work of Miss Elizabeth Kelly Praised By Former Johnston County Teacher. Keen Pleasure Found In a Good Book.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

The other day I was about to begin my class, when a bright girl came to me and asked me if I knew that Prof. Turlington has died. She supposed I had known him, and the announcement made me feel very sad. I had hoped that this good man might have been granted many more years, but Providence ruled otherwise.

Then I began to think over the life of that man, and wondered if his end had not been in keeping with the preceding years. He had fought all the best days of his life against all manner of obstacles that others might be trained, happy, educated. He made one last brave struggle against illness, and he was vouchsafed to know the coming of the Great End. He had wrought an enduring work, that his impress on the county was an indelible as the hieroglyphics that are carved on the granite of the ancient civilizations. For at best, all of us, who succeeded him, merely elaborated the plans which he had laid. Ours was the superstructure, in part, of the edifice of which he laid the enduring foundation.

Thus he passed into the Land of Twilight with the consciousness of the task well accomplished, and there must have been happiness and peace in that great soul.

And there is one thought that comes to me as I recall the happy association with this golden-hearted teacher. We stood together near the little church of the Primitive Baptists. We talked and finally sat down on the steps of that peaceful building. He told me of his worries in days gone by, of his dreams, of his struggles. He asked me with the deepest interest about certain children. I asked him in turn what he had done in difficult cases, whip, expel!

There came a peculiar light in his eyes as the hieroglyphics that are to me that have had a greater influence over my thoughts than any others: "I just worry along with them, and often the boy whom the community calls mean, turns out to be better than the one who all admire."

"Worry along with them" was a big word. But after all is it not another word for "love." The love that makes parents "worry" with their children with the assurance and conviction that there must come a day on which the wayward untrained child will come unto itself, and grow into a worthy member of the greater human family.

I have often repeated that word. It has been the guide-star in many of my deeds. It fell from the lips of a man whose heart was afire with divine love of neighbor, it was sincere, earnest, appealing, a clarion call to patience, to devotion, to service.

There are sometimes great words that fall from the lips of men. I sat in church. The choir had sung, the service had been read, the preacher mounted the steps of the pulpit. I had heard him preach often, but this morning his soul got on fire, and somehow this fire communicated itself to his vast audience until the eyes of men and women sparkled with the vision of better and greater things.

This man spoke of patriotism and of greater religion of the day. The religion of self sacrifice, the religion of the things real, the religion that having found root in the innermost recesses of the human soul, flings fourth from these recesses the blossoms, the fruits of the earnest life. Somehow he made no allusion to the usual conventionalities, to those things which repetition has worn thread-bare. He called on his hearers for a single exposition in their lives of the life of the Nazarene, and as he had made himself sacrifice upon sacrifice, the congregation listened to this preacher in silence, in the grim determination of making this year the most Christain, the most consecrated in their lives.

That brings up another idea, that of the great work which the State has given in the care of my former co-worker in Johnston County, Miss Elizabeth Kelly. We had the pleasure of welcoming her the other day in our home and she spoke about her plans, about her hopes.

I listened with the deepest interest to this able, devoted woman. What a tremendous task is hers! To lead into the light the hundreds and thousands of boys and girls, men and women, who live in our world and are blind to its light. I was amazed when she stated the number of illiterates, could be that in this land of schools, of papers, there could be found still so many who have never read!

And often the worst of this disease

of ignorance is that those who are afflicted with it, care not to remove it. It takes the energy of some good woman like Miss Kelly, to bring to them an appreciation of their immense loss. It takes all the tact of a considerate soul to enter in the precincts of these limited minds and call them to a realization of their limitations. It takes perseverance to liberate them from the prison walls of their ignorance.

I was happy to see the devoted teacher, the splendid organizer of this great work. I prayed that she might be successful, for indeed hers is a noble mission.

And speaking of all these things, I feel that there are many of us who can read, that dwell voluntarily in darkness of our own making. Think of it, after many years of schooling, we are barely acquainted with the most elementary facts of modern events. We don't open a paper. We received our news from the lips of others, chewed up by them, and we are satisfied with this food, even as some little child with the masticated stuff that a loving but careless parent puts on its lips. We barely know books besides those that we were made to study. And we move in a circle of daily duties without as much as looking over the fence to see if some of our neighbors, who can dig up thoughts have not been at work.

There is no keener pleasure than that of a good book. Talk to me about the tittle-tattle of the daily gossip, the idle talk of our leisure hours, how pitiful are these things, when we may spend an hour with men that are really refreshing. I have spent much of my time with David Grayson, the author of Adventures, in Contentment, of the Friendly Road. He and I sat down last week on the slope of a mountain, by a cool spring, near a little murmuring brook. And I can dream of no more exquisite pleasure than the meeting of author and reader in some fine field of thought.

A friend told me of Grayson, I owe a debt to that friend. He has added much pleasure to my life. Have you read these books, gentle reader. If not, do so.

A. VERMONT,
Asheville, N. C., March 18th.

"IT HAS MADE MY LITTLE SON SPRY AS A RABBIT!"

Six-Year Old Boy Was Thin and Puny Father Gave Him Dreco and "I Can Almost See Him Grow, Now." He Says.

As the school term reaches its height, attention is directed to the oft-repeated advice of leading educators warning teachers, parents and scholars against the fearful results of exhaustive brain work among young people.

The thousands of boys and girls, unnerved by the strain of school life Dreco, the wonderful new herbal medicine, has been found a blessing, making them well and strong, feeding the brain and nerves, and enriching and purifying the blood.

The recent recommendation of Dreco by leading authorities and the equally outspoken praise of this greatest of remedies by scores of parents throughout the South are the best recommendations any medicine can have.

Nothing in the world so strengthens the weak, so readily restores lost nerve force, so surely makes the ailing and peevish young women or growing boy well and cheerful as a treatment by Nature's own beneficent methods.

"My little son, Varney, was in a terribly run-down condition," declares R. I. Lewis, the highly respected farmer of R. F. D. No. 3, Winston-Salem. He has always been a puny and delicate child and I couldn't get anything to make him grow. But Dreco has hit the spot and he is improving wonderfully every day. His color is good, appetite fine, and I can almost see him grow. It has made him as spry as a rabbit and I told him the other day I would have to slow him up as he was getting too alive."

Dreco does its curative work in a simple, straightforward way. It wastes little time in getting all its energies to work feeding the tired, worn-out nervous tract, filling the arteries with rich, new blood, and building up the body for its fight against disease.

Dreco is sold throughout the country by leading druggists and is particularly recommended in Smithfield by Creech Drug Co.

A Dollar Saved at this time is more than a dollar made. Put that dollar in War Savings Stamps and it will help defeat the Germans.

PLANS TO STRETCH THE FLOUR SUPPLY

EXPORTS ARE FAR BEHIND.

Renewed Efforts Will Be Made to Distribute Stores So That There Will Be Enough to Feed Both America and Allies.

Washington, March 19.—The food administration tonight announced the first of a series of steps planned to stretch flour supplies sufficiently to feed the country and maintain shipments to the allies until the next harvest.

Beginning with the baking trade which uses 40 per cent of the wheat flour consumed in this country, the administration has approved plans for a division of flour supplies between shops sharing of wheat substitutes, and for a nation-wide educational campaign to eliminate waste which will be forked out at a meeting in Chicago next Friday.

Further restrictions on the consumption of wheat which were announced last week as under consideration will be put into effect next.

Aside from the shortage of wheat in the United States another serious problem is confronted by the food administration in making good promises to the allies. Not a single week's shipments of grain and cereals abroad has equaled the announcement program since January 1, so there remains a deficit of 812,000 tons to be made up in addition to the regular supplies.

Shipments reached a low point in the week of Feb. 1 to 7 as the culmination of weeks of bad weather which demoralized both railroad and overseas transportation. Only 84,658 tons went abroad in that week. Improvement has been shown since, but even with clearing weather it has been impossible to transport the 270,000 tons promised every seven days. Since Jan. 1, shipments have totaled 1,416,914 tons.

Inasmuch as the allied peoples abroad are being rationed strictly, officials here do not contemplate any curtailment of exports nor do they admit of possibility of failure in supplying the food necessary to carry on the war. From the response received they believe the American public will give cheerfully whatever is required to achieve victory with food and those who attempt to obstruct by hoarding or selfish buying beyond their needs will be held up to the public gaze for discipline.

CUT WOOD AND THEN CUT MORE WOOD.

The time to cut wood is now and during the spare time this summer.

Governor Bickett says it is worse than folly for the people of North Carolina to depend on coal for fuel for next winter.

The State Fuel Administration urges us to prepare for next winter now.

Towns in Johnston should arrange for a community wood yard now.

Schools and churches should lay in their supply during the summer.

Farmers, cut wood now to bring to town this fall. The wood will be lighter and dry if cut this summer. Again I quote Governor Bickett, "He who chops a tree in this cause serves his country no less than he who digs a trench."

Town officers, talk to the farmers about this when they come to town. Encourage them to use their spare time this spring and summer in cutting wood to bring to town in the early fall while the roads are good.

We have been fairly warned by our government not to expect coal next winter if the war continues. We are wise enough to take this precaution and have the wood cut this summer for our fuel supply for next winter.

E. H. MOSER,
Chairman County Fuel Administration Committee.

Spreading Manure and Lime

It is almost impossible to spread manure and lime equally over the land with out using machine spreaders. Everybody who has manure to spread should try if possible to use a spreader and the proper spreading of lime is no less important. The custom of hauling manure or lime to the field to be put down in piles and then scattered on small area just around the piles leaving a large part of it where the piles were made and much of the land in the field untouched is a bad custom. It is what usually takes place. Really not one farmer in a hundred does his best work in scattering manure with pitchforks. It pays well to scatter it carefully and then it would pay to go over the field and do a little extra work to get it over the land as evenly as possible. We like broadcasting better than drilling for lime or manure. But the most important thing to do is to get it out evenly over the land.—B.

Girls What Do You Want for Easter?

We have just received a big lot of silk, silk dresses, silk waists, silk skirts and, well, whatever it takes to dress you up and make you look nice you will find it in our Ladies Department.

Our Prices

on this line for the next two weeks will be reduced to the very bottom so we may help you get it. We are agents for the Standard Patterns and the Designer.

Ladies

Our stock of Dry Goods of all kinds is very complete and we will be glad to help you make any selections you want from our big stock and our prices speak for themselves—They are our best salesman.

Boys

If you want a nice Suit, Hat, Tie, Shirt or Slippers for Easter we can fit you from stock or have you a suit made to order by one of the best Tailoring houses in the United States

Gentlemen

If you need anything in the Grocery or feed line or fertilizer we can save you some money if you will see us before you buy. All we want is a chance. Our prices and goods sell themselves.

Come and See Us. We save you Money and Appreciate Your Business.

Yours to Please

Roberts Corbett & Woodard

Selma, N. C.

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Has that good, old, familiar taste of hops. And is non-intoxicating.

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Now it's here—ready for you, at all places where good drinks are sold.



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Try A Bottle —and See For Yourself

No words can really describe CERVA But that taste will tell you what it's like. Just try a bottle—satisfy yourself.

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