

HIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

As a usual thing I like January better than most months of the year. It is nearer bringing leisure than the other months. The nights are long and give one a chance to do some of the things one likes to do before bedtime; there is no snow to get in the way of going out to do little gardening; one can still enjoy canned fruit, and such for cooking to be made; the New Year's resolutions are not yet broken beyond repair, and we still have the highly moral feeling we had when they were made; the Christmas presents have not lost their newness and charm for the children; we have a short breathing space before beginning the real work of the year. Then, too, there is a blessed ignorance as to what the year has in store for us, and we hope for all sorts of improbable things.

Years ago, before women had the privilege of voting, my husband and I were discussing a certain subject and he reminded me of what the laws of our land say about it. And I replied that the laws only say that because men made them; that, if women had written them, they'd be different.

The above is merely a preface to stating that I believe it was a man who first put into a woman's head the idea that she looked sweet and wholesome and homelike darning socks. And he did it because he hated to wear holes and also hated to darn the things. It is aggravating to see so many pictures and read many stories that show the dear, patient mother of the family with an overflowing basket of holey hose, which she is forever mending. I rise to remark that there is not one thing poetic about it. It's work, and mean work at that. And the women who really enjoy darning must have time hanging heavy on her hands, or she must be queer in some way. O, yes, I darn holes—lots of them. Darn them till I think that if my time were worth as much as a hen's, I ought to throw the things away. But I want it definitely understood that I'm at work when I do it, and not merely posing as the ideal mother.

These college-student-magazine-subscription-solicitors who make the rounds at frequent intervals are smooth talkers, and there are times when I rather enjoy listening to them. But there are exceptions. And I've learned to watch for them. When the agents tell me what course they are taking, in what university, and in what class, they pause to ask with confidential archness: "What kind of a doctor do you think I'd make?" Or it may be lawyer they say instead of doctor. And I am sure their book of instructions tells them to ask that; for they'd never do it so nearly alike otherwise. The last one who came was going to be a lawyer and eloquently offered to help me get a divorce when he finished his course. He may have thought such an offer would be flattering to a woman of my age.

The other things that agents irritate me by saying is: "Why you'll never miss that amount; you can pay for this wonderful article and not know the difference." I'd miss it and I'd know it, and what they say sounds like an insult to my knowledge of arithmetic. Besides, at our house every penny has to toe the mark and tell what it could pay for, and then be checked up to see where it went.

Some day, when I've nothing else to do, I may suggest some changes in the books of instructions sent out to agents.

Up in Mrs. Hunt's and Mrs. Frank Brantley's yards the yellow jessamine has begun to bloom. Not the kind that grows wild around here but the variety listed in catalogs as "nudiflora", and which blooms before the leaves even bud. It is a lovely thing, a sort of shrubby vine.

My youngest neighbor was leaving after a very brief call, and accidentally stepped on the cat's tail. At the resultant squall she looked at me with surprise, and asked: "Did you hear what that cat said?" Upon being told that I had heard she said: "Well that's just what my cat says when I step on her tail." Evidently all cats speak the same language.

Using pliers, robbers tortured Fremont Pierce by pulling all his toenails out before they robbed his home, near Cisne, Ill.

At Wimbledon, England, an owl attacked Sidney E. Sugden, and flew away with his spectacles.

Club Party

The Wolf Head Club, local boys' club, on Friday, December 23, sponsored a party at the home of its president, Charles Flowers.

During the party those present were entertained by playing games. Refreshments were served consisting of candy, hot cocoa and marshmallows.

Those present were Misses Barrow, Elowers, Hall House, Sexton, and Messrs Barbee, Bunn, Chamblee, Flowers, Horton and House.

New Licences Must Be Bought

Announcement has been made by the State that new license tags must be displayed after January 10, or drivers will be liable to arrest. From now until the 10th there is danger of being asked to park the car until new tags have been procured.

The sale of license plates in the state has declined sharply, only about 100,000 pairs having been sold to date.

Japs Victorious

After days of fighting, and the death of an entire Chinese battalion in street fighting, the Japanese have captured Shanhaikwan, an ancient walled city of China, and one of its most important border towns. Indications are that Japan means not only to hold what has been gained in the far East, but to add new conquests of Chinese territory.

Smithfield Church Damaged By Fire

Fire gutted the main auditorium and assembly rooms of the Smithfield Methodist church during the Sunday school hour Sunday and did damage estimated at \$30,000. The fire is thought to have originated in a trash pile and spread in the boiler room. The building was evacuated in an orderly manner by hundreds of children and not one was hurt.

Judge Timberlake Dead

Judge E. W. Timberlake of Wake Forest died on Jan. 2, and was buried on Wednesday afternoon in Wake Forest cemetery, the funeral service being conducted by his pastor, J. A. Easley.

Judge Timberlake was a trustee of Wake Forest College, classes of which were suspended on Wednesday afternoon in his honor.

The Rotary Club will sponsor a bridge tournament at the Club house Thursday Jan. 12, at eight o'clock. All who would like to play, please get in touch with Mrs. C. A. Medlin, places reserved 25 cents each.

Bethany News

Our community wishes for each reader of the Record "a Bright and Prosperous New Year."

We had a pleasant Christmas, no bad accidents or serious illness was in our community during the week.

Willie Lee Wilson has returned to Fort Bragg, after spending fifteen days with his people.

Mrs. H. C. Watkins' nephew, from New York visited here during the holidays.

Mrs. J. H. Watkins is improving after about three weeks in bed. She is able to be up again.

Ethel Moore was sick in bed the last of the week.

Mrs. S. H. Jones is ill, and been confined to her bed for some more than a week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Ray and children spent last Wednesday in Raleigh, with Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Stells.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebb Robertson of New Port News, Va., spent several days last week with Mrs. S. T. Davis and other relatives in this and Wendell communities.

Born to our pastor, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Evans an eight pound boy, Dec. 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Vaughn of Raleigh spent part of last week with Mrs. Vaughn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Watson.

Mitchell Mill News

We hope to see everybody out at Sunday School next Sunday. Lets make a hundred percent.

Mr. Buster Lyman of Virginia, visited friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ester Edwards spent the week-end with Mrs. Edwards sister, Mrs. M. C. Hicks, of Union Chapel.

Mr. J. T. Pulley was a Zebulon visitor Tuesday.

Mr. Wiley Mitchell, of New Jersey visited Mrs. J. C. Mitchell Sunday.

Miss Beatrice Carter, Mr. Ester Edwards and Miss Grace Fuller and Mr. Collie Perry of this community also decided to try the plan of two making a living as well as one.

Miss Mary Frances Mitchell, spent last week with her cousin Miss Meriam Mitchell of Youngsville.

Miss Annie Lee Perry was the guest of Miss Lucy Mae Moody last week.

HELPFUL HINTS

Chesnuts and similar nuts can be kept fresh indefinitely simply by placing them in a mason jar and screwing the lid on.

Moist table salt will remove egg tarnish from silver, and coffee and tea stains from china.

Use lard for greasing cake tins. The salt in butter causes the cake to burn, or stick to the tin.

Onion juice will remove rust from tableware.

Place a piece of beeswax between two pieces of flannel and rub your irons on them. They will be clean and run smoothly.

Milk to which a little soap has been added is a good wash for white glossy paint.

Keep mirrors out of the sun. The rays will cause spots and other blemishes.—Pathfinder.

Recorder's Court

A number of charges against colored men were tried in the local Recorder's court this week. Some were cleared and others given fines and road sentences. After getting them scared satisfactorily, Judge Rhodes changed most of the fines to costs and the road sentences to fines and gave them time to pay out. Most of the men are working on the streets at .50 cents a day, so it is likely that it will be many moons before they pay up.

After considerable discussion between attorneys, the case of Mrs. Lillie Critcher Richardson who is suing her husband R. B. Richardson for support, was laid over. It seems that the court could not decide whether the case was one under the jurisdiction of Wake or Johnston county.

Carey Pearce, who attempted to put a full load of shot into his wife's body during the Christmas time, was fined \$25.00. With times like the present, this will be equal to about ten times as much a decade ago.

NEW GROCERY STORE

Carpenters are busy converting the Robertson building adjoining the Harris hardware store, into a modern grocery store. The front is being shelved for groceries. A partition will be run across the center of the building and the back end used for wholesale trade. The store will be operated by the Progressive Chain Store system. This will be their twenty-fourth store. Their headquarters is in Sanford, N. C. Zebulon is to be congratulated or being considered a good location for a chain store, and welcomes the management to its business life.

EARPSBORO EVENTS

Mrs. Eugene Bailey Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Stalling of Seimes, and Mr. W. H. Moore of Middlesex who is spending some time with them. We are very glad to say little Fannie Lou Faucette and Idalia Crowder are about well of their colds.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Phillips have moved to their new home in the Hales section.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Parrish and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin, of Pilot spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Noah Crowder.

The Willing Helper Club met at Mrs. Frank Mason's Saturday. The club members decided to have a Christmas Tree on Old Christmas Day.

Mr. Edward Lewis, of Norfolk, Va., spent Friday night with his brother.

Master Dan Privette is visiting his Lindly Lewis.

Mrs. Oscar Richardson, of Emit section visited her sister Mrs. Lonnie Faucette Saturday.

There has been lots of flu in our community, but we are glad to say that most of the people are better Mr. Norwood Leaves Zebulon.

Piet Gringe has failed to recover his baby which was recently carried away by a big gorilla from the father's home which is located 100 miles north of Johannesburg, South Africa.

As We Go To Press

Word is received that Calvin Coolidge, ex-president of the United States was found dead in his home in Northampton, Mass.

R. S. McCain Still Missing

R. S. McCain, missing attorney of Henderson, has not yet been located. Rewards have been offered for finding him, dead or alive. Clues furnished by a letter purporting to have been written by a boy who says he saw McCain murdered, are being traced. Other clues sent by those who claim to have seen the missing man are being investigated.

A systematic search is being made but so far nothing definite has developed.

Mrs. Strickland Passes Onward

Mrs. Fannie Strickland died last Sunday night Jan. 1. She had been at the State Hospital about 18 months. She was the mother of ten children; six boys, Paul, Joe, Leroy, Kirkman, Clellan and Lester, and four girls, Mrs. W. L. Forsythe, Mrs. Leroy Jones, Bessie and Nonie Lee.

She was a smart woman. She was buried at Rocky Cross. Rev. Davis of Zebulon conducted the funeral service we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

Holloway's Hits

By James H. Holloway

As this is being written, the year of 1932 is slowly passing, it has been a year of many disappointments and sorrows and the memories it leaves behind are not pleasant ones. The Happy New Year will bring renewed hope and encouragement to the people and a greater measure of prosperity and joy.

Governor Roosevelt is now being overwhelmed by a great multitude of councillors and advisers, on how to run the nation's business. If he succeeds in absorbing all the sensible and ill-advised suggestions, he will be compelled to listen to for the next two months he will have acquired more information than any president ever knew before. After he has listened attentively to all the various shades of opinion from statesmen and would-be statesmen, if he is not the worst bled man in America he is certainly a wonderful man. If there is a fundamental weakness in our philosophy of government, it probably lies in its lack of flexibility and responsiveness to the will of the people.

The present Congress and President Hoover will remain in power until the fourth of March, but the business of the nation is practically at a standstill in so far as any remediable legislation is possible to help the situation. A lame duck President and a lame duck Congress never accomplished anything and if they were to attempt any wise legislation, the opposition party will move Heaven and Earth to defeat it.

More than one crying baby will be found on the White House doorstep by

M System Moves To Henderson

Mr. Godfrey and Miss Flowers who have operated the M System grocery store in Zebulon for a year or two have moved it to Henderson. They handled a good line of groceries and the community will miss them and their business.

Mr. A. N. Jones who has been with the store, we understand, will move to Henderson and be associated with the business.

Raleigh Defaults.

The capital of the state defaulted for the first time on January 1, when the city failed in payment of principal and interest due on bonds held by a New York concern. Mayor Isley says it is only a technical default and that the city will meet its indebtedness next month.

The failure was the result of funds being tied up in closed banks and as result of the misapplication of funds by a former tax collector.

PHILATHEA CLASS MEETING

The Baptist Philathea Class met on Monday night at the home of Mrs. Merritt Massey. Mrs. Julian Horton presided, and Mrs. Abner Baker was in charge of the program. The devotion was led by Mrs. Corbett. Mrs. J. M. Whitely read an appropriate poem. Mrs. T. B. Davis spoke on Things Which Come to Pass, and Miss Southerland, teacher of the class made a talk on New Year's Resolutions as they apply to class work. Miss Southerland also expressed the regret of not only this class, but of the whole Baptist Church that Mrs. A. N. Jones, one of the members, will move at an early date to Henderson.

After the business session the hostesses served light refreshments. The next meeting of the Philathea will be held with Miss Southerland at Wakelon Dormitory.

Mr. J. Norwood Leaves Zebulon

Mr. John Norwood, who has been cashier of the local bank for some time, is accepting work elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. Norwood have made many friends in Zebulon who will regret their leaving.

Mr. R. L. Little succeeds Mr. Norwood as cashier of the Page Trust Company. Before coming to Zebulon he was Cashier of the Siler City branch of the Page Trust Company. Zebulon welcomes Mr. Little to its business life, and the patrons and others are invited to call on Mr. Little at the bank.

President Roosevelt when he moves in on March the fourth, left there by his predecessor. The new President will be called on to solve more knotty problems in the next four years than only three of his predecessors combined had to contend with. If he meets the issues fearlessly and makes wise decisions promptly, he will go down in history as one of the greatest figures in history of the nation, but if he dallies and hesitates he will quickly lose the confidence of the people and

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YE FLAPDOODLE

By The SWASHBUCKLER

Well! . . . At last I've discovered one girl in this town who is absolutely different (in another way) . . . And what a way too! . . . When she laughs, she does it, not as you or I, but in a most effective and unique way . . . Yes ma'am, Miss "C" laughs in her middle, not on her face . . . Says Miss "C" . . . "I some times smile with my face, but it is only when I am really tickled that I laugh in my middle." . . . So when you meet the little lady, and wish to know whether you amuse her or not, listen to her middle . . . Say Doc, lend me your stethoscope a minute. . . I'm about to bring forth a joke. . . Did you see that load of hay, no, it wasn't hay after all . . . Just fodder, they (it, he, him, them or what have you) only had the fodder stacked up on the wagon to the same height as the street lamps, oh yes they do have street lamps in this town even though it be smaller than the college students would wish it. These students say that it's too quiet. Where are they every day at twelve o'clock? . . . Now somebody guess "bed" . . . I've just found out why there is so much fuss at noon every day . . . Now, here's the low-down . . . The people of our fair city are so depressed to eat more than once a day. Consequently, when they do get to eat that one meal, they are so happy that they have to make some noise, but, due to the fact that they are too weak to yell, the fire whistle is blown to fair ye well . . . Oh yes, I mustn't forget the tall brunette who was trying to "bum" her way to Raleigh the other day so that she might prevail upon her "pater" for the family car . . . (P. S. She got the car) . . . You should have been in the "Mint" the other night when someone (cruel, too cruel for words) slipped up (This is too much) behind Brown and I can't stand this much longer) stuck a sharp, long instrument (just a common every-day ice pick) into that part (of said party of the third person) that monkeys swing by . . . You should have seen the look of pained surprise on his face. . . And now Brown limps around with the point, where the aforementioned ice pick entered, painted a brilliant hue of Mercurochrome (if that isn't spelled correctly, Dr. Daniels certainly isn't up on his phonetics) . . . By the way, the spot is marked "X" . . . I ought to know, I painted it! . . . And friends, a romance is budding right under our noses, however, it hasn't advanced far enough to tell whether it's a real romance or just another fever blister, now the thing may be pinched in the bud, but if anything further develops along that line, you'll know as much as I, next week . . . And who was the person who caused Bev Isaacs to break the heel of her shoe? . . . The gent who so graciously fixed it for her, was none other than our old friend and cohort, Robert D. Massey . . . Bravo Robert, when we find a heel, we'll bring him around to you . . . And again that noble upholder of the Antone name, comes forward with a most wonderful riddle . . . Asks Earl, the youngest of the Antones, "Why is Santa Claus like Calvin Coolidge?" . . . (We gave up too) . . . Because they both have beards only Coolidge doesn't have a beard! . . . Don't say it, that's what we thought too the first time we saw the (brat) dear little fellow . . . And as the mountaineer's son said, after his old man had had the "revenge" down for some thirty odd minutes, "Kick him in the ribs, pap! his teeth's all gone!" . . . And that new grocery store that is coming to town . . . Wonder what they're going to sell? . . . George Lane, That dashing young man who runs the Standard service station, has a miniature swimming pool where he used to drain the oil from cars . . . That's nothing on us though, we have one in our basement . . . After much concentration on the matter, I have decided to call my car Lancelot, only it's a "She Lancelot" instead of a "He Lancelot" . . . I know it is a bit unconventional to call an automobile Lancelot, but rized when I was still a child, I'll . . . And now I want to render a lovely, lyrical lunacy, that I memorized when I was still a child, I'll never forget it so long as I live (Wait while I run home and get a copy of it, there are a few lines that are a wee bit hazy in my mind) . . . Ah here I am, back again, and I've brought that wonderful little ode with me . . . Now this touching little ballad is entitled:

WOMAN (Exclamation point)
Woman—She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions;
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house
She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse;
And when he is well and can get out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot, and throw at his head,
She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind;
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind,
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,
She'll make him her hero, her ruler.

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ODD BUT TRUE!

