

## THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

A five-year-old overheard his elders say sympathetically that some friends had been so unfortunate as to lose their home. He asked in surprise "Didn't they know where they left it?"

Be sure to make your plans to attend the flower show in the Woman's Clubhouse on May 10. Don't feel that it is meant for the town only; it is for all who are interested in flowers. Enter some of your plants or cut flowers, if you will; if not, come and see those that others bring. It is all free and I really believe you will enjoy it.

On Wednesday of last week our daughter took her older son to Raleigh for a tonsil operation. I kept the younger, now fourteen months old. At 8:30 we watched the others leave. I felt entirely equal to any situation that might arise. Haven't I raised five of my own? Up to now, at any rate, as Alfred Smith would say.

Thinking to amuse the baby and keep him outdoors, I let him run around in the yard. He struck out for the cow lot. His grandfather had given the cow a pile of vetch to eat and she was standing close to the fence. The baby walked right up to the wire, braced his tummy against it and remarked to the cow: "Moo! Moo!" When she did not reply he reached through the fence and tried to catch her by the horn. Being pulled away from the fence, he made strenuous efforts to open the gate or climb over. It seemed best to lead him away. We passed the woodshed and he tried to climb over the doorsill, and landed on his head. On we went, by the chicken yard and he ran to that gate and did all he could to get it open, falling down as he tried.

I carried him across the yard and put him down so that I might hunt a worm that had destroyed a plant. Having found the worm and laid it aside to be carried to the goldfish, I filled the hole that had been scraped in looking for it. Turning around I saw that the baby had the worm between his fingers and was examining it with great interest. I persuaded him to let me have it and threw it into the pool. He did his best to follow it. Again I carried him off.

He found an old fire poker, stuck it into the ground and leaned on it, falling before I could get to him.

The phone bell rang, and a neighbor held fast to the baby while I went in to answer the call. On my return I found they were admiring some flowers, and I tried to see that the little fellow did not touch larkspur nor euphorbia—"snow on the mountain"—as these contain poison. He began to pick up holly berries, one at a time and to carry each one and poke it through a hole in the underpinning of the house. Tiring of this after numerous trips, he started to climb the steps to the house. Upon reaching the second one, he turned to look at me and sat off the end of the step, hitting the ground hard. I picked him up, soothed him and took him in for a drink of milk and a nap. He wanted to drink the milk from the pint jar that held it, and bracing himself against the wall, opened his mouth wide. One of us blundered and he got strangled. I was rather painful for both but no serious. I took him to his bed and he tried to tell me that all was not right but I couldn't understand. I learned later that I should have given him something to hold in his hand.

Not knowing the trouble, I decided to rock him to sleep—which his mother never does, and which I can't do without trying to sing. He was delighted with the procedure, but went to sleep before the song was finished. After putting him to bed I looked at the clock. It was past 10:45.

Honestly, doesn't it seem a wonder if children live to grow up? On that mothers can do anything else besides caring for them? And there are thousands of mothers looking after them and doing housework and sewing—some even helping in the crops. There must be a special providence for babies. And for mothers, too.

## Wakelon School Commencement

We have received the following invitation from Misses Effie Ailene and Lois Esther Hagwood: "The Senior Class, Wakelon High School, Commencement Exercises, Friday morning May twelfth, ten-thirty o'clock, High School Auditorium."

The invitation shows that the graduating class is composed of 15 boys and 25 girls. We wish to congratulate the young men and women on the completion of their high school course and hope they may continue their educational course till they have acquired a college diploma.

The commencement sermon will be preached next Sunday morning by Rev. M. D. L. Presser of Wingate in the school auditorium. We are not able to get information of other details of Wakelon commencement but are sure the occasion will be full of the usual interest and happy fellowship among patrons and friends of the school.

## 10-Year-Old Girl Kidnaped

Harwichport, Mass., May 3.—Two white men in a car driven by a negro enticed 10-year-old Margaret McMath from school here yesterday and carried her away. Posing as the child's father, one of the men called the school authorities saying he was sending his chauffeur for his daughter. A blue sedan soon arrived at the school and the little girl was driven away. The grandfathers of "Peggy" as the girl is called by her parents, are both wealthy and it is believed the kidnaping was for the purpose of collecting ransom. The search for her has been hindered by heavy fogs on the New England coasts.

## Productive Work Is Sound Test

Any relief program that is sound must be based upon PRODUCTIVE work. We can, for example, build unnecessary postoffices, federal buildings and statehouses until the taxpayers are blue in the face. A certain amount of distress will be eliminated, a certain amount of temporary employment provided, and that is all. Unless the money spent gives us something actually needed it has been wasted.

Individuals and industries must eventually provide the PRODUCTIVE work. This does not mean we should refuse worthy charities—give to them by all means. Charity in itself is a productive venture of a sort. But it is better if the same amount of money can provide normal jobs, add to the nation's purchasing power, and give the spender himself something he needs and can use.

Property improvement is PRODUCTIVE work. Prices for materials and supplies of all kinds are at unprecedented low levels. Mills, factories and quarries are inactive, waiting for orders. There are millions of people in this country who can afford to spend ten or a hundred or a thousand dollars to repair a furnace, renew or replace a roof, buy and install some labor-saving appliance, overhaul an automobile, paint a home or do a multitude of similar tasks. The property-owner who does this will get his improvements at much less than their real value—and he will be putting dollars into PRODUCTIVE relief work.

Remember that while honest charity is good, jobs are better and cheaper.

## P.T.A. Jig-Saw Party

The P. T. A. of Wakelon, had a jig-saw party in Prof. Massey's classroom last Thursday evening for the benefit of the P. T. Association. There were 40 present.

After a very interesting time assembling jig-saw puzzles, the guests were served refreshments. Mrs. G. K. Corbett, chairman of the P. T. A. social committee, had charge of the serving. She desires to thank all the ladies who contributed and helped to serve the refreshments. The admission charges amounted to \$10.05. This was the first public jig-saw party, and those attending found it a very enjoyable way to spend an evening.

## Zebulon Rotary Club Had Profitable Year

Under the able leadership of Albert V. Medlin as president, the Rotary Club has had a very profitable year. Many new ideas have been discussed even though they have not been talked on the streets, the members feel that much good will come from them in the future. The Rotary Club is the only organization of its kind for men in town, and should be supported by everybody. Every man that is interested in the betterment of Zebulon should be a member. The Club is not selfish and wants to see the town grow. Any man in town can become a member, and he will be helped by becoming a member of the club, and in turn the Club can render better service to our town and community.

Our motto, "Service Above Self—He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

The following men were elected to carry on the work for the new year: C. Vaiden Whitley, president; M. McRae, "Mack" Faison, vice-president; H. Edison Mann, secretary and treasurer; Sam Lee and Irby D. Gill and new members of the board.

Fried and stewed fish supper was enjoyed by Albert's friends and the Club, as a whole, April 28, at Taylor's Pond. We wish to express our appreciation to Albert for the outing.

## New Market Opened Here

Hocutt and Baker have added a line of fresh meats to the general store and are now open for trade. They have added a large frigidaire to their equipment, and will carry all staple meats such as chops, steaks, roasts and sausage. We call our readers' attention to their announcement in this paper.

This firm located in Zebulon last year and opened up a general store, majoring on groceries. They have done a good business. Clarence Hocutt, manager, is one of the best salesmen in Zebulon, and we congratulate his firm in adding the meat market to their already successful business.

## The Challenge Goes Out

By Roger W. Babson

"The need of the hour is not more factories or materials, not more railroads or steamships, not more armies or more navies, but rather more education based on the teaching of Jesus. The prosperity of our country depends on the motives and purposes of the people. These motives and purposes are directed only in the right course through religion. In spite of their imperfections, this is why I believe in our churches, and why I am a great optimist on their future.

"We stand at the cross-roads. We must choose between God and Mammon. Materialism is undermining our civilization as it has undermined other civilizations. Unless we heed the warning in time and get back to the real fundamentals, we must fall even as the civilizations of Egypt, Greece and Rome fell—and for the same reason.

"Statistics of very nation indicate that true religion is the power necessary for the development of its resources, and for its successful continuation. The challenge goes out to every man to support his church, to take an active part in the religious life of his community, to live according to the simple principles upon which this, the greatest country in the world, was founded three hundred years ago."

## Jobs Are Given To More Than 1,200

About May 15, 1,244 men from Wake and adjoining counties will be sent to Fort Bragg to undergo a two weeks course of physical training preparatory to work on national forest projects in North Carolina. This preparation is for the \$1 a day jobs. The assignment of men is as follows: Chatham 42; Durham, 108; Granville, 72; Vance 46; Warren, 45; Nash, 76; Halifax 86; Northampton, 46; Franklin, 50; Johnston, 143; Wake, 201; Wayne, 143; Wilson, 82; Edgecombe, 104.

A total of 250,000 will be benefitted by the government's program. 6,500 of these will be from North Carolina. It is said that each man will be paid \$1 a day for a period of 30 days.

## SIFTINGS

A locust tree with its trunk so crooked that it is growing in 6 different directions—up, down, north, south east and west, is located on the side of a highway, near Hagerstown, Md. Salt Lake City (Utah) police who for weeks had sought Thomas Figgins on charges of beating his wife, found him serving as a member of a jury in a district court, near the city's central police station.

The League of Nations reports that at least 5,000,000 men, women and children are held as slaves in various parts of the world and that China, Arabia, Liberia and Abyssinia are the worst offenders.

When Marlowe T. Sudduth, of Chicago, Ill., entered his darkened room and stumbled over a suitcase which contained a revolver, the weapon discharged and the man fell dead from a bullet wound in the neck.

"Lemuria," another lost continent which is believed by some geologists to have existed in what is now the Indian Ocean and like the fabled continent "Atlantis" is believed to have disappeared under the sea many centuries ago, will be the object of a search to be conducted this year by the Indian Museum, of Calcutta, India.

A tablet, recently unearthed in Mesopotamia, reveals that the story of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden was known 6,000 years ago.

Mme. Slavka Mitova, of Deschaserli Bulgaria, who claims to be the oldest woman in the world, attributes her 152 years to the unusual habit of placing a common potato in the pocket of her nightgown when retiring each night. She is said to possess sufficient vitality to do all the daily chores on her small farm.

## The Little River Sunday School

A short time ago a S. S. was organized in the community between Zebulon and the Maupas bridge on Little River. Last Sunday there were 80 people present. The interest of the community in the S. S. is growing rapidly. Every one not attending S. S. elsewhere is invited to come and join the school.

The prayer meeting met with Mr. Charlie Lewis on last Sunday night. Seventy-five were present. The place of meeting has been changed to the home of Mr. L. J. Glover.

## HERE AND THERE

After a New York State farmer and his prize-winning hog had been killed by a locomotive while they were crossing a railway track, the farmer's widow learned that her late husband had no insurance on himself but carried a \$10,000 policy on the hog.

Pleennie Winzo, Fort Worth (Tex.) man, recently completed the unique feat of traveling around the world walking backward.

The largest 15-year-old boy in the United States is Robert P. Wadlow, of Alton, Ill., who weighs 340 pounds and is 7 feet 8½ inches tall.

In Chile, S. A., a church marriage ceremony is illegal unless it has been preceded by the marriage ceremony of the state.

Trough Creek, in Huntingdon county, Pa., covers a distance of only 2 miles, yet its course is so crooked that it is approximately 70 miles long.

The University of California has a rabbit born without ears but perfectly normal in every other respect.

Although the temperature was below the freezing point during the period of incubation, a hen duck hatched out 14 ducklings in a nest which was located on the ground at the home of Maurice Kennon, Red Oak, Iowa.

C. W. Morrill, 90-year-old smoker of Monson, Me., has used the same briar pipe for the past 60 years.

## Dying Dog Bites Off Woman's Finger

The Morganton News-Herald reported last week a most unusual accident which occurred to Mrs. Wriston Yandle of near Monroe. She was walking on the highway with her dog, when a car ran over the animal. As it lay dying in the road, Mrs. Yandle attempted to fondle it. The dog caught her finger and as it took its last breath bit the finger off.

## Union Level Commencement

On Wednesday evening, May 10th at 8:00 o'clock the commencement exercises of Union Level school will take place. There will be an operetta "Mid-Summer Eve," followed by a negro minstrel.

Mrs. P. H. and P. F. Massey are the teachers in the Union Level school, and the past year has been very satisfactory to all concerned in the school's work and interests.

## Flower Show Will Be Held Wednesday

On Tuesday afternoon committee in charge of the work for the Flower Show met in Mrs. C. E. Flowers' garden to discuss and perfect plans. It was decided to have an earlier date than was first suggested, and Wednesday, May 10, was selected. The place is the Woman's Clubhouse, Zebulon.

Entries are not confined to club members. All who are interested are invited to bring flowers. Entries for prizes will be received on Wednesday morning by those in charge; but none will be taken in competition for prizes after 11:00 o'clock. However, they may be left for display, and such use will be appreciated by those in charge.

The doors will be open to the general public from 2:00 till 6:00 p. m., and it is hoped that many will attend. There are no fees attached, and few rules, the show being given for the sole purpose of encouraging gardening in this community.

Do not forget: Flowers must be given by the one in whose name they are exhibited, and must be at the clubhouse before 11:00 a. m., on Wednesday, May 10.

The following is a list of flowers that may be entered: Roses (climbing and tea, pink, red and white), iris, pansies, verbenas (one color and mixed), snap dragons, poppies (Shirley and California), peonies, narcissus, pinks, mixed flowers, blooming shrub phlox, dish garden by child, greatest variety of flowers from one garden.

The Zebulon Record office force will give a year's subscription to the best exhibit of a flower or flowers grown wholly by a man.

## Rev. E. H. Davis At Methodist Church

One of the largest congregations ever assembled at the local Methodist church welcomed and eagerly listened to a wonderful message from Rev. E. H. Davis, former beloved pastor, on last Sunday morning, in the local Methodist church.

A young people's musical program was rendered by the young people's choir under the able direction of Mrs. Elmer Finch, the choir director. Mrs. Finch has given her time faithfully to directing the young people in training them in this choir, and those present enjoyed thoroughly the music. It was on the special invitation of Mrs. Finch and her choir that Rev. Davis came.

There were many from Wendell and Wakefield present at the services to hear Mr. Davis. He used "Despite thy full youth" as a text. The sermon was full of apt illustrations and historical references, and one of the best ever heard in Zebulon. The congregation gave a nice offering to Mr. Davis for his services.

Mr. Davis has retired from the active ministry and lives at the old Davis home on Green Hill, near Louisville. He is well-known and beloved by people of all denominations throughout the State. He turned from the local profession years ago and entered the ministry. Besides filling some of the most important pastorates in the state, he has also been presiding elder. Few politicians are better informed about political and public affairs than he is and he takes keen interest in all matters pertaining to state and church affairs. Mrs. J. J. W.

## Fatally Injured Sunday Night

L. L. Saunders, baggage master for the Southern Ry., missed his train in Raleigh Sunday night and hired a taxi to take him to Method, reaching there ahead of the train. Leaving the taxi, he ran against the side of an automobile, fracturing his skull. He died on the way to the hospital.

## Storms Raging In Mississippi Valley

Beginning the latter part of last week severe storms have raged in parts of the lower Mississippi valley resulting in the deaths of nearly 100 and injuries to perhaps 1,000. Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi and Louisiana have all suffered disaster. In some cases fire added to the danger and to the misery of the situation.

Many interesting relics and 140 skeletons of a people who existed 3,000 years ago have been unearthed near Wickliffe, Kentucky.

An official estimate places the number of rabbits killed each year by speeding automobiles on Pennsylvania's highways at 100,000.

## YE FLAPDOODLE

By Th-

SWASHBUCKLER

Little Miss Muffett  
Sat on a tuffett  
Eating her curds and whey.  
There came a large spider  
And sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Which, dear gentle readers, only goes to show that actions speak louder than words—it has been a long time since I have mentioned the Legislature. I'll bet you people have forgotten that there is one. Did you hear about Representative Sullivan of Buncombe taking the limburger cheese home and being immediately run off by his wife? He should have stored it in one of the various nooks of the legislative halls. No one would have noticed the odor because so far as the actions of our Legislature (when it comes to passing worthwhile bills) limburger compares favorably in smell—I notice that down in South Carolina, Robert Quillen, the fellow who sold his newspaper for one dollar a number of years ago, had written an article to the effect that the S. C. Legislature was doing nothing. The next day the matter was brought up in the Legislature. Of course Brother Quillen stirred up some ill favor nevertheless he did wake up his Legislature into a certain degree of activity. W. can't even do that much with ours. There used to be a Mother Goose rhyme that someone unthinkingly let me hear or something, anyway it ran something like this: There was an old woman lived under a hill, and if she's not gone, she lives were still. Now we can change one or two letters and a couple of words and we have: There are some old women deliberating on a bill, and if they haven't deliberated it, they deliberate still. That is of course if they haven't gone back to some other bill that was voted down several times, and suddenly decide to pass it. I think that the only man who is deriving any pleasure from the present session of the Legislature is Carl Goerch. If you have a radio, tune in and you'll hear his not unpleasant voice each evening. If you are minus a radio (you're lucky if you are) just put your head out the window about sun down and you can get him just as well. Carl apparently wraps the legislators around his digits. It's a wonder to me they don't get tangled in his hair. And to a lighter vein—Who is the young, black haired (slightly curly) bookkeeper for the C. P. & L. who is often seen in Charlie Rhodes' Barber shop, attempting to win a shine, shave or shampoo on Charlie's infernal machine—When the young fellow loses he is heard to give vent to a mournful wail, but when he wins, an incoherent blast breaks the still of the air as the King of the Barber Shop Racket realizes that he has been taken in for another shave. And now that you people have so generously made me your mayor, I will give you my platform. I don't need it any more. I've got a board to stand on now. I would have given it to you before, but every dark horse has to have a saddle about the stable is stolen, or something. As a matter of fact, you supported me so well that I didn't need a platform. I am glad that you elected Mayor Bridgers as my worthy assistant. Bridgers is a good man and I shall rely upon him for much advice (whether I take it or not) during the next two years. So from now on when anyone asks you who the Mayor of your fair city is, give him a "knowing" look and say "Why Mr. Bridgers of course!" (I will give instructions on "knowing looks" on Wednesdays, Tuesdays and Mondays. A slight charge of twenty dollars per lesson will be asked to cover cost of mailing.) Mr. Bridgers will be a figurehead so to speak, but never forget, dear public, that I am the real power behind the thorn. (Before you read any more, go get your dictionary and look up "Flapdoodle" again.) Remember now, in no way must my name be mixed up in politics. That is the reason Mr. Bridgers will attend the monthly meetings of the board. And anything that you wish to have brought before the board, go ahead and give it to Mr. Bridgers just as though he were Mayor. I have offered my plug hat but he has refused, so the only help I can offer him now will be what he asks for. (Hope he doesn't ask for a loan.) Please keep the fact that I am the real Mayor of Zebulon under your hat because it would create a bad impression on the "out-of-town" people if they knew that Zebulon was the proud (?) possessor of two mayors. Why think how jealous Wendell would be if they thought that we had something on them in the way of politics—I haven't had time to try any of the new beer, but I did drain the water off the hog slops and the psychological effect was the same. I contracted that feeling in my lower abdomen that one has after eating an enormous amount of soap, or green apples. If that stuff satisfies the American people, the beer drinking class had better come on out here to the institution with the rest of us nuts! Any roses you may throw my way, please mark your name plainly. If you feel like throwing bricks, please stack them neatly in the back yard. Thank you too much.

Which, dear gentle readers, only goes to show that actions speak louder than words—it has been a long time since I have mentioned the Legislature. I'll bet you people have forgotten that there is one. Did you hear about Representative Sullivan of Buncombe taking the limburger cheese home and being immediately run off by his wife? He should have stored it in one of the various nooks of the legislative halls. No one would have noticed the odor because so far as the actions of our Legislature (when it comes to passing worthwhile bills) limburger compares favorably in smell—I notice that down in South Carolina, Robert Quillen, the fellow who sold his newspaper for one dollar a number of years ago, had written an article to the effect that the S. C. Legislature was doing nothing. The next day the matter was brought up in the Legislature. Of course Brother Quillen stirred up some ill favor nevertheless he did wake up his Legislature into a certain degree of activity. W. can't even do that much with ours. There used to be a Mother Goose rhyme that someone unthinkingly let me hear or something, anyway it ran something like this: There was an old woman lived under a hill, and if she's not gone, she lives were still. Now we can change one or two letters and a couple of words and we have: There are some old women deliberating on a bill, and if they haven't deliberated it, they deliberate still. That is of course if they haven't gone back to some other bill that was voted down several times, and suddenly decide to pass it. I think that the only man who is deriving any pleasure from the present session of the Legislature is Carl Goerch. If you have a radio, tune in and you'll hear his not unpleasant voice each evening. If you are minus a radio (you're lucky if you are) just put your head out the window about sun down and you can get him just as well. Carl apparently wraps the legislators around his digits. It's a wonder to me they don't get tangled in his hair. And to a lighter vein—Who is the young, black haired (slightly curly) bookkeeper for the C. P. & L. who is often seen in Charlie Rhodes' Barber shop, attempting to win a shine, shave or shampoo on Charlie's infernal machine—When the young fellow loses he is heard to give vent to a mournful wail, but when he wins, an incoherent blast breaks the still of the air as the King of the Barber Shop Racket realizes that he has been taken in for another shave. And now that you people have so generously made me your mayor, I will give you my platform. I don't need it any more. I've got a board to stand on now. I would have given it to you before, but every dark horse has to have a saddle about the stable is stolen, or something. As a matter of fact, you supported me so well that I didn't need a platform. I am glad that you elected Mayor Bridgers as my worthy assistant. Bridgers is a good man and I shall rely upon him for much advice (whether I take it or not) during the next two years. So from now on when anyone asks you who the Mayor of your fair city is, give him a "knowing" look and say "Why Mr. Bridgers of course!" (I will give instructions on "knowing looks" on Wednesdays, Tuesdays and Mondays. A slight charge of twenty dollars per lesson will be asked to cover cost of mailing.) Mr. Bridgers will be a figurehead so to speak, but never forget, dear public, that I am the real power behind the thorn. (Before you read any more, go get your dictionary and look up "Flapdoodle" again.) Remember now, in no way must my name be mixed up in politics. That is the reason Mr. Bridgers will attend the monthly meetings of the board. And anything that you wish to have brought before the board, go ahead and give it to Mr. Bridgers just as though he were Mayor. I have offered my plug hat but he has refused, so the only help I can offer him now will be what he asks for. (Hope he doesn't ask for a loan.) Please keep the fact that I am the real Mayor of Zebulon under your hat because it would create a bad impression on the "out-of-town" people if they knew that Zebulon was the proud (?) possessor of two mayors. Why think how jealous Wendell would be if they thought that we had something on them in the way of politics—I haven't had time to try any of the new beer, but I did drain the water off the hog slops and the psychological effect was the same. I contracted that feeling in my lower abdomen that one has after eating an enormous amount of soap, or green apples. If that stuff satisfies the American people, the beer drinking class had better come on out here to the institution with the rest of us nuts! Any roses you may throw my way, please mark your name plainly. If you feel like throwing bricks, please stack them neatly in the back yard. Thank you too much.

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