

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

The chief drawback to the dewberry and black berry season is that the berry juice makes all the dishes look as if they belong to the sorriest housekeeper in captivity.

Nothing that doesn't cost more than the cloths are worth will ever make them look decent again.

Some folks don't know the difference between dewberries and blackberries, but call both alike briarberries.

Dewberries creep along the ground unless fastened to stakes or a trellis while blackberries have longer thorns and stiffer canes, need little support ripen later and have a different flavor. The color, however, is about the same.

Mrs. McInness had quite a good deal to tell us about closets at the last Home Demonstration Club meeting. She said the simplest form of closet where no other can be had, is a broad shelf made of one or more boards with a curtain attached to it. Be sure to have the curtain full enough. You can lay the goods in pleats and tuck each one to the shelf. Then take a pair of brackets costing about ten cents each and fasten them to the wall next fastening the curtain shelf above the brackets. (For a small closet you might make one bracket do) You might put two shelves instead of one and have a place to keep hats. All this can be taken down in a few minutes, if you live in a rented house and don't want to leave the improvement you have put in.

We were advised not to put closets across a corner, if a place could be found elsewhere. Corner closets don't hold enough.

Built-in closets should have shelves on one side and rods for clothes-hangers on the other. All space above the height you can easily reach should be shelved for bedquits, etc. And don't put the shelves too far apart, if you want to use them for hats or boxes, or you will waste space.

It was noticeable that of 21 women who were asked if they had all the closet space they wanted, only one said she had. And she has a big, modern house—and not a big family.

One house keeper said she had two closets that are so narrow that her shoes have to be turned sidewise when put in—and she doesn't have large feet.

But Mrs. McInness never did tell us the best kind of closet to keep the family skeleton in. And I'm sure that it all her going up and down and through this country she must see a good many of them.

It's queer about family skeletons. Some don't even try to keep theirs in a closet—as all reticent folks are supposed to do—but persist in dragging it around with them and pointing out its horrors to all who can be persuaded to listen. Others use it as a jack-in-the-box and laugh with unholly mirth at those whom it frightens. Still others are morbidly silent and feel bitterly hurt if any one should seem to know of the family's possessing even one bone. A great many profess utter indifference, and they probably suffer least.

Goldfinches have come again. At first I wondered what seed they were finding; then discovered they were eating those from cornflowers. And, if anyone can show me a prettier sight than a couple of those tiny yellow and black birds swaying on a tall plant that has deep blue flowers as well as seeds, I'll stop washing dishes to come and look.

The man who came begging last Friday was long and lank and walked with a limp that was almost grotesque. His face was long, long stringy hair spread away from a bald spot on his head, and long yellow teeth showed prominently when he spoke. With him was a very fat dog of the water spaniel type, wearing a handsome brass collar. While his owner made his plea to the man of the house the dog ran busily over the premises with the excessive curiosity and familiarity of his kind.

We were asked to give what was left from our dinner; but it was not good and our dinner was not all cooked. He was given cracker and peanut butter.

Y. W. A. Meeting

The Y. W. A. of the Zebulon Baptist Church held its regular monthly meeting, Tuesday evening, June 6 at the home of Mrs. J. B. Outlaw.

After the conclusion of the business the following program, with Misses Edith Outlaw and Guarica Ferebee in charge, was rendered:

Song "Have Thine Own Way" Y. W. A. Devotional Erdine Gil Song Old Rugged Cross Y. W. A. What Y. W. A. Means To Me

Dorothy Barrow College Y. W. A. Marian Whitlock Y. W. A. In Other Lands Ruby Dawson Poem Today's Youth Ernestine Privett Youth Reinstates Foreign Enterprise

In America Beulah Conn Song Jesus Calls Us Y. W. A.

We had about eighteen members present, some of whom are the girls who have been in school all winter and we hope they will be at all of our meetings this summer.

At the conclusion of the program, the hostess served delicious refreshments.

Boulder Crashes Through Dwelling

Pikeville, Ky.—Several members of the family of John Vanover, residing across the river from Pikeville, narrowly escaped death early Sunday afternoon when a gigantic boulder tore itself loose from the top of the cliff behind the house and dropped several feet through the roof of the dwelling.

The Vanover home sits almost against the cliff and when the boulder came loose it was in direct line with one end of the house. The rock went through the roof, ceiling and imbedded itself in the floor, it was reported. The rock weighed several hundred pounds.

No members of the family were in the room which was completely wrecked by the stone.

The crash of breaking timbers could be heard for a great distance and a large crowd was attracted to the home—Pike County (Ky.) News.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Temples, Wallace and Joyce attended the graduation exercises of their daughter and sister, Miss Ruby Temples, at N. C. C. W. on last Monday.

Piquant Pastor Is Plentifully Pounded

On last Thursday, June 1, we moved down in the Bethany community from Durham where the writer did graduate work during the past year at Duke University. On Friday night following scores of our Bethany people came to our house, each apparently surprised to see the other present. We began to wonder why so many happened to come all at one time when our chairs began to run short. Still we did not "smell the rat." After a social hour together Brother Sam Davis, Superintendent of the Bethany Sunday School, called the pastor and his wife to the dining room.

Our hearts began to beat faster as we wondered what it was all about. When we got in the dining room there was dead silence. Everybody was looking to see what was going to happen. The silence was broken when Brother Davis, in his characteristic way, walked out in the middle of the floor and welcomed us to the community. Then after he had made the best speech he ever made in his life, he presented us with a big pounding on behalf of the church. The table was completely loaded down with more good things to eat. It took me nearly five minutes to get the control of my emotion enough to speak. The fellowship was sweet. We felt like old Peter of old when he said "Lord, it is good to be here." It was a complete surprise.—L. R. Evans, pastor.

sandwiches, one sandwich made with butter and jam, and two hot boiled potatoes. Only as he left did I see a shabby car parked on the highway and my husband said the man's wife was in the car—that he said she, too was crippled and that they were bound for a town in another state.

My donation must have been inadequate for he went to the house just across the street. After he came back they sat for some time in the car, finally throwing away the paper bag I had given him. Then he got out, the fat dog got in, the man cranked the car for a good while, then climbed aboard again and they wobbled off down the highway.

It is all perplexing and depressing and I never do know just what should be done about it.

What Is Your Newspaper?

There are a number of businesses and departments of a city or county the operation of which resemble the functions of a newspaper.

Standing guard over individuals and property, your newspaper is the silent partner of police and sheriff in showing the ultimate folly of crime.

As a lighthouse on the darkness, the power and light of your press give truth where otherwise there might be doubt.

As motion picture reels unfold views of current events so your newspaper first presents a word picture of the news, and social and community happenings.

Next to the school system, your newspaper is the leading educational factor for the people.

Your newspaper is the lawyer and judge to represent you in the open forum of public opinion.

Your newspaper follows the doctor at your birth and through sickness; follows the minister through your marriage and death.

It is the shadow of a chamber of commerce in its efforts for growth and upbuilding, the friend of county agent in the imparting of agricultural information, the aid of sanitation and health in warning against carelessness and contagion.

It is the telegram or letter to the friend or relative away from home.

As an insurance agent publication of complete records of public expenses protect taxpayers. Legal notices prevent foreclosures without due notice.

Your newspaper is the regular, looked-for representative of merchants and others having services or products to sell. As such, it is a faithful and reliable agent. Newspaper advertising helps vastly in keeping active the channels of trade. It is the best friend of the energetic and progressive business.

Think how much all these other valuable services cost you, particularly when added together. Consider how little you paid for your newspaper to receive so much value, and behind which there is so much sincere painstaking effort for so little return.

Although some people may not have thought of it your newspaper's every thought is pointed towards the satisfaction of the average greater number of its readers. Perhaps now you can understand how a newspaper naturally likes to be favored by you in return—through your monetary and moral support, and personal commendation, friendly encouragement and constructive criticism.—Live Oak (Fla.) Suwannee Democrat.

Mother Is Charged With Manslaughter

Out in California a mother crying her four months old baby for several in the night. Awakening later she found the baby dead. Physicians said the death was from cerebral hemorrhage and the mother has been arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

Old Olds Still Rolls

With tires pumped up, a tank full of gas (four gallons), and Spring in its heart, "Old Scout," the famous curved-dash, single-cylinder Oldsmobile, left Lansing, Mich., enroute to Chicago a few days ago bearing a congratulatory message from Governor William Comstock to Alfred P. Sloan Jr., president of General Motors. The occasion was the formal dedication of the General Motors Exhibit Building largest privately-built structure at the Century of Progress Exposition.

The old car was piloted to Chicago by Dwight B. Huss, who in 1905 drove it to victory in the first transcontinental automobile race ever held in America. That race started from New York 28 years ago this month, and finished 44 days later at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland, Oregon. Two years ago Huss, again driving "Old Scout," retraced his route of former years between New York and Portland.

Before leaving on his latest Lansing-Chicago drive, Huss estimated that he and "Old Scout" had traveled together about 15,000 miles. He made the 218 miles from Lansing to Chicago in two days flat with one overnight stop, hitting up to 28 miles per hour on the straightaways.

Mr. Huss resents somewhat the fact that R. M. W. Shaw, sales manager for Oldsmobile, insisted upon sending with him a new Oldsmobile Straight Eight as a convoy car.

"We don't need one of your new-fangled Straight Eights tagging along after us," he protested. "We've been pieces together and we can take care of ourselves."

Union County farmers have established a milk receiving station at Monroe for trucking to the cheese factory at Albemarle, Stanley County.

New Farm Loans

Interest on all Federal Farm loans will be reduced to 4.5 per cent interest for the next five years. During this five year period, borrowers who pay interest, taxes, insurance etc., will not be required to pay anything on principal.

New loans made by the Federal Land Bank may not exceed 50 per cent of the appraisal value of the land for agricultural purposes plus 20 per cent of the insured improvements. This limitation also applies on mortgages which the Federal Land Bank will take over in great numbers from Joint Stock Land Banks and other mortgage holders. Large mortgages will have to be scaled down to this amount before they will be taken over. The purpose is to give the farmer the benefit of this reduction and the pre-second mortgage for the difference. Separate and apart from the Federal Land Bank loans there is the Commissioner loan that are made for the following purposes: Refinance, any indebtedness of the farmer, either secured or unsecured; provide working capital for farm operation and enable any farmer to redeem or repurchase farm property foreclosed at any time after July 1, 1931.

If you live in any of the following counties, write—D. D. Chamblée, Zebulon, N. C. for further information. Wake, Johnson, Nash, Wilson and Franklin.

The Parable Of The Milch Cow

The following story entitled "The Parable of the Cow," has been going the rounds of the state press:

Ten men who were financiers chipped in ten dollars each and bought a fine cow that gave ten gallons of milk every day. The milk was divided at night and each man received one gallon as his share.

Soon the neighbors far and near heard about the wonderful cow and said one to another, "Think of getting a whole gallon of milk every day. What a wonderful return on a ten-dollar investment! I wish I had a share in her."

When this talk was repeated to the ten men they held a meeting and one of the men said, "Let us give these people what they want. Our shares in the cow cost us ten dollars each and we can sell other shares at the same price."

So they went to a printer and obtained one thousand sheets of paper bearing the legend "One share in our Cow." Then they sold five hundred shares at ten dollars each, which brought them five thousand dollars and divided the other five hundred among themselves at their reward for being smart.

Each man of the ten now had fifty shares, whereas in the beginning each had but one.

But one of the ten began to worry "Look here," he said, "Every fellow who bought a share in this cow will expect a gallon of milk tonight, and the cow gives only ten gallons. When the milk is divided into one thousand and ten parts these new shareholders won't get a spoonful. Shares will drop to nothing. We'd better unload while we can."

So the ten men went out on the street to find investors, and each of them sold the fifty shares that had been awarded to them, and thus they obtained a second five thousand dollars to divide among them. But now night was drawing near, and again one of the ten began to worry. "There will be a row at milking time," he said "Hasten abroad and persuade each of the shareholders to sign a proxy authorizing you to cast as you think best the vote to which his share entitles him. Then return the proxies and we shall do some voting."

At twilight the men met at the barn and in their hands were one thousand signed proxies to represent the absent shareholders and ten were entitled to vote in their own right, for each still held his original share. "No," said the one who did the talking. "We must reorganize. This company needs a president, a treasurer and eight vice presidents. That gives each of us a job. And since there are ten of us and the cow gives ten gallons, it is moved and seconded that each of us receive a salary of one gallon of milk per day. All in favor say 'Aye.'" The motion was carried without a dissenting vote. And then they milked the cow.

Read the RECORD regularly.

YE FLAPDOODLE

By THE SWASHBUCKLER

The latest episode in the ancient and honorable order of Schotchmanship deals with a gentleman from Smythefield. Walking up to the parcel post window and handing a package across, he asked, "How much?"—Taking the package and weighing it he was answered, "A little over five pounds, so it will have to go as six pounds."—"Not so good," grunted the stranger. "Let me have it."—Retiring to a corner, he was seen to tear off parts of the wrapping paper. After some five minutes he returned to the window and growled, "Now weigh it."—So doing the clerk replied, "It weighs exactly five now."—A smile broke out upon the Scotchman's face, and as he picked up his change, he could be heard humming one of those bag-pipe pieces that all Scotchmen are supposed to know. "My my," thought the clerk, as the principal actor in a near tragedy disappeared around the corner. It is with some form of surprise that I note that Carl Gorch has started a weekly magazine. Mr. Gush has certainly put his piquant personality into this magazine. Why every line is Carl Gosh all over, however, this does not mar the interesting bits of news. Mr. Gulch certainly can be interesting at times even though he does hob-nob with politicians—Did some one inquire the why and wherefore of the absence of every proprietor of all the business houses in town? The answer? Easy! There was a jug band at Baker and Hocutt's—Who is the gent who, while returning from Raleigh, over slept and traveled on to Middlesex? I understand that it was late afternoon before he was able to catch another coming this way—Oh yes, the gentleman out toward Pilot who, while in bathing, a la nude, heard a car approaching. Expecting the car to pass on, he swam up underneath the bridge. To his amazement, the car ceased its means of locomotion directly on the bridge. Some eight young ladies, and a dark complected gent were, it appears, planning to take a swim. The discussion finally ended in a decision and the changing of uniforms at once began. Being slightly embarrassed at this process, Mr. _____ swam out into deep water and apologized for being in so precarious a state, but if the young ladies would kindly turn their backs while he procured his clothes they could have the pool to themselves in short order—The outcome, I know not—The most interesting of fairy tales I've heard lately is also the shortest. Quote: Once there was an honest banker. Endquotes.—Cheebee Gill has not been hopping from habit lately, he has been hopping because upon his toe there is a cut. He goes barefoot. Explanation: Cut on toe. Leave shoe him off. Toe get well. Un-heap much like—Introducing the gent from Florida, who terms the weather as being "two blankets cold"—And one of the city's infants lustily singing "Two thinctets in Georgia instead of the current 'Two tickets to Georgia'—I was informed by a lady that it wasn't a swing that broke. It was a chair. I don't know about the chair, but I saw the swing!—Bro. James H. Holloway knows politics but evidently he doesn't know people. Last week he stated that when the next bunch of nominations come up for Senatorial and Representative posts two years hence, that the people of the Old North State would bear in mind how little this year's crop of legislators had done, and not re-elect them again. The people of North Carolina love to be fooled Mr. Holloway and will have forgotten all the misdeeds performed by this year's asses. In two years you'll see them out with the bridge looking the same old truck horses in the eye. Would you like to make a wager on that, Cunnel?—Did you happen to see Mr. Avon Kemp chasing the goats off his lawn down in front of his place of business. Oh yes, he has a nice lawn there.—I understand that if Mr. Massey doesn't tend his goats better, and keep them out of city resident's gardens, that the residents will be enjoying barbecued goat. At least that is the latest threat I have heard on the herd.—I think I hear the ice tea boiling over and the biscuits have been told to rise as I search for four leaved clover and the burning bacon fries—My my is that spring in the air, or have I been exposed to the sun too long? Toodle-oooo!

Notice

Ladies, Please send in your favorite recipes for our big cooking school issue next week. Let's put this school over in a big way. Mail them in or send them in. Phone them in or toss them in. Any way to get 'em in. Phone 85 or 27.