

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

By MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS

There's a worm hich is named papilio polyxenes, and he himself is even worse than his name. He is the caterpillar of a butterfly and has clearly marked stripes of green sometimes blocked off at intervals the rest of the body being light colored. His favorite food in our garden is parsley and snapdragons. Every one of my young plants was eaten last week before I knew this pest had arrived. Arsenate of lead kills these worms; but when you find them eating your plants there is really more satisfaction in killing them by hand—with a stick.

There is one type of drinking man that arouses my pity, and I have known quite a number who belong to it. They acknowledge that drunkenness is an evil that spending money for liquor is wasting it and works hardship on their families; but they simply don't have will power strong enough to resist the temptation. The Volstead amendment has been a benefit to them and a boon to their dependents, and I feel at times that to make it easier for them to buy intoxicants would be like snatching a crutch from a cripple.

But there is another drinker who puzzles me. He loudly declares to all who will listen that he has the right to spend his money as he pleases, that getting drunk is a matter between him and the gods he serves, that all who differ from him are narrow-minded cranks, if not downright hypocrites—and then he gets mad, if folks talk about his drinking. To me such conduct seems about as reasonable as if I should decide that I want a bright red dress, should buy it and wear it, and then should resent any one's saying that Mrs. Theo. Davis was wearing a bright red dress.

If you want that comparatively new shrub called nandina, and are willing to wait, you can raise it from seed. It belongs to the bamboo family, is an evergreen having clusters of white flowers in the spring, followed by scarlet berries that hang on all winter. An eight-inch plant will cost you fifty cents from most florists. I planted some seeds from Mrs. C. V. Whitley's nandinas and they came up last spring. So did a good many seed that fell around the parent shrubs. Mrs. Whitley gave me some of the volunteer seedlings and I reset them with the ones I had planted, and they all grew. There have been casualties due to their being worked out by those who did not know what they were; but I now have eighteen nandinas, some of them six inches tall, at no cost except the time spent on them.

I learned this summer an easier way than I have been using to put up tomato juice and pulp. Here it is: Don't bother to peel the tomatoes, but merely wash them clean, cut them up and put them on to boil until they are soft enough to be mashed through a colander. This will remove the skins, cores, and a part of the seed. If you want clear juice, strain it from the pulp and use the two separately; otherwise, put it up as it comes through the colander. You will find that by the time you are ready to use it most of the pulp is at the bottom of the jar, leaving the juice thin and clear at the top where it can be poured off to drink if desired.

A little girl told me last week that she is now so large she "can go down step that don't have handles" to 'em.

Don't tell the other man what to do until you can do it yourself.

Free Attraction Monday Night

On Monday night, August 28 at eight o'clock, the Tobacco Board of Trade will sponsor a free attraction, concert or show, in the Town Hall in Wendell. The head liner for the event will be a speech by Lonnie M. Knott, Jr., native Wendell boy who won honors last year as national oratorical champion of the United States. Other Wendell people will also be on the program and comedians from out of town are expected to enliven the occasion.

Wendell has never had a general opportunity of hearing Lonnie Knott since he made his phenomenal record. This will give his friends and neighbors an opportunity to hear the lad who has stirred many audiences with his fluent flow of words.

Phil Whitley, who is handling the event, states that he is also trying to get Lawson Knott, another oratorical champion, and Miss Frances Roberts, who was voted the most beautiful girl at The Women's College of the University of North Carolina and who represented this state in the Rhododendron Festival at Asheville, also to appear with Lonnie and tell of her experiences at the Festival. He is also endeavoring to get Jackie May, who struck out Babe Ruth twice in last year's World's Series to appear for a few words telling of his most interesting experience in big time baseball.

All in all it should be a good show. There is no admission and everyone is cordially invited to attend, especially farmers of the surrounding Wendell community.

The people of Zebulon are very cordially invited to this evening's entertainment.

Relief Work In N. C. In July

Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 23.—Total relief expenditures in North Carolina during July were \$585,665, according to a statement made public today by Mrs. Thomas O'Berry, administrator. This sum represents a decrease of approximately 37 per cent as compared with the \$928,468 spent during June.

Only \$62,000 of July's expenditures, or less than nine per cent, were provided by the city and county governments involved, the remaining \$522,388 coming from the Federal government.

The expenditures for July represent a decrease of approximately 56 per cent as compared with the expenditures for March which was the high month of the winter. The total outlay for March was \$1,323,346.

The per family expenditure for North Carolina in July was \$9.90, as compared with \$9.60 during June.

The total amount of expenditures for July in Wake, Johnston, Nash and Franklin counties is as follows: Wake, \$30,551.52; Johnston, \$6,378.55; Nash, \$2,995.03; and Franklin, \$2,363.54.

Appreciative Letter

Mr. Theo. B. Davis, Editor, Zebulon Record, Zebulon, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I am sincerely grateful to you for the marked copy of The Record under date July 28. The space and location which you gave the announcement of the newly accredited Negro High School at Zebulon convinces me that you and the fair minded citizens of Zebulon have been largely responsible for this development. I trust that the work of the school will continue to merit your favorable attitudes and kind statements.

With every good wish, I am Yours very respectfully, H. L. Trigg, Inspector Colored H. S.

Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need.—Mary Baker Eddy.

SHIP OF STATE

Perhaps more true now than when written years ago are these lines by the poet Longfellow:

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee. Are all with thee."

Dropping from poetry to dull prose we might add that this wonderful ship of State sails on only through human instrumentality. Human hands must hold the rudder true and human hands must set the sail to the gale. The ship itself is built by the people, it is the people.

"God save the State!"

County Relief Work Declared A Failure

Lumberton, Aug. 18.—"It is our unanimous belief that relief work as done during the past year has been a failure and that the results accomplished have not been commensurate with the cost," declared the Robeson county grand jury in a report to Judge N. A. Sinclair in superior court here today.

"Every dollar spent by our county, State and national governments must be paid by taxation in one form or another," the report went on, "and we strongly recommend that our board of county commissioners elect to discontinue participation in R. F. C. work and to confine the county's relief activities to necessary hospitalization and direct relief, and that these activities be carried on through our county welfare officer and other regular employes of the county under direction of our board of county commissioners."

Court went into a night session in the trial of Carlisle Clark, charged with killing his wife August 2. A jury today convicted Lee Gaston Jones, Indian, of slaying Bob Jones, Indian, July 22, the verdict being second degree murder.—News and Observer.

Fix Salaries For Teachers

At last word has come from Raleigh that teachers' salaries have been fixed for the coming term. They will range from \$45.00 to \$90.00 a month, with a maximum of \$2,800 per year for principal-superintendents of city schools.

This is a drastic reduction, and, coupled with the fact that many teachers who have been teaching for nine months of the year will now be employed for only eight months, should mean a great saving to the state so far as dollars are involved. It is to be hoped that board for teachers will also be lower in price than formerly.

Wilted Cherry Leaves Poisonous

The wilted leaves of wild cherry trees have been found to be poisonous to cattle. Charles Ross, general counsel of the State Highway and Public Works Commission, declares that he has had to settle with owners of two cows for their death, caused by reaching through the pasture fence—and eating wilted leaves from wild cherry branches which had been cut out and thrown aside by road maintenance forces.

A Correction

We wish to call attention to an error in the name of Mr. Pippin appearing in the advertisement of the Zebulon Supply Company. Mr. Pippin's initials are A. A. and he is A. A. Pippin, Jr., the son of one of the most beloved and useful ministers in all this section and has the same name.

Valdosta Proof

Proof comes from Valdosta that R. F. C. workers are not getting overheated with too much work these hot, summer days. A worker with the R. F. C. was arrested for vagrancy. The policeman could not tell he was working. The colored man explained it to the judge in the typical darky manner: "Why Judge, I jest piddles 'round for de government."—Delray (Fla.) News.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION

How ever we may try, words fail to express our appreciation to you, friends, for what you have done for us during our recent loss of son and brother. Our hearts are sadly burdened, and it is with a feeling of deepest loss that we try to bow to the will of our Father who alone knows best. You have helped us more than you know, giving your time, love and sympathy to Waylon and the family during his illness and death. God bless you, friends, May He, in His kindness fill each heart with His love and strength—even as we would could we bless you as you so richly deserve.

M. A. Alford and Family.

New Legion Leader

Tom C. Daniels, of New Bern, has been elected commander of the state branch of the American Legion, which convened at Wilmington last week. Mrs. W. R. Absher, of North Wilkesboro, was chosen president of the auxiliary. The 1934 convention is to be held in Greensboro.

Epidemic Of Encephalitis

St. Louis reports an epidemic of "sleeping sickness," sixteen deaths having already occurred. The federal health service has sent physicians to study conditions and render aid. One of the dead was from Mars Hill, N. C.—Mrs. James E. Rutherford, who died at Warrenburg, Mo.

An Appreciated Communication

Dear Mr. Davis:

Enclosed please find two dollars for which I wish the Zebulon Record sent to me for one year.

Yours truly, Alexander F. Anderson, 2367 Park Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Editor's Note): Now this is what we call a lovely letter. A new cash subscription unsolicited. And since The Record is only \$1.50 a year, we will add a few more months to Mr. Anderson's subscription. We thank him.

Subscriber, now is a mighty good time to send us a dollar or two on subscription. We need it and feel sure you will not forget The Record when some cash comes rolling in.

And, also, reader, if you are not a subscriber, send us your subscription. If you do not have the price just now, then pay at a later time. We want you to read The Record.

Red Cross Distributes

Distribution of cotton cloth and garments by the Wake County chapter of the Red Cross was begun on Thursday of this week. It will be continued on each Tuesday and Thursday until the supply has given out, according to the chairman of the clothing committee, Mrs. Louis Mahler. No cloth nor ready made clothing will be given away without requisition from a reliable charitable agency nor without investigation. All garments and all material were made from government owned cotton.

Crossing Accident

Seven men from Deep Run community in Lenior County, were killed on Monday, near Lumberton, when the truck on which they were riding was torn to pieces on a railroad crossing at the edge of town. Five other men were injured, all but one of them being expected to recover. They were all on their way to sell tobacco on the Fairmont market. The driver said he did not know of the railroad and thought the train whistle was that of a factory. The bodies of the dead were horribly mangled. The driver of the truck has been placed under arrest and ordered to appear at an inquest.

It's fun burning the other fellow if you don't get burnt doing it.

In Memory Of Waylon Alford

It cannot be that earth is men's only abiding place. God, in His un-failing mercy and love, has prepared in all its beauty and glory, Heaven—a home of the soul.

We cannot realize as we face the vast unknown with some loved ones that God is waiting to welcome that departing one unto a city of celestial light and love. We feel sad, because they are lost to us, but while we wonder, our hearts filled with grief, that loved one is wrapped in the splendor of the Heavenly Father.

How we would like to make the cross easier to bear for the loved ones of Waylon. God some times plucks our sweetest, fairest flowers, but always He transplants that flower to a garden of rare and exquisite beauty, when the soul finds rest.

Although Waylon was only seventeen, we believe he recognized the wonder of God's love, and steered the ship of his life under the direction and guidance of the pilot, Jesus. To his loved ones he would no doubt, whisper the words of comfort that we so vainly try to give, and would remind us that up there—beckoning him home—lives Raymond, United again in heaven, they wait for the great reunion when the ones who are left behind may leave their burden and go to them in the regions above.

Loved ones, take heart and wait. Remember, God knows best, and while your hearts are wrung with grief and sorrow, His heart too, bleeds for you. They die to live.

The work Waylon began here will be continued up there. He is there and eternal life abides in him forever.—A Friend.

Kinston Furnishes Another Curiosity

McDevitt, Kinston reporter has given his town national fame for the many striking things that he has reported from that quarter. Any kind of animal or plant behavior reported from Kinston need not surprise you. But the queerness has even passed to men and women, or at least to one husband and wife.

Let it be reported that a bankrupt has been discovered trying to protect himself by deeding his property to his wife, and that is like a dog biting a man—its news. But there at Kinston a bankrupt and his wife have consented to pay dollar for dollar of liabilities through the wife's turning over her own property to pay her husband's debts. Pity that it should be so unusual, yet it is. That wife is one worth having. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Stark are the happy couple who are together in maintaining their individual and family integrity. All hail to them, and three cheers for Mrs. Stark. You may be sure that she would not have been one of the women who consent to assist in defrauding creditors by a fake transfer of her husband's holdings to her on the eve of bankruptcy. May her example help preserve the integrity of other women who are tempted to concur in that effectual, though somewhat respectable method of stealing.—Dunn Dispatch.

Some Tobacco Stalk

A stalk of tobacco was brought into The Record office a few days ago that we believe beats Kinston products! We measured it and found it to be 8½ feet high, and it showed no sign of buttoning. It had already produced 75 leaves and if left growing would have ere long overtaken Jack's beanstalk. It was grown by Alf. Tippet of the Hales Chapel community. Some one gave Mr. Tippet the seed. We understand that there were stalks in his field having as high as 92 leaves. Mr. Walter Page says there were plenty of stalks taller than this one and some of them had nearly a hundred leaves on them.

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

To top the top of all topping things, a certain young gent in our fair city comes through with the information that the Prince of Wales real name was Jonah. I'm not certain but I think he's the same one, who, upon hearing the sentence, "Roosevelt: The dawn of a new era," wanted to know who Rosie was—imagine my embarrassment to find myself stranded with Pete Gill, Frank Wiggs, Claud Winstead and Bro. Carlyle in Pete's old Franklin. There wasn't anything wrong with the Franklin, we were merely out of gas. Pete had Frank down at the rear end of the gas tank. "Blow Frank," said Pete, and Frank would puff. So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down, I never knew the truth in that old second grade reader until Monday night when Frank was industriously blowing up the Franklin. After some minutes of blowing Chief Engineer Pete decided we, that is, the car, was out of gas. So, as the drama goes, we sat awhile and discussed the matter. Well, well, if it ain't our old pal, buddy, and shipmate so-an-so with that good-looking little "Sweetie". "How 'bout some gas ole boy, old pal, old soak, old screw, old thin?" "I'd rather push you me lad," replied our hero. So, we were pushed into town and on to bed. Exciting? I thought I'd d-i-i-e. Why we actually ran twenty-five miles an hour at one time.—People have been trying to get me to write up a summary of my life with Roosevelt. But our lives were so loosely connected, and we've spent so much time apart, that I'd hardly call him a close friend. As a matter of fact, the only close friend I have is a Scotchman.—Did you notice Holloway's Hits last week? Its good dope usually, but he slipped up on the old blue eagle. He started off with him as "the Cock of the Barn Yard" and ended up with the poor old critter mothering the largest brood ever known. After all, roosters have been known to change to hens, why not eagles?—I knew my mind was young and tender, but I did not know that it was so tender until yesterday. I had my hand lying up on the edge of a show case filling away at a finger nail. After some hour and a half of filing, imagine how I felt upon discovering that I'd filed away the entire corner of the case and never touched my nail!—Oh yes, that black spot on the end of my finger. That's where I put it in a light socket to see if the current was on. It was.—Have you seen Mrs. Long's dog? It looks not unlike a weiner on four match sticks with a horse hair for a tail and an alligator pear for a head. And yet, she calls it a dog.—And someone had the audacity to ask me if I knew what the word shudder meant. Of course I do. Here's a sentence, you remember that old song so popular a few years ago, "Just Me and My Shudder," and that more recent one, "Shudder Off To Buffalo"—"There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shudder"—And the little kid of the street who, when asked what kind of gum he was chewing replied, "Blubber Gum." If you've ever chewed any you'll know what he meant.—Well it appears that that's all for this week in spite of the fact that I've seen quite a few things, but most of them won't do to print. So I'll roll up my folding typewriter and off to bed.