

THE ZEBULON RECORD

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THE MIGHTY OAK IS FALLEN

Many of our readers recall the great oak at the Eli Scarboro home which was mentioned in an editorial not long since. Several years ago a bolt of lightning shattered its branches, yet could not take its life. During a heavy wind storm Saturday night the oak crashed to earth. As I passed along the highway Monday it lay prone and men with axes and saw were busy cutting it into fuel.

And so the great oak and its owner lay down to die almost together. The oak will soon be a matter of memory which after a while will cease to be. But the man was not born to die. He con-

tinues to live, and will continue to speak through words spoken and deeds done. Much alike, yet how different! And if one could only see what more is on the other side, perhaps our courage to do and our willingness to die for principles and people would be quite different from the way men usually live.

WORSE THINGS THAN A DRUNKEN DRIVER

Down in Wilson county some of the folks who advocated most strongly the establishment of liquor stores are deploring the fact that prominent citizens get drunk and drive their cars on the highway. And then when haled into court, be turned loose to repeat the deed.

We can tell our neighbor about something that is even worse than that. When Wilson or Wake county establishes liquor stores and sells intoxicating drink to its citizens, from a moral standpoint it is no worse for the citizen to drink the liquor than it is for the county to sell it. And what crime such an individual commits is one in which the county is a party and morally if not legally it shares the guilt.

Every crime, great and small, due to the use of drink sold by an ABC store, lies at the door of such county operating said store. When chickens come home to roost and turn to buzzards, they were probably buzzards when hatched from the eggs.

The Letter Box

The letter given below came as a total surprise to the editor, who had no slightest intention of flippancy in writing the article referred to, and who regrets that it was so interpreted.

To the Editor:

Being a Jeffreys and granddaughter of William Andrew Jeffreys, I wish to correct the flippancy item which was published in your paper March 18, 1938.

In 1845 an epidemic of typhoid fever prevailed in Franklin Co., and the lamented brilliant young lawyer William A. Jeffreys fell a victim.

He had often expressed a horror of lying beneath the sod and a wish to be buried in a large boulder of gray granite in a field to the right of the avenue leading from the Raleigh road to the house of his parents.

After his death, his wife felt that the wish, however singular, difficult or expensive, must be carried out.

He died on the 3rd day of Oct. and was placed in a vault until the rock tomb could be prepared. This was done by a celebrated rock-mason, Patrick McGowan who had been employed by the State in the construction of the Capitol building. The excavation was polished and fitted to the dimensions of the casket containing the body of William A. Jeffreys, with a tablet of white marble. The tablet was broken when it arrived from the north and another had to be made. Hence the delay.

He was removed from the vault by Patrick McGowan and placed in the Rock Tomb, with great ceremony. The name of William A. Jeffreys needs no defense. It lives on one of the fairest pages of old Franklin's antebellum history.

Mrs. Martha Jeffreys Wiggins, Neuse, N. C., R. F. D. 1.

A TRIBUTE TO A TREE

On last Saturday night during an electrical storm the majestic oak of over a century was thrown to the ground. As I stood and gazed at the tree my mind went back to Mr. Eli Scarboro who so recently has been called Home.

How much he enjoyed this great tree. What a haven of rest to so

many tired travellers! My mind went back to a conversation with Rev. O. L. Stringfield some years ago about the strength of a tree.

He said there is a sermon in every tree, and when I am among trees a great relief from all worldly cares seems to come to me. I have a better, clearer outlook on life as I view them. I think how infinitely small most things are and how large and superior we think we are. In the midst of them few of us stand up like a tree when the storms come. How quickly we run to cover, let the storm be what it may, fancied or otherwise. Not so with a tree.

Mr. Scarboro's tree had stood the storms over a hundred years, been buffeted to and fro, shaken to its very roots, but it stood firm and vigorous. So many had taken comfort in its shade. I can well imagine a person buffeted by the cares and trials and worries of this world crying out, "Oh, God, give me the strength of a tree!"

MRS. ED V. RICHARDSON,
Wendell.

New York Flower Show

The following description of the New York Flower Show, recently held, was written by a Zebulonian in the North as part of a personal letter, and is printed by permission because of its interest to flower lovers in general and garden clubs in particular.

"As I wrote you, I managed to get to the flower show. The boss sent me over on an errand and I stayed around for a short time — not as long as I had hoped to, however.

Since I know nothing about flowers I am afraid I can't give a very comprehensive account of the show but I can tell you my impressions. Admission, in the first place was \$1.10 (which, fortunately I didn't have to pay). That ought to give you an idea.

The show covered four floors about half a block square each in Grand Central Palace. Though it was raining on opening day, some 25,000 people saw the show. Thousands more went during the week.

The things that impressed me most among the acres and acres of flowers were the gardens. Entire gardens were reproduced in natural size. I'm sorry I can't tell you the names of the flowers and shrubs and full grown trees used.

One garden had a real brick pig-

eon house standing in it and a bird-bath nearby. Live, fan-tailed pigeons fluttered around. Another garden had a brick terrace with a flagstone walk leading down through beds of tulips and other flowers. The grass and flowers were all real and growing.

Several rock gardens were shown. The rocks were big and real and covered with growing moss. Little brooks ran through some of the gardens and water trickled over the stones in others. Several of the gardens had backgrounds of big evergreen trees with pieces of statuary or fountains set back in them. You can imagine what it must have cost to erect one of the gardens when you know that J. P. Morgan, biggest banker in the country, won first prize for his tulips and flagstone walk.

In other sections of the show there were reproduced portions of gardens and houses from various parts of the country, each decorated with its appropriate plants and flowers. I saw a southern porch overrun with vines, a New Orleans balcony with a shawl thrown over it and a Mexican market place. Daddy would have been interested in an aromatic bed of herbs with an outdoor herb kitchen nearby.

Throughout the show there were big exhibits of orchids, roses, snapdragon, every kind of flower. There were also exhibits of flower arrangements for tables, living rooms, bay windows, and every other part of the house.

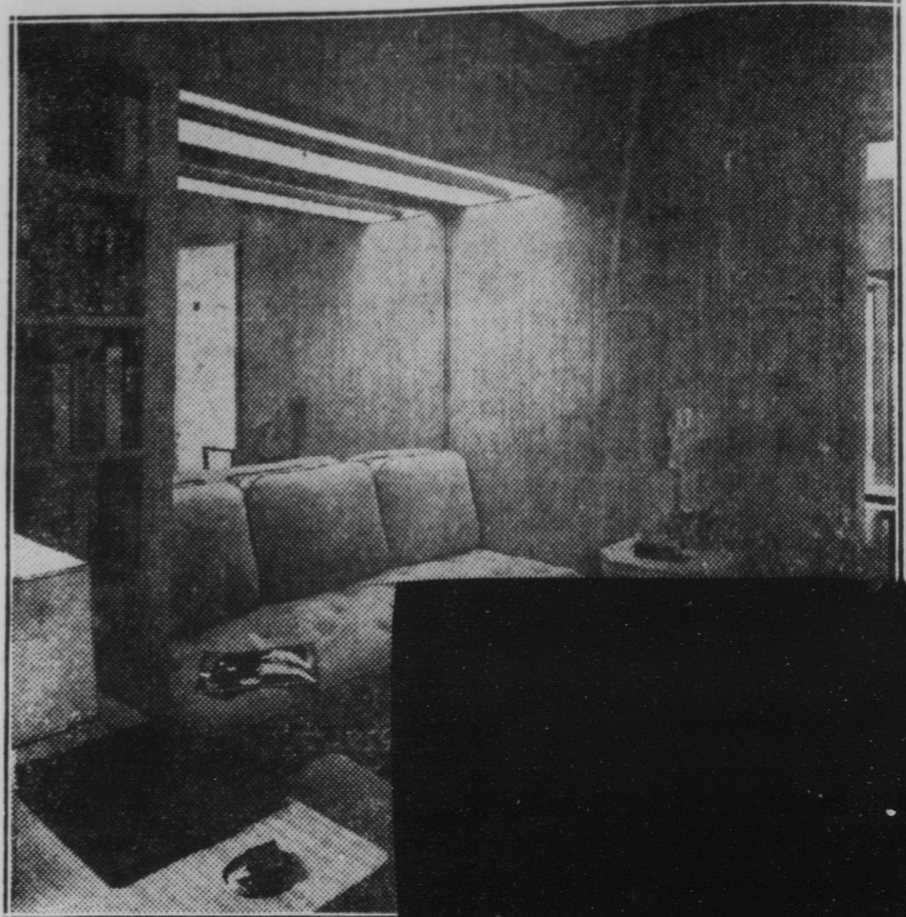
It was so big and I know so little about flowers that I can't tell you much else. Grand Central Palace is the same place where they held the motorboat show and the auto show which I wrote home about."

SEEN & HEARD

A DOG AND A GOAT

Kannon, the cafe man, has a goat. He also has a dog. The goat is kept at the back, tied with a rope. The dog also stays there when he is not somewhere else. But he is not tied to anything but his tail. When he gets tired doing nothing much, he amuses himself by catching the tie rope to the goat in his mouth and jerking it viciously. The goat rushes at him. He runs back farther than the rope will let the goat go, and billy stops with a sudden jolt. Then the dog repeats his trick, and the goat goes through his previous act without variation. It's funny to the dog. The goat?—ask him.

IT'S ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS



A New Sort of Room

APARTMENT or house, large or small, to be one of the high-light in home decorating is changing from "I" to "We".

Each little detail so that your home is more comfortable and efficient than just about any other. Important among such details in this year's planning will be the use of glass and mirrors. Everywhere we find new interest in glass, and the reason is simple: this versatile material can do things for you that no other material can. Here are just a few of the things it can do.

Perhaps you have a room with a pair of windows separated by a strip of wall about a foot or so wide. The wall space is too small to be of any practical use and usually means using two sets of draperies. By putting a section of mirror over this wall space, the two windows fall into one group and can be treated as such. Also, these two windows are the only ones in the room, light can be drawn to the opposite end of the room by placing a good-sized mirror on that wall. If you have a fireplace in your living room and haven't a rare old family portrait to hang above it, don't let Uncle Ben give you a copy of some marine or pastoral scene that you are apt to run into in anyone's house; tactfully let him know that what you'd really like is a large round mirror. You'll find it much pleasanter to live with and love to look at flanked by simple urns of bay leaves or gay-colored garden flowers. Another season you may want to change your room around and hang the mirror over the sofa. In fact, you probably find so many places for it, that you'll end up by wheeling another as a first anniversary present.

Another effective use for mirrors is in the dining room. Hang one over the sideboard. It will break up the long wall space and won't clutter up the room. And

it may be planned to serve two purposes; it may be a closet that can be made into an attractive dressing or a miniature off-the-living-room bar. Give your imagination an extra stir, get out your yardsstick, and remember, it may be done with mirrors.

AN ACCOMMODATING SNAKE

Leyburn Perry near Pearces went fishing last Thursday evening in Moccasin Creek. While fishing, a big water moccasin came out with a cat fish about eight inches long. Leyburn got both snake and fish.

NEWS BRIEFS

EDWARD HOUSE DEAD

Col. Edward House, famous as close personal friend and chief advisor of President Woodrow Wilson, died on Monday at his New York home at the age of 79. He was the last of Americans who signed the treaty of Versailles after the World War.

SKYSCRAPER DAY ENDING

The American Society of Planning Officials for building in recent session announced their belief that the day of the sky scraper is

ending, and that in the future few buildings of 40 or 50 stories would be erected; and that the present trend is away from congested areas and smaller towns. This means that branch stores and business structures will be of moderate

MUSIC CELEBRATED

The first century of public school music is being celebrated this week in this country. Music was first introduced as part of the public school curriculum in Boston in 1838. However, it is only during the last fifteen years that it has been taught to any extent in the South. The aim of this teaching is not so much to develop splendid musicians or singers as to add to the appreciation of harmony and the enjoyment of living. However, there are many fine performers and singers who gained their first knowledge of music in classes at school.