

YE FLAPDOODLE



By The Swashbuckler

There are various types of suckers in this world. One type reads this column. Another plays slot-machines. The latter is the biggest sucker, of course.

The latter type of sucker shoots away 75c in nickles, then wins a dime and figures he has come out on top. He has his favorite machine, usually the five-inning, six-run baseball type. This is the one into which he feeds his money. This is the one that makes him a sucker.

Suckers have their own personal ways of shooting the machines. Some contend that a slight jiggle aids in depositing the winning run upon the scoreboard, while others stand back and let nature take its course. Both types lose nine times out of ten.

While we're on the way different people play games we can take in bowling. This sport attracts both fat and thin, tall and short, nuts and nuts.

The women usually bowl a very lady-like game. They grasp the ball firmly, shut their eyes, bounce it down the alley, and hope for the best. And so does the owner of the alley. They score anywhere from 37 to 77.

Then comes the gals who forget their pride, their modesty, and anything else necessary, and let go with a mighty swing. These outdo the men with their scores and end up useless for work around the house.

The men are contortionists. No two, three, or a dozen bowl alike. Some believe a curve is best, but the majority stick to the old-fashioned fast ball. The ball that invites the most attention is the drop that hits the alley and bounces eight to ten inches in the air as it continues its way home.

Some gents think it is the better plan to plant the feet firmly in one place, roll the ball easily, and then wait five minutes until the ball either knocks down some pins or rolls in the gutter.

Others stand back near the front door, aim with one eye, take a running start, manage to rid themselves of the ball, and skid half-way down the alley as a finishing touch. The ball smacks the pins, hits the end of the alley, jumps into the air, kicks up its heels and starts after the pin-boy.

It is not official, but some have reported that if the ball hits the pin-boy the bowler gets fifteen extra points. Nearly all the time, however, the pin-boy is to frisky to have a ball bounced off his head.

It's a great game, anyway, and a very good muscle stiffener.

Bowling yours,
THE SWASHBUCKLER.

North Carolina was the birthplace of three presidents—Jackson, Polk and Johnson.

THE COUNTRY WOMAN'S COLLEGE

(The following article is a paper read over WPTF a few days ago by Mrs. McGinnis, Wake County Home Demonstration Agent).

"I want to go to this school they are going to have up at the college at Raleigh," said Mrs. Rhodes to her husband after reading an article inviting farm women to come to the home demonstration short course to be held at the State Agricultural College in June, 1925.

"Why do you want to go?" said Mr. Rhodes. "Well they are going to teach us farm women how to cook and make our own clothes and a lot of other things that I want to know and I can learn how if I go."

"You can cook well enough to suit me," said Mr. Rhodes. "You don't have to go to any school to learn."

"Yes," said she, "but I can't cook well enough to make it interesting to me and I've made up my mind I am going. I always have wanted to go to college and now I have the chance I'm going to do it."

And Mrs. Rhodes was one of a group of 55 farm women who came to the first short course for farm women which the Division of Home Demonstration work held at the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Engineering. It was designed to stimulate work already in operation in the counties and to interest other women in what home demonstration work could do for them. The program arranged for women to register on Monday in demonstration classes where food preparation, clothing and many other things about how to make the home more attractive and comfortable; how to get the best out of the dollar; how to use time to advantage and something about care of the child were taught.

There was also gardening, poultry work, and how to plant the home grounds and each woman was asked to make a selection of two subjects. Some chose agricultural subjects but these were not for Mrs. Rhodes, she knew definitely what she desired and made a choice of cooking and clothing without hesitation.

Mrs. Rhodes was much like Mrs. Nash, another farm woman attending from Franklin County, who said: "You know we have to eat and wear clothes before we do anything else and I'm going to learn how to cook my food and make my clothes first."

"I have always wanted to go to college," said she, "but I was married when I was 14 years old, and my husband was 50. One day I went to school with my books and lunch and that night I got married. I was just cradle snatched."

"My husband told me I could keep on going to school if I wanted to, so I took my books over to my new home but somehow I never got time to study them, and later on children began to come and that meant staying home and minding them."

As she told me the date of her marriage and birth, I was shocked to find she was only 29 years old for fifteen years of monotonous existence had left their mark and you would not have suspected she was younger than the other middle aged women around her.

"My husband did not much want me to come," she continued, "but I always have wanted to go to college and I said to myself now is my chance."

"It began to look though like I couldn't get away after all, there were so many things to rise and smite me, but Mr. Rhodes at last gave his consent and made arrangements for an automobile to take me."

"I had arranged for some one to help with the children while I was away but I was holding my breath for fear something would happen to

keep me from going and something very nearly did. Just as I started to get in the car on my way to Raleigh one of the farm hands yelled, 'the pigs is out' and I thought, O Lord do I have to stop and help catch those pigs? But I kept saying if I don't go now I won't ever go so I just waved my hand and shouted, I hope you catch the pigs before I get back, I'm going to school."

Mrs. Rhodes came from a community which had no home demonstration club nearer than two to three miles, and she had never felt that she could take the time to investigate what organized women in that neighborhood were doing. It was, therefore, very interesting to her to see other eager adult students arrive at college in automobiles, by bus, on the train and some in school trucks loaned by the county boards of education and she made friends with all of them. Particularly interesting to her were the thirteen farm women who came from Halifax County in a school truck driven by a volunteer husband because some of them too had experienced difficulty in adjusting affairs at home. They started from the county-seat in the early morning gathering women along the way as they proceeded, and one would-be student, a little woman of sixty-five, remarked after the 110 mile drive to Raleigh: "It wasn't so bad but my knees do feel mighty stiff."

It is not easy for farm women to leave home; children must be provided for, household work turned over to some one else and the hundred and one things that only mother can do must be left suspended until she gets back.

"If the home agent had not persuaded me that I would be a much more valuable person in my family if I got away and brushed wits with other women," said one mother, "I think I would still be letting family cares fill my world. As it is I get all the joy of being in college with other women and I did not think it was in me to romp and play those foolish games we have every night."

It was very plain that Mrs. Rhodes enjoyed every minute of the time she spent at State College. Her fellow students reported that she was always the last to go to sleep and that they always dozed off and left her talking. She was first up in the morning also and nothing escaped her.

The members of the Raleigh Kiwanis Club, interested in its country women, invited the six Wake County women attending the short course to lunch with them one day during Farm and Home Week at Sir Walter Hotel.

Each of the guests was asked to tell how and why she came to State College and Mrs. Rhodes' story was so direct and gripping that the club men voted to finance the trip of all Wake County representatives each

year, but they stipulated that Mrs. Rhodes should always be one of the group.

On Mrs. Rhodes' return home she made a visit to the Wakelon home demonstration club in her neighborhood at its next meeting, walking two miles there and two miles back, to tell the members what she had gotten at the college and what it meant to her. She urged them all to go the next year and they invited her to join the club and work with them which she did and it is worth recording that for the next five years Mrs. Rhodes never missed a meeting at Wakelon.

Colored Column

By AGNES GRESHAM

Mrs. Ella Patton has returned home from the hospital where she went for an operation.

Miss Joella Christmas is sick. Lucille Payne and Mrs. Pine are out after being confined to their homes for a week.

Mrs. Alice Payne of New York is visiting her sister, Lucille.

Larkin Hopkins of New York is visiting his father Percy Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Mary Dunston Settlers of Maryland and her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hammons of Louisiana, were in Zebulon visiting friends Sunday.

DEATH

Mr. Sims was taken very sick at his home last Sunday night and died before the doctor could come. He was buried in Spartanburg, S. C. He leaves a wife and three children.

CHURCH NEWS

There will be a business meeting of the Baptist church on August 2; preaching on Sunday. All members are asked to be present. The

young girls' circle will meet at 7:00 o'clock. Miss Mary Mills was elected missionary of Dist. 8 for the Baptist Training Union. Your help is needed at the church. If you do not get a personal invitation, come on anyway. Rev. Stokes will preach for the young people.

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