

# This, That, and the Other

By Mrs. Theo. B. Davis

Teddy, my seven-years-old grandson, spent the weekend here with grandson Leary, who is six. Teddy's maternal uncle, John I. Barnes, Jr., is Albright's campaign manager. Leary's father, the editor of this paper, is, as some may know already, allied with Scott's forces. So it was not surprising to be told that Teddy and Leary had a fight over politics. It seems to have been one of those scratching, biting, knock-down and drag-out combats.

After Teddy went back to Clayton Sunday I asked Leary about the fight and how it came out. He said, "I really don't know. Teddy fought me until I said I'd be for Albright, and I fought him till he said he'd be for Scott." The situation as a whole is probably unchanged.

More than thirty years ago a colored girl who was working for me quit without notice. To a neighbor she confided that she couldn't stand having so many dishes to wash as we used at meal-times.

There might have been a bit of smugness in the way I reacted. Having our food served in numerous dishes betokened a measure of gentility, a reaching toward the gracious living one reads about. But in these latter days — these helpless days — I keep remembering that girl's complaint and wondering what could be done about it.

This morning my husband had for his breakfast tomato juice, cereal, two slices of toast and some balckberry jam. His beverage was coffee weakened almost to death with milk added. Now for his dishes: One juice glass, cereal bowl and spoon, breakfast plate, knife, fork, another spoon for jam, cup, saucer, and little sauce pan used for heating milk for coffee.

Ten pieces to be washed, and for no more to eat than Theo. had looks all out of reason.

And that's just the beginning. It keeps up all day long. But what could be left off? And how can a housekeeper with no help at all keep from being chained to a dishpan for a great part of her natural life? I don't mind dishpan hands; it's the pan itself that has me on the run.

There can be little in this boasting that is personal, for I have been for some years too sorry a club member to be counted. But the rest of them have done a sight of work. Listening to the annual report yesterday at the final meeting for this spring, I felt proud enough to shout.

Being a member of a federated woman's club means that one must have diversified interests and a mind for civics; an eye that looks closely upon the home scene, yet once in a while takes the far view to the ends of the earth; a tax on time, sympathies, energy, and purse; but altogether worthwhile. And, if the club did nothing but serve as a starting place for community activities, it would still justify its existence; for in no other way can contact with all women in the town be secured so quickly as through this agency.

The junior club is now a larger organization than is the senior; and the two work well together.

Just a few weeks ago I learned that the Jaffa we read about in Palestine these days is the same town that was called Joppa 'way back in King Solomon's time; and that we also see mentioned frequently in the New Testament. Tel-Aviv is a new city right next to Jaffa, and the two are said to be entirely unlike. Tel-Aviv being wholly modern, while Jaffa is as far from modern as is possible.

## Bjork's Tips

By Carl E. Bjork

"Those who in quarrel interpose, Must often wipe a bloody nose."

—Gay

Sunday afternoon past I visited with a public spirited gentleman in Warren County. He knew the men, and he knew the issues involved in the present press for the executive mansion in Raleigh.

Asked as to whom he thought would be victorious in his section of Warren, he replied that Kerr Scott would finish first. Charles Johnson, he inferred, would be a close second, and that the other candidates would not receive many votes.

However he did say this: "Usually a week or less days before the election, some candidates begin to swing a heavy stick at each other, and that may so becloud the issues that anyone might get the vote who is considered as a strong contender." Or words to that effect.

Such tactics are to be regretted but they are used. In the present race Charles Johnson seems to have started the "name calling" when the efficiency of his office was questioned. Such questioning is to be expected of public servants and an answer is expected by the public.

Before the primaries and general election have become a part of state history, some of our sons who aspire for high office may have so dirtied the issue and names of one another that it may take years to clean both of them.

But the most intense quarrels are not in the sphere of public re-

lationships. They are found in the realm of religion. Since the things of the spiritual are more valuable than temporal things, men hold tenaciously to them, and will die for what they believe to be God's will.

Religious quarrels, whether in a nation, or a denomination, or a community, or a family, can make more bloody noses than any trained pugilists might dream of.

I recall stopping along a rural highway and looking at a church building that has been closed for years. The sideboards were fallen away, the windows were shattered, and the weeds grew in profusion about the door. Seeing a farmhouse nearby I drove over and enquired of the situation.

The lady residing there told me that on a certain Children's Day in the Church, a disagreement arose in the choir over the first hymn to sing. To settle the dispute, the Sunday School Superintendent was called in to iron the difficulty. He selected a hymn that did not agree with the pianist. The choir took sides in the new issue.

Finally two of the more heated singers began to belabor each other with the hymn books. Soon all were in on it, and even the flowers for the occasion were used as brickbats. The superintendent and pianist meanwhile, in this case a lady and a man, went out on the lawn and began to strike at one another; the gentleman getting the best of the match by pulling on the lady's hair.

The spectators, mostly children

ressed for the day, were so impressed, that upon returning home minus the scheduled service, they never did come back to that church, and no amount of persuasion could ever arouse the community to continue services in a once prominent Baptist church.

This sickening sort of affair can be multiplied in practically every religious assembly.

To conclude her story, the farm lady began to berate the ones with whom she disagreed over the incident of many years standing, and emphasized her position in the quarrel long past.

I hope when the next governor takes his office in our capital, that he can lay his head upon the pillow of rest on the first night under the executive mansion's roof, say, "Dear Lord, I did not revert to the gutter while traveling the high road to this hour."

## Machines and Parasites

Observers in Raleigh tell us that never has there been such consternation among old-line machine politicians as there is today, and all occasioned by the decision of Kerr Scott to run for governor. Never has the machine been threatened with formidable opposition as Scott offers it, and from a man that will be so fearless in setting State affairs in shape when he gets in office, we're told.

We're told also that many of the old-line parasites who have been hanging onto their jobs only because they have been instrumental in political campaigns, have come to life and are beginning to set their affairs in order in hope that the new governor, whom they fear as no other man, will permit them to stay on. Some, we're told are even beginning to talk about getting old and it is too late for them to start in other vocations, after serving their state for so long. All in an effort to gain pity and public sentiment.

It's going to be mighty hard on the political parasites in Raleigh when Kerr Scott takes office as governor. He is a man who believes in making a man earn his bread if he's going to continue to eat out of pay from public funds. And a lot of folks in Raleigh have been

eating bread for a long time without earning it.

The machine this year finds itself in much the same plight as a ship without a rudder. Its steady-hand and guiding brains are not there. The hand and the brain of the Gardner-Hoey political machine died with O. Max Gardner as he was preparing to embark for England as ambassador.

Without Max Gardner's guidance the machine is slowing down and actually breaking up. A cog here and a bolt there refusing to function; a vital nut falls off here and a pin comes out there, throwing the whole machine out of kilter—disintegration is the word.

Sensing the futility of efforts to continue the creaking old machine, and the apparent complete confusion, many people in all parts of the State who have been going along with the machine, are now drifting away from its somewhat worn folds and teaming fair to be the next governor of the state. They are tired of machine politics and bottom-kissing; and Kerr Scott has no machine. His political successes are spontaneous, springing from a forthright honesty and a will and ability to get the things done that need doing. They see in Scott a man who

is representative of both the agricultural and business interests; in the little fellow is just as great as his interest for the great and the near great. They see in him a man who will no more hesitate to put his foot in the blackside of a big politician than he will the smallest employee of the State, if he thinks the man isn't doing his job as he should and in a manner to merit his pay and reflect credit to the State.

Kerr Scott is a man who can sit on a fence rail and discuss farm problems with a tenant farmer, or sit at a directors table and say no to a group of business men.

No wonder the followers of the machine and the political parasites in Raleigh are quaking in their shoe—well they might be.

Their steadying hand and guiding brain are dead. They have nothing but confusion and bewilderment—and the strongest opponent they have ever had the misfortune to face in a political campaign.

—Elizabeth City Independent.

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