

Home Demonstration Discussions

Much has been said for and against home demonstration work in Johnston County. I hear that the home demonstrator has been retained, and maybe it will not be out place for me to say that I, like many others, have not had much benefit from that source. Surely we all should economize in every way possible and surely it seems to some of us like a great outlay of money for the few results some of us are getting, and our taxes are already so high it seems that we feel discouraged at times to think of adding any more worth while improvements to what little possessions we already have. For if we live fairly and squarely with our fellowmen, as any loyal countryman should, there is little fear of getting over rich so far as money goes. But there is other wealth that we should strive for that we can never possess as long as we remain in the same old rut that we have become accustomed to all these past years. It's more or less a habit with us to keep on doing things in the same old way all the time and turning a deaf ear to those that try to teach us new methods. It is true the old-fashioned dishes our mothers and grandmothers used to prepare are hard to beat, and as I sometimes reflect over by gone days where good eats are discussed, an occasion flashes vividly through my memory of one of the best meals I ever remember eating.

Early one cold, bleak Friday morning in the first days of December, mother, big brother and I started on a twenty-mile journey to visit Uncle Joe. Mother usually went to see him every four or five years. Old Dobbin was hitched to the rockaway and jostled off at a swift gait at first, but after a few miles he slowed down to a steady trot. Mother said, "He realizes that there is a long journey ahead of him." He had been over that same stretch of road several times before. I remember how thrilled I was, so much so I could not eat any breakfast and before we got half way I felt almost famished. Mother said, "Pig, I should have brought some bread along, but I was in such a hurry, thinking we'd reach Joe's by one o'clock."

It began snowing some time before we reached our destination and for once I had ridden just all I cared to. It seemed I'd never be able to stretch my limbs out again. At three o'clock we turned into the quarter-mile lane that led up to my uncle's neat two-room log dwelling. Aunt, good old red-headed, freckle-faced Aunt Caroline, came waddling out to greet us, with a snuff stick in her mouth about six inches long, and that usual beaming smile on her face that always made one feel welcome. How much I dreaded to kiss her snuff-coated lips, as much as I loved her. Everybody loved sunny-souled Aunt Caroline. She seated us by the cosy stick-and-dirt chimney fire-place, and of course

she and mother had to exchange snuff dips with each other as their tongues flew like bell clappers, while I sat so hungry and empty I had to hold my sides together. Aunt remarked that she would see us up a bite of dinner as soon as "Joel" got back from making pig beds, so he could cut her some suitable oak wood to make some red coals to cook with. After ages Uncle Joe came back and of course he had to sit and talk with Sis Soph a few minutes before getting any wood. Directly in came the wood in half fence-rail lengths which he arranged in the fireplace. Mother happened to think how hungry I was and asked Aunt Carrie if she would give me a cooked potato. She said, "Yes, Honey-child, excuse me for not thinking of my little girl. But I'm just going to give you a teeny-weeny one, just enough to stay your stomach, as I want you to enjoy my good hot dinner-supper meal." That helped some.

Aunt Carrie then swung the lever of the pole around over the fire and hung on a large iron pot with water to boil while she prepared a fresh hog jole to cook down with turnips. A big oven of sweet potatoes was put on to steam bake, while another pot was filled with sweet potatoes to boil for custards. Aunt remarked that she would have to wait till her meat got done before putting in her turnips as Joel, while he liked boiled vegetables, never liked to taste the flavor on his meats. Mother took a hand in the pie making while Uncle Joel volunteered to "churn", as he called it.

The dinner was far enough on the way for the little old iron coffee kettle to have a place on the coals and last but not least was the funny little bread griddle that sat on three legs and could be whirled around on a pivot when the side next the fire was baked enough. I wish I had one of those quaint little things myself. The potatoes, sweet and juicy, were lifted from the oven to make room for the pie baking which, one at a time, were put in the oven and new fresh coals applied to the cover every time one was put in till eight brown crusted, delicious looking pies sat in a row on the pie shelf. Aunt lifted the cover three times each pie to see how they were coming on, and almost as often a big smutty snowflake or two landed right kerplunk in the pie. Aunt laughingly said, "smut was good for the stomach and what didn't kill would cure."

The word, "Wash up for dinner, Joel," "Allright, Kelline," was a soothing tonic for my appetite and as I sat down to that never-to-be-forgotten repast, I was positive that such a dinner could not be improved on—past, present or future. Now, I can with my mind's eye see Aunt's flushed face as she bent over those red hot coals those three long hours and have changed my mind to some extent. Stoves were right plentiful even then, but Uncle Joe said he wanted to eat fireplace cooked rations as long as he lived. He said that the quick snatched up, scorched over, stove cooked ra-

tions weren't good for any man's stomach; said he wanted to live a few more years, and Aunt Caroline sanctioned every word he said with a nod and smile.

But to get back closer to my subject: Those old people were simply in a rut of the deepest kind but weren't aware of it, and many of us today are in just as deep a rut as Uncle Joe and Aunt Caroline but too know-ally to try and learn new methods.

I met our home demonstrator last year and she invited me to attend one of her club meetings, I told her I would if possible, but felt like I never could lose the time for there was work every minute in the day. I could not keep up with my work and to lose a few hours meant work piled up. Curiosity got the better of me,

though, and a big effort got me there. It was something entirely out of my line of doing things and occasionally my mind wandered back to the work I had left undone at home, though I did enjoy it to a certain extent, I'll confess. I tried to make up my mind to join. Then I would say to myself, "What's the use? I have so much to do I just can't attend regularly." I did manage to go just enough to see that I did not know everything, and had been in a rut all these years. I had had just a peep out, and when I began to read in The Herald something about the probability of discontinuing the home demonstration work, I began to sit up and take notice and when the day came to decide I wasn't there in person, but my mind was alert on the subject, and my hope

was that this hard-working, self-sacrificing little rut-lifter be retained for the uplift of the whole county. And one of my resolutions for the new year was to put aside some of my pet drudgery and attend every meeting possible. The reason I, and many others, haven't received any more results from this work, is because we have never put anything in it, and usually we get out of a thing about what we put it in. The day is gone forever for good things to be sent around to our doors just for accommodation and forced down our throats whether or why.

As I met up with this little co-worker the other day, I became very much touched as she related some of her experiences of that never-to-be-forgotten decision day. Tears flooded her

eyes and she shook with emotion as she expressed her sincerest appreciation for the interest her many friends, both Republicans and Democrats, had shown her—and most assuredly this home demonstration work should have no party lines drawn across it, as it should be for the general uplift of all. Right at that particular day, she had received a letter from a friend of authority, who told her if this work was discontinued here, she would be very glad to place her in a higher place. Let's quit kicking the things that help round out and develop this old county, state, Unites States and the world at large. Let's co-operate with this tireless worker who carries an expression on her face other than for the love of money. GREEN CLUB MEMBER.

26th Anniversary Sale

Pender's

26th Anniversary Sale

YELLOW FRONT ECONOMY GROCERY STORES

26TH ANNIVERSARY SALE!

To show our appreciation of the very liberal co-operation we have received from the Public, once each year we put on our Anniversary Sale, which is more in the way of a Profit Sharing Sale.

192---STORES NOW OPERATING---192

Sale for Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 26

Butter PRAIRIE ROSE, Very Best Tub, 47c
 1/4 lb. Prints, Pound 50c

LARD BEST PURE 19 1/2c
 per pound

Hams SWIFT'S Premium per pound 25c
D.P. Bacon Sliced, Pound Carton 37c
 1/2 lb. carton 20c

D. P. COCOA Half-Pound Can 11c
Milk Van Camps Evp. 3 large cans for 25c
 SMALL CANS, each 4 Cents
BEANS VAN CAMPS, No. 2 can, three cans for 25c

Fig Bars, D. P. Quality, lb. 10c
 Sardines, Domestic, in oil, 5c
 Figs, Smyrna Layer, lb. 19c
 Figs, California, package 8c
 Brooms, usual 50c quality, 43c

Candy Peanut Bars, Chocolate Creams, French Mixed, Planet Mints, D. P. Hard Mixed 19c
 POUND

D. P. BLEND COFFEE The World's Best Drink One pound sealed package 45c
 D. P. Coffee is absolutely the finest product the world's markets produce

YELLOW FRONT COFFEE Delightfully Good One pound sealed package 40c

GOLDEN BLEND COFFEE The Old Reliable One pound sealed package 35c

You save 10c per pound on all Coffees bought from the Yellow Front Stores

D. P. Cake Superior to any other offered on this market

D. P. Pound 25c
 D. P. Light Fruit 25c
 D. P. Layer 25c

D. P. Angel, 9 ounces, each 15c
 D. P. Famous Pound, 1-lb 6-oz, each 35c
 D. P. Sponge, 1-lb carton 25c

D. P. Ketchup, bottle 14c
 Large size bottle 23c
 Buckwheat Flour, Gold Medal, pkg. 10c
 Pancake Flour, Gold Medal, pkg. 10c
 D. P. Oats, 3 pkgs. for 25c

Quaker Oats, pkg. 10c
 Mother's Oats, pkg. 10c
 Cream of Wheat, pkg. 21c
 Silver Cream, Wright's 8-ounce jar 20c
 Peas, Halo Brand can 12 1/2c

Soap, D. P. Borax, cake 5c
SNOWDRIFT
 1-lb. can 22c
 2-lb. can 42c
 4-lb. can 80c
 8-lb. can \$1.52

KLIM

1 lb. can 75c 2 1/2 lb. can \$1.65 5 lb. can \$3.15

KLIM can be used for all purposes in place of sweet milk. KLIM is milk with the moisture evaporated; add water and you have the equal of fresh sweet milk.

Tomatoes

LARGE CAN

15c



F. W. Price & Co.

Tailoring Exhibit

Monday & Tuesday

February 2 & 3

A representative will be here with woollens in full pieces.

Order your Spring and Summer clothes, on that date for present or future delivery.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Austin's

"Everything for Everybody"