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 County.



OUR JUDGE HUNT PARKER
 (In Roanoke Rapids Sunday Herald)

It is gratifying to us to hear of the wide popular support from all walks of life that Hunt Parker has for a seat on our Supreme Court.

For 104 years, the counties of Northeastern North Carolina from Henderson through Roanoke Rapids and Elizabeth City to the ocean have not had a member of our highest tribunal as a resident of this section.

Hunt Parker—and that is what he is called by his home people in Halifax County where he and his ancestors have lived for generations—has a long and varied career that fits him to render distinguished service in the post he seeks.

A field artillery man in France in the First World War, a state legislator, a state solicitor, a judge of the superior court for 19 years . . . he knows the people of North Carolina . . . their hopes . . . their dreams and ambitions . . . their problems and living conditions.

He is a Christian gentleman, a man of the highest integrity, a scholar with an accurate and profound knowledge of law and government. He is fair and courteous to all persons regardless of their position in life. He always seeks to administer justice fairly, impartially and equitably, never recognizing in court friend or foe.

Through the years he has shown that he possesses the patience, the understanding and the temperamental qualities that are requisite for a judge. Recognizing his legal knowledge and fitness, Gov. Cherry and Chief Justice Stacey appointed him to commissions to study improvements in the administration of justice.

In these days of trial the state needs the services of Hunt Parker on its highest court. He believes in the principles upon which our government was founded, and that those principles should be preserved and maintained.

A grave responsibility rests upon the citizens of North Carolina in selecting a member of the Supreme Court, for written opinions control for generations the lower courts in passing upon their reputations, their property, their liberty, their lives, their all.

We hear from many sources over the state that he is the man best qualified for the position.

The esteem and respect in which Hunt Parker is held by his own home people who know him best is shown by the solid backing they are giving him in this election.

The County Boards of Commissioners in every single county in Hunt Parker's judicial district have endorsed his candidacy unanimously. These boards represent Halifax, Warren, Vance, Northampton, Bertie and Hertford Counties.

The sheriffs and clerks of court of these same counties have also given their unanimous backing to Hunt Parker. The bar associations of the six counties have given their endorsement to his candidacy.

We believe the people of North Carolina will make no mistake if they nominate and elect Hunt Parker as an Associate Justice of their Supreme Court.

WITH UNCLE SAM

When a feller makes up his mind to do somethin', I be daggum if I dont believe he oughts go on an do it. If I had a jest believed in this a little more about two years ago, I could of made me a little money this year that I won't make. Now, the only thing I can do is get a little peace of mind in tellin' Fannie that she was the cause of it all.

George talked like he might put in another patch this year. He kept talkin about some new varieties some of these experiment fellers had developed and he 'lowed he want to try some of 'em. From the way he give it in, and I reckon he must of heard this market feller talkin about this too,—there's been a lot of our folks gone out of the strawberry business. Seems like they ain't been able to git enough of the right kind of labor at the right time. And I think some of 'em has got a little increase in their tobacco allotments which has also caused 'em to git way from growin' strawberries.

Well, I don't care how much they increase my tobacco allotment and I don't care if the labor situation don't git any better, I'm gonna put me in a acre of strawberries this year or break my old back tryin. And, furthermore, I'm gonna fix my land and git my plants 'fore I say a dang word to Fannie about it.

CURTIS F. TARLETON
 MARKETING SPECIALIST

Profane Living
 Lesson for May 6, 1933

NO ONE has ever claimed that profane language is good language, not even the people who use it. But there is something worse than profane language: a profane life.

We are told in the New Testament that Esau was a profane man, but in all that the Bible tells of him we never hear him uttering a single bad word. The Third Commandment is: Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. (In some Dr. Foreman numberings it is the second commandment, but it's not the number that is most important, it is what is in it that counts.)

Most people think that all that means is that we should not take lightly the name of God. Indeed we should not; it is surely a sin to treat the Almighty God with less respect than you would treat your own parents. But irrelevant language is only a symptom; the disease is the irreverent life.



God's Name Should Mean Something

LOOK at that Commandment a little more closely. What does "in vain" mean?

In the Old Testament the same word is often used to mean useless, uselessly, or to no purpose. (See, for example, Psalm 60:11; 89:47; 108:12; Jeremiah 4:30; 46:11.)

What the Third Commandment means, then, most of all, is this: Do not take the name of God and make a lie out of it. Do not take the name of God to no purpose.

If This Is Your Father's World—

LET'S ASSUME you are a Christian. If so, you have already taken God's name, when you were baptized into "the Name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost." You have taken upon yourself the great Trinitarian Name of the living God, you are one of his bearers, you have acknowledged your place in his family.

Now then, look on the world around you, the stars above you, the atoms below and in you, all that lives and moves and is . . . Do you sing, "This is my Father's world?"

MY Father's world—do you mean that? You ought to mean it. If you do, you will always treat that world with respect; you will not, for instance, waste its resources. If you own land you will treat that land as if it were your Father's—which it is. If you own animals you will remember that the same Lord who made you made them, and you will not be cruel.

You Have a Birthright

ESAU is called a profane man, and in the same sentence it is said that he despised his birthright. Profane living means not living up to the plans God has for you; it means living below your true self.

The man who lets the image of God in him get all smeared over with sin and self-indulgence, the man who prefers the society of God's enemies to that of his friends, the man who in spite of his baptism lives as if he had never been baptized, the man who never reminds any one of God even though in some card-index he is listed as a "church member," the man who though he is God's name-bearer is a God-forgetter, living as if the devil were his father and not God,—this is the profane man.

Whose Plans?

If you are a name-bearer of God, then if you live up to that name the least you can do is to take God into your plans, or rather to fit yourself into his plans.

If, for instance, you are going to be married you will not leave God out. You will want to be married in a Christian way, and take the Christian vows. The word "God" need hurriedly in a merely legal ceremony is taken lightly and vainly enough.

But even more profane is the married life which began in a church at an altar, with the most solemn vows; but ends in loveless neglect or in cruel bitterness. Don't leave God out!

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having this day qualified as Administrator of the Estate of **MARKET CARLTON**, deceased, late of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned Administrator on or before March 21, 1933, or this notice will be deemed in bar of recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 21st day of March, 1933.
WALTER CARR, Administrator
 Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

HAYSEED
 By UNCLE SAM

A RISEN LORD

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Matt. 28:6.

Christ gave up for a time the glory and power of the heavenly worlds and came on a mission to a lost world. He sacrificed all that his followers might gain all. His teachings were such as man had never heard before. But his teachings were backed up by his righteous living.

Christ was betrayed by one of his followers. He was tried and condemned without being given a proper hearing. He bore his cross until he was physically exhausted. His sufferings were untold. He gave his life for the salvation of others.

The new tomb in which he was buried was made as secure as possible. Roman guards were placed there to guard it. The Roman seal was placed upon it. To break that seal was punishable by death. A great earthquake shook the earth and Christ came back from the portals of the dead. Angels were seen at the tomb. Women came to embalm a dead Christ and found an empty tomb but a live Christ. Jesus declared that all power was given him in heaven and earth. The proof of his resurrection and power may be found in the lives of his humble followers.

A new apparatus for measuring the warmth properties of cotton and other textile fabrics promises to be useful in commercial application as well as in research to improve the utilization of cotton.

A Hymn Is Born
 BY CLINT BONNER

The Ninety And Nine
 A preacher and a singer take a train ride

Two tired men hurried through the railroad station at Glasgow, Scotland. One of them passed, bought a newspaper and stuffed it into his pocket. On the train they took seats facing each other. One of the men was Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist of the time. The other was Ira D. Sankey, who sang to his own accompaniment, and if not the greatest gospel singer of the past century, certainly one of the greatest. The pair had just closed an extended revival in Glasgow and were on their way to Edinburgh for a belated engagement.

Moody waded into a bundle of unopened letters from his home in Chicago. It was 1874. His church had been destroyed three years earlier in the great fire and he was anxious about progress on his new tabernacle. Sankey scanned his newspaper, was about to toss it aside when he noticed a poem written by a little orphaned Scotch girl named Elizabeth Clephane. He read the lines over and over—tore the poem out and put it into his pocket.

In Edinburgh Moody preached on the subject, "The Good Shepherd." Came time for Sankey's solo. He had not expected the sermon, and had no appropriate number. Then he thought of the poem. He put it on the music rack. His hand hit the keys. He started singing. Hymns making, when a tune was composed, were for use just as it stands today, while the composer sang it for the first time.

But none of the revues ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out to the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

But all through the mountains, thunder riven,
 And up from the rocky steep
 There arose a glad cry at the gate of heaven
 "Blessed I have found My sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

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Poet's Corner

Raven Locks

There is a girl, just down the street
 She looks most wondrous wise,
 She's unique, she is sublime
 Her dress all a la mode
 And when she passes down the street
 She is the apple of my eye.
 Her hair is like unto the raven
 And cheeks that make me sigh.
 And eyes that sparkle like sapphires
 A mouth that is a perfect cupid's bow.
 Oh, fascination thrills me
 As she passes down the street
 As she passes down the street
 By William B. Hatcher
 Warsaw, N. C.

Are You Thankful

Thank thee Lord for favors given
 For all treasures great or small
 For kindly hearts a friendly hand
 Your watchful care over all
 For sunny days and loving words
 Spoken to a heart sore tried
 A light to lead or rugged ways
 A friend always beside
 Thank you Father for all our friends
 Who've always proven true
 For flowers that bloom on every hand
 Our bird friends in the blue
 For kindly neighbors who come in
 To cheer us in trouble or doubt
 To always lend a helping hand
 And drive our sorrows out.

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