

IN WASHINGTON  
WHAT IS TAKING PLACE BY  
Robert R. Reynolds  
UNITED STATES SENATOR

President Roosevelt's appeal to the American people to travel as a means of securing a new conception of national problems, made in the course of a radio address from Cleveland, has been the subject of widespread comment. This is true because "field work," as the President terms the observations gained through travel, will help to break down provincialism and narrow viewpoints so frequently encountered among those who see national conditions only in the light of their immediate needs.

At the risk of injecting a personal note into this column, I would like to say that it is most gratifying to find the Chief Executive of the United States stressing a point that I have often made. Travel has always been a method of securing fresh information and understanding. And I am sure that I can say, with pardonable pride, that travel at home and abroad has been most helpful to me in making decisions with reference to attitude and action on legislative proposals. It has brought a better understanding of how these proposals will affect the great cross-section of our citizens.

Why is travel helpful? It is a proper question and deserves an answer. The North Carolina farmer, worried over cotton prices and surpluses, goes to the West and he finds that the wheat market is a source of concern to the Western farmer. Thus he is impressed with the fact that the problem of agriculture is national in scope and he has a more sympathetic attitude toward those trying to solve it. In other words, the North Carolinian secures a better understanding of the problems from a national rather than a local viewpoint. The farmer, the manufacturer, the traveler.

Thousands of wild and domestic animals are handled annually by the Railway Express Agency, a 5,600-pound hippopotamus consigned to the Central Park Zoo in New York topping the list so far this year.

As one who has traveled considerably, and at all times urged others to travel, it is a source of satisfaction to find that the President holds to the same idea. His understanding of national and international problems, gained through travel, was one of the arguments used in his favor when he was first mentioned for the Presidency. Its advantage has been amply demonstrated from time to time as he has been forced to advance programs, which might not be advantageous to particular sections, but were designed to help the country as a whole. No one questioned the sincerity of the President because they knew that he had first-hand knowledge of the actual effect of the legislation he advanced.

In reading the President's Cleveland address, one paragraph stood out. It was with reference to the advice that the Chief Executive had once given a young friend. In the

State Birth Rate  
Leading Last Year

Decline Shown In Death  
Rate Over Figures  
For 1936

North Carolina's birth rate continued to hold a lead over the previous year the first eight months of 1937, while the death rate showed a decline under the 1936 figures, it is revealed in reports compiled by the Bureau of Vital Statistics, State Board of Health. There was a rise in infant mortality deaths, however, while maternal deaths showed a decline. During the first eight months of the present year there were 3,519 deaths among infants under one year old, as compared with 3,880 the corresponding period in 1936. It also appears that there were 616 deaths from diarrhea and enteritis among children under two, as compared with 447 from January through August last year. Here, the percentage of increase was considerable.

Through August, in 1937, there were 52,978 little North Carolinians born, as compared with 51,881 the same period last year, a gain of 1,147, while deaths recorded this year numbered 22,954, which, compared with 24,207 the first eight months of 1936, reflected a decline of 1,253. Maternal deaths during the period so far reported this year numbered 301, while last year's total in North Carolina through August was 335.

The largest number of births in a single month this year, so far, was 7,197 in June, this figure having also exceeded all months in the corresponding period of 1936. Fewest births occurred in January, when the total was only 6,108, while April, last year, with 6,075 held the low record for that period. The largest number of deaths this year in a single month was 3,277 in March, while the fewest, 2,578, occurred in August.

Deaths from cancer through August, this year, totaled 1,222, as compared with 1,173 the corresponding period of 1936. Appendicitis took a toll of 235, as compared with 213 the same period last year, while tuberculosis was down a bit, with a total of only 1,209, as compared with 1,301 last year. Burns, through August, claimed 183 victims, as compared with 158 last year, while poliomyelitis claimed a dozen. Last year, through August, the total was just ten.

Words of the President, he said: "Take a second-hand car, put on a flannel shirt, drive out to the Coast by the northern route and come back by the southern route. . . . Don't talk to your banking friends or your Chamber of Commerce friends, but specialize on the gasoline station man, the small restaurant keeper and the farmers you meet by the wayside and your fellow automobile travelers."

That paragraph made an impression because I had done just that. Two years ago, traveling by trailer, I had covered the route the President had suggested and had talked with the people he identified. The benefits gained cannot be adequately expressed in understandable terms.

Naturally, when the President of the United States urges the American people to something which an individual has long advocated, that individual must be pardoned for finding it a great source of personal satisfaction—such as that I now find.

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
By SOPHIE KERR

SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great-aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell her about her real mother. Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult, since she feels Rachel is putting a barrier between them. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World War. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish and had said: "It's odd your baby died and mine didn't." Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him, instead of going to New York. Departing the next morning, they leave the keys with Mr. Kreeel, a hen-pecked neighbor, so he can enjoy the radio. Reviewing the situation between Rachel and herself, Anne is confirmed in her belief that it is time for Rachel to learn more self-dependence. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York for the winter with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job. After Anne sails, Rachel, bent on seeing her real mother, looks up Elinor Cayne's number.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Rachel had only time to shout "Yes," for Pink had hailed a taxi and was already in it. Left to herself she looked at her watch and figured the time . . . quarter past three . . . cross-town and then Lexington avenue car to Sixty-fifth street . . . quarter of four . . . then to the hotel, collect her bags, arrive at Pink's, unpack . . . Pink wouldn't be home before half past five or six . . . heaps of time.

All the way uptown she was more and more excited. Anything might happen, anything! She couldn't, for her own self-respect, force herself on Mrs. Cayne, reveal who she was, all that was too much like an ovie. But she wanted to see where the Caynes lived, and perhaps by some fluke of luck Mrs. Cayne might be going in or out—and Rachel felt sure she could recognize her by Anne's description, the small stature and blue eyes would be enough.

Number 643 Park avenue indicated money, there was a proud doorman at a proud high entrance, and a general granite, plate-glass and wrought-iron grandeur.

"This is too silly," she told herself. "What's the matter with me?"

With decision she crossed the street and went directly up to the doorman.

"Is Mrs. Cayne at home, do you know?" she asked.

The doorman touched his cap, which indicated that he appraised her as a lady, had she known it. "Mr. and Mrs. Cayne haven't returned to town yet, miss," he told her. "They're not expected before the middle of October."

Rachel thanked him and walked back to Lexington avenue, went down to the hotel where she and Anne had stopped, collected her bags and took them to Pink's apartment, all in a flat and disgusted mood. She had been a sappy fool, she knew it. And it shouldn't happen again. No more working herself up into a dither for—

hat, we're going down the street to dinner with Tom and Rhoda Steele; he knows lots of people and he might find you a job."

Rachel sat down wearily in the nearest chair. "You make me feel like Katie's first day at kindergarten, Pink. And this bedroom is no bigger than a pocket."

"Don't be plaintive," admonished Pink. "Your bedroom is six inches longer than mine. Take a good hot bath and you'll feel better. I've got a new cosmetic line I want to try on you, we're planning a big campaign for the people who make it and I'd like to see how it glides on a real face. The manufacturer claims the mascara won't run."

The warmth and the clean sweet smell of her verveine salts and her own young resilience cleared up the most of Rachel's spot of bad temper. Pink brought out the new cosmetics and under a bald white light the two girls carefully and delicately made up Rachel's face, first with a cream which was almost fluid, then with powder, then rouge, high on the cheekbones, the least flush, eye-shadow slanted to lengthen and make mystery for the eyes, a little of the new mascara on Rachel's



Left to Herself She Looked at Her Watch and Figured Her Time.

long lashes, vermilion lipstick—"Angel!" exclaimed Pink, at last, "You're a knockout! Now we'll see how long this stuff stays put!"

Rachel looked at her image in the mirror with satisfaction. "Let's get going," said Pink. "Rhoda said they'd eat about seven o'clock."

"It's not a party, is it?"

"No, but there'll probably be a couple of chiselers getting a free meal. Tom and Rhoda know about a million tramps and feed 'em all."

Tom and Rhoda Steele lived two blocks away, where the street was full of shabby little shops and restaurants and cleaning and pressing places. Pink and Rachel stopped at a tiny fruit stall and bought a basket of grapes and a dozen oranges.

They had to climb three flights to the Steeles' and the stairs grew steeper and darker with each floor. The narrow halls were full of cooking smells and the whole place was rackety with radios at full blast and loud talk behind the thin doors. "It's a dump, but they can't afford any better," said Pink. Just as they reached the landing the door was flung open and bright light, Rhoda Steele's voice and a radio band brassing the "Continental" all rushed out to them. "Come along in, darlings," screamed Rhoda.

"Oh, what did you bring me? How swell! Tom, turn down the radiol Presents!"

Rhoda had on khaki shorts, a faded chintz smock, socks and sandals and practically nothing more except long fancy earrings of blue glass beads which glittered about her vivacious funny little face in a rather endearing way. Tom was properly dressed, big and lounging and kind. And there was another man in the background. "This is Oliver Land," Rhoda said, "and I think Bill Newton's coming. Don't expect a cocktail. We're broke this week. I didn't sell my designs and Tom's payday isn't until Friday. Sit down, if you can find a place."

Pink went out into the kitchen with Rhoda, but Rachel sat down and looked about her. The room was a mass of disorder, but not the kind that bothers anyone. After Pink's precise arrangements it was all rather pleasant. Oliver Land had been watching Rachel and sat down on the couch to be near her, and she realized that he was ticking off in his mind a complete appraisal of her from make-up to shoe buckles. She began to tick him off, too, he was oddly good-looking, his clothes had a shabby English smartness and his black tie was knotted perfectly.

Tom was talking and smiling encouragingly at her: "Pink says you're looking for a job, but she didn't say what kind."

"I don't know myself. I've had no training—but I'd make a good housemaid and I can handle a boat and fish."

"Invaluable on Broadway, fishing, if you have got the right bait," said Oliver. "I wish I had it." "What do you do?" asked Rachel. She was enjoying herself, the two men were so plainly admiring and interested. Oliver shrugged a shade too dramatically. "I used to be on the stage, but now I'm just one of the twenty thousand unemployed actors. I'd have starved to death if it hadn't been for Tom and Rhoda and some of my other friends."

Rhoda came in, carrying a big casserole. "It's stew tonight," she said, "with everything in it except the mouse Tom cat caught yesterday. Come along with the salad, Pink. We're going very Ritz—three courses. Oliver, slice the bread. Tom has to make the coffee."

"But what shall I do?" asked Rachel.

"You, darling, are like Mrs. Mortuary's Christmas tree—purely for ornamentation."

The bread was a great fresh Italian loaf, the stew was hot and full of flavor. There were chopped chives and a rumor of garlic in the salad, the cheese was Bel Paese at its best, and Tom's coffee would have pleased the great Montagne.

For dessert there were the grapes and the oranges which Rhoda and Pink had pared.

"Wonder what's become of Bill?" said Tom, as they began.

"He'll be along," said Rhoda. "If he's very late we'll make him wash the dishes. What were you gabbling about while Pink and I toiled to feed you?"

"The chances of my getting a job," said Rachel.

"I want to tell you one thing," said Rhoda, her earrings waving. "You must find something where you won't crowd out any girl who needs the money. You've got enough to live on, haven't you? Well then, you ought to go into a field where it's sort of specialized and meritorious and just anybody can't get by. See what I mean? That way you stand on your own and if you didn't do it, nobody else would."

"Do you sing or act?" put in Oliver. "I'm thinking of radio."

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"I needn't ask if you're trained as a teacher or a librarian or a play supervisor—?"

Tom added: "I don't believe she's a plumber or a carpenter or a pauper-hanger or even a good cement worker."

"You're all overlooking the obvious," put in Oliver. "Miss Vincent has looks-plus."

"And so what?" asked Rhoda. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Points Out Ways For  
Reducing Farm Risks

Diversification of crops and livestock production are forms of insurance that help take the risk out of farming, said Prof. Earl H. Sostetler, of State College.

Diversification of crops, he pointed out, means there will be less risk of losing heavily on one crop as a result of bad weather or low prices.

Crop rotations make it possible for the farmer to conserve and build up his soil so as to insure the future fertility of his land.

Livestock production provides an extra market for grain and other feed crops, encourages diversification by creating a need for home-grown feed, and supplies manure that will add fertility to the soil.

Feeding stock a balanced ration is a form of insurance against the risks of stock raising, Professor Sostetler continued. A good silo is another help.

In this State, the feeder who supplements his home-grown grains and roughages, as well as pastures, with cottonseed meal and hulls will make his other feed go farther, have a better balanced ration, and produce higher quality animals.

Professor Sostetler stressed the importance of a good silo, particularly the trench silo which is gaining popularity in North Carolina.

Silage is the cheapest source of nutrients, next to pasture, and it supplies stock and cattle with a succulent feed during the winter months when fresh grazing is scarce or not to be had at all, he said.

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