From the fact that the Turnage Theatre was packed and jammed last night, with several dozen standing up waiting for seats, I would infer that Will Rogers is right popular with Washington movie folks. The picture is the best I have seen him in since the one in which he visited England—"A Connecticut Yankee," I believe.

The audience got more kick out of Stepin Fetchit and the old fellow on the jury who had to find a place to expectorate than they did out of Rogers himself. I have noticed before that some of the famous comedy characters need that kind of support. Harold Lloyd, in his last picture, did not bring forth one real laugh—all the comedy came from the small fry. That is good team work after all; the big name draws the crowd and the little fellows draw the applause.

And now see who's here. This story is taken verbatim from this week's issue of the Ayden Dispatch. If these boys are not old enough to look out for themselves—well, if they're not, how old does one have to be?

Carl Goerch, humorist and editor, passed through Ayden last Friday en route to Contentiona school where he made an address Friday night. He stopped over for a short while to interview Mr. Porter, brother to O. Henry, and while he changed his shirt and left the soiled one in Zeb Whitford's car, Mr. Whitford having taken him to Mr. Porter's home.

But that's nothing. C. A. Turnage of Washington, lost an automobile in Ayden. He came over the first of the week to accompany W. C. Ormoud to Charlotte, parked his car at the hotel, taking the key with him. The car stood there for two or three days and the officers thinking the car had been stolen and abandoned, had it pulled to a garage. When Mr. Turnage returned Friday night his car was gone. It was soon located, however, and he went on to Washington.

As far as the story about Goerch is concerned, I think he showed poor appreciation of Mr. Whitford's courtesy.

In the other case, the paper might at least have said that the police were mistaken in what they thought about the car. Or were they?

I am losing interest in the Norfolk paper's Twenty Five Years Ago column, which I have frequently quoted. I shall probably pay no more attention to it.

In yesterday's paper, the whole space, three-fourths of a column, was devoted to the visit of President Taft to Norfolk. It named those who accompanied him, Captain Archibald Butt and others. It named other distinguished visitors—Governor Claude A. Swanson, who was named for Swanson Graves, by the way—Governor William Hodges Mann, and any number of others. And no mention whatever of me, although I was there, saw President Taft drive by, and waved at him.

Hambone was worried yesterday.

"In-su'ance man say ole 'oman tuk out a policy on me—uh-uh!! DAT'S bad news!!"

Have you joined the Red Cross?
Now and Then

John G. Bragaw

2/5/38

If a cat has kittens in an oven, does that make them biscuits? That was the question Dr. J. E. Guy shot at me yesterday afternoon when he stopped in at the office.

It came so suddenly that I did not know what to answer. Of course I knew it would not make the kittens biscuits, but I did not know just what kind of answer the doctor wanted.

Had he worded it differently I would have known exactly what to say.

Had he said, “If a dog has puppies in an oven, would that make them biscuits?” I would have answered right back, “No, it would make them hot dogs.” Just like that. But that isn’t what he asked.

And so I answered, “No.” Which must have been the proper answer, for he followed with another question.

“If a kid happens to be born in New York, does that make him a Yankee?”

“Not necessarily,” I replied. “If his parents were Southern people I think he would be a Southerner.” That was what the Doc wanted.

He was born in New York, but he didn’t intend to be. His father was in the army, and he and Mrs. Guy were transferred to New York just before the little Guy came along. The father is a Kentuckian, so Dr. Guy thinks he has a right to call himself a Southerner.

And then, again: young Guy went to Europe, like thousands of other Americans, with the American Expeditionary Forces. After the war he studied over there. He married over there. He married a fine young Holland girl, and then they came back to this country.

Dr. Guy doesn’t think that ought to make him a foreigner, and it rubs him a bit the wrong way when people exclaim, “Oh, aren’t you a foreigner?”

So—with the genial doctor’s permission, I am by way of straightening out this business of nationality, and settling it once and for all, so that hereafter you shall understand that he is neither a Yankee nor a Frenchman.

And having said that, let it be understood that when I use the term Yankee there is nothing of opprobrium in it.

For I am just one generation away from Long Island, New York, and have no apology to make for the relationship.

One day recently I ventured a suggestion that I might go to see a certain moving picture.

“I doubt if you will enjoy it,” warned a friend. “The leading man is French and speaks quite broken English, while some of it is Russian.”

“I don’t know that that will bother me any,” I replied, “I can probably understand as much of it as I can of the Yankee brogue that is spoken in most of them.”

Funny what a difference just one word makes in a story.

A newspaper in Scranton, Penn., reviewing a play which had a successful opening the night before, said:

“The audience of the opening night remained din their seats spellbound for some months after the final curtain.”

And someone remarked that there was probably a gas attack somewhere in the drama.
Today is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

The feeling that exists in this part of the country toward Lincoln is far different from that which held thirty or forty years ago. It was hard in those days to find a Southern man or woman who would admit any good in Lincoln; there were few who regarded him with anything short of aversion.

From this distance the smoke has cleared, and without disrespect for those who followed Jefferson Davis, we can see the character of Lincoln with different eyes. He was a great leader; a friend of the South when the South knew it not.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate reproduces a sketch of him by an unknown writer, which I borrow and offer as a tribute to a fine soul:

A dying mother touching with loving fingers the tear-streaked face of her boy and whispering, “Be somebody, Abe;”

A lanky, homely lad stretched out on the floor before the open fire, reading, thinking, far into the night;

A splitter of rails; a champion wrestler; a farmer; a storekeeper.

A young lover turning away from the grave of his sweetheart with the face of a man grown old;

A sincere man, lover of justice, a hater of cruelty, who said of slavery—“If I ever have the chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard;”

An awkward orator with coat sleeves and trousers too short, but with a spiritual light in his eyes;

A man who was found on his knees playing marbles with a group of boys when news came that he had been elected President of the United States;

A gaunt, tired man on the rear platform of his train in a drizzling rain, bidding goodbye to the neighbors he loved;

A man with one desperate idea—To save the Union;

A writer of tender letters to widowed mothers who gave their sons for the cause;

A pardoner of boys who could not be blamed if their legs were cowardly;

A man of infinite patience, “who held on through blame and faltered not at praise;”

A man so humble he said he would hold a general’s horse if that general would win victories;

A man who loved all men and lived and preached “charity for all and malice toward none;”

A man who signed with steady hand a proclamation that struck the shackles from the slaves;

A man whose death set free for all mankind a great soul that shall bless, and benefit, inspire and encourage, until time shall be no more.

LINCOLN

To set the stones back in the wall
Lest the divided house should fall.

The beams of peace he laid,
While kings looked on, afraid.

—John Vance Cheney.
Carl Goerch’s magazine contained in its issue last week a picture of two aged colored people living in Moore County and eligible for old age assistance. That fact in itself is not noteworthy, but the interesting part of the story is that the two people are father and daughter—Ned Petty, age 80 and his daughter, Betty, age 67. If there is no mistake in figures and my arithmetic is correct, that would indicate that Ned was 13 years of age when his daughter was born.

Then just as I thought we had a record of some sort in that situation, along comes this story from a St. Louis paper:

“Two negro women applied for old age pensions here. One was seventy, the other seventy-five. The woman who was seventy insisted she was the mother of the one who was seventy-five. “I was married young,” she explained.

The English House of Parliament is apparently not a dry and pokey place after all if there are many pieces of picturesque speech such as I was reading about the other day.

One gentleman is alleged to have stated that “an oral agreement is not worth the paper it is written on.”

On another occasion, a member, in the midst of a stirring recital, exclaimed, “There was I, standing prostrate at the feet of royalty.”

Still another member asserted, “this is a thorny subject which has long been a bone of contention among us.”

Every once in a while, stuck away somewhere I come across a clipping out of McIntyre’s column. This one before me tells of Lou Payne, husband of Mrs. Leslie Carter—she continued to be known as Mrs. Leslie Carter even after she married Payne. McIntyre says that once Payne was in The Lambs’ Club seated in a corner talking to Robert Aiken and Herbert Ayling. One of the bright members of the club came in, glanced at them—Payne, Aiken and Ayling—and shrieked: “Is there a doctor in the house?”

THE HAPPIEST MAN

The happiest man in the world is the common, every-day chap who makes his own living, pays his bills, has little money as he goes along, does not strive to get a corner on the local output, and is a slave neither to ambition nor society. He loves his God and his fellow man, thinks “there is no place like home,” the haven of rest, prefers the company of his family to that of anyone else, never has to sit up nights to pound his conscience, believes in the doctrine of live and let live, and when he encounters one of the needy he doesn’t stutter with his pocketbook. The plain man is happy to be satisfied and does not spend the best of his life yearning for things four sizes too large for him.

—Selected.
Once there was a child... who was hungry and near starving... and there were ten people in the neighborhood... who knew it and were sorry... and all ten said they would... send something for the child... to eat... and each one delayed because he knew that... the other nine were sending... and so none of the ten sent anything... although their intentions were good... and so the child starved to death... And it's the same way about... this relief for the Chinese victims of war... and here in Washington... and Beaufort county... it has taken nearly two months to get up... eighty dollars... and I bet there are at least... a hundred people... who have said to themselves... they would send a dollar... or two dollars... or five... and every day they put it off... and meantime... children and grown people are dying in China... because somebody here... has put off helping.

Honestly, folks; it isn't much to brag about that it is taking so long to get up that paltry hundred dollars. Maybe it is because they asked only for a hundred. Maybe if they had asked for five hundred we would have done more about it.

One hundred dollars out of thirty thousand people. That's what there are in Beaufort county. Eight or nine thousand in Washington, and several thousands of those could give a dollar and not miss it.

I have no official connection with the Red Cross, and my interest is the same as yours—that of a potential giver.

I have already sent in a contribution, but just to start that last $20 they need now, here goes another dollar.

Won't nineteen others match it?

Some time ago a man in Philadelphia swallowed a collar-button and three operations failed to locate it. A certain humorist, commenting on the story when it appeared in the papers, said, "If this keeps up undoubtedly the man will have to buy a new collar-button."

The Wonderful World
Are you glad you're a part of the wonderful world?
Are you happy in being in all the wide plan
An atom with feeling and vision
With a place on the paths that are measured for man?

Do you look on the beautiful blue of the sky
When the days are so clear and the clouds have blown by,
And feel in your heart what a privilege possesses
To belong to this wonderful world with the rest?

To be part of its joy and its light and its cheer,
To be helping a bit with the lifting of fear,
The lighting of shadows that shroud us at times,
To be part of its laughter and music and chimes?

Oh, a wonderful world! But more wondrous than all
That He lets us, His creatures, who struggle and crawl,
Come into the glory and being and glow
Of the days as they come and the years as they go!

—The Bentztown Bard.
There is a way  
Out of every  
Difficulty  
If you just  
Have the  
Courage  
Or the wit  
Or the patience  
Or the ingenuity  
Or the plain  
Common sense  
It takes  
To think of  
The way out  
And a fellow  
Was telling me  
The other day  
About a man  
Named George  
And he was  
A young man  
And he had  
Just asked  
A charming  
Young girl  
To marry him  
And as usual  
In such cases  
She said  
She would  
And after  
A few days  
He went to  
A jeweler's store  
To see about  
Buying a ring  
And he looked  
At a number  
And selected  
The one  
He wanted  
And then 'he  
Asked about  
Engraving  
And the jeweler  
Said yes  
Of course  
He would  
Do that  
And the young man  

Asked what  
Is customary  
In such cases  
And the jeweler  
Said  
I would suggest  
That you  
Have the ring  
Engraved  
With words  
Like this—  
"From George  
"To His  
Dearest Alice"  
And George  
Said he thought  
That would be  
The very thing  
And he started  
Out the door  
And hesitated  
And turned around  
And went back  
And said  
To the jeweler  
"But suppose  
She goes  
Back on me?"  
And the man  
Said, "Well,  
In that case  
Of course  
You couldn't use  
The ring again,"  
And George  
Thought for  
A few moments  
And his eyes  
Brightened  
And he said  
"I tell you  
What do—  
You engrave it  
From George  
To His First  
And Only  
Sweetheart"  
And then he  
Went out  
Quite satisfied.
Colonel Graham Elliott may have had his fingers crossed when he told those yarns at the Rotary Club last night. He did not have his tongue in his cheek, and I doubt if he ever talks with his tongue in his cheek, for that ready smile of his would make it difficult to place his tongue that way.

But the yarns were good, anyhow. One was about the company from the 92nd Division that captured a “German” outfit and brought it into camp. There was a division or so, maybe several divisions, of Brazilian soldiers in the same area with the 92nd American. One day the company referred to encountered a body of foot soldiers, saw they were not Americans—at least not United Statesians—and they up and commanded them to surrender. The “enemy” surrendered, and were duly marched into camp. When they reached there the eyes of the commanding officer in the camp popped open.

“What’ve you got here?”

“Some prisoners, sir,” was the proud answer.

“Where’d you get ‘em?”

“Out yonder across the river.”

“Why, you thus-and-so, these are Brazilian soldiers—our allies.”

“Well, they couldn’t speak English, so we captured ‘em!” replied the officer in charge, but with a little less pride in his voice.

Another of Graham’s stories was about a Negro platoon. There was a German machine-gun nest giving a lot of trouble, and a platoon was sent out to quiet it in one way or another.

After a long time they came back. The colonel asked the officer in command of the platoon why he had not brought the machine gun back.

“Because the Germans was using it!” was the quick answer.

You may have noticed that there have been a lot of automobile collisions in the past two or three weeks. I could have put a period after “collisions” up there and still be truthful. But I want to emphasize the fact that there have been a great many accidents since gas rationing went out. There will be a great many more such accidents this week and next week and the week after and so on. Some people who drive a car are like the mule that Roger Moore told about, and a number of other after dinner speakers have told about. You know the story—how the man who bought the mule claimed that the mule was blind. “He’s not blind,” disputed the man who had sold the mule. “I know he is blind. He has run right smack into three telephone poles, one right after another. That shows he’s blind.” And the man who had sold the mule said, “Oh, no, he’s not blind, he just don’t give a d—.” You know the rest of the story. You knew it before I started it. I just wanted to refresh your memory.

What I was leading up to is the story Bennett Cerf tells—I mean repeats—about James Thurber, who took an automobile ride with his aunt on Christmas eve in Columbus, Ohio. He was in a cold sweat the whole time, for she drove through red and green traffic lights at forty miles an hour and never seemed to mind it at all. When they got home and Thurber demonstrated with her, she said, “Why honey, I thought the city had put those lights for the Christmas festivities!”

Some people are like that now.
NOW AND THEN

John G. Bragaw

Says the Philosopher:
The Bible tells us it rains on the just and the unjust, but it never rains on the unjust if he can get hold of an umbrella belonging to the just.

Tom Flowers sends me an item he copied from somewhere about a man who needed to have his grandfather's clock repaired. It was during the war and he was not using his car so he took the clock in his arms and started to the clockmaker's with it. It was so large he could not see around it so he had to guess where he was going. He guessed wrong and ran smack into an irascible old lady, knocking her down. When she got up she blessed the man out. "What in the world is the matter with you?" she yelled. "Why don't you carry a wrist watch like everybody else?"

Some people just can't take a joke.

"Thy kingdom come," our lips are wont to pray—
And then our actions weave a doubtful maze.
Our words are lost along self-centered ways.
Unless Thy kingdom comes in us today.
—Mary B. Stevenson.

My young friend Joy Ann Harris is puzzled, and I shall try to help her out.

When I was listing the birthdays that come in February Joy Ann's was among them. This column told what day her birthday is, and soon after that Joy Ann received a birthday card with no name on it. She could not recognize the handwriting, so she has no idea who sent her the card, and she is puzzled. She wants to thank whoever sent it. Will the sender please disclose his or her identity, and relieve Joy Ann's mind? Fine!

True Christianity, says Emmet Fox, is a life to be lived, not just a set of intellectual theories to be accepted. It is a Way of Life, and that means that your religion must function all day long.

He once had a talk with Sandow, the man who was famous the world over for his physical strength. Sandow conducted classes in physical education, and had a palatial gymnasium in London. "People come to me," said Sandow to Fox, "with a blank check in their hands and say, 'I will pay you any fee you like if you will produce for me a strong, healthy, young body.' I say, 'Excellent'—but then it turns out that they expect me to go into the gymnasium and swing dumbbells and do exercises on the floor while they go away and eat and drink and smoke too much and keep late hours. Regretfully I tell them, 'It cannot be done.'"

Sandow was right. What he meant was that those people who wanted strong bodies must not only pay him for his time and skill, but must be willing to pay the larger price of obedience to his directions. And some were not willing to do that. It is the same with things of the soul—in the long run, as Fox says, we have to do our own work, and we have to live the right mental life—not sometimes, but all the time.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
—Rogers.
HOW TO MEASURE A MAN

The man’s no bigger than the way he treats his fellow man!
This standard has his measure been:
Since time itself began!
He’s measured not by race or creed,
High-sounding though they be:
Nor by the gold that’s put aside,
Nor by his sanctity.

He’s measured not by social rank,
When character’s the test;
Nor by his earthly pomp and show,
Displaying wealth possessed.

He’s measured by his justice, right,
His fairness at his play,
His squareness in all dealings made,
His honest upright way.

These are his measures, ever near
To serve him when they can;
For man’s no bigger than the way
He treats his fellow man.

I do not know who wrote the foregoing lines. From three different sources they have come to me recently, and to make it four I find them in one of the little publications I receive. The name of the writer is not given but they contain a great deal of truth, and right now when many young people are leaving school and college to start out in the game of life, it is a little poem that may well be clipped and kept and referred to once in a while.

The other day while talking to a couple of men on the street about something in the news of the day, or some happening here in town—I forget just what it was—something was said about a man’s being a thoroughbred. These men who compose the Boots and Saddle club know well what it means where a horse is concerned. Todd Maxwell and other dog lovers know what thoroughbred means in the realm of dogs.

In the conversation just mentioned some one spoke of how Theodore Roosevelt on one occasion answered the question of one of his boys, when the latter asked him, “Dad, what do you mean by a man or an animal being a thoroughbred?”

Mr. Roosevelt looked around and caught sight of a dog which he knew was of low degree. He picked up the dog and gave him a gentle shaking. The dog squirmed and yelped and howled.

“This is not a thoroughbred,” Mr. Roosevelt said as he put the dog down.

Then he called one of his good dogs to him, picked him up, shook him hard, slapped him. Not a sound from the dog.

“There,” said “Teddy.” “There’s your thoroughbred. See the difference? Be a thoroughbred, son, and whatever happens, don’t squeal.”

FLOWERS

The flowers that I pass by
Always catch my eye.
The yellow golden-rod
Certainly must have a God,
To be so beautiful all day long
And never do anything wrong.
The stately dogwood surely rates
To be the flower of our State,
And the lilies, graceful, white,
Fill my heart with sweet delight.
These flowers, and all the rest,
Are specimens of nature’s best.

—Cora Myers, 9th Grade,
Pantego, N. C. School.
Another reason I like to live in a small town: Your hat is safe if you lose it.

Yesterday afternoon when I started for the Rotary club meeting I couldn't find my hat. After supper when I went up town I met Edmund Buckman.

"Did you leave your hat in the Guaranty Bank this afternoon when you left the Building & Loan meeting?" he said.

That was it! Sure, so I did. "You reckon it's safe in there? Can I get it tomorrow?" I asked.

"Yeah, they put it in the vault," he said.

"Will I have to draw a check for it?" I asked Edmund.

"No," he said, "it's not a hat-check place!" Just like that.

I was glad to see a letter June Crow wrote Taylor Atmore from Durham. "I'm like the little boy that went to the dentist, and said he felt better soon as he got there. The doctors haven't found out what is the matter with me, but I feel better already," he says. Which sounds very good to me, and I expect to challenge him to a footrace when he comes back—from Market Street corner to the Eureka Mill.

I am a little bit afraid to put in what a man said to me the other day, for I have half a sus-

cicion that he was putting something over on me. He asked me what a miracle is, and just as I was getting ready to tell him he interrupted. "No," he said, "let me tell you. A miracle is when a man tells you he wants to see you for just three minutes, and then stops in fifteen." I could not say a word.

And I am very sure indeed that it was Miss Willie who marked this item in a paper and put it on my desk where I could not fail to read it:

"Why not dispose of your junk instead of building more shelves and closets to accommodate it?"

Well, a lot of mine I am keeping in the hope that there will be another waste paper collection sometime.

The world needs a cup of milk, Warm with kindness, In a fireside corner, On a low footstool; A reassuring arm, And a homelike voice; Quiet, comforting, mothering. —Sarah Cleghorn.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation. —Chapin.
Something takes place in Washington tomorrow that probably has not ever occurred before, certainly not in a long time,” said Mrs Collin Harding when she came over to our house Saturday night. “Tomorrow in two of the churches here two native-born sons will be preaching—Dr. James L. Fowle in the Presbyterian Church, Rev. John H. Bonner, Jr., in the Episcopal Church,” she continued. “I think that is worth noting.”

And I agreed with her. I guess she is right about its not having happened here in many years, if at all. It is not that Washington has given only those two men to the ministry. Quite a number, first and last, who were born here in Washington, have entered the ministry of one church or another, but I do not recall when two of them have conducted services or preached on the same Sunday. And I am not certain that it occurs very often in any small town the size of this one.

“Well, what of it?” the cynic says. “What’s in it to make a fuss over?” Nothing. Nothing at all. It is just interesting, that’s all, to the folks who know the two men, and as I said the other day, it’s little things like that go toward making life in a small town. In New York City it wouldn’t be anything at all.

A railroad agent in a town in Africa, says The Milwaukee Magazine, had been reprimanded repeatedly for doing things without orders from headquarters, and one day his boss received the following telegram from him:

“Tiger on freight platform eating conductor. Wire instructions.”

In this day when the marriage vow is not always binding, it does me good to learn of a devoted husband or loyal wife who is willing to endure hardship if such endurance is called for in the course of married existence. That is why I valued the story that was sent to me the other day by a man who has never married.

One day Mary, the cook, reported for the day’s work with a black eye.

“Why Mary,” said her sympathetic mistress, “what a bad eye you have!”

“Yes’m.”

“Well, there’s one consolation. It might have been worse!”

“Yes’m.”

“You might have had both of them hurt.”

“Yes’m. Or worse’n that. I might not have been married at all!”

Patriotism

Breathe there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own, my native land.”

Whose heart has ne’er within him burn’d
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despites those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, centered all in self Living, shall forefit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.