

MOTHER

The arrival of this newcomer, Mother's Day, in the calendar of our national festivities is significant. That a day so rich in sentiment, so tender in meaning, should be officially adopted in a country which scoffs at sentiment and prides itself on its veneer of practicality is a hopeful sign. Like the old dividing rod of old, it reveals underneath the crust of commercialism a perennial spring of idealism.

Mother's Day dates back into the old pagan idea of mother worship when a day was set apart to worship the "Mother of the Gods." Then the people made sacrifices and gave offerings which served the purpose of expressing their love for all mothers when they worshipped the "Mother of Gods."

When Christianity was introduced this pagan worship was abandoned for the elevated form of mother reverence. It was the custom for the faithful to visit the churches in which they were baptized and brought up, bearing gifts to the altar. This in itself grew to a form of Mother's Day, when once a year the sons and daughters visited their mothers bearing simple gifts which expressed the honor and reverence which they had for their mothers. One can readily imagine the joy and delight which the performance of this simple duty gave to the mothers and children.

After all what can equal a mother's earth. The love that enables the mother to make a sacrifice for her children. To wash, scrub, iron and slave her life away to make something of her children. The love that will cause mothers to live in want and poverty, to go without food and clothing, to do without many things that they really need in order that John or Mary might have an education, that son or daughter might some day be something in this world. Many times the child fulfills the heart's desire of the mother, many times the son or daughter makes a name to be proud of. Then the old mother who has labored in poverty may point to this leading man or woman of the nation and say, "That's my boy, or my girl. I labored and slaved to give them an education and now I am proud of them. I count myself doubly paid for all the work I ever did. I feel repaid for going without clothing when I needed it in order to keep them in school."

What can equal a mother's love? There is in this cold and hollow world no other fount of deep strong, deathless love like that within a mother's heart. A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age, and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek or silvered his brow, who can yet recall with softened heart the fond devotions of the best friend that God ever gave us. A mother's love is like a guiding star, sending out its beacon of love and hope to that erring child wherever he may be. Never is man so far from home, never has he tried to break ties of love and friendship, but that some time he will feel the effects of his mother's prayers and love reach out to him. Fathers may fall him, brothers and sisters may desert him, but still a mother's heart is true. Still mother cannot believe that he is all bad. Very truly did Montgometry say: "A mother's love? A noble, pure and tender flame, enkindled from above. To bless a heart of earthly mold; the warmest love that can't grow cold—this is a mother's love."

The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character, makes the being who would be a savage but for her gentle cares a Christian man. Who has the influence of a mother? Who is able to fashion and mold the character of the coming generations as the mothers? In the mother's hands is the future of the world, and it is for the mothers to determine what the future is to be. Whether the world, and it is for the mothers to determine what the future is to be. Whether the world shall continue to grow in power, civilization and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ or whether the future is to be sullied and black. God grant that woman suffrage will give to woman-kind that knowledge which its pro-

moters said it would—a better, fuller and deeper knowledge of the world so that mothers will be more able to rear their children to combat the evils which now confront us. A good mother is the next best thing to heaven, it is said, and how true it is. What does the world owe to its good mothers? It owes its Washingtons, its Wilsons, its Franklins, and all men who have shone out like stars in heaven in the history of the world. It owes its missionary martyrs who have gladly placed their lives on the altar of God to save the world from sin; the men who have struggled and toiled and preached and prayed and died in the depths of Africa and other heathen nations that the world might be prepared for the coming of the Lord; the men who have led, in the professions and trades, who have given up everything to discover something of benefit to mankind—all this does the world owe to good mothers. But a sully on motherhood are the bad mothers. A bad woman is the worst thing on earth, it is said. What does the world owe to its bad mothers? It owes its bums and its thieves, its dirty, filthy tenement districts in its big cities, its red light districts, and all that tend to disgrace a city. The woman who has borne a child but without a spark of motherhood in her is a menace to our nation. She it is who is the mother of our thieves, our murderers and our lawbreakers.

God could not be everywhere, therefore He made mothers. A mother is the best thing on earth—a good mother—one to guide a boy's or girl's footsteps through life, to shape and fashion the young lives that as they grow older they might shine out like stars in heaven to proclaim to the world the greatness and glory of mothers. A mother was placed on earth, it seems to me, to take the place of God, to point out to the erring ones the road to heaven and finally in the world beyond. Mothers should test in the arms of Jesus and receive their just reward. Boys and girls, make the most of your mothers while you have them. Don't let them want for anything that it is in your power to give them. Don't snap them off crossly when things don't suit you. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days might be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee". Our God in His ten commandments gives four to tell our duty to God, six others to tell our duty to our fellow-man. The first of the six is our duty to father and mother. Even God placed duty to parents first after duty to God. Don't after you have gone to mother during your childhood for pity, cheer and encouragement, don't when you grow up and become successful in business, leave poor old mother to battle alone for a living or to go to the poor house. There is a beautiful story of a forsaken mother. An old woman was in a depot with a pass to the poorhouse. She missed the 3:20 train and had to wait until 1:05 a. m. for the next train. When the day agent left, he cautioned the night agent to see that the old lady was comfortable. But no sooner was the day agent gone than the night agent stretched out on the table and went to sleep.

But to tell it in the words of the author. "The fire had gone down, it was a cold night and the wind howled dimly outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows on the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked. She had risen from her seat, and oh, the look of agony on the poor pinched face.

"I can't believe it! I can't. My babies! then, and how often have they said to me, 'I love you mama,'—and now, oh God! they've turned against me. Where am I going—to the poorhouse! No! No! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking on her knees she sobbed out in prayer, "Oh God, spare me this and take me home; oh God, spare me this disgrace, spare me!"

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then after twelve o'clock someone entered the station with the brightest light I had ever seen. It seemed to fill the place full of glory. I could see the person was a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her on the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. He said, "Tis train time, ma'am; come!"

She whispered, "I am ready." "Then give me your pass, ma'am." She handed him a worn old book which he took and from it read aloud, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready? Come." Oh, don't treat a mother like that after she has toiled and slaved all through life for you. Give her a happy ending to her days—free to do as she wishes. Don't neglect mother.

If you have a gray-haired mother, in an old home far away, Sit down and write her a letter; don't put it off from day to day.

If you have a tender message or a loving word to say. Don't wait until you forget it, but whisper it today. Don't wait until her weary feet reach heaven's pearly gate. But show her that you think of her before it is too late. Be good to mother. Even He that died upon the cross for us, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death was mindful of His mother as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought, the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight to heaven. Following the example of Christ. Accept the love which mother is eager to pour out for you, for the mother's love is that which points the nation to heaven, that by which the nations of earth are kept from savagery and led to Christ. God grant that the United States will be given good mothers—mothers fit to rear children to fear God, to keep His commandments and to lead our nation victoriously in this and all coming time. —By Roscoe C. Medlin, North Carolina Christian Advocate.

Uncommon Sense By JOHN BLAKE

SWELLED HEADS

YOU will find victims of swelled heads on every bench in the park, in every bread line, in every poorhouse, in every jail.

It is an easily communicable and a dandy disease. The only cure for it is a severe jolt, and sometimes it is the remedy that success is made of.

Remember that a little success is often easily come by. Sometimes it is due almost wholly to luck. Sometimes it follows advancement through favoritism, which is probably the worst thing that can happen to anybody.

In any event, no success can survive a swelled head.

If in the early years of your career you find yourself well ahead of the fellows who started with you, look out. You have still a long way to travel.

If you are satisfied with yourself, be sure you will never get any better. And if you don't get any better you will soon begin to go back.

Authority cannot safely be entrusted to any man till he shows that his head will not be affected by it.

Once let him begin to make bad use of it, to domineer, and to bully, and he might as well bid any further progress good-by.

Remember always that big men never get the swelled head, or if they do get a slight attack they soon recover.

If you have begun to think that you are "going pretty well thank you," and to pity the poor devils who are not as bright as you are, stop and take stock.

Don't think about the men you have passed, but about the men who have passed you. Consider the important men of your acquaintance, and of history.

Read their biographies, and note how they continually struggled to make themselves capable of bigger and better work. There is no time to get a swelled head when a man is really going up. It is the chap who stops to admire himself who falls victim to conceit.

If you are as great a man as Lincoln, as Shakespeare, as Napoleon, puff and strut all you please. But the chances are you are not. And until you are perfectly sure that you are, keep on trying. The study of big men will give you less time to admire yourself, and thereby save you from a malady that is absolutely fatal to any important success.

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Homes in America. The total number of homes in the United States, not including homes on farms, was 17,600,000 in the year 1920, according to figures recently issued by the census bureau at Washington. Of this number 7,195,000, or 40.9 per cent, were owned by their occupants, and of these 2,835,000, or 39.7 per cent, were mortgaged. The total amount of these mortgages is estimated by the bureau to be \$9,000,000,000, while the total value of the homes is placed at \$4,000,000,000. The ratio of the indebtedness to the value is 42.6 per cent.



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He Who Signs Must MAKE GOOD

A responsible man puts his name to a piece of paper and it becomes a check—the equivalent of money.

He signs his name on another piece of paper and it becomes an endorsed note—good for money.

The adding of the name makes things solemn and legal obligations.

The man who signs is responsible.

Just so with an advertisement—the moment a man signs his name to it he has made a pledge to the public.

He is bound by his word as much as if he signed a check or note. He must do what he promised on the terms he promised.

If he does not, he courts business disaster. The man who advertises a lie publicly proclaims himself a liar. Such men are seldom in business but frequently in asylums.

It is safer to buy advertised articles than nondescriptive ones. It is safer to deal with merchants who advertise than with those who do not.

An advertisement is a signed pledge of good faith to the public.

See the merchants and manufacturers who welcome the chance to back their goods and products with their names "In Our Home Town."

PASSING A GOOD THING ALONG

Cooperation is the Big Idea in Modern Industry—Team Work is the thing that counts. —Elbert Hubbard.

Cooperate locally. Advertise your merchandise and your local district, with special sale days. Or, at least, if you are really red-blooded American with live interests in the local welfare at large and want to keep the trade at home—Advertise in your local papers and have faith in local advertisements.

Herbert Kaufman says: "When you lose faith in yourself, or your business, your main spring has run down, the rest of the work is useless."

Give us a month contract in advertising your merchandise. You'd do one or all of these things—You pass, a good thing along. There's no other advertising like it.

One month of advertising in the DEMOCRAT will bring results far above your expectations.

The Watauga Democrat SINCE 1888

50 GOOD CIGARETTES 10¢ GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO