

TARHEEL TATTLE

By Carl William Bailey

A Small Tarheel Opines. Say there, Mister Snow Maker, Quit your foolin' 'roun', Open up and let your flakes Jus' come a-tumblin' down, It's no fun to snow the lan' An' not enough to make a man!

Don't send it down just in dribs To make the worl' look white; The way you waste the snow now Is somethin' of a sight, It's no fun to snow the lan' An' not enough to make a man!

Keep all your flakes together— Jus' hol' 'em in your han'— Till you can get enough of 'em For one to make a man, It's no fun to snow the lan' An' not enough to make a man!

Ask Paul and "Red," They Know. The Gillette Blade cuts in this way:

"She sat and gazed into his eyes, He touched her snow-white cheek; Oh, he was fair to look upon And she was svelte and chic, He ran his fingers through her curls Until her scalp all tingled, For he was but a barber and Her hair was being shingled."

Signs of the Times. The person you meet with the smug, complacent expressions on their wind-swept countenances are those who swear by the ground hog sign.—Greensboro News.

Owing to the ground hog sign, we have more bad weather ahead.—Bess Chapel Correspondent, Cherryville Eagle.

Enough is Enough. Editor Jesse Daniel Boone, of the Carolina Mountaineer, strikes the right tune when he sings:

"We want to hear the birdies sing; Doggone the luck, we long for Spring, We're tired of shivering, tired of ice, And year for warmth as balm and spice, We've had enough of cold and frost, Enough of coal and firewood cost; Enough of frozen pipes and such; Enough, a plenty, yes, much too much."

A Secret of the Woodshed. The Asheville Times finds that "the trouble with the growing boys of today is that there is no woodshed where they may receive that training which is so essential to a proper development of respect for parental authority."

His Valentine. O! Man February's sprucin' up, A-lookin' sleek an' fine, Expectin' of Miss Springtime For to be his Valentine.

The Editor Leads The Way

THE Chief of the Division of Rural Schools, U. S. Bureau of Education, has a word to say in appreciation of what the country editor does for the schools:

The editor gives freely the use of his columns for the publication of all the news items relating to education in the territory covered by his publication. He leads the movement for the establishment of the county agricultural high school. He points the way to the school consolidation in sections of the county where several districts can unite to have one good school with high school grades. He voices the demand of the people of the outlying districts for modern school houses, for improved school methods, with better pay for teachers. He advocates the use of the schoolhouse as a community center where the people can get together, not only to talk over school progress but to discuss the many subjects relating to better farming. The editor is the best friend of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs which generally start in the schools, and will print any number of items about the best acre of corn, the best pig, the best chickens and the largest tomatoes raised by the club members. And all this is free.



AN ASSOCIATION of railroads maintain in the Capital City of the Nation what is known as the Bureau of Railway Economics, each paying their proportionate share towards its maintenance.

Its activities include the gathering of a large and valuable library, bearing upon all phases of railroad transportation, and the issuing of bulletins and statistical summaries, designed to present a national picture of railroads, their operation, and costs.

The railroads contributing to the support of this institution, through it enabled to understand what all railroads are doing, and get a complete vision of national railroad operation, find it a most valuable adjunct to their business.

Such an organization is needed in that other growing and vitally important transportation field, the highway world. For highways are rapidly becoming much more than mere connecting links between farm and town, city and country, over which the farmer drives his grain and pigs, and hauls his household supplies. With the increase of the automobile as a passenger carrier and the truck as a means of freight transportation, the highway is coming to take its place in the Nation, not as a secondary system, but as a primary or arterial transport system, which will, in a few short years, rival the railroads in tonnage, if not in speed.

A Bureau of Highway Traffic Economics will enable all road planners, and road organizations to function more perfectly, make more progress, save more money, and use roads more efficiently.

"But who will do it?" The Nation must do it. Its need is but one more argument for the establishment of a policy of national highway building, and national road using, by which the National Government will not only build, pay for, and forever maintain a system of national roads, but will, through some organization laid down along similar lines to the Bureau of Railway Economics, make it possible for all highway users to employ these roads with the greatest economy and efficiency.

A Definition Of America

RABBI ABBA SILVER, giving his definition of America in an address before a recent convention, said the following, which can be worthily clipped and put away: "To me America is infinitely more than an aggregate of 110,000,000 men; to me America is all that the submerged races of the world wish to be and cannot; to me America is the concrete realization of what the ages have hoped for and labored for. That was my definition I gave to them."

"It is a definition. It is a creed. It is a challenge. God built a continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold. He carpeted it with soft rolling prairies and pillared it with thundering mountains. He studded it with flowering fountains and traced it with long winding streams. He graced it with deep shadowed forests and filled them with song.

"Then He called unto a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift of hope. The glow of adventure was in their eyes and the glory of hope within their souls. And out of the labor of men and the bounty of earth, out of the prayers of man and the hopes of the world, God fashioned a nation in love, blessed it with a purpose sublime and called it America!"—Charlotte News.

Andrew Carnegie on one occasion was asked which he considered the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains. Carnegie quickly replied, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"—Judge.

Give your farm a name and register it according to law. In article 4, chapter 77, of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina, can be found the law governing the registration of farm names, say extension workers of the State College.

"Do you raise poultry?" "I wouldn't go so far as to say that. But I have a few chickens."

RESULT of PARENT NOT BACKING TEACHER

(The Kings Mountain Herald)

FOR the third time in ten years this tale of woe the Herald retells. Some fifteen years ago the editor was riding along a country road in Duplin County in company with a young dentist. We were drawing up to a rail fence which surrounded a ten acre field in the midst of which stood a small farm house. The old country road was rough and muddy and rooty and holey and we joggled along in a rubber-tired buggy behind an old yellow mare and talked about matters as they suggested themselves.

"You see that old house over there in the field," asked the dentist, and I answered in the affirmative. "That has a tragedy connected with it," he continued. Then he went on to tell about it. Here is about the sum and substance of what the doctor said: Once that was a fairly happy home. The father and mother and little son tended the little farm and milked the cow and had a simple living. In winter the fond parents sent the little boy to school and were proud of him. One night the son returned from school all puffed up and with a scowl upon his face and proceeded to tell the parents that the teacher had treated him very wrongly and had whipped him. At this the father became enraged and told the boy that he would see the teacher and give him a whipping and that he would not go back to that school again.

This suited the boy. Some years later the boy had grown to young manhood and was hanged over here at the county seat and inside of a year both father and mother were dead of a broken heart and here is what broke their hearts: As the son stood upon the gallows to have his last say before the treadle was sprung he pointed his finger directly at his father and told him that he was to blame. He reminded him of the incident of the whipping at the school and how his father had taken sides with him against the teacher and stopped him from school. "That's when you ruined me," charged the criminal who was to die for the killing of a fellow man. "I thought that you would always take my part and I determined to do as I pleased after that." Then the young man told all present that they could not always do as they pleased when they pleased to do wrong. The criminal wound up his speech by again charging his father with his crime and dating it back to the school episode. "And," the doctor continued, "in a year both parents had died of grief." Indeed the father was a party to the crime.

If the parents don't back up the school teachers in maintaining discipline we will certainly raise a generation of bolsheviks and anarchists.

FAT MAN'S CORNER

"The rapidly increasing divorce rate," remarked the newcomer, "proves that America is fast becoming the land of the free." "Yes," said his friend, "but the continuance of the marriage rates shows that it is still the home of the brave."—West Virginian Wesleyan Phraos.

It was reported yesterday that Sheriff Williams, whose case was to come up following the Willard case, was ill at his home with influenza. Whether the Sheriff's illness is serious is not known.—Ringston (N. C.) Morning News.

Coed—Your new overcoat is rather loud. Frosh—It's all right when I put on a muffler.—Mt. Union Dynamo.

First Student—"Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home with you?" Second Student—They ought to. I argued with them for a whole hour about it.—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

"Say, ain't you de feller vat I met in Philadelphia?"

"Philadelphia? I ain't never been dere." "Vell, neider have I. I guess it must have been two odder fellers."—Colgate Banties.

Edith—Dick, dear, your office is in State Street, isn't it?

Dick—Yes, why?

Edith—That's what I told papa. He said such a funny mistake about you yesterday. He said he'd been looking you up in Philadelphia.

the publication of this paper is not responsible for the loss due to any account and subscription necessary not to be made in flames!

Fifty million dollars in bankrupty when the State spent over fifty millions for good roads in 1921. But this fifty millions, and the additional fifteen millions authorized by the 1923 legislature have proven the most profitable money expended by the State in many years. It is showing handsome returns in all parts of the State.

Can North Carolina continue to waste such a sum! The Insurance Department thinks not. Many of the State's citizens think not. When all her citizens think not, it can be greatly reduced.

THINGS THE SCOUT WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN MURPHY AND CHEROKEE COUNTY

In Murphy: An active Board of Trade or Chamber of Commerce. More Manufacturing Industries. New Passenger Stations—A Union Station. More Improved Streets. Regular Library Hours. A Reading Club.

In Cherokee County: A System of County Roads Supplementing the State Highways. More and Better Cattle Raising and Dairying. More Fruit Growing. Scientific Poultry Raising.

The Emancipator of the White Man

THE anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln must necessarily call to mind the supreme struggle through which the nation passed during the early sixties of the last century when "the rail splitter" was guiding the destinies of this nation. The "Great Emancipator," he is called for having set the black man free; but paradoxical as it may seem, his greatest achievement, no doubt, was the freeing of the white man of the South—freeing him by taking away the slaves from him so that he would have no work.

It is strange to some on first thought. But is it not through effort that man accomplishes, that man realizes his powers and really comes into his own? Following the war, England resorted to a system of financial aid to the unemployed. She has recently brought forth this comment from Sir Arthur Balfour: "Our system put a premium on pauperism. Men got out of the habit of working. It was supposed to give them something for nothing, but instead it robbed them of their manhood. It did more to debas. English character than anything I know of in history."

Wherever men get something for nothing as they think, they are paying the highest price possible for it, for they are giving their souls for the things which they think they are getting for nothing," says the Lecturers Record.

They tell us that the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands in the tropical regions exert less energy to make a living than other people on the globe and actually have advanced less rapidly in civilization than any other people. They can grow the tropical fruits, herbs and roots without the year, and these require no attention or attention. Someone has said that the inhabitants can lie in a hammock under the shade of a tree and dig potatoes with their hands while they pull bananas off the tree with their hands. Yet these people, who have so much leisure, have done less in the scale of civilization than any other people in the world.

Conclusion must be one necessarily drawn from these facts? Too much leisure is good for an individual or a nation. It rots civilization. It destroys the soul. It destroys the power and strength of a nation.

to exist in the country would have the privilege of