

### Between You and Me

"Common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense."

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

#### Keeping Up With Life

"When you turn a sudden corner and meet yourself a goin' the other way it's plumb certain that one of you is a headin' the wrong direction"—preachin' Bill.

YES, I know . . . But you are not so different from the rest of us. Most of us are bothered more or less because the world is so much older today than it was yesterday.

No matter how hard we try to keep up we seem to be always behind. We are always wishing Life would wait a minute. If Life would only stand still we might catch up with it.

But Life doesn't stand still; it never has and never will. And from start to finish Life always leads. Ride ourselves as hard as we may—lay on the whip of necessity, ply the spurs of ambition—Life runs always more than a length ahead. Mr. Casual Observer says: "There are a few fast ones nowadays." But the fastest steppers that ever raced on the track of time ran always at the tail of Life. Catch up with Life? Never! I tell you, it is impossible. The race is fixed. Why, we can't even catch up with ourselves.

And, between you and me, it may be a good thing that the race is fixed for Life to win. I guess it is a good thing, too, that we can't even catch up with ourselves. I don't know about you, but speaking for myself I have more than a suspicion that if I ever should succeed in catching up with myself I would be sure to make one jump too many and leave myself behind.

Yes, the world is older than it was when our great-grandparents were training us for our race with the variety and the quality of the male and female human vegetable is wholly a matter of culture.

Of course, one must start with good seed. The ground in which the seed is planted must be right.

And we must not overlook cultivation. Culture and cultivation are very nearly twins.

Is there anything sadder to see than the men and women who might have been? People whose minds are filled with selfish, cruel, obscene, vicious thoughts, and whose indecent tastes would shame any red, yellow, black or brown savage, are not cultured.

They, may speak seven languages, or write books about nothing at all, in passable English, or be at home in the social capitals of the world, but if their minds, morals and tastes are those of degenerates they are not cultured.

Verily, it is better to think in one language than to be thoughtless in several.

There is an ambition for you. To be the author of an advanced civilization!

Life. Touching some things the world is wiser. For instance, we are beginning to understand that training for the race with Life actually does begin with the several-times-great-grandparents of the entrant.

When our understanding of this truth reaches the point where we can remember our forefathers without forgetting our grandchildren we will have arrived somewhere in, what our doctors of esthetics call culture.

What our doctors of medicine mean when they speak of culture is sometimes something else—and sometimes not so different.

You know the old saying: "People who are content to rest their claims to recognition upon their ancestors are like potatoes: the best part of them is underground."

Oh, yes, certainly, I agree that it is good to know the name of the ship that brought our great-great-great-ones over. I am merely trying to say if we do not keep a sharp lookout for our descendants will be wondering what we came over in, where we came from, and why.

So far as I am informed Life moves in one direction only: straight ahead. There seems to be no reverse gear, no brakes and no way of stopping. Everything must move forward on the road which Life travels, or drop out—human things not excepted.

Those silly folk who persist in wearing their head-lights where their tail-lights ought to be, always make trouble for themselves and others.

No, you simply cannot make better time by wearing your tail-light in front and your head-light behind.

But there are some things about which the world knows no more today than it did when it lived in a cave, dressed in skins and ate its meat raw. Yes, and between you and me, these things of which the world can never know more than it has always known are the only things which are worth bothering about.

We are moved today by the same passions which moved us at the beginning of Life. We are subjected to the same temptations which tried us in the Garden of Eden. We follow the same instincts and work to the same end as when we were wriggling around in the mud trying to make a living in early Paleozoic times. Physically, mentally, spiritually the real needs of the world are the same this year as they were forty or fifty million years ago.

Somewhere to live, something to eat, a mate, something to think about, something to do, God to worship—these things we have always had; these things we must always have. But the houses we live in, the manner of our cooking, our ideas of mating, the things we think about and do, the forms of our worship—these all have changed from age to age.

A prehistoric cave, a mud hut, a cliff dwelling, a castle, a palace, a farmhouse, a city apartment, hotels; these all have been evolved by man's unchanging need of somewhere to live.

Hunger is hunger—the same today as in the beginning—the same in every land, every language, every social plane.

The time was when we mated to establish homes. I will leave it for you to say what the prevailing ideas of mating are these days and where they are likely to lead us.

A long, long time ago—before Hunt was governor of Arizona—a tangled-haired, low-browed, bewhiskered person sat in a cave and with a sharp bit of flint scratched something on the bone of a prehistoric animal. The something which our ancient friend scratched on the flat bone was meant to tell how he chased and killed the critter that supplied the bone, and how he felt about it. It didn't amount to much from the viewpoint of the art editor. But just the same it was the beginning of Art. The succeeding ages have brought paints, brushes, canvas, paper, printer's ink, printing presses, and all such things to replace the sharp flint and the flat bone. But the need of expression which is the genesis of Art is still the same. The real artist of today still sits in his cave and tries to put down what he has seen and felt.

Through unnumbered ages the forms of worship have changed with the changing conceptions of Deity, but man's need to worship has remained the same. The outward and visible trappings of religion have changed as Life has gone forward and man has followed Life but God is still the God of our beginning.

Very well, we will talk about Christianity, if you wish—some other time. Just now we are thinking about keeping up with Life. I am trying to say that we can live successfully only by following Life—by which I mean conforming in thought and habit to the changes which Life, as it goes forward, demands; and that we shall most miserably perish if we fail to recognize, through all our changes, those elements of our being which are unchangeable.

Exactly. That is the idea. The changes which Life demands are like the colors assumed by a chameleon. When Mr. Chameleon migrates, or advances in education, or strides forward in science, or climbs up the social ladder, or betters his position, or becomes the head of the firm, Mr. Chameleon simply changes his make-up. He does not change himself. No chameleon ever became an alligator by changing his color from brown to green.

Through all his color changes Mr. Chameleon remains the same old chameleon. And don't you see; if he did not change his make-up he would not be a chameleon.

That poor chameleon who found himself on a Scotch plaid and died doing his best, was simply trying to keep up with Life.

He was not unfortunate because he was a chameleon—his misfortune was due to whatever circumstance it was that landed him on the Scotch plaid. He blew up because he was trying to live as no mere chameleon should live. Perhaps if he had moved to a quieter neighborhood—or found friends in a different set—or been content with a million or two less he might have lived to enjoy old age.

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**Boss Was Reading**  
While cleaning out an old desk in the office the secretary of a local business man ran across several Nick Carter books. Puzzled as to where they came from, she asked the boss. He gave a startled look as she uttered the question, and hastily dismissed it with a grunt. "I don't know, throw 'em away." She complied with his order and nothing more was said.

That night the secretary left the office and had almost reached home when she discovered that her purse was missing. Hurriedly she retraced her steps back to the office and to her surprise found the door unlocked. She entered quietly and looked around. There, with his feet cocked up on a desk and puffing away at a cigar, was the boss, eagerly devouring one of the books she had been ordered to throw away.—Springfield Union.

**Environment and Character**  
Environment is not the last word in human life; it does not spell our fate. Character is wrought to finest quality in spite of untoward conditions, and often is majestic in its scorn of circumstance. Were it otherwise, the galaxy of genius would not shine so brightly in the firmament of life. The best environment on record, the Garden of Eden, was not (so the theologians tell us) eminently fruitful.—Glasgow Herald.

### BYRD PARTY

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radio towers and a great pole flying the flag of our nation. A main executive office in which a laboratory, a high-powered radio station and the medical department are located, occupies the largest of the group of nine buildings comprising "Little America." A bunk house, a machine shop and a generator house; a second bunk house, three airplane sections for safe housing of aircraft, and a magnetism observatory, make up the balance of the Byrd main base camp. Russell Owen, in telling of the base camp just before its construction on the Ross Ice Shelf, writes: "It will be a snug home, though somewhat confined; a home buried in the snow while the wind howls in darkness and the aurora plays overhead." The camp, "Little America," is typical of Commander Byrd's genius for detail and his everlasting concern for those who assist him in his perilous exploration work.

Even the inaugural work undertaken in New York bore the evidence of Commander Byrd's master hand of leadership. A review of all of the phases of the expedition thus far gives every indication of infinite care and precision, coupled with a business-like execution.

**Expedition Outfitted for Two Years**  
It is difficult to visualize the perfection of detail that characterized the outfitting of this expedition. Plans were made for a lengthy voyage . . . thought was given to each minute bit of the equipment and the supplies that were taken along. Three ships were manned; eighty men were outfitted for two years of rigorous Antarctic weather; base camps were designed, built, and packed in the holds of the supply ships. Special furniture was made . . . comfortable, yet practical from every conceivable angle of convenience, and such that it would occupy the minimum amount of space. There were tests conducted for the portable houses that were to shelter the expedition when it reached the Great Ice Barrier in the Ross Sea, for these shelters had to be the least cumbersome . . . the most compact . . . procurable, yet they had to be sturdy in order to withstand the Antarctic climate for two long years. Then there were medical supplies for emergencies that are always certain to arise during such a dangerous undertaking. There were things that had to go with these men to help while away long hours of solitude . . . games, cards, a phonograph, a player-piano, radio receivers and transmitters with which to keep in touch with the outside world. But most important of all was the food supply which was to last these eighty men for the two perilous years of the expedition!

**Experts for Every Phase of Work**  
Commander Byrd was careful to select experts to handle every phase of his two years of exploratory work in the frozen wastes of the Great Antarctic. It took months for him to assemble his crew and his staff of scientists . . . and as a result, each man, no matter what his particular calling, was an expert in his own field.

From a long list of applicants, Commander Byrd selected Sydney Greason to assume the duties of Chief Steward. To him fell the responsibility of provisioning the expedition. It was he who had to compute the amount of supplies that would be necessary to last for the length of this great adventure. There must be no room for doubt . . . no possible error could be rectified down in the icy wastes of the Ross Sea . . . and food was the very backbone of the expedition! To provide such a large group of men with food needs for over two years, so planned as to insure the maintenance of health under extraordinary and precarious conditions, was a task which demanded thorough commissarial knowledge, and an accurate and complete understanding of dietetics as well. Dr. Francis Coman, of Johns Hopkins University, medical director of the expedition, worked with Mr. Greason in preparing the two year food supply for the Polar Party. To these two men fell the responsibility of equipping the expedition with the food necessary for the entire two year stay in the Antarctic.

**Weeks of Exacting Coffee Tests**  
A particularly careful, and an altogether remarkable test, was given to coffee. It is coffee that Byrd's men are to depend upon so much to ward off the chill of Antarctic temperature. Numerous brands of coffee were tested in the very earliest days of preparation, and both Dr. Coman and Mr. Greason selected Bokar as the best. The initial tests led to the selection of six brands of coffee for the final decision, and these brands were subjected to an even more stringent test.

Five pounds of each of these brands of loose coffee were placed in the sun on the roof of the Biltmore for four weeks during the very hottest of summer weather . . . then put in cold storage, open, and left in a temperature of from ten to twenty degrees below zero for another four weeks. The coffee was then ground and tested, and it was found that Bokar alone had retained its flavor! A severe test, this . . . but coffee that was to cross the equator, with its terrific heat, and yet retain its flavor when subjected to the intense cold of the Antarctic, had to meet it . . . successfully! To quote Mr. Greason's own words, Bokar was chosen for the expedition because they "had to have the best!" . . . and Bokar undeniably topped all the rest. The "City of New York" was stocked with enough coffee to brew 150,000 cups . . . two and one-half tons of the steaming beverage that will play so important a part in fitting these eighty intrepid men to face the rigors of Antarctic weather.

**Baked Beans—A Chief Item of Diet**  
The good old army ration, baked beans, was selected as one of the mainstays of the Byrd Antarctic diet. Ten thousand pounds of Quaker Maid

Beans sailed under the Byrd banner for New Zealand, and thence to the pole. And why not? Beans have unusual sustaining qualities . . . they can be kept indefinitely . . . packed easily . . . and take up comparatively little space aboard the ships. In the case of Quaker Maid Beans, it was not the nutritive standpoint alone that prompted their choice, but their appetizing taste . . . their delicious flavor . . . as well. And baked beans can be so easily packed and carried on dog-sleds, for the long trips of exploration from the base camps along the shores of the Ross Sea! Every food cache established around the base of supplies is well-provisioned with this important staple.

Never in history has an exploration party been so perfectly equipped . . . so ideally protected to withstand any and every emergency of their hazardous expedition! And never, we might add, has such a party been manned by more hardened, more experienced explorers! Many of the men of the Antarctic Expedition were with Commander Byrd on his trip to the North Pole. Well do they recall the long hours spent in hard work; the severe nights, with the arctic winds howling about their camps! Well do they know the necessity for the very best in equipment and supplies . . . and they are enthusiastic in their praise of the outfitting of the present expedition!

From Tebo Yacht Basin, where she lay at anchor during the long weeks of preparation, the "City of New York" put in at Hoboken for final inspection before her triumphant sailing from New York harbor in the heat of an Indian summer day. The "Eleanor Bolling," the ice-breaker which carried much of the scientific equipment for the Polar party, sailed a few weeks later, and with his first two ships safely under sail, Commander Byrd crossed the continent to California, where the old whaling vessel, "Larsen," awaited him. The first leg of the perilous journey was actually under way!

**To Pierce Veil of Mysterious Antarctic**  
What the Byrd Antarctic Expedition will actually accomplish is a matter of conjecture . . . but assuredly the results will be well worth even the arduous task of preparation . . . the hazards of the voyage itself. At this very moment, down at the bottom of the world, scientists are securing scientific data, and conducting research which will serve, it is hoped, to definitely establish the truths of a great many theories pertaining to this vast region of the South Pole. It is believed that from this region come the winds and air currents which are decided factors in our climatic changes and weather conditions. Already, too, these explorers have discovered that the spot where they are encamped, in "Little America," is very probably and definitely a land formation, since the bearings taken by Scott so many years ago are still accurate, and prove almost conclusively the presence of mountainous region in the vicinity.

Perhaps there will be more land to claim for the United States; perhaps, when Commander Byrd and Harold June fly aloft in the "Floyd Bennett," over the icy stretches surrounding their camp, they will find lands rich in minerals . . . in gold, or silver, or in that precious, much-needed radium. Whatever the outcome . . . it's a glorious and courageous adventure!

**CUTTING BREAD THIN**  
"Oh, look at those huge, jagged slices of bread," almost sobbed the young matron as she surveyed her preliminary work to sandwich making for the afternoon bridge club. She had done her best, but the bread was fresh and refused to cut thin. She blamed the knife, but resharpening did not help. In apologizing for the "chunky" look of her sandwiches, one of her guests let her into a little secret which she now passes on to you. Even fresh bread can be cut in thin slices if one knows how. It is only necessary to heat the knife before starting to cut. Then the slices can be reduced to almost tissue paper thickness.—The Pathfinder.

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