

Between You and Me

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

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Boosting and Boosters

"There aint nothin' livin' in the woods what can make more fuss than a blue jay—an' there aint nothin' that anybody ever heard tell a blue jay was good for—cept to trim wimmen's bonnets, maybe."—Preachin' Bill.

YES, of course, one should always put one's best foot foremost. At the same time, when one essays a good long step ahead, one should be reasonably sure that one's hind foot is not stuck fast in the mud.

But speaking of boosters: There are several varieties of the genius hot-aircraft.

One of the most common is the kind that perches on the corral fence and flaps its wings and crows from sunup till sundown. Nobody knows exactly what all the commotion is about; nobody cares, except that it is annoying. We suspect that somebody has laid an egg or something, but we are dead sure that the bird making all the noise didn't. Perhaps some neighboring rooster may have remarked that their corral is larger than ours. Indeed, the noisy one, himself, doesn't appear to know exactly the reason for his excitement. He seems to have started his mouth to talking and then gone away and left it.

The most detestable of the boosting breed are the professionals. They are enthusiasm prostitutes selling themselves to every stranger who is unwise enough to fall for their charms.

One of these creatures lands in a community just before noon—in time to get himself invited to the Rotary, Kiwanis, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday club luncheon; and before the chamber of commerce banquet that evening he has sold the town to itself. In its delirium the town expresses its gratitude to the booster by delivering itself without reservation into his hands.

When the dust has settled the professional is well on his way to fresh fields. The citizens sober up to find themselves exactly where they were before, minus the expense of their boosting debauch.

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The slogan of the booster: "Put up your hammer and get a horn," aptly epitomizes the down-to-date philosophy of boosting.

It seems never to have occurred to these vociferating pests that the hammer is mainly a tool for building and that horns are mostly toys with which thoughtless and irresponsible children make a distracting racket.

Suppose we think a few things and see if we do not find that all glittering talk is not golden; and that, in fact, golden talk very seldom glitters.

Talk is disgustingly cheap when there is nothing to back it. I have never heard that a barnyard full of cackles ever raised the price of eggs.

Most of us who go broke get that way by spending not wisely but too well.

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Very different is the good citizen who honestly believes that his hometown has peculiar advantages, who sincerely loves his neighbors because he thinks they are the finest people in the world, and who, out of a full heart, wants others to share the community blessings which he so enjoys.

Such a booster is a delight and a simon pure asset to any community—providing—oh yes, providing, our boosting friend does not permit every butcher and baker and candlestick maker to use him and his unselfish enthusiasm to boost their individual and wholly selfish interests.

Many a wily old town spider sits back out of sight and unostentatiously urges these community interest heroes on, while it never occurs to the loyal boosters that all they are doing is to boost silly flies into the spider's carefully spread net.

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Oratory often goes "blah" for the simple reason that it is "blah." Talk is disgustingly cheap when there is nothing to back it. I have never heard that a barnyard full of cackles ever raised the price of eggs.

Between you and me, many a high-chested rooster who can crow right lustily at a chamber of commerce ban-

quet, contributes next to nothing toward the community omelette.

And the only argument ever advanced for all this extravagant and ridiculous community boosting is that there is money in it for everybody.

I agree that there may be money in it for some. But I contend if the money spent annually by the average boosting community for that type of boosting which convinces only credulous fools, were spent in substantial and genuine community improvements, the harvest would be abundant for all.

True, the harvest might not be in actual dollars that could be deposited in a bank. But there are community interests you know, which, while not directly bankable, are beyond price.

No, I am not so impractical as to ignore the universal need of bankable dollars. Bankable dollars are a great comfort—I wish I could make myself more comfortable!

The Teacher says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." It is just as true that a desire for money may be rooted in a sincere purpose to accomplish a great good.

But those mistaken saints who hold that we ought not to think of money, need not worry. We don't think about it, and therein lies two-thirds of our financial troubles. If we could only be persuaded to really think about money, money would not worry us much.

Money is of value not because it is money, but because it stands for all that is dearest and best in life. That it stands also for all that is debasing and damning makes no difference.

And so the great question of the age is not what you are, but what is your income? The great problem of life is not why are we here, but how can we manage to stay here? The great fear of our existence is not fear of death, but fear of notice from the bank that we have overdrawn. The fight to pay our bills, and the dread of the deadly deficit—these are the nightmares that keep us awake.

The red-ink tragedy is a very real tragedy—a tragedy in which most of us at one time or another have been forced to play a part. But chin music alone will never draw a large flock of dollars to your box office.

Too often we study our financial problems from the one standpoint of how to get money. At this date it appears that the shortest way out of our difficulties is to learn how to spend the money we do get. If a restaurant keeper were to invest all his capital in flowers to decorate his tables, his bill of fare would not attract a hungry crowd with cash to spend.

Most of us who go broke get that way by spending not wisely but too well.

Certainly, I know the old saying: "Doing business without advertising is like winking at your girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing but no one else will."

But advertising is not simply making any old thing sound attractive. Those leaders who rank high in business intelligence discovered long ago that the advertising which is 90 per cent lie is less than 10 per cent effective.

The salesman who is long on gab and short on truth loses more business than he gains. The selling talk that is based on a policy of hit-and-run rarely scores a second time on the same customer. The hook that is baited with guff lands only minnows. The fish are only attracted by more substantial bait. No hunter ever yet bagged big game with a blow-gun.

Once, when I was a boy, I worked in a store. And the boss explained to me that any fool could sell a customer something the customer wanted, but that it took a salesman to sell a person something the person did not want.

I am older now. And my years of painfully acquired experience, together with a habit of observation, have taught me that the one who sells a person that which the person does not want is the real fool.

In my young man days I had a friend who had a curious complex. He would rather acquire a silver dollar for which he gave nothing, than to gain a five dollar bill for which he had rendered five dollars' worth of service. He seemed to feel that to give nothing for something was a mark of superior intelligence. He was never so happy and proud as when he had just, as he said, "gypped" somebody.

Well, I have watched that man's progress through all the best years of his life and I never knew the time when he was not dependent, in one way or another, upon friends or relatives. He is practically a beggar to day, existing on charity. No one will trust him for a meal. He is forced to sponge even his cigarettes. All of which would be torture to a self-respecting person; but, of course, self-respect long ago ceased to count for anything to this miserable failure.

And this man was the most convincing booster I ever heard. To him boosting was a fine art. He could, would, and did boost anything for anybody, at any time.

Of course it was often best for him to be somewhere else when the sticks of his skyrocket began to come down!

All his life, you see, this man has tried to do business; on the plan of talking people into giving something for nothing. In the end he has for all his efforts—nothing.

Some say that a knock is a boost. Perhaps—but I am still of the opinion that if we could knock some of these reckless, unprincipled, shameless nineteen twenty-eight variety of boosters dead, we would all do a better business.

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Bell's School News

All of the Bell's teachers went home for the Thanksgiving holidays, except Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bigger, staff, who spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jeffords at Lamar, S. C.

The following pupils succeeded in making the honor roll for the third month:

FIRST GRADE—Thomas Goodwin, Milton Seymour, Marie Thraikill, Genevieve Barbee, Annie Clark, Edna Knowles, Violet Overton, Hazel McCoy, Rachel Oakley.

SECOND GRADE—Edith Diggs, Catherine Bennett, Bessie Mae Council, Pauline Mangum, Florence Perry, Edith Shepherd, Virgie Horton, Lester Howard, Bruton Morgan, Frank McCoy, Charles Wimberly.

THIRD GRADE—Dixie Brown, Nellie Bennett, Susie Mangum, Allen Bryan, Otis Council, James Horton, Marion Merritt, Edd Oakley, Bernice Horton.

FOURTH GRADE—Maurice Kirkland, Jack Mangum, Sam Martin, Leslie McNeil, Alma Mitchell, Mary Scott.

FIFTH GRADE—Roy Gardner, Marie Horton, W. T. Brown, Hazel Melton, Jessie Morgan.

EIGHTH GRADE—Mary Lee McNeil.

NINTH GRADE—Vada Goodwin. TENTH GRADE—Lois Horton.

Chinese Children Have No Christmas

Shanghai, China, Oct. 30, 1929.

Dear Editor, Christmas is coming before long when people feel as much like children as they ever do, and think as much about them, so let me tell you a bit about my kiddy "Chinks" and my work among them.

Soon after coming to China I went with a missionary to see an idol temple. The missionary preached to the Buddhist priests. They didn't seem impressed with the Message. The missionary said to me, "There is not much hope for these old priests. They are confirmed idol-worshippers." I was surprised at his remark, feeling God's Holy Spirit could convert even the hardest priests. Leaving the temple we had to pass thro a great gatehouse. In it were four huge idol "gatekeepers," fierce, savage, ugly, with hands up-raised ready to strike any who might displease them. They did strike terror into a little child whose mother was bringing it into the temple to worship. As we were passing by the little one was screaming with fright; but the mother put the wee one's hands up and made it go thro the acts of worship in spite of its terror.

Then I realized why the Chinese were confirmed idolaters. They are taught to worship idols even when babies. And I saw that our hope of winning China was not in preaching to the priests, tho that must not be neglected; but was in getting the children. So, as soon as I could talk Chinese and a missionary lady suggested starting a Ragged Sunday School for the street kiddies not far from her home, I was ready to help. She asked the dairyman if we could have it in his shed. He consented, so we began our first Ragged S. S. Crowds of little people came. How they did delight to sing, "Ya-su-ai-no" (Jesus Loves Me). Many of that cow-shed Sunday School came to love Jesus and became useful members in the church.

When I came to Shanghai, and went about preaching, children a plenty were on the streets. I remember that Sunday School and wanted these "yaller" people to have the same joys. I rented a room and started a Sunday School with no pupils! I stood inside and sang, "Jesus Loves Me." Children came to the door. I was glad and said, "Come in." The kiddies ran for home as fast as their legs could carry them! They had heard that foreigners use eyes and heart of Chinese children to make medicine for Western children. I sang again and big people came to listen. The wee ones took courage and peeped in. I talked of Jesus and His love for little and big people, and gave the kiddies gards, asked them to come again and bring their friends and I would give them all cards. Next Sunday ten came and the next 20 then 40 and soon my small room was full of "Brownies." They learned to sing and liked to sing and we literally sang the Gospel into their hearts. Now Jesus has lost of little friends in Shanghai. They do not run from me any more; but run to me shouting, "Jesus man coming," and grasping my fingers, lead me to the Sunday School.

I wish you could know my wee Brownies. I am sure you would love them as I do. Every Christmas I try to give them a jolly time, friends at home sending me money for their treat. Christmas is not far away and I am already getting ready for the glad day. No Chinese kiddies will hang up their stockings and no home will have a Christmas tree. Christmas will be cold and bare for millions of kiddies; but I like to bring brightness into the lives of more than 800 of my Brownies. They will delight as much in some foolish little toy as some grown-ups at home do in a motor car. When they receive the gifts their eyes sparkle and they say a sweet "Zai-zai Noong"—Thank, thank you. It pays in joy of giving and who knows how many little heart will be opened to God's big Gift thro these little gifts. (Enclosed Xmas card—pictured filial piety.)

May you all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Your in Christ's glad service,

(Rev.) H. G. C. Hallock.

The packing-house industry is still the largest in the United States. It seems to have no difficulty in making both ends meet.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

THE MASTER'S VOICE

(From The Hamlet News-Messenger)

For six or seven years the farmers of the United States have been pleading for some relief from conditions that were becoming more and more distressing. Political parties in their platforms have from time to time promised this relief, but nothing was done about it. During the presidential campaign last year Herbert Hoover was forced by Senator Borah and other western leaders to make a definite promise to do something, and he promised to call a special session of congress soon after he was inaugurated president. He did that, and some kind of farm bill was passed and a federal farm board was named to administer its provisions.

Whether any relief will be obtained remains to be seen. Congress would not stop at the farm legislation and proceeded on a general revision of the tariff that gave such additional benefits to big business as to nullify the gesture at farm relief.

The point is that only after seven years, and then in the stress of a hot political campaign, were the republican leaders induced even to attempt anything for the farmers in their distress.

Meantime, while the farmers were suffering the stock market manipulators were getting rich running up fictitious values. Quotations of stocks went up and up, and looking at the market quotations every morning President Hoover and other government officials issued statements about the fundamental prosperity of America and the innate soundness of its business structure.

What they failed to discern was that all this "prosperity" was artificial. There could be no real prosperity so long as the farm, the foundation of all trade and business, was unprofitable. Wage workers, the real producers of wealth, were underpaid as compared with living costs. So the crash was inevitable.

Now contrast the swift action of the government when the stock market got in distress with its long period of heedlessness of the farmer's cry for help. Democratic senators had been arguing for months for reduction of income taxes that would relieve the little fellow, but Secretary Mellon said it could not be done. As soon as the stock market debacle came, he announced a cut of one per cent off all federal income taxes. That is, the taxpayer who had been paying ten percent would pay nine, the one who had paid five would pay four, etc. This helped some, but not very much. It was too palpably a political move.

So President Hoover called a number of big business men to Washington to confer on ways and means to stabilize the markets. Henry Ford attended one conference, and immediately thereafter he announced an increase in wages for all his employees. That got lots of publicity; what did not get so much publicity was the fact that Ford was closing down most of his plants, throwing hundreds of men out of employment. Throwing five hundred men out of employment in order to increase the wages of a hundred already high paid workers doesn't look like prosperity. But it was a gesture at doing something.

Then at another conference it was decided to rush the public building program as fast as possible, in order to give employment to men who needed it. That again was something that Democratic senators had urged for months, but the officials were heedless until big business demanded something. Politicians still recognize their master's voice.

The postoffice department at Washington is issuing four billion postage stamps for the Christmas trade. These stamps will weigh about 300 tons, and if placed end to end would reach more than 63,000 miles.

Children's Colds
Checked without "dosing" Rub on
VICKS
VAPORUB
OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Gulf News

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Jourdan of Durham spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jourdan.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Murchison spent Thursday with friends at Vass. Mrs. C. R. Jordan and children of Elizabethtown spent Thanksgiving and the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Jordan.

Mr. W. W. Clark, mail carrier on Star Route from Greensboro to Sanford was married to Miss Eliza Rives of Goldston at Sanford, Wednesday, November 27, at 2 o'clock. At home Greensboro, 1001 Asheboro Street, after November 30.

Mr. Edd Hilliard and Mrs. Vannie Miles were united in marriage at Pittsboro, Saturday November 23. They will reside on Goldston R. R. D.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Poe, Misses Ira and Virginia Poe of Henderson spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Mary B. Devereaux. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Little and two little sons spent week-end at Linwood with relatives.

Miss Viola Johnson, student at N. C. C. W., spent Thanksgiving and week-end at home and very delightfully entertained a number of young people at her attractive home Friday night.

Mrs. Donald McIver of Bristol, Va., spent Thanksgiving with her father and sister, Mr. W. S. Russell and Mrs. Mary Lacy.

Friends here of Mrs. Fred Rigsbee were grieved to learn of her death. She spent a few months in Gulf before she married and made a number of friends. A beautiful and lovable girl she was.

Wall Street's great trick is take a lamb and make a goat out of him.—Virginian-Pilot.



The Mark of Genuine Aspirin

BAYER ASPIRIN is like an old friend, tried and true. There can never be a satisfactory substitute for either one. Bayer Aspirin is genuine. It is the accepted antidote for pain. Its relief may always be relied on, whether used for the occasional headache, to head-off a cold, or for the more serious aches and pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or other ailments. It's easy to identify Bayer Aspirin by the Bayer Cross on every tablet, by the name Bayer on the box and the word genuine printed in red.



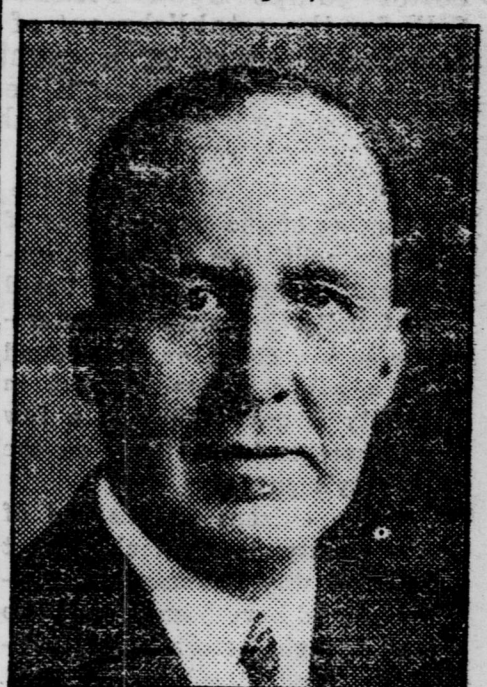
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

BUICK SELLING 42 PERCENT OF CARS IN CLASS

C. W. Churchill Issues Statement following study of Reports

That the Buick Motor Company is now selling 42 percent of all the cars in Buick's price class is the statement made by C. W. Churchill, general sales manager, following a study of reports for the three months ending October 31st.

The price class in which Buick cars are listed embraces 14 other makes of automobiles, any one of which the Buick Motor Company is now out-

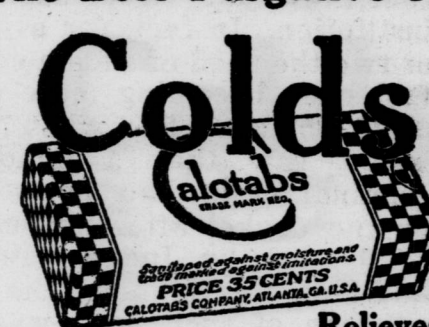


C. W. CHURCHILL, General Sales Manager BUICK MOTOR CO.

selling by a margin of at least two to one. "It is extremely gratifying to learn from the most recent reports that public acceptance of the 1930 Buick line of automobiles has not only maintained Buick's position of leadership in the fine car field, but has increased its sales percentage to 42 percent of the entire price class," says Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Churchill attributes the increase in Buick's sales percentage to the unusual popularity of the 1930 models, which has brought into the Buick column many purchasers who have heretofore owned and driven other makes, and to the loyalty of those who have been Buick owners. In this connection another startling statement of fact was included in Mr. Churchill's public announcement—the fact that Buick sells, each year, more than half of its output to old Buick owners, which constitutes a record of owner loyalty unparalleled in the entire automobile industry.

The Best Purgative for



Relieves the congestion, reduces complications, hastens recovery.

The understanding is that Ringling now controls all the large circuses except Shearer.—Detroit News.

WIGGINS DRUG COMPANY

SILER CITY, N. C.

Biggest and Best Drug Store in this Section of North Carolina

If it's Sold in Drug Stores—We Have It.

Phone 75

VAN ELKINS, DRUGGIST-Manager

SAVING VS. BORROWING

Even if borrowing were always easy, or indeed possible, borrowed money has to be paid back. Accordingly, it is easier to save when you can before the need of additional money arises and thus avoid borrowing at all, or much. Deposit every dollar you can spare with this bank, and you do two things:

You avoid the need of borrowing later; so much later, if not altogether.

And you are establishing a basis of credit in case borrowing should be necessary.

A bank has confidence in a person who saves when saving is possible, or difficult.

THE BANK OF PITTSBORO
PITTSBORO, N. C.