

My Favorite Stories

by Irvin S. Cobb

A Little Story of Gratitude.
I DON'T know just how old this story is; probably if the truth were known, it's a great deal older than any of us now alive. Indeed, an amateur archeologist who specializes in prehistoric humor told me the other day that, according to his best information and belief, it dated back to the First Century B. C. and originated in Rome. He was quite certain that it circulated at Newgate prison in London during the Elizabethan era.

So what I claim is that, if it has lived this long and remained so fresh and vigorous through all the ages, it deserves to go on living.

The modernized version is to this effect: A visiting clergyman is touring a state penitentiary. When his round is almost completed he is joined by one of the keepers.

"My friend," says the caller, "I am glad I came today to this dismal place and spent hours wandering through its stone-walled corridors. For now I am more convinced than ever that in the mind of the lowest and most depraved creature here there is some love left. Every heart beats to some tender throbbing, some lingering sentiment of affection. In fact, at this moment I have before me proof of it. Look yonder." And the minister pointed a finger toward the barred front of a nearby cell.

"They tell me," he went on, "that in yonder cell is confined a man serving a life sentence for having committed a cold-blooded murder. And yet see what he now is doing? He has made a friend and a companion of an ordinary rat. At his call it comes from a hole in the wall. It plays about him. He divides his food with it. It perches on his hand while he strokes its back. It is his friendly and confiding companion in the long hours of his solitude. The turnkey on duty in this hallway informs me that the two are inseparable.

"So I ask you, is not this evidence of what I have been saying? But hold: I shall demonstrate my theory beyond a doubt."

The reverend gentleman advances to the cell door.

"My dear brother," he says, addressing the inmate, "would you mind telling me why you are so deeply attached to this dumb animal?"

"Sure I'll tell you," answers the criminal. "It's because once he bit the warden."

(© by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)
"Women's styles travel in cycles."
—Fash note. Buycycles, of course.
—Virginian-Pilot.

WHAT IT COSTS TO GOVERN US

By PROF. M. H. HUNTER
Dept. of Economics, Univ. of Illinois

The Gasoline Tax

THE tax you pay on gasoline helps to make about \$100,000,000 a year in gasoline tax receipts. Oregon, in 1919, was the first state to levy such a tax. In this same year Colorado, North Dakota, and New Mexico levied a similar tax. The use of no other tax has been extended so rapidly for at present there are but three states, New York, Massachusetts and Illinois—the Supreme court of Illinois in February having declared the tax as levied unconstitutional—which do not have the tax. Practically the entire revenue goes for the construction or maintenance of highways. The rate varies in different states from one cent a gallon to five cents.

It is but fair when the government performs a special service for an individual that he should stand at least a part of the cost. Thus in paving streets the owners of abutting property are made to pay a part if not all the cost of the improvement.

The construction and maintenance of highways, while of great social good, confer a special benefit on the motorist. The greater use he makes of the road, the greater the benefit. There is a definite relation between the amount of gasoline consumed and the number of miles traveled, the weight of the car, and the wear and tear on the highway. A tax on gasoline, then, is a fair way of charging the motorist for the benefit he receives.

It is difficult to say just what part of road costs should be borne by the motorists, but whatever part it may be can better come from a gasoline tax than from the license fee. There is no relation between \$10 or \$20 a year and the use made of the road. A farmer may be able to use the road but a few months yet his license will be the same as one who may use the road every day in the year. Justice would seem to indicate a small registration fee, and the reliance upon the gasoline tax for the desired revenue.

The use of the gasoline tax has been an aid to the pay-as-you-go policy of highway finance. The increasing maintenance costs as roads get older makes this desirable. The uncertainty of the life of a highway makes borrowing for any long period of time an undesirable policy.

The gasoline tax has the further advantage of being a method of receiving some payment from the out-of-state motorist for the roads he is using. In some states such collections are not inconsiderable.

There is no reason why the rates should vary so much in the different states, and any movement leading to uniformity should be encouraged.

Tale of Village Firemen

By RING LARDNER

To the Editor:

I won't give you hints as to the identity of the town where the scene of this little article is laid only to say that it is a suburb of the largest city east of Green River, Wyoming, and can be reached by motor from the midst of the large city referred to in 35 minutes.

Well, like practically every town of a population of 12 and upwards this town has got a fire dept. and like a whole lot of them, this fire dept. is what is known as a volunteer fire dept. which means that the members ain't supposed to get nothing but glory. Well, they's a man living in this town who is in the theatrical business in one way and another and one day the chief of the fire dept. asked him would he join the fire dept. and he says yes on acct. of being public spirited. So he bought himself a rubber coat and a helmet and a pair of rubber boots and staid home several nights with the windows open so as he would sure and hear what is known in the town as the siren.

Well, the siren did not blow and did not blow and finely our hero, who we will call Mr. Kloot, recd. a card saying they would be a meeting of the dept. at the fire house the following night and would he please try and attend. The dept. meets once every 2 weeks to discuss prohibition. Well, Mr. Kloot attended the meeting and pretty near all the members was there and he knowed the most of them. The chief is a building contractor and the asst. chief is the town's most prominent plumber. Others who he recognized was all well known citizens in various walks of life. Amongst them was a dentist, the supt. of the gas company, a plasterer, a painter, a mason, a paper hanger, an insurance man and etc.

Well, they sat around the whole evening and disgusted prohibition and the siren did not blow, but the meeting could not of been adjourned more than 5 or 10 minutes when it did blow and the firemen rushed back to the fire house and clumb aboard the 3 vehicles with which the dept. is equipped.

Mr. Kloot happened to board the same vehicle as the chief and the both of them was right close to the driver. "Whose place is it?" shouted the chief as the vehicle tore recklessly down—Boulevard. "L. M. Taylor's," the driver shouted back. L. M. Taylor being the town's millionaire, worth more than \$150,000. "Well, what's your hurry?" shouted the chief and the driver slowed down a little, while Mr. Kloot did not know what to think.

Well, they got to the fire and it did not look like a very big fire for such a big house and in fact Mr. Taylor's Chinese help had just about put it out with the aid of a few seltzer bottles, but the fire dept. seemed to think the danger was nowhere near over and while some of them connected a couple of sections of hose with the nearest hydrants, others entered the house through the front and back doors and up ladders through the 2d. story windows and begin wielding their axes vs. walls, closets and etc. One stream of water was turned on the entire upstairs and another on the ground floor and in a few minutes the family and the servants and the firemen moving hither and thither was instinctively shouting ship ahoy.

Mr. Kloot strayed into the bathroom and found the asst. chief cutting holes in the different pipes. "Safety first," said the asst. chief. "Many a home has burned to the ground on acct. of hidden flames in the plumbing." Mr. Kloot walked into a master bedroom on the 2d floor and seen 2 firemen with axes excavating the floor. "Safety first," said one of them. "If we should all half to go downstairs in a hurry they'd be a panic on the stairs so it is best to have a place big enough to drop through."

Mr. Kloot encountered Mr. Taylor the owner of the house. A couple of firemen was talking to him. "Was you covered by insurance?" asked one of them. "Not fully," says Mr. Taylor. "Well," says the fireman, "this should ought to learn you a lesson."

"This fire," said the other fireman to Mr. Taylor, "was caused by defective wiring. If you would use gas for light a thing like this could not happen."

Mr. Kloot next met Mrs. Taylor and her two kids in company with still another fireman. The lady and the kids was open mouthed with horror and the fireman was looking into their mouths. "Madam," he says, "you have got a advanced case of pyorrhea and your kids has got cavities that makes the grand canyon look like a dimple. It is a good thing it happened to drop in."

In the early hours of the morning the firemen decided they was nothing more to be done and left what might now be laughingly referred to as the house. Mr. Kloot was the last to leave and Mr. Taylor accompanied him to what had formerly been the front door.

"I feel like I had been giving a old-fashioned at home," said Mr. Taylor and pulled out of his pocket a small pack of cards, the business cards of the town's volunteer fire dept.

Next morning Mr. Kloot called up the chief and submitted his resignation.

"What's the idear?" asked the chief. "Nothing special," replied Mr. Kloot, "only that I'm in the theatrical business."

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REMARKABLE REMARKS

The machine age has hardly started.—Thomas Edison.

The "wisher" gets nowhere. The "wanter" makes his wish come true by working for it.—Knut Rockne. When we say young people are worse than those of a generation ago we are the victims of bad memory.—Dr. Daniel Poling.

If all the men over 50 were to get out of the world there would not be enough experience left to run it.—Henry Ford.

The important thing, as I see it, is for wives to have work of some sort in their homes or outside, so that they really will be working partners in marriage. Mrs. John Coolidge. Prohibition is diverting no less than \$5,000,000,000 a year formerly spent for alcoholic drinks, to other commodities and to savings.—Dr. Paul H. Nystrom.

Willie—Pa, give me some money. Father—Why do you want some money, son?

Willie—Well, s'pose a robber was to hold me up and say, "Your money or your life," and I hadn't any!

A diamond of the first water, we presume, is one that has a full complement of facets.—Boston Christian Science Monitor.

Chicago isn't as bad as it's painted. The police have found only two drugstores that sell machine-guns.—Hubbard (Ore.) Enterprise.

Man wants little here below, but he'd like to have enough to keep up the Joneses.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Republican regulars are learning that there really is an if in tariff.—Jackson County (N. C.) Journal.

We'd rather be President than write.—Hubbard (Ore.) Enterprise.

A group of tourists was looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full eruption.

"Ain't this just like hell?" ejaculated a Yank.

"Ah, Zese Americans," exclaimed a Frenchman, "where have zey not been?"

Italy's position, it begins to appear, is that it is willing to permit the other Powers to disarm.—Dayton Journal.

ORDERS IS ORDERS

"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "I beckon with my finger, that means, come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."

Maybe, Mr. McNab can impart the "nab" to the Prohibition officers.—Tampa Tribune.

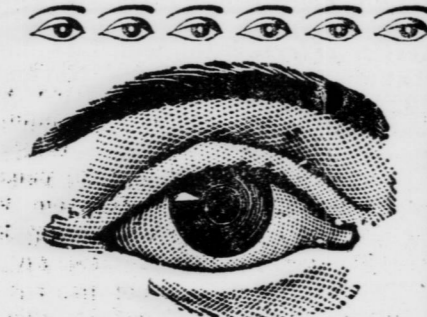
GOOD COFFEE IMPROVED WITH CHICKORY

A perfect blend of Coffee and Chickory, such as our Gold Ribbon Brand, means—healthier, tastier, stronger, more economical coffee. Use just half as much as of ordinary coffee. Taste its delicious flavor today.



DOUBLE STRENGTH USE ONLY HALF AS MUCH AS OF ORDINARY COFFEE.

Gold Ribbon (BRAND) Coffee AND Chicory



DR. J. C. MANN

the well-known
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
will be at

Dr. Farrell's Office
PITTSBORO,
TUESDAY, Dec. 24

at **Dr. Thomas' Office**
SILER CITY,
FRIDAY, Dec. 25

AD CHATS
By Charles Sushroo



WOWIE! RIGHT OVER THE PLATE EVERY TIME! EACH PITCH A STRIKE! NO FOULS! NO BASES ON BALLS! IF YOU WANT RESULTS, LET OUR ADS PITCH FOR YOU—WIM, WIGOR AND VITALITY! THAT'S OUR MOTTO

FORDFAX

Vol. 1 December 5th, 1929 No. 17

Published in the interest of the people of Pittsboro and vicinity by **Weeks Motor Co.**
J. C. Weeks, Editor

We wish to announce that we have secured the services of Marson Warren, Houston's brother, who will be on hand at all times to help give that kind of SERVICE THAT SATISFIES. These boys are not twin brothers but they work together just fine, and they are going to give good honest, reasonable work for all who call upon them. A pair of better mechanics cannot be found and they are going to keep our shop run over with work as soon as they are better known. Already they have enough work ahead to keep them working night and day for the balance of this week.

Houston is already known to a good portion of the automobile trade of this vicinity and Marson is just as good as Houston and it will be only a short time before **WARREN BROTHERS** will be well known to all who drive automobiles here.

We have several good used touring cars in good condition at the right price. Come in and look them over.

G. P. A. Glycerine and Alcohol on hand at all times. Come in and have your radiator filled.

Good Gulf Gasoline and Quaker State Motor Oil are better for your car these cold mornings.

The finest thing at all these cold mornings is a good warm heater. Have one put on your New Ford.

We have a few New Ford Cars left. Get yours now.

Weeks Motor Co.
Phone No. 7
Pittsboro, N. C.

Schedule of Round for Collection of Taxes

REMEMBER, that on February 1st, 1930, a penalty of 1 per cent will be added on all taxes for the year 1929 that have not been paid before that date. On all taxes paid in March a penalty of 2 per cent will be added. On all taxes paid in April a penalty of 3 per cent will be added. On all taxes paid in May a penalty of 4 per cent will be added.

In **DECEMBER, 1929**, and **JANUARY, 1930**, the original amount of 1929 receipts will be paid with no penalty added. To give the tax payers an opportunity to pay their taxes during **DECEMBER, 1929**, and **JANUARY, 1930**, before the penalty is added, I will be at the places named below on dates stated for the purpose of receiving your taxes.

Please arrange to meet me at the place most convenient to you, settle your taxes and save the penalty.

Walter Mann's Store, Tuesday morning from 9 to 10, December 17.
Big Meadows, Johnson's Store, Tuesday morning, 11 to 2, December 17.
J. I. Lindley's Residence, Tuesday, morning, 12 to 2 p. m., December 17.
Silk Hope, Buckner & Rogers Store, Tuesday morning, 2 to 4, Dec. 17.
Mrs. W. T. Hargrove's Store, Wednesday morning, 10 to 11, Dec. 18.
Willie Thomases Store, Wednesday morning, 11 to 12, December 18.
Jim Teague's Store, Wednesday afternoon, 12 to 2, December 18.
Taylor Teague's Store, Wednesday afternoon, 2 to 4, December 18.
Thraikill's Store, Thursday morning from 9 to 11, December 19.
Aaron Wilson's Store, Thursday morning, 11 to 12, December 19.
Fearington, Scott's Store, from 1 to 4 p. m., December 19.
John Mills' Residence, Friday morning from 9 to 11, December 20.
H. O. Kelley's Store, Friday morning from 11 to 12, December 20.
Commie Markham's Store, Friday afternoon from 1 to 4, December 20.
Siler City, Mayor's Office, all day Saturday, December 21.
Goldston, Bank, All day Friday, December 27.
Bonlee, Bank, All Day, Saturday, December 28.
C. G. Sharpe's Store, Monday morning from 10 to 12, December 30.
Gulf, Russell's Store, Monday afternoon, from 12 to 3, December 30.
Ore Hill, Post Office, Monday afternoon from 3 to 5, December 30.
Bennett, Jim Peace's Store, Tuesday from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., Dec. 31.
Rock Hill Supply Company's Store, Tuesday afternoon, 1 to 4, Dec. 31.
W. A. Phillip's Store, Thursday morning from 9 to 11, January 2, 1930.
Harpers Cross Roads, Dan Ellises Store, Thursday, 11 to 1, January 2
Carbonton, Tally's Store, Thursday afternoon, 2 to 4, January 2.
Jim Knight's Store, Friday morning, from 10 to 11, January 3.
Coal Glen Store, Friday from 11 a. m. to 12 M. January 3.
Bear Creek, Fitt's Store, Friday afternoon from 1 to 4, January 3.
Siler City, Mayor's Office, All Day Saturday, January 4.
Kimbolton, Tuesday morning from 11 to 12, January 7.
Thomases Mill, Tuesday afternoon from 1 to 3, January 7.
T. B. Bray's Store, Tuesday afternoon from 3 to 4:30, January 7.
Marshall Mann's Store, Wednesday morning from 10 to 11, January 8.
Bank of Moncure, Wednesday afternoon, from 11 to 1, January 8.
Colon Williams Filling Station, Thursday morning 10 to 11, January 9.
Brick Haven Harrington's Store, Thursday, 12 m. to 2 p. m., January 9.
Corinth, Wicker's Store, Thursday afternoon, from 2 to 4:30, January 9.
Bryn, Moore's Store, Friday morning from 10 to 12, January 10.
W. T. Hamlet's Store, Friday afternoon, 12 to 2, January 10.
Jim Hackney's Store, Friday afternoon, 2:30 to 4:30, January 10.
Siler City, All Day Saturday, January 18.
Siler City, All Day Saturday, January 25.
Goldston Bank, Wednesday afternoon, 1 to 4, January 29.
Bonlee Bank, Thursday afternoon, 1 to 4, January 30.
Moncure Bank, Friday afternoon, 2 to 4, January 31.

Thanking you in advance for your co-operation, I am
Yours very truly,
G. W. BLAIR, Sheriff.