

**CHATHAM RECORD**

**O. J. PETERSON**  
Editor and Publisher

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:**

One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1930

**Bible Thought and Prayer**

**GOD'S WONDERFUL LOVE—**  
For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

**PRAYER—**  
O Love of God, how strong and true, Eternal and yet ever new; Uncomprehended and unthought, Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

We read The best in Him Who came,  
To bear for us the cross and shame;  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

If there was any one besides the editorial writer of the News and Observer who did not have gumption enough to get the point in The Record editorial about its taking three men a whole year to pick enough cotton to pay the salary of one state employee, let him beware of saying so publicly. It will take fifteen men working all the year on the average North Carolina farm to make enough above all expenses of production, except their labor, to pay the salary referred to. The farmer must make his crop as well as gather it. His are the fertilizer, feed, and ginning bills and all others connected with the production of a few bales of cotton, and similar ones with the production of his corn, potatoes, etc. On the other hand, the state employee referred to walks up and draws the price of seventy-five bales of cotton, counting the seed, with not even the cost of ginning and bagging and ties charged to him. If a farmer makes more than a thousand dollars a year, he must do it at the cost of labor paid a starvation wage, or by the employment of his own children, and, perhaps, wife in the fields. But those so concerned about the education of the children would have them in school during cotton picking time, whether they are fed or not. But let them go, provided the farmer is given a chance to make the living for the family as does the father who draws a fat salary. Yet that is simply impossible so long as large salaries and big profits prevail among a fourth of the country's population. When you take half or three-fourths of the dividend away before you begin your long division the quotient is obliged to show the effect.

We note that one man had twenty thousand acres in cotton in Arkansas last year. That kind of business is what kills the small farmers. If all the farmers in the South who have more than a hundred acres in cotton would cut down to that acreage, there would be plenty of room for the small farmers, and the thousands of families on those great farm areas would have a chance to try the live-at-home program. As it is, doubtless, very few of the 600 families needed to tend and pick those 20,000 acres are allowed to give any attention to hog and hominy, to gardens and milk cows. With those great acreages cut, a 100-acre cotton farm should make a good living for any man, especially if he raised his own food and feed. Pliny is accredited with three words which accounted for the decline of Rome—"Latifundia perdidere Italiam," or "Broad estates have ruined Italy." Five hundred, thousand, ten thousand and twenty thousand acre cotton farms have ruined the cotton industry in the South, and the hog-gish producers are probably no better off than if they had limited themselves to a third of their acreage. Chatham county farmers might be allowed to have their ten-acre patches to furnish part of the cash needed even when a live-at-home policy is pursued.

**WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING**

We might have read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" forty years ago, but didn't, and it is well enough that the reading was postponed. At the age of sixty, and fifty years after the writing of the book, one is better prepared to estimate its merits. Moreover, little concern did a youth have for economic principles forty years ago. But now the mature man is vitally concerned with those matters, and, in this case, had reached many of the conclusions of Henry George through a study of his own, and had published them in a series of articles last summer.

George laid a marvelous foundation for his remedy. His logic in the diagnosis is irresistible. He batters down several misconceptions of standard politico-economists, and establishes irrefutable definitions. The first three hundred pages of the volume are valuable to any student of political economy or sociology. But, unfortunately, the man was a better diagnostician than prescriber of an adequate remedy. Carried away with the enthusiasm of a remedy found, he failed to apply the same careful analysis of the results of the application of his proposed remedy that he had so thoroughly prosecuted in his examination of the causes of the existence of dire poverty amid a superabundance, and devoted his later chapters to bright pictures of the new world the application of his remedy would secure.

He may be likened to a physician who correctly diagnoses a dread disease, assumes that he has found the remedy, and then for hours paints glowing pictures to his patient of the glories and happiness of restored health, while he has not given convincing proof that his remedy will cure.

In the case of the disease of the person, time proves the adequacy or inadequacy of the remedy, and the trustworthiness of the doctor. Similarly, the time element has done much to disprove the efficacy of the remedy proposed by Henry George fifty years ago. The conditions that he described then have in several respects been intensified, but in others improved. His account of the effects of the monopolies created by the protective tariff, by the monopoly of land values created by the public, the concentration of wealth into the hands of the few, etc., read as if they might have been written a year ago instead of fifty years ago. But the world has moved so fast these last fifty years that it clearly appears that the "single tax" proposed by Mr. George as an all-sufficient remedy is anything else. The tax funds have already far exceeded what could be derived by the George tax method as rent upon the value of the lands upon an unimproved basis. Already, in many sections of the country the tax rate upon all property, including the land value that George accounts as a sufficient source of tax, or rent, has reached the interest rate on United States bonds. Already have industries avoided the high rent lands of the cities, the natural centers of industry, and located upon lands that would be practically of no rent, or tax value under the George proposition. For instance, the steel trust would pay only a nominal rate upon the site of the steel city of Gary, and that would be all the tax the owners of the steel trust would pay on that end of the business. Rents, or taxes, would be far higher upon their mineral lands. But the rental upon the natural sand beach value of the site of the plants in Gary would be nothing, since there are doubtless hundreds of miles of the same kind of beaches along the shores of Lake Michigan that have practically no value. The railroads would have to pay tax only on the natural value of the lands they occupy. Through Arizona and Nevada for hundreds of miles the lands fifty feet from the Southern Pacific are practically valueless. Yet the right of way of that road could be taxed only at the

same rate as the worthless land a hundred yards from it. Ford built his plant upon land that would be practically taxless under the George regime. But enough. The gentleman fell down in the logic of his remedy, as can be discovered without the aid of time; while time has proved that George's tax would be only a few drops in the present tax bucket. Indeed, many lands are already paying the natural rental values in taxes. Rent values would necessarily conform to interest rates on the money value of the lands, and in many sections, today, the tax rate upon the land values and the improvements, too, which latter would be untaxed under the George scheme, equal the usual interest rate upon United States bonds. In Monroe, for instance, the tax on all property is over four per cent, we believe, and in addition are scores of license, revenue, tariff, income, and other taxes.

The truth is Henry George laid a wonderful foundation for a mansion, but built upon it a fragile edifice that the weathering of fifty years has already destroyed.

In our own discussion of the economic subject last year, we reached identical conclusions with Henry George as to the right of every individual to share in the products of the earth. Our conception was that of the earth as a great cow, giving an ever increasing supply of milk, and with humanity as the calf, which has the prior right to a sufficient share of the milk, and that no power was competent to monopolize the milk and deprive the calf of its natural rights, since this is a calf that may not be sent to the butcher pen. But in case such monopoly has been effected, then the inherent right of that calf, disintegrated into human individuals and lumped in society, is to lay hands upon such portion of the product as should be needed to support every holder of the inherent right to a share.

Our suggestion was that this could be done by the further socialization of the State—by establishing medicine upon the same basis as education, by paying old age pensions, widows' pensions, disability pensions, supporting those unemployed through force of circumstances, thus doing justice to the inherent rights of all and, at the same time, maintaining consumption on the basis of mass production. Only last Monday, a poor devil at Gastonia, out of employment, threw himself under the wheels of a train. The same paper that brought that news carried in big letters the following caption: "Consumption Is Not Keeping Up with Textile Output, Says Cone." And those two items adequately illustrate the objects aimed at in our program. Goods are going to waste, but that poor fellow saw no way in the world to get them for himself and family, and the next step is the slowing up of factory work and the pinch of poverty in the homes of the operatives, while all the time tens of thousands need the goods already made and those the operatives would be only too glad to continue making. Income and inheritance taxes furnish the means of securing the needed part of monopolized wealth.

The problem is the same as in George's day. George's remedy is insufficient, certainly in view of the changed conditions; but fifty years, we believe, will find our ideas appearing sounder than ever, if a regime far more radical has not by that time already superseded them.

The masses will not always suffer the monopoly of the products of the common resources of wealth. But there will be much floundering before ultimate justice prevails.

Rowland Beasley has failed to secure a convert to the single tax thesis, though the writer feels well repaid for the reading of "Progress and Poverty." In it the case is in a measure clearly diagnosed, and the diagnosis should continue to prove a further incentive to the seeking of a real cure.

**THE FOUNDERS OF MEREDITH**

The editor of The Record regrets the tragic death of Rev. O. L. Stringfield, the chief of the founders of Meredith College. This gives us the last chance to mention a tribute paid to the writer's mother by that useful minister and educator. In his plea at many points in North Carolina for woman's education, he stated that he owed what he was to his Sunday school teacher when he was a boy down in Pender county, then New Hanover. That Sunday school teacher was Rebecca Herring, who afterward was the mother of the writer. She was a school teacher as well as a Sunday school teacher. If Stringfield is largely responsible for Meredith, and Rebecca Herring responsible for his becoming what he was, then, it looks as if the writer's mother is in a considerable measure the founder of Meredith College.

It is to be regretted that the state of ex-President Taft's health has necessitated his resigning the chief-justiceship. But the country has even a bigger man as chief justice in Mr. Hughes, who was immediately appointed to succeed Mr. Taft.

**SCIENCE ESSAY PRIZE**

The North Carolina Academy of Science prize will be awarded this year for the best essay written by a bona fide high school student on any subject in the field of chemistry or physics.

**GENERAL REGULATIONS**

Essays shall be limited to a maximum of 2500 words. The essay shall be submitted in typewriting on one side of bond paper 8 1/2 by 11 inches. It is not necessary that a student be registered in the subject in order to compete in this contest.

A title page, carrying the subject, the writer's name, the name of the school, the class to which the writer belongs, and the courses taken in science, shall accompany the essay. Students may receive aid from instructors only in securing materials. The composition shall be wholly that of the competitor, and so certified by the principal of the school.

In case more than three students from a given high school submit essays, the school authorities are asked to select the three that rank highest and submit them.

Essays should be sent to Prof. R. N. Wilson, Duke University, Durham, N. C., not later than April 10, 1930. The judges will be selected by the high school science committee of the academy and the winner of the prize will be announced at the annual meeting of the academy which will be held about May 1. It is the expectation of the academy to present the prize to the winner at the commencement of the school to which he belongs.

(The prize last year was offered for the best essay in the field of botany, zoology, geology, or physiology. The prize, a silver loving cup, was won by Miss Lila Aaron, of the Lexington high school, Lexington. The title of Miss Aaron's paper was "Community Health.")

Principals and science teachers are requested to call this announcement to the attention of their students. If further information in regard to the contest is desired by teachers or pupils, it may be had by writing to R. N. Wilson, Box 668, College Station, Durham, N. C.

**It Really Isn't Such a Big Place, After All**

One hears so often the old hackneyed expression that the world isn't such a big place after all, and every day instances develop that prove it. Take the peach growers meeting at Candor last week. But before that go back years.

In June 1894 a young midshipman left Annapolis and began service in the U. S. navy. He progressed in rank and during the world war commanded a battleship. Last July he was retired. He came to Columbia and bought a peach and grape farm out near Pontiac.

Just about the time this young fellow left Annapolis another young man graduated from an engineering school and joined up with a big ship-building concern. He, too, advanced in rank and in time became chief consulting engineer and vice president of his company. Some months ago he also retired and came to Candor where he bought a peach orchard.

During the years since 1894 these two men had seen each other many times but had never met and did not know each other at all. They knew many of the same naval officers and shipbuilders, had witnessed the launching of many ships together although remaining utter strangers.

But last Tuesday Captain J. L. McNeely, U. S. N., Retired, and Charles B. Edward, ex-shipbuilder, met, ate lunch together and had a happy time in reminiscence. Thus is demonstrated again the increasingly close contact between people which modern transportation and diversified interests are bringing about.

**BUT "AFTER MEALS"**

Then there's that Wrigley Song: "You Were Mint for Me!"—The Pathfinder.

**Snake-Charming Is Ancient Art of India**

By ALBERT B. OSBORNE

Snake-charming is a very ancient art in India, for we read that snake-charmers were found in India in the days of Alexander the Great. Now-a-days snake-charmers are to be found going about the country and gaining an easy and comfortable living.

One day a snake-charmer visited our village. He wore a large turban (headdress) and a charmed armet, made of copper, which I was told, exercised considerable influence on serpents and makes them do as he pleases. In one hand he had a musical instrument made of the dried shell of a gourd with a bamboo reed inserted in it, and in the other hand a small basket. The snake-charmer's instrument is called magadi, and it is said that the music of this instrument has a peculiar attraction for snakes. Such was the paraphernalia of the man who visited our village, and who of course had no difficulty in drawing a crowd. Instantly the village headman and a crowd of villagers came to the spot to see the charmer exhibiting his snakes. School children had voluntarily taken a holiday, and was in the front of the circle listening to every word and watching every move that was made. After a tune on his strange gourd instrument, he said, "Good and noble men, I have in this basket for large cobras, one of which is a black cobra, the most ferocious of all. (These words moved the people and made the circle larger.) Any moment they may bury their fangs in my body, but this charmed armet protects me from their poisonous fangs. But if I lose all control over them; though even if they bite me I am not afraid, for I have now in my possession a most efficacious medicine which, when used on the bitten part, at once absorbs the poison. I will show at once how these dangerous animals appreciate music, and you will also see the black cobra kiss me." So saying, he again began to play his instrument and open slowly the basket, while his audience was making a larger ring. Out came the four large cobras, spreading their hoods, and moving to and fro as through they were keeping time to the music. The snakes turn their hoods whichever way he turned his hand on which he had the armet. By this he wanted to convince the simple village audience of the wonderful influence this armet had over them. Then placing all the cobras except the black cobra in the basket, he again played a tune. This time, the tune seemed to be more stately and he seemed to take greater care in playing his instrument. The black reptile raised its hood higher and higher, while the audience stood and watched breathless. Then suddenly he stopped the music, the cobra made a hissing noise and put down its head, and in doing so slightly touched the charmer's lips. The people moved with excitement and beheld with wonder this black cobra kiss the charmer—this most venomous reptile which could in a few seconds kill him. They were highly satisfied with his skill in snake-charming and put to him a thousand and one questions regarding snakes in general. After collecting a little money and other things such as clothes and food he left for another village.

**How to Get There**

Two gay young frogs, from inland bogs,  
Had spent the night in drinking.  
As morning broke and they awoke,  
While yet their eyes were blinking,  
A farmer's pail came to the swale  
And caught them quick as winking.  
Ere they could gather scattered senses

Or breath a prayer for past offenses,  
The granger grave—that guileless man—

Had dumped them in the milk-man's can;  
The can filled up, the cover down,  
They soon are started off to town.

The luckless frogs began to quake,  
And sober up on cold milkshake.  
They quickly find their breath will stop

Unless they swim upon the top,  
They swim for life and kick and swim

Until their weary eyes grow dim;  
Their muscles ache, their breath grows short,  
And, gasping, speaks one weary sport—

"Say, dear old boy, it's pretty tough  
To die so young. But I've enough  
Of kicks for life. No more I'll try it.

I was not raised on a milk diet."  
"Tut, tut, my lad," the others cries  
"A frog's not dead until he dies.  
Let's keep on kicking, that's my plan;

We may yet see outside this can."  
"No use. No use," faint heart replied,  
Turned up his toes and gently died.

The braver frog, undaunted still,  
Kept kicking with a right good will,  
Until with joy too great to utter,  
He found he'd churned a lump of butter,

And climbing on that lump of grease,  
He floated round with perfect ease.

**MORAL:**  
When times are hard—no trade in town—  
Don't get discouraged and go down,  
But struggle still—no murmur utter—  
A few more kicks may bring the butter.

**TRUTH FROM YOUNG LIPS**  
Small girl (asked to define "gentleman"): "A gentleman is a man you don't know very well."—The Pathfinder.



It's folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, with Bayer Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsillitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. All drug stores have genuine Bayer Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.



**OPPORTUNITIES ABOUND**

Editor of The Record: My son from Avery county and Sheriff Braswell, say all the Republicans in the West are going for Simmons in the primary and if he is nominated will vote for him in November. That's funny to me. Of all men they hated it was Simmons when the amendment was passed.

Now we will talk about hay and hominy. These new opportunities do not mean less work but more work. However, the greater activity and effort will get you somewhere and reward you richly for your investment and this is the thing of first importance. The Southern farmer, under the old order, practically had no local market. But we are living in another world today. The market today is at your door. Some one comes to your house for eggs, butter, milk, cream, pork, beef. There is a market for everything you raise.

I know a man at White Oak who sold \$100 worth of turnip sallet from one acre. I am giving my hens 20 cents worth of feed and get 80 cents for the eggs. Harvey Andrew gives his hens \$6 per day and get \$20. Does it pay?

We should begin to plan now to have something to sell every day in the year. Remember these hens lay Sunday, so that you not only have something to sell, but can give the Sunday eggs. In my next article I will have something to say about sheep.

S. P. TEAGUE.

**RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT**

Whereas God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our number, a faithful member, Mrs. Irene Sledge Riggsbee, to her heavenly home,

We, the members of the Winnie Davis chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, while feeling our loss, bow in humble submission to God's will.

Therefore, be it resolved: 1. That in the loss of Mrs. Riggsbee each member will strive by added work to fill, as far as possible, her place.

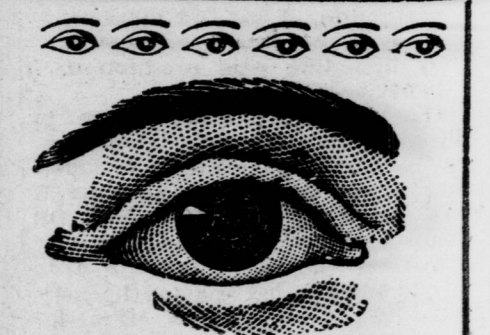
2. That the deepest sympathy of the chapter be extended the bereaved husband and children.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent the family, one to The Chatham Record for publication and one spread on the minutes of the chapter.

Respectfully submitted,  
MRS. C. C. HAMLET  
MRS. E. R. HINTON  
MRS. VICTOR R. JOHNSON  
Committee

from Winnie Davis Chapter U. D. C.

It is the easiest thing in the world to stir up trouble. All you have to do is tell the truth at all times.



**DR. J. C. MANN**

the well-known  
**EYESIGHT SPECIALIST**  
will be at

Dr. Farrell's Office

**PITTSBORO,**  
TUESDAY, FEB. 25

at Dr. Thomas' Office  
**SILER CITY,**

THURSDAY, FEB. 27

