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PLAYING SQUARE WITH THE WIFE AND KIDS

Making a Home of a House
By Rex Graves White
Editor Community News Service

It is to be presumed—in the United States—that you, friend, married your wife because you loved her, she gave herself to you without question, with a firm and fixed belief that you told her the truth when you entered the life long partnership. She believed you then, and she believes you now, that your love will find expression not only in words but in deeds. That you will do all that is humanly possible to make her happy to keep her in health, to make her motherhood, if such should come, a glory.

Have you done that? Have you kept your part of the agreement that was just as binding whether you expressed in words or only in inference? You have sheltered her, fed her, clothed her. Is that all your duty? You have taken out insurance, perhaps bought her not only the needed things of life but also some of the luxuries, you have not forgotten the celebration of the wedding anniversary or her birthday. You have told her the truth about all things, remember the caresses that made of your honeymoon a wonderful memory, stood by her, protected her, loved her—and all that is fine and splendid and worthy of you as a man and a citizen.

But there is, perhaps, one thing you haven't done and that thing is the goal of all your courtship, all your love, all the happy days of the honeymoon, all the preparation of your youth and hers, the harbor towards which your ship should be driven—and that thing is the building of a home. A home is not a house, it is true, but given the house the wife will make the home and to make it last, a true shelter, a place of refuge and content that home must be yours—not another man's. Every life in nature from the smallest brown bird to giant bears that crawl from darkened caves have set an example. They one and all have a home that is theirs, a home for which they will battle to the death or return to through greatest difficulty.

What will that home mean to your wife? It is hard to see? Put the answer in words. It will give her a sense of security that means a heart of ease. It will mean to her that no matter what storms arise she need not fear the chill and echoing streets. It will mean that she can enter down into the valley of shadow to bring forth a new life with a smile on her lips for she will know that when that tiny life grows up it will have a shelter that cannot be taken away by every whim of fortune or the careless word of a stranger.

Is she not entitled, that little wife of yours that has stood by in sunshine and storm, to a home where she can give expression to her happiness and find joy that all women find in making of it a thing of beauty and comfort, a place where her children can grow in strength and mind and passing on into manhood look back with such golden memories of the days that were that the name "home" will be sacred.

Is she not worth the extra effort that will bring her the realization of the woman's dreams, the garden where she can putter and grow the flowers she resembled in her youth, the garden that will give her health and bright eyes and the surging life that out-joins labor gives. How about the children? Will they be entitled to that same garden, to the yard, all their own, where they can build their caves and play houses, where they can romp and tear without a frowning stranger, to forbid or be hearing the ever lasting: "Children, be careful. The house isn't yours, you know."

Is the wife going to sleep at night with content in her soul because she knows if the grim reaper swings his sickle before the sun sinks on the morrow that her little ones will still have a home, a shelter, a place where no man shall forbid them. Is the wife going to know that when she tells all day to clean and make bright that the thing she has made beautiful is her own or is she to consider that labor lost at any moment when the slightest chance may take away the rented quarters? Is she going to know that you love her so much and love your children so greatly that you will be tireless in your efforts for them or is she going to be left to wistfully follow you from house to house, changing her life and her plans and her hopes at every move.

Are the children going to grow up with a sense of security, of import-

ance, of being a part of your city and a part of the community about them—or are they to grow up with the wanderlust already alive in the heart that has never known a true home, a dangerous lust that may take them far and take them ill. Do you know what constant change does to the mind of your child as it is jerked from one course of study to another, from one influence to another? What can you do as a renter to help the city's schools? Is your voice listened to with the respect that is given the home owning citizen who by its very ownership has proclaimed himself a man that is a part of the city's growth and who is determined to stay and be identified with his city's progress?

As your children grow up what sort of friends are they going to make? What are you going to be able to do to make their home such a place of cheer and comfort that their friends will love to come and visit them if that home is here today and there tomorrow. How can your children plan for the future when they cannot know what that future will be? Can you guarantee your wife that your job will always last? Can you promise her you will always have good health? Are you sure the babies will not meet with accident? And what if any of these things do happen? What if you are a "renter"? Is your market man and your grocery man going to long extend credit to a man who has no assets, whose mode of life shows he cannot save?

In fact are you doing the right thing by your wife? Are you keeping your promises? Are you proving yourself to be the greatest thing that the unknown power has created—a man? Think it over.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT ROCKFORD

Engineer Briggs Killed Saturday Night When Engine Turns Over

Engineer W. W. Briggs, of Winston-Salem, was instantly killed at Rockford Saturday afternoon just as his train was nearing the station. Mr. Briggs was caught under his engine as it left the track and turned over down a bank and was crushed to death. The fireman was only slightly injured.

At the point where the wreck occurred a dirt road crosses the track, and during the day a heavy rain had washed a considerable amount of sand down on the rail covering them up. The engineer had cut off his steam and was coasting down to the station while the people were standing out on the yard watching the approach of the train. All of a sudden every one was horrified to see the engine leave the track where the sand had collected and turn over a high bank. The engine and tender broke loose from the balance of the train, leaving the passenger cars on the track. None of the passengers were injured. Mr. Briggs was instantly killed and it was several hours before the wrecking crew was able to get his body from under the engine.

The deceased resided at Winston and had been an engineer for about 30 years.

Breaks His Neck But Still Lives

New Bern, July 6.—Dennis Gaskill, 21-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gaskill, of Bayboro, is in a local hospital with a broken neck sustained when he dived in shallow water while bathing with friends at Oriental. The young man was brought to New Bern yesterday and placed in the care of Dr. Raymond Pollock.

While the third and fourth cervical vertebrae are fractured and the injured's body is completely paralyzed from the shoulders down, he is entirely conscious and is suffering no pain, according to Dr. Pollock. His neck is held rigid in a plaster cast with the hope that the bones may knot back together. The physician will give no prognosis on the case, but he said today that young Gaskill was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

The injured man told him that he was spending the Fourth at Oriental with friends and that while in bathing he dived into what he thought was deep water but which turned out to be only eight or ten inches deep. The blow rendered him helpless and he found himself lying on the sand drowning. A companion discovered his predicament and carried him ashore.

WINS OIL FORTUNE IN ARMY DICE GAME

Camp Dix Sergeant Gets \$33,000 as First Royalty on Land He Won

Mount Holly, N. J., July 8.—Thirty-three thousand dollars as the first installment and many, many more thousands of dollars to come are the proceeds of a crap game played in an army camp about five years ago.

That is the way fortune has smiled upon Gustave Reisig, a sergeant in the quartermaster corps at Camp Dix, as a result of his ownership of some oil-producing land in Oklahoma—land that he won when the title to it was put up in lieu of cash after a buddy with whom he was rolling dice went "broke." Sergeant Reisig, who is a veteran of 30 years' service in the army, took the land "for what it was worth," and it has turned out to be a big oil producer.

Prospectors recently leased Reisig's claim thru a lawyer, who had made a proposition to him, and so great has been the production since the first "shot" of oil was made that Reisig today received a check for \$33,000 and an agreement that will net him 33 cents on every barrel of oil taken from the land.

Reisig has been expecting to get something worth while, the lawyer giving him encouragement from time to time, but the small fortune that met his eyes when he opened his mail today was such a surprise that he could hardly believe he had read the check straight. Others of his \$33 a month buddies soon reassured him that no mistake had been made.

The news spread about the section of the camp where Reisig is stationed, and he was given the name "John D." Reisig had no difficulty in getting an immediate leave of absence so he could go to his home in Springfield, O., and then to Oklahoma to get information about his oil land. He left Camp Dix on the noon train to get a Western train from Philadelphia.

In about six months Reisig will finish a service of 30 years and will be eligible for retirement on pension. He has an excellent record.

Before his departure Reisig would not take time to go into details of the fortune-producing crap game, except to say that one of the players went "busted" and put up the land that he won. Where the game took place, how many were in it and under what circumstances it was played were of no importance to Reisig today.

"I'm all dressed up with some place to go," he said, as he boarded the train. "I'll tell you all about it when I get back."

WOMEN WATCH FOR PROFITEERS

New Jersey Club Members Enlist as Market Reporters

New York, July 7.—Thirty women, members of the New Jersey League of Women Voters of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, have enlisted as market reporters in different communities of New Jersey to check profiteering on farm products, according to the announcement of the New Jersey Bureau of Markets.

"Any housewife, on inquiring the price of fruit or vegetables on her morning visit to the store or market stall, may be procuring the information desired, so that there is no opportunity for any dealer to recognize her and misquote prices," the statement of the Bureau of Markets says.

"The retail prices of seasonal commodities are forwarded to Trenton by each reporter. There they are compiled and published for distribution, side by side with the average prices paid to the farmer in the wholesale markets throughout the State for the same products, as shown by the records of the State Bureau of Markets, whose experts are acquainted with the average cost of marketing all perishable products. This information is then forwarded to every women's club and to any other persons, organizations or newspapers requesting it.

"The women's clubs interested in the fair price movement have made it clear that they are not combating the dealers as a class."

A Splendid Medicine for the Stomach and Liver

"Chamberlain's Tablets for the stomach and liver are splendid. I never tire of telling my friends and neighbors of their qualities," writes Mrs. William Vollmer, Eastwood, N. Y. When bilious, constipated or troubled with indigestion, give them a trial. They will do you good.

FLORIDA RAZORBACK SOON TO BE EXTINCT

Agriculture Department Says Specimen Ought to be Stuffed and Mounted

Gainesville, Fla., July 8.—"Somebody ought to have a genuine Florida razor-back mounted before they become extinct. They're hard to find, now."

Thus does no less an authority than the bureau of markets and crop estimates of the department of agriculture here officially confirm the suspicion that the porker around which so many yarns have been spun soon will be a candidate for the museum.

The Florida farmer is responsible for the passing of a pack of bones and bristles chock full of mischief. The razor-back, or native hog, usually could work his body into any place his nose could enter. He was reared on a farm but was permitted to roam the woods until he became half wild and only a photograph could portray the damage he could do once he wormed his way into a plot of cultivated ground. As an article of food he was worth little.

Florida farmers for several years have been stocking their places with pure bred swine, and now have reached the stage where discussion of a pig's pedigree is regarded as of extreme importance. Co-operative sales of fine pigs, boys' and girls' pig clubs organized and operated under the supervision of county agricultural agents, and numerous sectional organizations of hog breeders sounded the death knell of the razor-back.

There is every indication that the razor-back soon will be extinct. Floridians have said his backbone formed an edge sharp enough to cut a fence rail and many tourists believed the old yarn that the hundreds of thousands of pine trees on turpentine farms in the state, with the bark chipped off on two sides to a height of several feet, were damaged by the razor-backs sharpening themselves preparatory to cutting another fence. Snakes and alligators are rarely seen outside of zoos and now the razor-back is passing.

Chief Justice Taft Makes Big Hit

London, July 8.—Few Americans have ever had such a spontaneous greeting or such an affectionate farewell at the hands of the British as Chief Justice Taft has just received. The genial ex-President of the United States captivated all hearts during his three weeks stay here by his joviality, his kindness and his unaffected manner.

The Britons, who are accustomed to regard their own public men in high places with something akin to awe, were frankly surprised to find the former head of 100,000,000 people so modest, democratic and approachable and Mrs. Taft came in for a large share of their admiration.

The chief justice surpassed his own White House record in speech-making, banqueting and public receptions. During his 20 days here he was the guest of honor at 19 dinners, 17 luncheons and 31 receptions. He officiated at one christening, attended one golden wedding, dined with the king, danced with the queen, met all of official England and thousands of other people and was made an honorary member of the British bench and bar.

Oxford, Cambridge and Aberdeen honored him with degrees, which, with his American honors, gave him the total of 16 titles. In the minds of Englishmen he has been one of the most successful unofficial ambassadors from the United States in the present generation.

BEAUTY PAYS

"Strange as it may seem, the love for the beautiful is a very 'practical' affair. When our farmers are more like the farmers of France and put up their farm products in neater, nicer looking form, the prices will rise rapidly. When their fruit is better sorted and boxed, when their butter looks more attractive, when their eggs are graded as to form, color, and size when they bring milk to town in more attractive cans, the amount consumed and the price paid will be greatly in favor of the farmer. Even a beautiful lawn and well-kept buildings often win a farmer city customers who pay much more than the regular market price."—Selected.

How the Tariff Skins the Ultimate Consumer

(W. O. Scroggs in the N. Y. Evening Post.)

We may recount the short and simple, but somewhat intimate annals of a morning hour in the life of a plain middle-class American consumer and see how the tariff penetrates into the inner temple of his existence.

His day begins when he is aroused by an alarm clock, and the new tariff bill raises the duty on this article 97 per cent. His first act is to throw off the counterpane, on which the duty has been increased 60 per cent, and the sheet, on which the duty is higher by 20 per cent. He jumps from his bed, on which the duty is advanced 133 per cent, and dons a summer bathrobe, with the duty up to 50 per cent, and slippers, with the duty increased 40 per cent.

He walks over a Brussels carpet (duty up 100 per cent) to close the window, the duty on the pane of which has been raised 40 per cent, and adjust the shade (duty up 20 per cent) and curtains (up 33 per cent.) Then he enters the bathroom, stands before a mirror, on which the duty has been raised 60 per cent, and turns on the electric light, with a 50 per cent higher duty on the bulb.

Next he sets out his shaving stick, subject to an increase in duty of 87 per cent, his shaving brush (duty up 57 per cent), and razor (up 50 per cent), and begins his tonsorial operations, after giving the blade a few strokes on a strap (duty up 15 per cent.) This over, he devotes his attention to the bathtub, on which the duty has been raised 100 per cent. Towels (with the duty up 60 per cent), soap (up 67 per cent), toothbrush and hairbrush (up 57 per cent), and comb (up 40 per cent) are next in demand. Cleanliness may be next to godliness but the new tariff bill taxes it just the same.

As our consumer dresses, it may be noted that the new bill increases the duty 60 per cent on his underwear, 33 per cent on his hose, 50 per cent on his shirt and collar, 20 per cent or more on his necktie, 60 per cent on his suit of clothes, and imposes a duty of about 8 per cent on his shoes, which were formerly on the free list. On the collar buttons and cuff links which he transfers to a fresh shirt the duty has been increased 33 per cent.

The only articles he has touched so far on which the duties have not been increased in the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill are his dentifrice and his talcum powder.

As the weather is growing warmer our consumer decides to discard his waistcoat. This necessitates a change from suspenders, with a duty 60 per cent higher, to a leather belt, with the duty raised 75 per cent. He then transfers pocketbook (duty up 148 per cent), fountain pen (up 100 per cent), penknife (up 200 per cent), and lead pencil (up 70 per cent), from waistcoat to coat pockets, picks a fresh linen handkerchief (up 50 per cent) from the dresser (up 133 per cent), polishes his eyeglasses (up 15 per cent) and after giving his clothes a touch with the whiskbroom (up 57 per cent), is ready for breakfast.

On entering his dining room, our consumer draws up a chair, the duty on which has been raised 133 per cent, to a table (subjected to a similar increase,) covered with linen damask, on which the duty is advanced 43 per cent. He spreads a napkin (duty up 43 per cent) on his knees, and turns on the current for his electric toaster, on which the duty has been advanced 160 per cent. Then he toasts some bread, removed from the free list and made dutiable at 15 per cent ad valorem. He drinks water from a glass, on which the duty is 45 per cent higher, and begins his breakfast with an apple (duty up 200 per cent) baked with sugar (duty up 60 per cent) in an aluminum dish (up 150 per cent) on a cast-iron stove (duty up 100 per cent).

The duty is also advanced 27 per cent on his chinaware, 20 per cent on his table silverware, 200 per cent on his oatmeal, and 236 per cent on his butter. The cream for his coffee has been removed from the free list and subjected to a duty of 22 1-2 cents a gallon, and his eggs also have been taken from the free list and made dutiable at 8 cents per dozen. The salt for his eggs likewise comes off the free list, and so does his bacon. Even the duty on the salt-shaker gets a boost of 45 per cent. A favorite expression of western cowboys is, "Skin you from hell to breakfast." The framers of the new tariff bill apparently took this for their motto.

BATTLEFIELD TOUR FOR LEGION MEN

Several Hundred Veterans and Relatives Going to Europe

New York, July 7.—A pilgrimage to the battlefields on which they fought four years ago has been arranged for several hundred former service men by the American Legion. The tour is open to members of the Legion and its auxiliaries, which comprise the wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of the men who served in the World War.

The party will sail for France on the President Pierce, Aug. 5; will land at Cherbourg and go directly to Paris, where it will be officially welcomed by the French Government. During the stay in Paris trips will be taken to the French battlefields and other points of interest.

According to the itinerary of the legion the party will reach Brussels Aug. 30. From Brussels it will go to Ostend and tour the battlefields of Flanders.

From Belgium the Legionnaires will go to London, where they will be the guests of the London post of the American Legion and the British Legion. The party will return on the steamship Metagama, arriving at Montreal Sept. 16.

Arrangements for the tour are in charge of John J. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Va., who as tour director has headquarters at the office of the American Legion Weekly, New York.

Danville Prisoners Are Driven to Work With Razor Strip

Danville, Va., July 8.—The strike of the city chain gang at the rock quarry was renewed this morning and the authorities this time dealt more severely with the members than yesterday.

The chain gang on reaching the place early this morning served notice on the guards that they had decided not to work until their wish to have Harry Sneed reinstated was complied with.

The superintendent after vainly talking with eight of the prisoners left the men under guard and came to Danville where he had a conference with Judge D. Price Withers. Judge Withers gave Superintendent Frank Cousins notice that the men were to be made to work. Cousins collected half a dozen policemen and went back to the quarry where the men were standing in the shade refusing to work. Cousins served notice that unless the men worked they would be whipped. Some of the negroes then started to work but five including Will Hailey the only white prisoner became rebellious and they were whipped.

Uncle Joe's Flask Stolen at Capitol

Washington, June 26.—The House Committee on Appropriations adjourned today and the members hurried to their offices to clean up for the get-away. Uncle Joe Cannon, in his shirt sleeves and bareheaded, rushed into the room.

"I left my coat and hat here," said he, gathering a garment from a nearby chair in one hand and going through the pockets with the other. From pocket to pocket he went, nervously feeling for something. Soon the happy smile on his familiar face died and a cold, angry look came in its place.

"Well, I'm a little old and not as strong as I used to be, but I can hold the fellow that took that flask out of my pocket," said the aged statesman. "You cannot get that sort of liquor every day."

Uncle Joe talked to empty seats, for all of his colleagues were gone, and only a passerby heard him.

Uncle Joe voted for the Volstead act. Also, he voted to pass it over President Wilson's veto.