

Mount Airy News.

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EARTHQUAKE MAY PROVE A BLESSING

The recent earthquake and fire which laid waste the Japanese cities of Tokio and Yokohama, destroying thousands of homes, may prove to be a blessing in disguise. In response to Japanese suffering the world poured out its treasure with such generosity and promptitude that the Japanese people are experiencing an entirely new feeling toward the rest of the world, and more particularly toward America.

The Japanese papers are praising the people of the United States in no uncertain terms. They are free to say that henceforth there is no excuse for a feeling of suspicion and hostility to exist between the two countries. American capitalists have shown every courtesy to the stricken nation and are willing to lend her any amount of money to rebuild her destroyed cities.

Another potent reason for a change of heart on the part of the Nipponese is the fact that the earthquake destroyed their naval bases and many of their best warships. The necessity for rebuilding their homes, (and this will take them ten years) must of necessity cause Japan to forget her ambition to rank high as a sea power. It is thought that by the time her homeless are again housed she will have forgotten her desire for world power.

The loss of so many buildings in Yokohama and Tokio will react favorably upon the American lumber industry. Pacific coast lumber mills are already working full time on Japanese orders. Of the 326,000 wooden buildings in Tokio January 1 fully one-third of them were destroyed. It is thought that for some time to come American sawmills will be cutting boards to rebuild Japanese homes. The world is so inter-dependent that none but madmen can think of there being a necessity for war.

ROBINSON RE-APPOINTED WELFARE OFFICER

Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, state commissioner of public welfare, Tuesday reappointed C. G. Robinson, republican, welfare officer for Surry county. The law provides that where the county commissioners are divided on the applicants for the position and are unable to make a choice, that the state commissioner of public welfare shall break the deadlock and make the appointment. Precisely this is what happened upon the expiration of Robinson's term as welfare officer for Surry county. The commissioners divided on the matter, four voting to put in office Frank Folger and four for re-appointing Robinson.

Some of the party leaders in the county, altho admitting that Robinson had made a good officer, nevertheless wished to see a democrat appointed to the post. Samuel E. Leonard, a special representative of the state Bureau of County Organization, last week attended Dobson court in an effort to break the deadlock among the county Commissioners. It was the state's contention, as is the feeling of all thoughtful citizens, that the officer who is entrusted with the enforcement of the state compulsory school law should not receive his appointment from partisan considerations.

BETTER GRADE OF TOBACCO BEING MARKETED

Canvass of Mount Airy's warehouses and the testimony of farmers all go to show that tobacco prices are slightly higher than last week. It is admitted by all that a better grade of tobacco is being put on the market than at the opening of the season. Farmers interviewed, while not at all happy over the prices received for the weed, still look hopefully to the coming winter. The pessimistic pose assumed by most agriculturists when crops bring a low price, is conspicuous by its absence. Surry county farmers know that with plenty of wheat and corn in the crib, chickens running around the yard, two or more hogs fattening behind the barn and with a big patch of turnip greens, they could weather any sort of hardships.

D. E. Nelson of the Nelson Machinery company left for Daytona, Florida Tuesday to install a water and lighting system in the winter home of J. K. Reynolds.

A MARTYR TO HIS CONSCIENCE

Drew Holt Goes to Jail Rather Than Send His Child to School—Two Days Brings A Change

While the Superior Court was busily engaged last Saturday in disposing of its criminal docket upstairs a trial of lesser interest was taking place down stairs before Magistrate W. W. Hampton. It seems that Drew Holt, a man about 50 years old, and a well known character in this county has a child between the age of 7 and 14. This child he has refused to send to the Silas school—the one near him. At the hearing he advanced several reasons for his refusal among them being that he lives three miles from school and his girl was afraid to ride in "them thar jitneys"; another reason given was that she was weakly, and when closely questioned further stated that she needed to stay at home to help gather crops.

Drew finally plead guilty to the charge and the magistrate gave him the minimum fine of \$5.00 and the cost, as this was his first offense. And right here is where the whole proceedings assumed more than ordinary interest. Without any warning of an approaching storm Drew arose in his seat, and pounding his hard fists on the table of the court, declared in fashion becoming a martyr of olden times: "I'll not pay nary a copper, no sir'ee." He was told he would have to go to jail then, and it was decided that ten days would be about right. Asked if he would pay the cost of the action, he again thundered out, "Nary a copper." So the magistrate made it a total of 30 days. Drew went to the window and pointing to a tall telephone pole rejoined: "See that pole—I'll stay in jail till moss grows on my back as long as that thar telephone pole afore I'll pay a copper."

While the commitment papers were being drawn up Holt was very resigned. He stated that he could neither read nor write, but he hadn't missed it. He was sure that education was the cause of so much meanness in the world. His stubbornness in the case was shown when he pulled out his pocket book and showed a big roll of bills, but "nary a copper would he pay." He was insistent that his girl was needed for farm work yet he was taking himself away from the farm for 30 days in jail.

He was carried to the jail about 10 o'clock Saturday morning when the process of growing moss on his back commenced, and now the joke is on old man Drew, for Monday morning he decided the moss had reached the length of that telephone pole and he reached down in his pocket and paid his way out. And the fellows also are having their fun with Jailer Hutchens because moss grows so fast in the Surry jail.

The proceeding against Holt was instituted by Welfare Officer C. G. Robinson. He had used every persuasive means possible to avoid a prosecution but without success. Mr. Roberson says he is going after the careless and indifferent parents and unless children are kept in school there will be more prosecutions.

VIRGINIA VOTES TO STAY IN THE MUD

By a majority totalling upwards of 35,000 Virginia on Tuesday of this week defeated the 50 million dollar road bond issue, thus showing a decided preference for the "pay-as-you-go" policy so long adhered to by most of her public leaders. It is said the rural districts turned the trick, but it is no secret that Virginia's politicians opposed the measure. Governor Trinkle's attitude toward the road improvements will no doubt cause him to be known to posterity as Virginia's "Mud Governor."

Mount Airy Boy Hurt By Auto

Harry, the six year old son of George Thomas who lives near Welch's store in the lower part of town, was knocked down by a Ford driven by Lloyd Moore of Lowgap last Thursday. The accident happened on Main street in front of the new residence being erected by Dr. Hege. Moore who is a carpenter working on the building had been instructed to hop in his Ford and run up town for some building supplies when the boy ducked into the street from behind the shack constructed to hold tools and building materials, which stands well out on the street. The little fellow ran directly in front of Moore's Ford and was knocked down. His ear was painfully cut and he received other scratches and bruises. Moore is considered a careful driver and the accident was unavoidable. Eternal vigilance is the price of a whole skin in this age of autos. Only careful driving and people who look when they are going will prevent automobile casualties.

Mr. Hawks, of Lumburg, Va., father of Mrs. W. E. Jackson, is a patient in the hospital here with blood poison. His condition is improving.

PLAIN PREACHMENTS

(The Editors of this paper assume no responsibility for any opinion that may be expressed under the head of Plain Preachments. The fellow who writes this stuff thinks he must get it out of his system and we are willing to lend him The News for that purpose. If you like his practical talks, send around a bouquet; if you do not send a bottle of chloroform, and we will do the rest.)

HARD WORK A VANISHING ART

Brothers, I propose to take my text this morning from the oldest tradition of the race. In the Book of Beginnings after the temptation, the Almighty said to Adam: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This to Adam sounded like a sentence to the roads at hard labor. But after he had gone out of the banana orchard of Eden and had sprouted and grubbed and split rails for a while he no doubt began to think differently. Formerly in Eden Adam had no clothing and his only food was fruit now he was having his own hog and hominy three times a day. And on Sundays he could put on his best clothes and circulate amongst the best of them.

So much for Adam and our text. The world has been reclaimed from a wilderness. Cities and vast manufacturing enterprises now stand where once the coyote sang his evening song. This was all made possible because that inside of men there was the urge of necessity, the call to work. Of late years the younger race of men and women apparently have forgotten what the Almighty told Adam about work. Even such scientists as Edison, Ford and Steinmetz are prophesying of the time soon to come when all drudgery will be abolished when all labor will be performed by machines. Maybe so, but I have a notion that some sweat will still be needed.

This is undoubtedly the richest country on the globe and on the American continent the highest form of intelligence, and well being yet attained by the race. Here the richest soil, the mightiest cities, the most potent institutions. Who won these fields from the savage and reclaimed them from the primeval forests? How arose these railroad lines built? How arose these mighty cities and vast manufacturing enterprises out of the wilderness? By what alchemy was the gold reposing in our bank vaults made? To all these questions there is but one answer—Work. Hard, slavish work. Sweat has been the philosopher's stone that has made the United States the most blessed country on the face of the earth. The men and women who cleared our forests, and reclaimed our fields, the men who scooped out the mountain sides, leveled our gorges and belted the continent with steel; the men and women who caused cities and factories of a myriad functions to rise phoenix-like from nothing—these all, working 10 and 12 hours a day, with no eye on the clock and sweat streaming down their faces, these made America what she is.

And this same hard work with a big W reacted on those pioneers of our country who performed it and made real he-men and she-women out of them—a race of men and women whose type of manhood and womanhood has not been surpassed since the world began. It is true this same race of men created machines to lighten their burdens, but the point is they were not afraid to sweat. They feared nothing but a guilty conscience and the eating of unearned bread. The Lord must have known that it takes hard work to keep most of folks out of mischief.

They tell us the younger generation won't do hard work; that they have no stomach for rail-splitting drudgery, that the ambition of the modern young man is to wear a soft collar and drive a jitney and that the modern young woman eschews the washtub, preferring a "position" in madam's manicure parlors. Now, mind you, brethren, if this is so, then the horde of a pried up wealth of the United States will last about as long as it will take a frivolous generation to throw it away and the people who disregard the text's injunction to work hard will become a race of jelly-fish and squirming molluscoids.

Will Deacon Pettibone please pass the hat.

Mrs. Kivett May Lose Sight of Eye

Through friends of Mrs. W. S. Kivett, Mount Airy woman who was injured in an automobile smash-up at Pilot Mountain October 28, it is learned that she may yet lose the sight of her left eye. As stated in The News, she was taken from the scene of the accident to the home in Winston of her husband's father. There she remains, but her physicians hold out but little hope that the sight of the eye may be retained.

Home Life of 'Possum

There are many more or less silly ideas regarding the family life of the opossum. Many theories and fabrications of negroes and whites are upset by the recent report of the Smithsonian Institution. Prof. Carl Hartman of the University of Texas explains that extremely few scientific observations have been made to refute the fascinating ideas of those who profess to know, hence many "impossible" stories have gained credence in the public mind.

Many preposterous yarns are told how the now-born opossum gets into its mother's pouch. Prof. Hartman, who has witnessed the actual transfer says the baby 'possum just climbs hand over hand up into its mother's pouch without any help on her part. Heretofore some people have held that the young are born directly in the pouch, the latter serving as an incubator; others have maintained that the mother slices the opossum with her mouth and thrusts it into the pouch herself.

Prof. Hartman watched the birth of a litter of 18 opossums. He found that they have an extremely early birth, the entire development of the embryo within the mother's body being only about 11 days.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT FLOWER BULBS HYACINTHS — TULIPS — NARCISSUS Book of instructions for planting and growing free. W. S. Wolfe Drug Co. Next to Post Office. Agent Van Lindley Flowers

Well Known Citizen Passes Away

J. Monroe Harrell passed away at his home near White Plains October 30, after a lingering illness of several months. Deceased was 65 years old and was a respected citizen whose genial good humor and ready wit won a wide field of friendships. Married in 1890 to Miss M. F. Lewis, 11 children came to bless their union. Of this number eight are living, five boys and three girls. Four months ago Mr. Harrell professed faith in Christ. The funeral services were held at Piney Grove church October 31 at two o'clock. Revs. Wesley Wooten, Jesse Dunbar and Lottie M. Robertson conducted the services. The body was laid to rest in Piney Grove cemetery.

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Mrs. J. S. Allred and infant daughter Sarah Louise left the hospital the first of the week and are at the home of Mrs. Allred's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thompson.

Pneumonia Weather!

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On The Corner

J. D. Smith

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