

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE NEW DOLLAR

Washington, Jan. 31—Questions and answers explaining the new monetary situation follow:
 Q. What does a 59-cent dollar mean to the average citizen?
 A. Nothing directly. The dollar bill in your pocket hasn't shrunk in size, and it will still buy groceries priced at 100 cents. The indirect result desired by the government is, to be sure, to raise the price of commodities, and that may mean to raise the price of groceries. But by that time, if the money policy does what is predicted by its sponsors, the wage earner will have more dollars to spend.
 Q. Why was the figure 59.6 cents selected by the government as the new dollar price in terms of the old gold price?
 A. That, President Roosevelt explained today, is a matter of "higher mathematics." The exact figure was unimportant, within a range of a few miles; the object was to get the dollar slightly, but not far below 60 cents. But the government decided it might as well have a round figure for the purchase of gold and selected \$35 an ounce as the price. The amount of gold in the new dollar, 15.23 grains nine-tenths fine, was calculated from the \$35 price. It is the amount of gold in the dollar which regulates its value, and 15.23 grains of gold at \$35 an ounce is worth 59.60 and a fraction cents.
 Q. Is the dollar now stabilized at 59.6 cents?
 A. One official described the situation as "a modified return to the international gold standard." The notice, in relation to gold content, but whether the same level can be maintained in foreign exchange quotations depends on how successfully the new stabilization fund operates. The President has the power to change the gold content of the dollar or the price of gold at any time, but must keep it between 50 and 60 per cent of its old statutory content of 25.8 grains nine-tenths fine.
 Q. Can gold circulate as money in this country now?
 A. Gold coins may be melted into bullion and kept by the treasury in bars, probably worth about \$5,000 each, for use in settling international balances and as a currency reserve. A new type of currency will be issued. The money will be gold certificates, but will carry an unqualified promise of redemption in gold. Gold jewelry or gold plate may be owned by individuals, but monetary gold, except old coins having a collector's value, is illegal.
 Q. Does the United States now have a "commodity dollar" or a "rubber dollar"?
 A. Not at all. The President still is interested in the ultimate goal of a "managed currency" to be regulated so that the purchasing power of the dollar does not change.



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but for the time being the dollar is just as it used to be, except that it does not represent such a large amount of theoretical gold as formerly.
 Q. What effect does the new program have on the Federal Reserve banks?
 A. It reduces their financial importance somewhat, because it gives the stabilization fund director power to influence credit and bond market conditions, whereas heretofore that has been a function of the banks. The reserve system will continue, however, to perform all functions it has hitherto engaged in, except that international gold operations will be conducted only on treasury orders.
 Q. Does the program put into effect involve the silver dollar?
 A. No. Its weight remains unchanged.

THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESENT

By A. B. O'Brant
 The time has come I believe for those of us who respect and cherish democracy to pay more attention to it, as it is an individual responsibility. And it rests as a divine burden, especially upon authors and leaders all over our nation. This responsibility is to be measured only by the importance of the value at stake. Human beings have always done so many stupid things under the most righteous terms that it is very difficult for us really to use our intelligence about anything. We know already symptoms that we are exposed to a contagion of deadly germs. I suspect poverty is at the top when we diagnose the disbursement of actuality; I suspect also that we should not be perfect even if we were distastefully rich which is not likely. Our interest is fixed on what we are building individually and as a people. We want the innermost facts as to that. Since we are constructing out of the wrecks of yesterday a wholly new time and a new philosophy of government, it does not seem to me the tempo of degradation reflects the change. Perhaps we must have a few who cheat the poor and steal the bounty, who rob the widows and orphans of their share. Yet people capable of self government in a simple economic order may not have the wisdom and the character to govern themselves in a new and complex skeptical age. I venture to suggest all of us here present were born within the greatest age that has existed since the world began. Yet what has become of the time of prejudices and oftentimes the viciousness which retard a poor man's development. Heap heavier, still, your rules for closer still the gate; but I yield all not up unto your cruel hate. A few have too much, more than they need. The millions have too little and worry through life. We have escaped the bear fighting age. But not the complex mephitic money hog. I do not mean to boast of blunders but aside from conjectural complaints of domestic affairs, the line has been drawn at unjustifiable exploitations and we must continue to draw it. Yet men are apt to forget the benefactor while they riot on the benefit menaced by greed unique in bunksterism or imbecility. Which is ideographically symbolic atrocious ingratitude. Such people have endeavored to teach others to syllogize or to frame arguments and refute them without real knowledge. They are of the symbolical parsimonimty class.
 Those of the pint size wonder what it is all about. The subject is delicious but seemingly it is also problematical. It is probably safe to assume that maternal affection is generally stronger than want but weaker than shame. But I would feature ideographic symbolic atrocious ingratitude as a deeper dye than the perjury of juries. There is no other fault by which men appear so formally to renounce the protection of God. Genius is not to be had for the asking. It lives mentally as gypsies live physically. What went ye out into the wilderness to see, a reed shaken with the wind?
 My name is known from coast to coast.
 In a million homes 'tis heard:
 Then disillusioned incognito,
 From what feather is your bird;
 My home life interrogator
 Is due to him the like of him and this.
 But the time is far distant
 When ignorance is bliss.
 Tuncation of knowledge,
 Was never my creed;
 Learn about foremen from me,
 Because I know your need;
 So bloom on sweet roses,
 I imagine I am a great sage,
 I was born into the world and it's glory,
 You being serene or sedate in my age.
 A mistaken idea is abroad in the land that there is something noble about producing things that no one wants badly enough to pay for. Is righteousness reserved to those who share in a special privilege and are loathe to give it up? When the truth is all told it would almost put Satan to shame. Yet we might assume that it is useless to put more knowledge into the correlative subject than the corvials can use when we already have more than they know what to do with. In corroborating this statement, there went to sleep the other day back in Old Shake Rag one of the real patriots of peace. He never shouldered a gun; he never served in the armed force of his nation; and he never held a public office. He was just a plain man. He went his own way and worked out his own problems. This man sent out from his that Shake-Rag home a few bits of philocony that was actually worth while. And then to say, "No Results Accomplished" is an ambiguous statement.
 Its the pig that gets caught under the gate that squeals the loudest. Everything was lovely until someone let the gate down on his caravals just when they thought they were getting away big.
 I am not concerned about them, though. I am deeply concerned about the people who in their distress are following their leadership. Neither am I particularly disturbed by the persons whose coming from incognito who have long made discord the basis of a good livelihood. Their administrations honestly welcome intelligent criticism from within or without. It seems a tragic thing however that men apparent-

ly does not profit by his mistakes. Out of the pains of the womb of the present time is the opportunity for the birth of a perfect civilization. Yet as the student examines history one of the most surprising things is the constant recurrence of the fact that the public, the people at large, have been exploited again and again under the guise of popular movements to anything else you might call it, at the hands of clever and unscrupulous men. Movements that have been perfectly sincere, honest and upright in themselves, have by the careful manipulations of these unscrupulous men often been turned in directly opposite directions to that in which they were originally intended to motivate. So we have the tragedies today of some of the great organizations originally conceived for the uplift and benefit of humanity literally becoming machines and engines of destruction by which humanity is dragged down. Such as supervisors demanding and collecting money of common labor. And sending C.W.A. laborers off the project to execute the duties of a domestic servant. Also foremen recommending and getting the most prominent men financially entangled on the payroll of C.W.A. projects.

In Loving Memory Of Our Dear Mother

After a long life filled with loving service to God and her fellow creatures, the sweet spirit of dear mother, Mrs. Martha Katherine Neal entered her eternal home in Heaven, January 24, at 6:00 P. M. Our precious one was born November 17, 1885, making her pilgrimage here 79 years, 2 months and 8 days.
 She was the daughter of the late Josephus and Jane Lockett Younger, and was reared near Roxboro, N. C.
 In early girlhood she professed faith in Christ and joined Mill Creek Missionary Baptist church, later moving her membership to Roxboro Missionary Baptist church.
 In November 1888 she was married to Gabriel Davie Neal, who preceded her to that Better Land about 17 years ago. After her marriage she moved her membership to Bethel Hill Missionary Baptist church where she remained until she was called to her reward.
 She died as she had lived, trusting in the strength and sure promises of God. Her life among us exemplified those christian virtues of faithfulness, love, hopefulness, and humility which were a benediction upon all with whom she came in contact. Her humility and good

deeds will always be a shining example and will live after her in the lives of her friends and loved ones. She leaves a memory that will long be honored and cherished.
 One golden word summed up her life and character. That word is love. To know her was to love her. She was not sentimental or effusive. She was plain in manner. But the dominant note in her life was love, divine love joyfully received and passed on to others.
 For many years she was in delicate health which prevented her going around much. One of her greatest regrets was she was not able to attend church regular, yet her Saviour's cause was first in her life, and in her home she quietly served her Master. The Bible was her daily companion.
 During her last illness she talked much about her great faith in God and His word. Death had no sting for her.
 May we feel grateful to our Heavenly Father for dear mother's life, her influence and the example of her applied christianity. Her satisfaction was in humble consecrated service, not in applause or recognition.

In Remembrance of J. C. Blackstock

The days has passed away but I will never forget the one who has gone, my father, who died Jan. 31, 1933. He is at rest and left the comforting words for each one of you to meet me in heaven. How we miss him and his sweet smiling face with the love of Christ in his heart. Tonight heaven is made rich with him. We all loved him but God loved him best. I am thinking what a sweet meeting it will be for us to meet him at rest for tonight he has been taken away from us and said he was ready to go and now he is safe in the arms of Jesus in the land where all is bright. Now my dear father have left me in this sad world to roam. He has gone to live with Jesus. We would say to mother and his loved ones, you all have been faithful to me, and he said God would reward you all. We are looking forward to the time that we will meet you and see your sweet smiling face and gentle voice. We must ask Jesus to help us bear our burdens. Now sleep on dear father in your unbroken slumber while I try patiently to meet you some day. Written by your loving daughter, Mrs. G. N. Carver.

W. B. Hayer, Jr., Clodith Hayer, Gabriel Jones, three step-granddaughters, Mrs. O. M. Centry, Lois Hayer and Elizabeth Jones; one sister, Mrs. J. H. Carver, and one brother, Joe Younger of Roxboro, besides a host of other relatives and friends who are grieved at her passing from us.
 There was a sweet service for her at her home by her pastor, Rev. N. J. Todd, assisted by Rev. C. E. Newman of Virgilina. The choir was composed of friends of the family. Pall bearers and flower bearers were her nephews and nieces.
 She was laid to rest in the family cemetery beneath a mound of flowers where a large concourse of friends and relatives assembled to pay their last tribute of respect.
 We weep for thee, dear mother, not as dead but asleep in Jesus. We hope to meet thee some happy day where there no good byes will have to say.
 Her children, Josie, Spurgeon, Bettie, Pauline.

In Remembrance of Mrs. Ed Blalock and Mrs. L. D. Blalock

Mrs. Ed Blalock and Mrs. L. D. Blalock visited Mrs. Ed Blalock's parents Sunday afternoon. Miss Estelle Ellis is getting on fine after an operation for appendicitis. Miss Vallie Allen visited Mrs. Ed Blalock Sunday night.
 The days has passed away but I will never forget the one who has gone, my father, who died Jan. 31, 1933. He is at rest and left the comforting words for each one of you to meet me in heaven. How we miss him and his sweet smiling face with the love of Christ in his heart. Tonight heaven is made rich with him. We all loved him but God loved him best. I am thinking what a sweet meeting it will be for us to meet him at rest for tonight he has been taken away from us and said he was ready to go and now he is safe in the arms of Jesus in the land where all is bright. Now my dear father have left me in this sad world to roam. He has gone to live with Jesus. We would say to mother and his loved ones, you all have been faithful to me, and he said God would reward you all. We are looking forward to the time that we will meet you and see your sweet smiling face and gentle voice. We must ask Jesus to help us bear our burdens. Now sleep on dear father in your unbroken slumber while I try patiently to meet you some day. Written by your loving daughter, Mrs. G. N. Carver.

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