

THE PILOT

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NELSON C. HYDE, Managing Editor
BION H. BUTLER, Editor
JAMES BOYD STRUTHERS BURT, Contributing Editors

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HIGH-PRICED EXECUTIVES

Always the salaries of executive officials of big industries have been the subject of boundless criticism by those who think a man is worth to an organization about the same wage whether his place is that of fireman of the furnace or operating head of the whole concern. But the fact is that an army in which every man is a major general is nothing else than a mob, and wholly incompetent to accomplish anything.

We hug a lot of delusions to our souls, among them the one that the president of a big concern gets his salary from the earnings of the men under him. The fact in the case is that the president makes the salaries of all his men a possibility. Salaries come to all the force if they come at all, through the ability of the executive to carry on business and make a profit from the operation. Thomas Edison made a lot of money, not only for himself, but for thousands of men employed in things which he originated and headed. Until his day no one else had built up the projects that employed the army which he put on the pay rolls at a wage exceeding anything they had ever experienced. Henry Ford has earned a big fortune and from it paid wages that have not been equalled by anything else. But nobody else has built such a structure as Ford's. The Standard Oil Company for its executives picked the ablest men it could find, and never questioned the salary if the man showed the ability. That made the Standard the foremost thing of its kind on earth. The Pennsylvania railroad has always paid its executives a good salary because it has always figured that the slight difference between a cheap man at a low salary and the best obtainable man at the salary that must be paid to hold him was not to be considered. A cheap man can be so expensive that no big concern can afford such a man if he would work for the wages of the least paid man on the job.

But these things settle themselves. As long as the number of most capable men is smaller than the jobs that need mental giants the big men will be offered jobs with salaries that will attract them from competitive concerns, and the big men will follow the bids. The concern that has not the sense to pay a big salary to the man who can earn it will not be troubled with paying any salary. Incompetence is the most costly thing any concern can hire, while ability is the cheapest, no matter what the price in dollars, for ability delivers what it is paid to provide.

READING THE RECORD

Possibly no morning paper in the world has as much reputation as the Congressional Record. Some folks look on it as wholly a joke and toss it aside and smile when referred to it. Some read a portion of it with some interest and wave away the rest of it with an indignant hand. Some study it more or less, but the number is not large, for only a few folks can tolerate anything that is not one-sided, which the Congressional Record is not. It is pushed around by the many orators and arguers and protesters and other actors in Congress until you can find in the Record almost any kind of an opinion on any subject, and any form of any diverse view on the subjects un-

til if you read the thing much your hair curls about like the work of the latest shops for transforming the women into the new phases from time to time.

Yet the Record is not entitled to all the fun that is poked at it by those who know it well enough to laugh at it but not well enough to appreciate it. Probably if more folks read the Record, not just the portion that conforms to their peculiar limited viewpoint, but fully enough to get a smattering of the opinions of outstanding men of all views and all political alignments, this would be a far better informed nation and perhaps a far more intelligent one. Lots of half-baked stuff comes up to the Record, but it always finds a foot big enough to step on it in a semi-kindly but effectual way, for the member who cuts a gash in another member's back is obliged by parliamentary courtesy to do it in a gentlemanly way, and to clean up the blood that is spattered and not muss up the congressional floors or leave any dead bodies lying around to make work for the janitors. And the member who objects to having his toes tramped on must remember not to stick them out in the way where other members with big feet are going by.

The Record is a great place to see the gods stuffed with fresh, clean straw and also to see the hell hounds of the opposition come up and pull the straw out and scatter it all over the floor, for you can do an awful lot in the Record if you remember to always call the other fellow a gentleman all the time, and also remember if you want to put anything over that is cloudy to cut it out of some paper or magazine and ask leave to print it in the Record with credit to the paper it comes from. That, like charity, covers many sins. The Record is a mighty interesting, educational and useful publication, although it takes a lot of time to read it carefully through every day.

STANDING BY THE ADMINISTRATION

The Pilot has been criticised mildly for "not standing by the administration." This must be a misunderstanding, for The Pilot has been registered time after time as being decisively "for the ring," as the party in authority is locally called, or to interpret more explicitly, as endorsing those who are in authority, not essentially because they are certain to be right, but because when you hire a man or a set of men to do a job the logical policy is to give them their heads and require proper results. That has been the attitude of this paper from the day the first copy was printed, not because the administration, locally, state or nation has always been right, but because it is the only authority that can be either right or wrong, which means the only active agent for anything.

But it is to be hoped the time will never come when this or any other paper will not have views of things that it retains for itself, and with it the right of thinking and expressing what it feels disposed to do, for it is from the multiplicity of voices that the final sentiment of the whole people is formed, and as long as every man has a different opinion than any other man has, open speech is the only way that the common voice can be uttered.

Mr. Roosevelt started his administration by saying that he had under consideration much experimenting, and that if some moves proved unsatisfactory he would change his policies and proceed to something else. That seemed to meet the approval of the people to an extent that has been unknown in American history, and most of the folks are going along with the game, allowing the captain to steer the ship. Candor requires the admission that diversity of opinion exists as to where we are going to get off. The attitude The Pilot takes is that it does not make a great deal of difference, for much of this cut and try is to find the way, and it is probably the only method. When the President finds himself on the right road it is to be believed that he will continue in that direction, and when he finds that he is wrong he will take a different course. The truth is that we are in unknown waters, and

the experiments that have been forced on the world are new and there are no rules to guide, and no knowledge to fortify the men who would lead. Therefore we all have to sit patiently in the boat and watch its progress, with this assurance—that if the course is the right one we will make a safe landing, and that if it is wrong a big enough bunch will promptly jump over the sides and fend the vessel away from the rocks and put it on its safe way.

Probably no President ever had a more general backing in any strenuous time than Roosevelt has now, and there are no signs that he will meet with any pronounced opposition as long as he follows a course that holds the confidence of the people. But all the time this is to be remembered, if Roosevelt makes good on one will ever think of his critics. If he does not no one will ever think of them. For it is on the soundness of his policies that he will win or lose, and if he wins the country will win with him and if he loses the country will lose with him. This is no factional situation we are in. It is national, and homogeneous. We are all alike in the same mixture and all alike earnestly desiring the fullest measure of success that can be gained. It is in no way a personal matter. It involves every man alike, and any political phase of it is merely an incident.

BAILEY'S SOUND ECONOMIC DOCTRINE

In discussing the proposition to establish in Virginia a government factory to make furniture for the postoffices of the country Senator J. W. Bailey, of North Carolina, says he protests against the entrance of government into private business. A report of his statement he is quoted as saying: "I am not for a socialist conception of government, and I resist every step in the direction of socialism in our government. I think we might as well come to this issue now as later. There is not a doubt about the fact that the way things are going we will have to meet that issue and I am willing to meet it today. There is nothing here to justify any further expansion of the activities of the government by way of encroaching upon private enterprise, and if any one takes the view that that is the way to solve our problem of unemployment I am here to tell him that is also the way to destroy the American republic. We have to make our choice. I can conceive of nothing more dreadful, nothing worse for the people of this country than for the collector of the taxes of the people to go into competition with them through the expenditure of those taxes. That represents a hopeless situation."

It is to be said in behalf of Senator Bailey that he has right clear perception of the elementary principles of political economy and with that a degree of courage that is an enormous asset at this time. When it comes to a showdown he stands out as plainly as the moon on a clear night, and if on a serene summer afternoon when everything is on even keel and affairs are running as smoothly as a quart of oil he may be suspected of a faint dilettanteism, those who know him are fully aware that when the clouds gather he has his feet firmly on the ground and his faculties about him with a staying quality that backs his sound sense to the last round of the encounter.

The whole nation is fortunate in the fact that North Carolina has furnished Mr. Bailey to the Federal senate in this day of the keen need of capable men in national councils.

NICHOLS TO CONTINUE

The re-election of M. G. Nichols as head of the Southern Pines Country Club is gratifying, for Mr. Nichols is a business man of broad experience and judgment as well as the possessor of social qualities that are valuable for a place of this kind. It is unfortunate that he has been sick for a few weeks and not able to be as active as his inclinations would prompt. But he has improved and as old John L. Sullivan or some of the other warriors of the past, said, Nichols has a lot of good fights in him yet.

He has a wide acquaintance

Grains of Sand

With Struthers Burt, Hugh McNair Kahler and Almet Jenks all supplying articles for the Saturday Evening Post in the last four or five weeks, it looks as if the Post figures the Sandhills a good section to look for authors of ability.

Flocks of robins marked the breaking of the cold spell in the Sandhills. One flock of over 500 used the great holly tree on the old Southern Pines hotel grounds for forage.

Ike Whamble says this weather business keeps him going. As soon as you don't have to go out in the morning to see how cold it is you have to go out along about noon to see how hot it is.

Fairley Ray was up from Wagram over Sunday. He says he killed several hogs during the cold snap and has so much lard and so many hams and other plunder that he is not worried about the grocery bill, for all he needs at the store is a little sugar and coffee, and the hens pay that bill with eggs. Cows and pigs and chickens are on his payroll—that is they pay the bills and work for their board and don't ask about NRA hours. Cows and pigs and chickens make good farm hands, he figures.

The buds are coming out in a way that makes you wonder if the shrubbery has forgotten about the raw weather of a couple of weeks ago.

If the circulation manager of the Congressional Record were on to his job he might work the Sandhills for subscriptions, for many of the personal paragraphs pertain to folks who are at Pinehurst and Southern Pines at this season.

Last week was tough on everybody. Lots of us had the flu and we all got a code.

One comfort is that when winter hangs on it does not take spring so long to get started.

If business is not picking up steadily then, as David said years ago, all men are liars, for the universal report is that things are improving in all directions, and in decided degree.

Everybody is asked to be especially careful in throwing away lighted cigarettes and matches during these windy March days.

among men of the country and abroad, giving him a valuable contact as well as the enviable gains that come from mingling with many people who are doing things in this world, and along with these experiences is his own mental equipment that is one of the greatest assets any community can command when it enlists its members in public work of any character. Nichols is liked by the people, and held in their confidence.

With the re-election of the president a substantial board of directors has been named, and from the body is to be expected an intelligent and aggressive management of affairs on the club grounds. With a new horizon opening for Southern Pines all the signs point to a period of recovery and a new advance in the development and expansion of the community, which must portend an active influence in behalf of the club and its functions as well as a stimulant by the club and what it accomplishes.

The Country Club has had some hills to climb as it traveled the road that has led it to its present position. It has some tasks in front of it yet, but it also has this to consider—that it is organized and established with two eighteen-hole courses, its club house, and its equipment and organized community surrounding its development. Mr. Nichols and his board have the going concern on their hands, and while a lot of work is in front of them they are in far better shape than Dr. Swett, Bob Page, John Powell and the other folks were when they started the project some year ago with not much in sight but a few acres of sand and a lot of nerve. This new board with its equipment is going to make good, and be one of the forceful factors of the Sandhills.

But it must have the backing of the town, for no army can do much unless the file stands by the leaders.

ONE OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES FROM THE BACK SEAT

By ERNEST M. POATE

Every month for the longest time I have been getting nasty green slips from the bank—the kind they send out to remind you that you haven't got fifty dollars left, so please chip up four bits. (And so you won't forget, they have taken it out already.) And so, before my checks begin to come back all smudged up with NOT SUFFICIENT FUNDS and please pay \$1.50 protest fees. I decided it was time for a new racket. It was either that or go to work.

This put me in much the same fix as the Unjust Stewart of Scripture: but a good deal worse off. Like him, I cannot dig. Unlike him, I'm not particularly ashamed to beg; but on looking around I found all the good pitches taken by bank-presidents. And as for calling on the boss's debtors—why, I have no job, and therefore no boss. And if I had had a job, it would be my luck to have the kind of boss that never would lead anybody anything, or I'd have borrowed my wages for ten years in advance, and then resigned.

So that was out, too. I couldn't go around asking folks to take their bills and write quickly fifty for a hundred. Besides, the Government beat me to it by writing off everybody's debts at the rate of 59.06 a hundred (to make it easier figuring for the experts—and who cares about school children doing problems in percentage, with all those extra places to point off?)

So, to get to the point at last, I had to take paper for myself, and write quickly—and this is it. As for bills, Ill send them to the editor. In fact, when you read this—if you ever do read it, Dear Reader, I shall have sent my bill already, and collected it, too. You're darned right—or you never will read this. So if you can't, you'll know why you didn't. Because he didn't. (And who could blame him?)

Having decided, therefore, to become a Columnist, just like that, it was necessary, of course, to invent a name for my column. Something snappy, and different. Something that leaps to the eye, as all good advertising should. (My style of writing is peculiarly vivid; notice it? I toss off striking and original phrases every once in so often. Is it my fault if somebody else has beaten me to it? I'd have thought of it first, if I'd thought of it first.)

So I thought maybe I'd call it THE WELL. Because wells are deep. And because wisdom is said to be a fountain, which is a sort of well. And because truth lies at the bottom of a well; and if truth can lie anywhere, it shall be here. And because this stuff is supposed to be refreshing, but not intoxicating, and— Oh, for lots of other reasons. As, because wells are sometimes dry. And at other times may be all wet. I could go on like this for hours.

But it didn't seem quite fair. I mean, to sparkle like that. Dazzling. And besides, after turning it over and over, it didn't seem so very awfully, terribly funny and amusing anyhow.

So I thought up a lot of other perfectly dandy ideas. And then, at last, in a flash of pure genius, or some-

thing, I chose FROM THE BACK SEAT. Because that's where I am. I mean, it isn't witty, or profound, or anything: it's just so. And when the house is crowded, why, somebody has to sit in the back seats, away up in what has been laughingly called Negro Paradise, while everybody else eats peanuts and throws the shucks about. And you can see the show from up there without being distracted by too much notice, because nobody ever looks at you. Or, if you're taking a ride, or being taken for a ride, as the case may be, and you sit in the back seat, and something goes wrong, you've just got to take it. That's all.

Of course, you may holler. Hence this column. This is my personal yip. But the driver never pays any attention—unless he gets into a jam; and then he turns around and tells you it was all your fault, and if you'd only kept quiet—! Because he saw that truck all the time. And besides, he wasn't going six inches more than twenty-five, and he had the right of way, and everything. While you sit there with a wheel around your neck picking bits of engine out of your hair, without one word to say for yourself.

So I aim to talk while I can. And tell everybody just how things look from where I sit. After all, there are plenty of you who can't afford even the fifth row in the balcony, to say nothing of the dress circle.

And finally, I don't know what it's all about, and that certainly ought to entitle me to speak my mind. Plenty of others are in the same fix, and it doesn't keep them quiet. And if nobody listens to me, and I should happen to be right, I can always say "I told you so." And if I'm wrong, it won't matter either—as long as nobody pays me any mind.

So let's begin. And first, just to clear the ground, lets point out that nobody really knows anything, or can know anything, anyhow. We're all guessing. They talk about the "exact sciences," real high-chinned and haughty—and there aren't any. Take arithmetic. Let's don't bother with higher mathematics, because I don't know anything about them. Take arithmetic. Three times two is six, and seven times eight is— Well, anyhow, two and two make four.

Do they? Of course, everybody knows that. But do they? Two black Duroc pigs and two apples—what do they make? Or even two guinea pigs. Like as not they'll make twenty-four, give them time. Anyway, how are you going to prove that two and two of anything make four, even of the same? There isn't any way. It's just because they do, why, everybody knows that! In exactly the same way, a few hundred years ago everybody knew that the sun moved around the earth, and the earth was flat.—And probably lots of folks did sail over the edge, and drop off into infinity. Why not? You can't prove they didn't.

If two and two make four because everybody knows it, then whatever else everybody knows—or believes; it's the same thing—is true, also. And for the same reason. This is very profound.

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