

# THE PILOT

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## NOW THE COUNTRY WILL EXPECT RESULTS

The election is over, and in the nation a new Congress has been chosen. In the state a new legislature is designated. It is doubtful if a more responsible task has faced state and national lawmakers since the days of 1861 than awaits those who will gather at their capitals in January. We have come through a long and rough wandering in the deserts of late years and the people are clamoring now for something tangible and the political emotion is hardly likely to be a sufficient factor to preserve hope much longer.

No good will come from denying the fact that much of the experiment with new policies has not brought the returns the sponsors promised. We might as well face the unpleasant facts and try to find the weak spots and the real remedy. We are going into another winter with unemployment as big as last year, with an unmerciful expenditure of money borrowed by the nation, with a tax bill ahead of us that no one pretends to see the end of, and a debt that is anything but inspiring. Business is still hesitating because it is not at all assured of the status it is to occupy, and until business is hopeful it is useless to expect that men with money will venture very far from shore with it.

The Pilot has great confidence in the future, but largely because that future can profit by the missteps that have been taken in the past, and because of the belief that the country will rectify the wrong moves that have been made. The men who represent this state in Congress are men of ability, and they have on their shoulders an enormous responsibility. The men who go to the Legislature have an equally serious task. No possible excuse will suffice if both Congress and the Legislature do not take some definite and positive steps to bring about sound business conditions, to end the insufferable state in which state and nation find themselves, and this is not politics but the plain God's truth. We have here the most resourceful country on earth with able men and women to produce in greatest abundance all the things that any of us need, but we have at the present time 17,000,000 people on relief and no solution of the problem in hand. It is an absurd and impossible scheme and it is not to our credit that we have failed to solve the problem.

## INEXCUSABLE WASTE OF FARM RESOURCES

This is the season of the year when we begin in this country the insufferable waste of farm wealth in the process of burning the grass and leaves that cover the ground. A few days ago a farmer remarked that he had made forty-five bushels of sweet potatoes, and some one asked him what fertilizer he used. His answer was, "Leaves." He at odd times rakes up dead leaves and piles them in heaps with a little dirt thrown over them to hasten decay and to prevent them from blowing away. At other odd times he hauls those leaves to his fields and plows them under. He hauls many loads of leaves to his poorer ground all the time and he makes crops that are not sunk in paying for commercial fertilizer. But he works, and he works his head along with his hands.

Another similar instance is the case of a country woman who has a flower garden that appeals to her friends. To the question of fertility of her garden she makes the same answer that the potato man gave. Leaves gathered up from the little thickly wooded valley just

below. The leaves are brought up on the wheel barrow, piled about the garden and in due time turned under for the foundation of the flower beds. That's all. The flowers show the results.

Everybody knows what made the great fertility of the western plains, and of our own flat lands in this state—decaying leaves and vegetation falling down to be incorporated with the soil. But here in the Sandhills we allow fire to spread devastation over everything and then scrape our pockets to buy artificial fertilizer to plant cotton and tobacco, and the result shows the folly of the fierce waste of natural fertility. As this is written a glimpse from the window shows a cluster of cosmos and testhonia flower stalks ten feet high, on a bit of still clay ground that a few years ago would not grow any more than the middle of the road could support. Nothing but dead leaves piled up on the clay and dug in. But with leaves must be mixed some patience.

Presently a million dollars' worth of the most valued fertilizer material will start to burn in middle North Carolina because it is too much bother to gather it up and put it on the farm ground rather than to burn it in the woods. And in the spring a million dollars' worth of store fertilizer will be hauled out to give the crops their annual spring drunk of potash, nitrogen and phosphorus in a barren soil devoid of everything else, and the cost will be as great as the return. North Carolina could be the greatest farm state of the Union, for we have things in the way of climate and otherwise that most of the states lack. But we are criminal in our waste of the natural fertility of the soil, and we pay for our wastefulness in our poverty of production.

Now is the time to rake up and haul in leaves and plow them under. All winter long idle time on the farms could be devoted to this form of soil improvement, and in the course of a few years the wealth of fertility would enable the farmer to laugh at the problems of farm relief and poverty. But it takes work and patience and interest in the farm, three things that are not as thoroughly cultivated as they might be. Town gardens can profit in the same way. Rake the lawn and garden, and bury the leaves instead of burning them.

## COMMUNITY'S SERIOUS LOSS

In the death of Thomas L. Burgess the community sustains a loss that is serious. He was a quiet man, making little pretension, but a constructive type of citizen and neighbor of the sort that is continually doing something worthwhile. Mr. Burgess was a builder in the broad sense of the word. He not only constructed buildings for others, but as he accumulated some money he had the confidence and judgment in his work and in the community to build for himself some of the conspicuous structures of the town. He stood with the progressive influences of the village and neighborhood, backing his own affairs and encouraging those of others, friendly to all who sought to carry on and he enjoyed a certain rating in his territory that any man might envy.

Burgess was not given to much bass drum work, but he was on hand to have a finger in any substantial thing that was on the lists, taking hold where he could help along without making any fuss, and leaving results in anything that fell to his lot. Tom Burgess didn't have a very big whistle and you couldn't hear him making a noise coming down the road, but when he came everybody knew he was carrying his load and delivering the goods. While his death is a loss his years in the Sandhills have been one of the valued influences in the gains this section has enjoyed.

## OUR MISFIT SITUATION

A recent map of the United States, based on the latest official information, shows the relief population of all the states and the totals indicate that about 17,000,000 persons are receiving help from government, State, local or national. It is gratifying that in North Carolina the proportion is only ten per cent of the whole population, while in South Dakota the fig-

ure runs to 34 percent, or over a third of the whole people. This high mark is followed by 27 per cent in New Mexico, 25 in Florida, 24 in Arizona, and six other states with from 18 to 21 per cent of their whole people. North Carolina has 330,000 on relief, which compares with New York's almost two million and Pennsylvania's million and a half. It is Vermont, Virginia, New Hampshire and Delaware that have the lowest figure, not exceeding seven per cent. The eight states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Texas, Massachusetts, California and Michigan, have over eight million people on relief.

It is not a comforting thought, for here in this country are absolutely unlimited resources. We can provide so much food that we are forbidding the farmers to make as much as they would like to. We are compelling a cut-down in nearly everything but prices and taxes, and are trying desperately to make everything cost more so those who are short of things have more trouble to procure them. We are preaching the doctrine of lessening of production while folks stand by and ask for something to eat, and we are taxing folks who try to make more.

It is the most curious situation that could be devised by the most stupid people on earth. In the midst of abundance we have to care for about one out of six of our whole population, and instead of stimulating them to help themselves we are forcing folks to cut down on production lest we have too much. We have all the machinery to make unlimited supplies of everything, but we forbid that machinery to produce. We have all the needed resources to provide everybody with unlimited abundance, but we forbid men to work more than a limited number of hours. We have access to everything that Nature creates in inexhaustible abundance, but we prevent people from sharing in that generous provision of Nature. And then we boast that men are intelligent. Some years ago an ingenious writer printed a book called the "Great American War Syndicate," in which some American business men were given the contract to carry on a war that had been originated between this country and another, and in a business way they set a new example of efficiency in war. Probabl if a big American syndicate with its hands unfettered by governmental interference could be given a contract to set this country on its feet industrially and commercially it would go about the job in such a systematic and effective way that we could be brought out of our absurd tangle in six weeks. No great problem is involved in the whole mess except that nobody is willing to let anybody do anything anybody wants to do except with everybody else.

A syndicate with a half dozen men like Henry Ford, Andrew Mellon, Henry Morgenthau, and some others of their type, could plan a successful industrial and financial scheme that would work, and that would start from the minute the men were picked. But they would have to be given free play, for the minute everybody was allowed to butt in their whole project would die a certain and definite death that would be hopeless. We have tried everything in this matter of looking after the nation except plain business management by capable business men, and until we do something like that we are going to sit in the ashes of despondancy and eat a skimpy diet of half baked corn bread and molasses and be glad to get even a half ration of that.

## JURY LIST DRAWN FOR DECEMBER SUPERIOR COURT

The following have been drawn to serve as jurors in the term of Superior Court for the trial of civil cases, which begins on Dec. 10: D. McNnis, Malcolm Morgan, Ben H. Wood, O. E. Hussey, O. N. Williams, K. M. Garner, G. C. Brown, E. A. Atkins, D. W. McNeill, J. G. Campbell, J. J. Williams, A. L. Wicker, J. M. Melton, C. S. Chriscoe, D. T. Maples, Dwight A. Haskins, C. A. McNeill, Andrew S. Speight, D. T. Harrington, Luther A. Dunn, Jesse E. Moore, W. L. McDonald, J. Hawley Poole and G. C. Cockman.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses have been issued to the following: Grady Frye and Elsie Crutchfield, both of Cameron; John Ellis Johnson and Carrie Biby, both of Vass.

Pilot Advertising Pays.

## Civic Loyalty Pays Big Dividends



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## Grains of Sand

The young pines brush the autumn glow with green aigrettes; Erect, robust—their life is evidenced by the straw That last year waved proud plumes above its own forebears. They unfold, reach toward heaven, they shine, then fall and sleep. —MARION MacNEILLE.

Mayor Stutz says he's saving burnt matches and small boxes. "There's no telling when they may be marketable," he says.

We know a young lady who went into the polling place to vote and found she wasn't registered. She just knew she was. It developed she had registered for the recent school bond issue referendum—but that didn't count for regular elections.

A tabulation of all the good works of the Red Cross would run so long that it would more than monopolize our available space.

However, we have room to point out that all the Red Cross work is financed through Red Cross memberships obtained in the annual Roll Call, and that this Roll Call is now

being conducted by a committee headed by Mrs. Richard P. Davidson, with the cooperation of men and women throughout the county. A Red Cross membership costs only \$1. Do your part.

Walter Lambeth, North Carolina's

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