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When the Door Bell Rings

Your door bell rings imperatively and you take your time about answering it, wondering who in the heck's come a-bothering, when they must have known you were busy. You fling the dustpan aside, or dry your hands of the dish-water, untie your apron and pitch it in the room as you pass, and as a precaution give your hair a few pats, not certain of who or what may be on the other side.

You open the door and are confronted with—whattaman! He wears a professional smile that is at once engaging and you are soon made to feel at ease and convinced that there is no need for apologies about the appearance of the house, et cetera. If it is a "she" all this is ditto but more so.

You thus find yourself in the presence of a "special representative" of a concern that is bent on doing you a genuine and very great service, and you never for once suspect that the bell-ringer is merely a "peddler" come to part you from your money by his or her persuasiveness.

You are helpless. You have been busy with your housework and wondering what you are going to wear to the party, and there's been no time to build up sales resistance. On the other hand your visitor is fresh from a company sales school, where every objection has been canvassed, where every excuse for not buying is drilled into this super-salesman, and where he or she has been coached to the minutest detail in how to meet your objections. You are impressed with the smartness of the caller, and a little embarrassed with your own inferiority complex, and just to show him or her that you are not only a good sport and able to buy whatever it is that you want, but that you are a connoisseur-of-values—you buy what your visitor has to sell.

Maybe it's a frock, to be beautifully tailored, just like this, from a swatch of samples, or maybe it's pure silk hosiery that will last a lifetime, or maybe still it's an egg beater or a cooking pan or any of a dozen other thingamagigs that you could buy at the local stores at the same or less price, and with the further advantage of seeing what you are getting, trying it on to see if it will fit, and raising merry cain with your merchant if it is defective in any particular.

But you have been caught in a web carefully spun by a peddler who thanks you for signing on the dotted line, much obliges for the deposit money you hand him and leaves the premises smiling at your gullibility and credulity and seeks another sucker—next door.

Granting that the thing he sells is of value; granting even that you have saved a few pennies in the purchase, and that maybe you will "shine" out in some new dingbat that Lizzy Jones or Hortense Smith will not be wearing—will these be worth the price of your own civic disloyalty?

Does this peddler or the concern he represents contribute a penny to the education of your children through support of the local schools? Does he help to meet the church deficit at the end of the year? Does he help to pay the cost of police protection, or aid the fire department in battling the flames when your home is endangered? Does he contribute to the upkeep of the streets, or the cost of mowing the weeds from vacant lots that are breeding places for disease for your own blood-kin? He most certainly does not.

This is happening almost every day in the week here in Elkin and out in the county. And it is just as important that the rural resident stop and think, as it is for the urbanite. If the stores in the county are driven to close their doors, the taxes they pay will have to be met from somewhere and the farmer will be the goat—not the peddler or his concern.

The Tribune feels this injustice keenly. This paper covets a period of progress for this city and section—progress that cannot come without co-operation and team-work. When merchandise is bought at a local store, employment is created for somebody by just that much and your own son or daughter may be the immediate beneficiary. If not some of the money thus spent will filter back into your own pockets. When it is distributed through peddling channels, it is a long, long time coming back.

It is because The Tribune is interested in correcting this economic error that we are publishing a series of pages dealing with this subject. The argument advanced is far more interesting and embracing than is possible in these columns.

Won't you do us the favor of reading these pages as they appear: consider the arguments with an open mind—and then if your conscience allows you to heed the siren voice of the peddler who insinuates his way into your busy moments, we'll have nothing more to say.

But we still believe all doorbells ought to be governed by a slot arrangement, so they wouldn't ring without a toll.

One of the main things to remember is that the car to watch is the car behind the one that is in front of you.

Working A Good Thing Overtime

States needing money to balance budgets or to meet other obligations are falling over themselves to embrace the sales tax as a means to that end. In North Carolina it was inaugurated and hitched on to the schools to make it sentimentally popular; in Indiana the income from it is earmarked for the unemployed in the same sugar-coating process.

But wherever it is once employed it sticks because the collecting agencies find it easy pickings. Here in North Carolina determined men went to Raleigh confident in their strength to lift the tax from the shoulders of the poor, but they came away with the pitiful tale that it had been hoisted onto everything they buy except milk. And it has been maneuvered around into a duplicative toll that digs deeper into the pockets of that unsuspecting group that numerically makes up about nine-tenths of the citizenry—a group that is thus hamstrung by its own indifference and inability to organize as others are organized.

It is duplicative in that when the farmer sells the butcher a hog a toll is taken; when the butcher sells the meat to the cafe the latter pays the sales tax; and when the individual orders pork chops or a mess of chitlin's he's got to pay his State for the privilege of eating them. Now ain't that sump'n. Is it any wonder that budgets can be balanced and governors strut their pride in a "successful administration"?

In New Jersey the consumers have started a strike on the sales levy. Patrons of restaurants refuse to pay the tax when levied on their bill for eats, holding that it is an unwarranted and unconstitutional duplication of taxation.

In Arkansas, where the merchants were commissioned to collect the tax without pay for the service, as is the case in North Carolina, they have refused to mark the tax in their sales prices and have pledged that they will neither collect it from their customers nor pay it to the State from their own pockets.

As a state impost the sales tax is only about four years old in this country, yet in that time 29 of the 48 states now use it in one form or another, and in 19 of the 29, the toll has been increased as the authorized levies expired.

The sales tax we have with us because the corporations and big property owners pulled the wool over the eyes of farmers and others and made them think that by the elimination of the 15-cent property levy all would be a gravy train. But it hasn't been. That 15-cent property levy had to be replaced, and the big boys saw to it that they have little or no part in the replacement because they do not buy across the counter—not much. And when the farmer sells a hog and takes his dollars to the store he should not forget that he is one of the goats.

Industry In Surry

Figures appearing in the University News Letter and compiled by S. H. Hobbs, Jr., ranks the various counties in the State according to value of factory products, and it is interesting to note that Surry county occupies eighteenth place from the top. However important industrial counties are omitted from the table for the reason that if data were released it would be possible to calculate approximate figures for the respective major establishments. If these counties were included, Surry would be a bit farther down the list, yet still above some of her important neighbors. Wilkes occupies 24th place, Alexander 49th and Yadkin 62nd.

The thirty establishments in Surry covered by the figures, employ 2,614 wage earners, with a total of \$1,406,682 wages paid; the cost of materials, fuel and electricity, consumed by these thirty plants is given at \$3,038,433; the value of products in 1929 is set at \$9,298,226, and for 1933, \$6,626,589. The census covers only those plants with output above five thousand dollars for the year 1933.

Commenting on the data shown in the table Mr. Hobbs says: "North Carolina has suffered an unusually large loss in number of factory establishments. However, in wage earners, wages paid, cost of materials, and value of products, the state did not decline as much as the United States during the depression years from 1929 to 1933, inclusive. In fact our industrial plants held up remarkably well, compared with the nation as a whole."

Misuse of Wealth

The late Margaret McDermott, 65-year-old Chicago spinster, included in her will stipulations for a \$25,000 trust fund, for the benefit of "Pet", her white Spitz dog, the money to be used to keep the pup in the home of a woman who loves dogs and has no children.

Which is all right, if that is the way the Chicago lady felt about dogs as compared to human values. It was her money, and if she would rather see "Pet" kept in splendor and ease while little children clamor for bread and clothes, it is her legal right so to provide—but not the moral right.

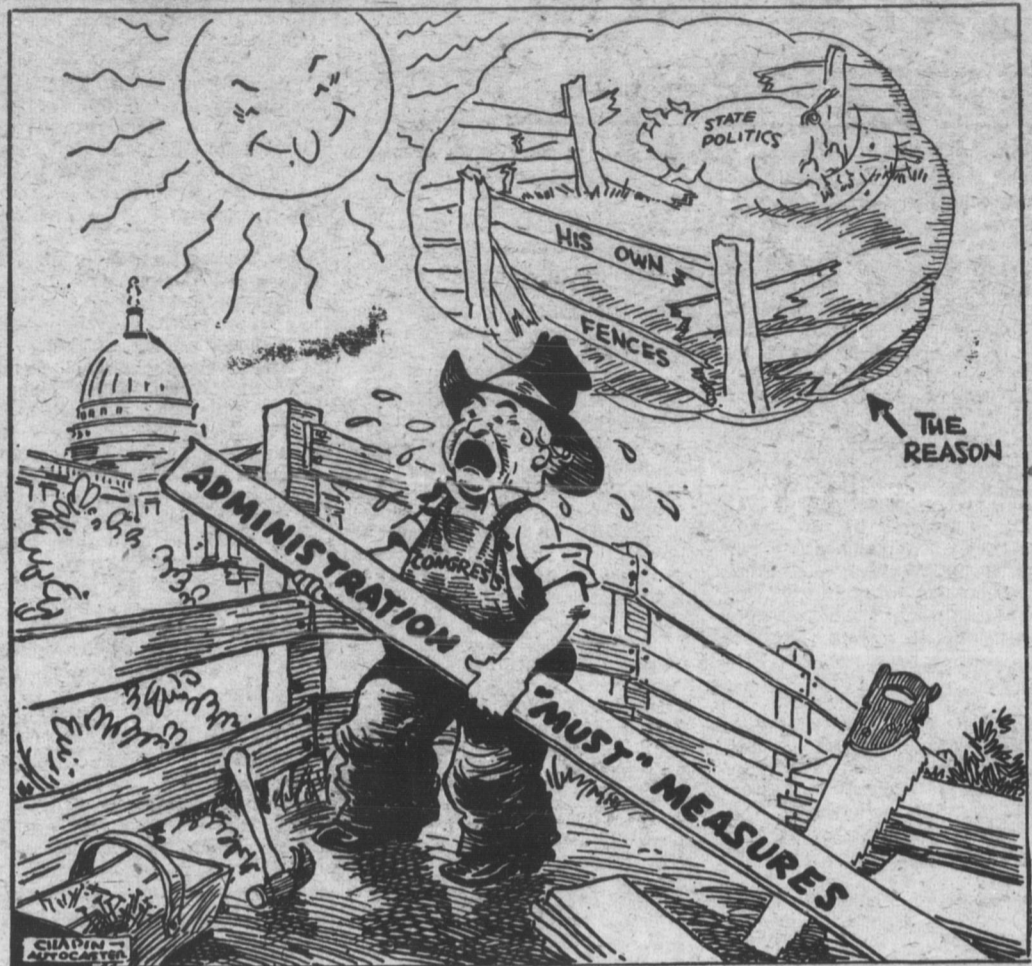
This is only one of the many instances of the misuse of wealth, and it is the combined total of the whole that aids in the crystallization of sentiment to scramble the wealth structure so that human beings may have more than an equal chance with dogs in the benefit that wealth brings.

We yield to no one in a greater love for a faithful dog, and when we pass on we'd like to know that old "Useless" will not suffer for actual dog needs—but not twenty-five thousand dollars worth.

That's a bright idea the Italians have to strew the African sands with acid that will burn the bare feet of the Ethiopian soldiers to the bone. The foot is the most vulnerable point of the colored man's physique.

Romantic couples ought to put off their spooning until July 15, for even then the man in the moon will not be looking.

"I WANNA GO HOME" — by A. B. Chapin



CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF SUPPLIES

Elkin Lbr. & Mfg. Co.
Will Also Aid In Getting FHA Loans

The Elkin Lumber and Manufacturing company is carrying a complete supply of building materials, including everything that goes into the construction of a building.

In addition, company officials are also giving all help possible to those seeking to build their own homes with funds obtained under the Federal Housing Administration.

It was pointed out that all that is required to get a loan under the FHA is that the person seeking the loan own a lot. The FHA, if the loan is approved, will then loan up to 80 per cent of the value of the lot and house that is to be built.

Anyone desiring an FHA loan should call at the office of the Elkin Lumber and Manufacturing company for complete details and all possible aid in getting the loan through.

The FAMILY DOCTOR

(By John Joseph Gaines, M. D.)

DIRT
We family doctors, who wind our living "out among the sticks," somehow form a very close acquaintance with the dust to which we all some day must return. This letter may be of more than passing interest.

Dirt is regarded as the chief enemy of our great hospitals; every effort is directed here to the extermination of every atom of, possibly, germ-infested dirt. But we country doctors find means of getting along with it!

I remember once taking care of a very malignant case of small-pox; it was in the squalid quartet, and, I do not remember of having encountered a filthier case! The old ragged quilts and greasy blankets were not changed or aired for six weeks; the room was a north-east exposure where the sunlight was practically an unknown quantity. The patient was filled with the venom of the hideous disease; he did not look like a human being.

My visits here were very circum-

spect indeed; I did not remove my overcoat nor did I trust myself in one of the rickety chairs—I delivered my message and medicines standing. I sprayed myself with formaldehyde before leaving the room.

This man made a most marvelous recovery; he simply had the constitution to "best" all the infection. He has lived at least 25 years and is in perfect health today.

Japanese dead are buried with their heads toward the north, hence it is considered by the living to be unlucky to sleep with their heads in that direction. On journeys some carry a compass, in order to get their bearings at bedtime.

But this is not by any means an argument for carelessness in treatment; we shall go on guarding against all chance of infection with all our souls and bodies. That the dirty patient gets well sometimes is more a matter of luck than intelligence.

If the courts keep up their work, the Congressional "Joint select committee on the disposition of useless papers in the executive departments" will be about the busiest outfit in Washington. Files which have accumulated in connection with the NRA must be sufficient to make several trainloads.

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