

### Thrift Week in Badin

Thrift week was made quite notable in Badin by a series of remarkably fine addresses, including the sermons on Thrift Sunday and the speeches of Mr. H. R. Wake, Mr. R. E. Parks, and Lieut.-Gov. O. Max Gardner. The opening address, according to the plan, was to have been delivered by Mr. J. E. S. Thorpe, but unavoidable absence from town prevented. Mr. F. A. Cummings in a short talk on the purposes of Thrift Week, and the wisdom of saving now, opened the series, on Saturday evening, January 17. Mr. H. R. Wake's speech on "Own Your Own Home Day," January 20, was packed full of sound wisdom and common sense, well delivered.

The Lieutenant-Governor's address is given below. A profound impression was made on the large audience assembled for the occasion. The Band contributed greatly to the pleasure of the evening, and was highly complimented by the distinguished visitor.

On Thursday evening, January 22, Mr. R. E. Parks spoke to a very large audience on "Thrift in Industry," developing his subject in a delightfully clear cut and convincing manner.

Altogether, the Thrift Week program brought much pleasure, and, we hope, profit to our people.

#### Lieutenant-Governor's Address

Lieutenant-Governor Gardner's address, amplified and illustrated with abundant material, humorous and otherwise, was substantially as follows:

If we would live simply, practice thrift, and work hard, for six months, it would do more to stabilize values, decrease the cost of living, and increase the purchasing power of the dollar than all the resolutions, investigations, agitations, and legislation of the State and Nation. Present-day prosperity is bound to be a curse if it brings nothing more valuable than the epidemic of wild extravagance, and teaching nothing more wholesome than the lesson of aimless expenditure. Money has multiplied and multiplied many, many times, but money is not wealth. Production alone is wealth. We can only use money for what it will buy, and if we should quit producing for even a short time our money would be a vain and valueless thing. Everybody despises a miser, and practical thrift is by no means to be confused with the miserly hoarding of money. Save some, spend some, bearing always in mind the foresight and vision of Biblical Joseph, who in the years of

plenty planned for future famine. The political economy of Joseph has been unequalled and unexcelled throughout the centuries.

Not many years ago the supreme political and economic cry and demand was for money, more money, and we honestly believed that abundant money meant abundant wealth, happiness, and universal contentment, but we now realize that this is a mistake. We all know that the human race loves money, and largely hates work, and as many of us make more money we plan to do less work. This scheme gives ample time to contemplate and complain about the increased cost of high living, and blinds us so completely that we fail utterly to understand that what the world needs most today is work, and that every nation on earth is badly behind with its work. In the last analysis, work is but another name for production.

There is no better material on earth out of which to make a worker than a native-born North Carolinian, and the racial strength and stability of North Carolina's citizenship has never been more splendidly reflected than in the total absence of a single citizen of this State from the governmental round-up of Reds. I thank God that there is no room and no sympathy in North Carolina for the un-American element that has been tearing at the life of our nation. There are no citizens on earth more jealous of their rights than our people. The average North Carolinian is willing to fight to the limit against any form of social, industrial, political, or religious autocracy, and there is interwoven into the very life of our State an abiding respect for the basic principle of good government, that we have the right to do as we please only so long and so far as our doing so does not interfere with the sacred rights of others.

North Carolina will not tolerate anarchy. An awakened State and Nation of a hundred million people do not propose that a few thousand anarchists and bolshevists shall overthrow this nation of hope and this land of equal opportunity.

### The Elks' Show

On Wednesday night, January 28, an array of talent from Salisbury descended upon Badin, and gave a show which was called a Minstrel, but which was in reality a very creditable amateur vaudeville performance. The scenic ef-

fect of the first part, intended to represent, according to the program, "Italian marble palace at Madrid, Italy (!)" was elaborate. (We are glad to have our geography rectified—we have formerly cherished the illusion that Madrid was a rather well known city in Spain.)

The feature of the show was the dancing of a number of Salisbury's attractive girls, announced in the program as a "Galaxy of Terpsichorean (*sic*) Celebrities, in Intricate Dancing Novelties."

This "Stupendous Production," with its "glittering Scenic Investiture," presented by "an Aggregation of the South's Most Talented Performers," was given under the auspices of the Salisbury Lodge of the B. P. O. E.

It is only fair to the Elks to state that responsibility for the verbiage of the program rests upon the gentleman from New York who coached the participants and produced the public feature of the performance, which itself was mainly enjoyable.

### Is It Nothing To You?

Think of them, Mother, passing by  
The firelit door of your child's white  
room,  
Hearing his laughter passing by.  
What if he hungered in Erzerum?  
Is it nothing to you—to you?  
Think of them, Father, even as you  
But old with the eyes of a tortured  
man,  
Starved and tormented without a cause  
Broken and gaunt at Marsovan.  
Is it nothing to you—to you?  
Think of them, Children; it might  
you,  
Tossing in pain at Erivan!  
Is it nothing to you that it may be  
Who shall send succor to Teheran?  
Is it nothing to you—to you?  
Think of them, pray for them, aid them  
now.  
Tarsus is cold in the Winter rain  
Succor the little children now;  
They will not pass this way again.  
Is it nothing to you—to you?

—REICHERT

Mr. L. E. Wilson is spending several days with his family, in Reidsville, N. C.

Mr. E. Lamb and family have returned from a visit to his home, in Lumberton, N. C.