

FEDERAL FILM CENSORSHIP

(From The Hamlet News-Messenger)

The national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Houston, Texas, passed a resolution calling upon Congress to enact a federal censorship law for motion pictures in interstate and international traffic.

The good ladies of the W. C. T. U. strike hard when they strike. There are few people who would deny that the organization is and has been a power in political movements and in social progress.

First, it is easier for the movie industry to control one censorship committee than it is twenty-million theatre-goers. Again, suppose the censorship board's idea of what is right and moral did not coincide with the standards of rectitude of the majority of right-thinking people?

The people are the best censors. There are millions of people who do not like to see actresses smoking cigarettes on the stage or on the screen. We may be old-fashioned, but we are among those who are disgusted with the sight.

Far better than blanket censorship (which really means nothing) would be a regulation positively barring those things that are commonly recognized as disgusting and unnecessary to the full enjoyment of motion pictures.

WHAT A MARKET!

According to the 1930 census, the grand total of population for the United States and its possessions is 124,926,070. What a market for the national producer! Any product that is potentially a nationwide seller can find a wide field in any given territory.

potentially a national advertiser. The census does a great many things for us. One feature of it is to show us what a field of trade and commerce lays before us.

The only thing worse than a toothache are two teeth aching.



Some people are better off playing golf than the stock-market.

The height of a Literary Digest poll failure would be sending out ballots to find out what politicians vote dry and drink wet.

Don't get discouraged. Even trouble eventually quiets down.

They ought to save a place in that hall of fame for the world's most careful automobile driver.

Ferta Lizer says there isn't much difference between the two great political parties that she can see except that one of 'em seems to get the President a good part of the time.

Two may be able to live cheaper than one if both of them have jobs and keep away from the installment houses.

Summer is over and fall is about gone. It's now time for the women to lay away their furs and heavy things and get out their low shoes and thin dresses.

It takes two to make a bargain, but three to settle a dispute over it.

All work and no pay makes Jack a duffer boy.

Another good thing that may be said of the average farmer is that he not only hasn't learned to live without working but he doesn't want to learn.

Just heard of a man in North Carolina who admits that his own dog might bite somebody coming into his yard.

All jack and no work makes a son of the idle rich.

We suspect that even companionate marriage could be made a success if the parties would agree never to see each other at all.

If we understand this "spend more money" campaign to relieve unemployment, it means that we're supposed to go borrow some money and spend it with somebody else to keep him from starving to death.

It is not only worthwhile, it is worth all it costs to boost one's community.

Hard times has its blessings. Those of us who can't afford grapefruit don't get its juice squirted in the eye.

The first step in disarmament should be the quelling of the battles of words at the arms conferences.

There is no place like home, but some of the homes are a good deal like some other places.

Gorgeous Sofa Cushion



At Christmas time and all the year for that matter fancy turns to sofa cushions. The one pictured here is a gem in needlework. Here we see gay yarn embroidery at its best tufted on black velvet in bas relief.

Brown's Chapel News

Pastor Dailey informs us that the meeting at Fayetteville cut the presiding Elder's salary. He says that he will make a proposition looking to the cutting of his own salary at the meeting of stewards at Pittsboro.

The Sunday school class composed of mothers of which Mrs. G. P. Whitaker is teacher and Mrs. J. W. Dark president, have quitted and sent another quilt to the Methodist orphanage.

Mr. Grover C. Durham says he feels like a new man since his stay at the State hospital, and a great change in him is evident to his friends.

Our children are now enjoying the piano purchased from the Gum Springs school and placed in the Sunday school rooms.

Junius Durham's 100 Barred Rock pullets that began laying before they were 4 months old are now laying more than fifty eggs a day.

Mr. J. F. Bouldin sold another big load of tobacco last week. The highest price that time was 48 cents, the average 14 and half cents.

Our cotton ginning company had the misfortune to tear up their engine last week, but fortunately no one was hurt and the ginning season is over.

One violator of the hunting laws has got a slight dose. He was caught without license and when tried before Squire Johnson at Pittsboro was taxed with costs and given to understand that if seen again with a gun on others' lands he must show not only his hunting license but permission from the other land owner.

Those leasing hunting privileges have signed contracts to help keep others off the lands but are themselves allowed to hunt squirrels, rabbits, etc. on them.

Moncure News

A Christmas play will be given at Moncure School Auditorium, Wednesday evening, Dec. 17th. Miss Lucy Boone is the director of it.

Messlames John Upchurch and S. F. Maddox spent Monday in Raleigh. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Giede arrived here last Tuesday to spend the Christmas holidays at "The Cabin". We are always glad to see them come.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clegg who has been very ill at Duke Hospital, Durham, is a little better at this writing, their many friends will be glad to learn. Messlames R. P. Womble, and J. W. Womble and Mrs. Ella Speed went to Durham Sunday to see Mrs. Clegg and baby. Mr. Clegg also spent Sunday at the hospital. Mrs. Ella Speed has been keeping house for her brother, Mr. Clegg, during the illness of his little son. She returned to her home at High Point, Sunday.

The bazaar that was on Saturday made good. Many nice hand-embroidered pieces were sold, also oysters and weenies. This bazaar was sponsored by the members of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty. The Parent-Teachers Association met in the school auditorium last Monday evening, put on a good program and had an interesting meeting. There are about one hundred members now and all seemed anxious to get busy and do something for the school.

As there was no Moncure News last week, the good program put on by Prof. H. G. Self for the Epworth League, the first Sunday evening should be mentioned. Prof. Self was leader and the subject was "The Great Missionary Organization". After song and Scripture lesson, "The Lord's Prayer" was sung as a quartette by Misses Emma Lee Mann, Camelia Stedman, Harry Kendrick and Edward Carr. After a talk by the leader who always makes good talks, the quartette sang another splendid selection. Then different topics on the subject were taken up by Messrs. Julian Ray, Edward Carr and Harvey Womble.

then the meeting closed by all singing as a prayer, "Lord, Speak to Me."

Miss Margaret Strickland, the vice-president, was leader last Sunday evening. Mrs. D. T. Asborne had planned to be leader, but was taken sick, so Miss Strickland on a short notice planned the program. Those taking part were Mrs. W. W. Stedman, Misses Margaret Mann and Camelia Stedman and Mr. B. B. Blair.

Rev. J. A. Dailey preached his first sermon at Moncure Methodist church on the new conference year last Sunday. This is his third year on this circuit and the people of Moncure welcome him back. The public is cordially invited to hear Rev. J. A. Dailey each second Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and evening 7 o'clock during the winter months.

Each first Sunday, Rev. T. Y. Seymore preaches at the Baptist church, morning and evening. The public is also invited.

The Parent-Teachers Association of the Moncure High school held an enthusiastic meeting last Monday evening. The different grades vied with each other to see which could secure the largest attendance of the parents of each grade. The fourth grade won, Miss Margaret Mann, teacher.

The feature of the meeting was a talk by the principle, Prof. H. G. Self, outlining the policies of the School and giving the reason for them. He covered the ground thoroughly showing in detail how the best interest of the pupils was the purpose of every plan and policy laid down by the school.

The Moncure School has advanced materially under the strong leadership of Mr. Self.

Thieves visited Harmon and Thomas' Store one night last week. Many things were taken, but they did not succeed in getting into the Safe, although it was battered up and the door almost completely ruined.

Mrs. J. Lee Harmon entertained the teacher of Deep River School, of which she is a teacher at her home, last Friday evening.

A Christmas program will be given at the Methodist church next Sunday evening, Dec. 21st. at 7 o'clock. Mrs. W. C. Howard is director. The public is cordially invited to attend this service.

A Christmas entertainment will be held at the Baptist church next Monday evening Dec. 22. The public is cordially invited to attend.

LOWERING LIVING COSTS

(From The Hamlet News-Messenger)

The more we have the cheaper everything becomes. This sounds like it might not be true, yet facts do not lie when they become proven truths. In his recent address before the Association of National Advertisers recently, President Hoover stressed the point that the increased demand made possible by service and advertising actually lowers the cost to the ultimate consumer.

That advertising pays and pays well is so well established that a repetition of the basic truth appears not to be necessary. Yet advertising as an institution of commerce needs to be advertised itself in order to prove itself.

People are living more inexpensively on the things that are provided for their comfort and accommodation than their forefathers did. In fact, even in this period of severe business depression, which fact is admitted by everybody in this country, the cost of goods per article seems not to have been a factor in the lowering of prosperity. And except as production goes down under the law of supply and demand the cost of living will not become a hardship. Unless, however, production goes down, either through a state of mind or a material condition or whatever the case may be, there is not likely to be very many bread lines.

What is it that corrects this state of mind or this material condition? It is certain that advertising plays a large and wholesome part. This is true locally as well as nationally. For the national advertiser

merely enlarges his community. The principle of advertising in both cases remains the same.

If the above theory is true, it follows that the harder the times the more is the need for consistent advertising. One trouble with advertising is that so much money is thrown away in the use of media unsuited to carry the message. For example, outside of the possibility of a circus, we doubt if very many goods are sold by the medium of the billboard. Instead of breaking down sales resistance, billboard advertising tends to build up such resistance; not only because of a growing ob-

jection to the boards, but because by the best rules of advertising such advertising can not "tell the story" because it does not reach the goal.

When men get back to work prosperity will return. It is not that the cost of commodities is too high; it is because we haven't the money to buy them that is causing this period of depression.

A small town, by another name, is still a small town.

The State Department has deferred a ruling on the Monroe Doctrine, which it seems, never will be old enough so that it will not need the ruler.

The Card Sharper

By R. T. M. SCOTT

MILTON, the Wall Street giant, had one special form of relaxation. This was poker. Every Friday afternoon, if the market was quiet enough to skip Saturday, he seaplanned down to Florida and joined a small group of his own cronies who were addicted to the same pleasure.

In Milton's subdued and massive Wall Street office Annelius Smith heard that all might not be quite right with these poker games. One of the regular players had introduced, perhaps a little carelessly, a business acquaintance who had recently come to America from Europe.

Emeroch was a large and impressive man who seemed to have plenty of money and whose poker technique was superb. Milton did not object to the large sums of money which Emeroch was winning but his sixth sense warned him that something was wrong.

"It is possible that he is just a better player than the rest of you," suggested Smith.

Milton suggested that he take the detective down to Florida and let him sit in at a few games so that he might scrutinize the suspected man.

"I know the game very well," returned Smith, "but I never play cards for money. My memory is too good and I have trained myself to read faces too well. It would not be fair to my opponents."

Milton insisted, however, and gained his point.

After dinner on the following Friday evening Smith and Milton sat down with two other financiers in the library of a palatial Florida mansion. A table was arranged for cards. As yet Emeroch had not arrived.

"Over a short length of time poker is a game of chance," Smith said, "but when many hands are dealt, it becomes pure science and the best player must win."

At that moment Emeroch limped into the room. He stepped only upon the fore part of his right foot and leaned heavily upon a cane each time that foot came to the floor. He shifted his cane for a moment to his left hand while he shook hands with Smith. After that he sank painfully into a chair at the table, placed his cane between his legs and reached for a glass.

The play lasted until the small hours of the morning. From the first it was apparent that there was not a novice at the table. When the game ended there were only two winners—Emeroch and Smith. Emeroch had won \$17,000 and Smith had won \$800.

"Did you spot anything?" asked Milton of Smith when they were alone. "He is the best poker player I ever met," returned Smith. "He knows exactly how to bet his cards and his face is a mask. I think he is honest—and yet—"

"Well?" questioned Milton. "Most of his big killings were made on his own deal," added Smith, "and he never bet and lost on his own deal."

"I could detect nothing wrong with his dealing," commented Milton. "There was no substitution of cards," said Smith emphatically. "By-the-way, you did not tell me that he was a cripple."

"He has been that way for ten years," explained Milton. "He told us that he had been injured in a riding

accident." The following afternoon the players met on the lawn in front of the house in which they were to play. Smith and Milton were somewhat in the rear of Emeroch as he painfully hobbled up the marble steps to the broad veranda where an early game was to be played before dinner. Suddenly Smith grasped Milton's hand and detained him under pretext of getting a light.

"I have caught him!" whispered Smith. "Don't be surprised at what I may do."

On the veranda the game was short and not very exciting. Milton shouldered the losses. Smith was about even. The rest were moderate winners. A servant brought before-dinner cocktails and the party relaxed around the table.

"Beautiful stick you have," said Smith to Emeroch. "May I see it?" Emeroch made a desultory remark about his cane but kept it between his knees and did not offer to pass it over to Smith.

"May I see it?" persisted Smith with a polite smile.

The two looked into each other's eyes for a few seconds and then Emeroch rose. Smith advanced. Emeroch turned and limped toward the marble steps. Smith sprang forward and snatched the stick away. Emeroch ran down the steps and across the lawn like an athlete.

Amid gasps of astonishment Smith swiftly examined the cane.

"This silver band is strangely placed on top of the crook," he explained, bringing it to the table. "You see that it turns and exposes a small mirror. He holds the cane between his knees and deals over the mirror. On his deal he knows every card you hold."

He tossed the cane on the table. "Emeroch, however, was not quite thorough enough. He limped as an excuse for the cane. He walked on the fore part of his right foot but, coming up the steps, I noticed that both heels were somewhat worn down. He only limped for his poker friends."

Mistletoe



"Cholly had a rough time of it Christmas eve."

"How so?" "Well, his girl used the mistletoe to take him in and then her dad used the missile-toe to put him out."

The Glorious Yuletide

The yuletide is what one makes it. Most people choose to make it an occasion resplendent with selfishness a season dedicated to the happiness of service. This is the glory of a festival that never ages. It is the glory of today.

Christmas in Russia

Singing of ancient "Kolyada" songs is one of the typical features of Christmas gatherings in Russia.

BACKYARD KRONIES- THE BOX FIGHTER -BY M.B.

