

The Journal-Patriot

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MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1933

A Definite Purpose

In his address here Tuesday evening, J. Paul Leonard, executive secretary of the North Carolina Fair Tax Association, declared that while the association has set the repeal of the general sales tax as a definite purpose to be attained, it also proposes to go further and work towards a fairer system of taxation.

A majority of the people are in sympathy with the association's program. Besides being a general nuisance, the sales tax is imposed upon the people least able to pay it. These are sufficient grounds for repeal.

That the people should not wait until the next election when legislators have already been named to begin working toward this objective is unquestioned. "A stitch in time saves nine" is an old saying. And a sales tax proponent defeated is a better warning than a whole flock of petitions to the elected representative.

The Fair Tax Association is now soliciting members and wants a local unit organized in this county. Whether Wilkes organizes will depend largely, we believe, upon the understanding the people get of this movement.

The association will have only one paid official and all funds other than this one salary will be used in organizing against the sales tax. Members may contribute according to their ability to pay, from \$1.00 up.

"Mountain Whites"

The following editorial, which appeared in the Winston-Salem Journal recently, reveals a picture of our "mountain whites" which the northern writers and stage directors seem to have forgotten all these years and we respectfully call it to their attention:

"It might be well for those gentry of the so-called intelligentsia north of the Mason and Dixon line, who ever and anon evince deep concern for the plight of the poor 'mountain whites' of the south, to ponder the following paragraph from a news story in The Journal yesterday:

"There were reported 350 Grange members in Madison county, and it was an unusual fact that of the 13 officers installed at Walnut, high up in the Blue Ridge mountains, every officer installed, except one, was a college graduate."

"Madison county lies deep in the mountains of North Carolina. But that has not prevented it from being the home for many years of Mars Hill College, one of the best educational institutions of its type in the entire country. This institution was built by the mountain people, as many others have been, notably the Appalachian State Teachers College, at Boone, and a similar institution at Cullowhee, deep in the Great Smokies far beyond Asheville.

"When the Grange comes to our mountains to find virtually nothing but native college graduates for leaders, it is high time somebody up in New York or Boston was writing another magazine article."

The New Agricultural Era

It would be an interesting thing if a farmer of thirty years ago could be suddenly transported to the Chicago World's Fair and shown the model exhibit of electricity at work in agriculture.

As the saying goes, his eyes would pop out. He would see chickens treated with ultra violet rays, and their hours of rest and work controlled by light. Cows in a scientifically built lactary are automatically washed and then milked by sanitary, efficient electric equipment. Electric cooling and bottling equipment has superseded old hand methods. There are no hay lofts in the modern barn—instead, a large new type silo, a silo within a silo stores both ensilage and dry feed and reduces fire hazards. Two small structures store grain which is transported by electric conveyor systems.

In the fields of this farm, he would see still more startling things. Even the tractor, thought up-to-date a short time ago, has been dispensed with, its place taken by an electric cable plough which makes its way about the field carrying its own self-winding cable. There are no power poles to interfere with work or mar the farm's appearance—all the distributional lines are underground.

According to those who have seen this exhibit, it offers an interesting study of what can be done with electricity, a force that was unharnessed until a few decades ago.

Most farmers, however, will go on using the old methods for years to come. But if nothing else, his should be an interesting sight for those who are fortunate enough to take in the fair.

Labor Must Produce

Under the administration's national recovery program, labor is assured of fairer treatment than it has been guaranteed at any previous time in the history of the country. Shorter working hours and higher wages are in effect. Labor is thus given a greater return for its contribution to the economic life of the country and more leisure in which to enjoy life.

Labor must not abuse its new rights. Labor must produce. During the short hours that have been given labor, men thus benefited must give their employers the best that is in them. Labor must produce if higher wages are to be continued. Better pay cannot be guaranteed on any other basis.

Labor must be reliable. We can remember when cotton mill and factory employes, if they so desired, stayed home for a day on the most inadequate excuses and left their employers to find someone to fill their places as best they could. Labor can never be adequately paid if it is not reliable.

Labor must be intelligent. The man digging ditches has need of intelligent application to the job at hand.

Elbert Hubbard said there are some men who can go ahead with the job without being told. These receive high pay. There are others who can do a job when they are told once. These receive adequate compensation. There are others, he said, who can go ahead after they are told twice. These are the common class of people who receive average pay. And still further on down in the list are those who will not do the job without somebody stands over them and prods them to action. These usually wear their trousers out on park benches.

The famous writer spoke an eternal truth. Labor is paid generally according to the return received from the investment. Labor must not forget that it has an obligation to those who are paying the wages.

BRUCE BARTON WRITES

NUMBING GRIP OF ANCIENT CREEDS

Ask any ten people what Jesus meant by His "Father's business," and nine of them will answer "preaching." To interpret the words in this narrow sense is to lose the real significance of His life. It was not to preach that He came into the world; not to teach; nor to heal. These are all departments of His Father's business, but the business itself is far larger, more inclusive.

If human life has any significance it is this—that God has set going here an experience to which all His resources are committed. He seeks to develop human beings, superior to circumstance, victorious over Fate. No single kind of human talent or effort can be spared if the experiment is to succeed. The race must be fed and clothed and housed and transported, as well as preached to, and taught and healed.

Thus ALL business is his Father's business. All work is worship; all useful service prayer. And whoever works wholeheartedly at any worthy calling is a co-worker with the Almighty in the great enterprise which He has initiated but which He can never finish without the help of men.

It is one thing to talk about success, and quite another thing to win it. Jesus spoke of crowns and died on a cross. He talked of His kingdom, and ended His days amid the jeers and taunts of His enemies. "He was in all points tempted like we are," says the Epistle to the Hebrews. We have read it often, heard it read often, but we have never believed it, of course. . . . The conception of His character which Theology has given us makes any such idea impossible.

He was born differently from the rest of us, Theology insists. He did not belong among us at all, but came down from Heaven on a brief visit, spent a few years in reproving men for their mistakes, died and went back to Heaven again.

A hollow bit of stage-play. What chance for temptation in such a career? How can an actor go wrong when his whole part is written and learned in advance?

It is frightfully hard to free the mind from the numbing grip of ancient creeds. But let us make the effort. Let us touch once more the high spots in this finest, most exalted success story, considering now the perils and crises of success.

He was not at all sure where He was going when He laid down His tools and turned His back on the carpenter shop—unless we can believe this, His struggle ceases to be "in all points" like our own; for each of us has to venture on Life as on to an uncharted sea. Something inside Him carried Him forward—the something which has whispered to so many small town boys that there is a place for them in the world which lies beyond the hills.

Bolivians at war with Paraguayans are wondering what they are fighting for. Not that the boys are any less patriotic, but strangers have begun to ask.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Modern surgery scores again. Senator Borah, recovering from an operation, gives qualified approval to the administration at Washington.—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

The wolf at the door, like any other creation of witchcraft, is to be shot with a silver bullet.—Portland Oregonian.

New dresses have rows and rows of hooks and eyes. Getting ready for a nationwide hook-up.—Greenville Piedmont.

A hitch-hiker's dairy is presumably but a series of foot-notes.—Greensboro Daily News.

TODAY and TOMORROW

DISARMAMENT, . . . a new concept My friend Norman Davis, United States Ambassador at Large, is hopeful that, after seven years of discussion, international disarmament will soon get somewhere. When I talked with him a few days ago he was more optimistic about it than I have ever seen him.

Nobody is asking any nation to abandon its defenses. The program which is coming to be accepted most everywhere is that nations should not be permitted to provide themselves with the sort of weapons which are useful only for the invasion of another nation's territory.

If Germany had not had the great Krupp and Skoda guns it could never have invaded Belgium in 1914. Big mobile guns and big tanks would be abolished by such an agreement as the about. Military men are coming to realize that aircraft alone can never win an aggressive war, and that it is not hard for any nation to protect its coasts against a foreign navy.

A few months ago there was a real fear of a new war in Europe. Now there is a genuine belief that permanent peace is close at hand.

PROGRESS It is actual A hundred years ago Europe had a population of 180 millions of people most of them frequently on the verge of starvation. That was as far as the world had got in the 12 centuries since Europe civilization really began. Today Europe has nearly 500 million population, all of them sure of their food.

That is a lot of progress to make in a hundred years. People who talk of the "good old times" are talking about the lives of the small minority who lived in what was regarded as luxury while the common people were practically slaves. Few of us would care to live as uncomfortably as the nobility and royalty did in the old days, without gas or electric light or even kerosene stoves, without plumbing or furnaces or even stoves. Folks were introduced by Queen Elizabeth, only a little over 300 years ago, and soap was a novel luxury for the rich in her time.

When people tell you the world is going backward and that the age of invention, beginning with the steam-engine, has not improved human conditions, tell them to run along and read their history books.

LAND for all There is land enough in the United States—nearly 20 thousand million acres—to give every family more than 60 acres, if it were divided up equally. If only ten percent of the land is suitable for the growth of foods, there is an average of 6 acres per family of four.

It seems nonsensical to talk of anyone starving to death in America, when at least a living can be got from the soil.

What we are trying to do, of course, is to get more than a living; to get a surplus for the desirable but strictly unnecessary things of civilization.

Czecho-Slovakia is combining industry and agriculture, by making it possible for ever industrial worker to have a piece of land to fall back on when industry is slack. I think we shall also come to that in America. It seems to me to be the only permanent way of insuring a good living to everybody.

GOODWILL from Seattle

When Edward Stevens, an amateur radio operator in Seattle, "talking" by wireless with another operator on Kodiak Island, off the Alaska coast, was told that an Eskimo boy there was pretty sick and nobody knew what to do about it, it would have been easy for him to have remarked that that was just too bad, and think no more of it. But young Stevens isn't that sort. He has hat quality of good will to

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust, executed to me on the 4th day of March, 1933, to satisfy a certain note, the terms of which having not been complied with, said note and deed of trust having been executed by R. W. St. John and wife, Elizabeth St. John, I will sell for cash at public auction to the highest bidder at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 11th day of September, 1933, at 12 o'clock M., the following tract of land, located in Wilkes county, adjoining the lands of York Hayes and others: Beginning on a small black oak, running south to a stake; thence west to a chestnut; thence north to a hickory; thence east to the morning; containing 50 acres, more or less, and adjoining the lands of York Hayes-Dick Henderson and others. See deed book No. 20, at page 112. This Aug. 11, 1933. EUGENE TRIVETTE, Trustee.

ward others which is the essential basis of Christianity. He had his radio friend on Kodiak describe the boy's symptoms. He telephoned them to a Seattle doctor, who diagnosed the case as probably peritonitis and suggested that if there were any way to get the sick boy to the hospital at Anchorage, Alaska, he might have a chance. Stevens told the Army wireless station in Seattle what the doctor said. The Army operators sent a wireless to Anchorage asking to have a plane sent to the island to get the boy.

I haven't heard whether the boy got well or not, but I salute Edward Stevens of Seattle. His spirit of helpfulness is what the whole world needs more than it needs anything else.

DOPE a world treaty The other day I had a visit with Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, Spanish War hero and former member of Congress from Alabama, who has for years been devoting his life to the effort to stamp out the international traffic in narcotics, such as morphine, cocaine and hashish.

As a result of the work of the commission which Captain Hobson heads, organized under the League of Nations, 39 nations have just signed a treaty agreeing to limit the production of narcotics to actual medical requirements. In another twenty or thirty years, Captain Hobson believes, "dope" will be so hard to get that there will be no new crop of drug addicts and the old ones will have died off.

I think he is unduly optimistic, but I hope he's not. I have seen enough myself of the effects of the narcotic habit on men and women to realize what it does to them and to society, but also to realize how hard it is to break an addict of the habit.

Christian Chautauqua at A. R. Miller School

Rev. J. W. Luke, of Glendale Springs, well known Presbyterian minister, is conducting a Christian Chautauqua at A. R. Miller's school this week. It will come to a close Sunday.

Rev. R. B. Clontz, of Wilmington, is conducting the evangelistic services each evening. Rev. Mr. Luke is assisted in the daily vacation Bible school by Mrs. Luke and Miss Mary Janet McNeill.

NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. Under and by virtue of a power contained in a certain deed of trust executed by T. C. Caudill and wife, Cassie Caudill, to the undersigned trustee for the Bank of North Wilkesboro, said deed of trust being recorded in Book 165, page 183, Wilkes county registry, and the terms of said deed of trust have not been complied with and demand made on the said trustee for sale, I will, on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1933, at one o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following tracts of real estate, to-wit:

First Tract. Adjoining the lands of Vannoy and McNeill and F. C. Forester and others and bounded as follows: Beginning on a stake on the west side of 10th street, 25 feet southward of the southwest corner of C and 10th streets and running south 62 degrees 33 west parallel with C street 105 feet to a stake; thence south 27 degrees 27 minutes east along the east side of N. H. Forester's line; thence north 62 degrees 33' east 105 feet with F. C. Forester's line to the west side of 10th street; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west along the west side of 10th street, 25 feet to the beginning, containing 2625 square feet. Said land being described as Lot 11 in Block 36 on the map of North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Second Tract: Being described as follows in the deed made to S. R. Joines by J. C. Reins, dated Sept. 1, 1909, registered in the office of the register of deeds of Wilkes county in Book 87 of Deeds on page 227, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Bounded on the south by W. W. Vannoy's estate; on the north by S. R. Joines; on the east by Tenth street, between "B" and "C" streets and more fully described as follows: Beginning in the center of the brick wall on the north side of the brick store building, belonging to W. W. Vannoy's estate on the west side of Tenth street; thence running westwardly with the center of said brick wall 50 feet to the west end of said wall; thence southwardly with west end of said store building 6 inches; thence westwardly parallel with "C" street and 18 inches south of the north side of said Vannoy's lot 25 feet to a stake; thence northwardly 18 inches to a stake in the line between said Vannoy's and Reins'; thence westwardly with said line 75 feet to the corner of said lot on Tenth street; thence southwardly with Tenth street 12 inches to the point of beginning, being one-half of the north side wall of the brick wall belonging to estate of W. W. Vannoy, deceased, and to be used as a party wall and the land as above described. The above described wall was deeded to J. C. Reins on the 8th day of October, 1902, by W. W. Vannoy and wife, S. E. Vannoy.

This 12th day of August, 1933. J. M. BROWN, Trustee.

Aug 14-22-28, Sept 5-13

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