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INDEPENDENT IN POLICS

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THURSDAY, DEC. 30, 1937

Another Opportunity

On Saturday we begin a new year—1938!

And as we recall the old year now being led out by Father Time, we can easily understand that it has been not much different from many others. There have been many of the usual happenings that bring joy, success, prosperity and happiness. And these have been intermingled with grief, disappointment and the other circumstances that go to round out a full year of roses and thorns.

But the new year is a clean sheet. Saturday we begin writing there the history of the year. The year 1938 is one big opportunity just ahead. It is time given for accomplishment. The new year brings hopes, new joys and above all a new opportunity to live a more abundant life.

How shall we treat this opportunity? If we could imagine a millenium we could foresee a great brotherhood of humanity with a firm determination to make the old world a better place in which to live. But with human nature being what it is, we could not predict such a state of affairs. Yet we have bright hopes and an optimistic view toward 1938.

And while on the subject, let us wish each and every one a Happy New Year!

If He Is Wise

In this day and age when successful men are so very much in the spotlight, the secret of their success is often the subject of much comment. All too often we attribute their success to the 'breaks' or just plain good luck.

In the current issue of the Duke Power Magazine we find the following article entitled "Getting Along". It is well worth more than a casual glance, and we pass it along:

Sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul—that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back.

He learns that he who loses his temper, usually loses.

He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then, and that he shouldn't take the other fellow's grouch too seriously.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight.

He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others.

He learns that even the janitor is human, and that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say, "Good Morning," even if it is raining.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, that they have brains that are as good or better, and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of abiding success.

He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as the deed is done right.

He comes to realize that the world would run along perfectly well without him.

He learns to sympathize with the young people, because he remembers how bewildered he was when he first started out "on his own."

He learns not to worry when he loses because experience has shown that if he gives his best, his average will break pretty well.

He learns that no man ever got to first base alone, and that it is only through co-operative effort that we move on to better things.

He learns that bosses are not monsters

trying to get the last ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually fine men who have succeeded through hard work, and who want to do the right thing.

He learns that folks are not any harder to get along with in one place than another, and that "getting along" depends about 98 per cent on his own behavior.

A Lot of People

Unless some great catastrophe kills off a lot of people, the population of the United States will reach the 130 million mark some time next May. That has been figured out by the Census Bureau on the basis of the average number of births and deaths, and is probably accurate.

By 1938 there will be, then, nearly fifty times as many Americans as there were at the beginning of the Revolution, four times as many as when the Civil War began. This country has grown fast. When William McKinley became President, in 1896, only about 40 years ago, there were barely half as many American people as there are now.

If the United States keeps on doubling its population every forty years, we shall soon become as crowded as China or the thickly-populated nations of Europe. But that is not in the cards, according to the experts who make the study of population statistics their business. Immigration has slowed down almost to the stopping point, and the death-rate is overtaking the birth-rate. The annual rate of increase by new births is less than half what it was in the 1870's. The outlook now, according to the statisticians, is that in another 32 years, by 1970, the American population will number 148 million, and that from then on it will diminish, as fewer babies are born than the number of old people who die.

The average age of the whole population will be higher. It is already ten years higher than it was in 1900. This will doubtless affect us in many ways. The important question is, however, whether as our average age increases our collective wisdom will increase in proportion.

The New Year

(By Bruce Catton)

Why greet the New Year if it is to be A copy of the years that went before— A tale of wrongs unrighted, golden ore Unmined and songs unsung, of victory That infirm hands let slip, of children's tears

That no one tried to dry. How dare we write

Another page, unless it set alight A beacon for the marchers down the years?

Now by our vision of a brighter day, Our hope of dawn in everlasting night, Let this year see us farther on the way That winds through darkness to the sun-crowned height

Where gleams a shining city. Ah, behold—

And make the new year better than the old.

Sunday School Lesson

By REV. CHARLES E. DUNN

THE GOSPEL OF MARK

Lesson For January 2nd. Mark 10:35-45. Golden Text: Mark 10:44.

Mark is not only the shortest but the oldest of the four gospels. It was probably written very soon after 70 A. D. Inasmuch as it antedates Matthew, Luke, and John, it is of the greatest value and authority from the historical point of view. But its author is one of the minor characters in the New Testament. The son of Mary, in whose house in Jerusalem the early church held its meetings, Mark was associated with Paul and Barnabas on their first missionary tour, but deserted them halfway. Paul was so incensed at this evident faint-heartedness on Mark's part that he refused to take him on his second tour.

Mark unquestionably wrote his gospel for a Gentile public for he often translates Aramaic words, and is careful to explain Jewish customs. There is ground for believing that Rome was the community he had in mind. Certainly there is a close connection between this gospel and Peter, the foremost disciple. Its most prominent character, after Jesus, is Peter, and Peter, according to a well established tradition, was the first bishop of the Roman Church. The phrase, "Mark my son" in Peter 5:13 may mean that Mark had fellowship with Peter in Rome. At any rate we are safe in saying that Mark's narrative was written, in part, from information supplied to him by Peter in the form of reminiscences.

The gospel is simple, straightforward, compact. Mark lacked literary skill, but he is nonetheless the graphic, vivid and dramatic. The pace of his diction is worthy of note. Mark's chapters march forward with unusual speed. A favorite expression is "straightway", or "immediately". The Greek word so translated occurs 87 times. The gospel might be entitled, "The Quickness of Jesus." There are only 16 chapters, but they are packed full of action. And all of it is written with such perfect candor that it at once inspires our assent.

Down on the Farm



Of all the effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs our fathers told about. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of many embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas, in my early days, have disappeared. They flourished in times full of spirit and lusthood, when folks enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque; times when the very crowing of the cock, heard many times in the profound repose of our countryside, "Telling the night watches to his feathery dames," was thought by our neighbors to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

Christmas! Was there ever men, women or children who resisted it? The voice of a thousand generations, right back to the cave-man reaches us and reminds us of the childish, simple, holy first fathers of mankind. The giving of presents, the use of holly, mistletoe, Yule logs, the wassail bowl, have all descended from the days of paganism, but they are things which set the day distinctly apart from all other holidays. Without the Christmas tree and Santa Claus for Peggy, John and Abe the day would be incomplete and lose much of its deeper meaning to mother and me.

A city hammers and polishes its denizens into a defined model; it worships standardization; but the country encourages differentiation, it creates new types. Thus it is that so many great and original men have lived their youth upon the land, and spent their Christmases by the ruddy blaze which diffused an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lit up the countenance in a kindly welcome.

Love Is Heaven "At Christmas-time the open hand scatters its bounty o'er sea and land, and none are left to grieve alone, for love is heaven and claims its own."

Let a man study the world as much as he pleases; let him descend into the minutest details; dissect the vilest of animals; narrowly consider the least grain of corn sown in the ground, and the manner in which it germinates and multiplies; attentively observe with what precautions a rose-bud blows and opens in the sun, and close again at night; and he will find in all these more design, conduct, and industry than in all the works of man.

Yet, it cannot be said that man gives himself the thoughts of Christmas he had not before. Neither can it be said that he receives them from other men, since it is certain he neither does nor can admit anything from without, unless he finds it in his own home. There must be an inward school wherein we receive at Christmas what we neither can give ourselves, nor expect from others who live upon trust as well as themselves.

Christmas must throw open every door and unlock every

heart. It must, this year, bring the laborer and landowner, the tenant and politician together, it must blend all ranks in one warm, generous flow of joy and kindness. Even in the nations dead and turned to dust, men reached out through the darkness of forgotten days and touched friendly hands. People who lived, two, three or 4000 years ago and did things so marvelously grand and great in the presence of the broken fragments of their work stood silent, and bowed their heads during a brief season of happiness and enjoyment.

Calls Back The Family Circle The scene of early love again rises to my green memory beyond the sterile waste of years. The idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of that home-dwelling joy, reanimating the drooping spirit in a beautiful arrangement, derived from the days of yore, that this festival which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love and made the season for gathering together of my sisters and me, and drawing close again our bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world were continually operating to cut loose; of calling back we children of a family who had launched worth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about our parental hearth, that rallying place of the affections, where we grew young and loving again among the endearing mementos of our childhood.

How many families whose members have dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggle of life, will now be reunited? How many will meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual goodwill, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight? How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies—this Christmas-time will awaken?

Though for me no sister's hearth to blaze, no father's roof to throw open its doors, not the warm grasp of a mother's hand to welcome me at the threshold,—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of these around me, and wish the world a merry Christmas.

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.— Abraham Lincoln.

Do not waste your time on Social Questions. What is the matter with the poor is poverty. What is the matter with the rich is uselessness.—George Bernard Shaw.

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New Year's GREETINGS!

Again, we pause at the beginning of a New Year to summarize the many kind favors extended our firm during the year that is now coming to a close, and the loyal cooperation of so many of our friends in this section of the State. To one and all, we wish to take this means of expressing our most sincere appreciation for your confidence and wish each of you an abundance of—

GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD FORTUNE DURING 1938

For the past 30 years, in season and out of season, farmers and poultrymen in Wilkes and adjoining counties, have found our produce house the best place to sell their products... getting at all times the highest cash market prices. During the New Year, and the years to follow, we hope to continue to give our patrons the best outlet for their products, and hope that our dealings with all will merit your continued patronage. When you have produce to sell, think of Eller's—the Old Reliable Produce Dealers.

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