TO A LEARNED THEBAN HONOR ROLL ASHEBORO HIGH SCHOOL

[illegible]

true [illegible] Many [illegible] chopped [illegible] and that I [illegible] profligate [illegible] warned [illegible]

I [illegible] with [illegible] that the South [illegible] with the North in a [illegible] of tariff grab and I asserted that the South is a farmer and the North a shop so far as the tariff enters the national equation. I quote from my critic.

This is a theory which has closed the South for the last fifty years. People who argue from this point of view have very little understanding or comprehension of the magnitude of the industrial interests of the South, or of the South's industrial possibilities.

"In 1920 the total value of the manufacturing and mining products of the South amounted to $10,233,000,000, while the total value of farm products, including all crops and live stock, and this, too, at a time when cotton was commanding such a high figure) amounted to $9,365,000,000. Thus in that year the value of manufactured and mining products exceeded by $1,500,000,000 the total value of all farm products.

"But ignoring entirely what has been accomplished in the development of manufacturing, it should be remembered that this section is the most richly endowed region on the face of the earth for the development of manufacturing and mining. Great as are its advantages for agriculture, they do not match in importance the boundless resources posessed by the South for manufacturing and mining. By his very argument that protection does develop and protect the factory Savoyard should have pointed out that with its enormous resources of minerals and timbers and water powers the South ought to favor a protective tariff in order to realize to the fullest extent these great resources for the employment of people and the creation of wealth."

Mississippi is a typical cotton State; Connecticut is a typical New England State. What is the average Mississippian? A tiller of the soil. What is the average Connecticut Yankee? A fabricator in a shop.

* * *

A [illegible] Baltimore friend [illegible] I know not [illegible] nothing afraid I am except [illegible] that they [illegible] eminent [illegible] be asserted [illegible] "hers" [illegible] A logical [illegible] of it can [illegible] Why, in the debate of the Methodist tariff [illegible] it was "proved" by statistics that it is a frightfully low tariff, and the most fulsome eulogy any tariff of the past forty years has extorted from its advocates is the praise bestowed on "the free list" of the Methodist already in senatorial debate.

The chairman of the Republican national committee [illegible] Adam, from the bucolic of Iowa. Just before the recent election November [illegible] Adam [illegible] and print [illegible] that a proof that [illegible] Democratic senators [illegible] noted for the [illegible] Baltimore Manufacturer [illegible] that [illegible]

* * *

[illegible] friend tell us that [illegible] protective tariff [illegible] tariff for [illegible] manufacturing and [illegible] people [illegible] country, should the South remain a beggar and appeal to the grant of prospective tariff to develop her resources? Almighty God has bestowed on the South these blessings. Then why should the South invoke the confiscation that all taxation is to reap the fruit of the devise God has made her?

I'll tell you a story. Nearly forty years ago I met in this town a delightful old lawyer who was associated with Allen G. Thurman in the argument of a case in the Supreme [illegible] was an eminent jurist and had graced the Supreme bench of Ohio. [illegible] name. He referred to the bonhomie of that [illegible] democratic statesman, "Old [illegible] Tappan, once senator in Congress. He was a brother of that old [illegible] of New England [illegible] kept him in constant agony for the sin of slavery at the [illegible] been never allowed [illegible] to engage in such [illegible] "Old Ben" was senator a delegation of Quakers waited on him and urged him to engage in the Abolition movement. He heard them patiently and their spokesman imparted the secret that Almighty God was for negro emancipation.

Then it was that "Old Ben" roused himself and put the interrogatory:

"Do you all believe in the truth [illegible]

plaintively.

"Do you believe that the world is the Lord's and the fullness thereof?"

They protested they did.

"Do you believe that the cattle on a thousand hills is the Lord's?"

And they all gave amen to that and then "Old Ben" roared:

"Why don't He sell cattle and with the money He gets for them buy the niggers and set them free like an honest man would?"

I omit the profanity with which "Old Ben" conducted the examination, though it more savored of emphasis than of wickedness.

And now I'd ask the Baltimore editor why it is that American capital does not avail itself of the blessings God has bestowed on the South and, as an honest man would, have it to develop the aforesaid blessings instead of taxing all the people in a tariff "to create" these industries not to be owned by all the people who pay for them but to be the property of the few who are able to own stock in the enterprises. That is the honest way to do it and the decent way to do it.

If a protective tariff is sound political economy then that clause of our fundamental law that provides for free trade between the states is an abomination. Because, for instance, Kentucky can't [illegible] like Kentucky [illegible] that Colonel Cooper's "total of tobacco" is capable of producing more cotton than is required to make all the cotton fabrics consumed by all the people of Kentucky. If protection is wisdom it is an outrage visited on Kentucky to allow the cotton of Mississippi to compete freely with cotton of Kentucky. Nature is a grand old free trader. Nature made Kentucky a tobacco patch, Mississippi a cotton plantation and Minnesota a wheat field. My Baltimore friend comes and says that nature is a chump and botched the job when she denied to any one of these three communities soil and climate to produce all the plants of the entire vegetable kingdom.

But for that clause of the federal constitution providing free trade between the states our glorious union would not have survived a double decade. It was not the principle of Anglo-Saxon liberty that made our country great, so much as it was the right the law gave the citizen to trade without hamper with all the citizens of all the other states. The states of Mexico are under one flag and until about 1890 each state of the Mexican republic was at liberty to levy a protective tariff against the products of all the other states. My Baltimore friend can see the most delicious political ideality in that system. Since Julius Caesar was a warrior the region of Europe known as Germany was as poor as Lazarus until Bismarck made the German empire of 1871. And why? Because each German state had a protective tariff against the products of all the other German states. In the empire Bismarck made were twenty-six states. Bismarck provided absolute free trade between all these states and for the first time in all the tides of time Ger-

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified according to law as administrator of the estate of Milo Moffitt, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned duly verified on or before December 14, 1923, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate settlement.

This December 6, 1923.

H. H. BRAY, Administrator of the estate of Milo Moffitt, deceased. Bennett, N. C., Route 1, Box 2. 12-14-6t

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Grade 4 A—Edna Johnson, Lucile Lowdermilk, Thelma Luck, Ida Maie Parrish, Annie Leigh Williams, Ernest Baldwin, Clarence Boggs, Robert Brittain, Billie Bulla, Alexander Fox, Dock Johnson, Arthur Miller, Coleman Moore, Clarence Vuncannon.

Grade 4 B—Jessie Nance, Paul Hill.

Fifth A grade—Dorothy Whitaker, Emra Rice, Lena Andrews, Ultra Lowdermilk, Arthur Ross, Jr., Elizabeth Ross, E. L. Moffitt, Margaret Hammond, James Brooks, Walter Sechrest, Docie Beck, Hazel Hughes, Nancy Hunsucker, Virginia Henry.

Sixth A grade—Helen Bennett, Jesse Tyson, Eston Williams, Penn Wood Redding, Ruth Hanner.

Sith grade B—Sallie McCain, Clifford Stout.

Seventh A grade—Esther Lowdermilk, Beatrice Lowdermilk.

Eighth B grade—Beulah Hammond.

Ninth grade—Elizabeth Bulla, Henrietta Underwood, Worth Parks.

Tenth grade—Nannie Adkins.

IN QUEST of SANTA ON SKIS

by Eleanor E. King

[illegible]

THE BLIZZARD threatened [illegible] Ralph thoroughly [illegible] the West, skiing [illegible] and [illegible] He and their [illegible] knew about his [illegible] from time to time he had been skiing all [illegible] The whole [illegible] country was mountainous and the boys had no trouble finding places to ski.

"Well, fellows," said Ralph, poised for action at the top of the hill, "I'm off. Here begins my great quest for Santa Claus" and he made a low bow, scraping the snow with his cap. "So long," and he was gone.

"Good luck," called the fellows.

He seemed to go on and on at a remarkable speed after he reached the bottom. The boys stood and watched him skim over the snow out of sight.

Ralph went on for two or three miles this way. Then he came to a wooded strip. His ruddy cheeks glowed with delight, as he thought of the adventures he might have here.

The farther into the forest he got, the darker it grew, until finally Ralph couldn't see his hand before his face. There was only one thing he knew of to do—feel his way out. That was a slow process, but Ralph thought any way out of this dark hole would suit him. In his search for a way out, he found a place where the snow seemed to go almost straight up. It occurred to him that this might be the side of a mountain, and if he could get up high enough he would come to daylight.

Had a Bull's Head and Horns.

He slid down several times, got badly scratched on branches, but that didn't bother him in the least. He was determined to get out of the forest. The mountain proved to be quite high and after an hour or so of climbing Ralph sat down to rest in the snow. As he rested, he took a good look at what was before him. What was that up on the top? Why, it looked like a hut, sure enough—a place where he could rest, get something to eat and get warm.

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

Ralph knocked at the door very gently for fear of knocking the house down. The door opened, but Ralph started back with surprise, for the object before him had a bull's head and horns, and a man's body, cloven hoofs and a long tail.

"Well, my boy," said the creature, "what are you here for? Did you come to help me? I usually have some boys come about Christmas time." Ralph gave a shudder. So this was his beloved Santa Claus, who looked and talked like this. Why hadn't someone told him?

"Who are you?" stammered Ralph, getting up his courage. "Are you Santa Claus?"

The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and rocked with laughter.

Ralph didn't know what to do now. Was he going to laugh himself to death? Well he rather hoped he would.

Reaches Santa Claus' Castle.

Then the creature finally composed himself to say, "No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the children that they get for Christmas. You stay here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

The beast doubled up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and and started down the mountain. Dangerous? Anything was better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and skimmed along the snow for a mile or more. Looking up (he hadn't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with turrets and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer looking fairies.

"Who are you, and who lives here?" quirted Ralph. "Do you go around breaking up toys, too?"

CASE AFTER CASE

Plenty More Like This in Asheboro

[illegible] of Asheboro people can tell [illegible] Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a similar statement of his experience. Here is a case in point. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement? I. O. Hamilton, grocer, Hoover Street, Asheboro, says: "Several years ago I [illegible] My back ached a great deal and I felt [illegible] There was a [illegible] My kidneys acted irregularly, also [illegible] of Doan's Kidney Pills [illegible] strengthened my kidneys and relieved the backaches and rheumatic trouble."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy, get Doan's Kidney Pills. To [illegible] that Mr. Hamilton has. Foster-Milburn Company, Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

KNOW NORTH CAROLINA

A Virginia Verdict

It makes a true Virginian hell, he declares to witness the wonderful progress being made in North Carolina, in good roads and numerous other respects, and then to visit his own home state and view the resigned spirit of self-satisfaction. Think what these Tarheels would do with such a seaport as Norfolk, or with other unexcelled Virginia natural resources.

Our correspondent's personal account of the widespreading awakening in North Carolina has been confirmed by too many observers to be viewed with the least skepticism. North Carolina beyond all quqestion is setting a pace that is causing the state to be singled out for comment in every part of the Union. North Carolina newspapers are this week giving columns of space to the reproduction of James Arthur Seavey's article in the New York Times of October 22, discussing at great length the phoenix-like upspringing of a new era down home.

Says Mr. Seavey: If ever a commonwealth went in, head over heels, wholesale and retail, latitudinally and longitudinally, to boom an develop itself, that commonwealth is the Old North State. That which has hit North Carolina is not even a forty-seventh cousin of the old western boom. It is possibly that the native captains of industry would object to its being called a boom at all. It is, rather, a financial industrial, and commercial regeneration— the phoenix of the new South risen from the ashes of the old.

And the Times's writer does not reach the halfway line of his article before he gives away the whole secret: The whole commonwealth has come to realize that parts cannot be greater than the whole; that in the long run, what is good for Raleigh is god for Asheville, and that what works to the disadvantage of Charlotte bodes no good for Salisbury. Teamwork is performing the miracle-teamwork and universal apreciation of the fact that nature has endowed the state with the makings.

This is the combination our correspondent would like to see applied in his native state. He knows it will work; it is working all about him in North Carolina.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

MERCHNT FINANCIAL WRECK

"I am a financial wreck because of the expense of doctors and medicine for my wife. She has been a chronic sufferer for 10 years. Some pronounced it gall stones, some gastritis and some intestinal inflammation. I happened to read an ad of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and from the first does my wife has steadily improved." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays an inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.

For Sale by Sinclard Drug Company and druggist everywhere.

Anyone familiar with the facts will agree that the press of rural North Carolina was never more needed, and that its opportunity was never greater.

Seventy county agents, experts in their line, are refreshing their minds with new facts about agricultural at the State College this weekThey can serve our farmers better on their return to the different counties.

Winter is the time to study the farm business. Remember the short course offered free to farmers by the State College at Raleigh The dates are January 8 to 19.

Give the children plenty of the kinds of food they should eat and you will not have to worry about the kinds they should not eat.

Ships Without Cargoes.

The outstanding fact in the whole controversy is that the operation of the merchant marine under Mr. Lasker has been a failure. This would not be surprising even in times of prosperity so long as the head of the Shipping Board is an advertising expert or any other person without training or experience in the shipping industry. Under existing conditions of world trade, reduced one-half since the Harding administration came into power and to be still further reduced through the operations of the Fordney-McCumber profiteers' tariff, the sucessful operation of the merchant marine would seem to be impossible even in the hands of an expert.

The first prerequisite of a successful American merchant marine is cargoes—reciprocal world trade—to which this administration seems to be given no thought. Our ships cannot carry great cargoes of wheat and other foodstuffs to Europe, because the people there cannot buy and pay for them with anything except their own products and manufactures. Our ships cannot return laden with the natural products and manufactures of Europe, because the Fordney-McCumber tariff will not admit them on a competitive basis. In the meantime our ships are tied up at their docks and piers and are constantly deteriorating, and [illegible] and the administration apparently think of nothing to do about them except to give them away and pay somebody for taking them off our hands and keep on paying them.

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Brand new all Wool Straight Leg Pants $2.50 pair.

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All Wool Overcoats $5.00 to $7.00.

Brand new leather and Drillmaster's Raincoats, $5.00 to $7.00.

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Brand new All Wool Army Shirts $5.00 pair.

Don't fail to see our Class B Shirts, all Wool $1.50

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