

Western Counties of Third District Put Barden Across.

As indicated in these columns a week or two ago, the nomination of Graham Barden for Congress from the Third district depended upon the loyalty of the western counties of the district. Sampson, Pender, and Duplin, and Wayne, with his own county of Craven, could clearly out vote the coastal counties, and did. Sampson, despite opposition on the part of some of the leading spirits of the county, gave the native Sampsonian a vote of five to two. Pender stood loyally by the young man who grew up at Burgaw. Duplin, in which two or three of Graham Barden's brothers live, rolled up a big majority for him. Wayne gave him half its vote and some to spare, while the Craven people gave their county man an overwhelming majority, despite the fact Abernethy had thrown his influence to Hamilton.

But Hamilton made a fine showing, and one regrets to see one so worthy and who made so gallant a fight lose out. But only one could have it and the writer feels that the old Third has chosen a congressman of real calibre.

Political Spring Boards Of Value to Youths.

To be born to a degree of distinction is of great advantage to a youth of average, or more than average, ability. Young Bickett is nominated as solicitor in a large measure because of his name. It would take the ordinary youth half a life-time to get his name before the public as effectually as Young Bickett's was through the mere fact that he was the son of the late governor. Such good fortune proves a spring board to any worthy scion of a man of distinction, but after he has dived into the political waters he must show his own expertness as a swimmer. If Bickett has the ability of his father he should go far, but if his promotion, due largely to his good fortune of birth, should not be backed up by real individual merit, the probability is that his political career will be brief or inglorious.

President Roosevelt Off For Vacation.

If any one has ever deserved a rest from his labors President Roosevelt does. He is off for several weeks, but his program is one that would tire most folk more than their usual labors. But part of the time will be spent aboard ship, where he should actually get real rest. But every feature of his program, if he can keep his mind off the business of government, should be restful, since it is change of activity, and not mere idleness, that really affords the greatest recreation. The accomplishments of the President the last sixteen months are a marvel. He goes for his vacation with the best wishes of tens of millions.

Hitler Equal to The Emergency.

A dictator must be a dictator. Hitler had the iron to meet revolt in the only way it could be successfully met. One could sympathize more with the massacred mutineers if their characters and motives

were an improvement upon the character and the policy of the dictator. There is little question, however, that Hitler's mastery will be broken so soon as the people of Germany determine upon such a step. It is almost impossible for even a dictator, with the power under his control, to dominate fifty million people when they determine they have had enough of him. Therefore, we may leave Hitler to the Germans. If he and his policies are what they want, well and good. If they tire of him, down he goes. We have seen empires topple in recent years, and dictatorships have no greater assurance of surviving the determination of the people as a whole to rid themselves of an undesired master. Nations will continue to have their masters, but not for long except by their own choice. A nation of many millions can no longer be governed or tyrannized over by an undesired tyrant. Even a tyrant sees the futility of attempting to dominate a nation of millions of intelligent and determined citizens against their will. So long as Germany tolerates the dictator, it is evident that it consents to his rule, and that is Germany's concern. He will go, despite such futile mutinies as that of last week, so soon as Germany really wants him to go.

The Death Toll Of The Roads.

The steadily increasing death toll of the roads is something serious to contemplate. Yet there are hundreds of thousands of us traveling the roads who thus far have scarcely seen anything approaching danger, and one who has had such an experience is inclined to wonder just how so many accidents do occur. Yet a second thought suggests that the very last victim of a road accident had had a similar experience up to the fatal moment. Like a lightning flash death swoops.

However, one can but think that the odds are immensely in favor of the safety of the careful driver of a car in fair mechanical condition. On a straight, open road disaster is apparently contingent upon the condition of the car. Unless a tire explodes or the steering gear becomes instantly ineffective, an accident of serious import seems unthinkable except as due to the utter inattention of the driver. Straight, open roads are the place to make speed.

Driving on curves is not only subject to unexpected and practically unpreventable accidents due to mechanical faults in the construction of tires or to unpredictable breakage in the steering apparatus, as is straight-road driving, but, under the most favorable conditions, to increased strains on every part of the mechanism of the car. A derangement in the steering gear on a straight-away open road should become observable in time to prevent disaster by slowing up the car. But such a derangement upon a curve is bound to result disastrously if the car is going at rapid speed.

The curves are the places to go slowly. If a tire is weak there the bursting strain is likely to occur. If a derange-

ment of the steering apparatus occurs, the car continues in its last determined direction and off the road it goes.

But, of course, however careful one's own car is driven he is subject to the consequences of the carelessness of drivers of other cars and to the mechanical mishaps of the other car. But it is suprisingly few drivers who do not give a living chance to other drivers. That being true, a car in good condition driven by a wide-awake driver runs an infinitesimal risk of mishap from the fault of the other driver. There are few roads which do not permit of quite a bit of leeway if an approaching car clings too closely to the middle of the road.

It is only where traffic is dense that sufficient speed cannot be made in an hour's journey or a day's with all needed care given on curves and in meeting or passing other cars. It is better, however, to lose a few moments in following a wobbling car, say that of a drunken driver, than to risk the consequences of attempting to pass when there is any question of collision due to the insane action of the other driver. In fact, the lost time would be well spent in taking the number of the faulty driver and in seeing that his recklessness is reported to the appropriate authorities. The delay of a few minutes, at the worst, does not once in a decade mean anything disastrous to a man on the road. But a wrecked car, broken bones, or possible death from lack of due caution in driving and in calculating the frailties of the other driver is a matter that deeply concerns all passengers in your own car, in the other car, and in cars approaching from either direction.

One can but believe that at least two-thirds of the accidents in the State can be avoided by due attention to the condition of cars and by caution upon curves and in passing other cars. Straight-away driving should be practically void of risk, even at unlawful speeds. But even a good tire upon a burning day can become a peril when whizzed along a hot pavement at sixty miles an hour. The explosive power of the unduly expanded air becomes a real menace.

The above is written after a year of many thousands of miles upon the road and with scarcely a glimpse of any real danger upon the highway. But I have just "knocked upon wood," for an accident will occur occasionally despite the utmost attention of the driver to the condition of the car and to the rules of the road. And the very next trip may see the writer brought home in an ambulance or hearse. But if so, something must break or burst or some fool must monopolize both sides of the road, or George must suddenly lose the good judgment with which he has guided the old Ford over the highways of dozens of counties within the past eight months.

Sonny Sometimes Sounds Funny.

Isn't that Sonny Tighman funny? Tothar day he thought this writer was inviting a sun stroke. Wednesday,

he opined "life has slipped into low gear, exercise may mean an illness." Yeah; there wouldn't be any need of AAA specifications for crops if that were true. Men are not as frail as the editor of the Bulletin imagines. I have pulled fodder when it was scorching hot, tied wheat behind a cradle on days as hot as Wednesday was, hoed in swamp lands on burning summer days. And just see how big and handsome I still am at 64—haven't lost enough time because of illness in 38 years to count. But none of those things should I deem hotter work than playing baseball at three in the afternoon of a scorching July day, or hotter than sitting on a hard board and watching such a game. Sonny, has doubtless played many a game in the hot sun without generating illness. But wouldn't some of us old-timers, inured to the sunshine and hard work, love to try out some of these youngsters in a cotton patch when the thermometer is about 99 in the shade?

No danger in Sol striking us. He and I became cronies in auld lang syne. Many a time has he looked down upon me as I "nursed" my hoe in the middle of the row and scraped off a cool place to put my bare feet. I bet Sonny doesn't even know how to "nurse" a hoe. Nor has he ever known the joy of getting to the end of the row and finding a flat rail on the fence upon which one might sit. The good old summer time is really the work time.

Cultivated Huckleberries Proving Great Success.

I wish to call the attention of readers who have suitable huckleberry land to the report of the success of the venture in the cultivation of the New Jersey berry near Magnolia.

I told The Voice readers last fall of the huckleberry farm rapidly developing just over the Sampson line in Pender near Beattie's Bridge. Those berries, too, are of the improved New Jersey variety. For years, while editing the Sampson Democrat, I urged attention to the cultivation of an improved berry. It is a shame that our folk will let the New Jersey berry eclipse the famous Sampson Blues. However, it is likely that the perfected berry will be a cross between the two varieties.

About twelve years ago I helped a representative of the Southern Railway's development department choose roots of plants to carry to Washington City for breeding purposes. It was expected that the cross between them and the improved Jersey berry would produce a berry of improved color, as the Sampson Blues' color was pronounced superior to that of the Jersey berry.

The New Jersey improved plants cost like forty more than apple or peach trees, as I recall being told last fall. But there are choice plants in the woods of Sampson, Harnett, and Johnston that would without improvement, give a man a fine start in the cultivation of berries. A piece of root four inches long planted in wet sand will give a man a plant.