

STANLY NEWS HERALD

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For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

DESCRIPTIVE BEAUTY

We unhesitatingly declare that in our opinion, the finest description of love ever made is given in the thirteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. Read it with the view to grasping its beauty:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

"And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

"Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"Love never faileth, but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail. Whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there shall be knowledge it shall vanish.

"For we know in part, and we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

"When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I also am known.

"And now abideth faith, hope and love, these three: but the greatest of these is love."

A half dozen generations of the world's most gifted poets might combine their gift of description and write for ten centuries without saying half that which that "Little Jew" embodied in his superb description of Love.

KEEP HIM—HOW?

"Keep the boy on the farm" may be cried daily throughout the length and breadth of the land, but unless farm life is made more interesting the great bulk of the red blooded farm boys will leave the farm for a more profitable field, and one offering more conveniences and pleasures. We firmly believe this. We have always believed it. Attractions will draw and we may theorize all we please against this idea without reversing the rule. Former Secretary Meredith recently said:

"The real concern in America over the movement of rural population to urban centers is whether or not those who re-

main in agriculture alter the normal contribution to the city are the strong, intelligent, well-seasoned families, in which the best traditions of agriculture and citizenship have been lodged from generation to generation. The present universal cry of "keep the boy on the farm" should be expanded into a great public sentiment for making farm life more attractive in every way. When farming is made profitable and when the better things of life are brought in increasing measure to the rural community the great motives which lead youth and middle age to leave the country districts will be removed. In order to insure a continuance of the best strains of farm people in agriculture, there can be no relaxation of the present movements for a better country life economic, social, and educational."

Mr. Meredith is right. When the farm is made more profitable when the better things and the more interesting things shall have been added to farm life, and conditions, then it will not be necessary to utter the slogan, "keep the boy on the farm." It is the duty of every business and professional man, every town and city dweller, as well as mature farmers, to spare no reasonable efforts to make the farm more profitable and attractive. Upon the prosperity of the farms depends the prosperity of the country. That has been doubly demonstrated during the past months.

JUDGE FERGUSON.

Judge G. S. Ferguson, who is presiding over the April term of Stanly Superior Court this week, is an interesting man. He is the Nestor of North Carolina judges, being now over 78 years of age. However, one coming into contact with him would never judge him to be a man of 78 years, for he neither looks nor acts like a person of that advanced age. Judge Ferguson was a soldier in the Southern Confederacy, and suffered three dangerous wounds and underwent many hardships during those awful years of strife, but he entered the war as a sergeant and came out a lieutenant.

Judge Ferguson is one of the state's most learned jurists, and presides over his court with the idea of seeing that justice is always done. In his charge to the grand jury Tuesday he asked that body to get along with its work as rapidly as possible CONSISTENT WITH GOOD WORK. This seems to be his rule. He is patient, cool and deliberate, and yet, during the course of a day, work is turned out with reasonable dispatch. He is the kind of judge one loves to see return. He is a big man and when in his presence one feels that he is in the presence of a real man. How we do wish North Carolina had more men of his type!

And yet, no one seems to know the manner of procedure which is to feature the city "primary" called to be held in the court house "between the hours of 1 and 6 o'clock, p. m. on April 21st." At any rate, we carry an announcement in this issue to the effect that the registration books will be open soon. Get the date of the opening of the registration books and the closing thereof into your heads now, and name yourself a committee of one to see that your name is properly entered, so that you may vote at the regular May municipal election. Do not wait until after the "primary" to register, it may then be inconvenient. Register, REGISTER! REGISTER!! because you are as much entitled to have your say in the naming of the city's officials for the next two years as anyone else. Others are sovereign voters, and so are you, man or woman that you may be.

Press Comment

HOME BUILDING.

Gastonia Gazette. "What do you think about so and so?" was the question put to a Gastonia man this morning by the Gazette in his round for some news.

"I don't care anything about that matter," was the reply, but what I do care about is the matter of homes in Gastonia. I wish you would advocate in your paper, along with the other commendable objects, the importance of home building and home owning."

"There's nothing," he continued, "that will mean so much to Gastonia as a greater number of homes for our people. If we can provide good, comfortable homes for our citizens, we will not have to run around looking for new industries and putting on frenzied campaigns for improvements. These things will come without any effort on our part. People will come and money will flow to our city if we provide homes for our folks. In connection with this, print what the Observer says on this subject this morning:

"Any movement which has for its object the building of more homes, or the aiding of the individual to build, is a blessing to the community under present conditions. There will always be renters, people who are looking for decent homes for rent. There are always people who want their own homes, and will have them if a way can be found to finance the building or to pay for them. A building corporation like the one proposed will aid both the people who expect to continue to rent, by providing more homes. And there is no danger, any time soon, of any over supply of places for people to live. More homes means a bigger Charlotte and more business for all."

POINTED SAYINGS

Winston-Salem Journal. In a recent dispatch from Berlin Charles H. Grasty, the noted American correspondent, said: "The German is an industrial proficient and a political defective." In such happy phrase the history of Germany and of Germans in modern times is summed up with remarkable accuracy. This pointed and pithy utterance brings to mind another equally forcible and no less successful condensation made by Ambassador Davis in his farewell speech in London. Summing up the truths made clear by the great war and subsequent events, Mr. Davis said:

"That militarism is a danger and not a safeguard; that there are no gains to match the losses in modern warfare; that a sick neighbor may be quite as dangerous as a wicked one; that neither Nations nor men can live in air tight compartments; that men cannot live without eating nor eat without working; that men work best when working to help themselves; that communism always has been and always will be, an ignoble fraud; that one cannot spend what he has not got."

Mr. Davis referred to his address as "a bath of the obvious" but such an epigrammatic epitome as this is a marked and refreshing variation from the ordinary stringing of platitudes around the obvious, so much of which is offered a weary public. It is this ability to say much in little that makes Grasty uncommonly readable, and it is largely the same gift that has caused Ambassador Davis to win so high a place in the estimation of the intelligent classes in Great Britain. His successor at the post will need to exert himself if he does not wish to be regarded as a relatively disappointing figure in the field of diplomatic eloquence.

GREAT CITIES OF TOMORROW.

New York World. Census figures nearly complete show that the population of Paris disappoints those who expected a 3,000,000 total. The suburbs have grown rapidly to about 1,500,000. But Paris itself, with its 2,888,110 inhabitants, shares the fate of London, of Manhattan and Lower Brooklyn. Business take over residence areas, and population is driven into the suburbs. Paris is still the third world city, but below it all is confusion caused by the war. Petrograd has dropped entirely out of the list of great cities to a place below Detroit, below Newark, if suburbs are included.

Rural Song and Comment

(By Arch Huneycutt)

WHEN THE HEART REPINES

A constant drip through the lilac bush, And a dribble thru the rose, And the bluebird broods in solemn hush, Where the chilly North wind blows, But the sun somewhere behind the cloud, Is shining bright and clear; And evening tide may lift the shroud, And Spring again be here.

Oh mortal heart you too must droop,

Because the day is drear— Repine beneath the storms that swoop, And know the dripping tear; In keeping with the damp outside, You, too can but feel rue Cheer up—'tis but your doubt

Vienna, hitherto following Chicago in fifth place, must share Petrograd's fate. Berlin, like Paris, has almost remained stationary. Moscow, Warsaw and Prague have gained in size by their new importance as capitols. Leaving Vienna with capital rank for the present, the great cities are New York, London, or London, New York, of suburbs are added in one case, but not in the other, Paris, Chicago, Tokio, Vienna, Berlin, Philadelphia, Buenos Ayres, Osaka, Moscow, Calcutta, Rio, Glasgow. Two or three Chinese cities would find their way into the list if they had a census; and Detroit, Constantinople, Hamburg, Warsaw, Birmingham and Mexico City follow as rivals.

Startling as are some of the changes here, the censuses of 1920-21 will reveal an even greater surprise. Ancient centres of civilization will drop to second rank, replaced by mushroom capitols. The United States will almost certainly have more than three cities among the first fifteen. The factory is making, among other products, great cities of tomorrow.

that hides A sky of clearest blue.

SURE SIGN, BROTHER.

De world ain't a comin' to no eand nohow whilst de mountain way out west keep a jumpin' round like a happy toad, an' like-ways de Congress here in de East keeps a passin' on a investigatin' resolution every wonst in a while.

WINTER TIME IS DEAD.

Cricket puts away her flute, An' the jaybird sports a bathin' suit, With a helmet on his head; And the red bird keeps a callin' "Work," Cause he knows folks all want to shirk

When the winter time is dead.

NOT LIKELY

Anyhow Satan he's gwine to hafta do some fine calculatin' to hit us on de fly wid dat big long range gun at a distance o' several hundred millyuns of miles, an' if he does succeed her's a hopin' de shell don't land right in de middle o' some water mul-yun patch, 'case dat sho would be destruction wid a vengeance.

APRIL RAIN.

Hear the dribble-drabble splash On the window pane— Dreamy restful drip and splash Of the April rain; Dribble, drabble all the way, Clean from March to breezy May.

Dribble drabble, drip and splash On each bud and shoot; Dreamy, restful drip and splash Like a fairy lute, 'Til yer fancy wonders where All the May time blossoms are.

Dreamy, dribble drip and splash 'Til your restful feet, Winged with fancy, take a dash Where the fields of wheat Like an ocean stretch away In the bloomy, breezy May.

FREE FOR ALL.

When we look out on the world in the full flush of Spring, we often think what a blessing it is that Nature didn't coin up all her wealth in gold and hide it away in the earth, but, on the contrary, spread the greatest and best portion of it out free for all.

HAVE YOU A HANDICAP?

"Don't you believe that every one has a handicap of some kind or another?" asks a certain clever individual. "Poverty and illness are the worst handicaps, but there are handicaps of a lesser type that tend to discourage one, failure for instance. Some might say that it was not very much lesser, but it is, for nine times out of ten, it is due to one's self, but failure once, twice, or thrice doesn't mean a failure for life.

"Goldsmith spent seven years writing his "Deserted Village."

"Bryant wrote Thanatopsis a hundred times. "Cyrus Field crossed and recrossed the Atlantic 50 times before he laid the cable which binds the continents.

Andrew Carnegie began life as a bobbin boy in a Pottsburg cotton mill at a dollar a week, and at 14 became a messenger in the Ohio Telegraph Company at \$2 a week.

"John D. Rockefeller began life in a country store at only \$3 per week.

"Mozart, one of the world's greath musicians, was not only so poor that he suffered for necessities, and sleeps in an unknown grave, but was subject to fainting fits and nervous head aches.

"Cervantes, imprisoned for a debt, was so poor that he could not get paper, and had to finish "Don Quixote"—in which he smiled away the chivalry of Spain—on scraps of leather.

"Bunyan wrote his Pilgrim's Progress' on the untwisted papers brought for his meals in prison.

"Learn the lesson that the lives of these men taught, and don't be discouraged by your handicap, whatever that may be."—One Minute Interviews in Charlotte Observer.

Advertisement for Efrid Dry Goods Co. featuring a man in a suit and hat. Text includes: "Spring comes but once a year and you want to get that new airy Spring Suit, that new style Hat. Yes, and we have a dandy assortment of Men's Suits, Spring Oxfords, Ties, etc. We can dress you up from head to foot in the latest styles at 1921 prices. Efrid Dry Goods Co. 'Albemarle's Best Store'"