

**SOME GOOD ROAD WORK IS BEING DONE IN JACKSON**

**The Garrison Boys Have the Right Idea, Says Novus Homo—An Essay on Graft.**

To the Editor of The Journal:—The census enumerators are having it pretty tough these cold days. Evidently the boys will earn all the chink they will get out of the job this time and especially so if they fully perform their entire obligation in the matter.

The delegates from Rehobeth to the county farmers union session at Sandy Ridge Saturday, Jan. 3, report the best county meeting for some time. They say the spirit of co-operation manifest among the brethren is inspiring, and that the future outlook is bright and cheering.

Work on the highway from the Charlotte-Augusta road to Waxhaw is progressing nicely. The Messrs. Garrison, who have the oversight of this branch of the line, are getting in some mighty fine work and are being highly commended for the thoroughness with which they are doing the job. They are plowing up and scooping off the sand down to the clay, then plowing up the clay and thoroughly mixing it with sand, and then rounding it up with an eight-mile road scrape, and smoothing it over to a finish. The road from the A. W. Heath old store to Waxhaw will be twenty-four feet wide and when finished will be something to be proud of.

If the people could get over the excitement of war conditions and get down to business again in a normal manner, we would soon overcome the most of our troubles. The spirit of graft has gotten too deeply entrenched in us, and we are looking for something for nothing too persistently. Too much privilege and too much government is at the bottom of most of our worries. Privilege can only be granted to a limited number, and government of private affairs cannot be made to give everybody satisfaction. The trouble is when one man is given more than his rightful share of the whole of production other men are necessarily given less than their rightful share. It's like the late Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina told his constituents some years ago: "You needn't come to Washington for a take off unless you bring something with you to be raked off. We have no funds here to be distributed until we first collect said funds from the people by taxation." To be sure, the whole people can be taxed and a large fund accumulated, and this large sum can be given to the few at the expense of the many, and the few thus are benefited greatly because they get much more than they contributed, but this does not extend to the many since they contributed the major part of the fund and received nothing back. This kind of a routine constitutes privilege and works beautifully until all of us begin to want to share the privilege, then we discover that the fund is not big enough to go round and as we begin to increase taxes to make the fund greater so all can get a slice of the pie, the crowd of eaters having increased in the same ratio that the fund did, or probably at a greater rate, the fund is found to be as inadequate or more so than before. This constitutes the vicious circle, or shows us the dog chasing his own tail, and always unable to reach it, we must change our viewpoint altogether and become willing contributors to the general uplift movement, and abandon the idea that some must serve while the masses must suffer. This will get us out of the hole and will do it in the shortest imaginable period. Nothing else will do it; so let's get busy in the interest of the general welfare, and ere long each of us will realize ourselves secure and surrounded by pleasant environment.—Novus Homo.

**ANOTHER "DISMAL SWAMP" APPEARS ON THE SCENE**

**Crowell Street Resident Refuses to Allow Jefferson Street to Claim the Honor—Old Aunt Caroline.**

To the Editor of The Journal:—It is impossible for the residents of West Crowell street to let West Jefferson have all the glory of being the only Dismal Swamp in the city. We, sir, have one that rivals the swamp made historic by O. M.'s letter in the last issue of your paper.

If you are brave enough on a day when there is an abundance of rain to drive your car down the street west, beginning at the jail, you will find, after you have torn up your tires on the first part of the hill that you are bogged at the bottom. Just over the culvert, at the back of the house of the next alderman from that particular ward.

To your left between you and O. M.'s street there is a weary wading veritable Sahara of waste paper. Sometimes a sufficient quantity of this paper and other rubbish has stopped up the culvert and there is a foot or so of water flowing directly over the road, giving you but a poor chance of getting out of the car to get it out of the swamp.

In days gone by in the little hut on your right under the big oak tree, you would have seen an old ducky, who was quite a town institution, smiling and nodding her head at your plight. But last year Old Aunt Caroline went to join the majority and her little hut knows her no more. In passing, a few words about the said ducky. A veritable type of the old slavery days nearness was Aunt Caroline. In her childhood days she had been owned by the Buchanan family and she bore their name. Her clothes though always neat, were a mass of patch-work, and her gray hairs were always covered with a clean handkerchief. She was a "wise woman" in her way, and though she did not profess to tell fortunes, she was an unerring prophetess when it came to weather signs. A look into the hut in which she lived revealed a "bunch of junk" that it would be impossible to get together except after years of patient collecting. This of every possible shape and kind, broken pieces of colored cambric and bundles of paper and rags were neatly piled everywhere. Outside the door right at the street passed on a pile of rocks was the pie in which she boiled the clothes for the small washings she took in, for although away up in the attic, she was industrious in the last. Although other things she had a collection of dozens of quilts made of patch-work. She usually had names in various small sizes and sizes in various colors, and her friends in the country from her quilts had all the time and made a fine one of the passing years would take up her age and give a few bags of wool for her. She, while she chatted with the old woman who was a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge when it came to a question of who was the latest prisoner that the sheriff was entertaining. At last she became very feeble and the kindly neighbors would send her meals.

One day one of the ladies in the neighborhood happened to think that she had not seen her for some time, and had seen no smoke issuing from her chimney. She gave the alarm and the police bursting in the door found that Old Aunt Caroline had died as she had always lived, alone. Her body was found lying in front of the ashes of her fire. The spark had gone out of both.

Talking of the swampy street on which she lived, she used to say that long as she had been living there "The white folks had never done anything but cut the grass by the side of the street."

So in the memory of the oldest inhabitant nothing has ever been done for the street. Now and then the culverts are cleaned, and it is related as a proud bit of history that some twenty years ago when Col. A. M. Crowell, the father of our next alderman, lived on the street that he had spent some \$50 of his own money in betterments near the front gate of the house now occupied by Maj. Hinde.

Once passed that point, the houses have a tired look on the south side of the road; one even has no steps on to the porch, and the others are in various stages of paintless decay. Large boulders protrude in the middle of the street to cut the tires of unwary motorists, who brave the "thank-yemarms" of West Crowell in dry weather to make a shorter cut to the station. The curbing (such as it is) is falling down, and the water meanders its muddy way unguarded by any special waterway from one side of the street to the other.

Once over the top of the hill you descend through muddy ways to the same dismal swamp that "O. M." writes of.—X.

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It is important as I have reports to make to the State Tax Commission under the heads as given in the blanks mailed out.

I will not accept any blanks unless all questions are answered and the same sworn to as the law directs.

There is a penalty of twenty-five per cent to be added to the value of all real estate for failure to comply with the law.

I hope that all real estate owners will take notice of the requirements.

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"Ah ain't hurt at all, palooka."

"Ben surely de Laved mass of been with you, Rastus?"

"Ef He was, sah, He was going some."

A visitor, green about army life, gazed interestedly at the soldier who was digging a hole.

"Digging a trench, my good man?"

"No," smiled the soldier, sadly. "I am digging a grave. One of our rookies just passed away. We were on the rifle range and the captain told us to hold our breath while pulling the trigger on the rifle. This lad's rifle was old and rusty, and the trigger stuck, and there you have it."

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