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The Problem of The Small Town

Under the title, "Hobson's Choice," the University News Letter has a most interesting and significant article on the problem of the small town in North Carolina today.

If the small town of North Carolina, towns with less than 2,500 inhabitants, want to survive and grow they must do one or two things, according to Roy M. Brown, of Watauga county, speaking before the North Carolina Club, which is this year studying the state from an urban and industrial point of view, says the News Letter. These small towns, said he must either move forward into the class of manufacturing centers, which a few of them have been able to do; or they must by community effort become attractive local trade, high school, and residence centers.

Mr. Brown cited figures showing that small towns of North Carolina were not only increasing in population, but that 93 of them in the past decade actually dwindled in size and 40 of them surrendered their charters of incorporation and quietly faded from the map, disappeared, lay down and died.

He thinks the same fate is coming to others unless they do something to prevent it. Country people leaving their farms do not stop in these little towns, he said, unless they are especially attracted to them and see in them a chance for themselves and their children. They jump over them and go to the larger cities.

Here is the great place for chambers of commerce or other community bodies, said Mr. Brown, according to the News Letter. Membership and activities of such bodies, should extend throughout the trade area of the town. In predominantly rural counties the chambers should be county-wide.

This is a real problem that should be faced and solved.

Certainly it is not desirable that towns of the class under consideration should be swept out of existence. But if they are to exist, and prosper, they will have to do certain things.

For one thing, they will have to provide modern conveniences to a greater extent than in the past to the end that they may be as desirable as possible as places of residence.

There are many people who prefer to live in a small town, but they are not willing to undergo hardships thru the lack of modern conveniences in order to do it.

This is a fact that should be carefully considered by the official boards and citizens generally of communities of the type we are discussing.—Twin-City Sentinel.

SUPPOSE!

Suppose an editor should, just for once, relieve his mind by printing all the news that he happened to know at that minute! Options would be thrown up, citizens arrested, families disrupted, fights fought on every street corner, candidates resigning, ministers leaving for distant parts, lawyers taking long vacations, business men turning things over to their clerks for a season, hired girls hunting new jobs and so on down a long list of casualties—and the editor would be so muzzled up that his corpse couldn't be identified by his own family. A newspaper man doesn't know everything, but his work is such that he hears a lot that common decency and common prudence keep out of the paper.—Inter-Mountain Press and Printer.

It has been a great surprise to old fashioned men to discover that since they have the vote women still continue to keep house.

A fine farm for sale cheap. D. K. Rouse, Calabau, N. C.

Now Then, Preachers.

I go to church most every day, and swallow what the preachers say, and still I never get enough of what I call the real stuff. Some preachers have a little creed—a compact form of all we need—and then they dish a little in, by way of music from the chin. And thus, they shirk the real facts they've left at home in dusty stacks. Imagine a guy with a beautiful "theme"—a Bible text and a "fat meat dream"—predestination on the side—"feeding the sheep with a sense of pride." Some preachers have a list of homes where every saint and sinner roams—such bunk as heavenly real estate, with a golden key to every gate. When preachers read the Holy writ and then can't find out when to quit, the thing to do is turn around and go back over the same old ground. As this won't fill the mutton head with how to recognize the dead—where sinners go, how long they stay and how they manage to get away. One day a woman buried a son, a good-for-nothing-son-of-a-gun, whose death just saved him from a rope, he left the world without a hope. The preacher tried to run the bluff, and sprang the recognition stuff, and here the mother "passed the buck," and left the preacher "out of luck." But now this preacher is glad to preach the things the Holy Scriptures teach, with ample proof within his dome and eloquence to drive it home. Such rotten old unsavory lore as knowing loved ones gone before does not repose in the sacred Word, to the unorged by a polly bird. They give the Bible an awful twist, explaining things that don't exist, and make an extra "shatterang" and spread it over the whole shebang. They get a stultified Amen!—the guy is in his glory then—he's given birth to something new, by tacking on a thing or two. The best of "good old sermon paints" is recognition of the saints, to wring a tear from mother's eye, and soften the heart of wayward guy, but this don't make for mother's joy, when she gets "up there" to miss her boy. Now preacher, here's the useful "dope" your panacea—your only hope, throw 'way your bunk and tommyrot—the things you should have long forgot—get down to facts and preach what is, and work this method in your biz.—Blanche Shepard, in Greensboro Daily News.

Can We Doubt It?

We heard a story the other day about an editor having to be carried home on a stretcher as the result of having received a kind word over something he had printed. The shock simply unnerved him. But just as he reach his home some one gave him a good cussing about another article he had printed, and he got up and went to work.—Jefferson County Republican.

The Fountain Inn Tribune, a weekly newspaper published at Fountain Inn, S. C., has been suspended because it is "without revenue," its owner announces. Its owner is Robert Quillen, who writes the Small-Town Stuff for the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Quillen evidently is not a fulfilled weekly publisher or he would not have taken being "without revenue" so seriously. If the publisher of a weekly paper were to quit every time he went broke he wouldn't come out often enough to retain second-class mail privileges, at least this would be true of some of them.—Statesville Daily.

Doubt is felt if John Barley-corn is really dead, but anyway he has been put as far under ground as the cellar.—Exchange.

The Record 52 weeks for \$1.00.

Which Appeals To You?

When you open your mouth what kind of a noise do you make?

Every time you speak a good word for this town you speak two for yourself, for the home booster is always respected by home lovers.

It's an easy thing to make a nasty remark about your home town, but it is difficult to stop that remark from traveling after it has once been uttered.

The monkey in the jungle swings from limb to limb and from tree to tree at remarkable speed, but the monkey is a snail compared to the caustic comments of a chronic pessimist.

The monkey does not berate either the limbs or the trees, for they are his home—they mean safety and comfort to him.

The pessimist, however, is not as considerate.

His happiest moments are when he is slamming his home town.

Nothing is right.

None of its numerous citizens possess the ability to perform civic duties in the proper manner.

Other people are unable to see the glaring defects that are so plain to him.

He lives in the darkness and radiates gloom.

He is simply a pessimist, and the work of the pessimist is too often destructive.

But why is he a pessimist? Why not be an optimist instead? Pessimism is worse than rheumatism. Then one puts a few joints out of proper working order but the other is a drag to the mind, the body and the soul.

Station yourself on a street corner and watch the people go by for an hour. Ninety-nine out of a hundred will be happy, and cheerful, and contented, and will give you a cheerful greeting. The rays of the noonday sun are not the brighter or warmer than the smiles upon their lips or the humanity in their hearts.

The hundredth man may be different. He may be the odd sheep in the flock, the cloud that dims the brightness of the community light. He is a pessimist, and he knows it. His soul is shrouded in gloom from which he never seeks to escape. He is a bore even to himself.

The pessimist is never happy—the optimist is seldom sad.

It is possible to be either, but never both.

Which appeals to you?—Exchange.

All For a Nickle.

Had you thought of it? A nickle will really buy something now!—Rockwood Times.

What?—Livingston Enterprise.

Yessir: By golly, you can really buy a whole bottle of Coca Cola in Rockwood for a nickle and the bottler pays the war tax. Then occasionally the restaurant keeper gets good and will serve two thin slices of bread and a piece of ham about as thick as a newspaper for one measly little nickle. Ain't it a sight how we are becoming reconstructed? And say, Friend Gray, Bill Montgomery states that even the bootleggers in Sevier county are coming down off their high perches and that a quart of the genuine stuff can now be purchased for \$3, whereas a short time ago it was going at \$7. First thing we know a highball and a lunch will be possible at the old price. Then who cares how the wind blows?—Rockwood Times.

Paper producers can't afford to reduce prices. Just what sugar dealers said when they were getting 25 a pound.—Exchange.

Poise is valuable but it isn't everything. A pair of scales and a cow both have poise, but they haven't any personality.

What is Done With The Liquor.

A most excellent woman called up the editor and asked him what become of all the liquor the officers took a way from moonshiners and others.

This writer said in reply in a jocular way that we supposed the officers drink the liquor they capture in Catawba county.

But seriously, the citizens have a right to know what the officers do with the liquor they seize.

In the town where the quantity is small it is alright to keep the liquor to use as evidence in court, but after the trial is over the liquor should be destroyed publicly—so that the people know that it is destroyed and not carried into the policemen's offices or to the jail where it leaves a suspicion that the officers drink the stuff or sell it to others.

This writer asked Mr. H. H. Sigmon what had been done with all the liquor that had been seized by the sheriff and his deputies—and he replied that it was taken to the jail by Mr. Gilbert and destroyed or was supposed to be destroyed.

There has been some suspicion not only of the liquor, but there has been a suspicion that some of the old stills have been carried back and put in use after captured in some counties.

It is the purpose of the law enforcement people to have the law so plain on these subjects that he who runs may read. That when a still is captured it shall be destroyed in the presence of the witnesses and affidavits made and filed with the clerk of court stating when and where destroyed.

Also something similar must be done with reference to the liquor—it must be made plain that it shall be destroyed and record of the fact made as well as of stills.

This writer has not seen any liquor destroyed in Catawba county in four years and has not seen any one else who saw liquor destroyed.—Newton Enterprise.

MONEY.

Money talks louder than anything else. Those of us who haven't it want it, and those who have it want more. Every boy and girl, every young man, young woman—everybody studies day and night how to be happy, not how to be useful and intelligent and accomplished but how to make money.

It is for money that men and women sell their souls. It is for money bandits rob banks and voters sell their votes.

Money is necessary. It is the medium of exchange. In the true sense money represents a man's business ability. Yet if a man has money he is a "crook" and if he has not he is a failure. When a man is accumulating money he is usually ambitious, industrious and worth much to his community. When he gets plenty of money he stagnates and lives for self alone. If Solomon were living today he probably would say, "In all thy getting get rich," instead of "understanding."

Money is the chief topic of conversation. One can't attend a social, religious or otherwise, but what somehow, somewhere "money" gets in. Strangers are received not according to their accomplishments but according to their pocketbooks. Girls are no longer taught to marry for love and to choose a man with brains, out are encouraged to "marry rich."

Money may be the root of all evil but if a man expects to get anywhere these days he'd better have a "voice" and money talks when all other voices are silent.—The Jellico Carry On.

All He Got Out of Life.

Senator Fletcher of Florida tells this story in illustrating the difficulties of some people in meeting the problems due to the high cost of living. "A woe-begone creature," said the Senator, "wailed that for forty years he had worked hard and that he had got nothing out of life except his clothes and food." "And," according to the Senator, the dissatisfied citizen claimed "his food never agreed with him, and his clothes never fit."

A want ad brings results.

EFIRD'S

The Leading Dept. Store Winston-Salem, N. C.

New 4,000 Yd Shipment Sea Island Sheeting	25c.	10c.
25c. Plaid Dress Ginghams		12 1-2c.
50c. 220 Blue Overall Denims		29c.
Mercerized Cotton Crepe in all colors		29c.
Men's \$1.00 all Silk 4-in-hand Ass't Color Spring Ties		69c.
Men's Silk Collars Striped and Solid Colors, Ass't'd	15 &	25c.
Men's \$1.50 Dress Shirts all sizes		79c.
Children's Knox Knit Cordovan White and Black 50c. mercerized hose, sizes 7 to 10		25c.

The Worm Has Turned

"the days of war-time prices have made their farewell kiss and every price ticket in this store has been turned upside down like this!"

Yes, people, the worm has turned---the prodigal son is back ---and it's your inning.

No longer need you kneel to head waiter prices for a seat near the orchestra---and it's a wise man who saved his money when the dollar was only worth 40c. FOR NOW AND HERE HE COMES INTO HIS OWN WITH FLYING COLORS.

This is the news that greets you today from your favorite clothing store.

Davie county people always given a hearty welcome.

BOYLES BROTHERS COMP'Y

Trade St., Winston-Salem, N. C.