

Carter's Weekly

(Combined with The Wilkes Journal)
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1920



YOUTH ON THE PROW

"Give us the young. Give us the young, and we will create a new earth."

This quotation from Benjamin Kidd is the motto of a new organization lately launched in Great Britain under the captivating title, The British League of Youth. The general aim of the organization is declared to be "the expression of the will and the ideals of the younger generation," and one of its specific objects is "to encourage and organize among the youth of both sexes the study of contemporary history and present-day political problems and movements."

The importance attaching to this movement may be gauged by the fact that Mr. Lloyd George, the British premier, is the head of the organization.

The idea is truly admirable, and ought by all means to be transplanted to North Carolina and every other American state. Such organizations would be very fit instruments for the extension and enlargement of the work of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. And properly developed in connection with the high schools and colleges of the State, they should exert an educational influence of inestimable value. Their culture naturally would be of the most practical kind and would bring within the reach of every youth such a training in citizenship as now is possible only to the few.

The idea is the same, to all intents and purposes, that underlies our "Forum of Student Thought." Our monthly prize contests are a means to an end not yet fully declared. We shall go forward, patiently and persistently, along the lines we have laid down, until the wide awake teachers and ambitious students in the High Schools of North Carolina are convinced of the helpfulness to both, and to the cause of education, of these competitions. When it is realized that the publication of the more creditable school exercises in theme writing and the monthly prize awards constitute not only a continuing incentive to student effort, but that the themes so published will afford just the help, by way of example and suggestion, that so many students need—when, we say, this service comes to be understood in its larger significance, a widespread interest is bound to result.

This point reached—and we have no thought of stopping short of it—our work then will take on a very much wider aspect. In addition to the prizes for school exercises, we shall then inaugurate a series of prize competitions for written debates on subjects of contemporary history and present-day political problems and movements.

In short, we intend to keep pegging away until this paper is known far and wide as the organ of the best thought and the highest enthusiasms of the youth of North Carolina. We adopt for our own the motto of the League of Youth:

"Give us the young. Give us the young, and we will create a new earth."

The publication of Chief Justice Clark's great address on the English Bible literally compels us to suspend for this issue both our departments of Student Thought and Popular Biography. The circumstances that produce this result are of such exceptional nature that they cannot occur again. These features hereafter will have the right of way even as against the editor's own "dope."

This occurrence will not delay the award of the prize for the February themes; nor will anybody be excluded from the competition, as we will double up next week, if necessary.

TREATY PROSPECTS

The logic of the situation argues a Senate agreement on the peace treaty. The country demands it. More

than three-fourth of the senators desire it. And, paradoxically enough, it is equally the need of both political parties.

The Republicans need it, because, controlling the Senate as they do, non-action condemns them to the defensive strategy that is so rarely successful either in war or in politics.

The Democrats need it as a means of recovering the liberty of thought and action essential to the useful existence of the party, and which it has so largely lost through a leadership entirely self-luminous and imperiously dictatorial.

Both parties have felt the drift of public opinion. The Republicans are complaisant, from motives of political expediency. And the Democrats are urged by the call of freedom.

Under such conditions, the Senate can hardly fail of an agreement. And the substance of the agreement can be safely forecast. The Lodge reservations are likely to be toned down in phraseology—and reinforced in binding strength. Instance the substitute proposed by the Republican leader for reservation number one—that dealing with the right of withdrawal from the league. Without weakening any of the safeguards of the original reservation, it goes further and assures the right of Congress to give notice of such withdrawal by a mere majority vote, without the concurrence of the President.

One thing is sure beyond peradventure: No provision that looks to the restriction of the separate powers of the President in the control of foreign relations will be omitted or weakened. The Wilson-Lansing episode has "set the hair on the Republicans and tamed the opposition of the Democrats."

It's a good bet that the Senate will agree; but the President's pride of prerogative is very likely to make the Senate agreement a scrap of paper.

And then look out for squalls!

THE NOMINATION OF HOOVER WOULD CONFESS PARTY BANKRUPTCY

Popular government can function only through political parties. Even Herbert Hoover acknowledges this truth, at the same time that he holds himself aloof from both parties until he can see what the party managers, respectively, stand for. And while himself set apart from partisan affiliation by this attitude of exceptional virtue, he recognizes also that two parties are enough, since a further subdivision might enable a minority to rule by wielding the balance of power.

Therefore, finding immemorial American usage and the righteousness that rises above partisanship at one in support of the thesis that democracy is best served through two efficient party organizations, thus much may safely be assumed as the starting point of the observations that are to follow.

An extensive propaganda is afoot for the nomination of Hoover as the Democratic candidate for the presidency in succession to Woodrow Wilson. Since a party can only serve the country as it rightly serves its own welfare, the first inquiry should be as to the probable effect upon the party of the nomination proposed.

Hoover is known only to have voted a Republican ticket; he does not claim to be a Democrat, and the only prospect held out to the party of securing his support in the coming election, is that the party managers may be more successful in catering to his political tastes than the managers of the Republican party.

What, pray, would be the effect upon the morale of the party of setting aside all its true and tried leaders in order to bestow its highest honor upon a mugwump of such grandiose pretensions? What would happen to the fighting spirit of the army that found itself under the chief command of a straggler from the rear ranks of the enemy?

The Hoover propaganda presupposes the party's bankruptcy in leadership, and when the party itself makes formal confession of such bankruptcy by going outside of its own ranks for a leader, the disintegration of its forces is inevitable.

If so obvious a truth required illustration, it would be necessary only to compare Seymour's race against Grant in 1868, while the military prestige of the later was still undimmed by the failures of civil administration, with the Greeley fiasco, in opposing Grant's second candidacy, four years later. The fairness of the test must be conceded when it is remembered that the Greeley adventure in mugwumpery was sandwiched between the splendid showing of Seymour in 1868 and the election of Tilden in 1876—both these, of the straightest sect, Democrats.

The motive of Hoover diversion is not the welfare of the Democratic organization, but the betrayal of the democratic principle. The genuine Democrats who have "fallen for it" are either victims of their own heedlessness of the facts of human nature and party experience, or dupes of the propaganda of reaction, of which the New York World is the loudest touter.

No Man's Land

Martha Haywood, C. R.

Some one has written us this letter, which we cannot answer, and we will be glad for any one who feels that they can do so—through this column.

SOME-HOW FLUNKED?

Dear C. R.:

Some one much interested was telling me the other day the story of a young soldier who came home from France unable to see—"War-neurosis" said Dr. Abram Joyhnson, the psychologist—the man who knows his fellow man—after various physicians and surgeons had examined the young man's eyes and said there was nothing wrong with them. The many different kinds of War Neurosis, the psychologist enumerated as paralysis, melancholia, deafness, blindness, weeping and hysteria. In any one of which hiding places, he said the sub-conscious ego—instinct—the "sauve-qui-peut"—of the animal mind often chased war-weary men who had never come in contact with exploding shells of any kind. "You are blind" he told the blind man "as the fat 'possum is blind", because instinct tells him it will save his fat to roll up and hang dead from a limb out of reach, while Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit are run down to feed the pack. Fat and soft you were! stall-fed-up-to-your-back-teeth with this dirty business of war before you were ever drafted and six months of filth and racket, of mud and blood and stench were too much on top of the cold nightmare your over-worked imagination had glutted you with for three years. Right in the face of the big show, you had what the French call "An immense disgust", a terrible animal nausea of filth and fear. You hated war, its confusion, discomfort and physical responsibility, you were no coward, you were fighting two fights, your conscious self went on obeying orders while your sub-conscious self beat on the doors of your brain, "to find a way out". A naive young extrovert lured by the glamor of a great crusade, you sprawled flat before the knowledge that something you could not brow-beat, within the sacred portals of your ego-mania was reading to you the riot act. Compulsive instinctive terror, incessantly demanded of you to get out, to be done with the bark and noise of the filthy Huns, to rid your body of the vermin that ate you alive. Your pestered heart turned cold in the face of the guns, all its blood streaming to the running muscles of your legs; that was instinctive, so every hunted animal gathers itself up for its race from the hounds. But you were afraid to admit fear, to run forward to meet it, to "cuss" like a man your shaking legs and order them to carry on. Out beyond, there was rough work to be done, ghastrly pieces of men to be helped back to die—mopping up all the nauseating aftermath of a "big show".

"Compulsive emotion suppressed in conscious action slops over into the sub-conscious with amazing results. The blow on your head that sent the blood into your eyes 'called the count'. Reality had ranged beyond the limit of endurance. You rolled up and went blind.

"And here you are today still blind and evasive; still shirking the gaff of the god of the things as they are."

Now, C. R., isn't that about the diagnosis Sir Edward Grey subtlet of international psychologists, in the blandest of diplomatic language, is giving the world today, as the reason that America,—in the language of one of her greatest divines,—"Somehow flunked",—when the whole world waited to follow her spiritual leadership. "War neurosis"—in the face of the disheartening labor of cleaning up after the filthy business of world war—war weariness. A naive weariness, incessantly demanding security and comfort; a subtle weariness demanding imperiously relief from responsibility for its fellow man.

"If two million, instead of fifty thousand of your men had been killed," he would doubtless like to shout at us, "you wouldn't be so complacent of your way out—of that 'neurosis of politics' you are putting over to protect your eyes from responsibility for the hideous crimes, sordidness and hunger that tear at the broken body of the world.

—Ada J.

For Lincoln's Birthday we received this from a Virginia Lady who is interested in keeping history straight: In my judgment, Lincoln is the most astute, the most ambitious, the most unscrupulous politician this country has ever produced, and yet he is held up to the youth of the land as her wisest and most unselfish statesman; he denied the Divinity of Christ, and spoke in the most sacrilegious manner of Christianity, yet he is called "a Christ" and compared to Him, and eulogized from our pulpits every Sunday; he is called the preserver of the Union, yet under the pretext of saving the Union he dealt the Union (our form of balanced Constitutional government, two perfect, correlated, yet

independent forms of state and federal control) a deadly blow; he is posed as a democrat, with a big "D", (In a recent issue of the Nashville Christian Advocate he is posed as the second and over-shadowing member in the great Democratic triumvirate, "Jefferson, LINCOLN and Woodrow Wilson"), and yet, it is a well known fact, that he was the exponent of the rankest form of Imperialism—suspending the writ of habeas corpus and throwing 38,000 American citizens into prison, without due process of law—things even the kaiser would have hesitated to do; he poses as an apostle of civic righteousness, yet he dealt civic righteousness a deadly blow when he signed the liquor revenue bill, and turned the saloons loose on the country, undoing the previous temperance work of the churches; he posed as the friend of the negro, yet in his Emancipation Proclamation does him untold harm, he stirs up strife between him and his best friend, the Southern white man, interfered with the gradual emancipation and colonization scheme of the South, and really created the "race problem", the most serious question right now before our country for solution.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

(Continued from page one)

views of civilization, the United States from time to time dispatches and maintains troops in the territory of the Panama Republic. And the Panama Republic, for the transaction of its legislative business, maintains a certain Assembly.

Now, there is an element in the Assembly aforesaid whose national consciousness is irked by the presence of the alien soldiery. As the spokesman of this element, Deputy Venero lately brought in a resolution demanding the withdrawal of the American troops at Chiriqui, and in support thereof cited sundry addresses of President Wilson dealing with the rights of small nations. Thereupon Deputy Patino butted into the discussion with the observation that the Wilson utterances were "vacuous liricisms," and Deputy Venero hit him.

Of course he hit him!—what else was there to do? If Patino had said "punk" or "bunk," the incident might well have passed without a breach of the peace—Venero would have understood that, and possibly might have found no fault with the sentiment—but "vacuous liricisms" would be legal provocation in Labrador, to say nothing of the hotter tempers of the tropics.

There should be no delay in the withdrawal of the troops from Chiriqui. It is enough that Venero asks it. But even that concession would be a very inadequate recognition of his distinguished service in swatting Blasphemy. He has earned the Congressional Medal of Honor at the least.

"Vacuous liricisms," in deed! Heaven palsy the tongue that would "perpetrate such euphemism for "bunk!"

This is liable to be read by some whom "liricism" is the same linguistic novelty that it was to the writer. These perhaps will not resent some observations upon the word.

It will not, I believe, be found in any dictionary. It seems to be a derivative of the Low Latin word liripipium, which described certain clerical and scholastic trappings. From liripipium we have liripipe and liripoop, which in turn have been corrupted into lurry, a term used by Milton to describe a formula of canting speech—"To turn prayer into a kind of lurry."

"Vacuous liricism" is seen, therefore, as the euphemistic equivalent of pedantic bunk. Like Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude," the expression is likely to stick.—Editor.

VARYING VERSE

How Kind Is Sleep

How kind is sleep, how merciful;
That I last night have seen
The happy birds with bosoms pressed
Against the leaves so green.

Sweet sleep made my mind forget
My love had gone away;
And neyvermore I'd touch her soft,
Warm body, night or day.

Sp, every night deceived by sleep,
Let me on roses lie;
And leave the thorns of Truth for day,
To pierce me till I die.

W. H. Davies, in To-day.

Stars

In the sharp splendor of a star
We know what timeless souls we are,
And apprehend the uncharted seas
Where through our gilded argosies.

Frighted with heavy bales of sense
We sail, not knowing why, nor whence,
Nor whither; ever thrusting on
Against huge seas, aloof, alone.

—William Kean Seymour, in To-day.

FOR SALE—Ford wheels, front and rear. C. & F. Motor Co., 10th St., North Wilkesboro, N. C. 36-2t.

HOUSE FOR SALE—17 room house on Cherry street. Lot 100x200. See Mrs. Myrtle Freeland. 31-pd-32.

GO TO THE RESCUE.

Don't Wait 'till It's Too Late—Follow the Example of a North Wilkesboro Citizen.

Rescue the aching back. If it keeps on aching, trouble may come. Often it indicates kidney weakness. If you neglect the kidneys' warning, Look out for urinary disorders.

This North Wilkesboro citizen will show you how to go to the rescue.

Mrs. J. G. Horton, North Wilkesboro, Says: "About a year ago I had such terrible pains in my back and kidneys that I was in misery and no matter what I took, the pain wasn't eased. I had headaches and nervous spells, too. I knew I would have to do something and, as I had heard and read so much of Doan's Kidney Pills, I purchased some at the Brame Drug Co. I had only taken a few doses of Doan's when the pains eased up and I continued their use until the headaches and nervousness had disappeared. I felt stronger in every way and finally was cured of kidney complaint by Doan's Kidney Pills."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Horton had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a certain Mortgage Deed executed to me on November 22, 1919, by James E. Phillips and wife, recorded in Book 113, p. 123, due December 22, 1919, default having been made in payment thereof, I will, on Monday, March 8, 1920, between the hours of 12:00 M. and 3:00 P. M., at the Courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale at Public Auction, for cash, to the highest bidder the lands described and conveyed in said Mortgage Deed, to-wit:

Lying in Moravian Falls Township, Wilkes County, N. C., and bounded as follows:

Beginning on a pine, J. W. Wadkins' corner, then East with said line 60 poles to a large rock, then North 39 poles to a pine, Wadkins' corner, then East to a stake in Kilby's line, said stake being south of Frank Williams' Poplar corner, a conditional line between J. H. Ferguson and Rhoda Davis, then West with Williams line 136 poles to a stake in R. E. Broyhill's line, then South with Broyhill's line 128 poles to the corner of the Brown line, then East 41 poles to a Red Oak, then North 40 poles to the beginning, containing 72 acres more or less.

This 2nd day of February, 1920.
J. B. McCoy, Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

North Carolina, Wilkes County. This is to notify the public that J. C. Wallace and the estate of E. Wallace, deceased, doing business under the firm name of J. C. Wallace & company in the town of North Wilkesboro, N. C., have this day mutually dissolved partnership.

J. C. Wallace & company will continue to be operated by J. C. Wallace, W. A. Caudill and Mrs. Mamie Caudill and they will assume all obligations of the company, and all accounts due the said company will be payable to them. This 10th day of February, 1920.
J. C. WALLACE.
Ad'mr. of E. Wallace, dec'd.

PEAS WANTED—J. M. Field, Climax, N. C., will buy your peas when you are ready to sell. Tell him what you got for sale, how much you ask for them and wait for a letter from him. NUFF SED. 36-1f

Autos for Hire

Day 'Phone 105
Night 'Phone 226

BEST SERVICE NEW CARS
Careful Drivers

W. W. CALL
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

PRODUCE MARKET PRICES

Subject to Fluctuations

(Corrected by E. E. Eller every Thursday morning.)

	Per Bushel
Apples, hand picked	\$3.00
Corn, new	2.00
Rye	2.00
Oats	1.00
Wheat	2.50
Potatoes	2.50
Potatoes, sweet	2.00
Peach seed, per bu. of 50 lbs.	1.25

	Per Pound
Butter	.30
Hens	.28
Roosters	.15
Spring Chickens	.28
Turkeys	.40
Beeswax	.35
Eggs, per dozen candled	.50
Hides, green	.20
Hides, dry	.25
Ducks	.25
Geese, full feathered	.25
Hams, cured, new	.25 to .27
Bacon, country sides, new	.22
Shoulders, cured	.22
Tallow	.10
Honey, Sourwood	.35
Dried Apples	.15

Professional Cards

FIFTY CENTS PER MONTH

DR. L. A. HAUSER
DENTAL SURGEON
Office Over A. M. Church's Store
North Wilkesboro, N. C.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Only the Best Material Used

Dr. W. G. STEWARD
Veterinary Surgeon

Located at the Wilkesboro
Livery Stable.
Wilkesboro, N. C.

BID WILLIAMS
Notary Public
First Floor D. & S. Bank
Building
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

DR. W. F. JONES
DENTIST
Office over Brame Drug Co.
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Want Ads.

WANTED—Farm help. Good tenant house. Excellent garden plot. Excellent water. Continual employment at good wages with opportunity to raise crops. H. H. MOREHOUSE, near Lithia Springs, Oakwoods, N. C.

LOST—20 dollar gold certificate bill Monday in the Goodwill Department Store, North Wilkesboro, N. C. Money in small sack. Please return to Smith Williams, Call post-office. 2t-pd

FOR RENT—Several acres of good tobacco land. Good opportunity for right party. F. M. Jennings, Pores Knob, N. C. 33-3t.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
New, ten-room, corner residence, and electric lights, two and one half lots, conveniently located to both residential and business sections of North Wilkesboro.
Write to Mrs. John G. Quinn, Mitchells, Va. 1st mo 1f

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
7 acre farm for sale. 40 acres best improved land in Wilkes county. 10 acres good pasture, well watered. 1 acre young bearing orchard. 31 acres good timber, 1 6-room residence, a good one. 1 store doing a fine business. 2 good stock barns. 1 wagon shed, dairy and all necessary buildings. This property is worth \$3700. I am offering at \$5,500. Terms to suit. This is a good tobacco farm, and you will be glad you bought it. Do not waste time but come and see it at once or it will be sold before you start.—Franc L. Lives, real-estate agent, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

WHEN IN NEED of gas engine, mill work, or any kinds of machine work call or see J. F. WILLIAMS, North Wilkesboro, N. C. 30-41-pd

FOR SALE—A 52 inch Simmons Saw at a bargain. E. F. Stafford, North Wilkesboro. 24tf

GOOD MAGAZINES FREE—Anyone desiring good magazines published in the year of 1919 may have same free by applying to J. B. McCoy, chairman of the House and auditing committee for the Wilkes Commercial Club.

FOR RENT—W. A. Souther farm lying on big Hunting Creek, near Lovelace, Somers Township, containing about 185 acres. good three room house and out houses. Terms cash or one-third of crop. Mrs. C. B. Shaver, Albemarle, N. C., Route 2. 36-4t-pd.

NOSE CLOGGED FROM A COLD OR CATARRH

Apply Cream in Nostrils To Open Up Air Passages.

Ah! What relief! Your clogged nostrils open right up, the air passages of your head are clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, mucous discharge, headache, dryness—no struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh is gone.
Don't stay stuffed up! Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Ely's Cream Balm is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer has been seeking. It's just splendid.