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SOME MORE OF THE RED FLAG.

The Sandhills Bolshevik has another complaint to file, and a considerable proportion of the State is sore under the collar at the present minute on account of the matter. Here is a good big crop of excellent peaches, to be had at a minimum price for the grade that is too ripe to ship to distant markets, and those are the best peaches that are grown, for a peach that goes to market solid enough to keep is not as good as one that comes off the tree just ready to eat.

It was assumed by the orchard men, and by many of the people of North Carolina that Sandhills peaches would be available all over the State at low prices. And they would but for one thing. Orchard men are hauling out and dumping hundreds of bushels of the best peaches in the world every day, although they would be glad to sell them at 25 or 50 cents a bushel, or ten cents or five cents or any thing if they were taken out of the way. But folks can't get them. And why?

One orchard man attempted to take care of these peaches, and undertook to arrange to send a car at frequent intervals to one of the mountain counties, and have the fruit distributed there at a moderate price. The scheme looked good, but when he went up to the community to talk it over before sending the first car he found that any man who would buy a truck load and undertake to distribute them had to buy a license for \$60. As it is necessary to sell a lot of 50-cent peaches to pay a \$60 license and leave any profit to the truck man, the truck man simply said he was not interested. The orchard man came home. He dumped his soft peaches in the hog lots. The folks who have no trees get no cheap peaches. And the State does not get any \$60 license fee, for the truck man cannot pay it and come out. The orchards are throwing away a hundred thousand dollars' worth of good fruit. The folks are getting no peaches where they could have car loads at nominal price. And the blooming old red flag gets another flutter in the wind.

The blood of the goose that laid the golden egg one time makes the ground red just as it has always done.

DON'T KILL THE RARE BIRDS.

Since dams have been multiplying in the Sandhills, as at Lakeview, Knollwood, the Southern Pines Water reservoir, one of the biggest in the neighborhood, and others, more water fowl are seen scattered over the vicinity of the villages. Unfortunately the human tendency is to kill a bird if it happens to be something out of the ordinary, and it seems to be an achievement if some fellow with a gun can bring in a dead bird that people have not seen.

Now some of these birds that frequent the ponds will multiply here if not molested. With the power dams lessening in their acreage it is pleasing that other dams are building, and closer in to the villages, for if the wild birds are encouraged they will become a common sight under the eye of the folks in the towns, and some of the Carolina birds are handsome and interesting creatures. But public sentiment must be exerted in favor of the birds, and even at that they have a hard row to hoe, for any wild creature is looked on as a thing for

the wanton amusement of everybody who cares to kill or annoy it.

And the same policy might be pursued toward animal life in the woods. Pinehurst has set a good example by making a State game preserve on most of the lands of the corporation, and if the birds and animals are let alone there it will not be long until wild life will be common and fearless through all the woods in the vicinity. When that day comes this will be a still more delightful place to live than when any four-footed or feathered creature has to spend the most of its life trying to escape its human enemies. A pronounced sentiment in favor of protecting the pine trees and other shrubbery is springing up in the community. It will be good if the sentiment can also be emphasized as concerns protecting the animal life as well as the tree life.

THE SEABOARD'S NEW SERVICE.

The new train service the Seaboard is offering from Florida and the entire South Atlantic Coast as well as from Washington to the mountains is another innovation in Seaboard progress. It is only the older settlers and the native inhabitants who can realize the advance the Seaboard has made. Some of the folks recall very well when the passenger service of this road consisted of one exclusively passenger train each way daily, supplemented by a mixed freight and passenger train that came down from Raleigh and went as far as it could get on down toward South Carolina. The present luxurious trains are known to every one who has to do with railroad travel. It is unfortunate that the local trains have largely given way to the automobiles, but that is one of the necessities of conditions over which neither the road nor the travel have any power. But the through service is as near ideal as is possible. The forenoon train south and the early night train north, in addition to the Atlanta and Rutherfordton service mentioned are without many rivals in the railroad world. They make quick passage from Washington, Jacksonville, or such points as they come from, or go to, and they do their work expeditiously, and with the highest degree of comfort.

And while it is curious that the railroads rarely ever refer to one important factor in the comfort of the traveler, the Seaboard has to its credit a group of employes that stack up very well with the other points that help to make it a commendable railroad. The train men on the Seaboard are on the same plane of satisfactory service and cordiality as are the other agencies that make travel on the road a thing to be remembered.

The summer service of the Seaboard to the mountains, and to the North and South is all of the type that tells of efficient management not only at the general offices and on the part of the general and division officials all along the line, but clear down to the last man on the tracks, for the road is not only operated in excellent manner, but the physical condition of the rails is such that the Seaboard takes off its hat these days to few tracks in this country. Of course S. A. L. will not build all the new stations and overhead bridges, and will not stop all trains at all stations, nor do a lot of other impossible things with what money it gets, for every time it finds a gold mine it has so many calls on its finances it has to wait with some of these things. But it gives its patrons a great deal more than it pays its stockholders in dividends, and that is a thing to remember.

ON THE DEVIL'S RACE GROUND.

The discreet Legislature admonished the people of North Carolina that they must not drive at a rate of speed greater

than is reasonable and proper. It also says the maximum rate of speed allowable under any circumstances is 45 miles an hour, and that is not allowable under certain conditions. Fifteen miles is the limit when going around a curve or when approaching an intersection, when the driver's view is obstructed, and it is explained that the view is obstructed when the driver can not see for a distance of 200 feet on the highway entering at the intersection.

The legislature says these things are law. Possibly they are. But the Legislature does not say how to make Fido sit up on his hind legs and beg for a bite to eat when Fido doesn't want to eat.

Opposite Keith's garage is an intersection, on a curve, and it is impossible to have a clear vision up the intersection street by the man raring down the highway like the Devil sifting sand. The law says drive carefully at places like this, and some folks do. But some do not. The experience of the first of the week shows what a law is worth that has no enforcing attachment. The North Carolina traffic laws have exactly as much force as is given them by the willingness of people who want to observe the laws. Beyond that they are as important as an empty sack that tries to stand upright, and they will be until the people awake to the constant danger of our high speed laws, and our childishly confident expectation that such traffic laws and enforcement systems as we have will make the highways safe to any one on foot or in any vehicle on the public roads.

The one gravely dangerous menace in this State to human life today is the automobile on the highway. It is laughable to hear folk talk about ending wars and the terror of wars, when they never bat an eye when talking about the automobile slaughter, which makes our wars look like children's plays. Human emotion and indifference is a singular thing. We build monuments to the men who are killed in battle and look

out for the widows and orphans but the greater number killed on the highways we do not even give the poor bauble of a bouquet at the funeral and never ask if there are any widows and orphans. We would mob a careless railroad engineer who would kill the multitudes the automobiles kill, but the automobile fiend is given every freedom that his own pleasure prompts, and the only comment is that one or two or three or four more victims have been added to the blood list. The people of the United States shed human blood with less reluctance and with more indifference than any great body of people on the planet, and solely because we seem to have reached a point where the law is so lacking in enforcement machinery and popular desire to have it enforced that it is ignored by all who care to ignore it. And the pity of it is that it is not the courts that are lacking, but it is the people who will not give the courts the power to stop this continual carnage.

ADMINISTRATIX NOTICE.

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of W. T. Lewis, deceased, late of Moore County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before July 26, 1928, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This 26th day of July, 1927.
MARGARET C. LEWIS,
Administratrix.

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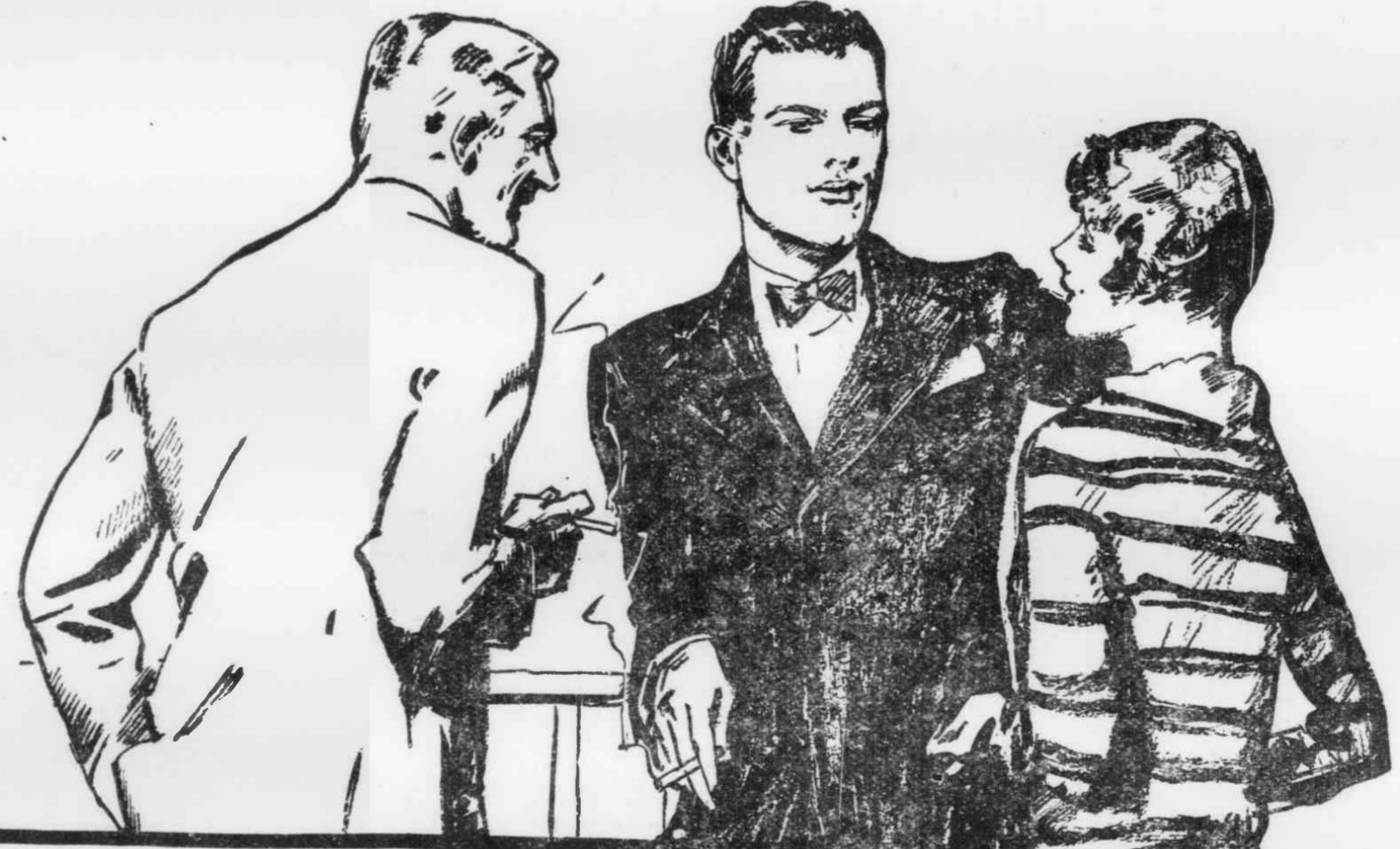
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