

THE PILOT

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FUNNY THINGS ABOUT THE WEATHER

A sage who keeps an eye on the weather and other things around this neighborhood says those Florida storms have their advantages when they work right. Whether he knows or not is perhaps a question, but he advances an interesting theory. On two or three occasions cold waves have set out from the Northwest this winter headed this way, and failed to arrive. At the same time a Florida storm blew up out of the West Indies and swept up the Atlantic coast. He says the Florida warm gales met the western cold waves and mixed up with them to such wholesome extent that both were modified and where farther inland the blizzard raged in its severity we on the Coastal Plain were surprised to find the temperature agreeably mild, and the storms lost. Also the rough stuff from the South Atlantic instead of driving a raging hurricane up this way, spent its energy in rebuffing the winds from the west and the two coalesced in right decent winter weather.

It is pretty well realized that this bit of the Atlantic slope, sheltered by the mountains at the west end of the state and tempered by the constant warmth of the winter of the sea at the east, runs somewhat more uniformly in its mildness than other parts of the country not so situated. That has much to do with giving Central North Carolina its approved climate. But it is possible that these storms from the Southeast which bring rough warm weather, blowing to the Northwest and meeting the storms that blow rough weather and cold down from the Northwest may to some extent neutralize each other as they happen to meet in this vicinity and that we may live happily afterward.

The theory may not be wholly scientific, and perhaps may be more defective than it seems, but the fact remains that on two or three occasions during the winter blizzards that were blowing in the upper west and which were promised to give us a taste of rough stuff, collided with something before arriving and failed to exhibit the type of winter that had been anticipated. We may give Florida the credit for neighborliness even if not based on sound fact.

THE HOSPITAL'S GRAVE PROBLEM

The new hospital at Pinehurst is turning away patients day after day, which sounds highly encouraging in one respect. It is evident the institution has found a field that needed a hospital. Apparently more rooms would be filled were there more. But one grave feature presents itself. The proportion of patients who do not pay is so large that the board of managers is seriously perplexed. The hospital finds itself in the class with the old woman who established a small grocery, and on being asked how she was doing remarked that her trade was big. "I sell so low that I bring business. I lose a little on every sale, but I sell so much that that saves me."

The bald fact is that the hospital is running behind every day, and no institution can run behind very heavily every day and continue to carry on indefinitely. Open handed generosity can not carry too big a load, so it becomes necessary for Moore county to take a serious look at this situation. There are actually only a few people who are unable to pay something for

hospital care, and even though the amount may not be very large every person who goes to the hospital should deal squarely enough with it to pay what they can. Nobody is denied admission because of the lack of money. But money is as necessary to run a hospital as to run any other institution.

The subject is a delicate one, but it must be faced, and the more candidly and sincerely it is faced the better. That it is filled and is turning away patients shows the imperative need for the work the hospital is doing and that requires that it be supported by as large a proportion as possible of those who profit by its work. Incidentally this is no plea for the doctors. They are contributing their services cheerfully. But they are not obliged to practice there if free work does not suit them. It is the hospital that has to carry on now that it is established, and it can not live indefinitely if the patients who do not pay are in too large a proportion with those who do pay. It is up to every patient to try to bear a share of the cost of his care, so that those who can not may not be faced by a closed door because of lack of funds to carry on. This is a community problem and one for all to think over.

THE ADVANCE OF PROHIBITION

Whether it be Mr. Hoover and his decided note in favor of the prohibition law, or public sentiment which is still not inclined to violation of the law, or to the extended use of intoxicants, or big business, which can no longer be carried on with men irresponsible through the use of liquor, or the grave menace of liquor on the highways, or many of these and other influences, it seems right apparent that the wave of influence is toward a sharper enforcement of all the laws that have to do with prohibition as well as with other things. Far too much extreme crime, crime of the highest grade of offensiveness, is associated with liquor, and a reaction is beginning to show itself against that unwholesome factor of American life. Gun play and hired thugs are becoming an abomination. The opinion is spreading that crime is no longer to be tolerated as it has been in its highly flushed state.

Moreover we are getting away from the notion that the prohibition law is moral law, and that the enforcement of it is an attempt to enforce morality. Morality is a matter of opinion. Therefore it is debatable, and therefore it is conceded to have two sides, and therefore it is not easy to impress the people with the enforcement of the so-called moral laws. But prohibition is taking a new slant. It is beginning to demand that liquor stop inflicting damage on others. As soon as we reach the point where we hold the whisky influences responsible for the damage they do we have started on the road to lessen those damages. Business has decided that whisky should not be allowed to interfere with other men's affairs. Sentiment is reaching that point. Because a man is drunk is no longer a sufficient justification for killing his neighbor either with an automobile or any thing else. Being drunk may be his own affair. Killing his neighbor is the neighbor's affair, also the affair of society generally, and there is the greatest power that is arising to defend the prohibition law and amendment. It is not the lack of morality that is sentencing liquor. It is the bloody criminal record that goes hand in hand with whisky that is lighting the fiery cross on the hill tops.

THE PERTINENT QUESTION

Last week two writers in The Pilot, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rowe referred to the subject of taxation, and both are strongly in favor of something that will modify conditions that now preserve for us an antiquated tax system that is wholly unsuited to the progressive day in which we live. The rapid and pronounced changes in industry and the creation of wealth have brought the country squarely against the new necessities of taxation, and they must be met or they will revolutionize things in some drastic manner.

One thing in Mr. Rowe's excellent article The Pilot would modify, and that is the suggestion that a sales tax could be

laid on luxuries. No objection arises as to taxing luxuries, but such a proposition seems unfair in that it still encourages the selection of certain things for taxation rather than attempting to put taxes where they fairly belong, and that is on all of us, which means on everything. The great trouble with our present system is that it does not cover a wide enough foundation. All of us should contribute our share of taxes in proportion to our ability, and the tax scheme should play no favorites,—rich, poor, good, bad, or any other. The gasoline tax is a tax willingly received by the people because all of us have a hand in paying the bill, and it is not burdensome unless we make it so.

The great difficulty that will arise with a sales tax is in trying to collect that tax from

many articles where the sales are not big enough to pay the cost of collection. But on the main staples of commerce the tax should be laid as equally all the way around as can possibly be done, and that will permit all of us to pay our proper proportion of the public expenses, and no great burden should rest on any shoulders.

But as Mr. Johnson says we must also look after the expenses. If we are not satisfied with high taxes we must quit going to Carthage every time the commissioners meet to ask them for an appropriation. You can't have appropriations without taxes, and the man who makes our taxes is the man who insists on something from the public crib, county, state or national. Bear in mind the effect of that thing as well as the distribution of taxation.

BOOK REVIEWS

REALISM WITHOUT DEPRESSION

The Good Companions By J. B. Priestley Harper & Brothers New York, 1929.

Ann Hyde Allen "The Good Companions" is Mr. Priestley's fourth and most significant flight into fiction. Known until recently as essayist of great charm and a critic of distinction, the author has now gained a worthy position among English novelists. His book is one of the increasing number of long novels. It covers six hundred and forty pages and the reader can open it with the calm satisfaction of knowing that the characters will not blow up and float away as soon as he has caught hold of them. "The Good Companions" is a romantic novel of modern England. The comedy (and we use the word in its largest sense) is inherent in the common human basis of agreement between various widely differing but equally well drawn characters. Indeed it is in this field of a humanity common to us all, that Mr. Priestley as all able novelists should do, enables us to participate with him in a memorable adventure into experience. A Yorkshire artisan, a young university graduate, and the impeccable and provincial daughter-of-a-Colonel follow convergent paths which bring them together at the meeting place of a disorganized group of vaudeville actors. These atoms are crystallized into a band of players, "The

Good Companions." The essential spirit of this tale of traveling players on the stage of life is expressed in Mr. Priestley's essay "Talking." "There is for the time being no part of ourselves, as it were, left over; we are completely ourselves and every succeeding moment finds us blossoming. Our companions blossom and expand with us, so that we know them as we never know them before." This explains the warm glow that pervades the whole group through disasters as well as successes—a temperature noticeably absent before their paths crossed. This is why the impeccable Miss Trant confides in the heretofore doubtful Mr. Oakroyd of Yorkshire; why Ingo Joliffant, schoolmaster, late of Cambridge, can feel utterly happy wildly improvising on the piano while a "lifer" of the vaudeville strums his banjo. Conventions are no where, conversation and flow of soul everywhere, each man is known for himself, and they live by the rules which work."

The book begins at a beginning, has a climax, and comes to a logical end, most readers will gladly learn. The hero is not left dangling from the ceiling while the harassed reader is left to imagine, according to his temperament, rescue or strangulation. Mr. Priestley treats his characters fairly and lets each one move according to the human motives which would undoubtedly have moved that individual. This, to-day, is praise indeed for any author. Mr. Priestley, we feel sure, is certainly entitled to more careful praise that we can well fit into this column.

GRAINS OF SAND

Mr. Hoover has been president almost a year now, and the bootleggers are beginning to find it out.

The groundhog made a hit on his weather guess, according to Purley Snook, for Purley says that while he does not remember whether the g. h. did or did not see his shadow, we have had good enough weather for a dog so far.

Mr. Pilot—Tell Shields and Murdoch and Dan to get in the back room and stay there and settle that senator business, and not to come out until they get it done. No use to fight all summer about it when they can fix it just as well the other way. —B. McW. P.

Life Biggs has more trouble. "Soon as you get done cutting your winter wood in the spring you gotta go to setting hens and plow the garden."

The farm hen wears a look of hopefulness, for she says that with the approach of easter she shares with the millinery store the expectation of doing a good business pretty soon.

Sambuke Wankey says he thinks it was a good idea to make February a short month, and if he had his way the other winter months would be short also. His notion is that the time for long months is spring and fall, when you can find something to livie for, especially the strawberry season.

A Stanley county man who was driving through the other day says he has always been a Democrat, but if the Democrats cut the tariff on aluminum he is going to be a Republican after this. The aluminum mills at Badin in that county give another slant to protected industries.

The hundred and twenty million American people are working up once more to that enthusiasm which makes the garden seed market lively again and enables the hardware stores to unload their stock of hose and rakes and spring fertilizer. It seems a little more virulent this spring than usual but it never proves harmful.

From the State Press

GOOD PLATFORM

Moore County appears minded to make response to Gardner's call for high-type legislators. Mr. Shields Cameron of Southern Pines and Mr. Murdoch Johnson, of Aberdeen, are in the field for the State Senate. The former has not divulged his platform, but Johnson projects himself full-panoplied. He makes general review of situations in the State, and he definitely pledges his efforts, if elected, to "the solution of some of the problems which confront the farmer, particularly with regard to taxes, and also promises to lend his assistance to the movement to curb reckless use of the highways by automobile drivers."

In elaboration, Mr. Johnson knows what the people know, as well, that the whole remedy for the tax situation does not lie with the law-making body, but—"if each county will select commissioners who will hold the expenditures in their counties to the very minimum and will see to it that the tax valuations put upon real property are in keeping with the actual value, instead of being two or three times as much as the property would bring, as now obtains in many cases, and if they will send to the Senate and the House of Representatives only those men who are hon-

estly and earnestly committed to a program of the strictest economy and to easing, as much as possible, of the burden of taxation from the back of the farmer, some relief may be expected—and certainly, some relief must come if the farmer is to survive."

And this is the Moore County candidate's concluding declaration: "While I am a thorough believer in good roads and good schools, I do not believe that we ought to bankrupt the people to get them, and if there ever was a time to call a halt, it is now." Johnson has proclaimed a platform that ought to serve as a pattern for all seeking legislative honors.—Charlotte Observer.

SIMMONS VS. BAILEY

The Aberdeen Pilot urges Bailey to withdraw in behalf of harmony. The retort may be by Bailey supporters that Simmons should withdraw for the same reason. The Charlotte Observer, fearing The Pilot's plea for harmony has come too late, thinks "perhaps if the statesmen to be gathered at the Jackson Day dinner at Raleigh might be minded to smooth out the situation, there might be some accomplishment in the direction of "saving the State."—Raleigh News & Observer.

By PEPSY

---- and Others"

In which Pepsy Thanks The Pilot for Launching Her Upon a Much Sought for Literary Career.

Preface

The fault is yours, dear friends and readers of The Pilot. I had snapped down the lid of my typewriter and had intended to fade away into the dim past. Your letters have encouraged me into bursting forth into print once again. Be it on your own heads, I am not the first one, nor the last, to have my head turned by printers' ink.

Foreword

I frankly admit I don't know the difference between a Preface and a Foreword but I notice that no good novel has ever been published without one or the other and if I put in both, it ought to make my column far, far superior to all others. That is my ambition. To write a column that satisfies. Not long but to the point. Now go ahead, Editor, raise the curtain and show them the worst.

The Column

My morning paper, The Sandhills Daily, regularly prints an advertisement of The Pilot, in which it announces that columns will appear each week, written by the following: Struthers Burt, Katherine Newlin Burt, James Boyd, Harriet Ogden, Maud Parker, Almet Jenks, Ernest Poate and others. Who are these others? Why don't their names ever appear?

Have you ever given a thought to the people who are classed as "and others." I belong to that particular species and have suffered to such an extent that I would like to appeal to the sympathy of the public in their behalf. You, who are famous either socially, sportily or intellectually can hardly know how we feel.

In my childhood I attempted to join in the usual games, such as baseball, football, jumping and running races with the result that when Field Day came around, the teacher would announce the various contestants and then wind up with the following: "and the others will hold the tapes, serve

tea to the parents and make themselves generally useful."

Later I attempted to be a social light and can honestly say that I was invited to a number of parties. Hungrily I would scan the papers for a mention of my name. This was always the result:

Mr. and Mrs. Goldleaf entertained at a charming dance last night and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Smeltz, Mr. Bastedo, the beautiful Miss Stocker from Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Frytie and others.

Never, never a word about me. Those dastardly Journalists who cater to the great without a thought of my plight.

I tried theatricals. Amateur and otherwise. I had a fairly nice voice, not a bad figure and yet there was something lacking. I wasn't even lumped with the chorus. It was written on the programme: "Follies beauties, men of the chorus, girls of the chorus, stage hands, electricians and others."

Finally I found the man I could love. He was kind to me, danced with me, took me to the theatres and how my heart beat with tremulous joy! Then one evening, he turned to me and said, "I have the greatest little investment in mind that you ever heard of. I have been talking to all my friends about it and John Zipski, Florence Risso and Dave Sopsop are putting money into it. Now if only all you others would come in—" I needn't go on any farther. You already have guessed how I went to bed that night, cried my eyes out and didn't sleep a wink.

This lengthy history is merely to enable me to come to the point of my article. For here, in the state of North Carolina, county of Moore, town of Southern Pines, I have at last found recognition. I am Pepsy to you and am always called by my name and am even frequently mentioned. It is with tears in my eyes that I thank you for your kindness, your intelligence and your unflinching sympathy.

Correspondence

"Doggerell"

How loudly in the early morn After a sleepless night, The guttural speaks of a hound is borne On Pegasus wings in flight. — Dyspepsia.

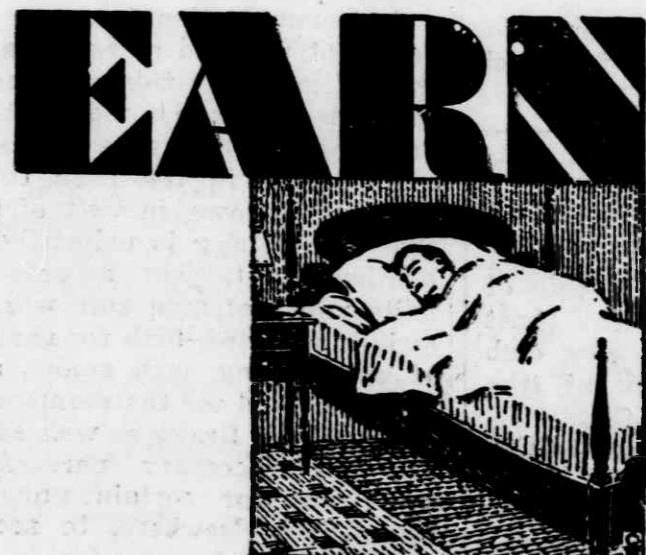
DON'T BE SO FINICKY, CHARLIE

Having several hours to wait in New York before train time a few days ago, I went to the Paramount Theatre to see Norma Talmadge in her new picture, "New York Nights." As everyone knows the Paramount Theatre is a work of art from the gorgeous gold and crystal decorated lobby to the enormous and perfectly appointed stage, and since it is used to portray to one of the most discriminating audiences, pictures produced by the same company that owns and operates the theatre, it is, or should be "super-equipped" mechanically. You will notice I did not say the most discriminating audience. We, in this section are so used to excellent first run movies that we have any New York audience backed to the wall when it comes to being particular and critical about our menu.

Be that as it may, I settled into my seat and whispered to myself (have you ever noticed how many people whisper to themselves in New York), "Do your stuff, Paramount." As if they had heard me the silken draperies parted and Paramount's latest offering flashed on the screen. So far, so good. I read the title, the names of the director, author, theme

song composer, cameraman, sound expert and just had started on the "cast" when all of a sudden, crash-bang-boom, the works went haywire and it sounded like hell broke loose behind the screen. Just as suddenly everything was quiet and dark. What to do. We, the rest of the audience and I, sat there about ten minutes before anything else happened. Then somebody backstage decided to play with the house lights and he showed us every color in the spectrum, backwards and forwards. This lasted at least five minutes. The crowd got tired of this though and vented their boredom by booing and hissing. In the meantime the manager must have coaxed the organist out of the pinochle game for immediately after the aurora borealis display we were kept from talking to our neighbors for about fifteen minutes by organ music. While this was going on the movie operator tried to sneak his picture onto the screen, but had no sooner gotten it on than he took it off again for the same reason he took it off in the first place. More lights. More "organizations."

Then finally exactly thirty five minutes after the machine quit cold on 'em originally they shoved off to a new start and we saw a picture that, to my mind, is not in a class with those we see here in the Sandhills. All in all my last visit to the Paramount was a flop. It did, however, serve to impress upon me the fact that here in the Sandhills we are being shown the very best of pictures through the medium of the most nearly perfect mechanical equipment it is possible to acquire. IRVING JOHNSON.



WHILE ASLEEP BY SAVING..

You don't lie awake worrying about your money when it's safe in the Bank. The Bank of Vass depositors sleep the sleep of the carefree, their dollars earning pennies at the rate of four per cent per annum while they sleep.

THE BANK OF VASS VASS, N. C.