

# THE PILOT

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## THE LEGISLATIVE PROGRAM

While the Legislature has passed its allotted time of session it has not yet accomplished the things which it must face and settle. Not but what it has tried, for probably no Legislature in a long time has made more sincere effort. But in the main this session has been confronted with some of the most complicated problems of political and social economy, and too many of the members have not been chosen with due regard for fitness for the job to which they attained. In Johnson and Spence Moore county sent a delegation of judgment and ability, but some of the members arrived in Raleigh practically ignorant of the fundamental principles of taxation, government, finances, and the other underlying functions of State operation. It was to be expected that just such an inharmonious tangle should be reached, for the job to be done has been too big for many of the men who have undertaken it.

What makes the task all the harder is that from every county comes the conflicting demand from all groups of people that the members subscribe to all conceivable propositions in the attempt to do what has to be done, and from every county is sent fantastic and biased and half-baked plans for any—and everything. This is the great weakness of a republic. Every voter has a voice, and most of the voices are impatient, many of them based on ignorance and but few of them on intelligent knowledge of facts and unselfish desire to work for the general good of the whole state. It is impossible for a republic to have the highest possible type of government, for chimerical notions on the part of the voter can kill the most intelligent aspiration to a place in congress and the legislature. It is probably all right, but as it is we must recognize its limitations and be content. But this legislature has been a great school, and as a state we are learning fast and much. We have dissected some funny propositions and the next legislature can profit. So can the people, and the next assemblage should be made from men who will study public matters before they get to Raleigh, and men who are capable of free action and sound judgment and fortified knowledge.

## OUR FUNNY TAX BUSINESS

Rouse mit 'em, the whole dog-gone business. The newspaper men have protested against taxes on the papers. The causes have not been made public, but probably like all the rest of the prudent occupations the newspaper men have figured that somebody else should pay the taxes. The Pilot has not committed itself on this thing, for unfortunately for an open minded adviser it has been advising the folks to come across and accept their honest share man to man in the burden of taxes. That being the case it could hardly without some embarrassment refuse to stand up and be counted when the proposition to make every fellow pungle according to his share is suggested. But if the newspapers are refusing to take their end of the single tree along with everybody else then The Pilot offers its services to the whole body politic and advises that they as a whole refuse to pay tax and to let the blooming business of carrying on government be laid on any fellow who can be caught and made to take up the cross.

No reason appears why the newspapers or any one else should be exempted from any measure that has to do with the

public welfare. Perhaps the fear that the papers carry more or less weight in election seasons makes the legislature more willing to play favorites with the newspaper men than with some other plutocrats like publishers. But on the day that all of us, newspaper men and all other men, come clean and consent to pay a fair proportion of taxes, newspaper men, poor men, rich men, farmers, laborers, everybody, man fashion, then we will be at the end of this babyish squabble of every two years trying to dodge our honest share of the public burden of paying the public bills and the burden will not be very big. Our whole tax difficulty is that we are all trying to put the load on everybody else, and under no possibility can that be done. Natural business economics and conditions make it imperative that the final buyer pays all the taxes. That is the only place tax money can come from, and we all in the long run pay our share of the taxes if we are left alone to do it naturally. But in the absurd struggle to juggle and shift and load the other fellow we plat our hair in the foolish entanglement, and make the thing cost us all many times what it should and we get nowhere in the end. Newspapers and every thing else should pay their fair proportionate share of taxes, and no more and no less and no one should be exempted, no matter who he is or what he does. And we all ought to have guts enough to walk up to the trough side by side and accept our honest ratio of the job without squirming.

## MERELY IN PASSING

Of course it is more or less sacrilege to murmur anything that might seem to reflect on the Federal tariff on international trade. Yet it may be excused perhaps if the thing happens in an inquisition into the condition of trade and industry. A press dispatch from Washington says the foreign trade of the United States for the month of February reached the lowest ebb since before the world war. Exports in February this year according to the figures from the Department of Commerce fell to \$226,000,000, which is \$122,285,000 less than a year ago for the same month and lower than any month since November, 1914. Imports for February fell to \$175,000,000, a decline of \$106,707,000 from last year's figure, and the lowest import figure since September, 1916. At that rate of decline, if kept up throughout the year, our exports would lose a billion and a half dollars, a loss that no country in the world can sustain without serious industrial disruption. If the purpose of the tariff is to shut out foreign imports the signs say that it has been effective. A billion and a quarter would mean the year's effectiveness in trade barred out if February's falling off is to be the measure.

Possibly we can thrive with a billion and a half cut from our exports in a year, and possibly we can thrive with our foreign trade cut down to the proportions effective before the war. But inasmuch as cotton happens to be one of the items that figure in American export trade, along with tobacco, wheat, pork products and other farm stuff, the American farmer can find mighty little comfort in this report from the Federal Department of Commerce. Cotton has been murdered, wheat is in the dump heap, tobacco is a beggar, the farmer in a general way is chanting the dirge of sorrow and humiliation.

If misery loves company a bit of pleasure may come to the farmer in knowing that the value of automobiles exported in January was just a shade above half the value of those exported in the same month a year ago. Fifty per cent of a cut in industrial exports is plenty. Yet there is also this possibility that if the automobile trade has been held up to its level of a year ago the demand for some types of farm stuff might have been more extensive, which indicates that the farmer perhaps may not find so much comfort in the company of misery as the proverb suggests. Possibly the further fact that the foreign nations are making more cotton, and more wheat, and more automobiles and more of other commodities for themselves will add some more of the company that mis-

ery brings. We seem to have induced the people of other lands to take to depending on themselves instead of on us, which indicates perhaps a little more misery in permanent form. We seem to have soaked ourselves a solid one.

## THE ONLY COURSE POSSIBLE

The farm relief board has notified the wheat farmers that it will not buy wheat from the coming crop, which is about what observing men anticipated. The board bought a vast amount of grain at a dollar and a half a bushel, cannot sell it at half that price, and would break the market inconceivably if it did sell the grain at any price. It cannot hold the grain indefinitely for millers and others will not pay high prices for grain with that relief board grain hanging over them. The relief surplus kills the market whether sold or held, and to buy and accumulate more grain would be only to save up more trouble for the days ahead.

Buying grain and taking it off the market does not take it off at all. It merely piles up to threaten the whole grain market as long as it is held like a big dam terrorizing everything below it when it breaks. This country already had its sufficient example in the fate of the rubber accumulation, the coffee fiasco in Brazil, the absolute failure of trying to bolster up the sugar market in Cuba, and every other attempt to artificially control prices at an unnatural height. We have arrived at a point that could not be prevent, and the wheat farmers must now take their drastic medicine.

High wheat stimulated every country in the world to try to raise the biggest crops of wheat possible, and the result was a supply that people would not buy and pay for at prices artificially made. Now wheat has gone to the bottom of the cellar, and no relief seems possible until the crop is reduced and prices made low enough to move the enormous accumulation. The Farm Board notifies farmers that they must stop piling up big surpluses, and the end is in sight. The present season may be one of grave difficulty, but this thing had to come, for all factors were set to coax disaster. Cotton is not much different from wheat. Too much has been made to sell at the high prices that prevailed and every nation that can make cotton has been making it in the hope of the high prices. The result is big product and a world unwilling to pay the high prices for the big yield. Now cotton is being shaken out. For years cotton will have to be made at low price to compete with the many new cotton growers all over the world, and low price will lessen the amount produced. Then cotton will get on a stable foot-

ing but not at war time prices again. These things are not pleasant, but it is hard to see any other solution of the tremendously grave problem that confronts the entire globe.

## EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT

Last Sunday night at the Baptist church in Southern Pines the Rev. Mr. Stimson gave his congregation something to think about. He introduced a clipping from a newspaper which told that at the Mt. Wilson observatory the astronomers had figured that light from some of the distant stars had been thousands of years in reaching the earth, and that the sun, with the earth, is traveling several millions of miles a day on their various orbits and paths, and that the other stars of the universe are beating that excessive speed.

Mr. Stimson was not trying to frighten those of us who are making this rapid journey, nor to encourage those mundane drivers who think sixty miles and a quart on each hip is poking along the road, but to show the wonderful traffic management of the universe which runs on such a marvelous schedule that with all the many stars afloat, and the speed they make, no one ever hears of a collision, and no one fears an accident. He noted that Sunday morning at 9:24 o'clock the sun started on his annual pilgrimage from his position in the constellation of Aries, and that so exact is that schedule over millions of miles that next March he will be at the same spot at a time the astronomer has already scheduled in the Nautical Almanac. The application of his talk was that the gigantic plan of creation is beyond the power of man to comprehend, and that the skill of management which laid down a schedule so precise that men can calculate ahead for years where every heavenly body will be at any second of time on any day, is such that the inconceivable attributes of Jehovah are entitled to the admiration and appreciation of mankind.

Mr. Stimson mentioned the remarkable work of the telescope, and said that when Kepler three hundred years ago turned his primitive telescope against the stars he not only magnified everything in the heaven, but likewise magnified in the knowledge of mankind the greatness of the Creator and of creation. The preacher broadened human conception of life Sunday night and gave his audience something to carry home with them.

## CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation to our many friends for the kindness and sympathy shown us during the recent illness and death of our dear wife and mother.

—J. E. JACKSON,  
and family.

West End, N. C., March 24, 1931.

## GRAINS OF SAND

Are you worth \$1,737?

If not you are not an average North Carolinian. That amount is the per capita wealth of this state. The wealth of the country is now \$361,000,000,000 as against \$20,800,000,000 in 1922.

Nevada leads the states in per capita wealth with \$6,318. Mississippi brings up the rear with only \$1,242 to the individual. New Yorkers are worth \$3,276 each; South Carolinians \$1,593.

There are forty-one counties in North Carolina which have no hospital. Moore is to be thankful it is no longer in the list. It not only has a hospital, but one of the finest for its size—one of the finest for its size in the country.

Moore county has one hospital bed per 715 inhabitants, not counting tuberculosis hospitals. For all hospitals it has one hospital bed for each 263 inhabitants. The county ranks 39th in the state for beds per population. The state as a whole had 5,438 general hospital beds, averaged 1.7 general hospital beds per 1,000 inhabitants, and ranked 45th among states at the end of 1929. Total beds in all hospitals, state and private including state, tubercular and orthopedic, 7,756, or 2.5 beds per 1,000 inhabitants.

The Highland Pines Inn at Southern Pines has been full to overflowing for four or five weeks. At the Carolina at Pinehurst the same full con-

ditions have been prevailing for some days. The Pine Needles at Knollwood is enjoying one of the best seasons in its history. There are many guests at the Pinebluff Inn. The schedule of sports and athletic contests is broadening. Archery has made a new place for itself. Horses are marking out new lines in wider territory. Cars in the village streets give a metropolitan air at all hours of the day.

The Pinehurst Outlook this week has an interesting story of the career of Donald Ross. Excerpts:

"He remembers well his first sight of Richard Tufts, who was at home then and about two-thirds the size of a mashie-niblick."

"The interesting thing about the career of Donald Ross as a golf architect is not that he stands at the head of his profession—but the fact that he originated his profession."

"During this season (1900) Mr. Ross procured steam roller which caused great excitement as it charged about the course."

"Imagine, if you can, a contractor employed to build a house who can find no workmen who have ever worked on a house before, and you will have some idea of what it meant to be the first golf architect in America."

The House killed the drivers' license bill, so drivers can continue to kill upwards of 1,000 persons in North Carolina annually. On with the slaughter. Let everyone drive a car, fit or unfit, drunk or sober, sane or insane.

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## Correspondence

### SHE STARVED

Editor, The Pilot:

In a wee cabin six miles from here, a young woman died last week of starvation.

She left the world a legacy valuable only in her own eyes and we are assured. One other. Nine pickaninnies, the oldest eleven and the baby, that is "the least one," four months old. The husband, injured last fall on a road tractor, is faithful and industrious. But discharged by his not unkindly, indifferent "boss" with one of those two dollar bills, and anyway due to his injury, unable to work if there had been great need, instead of almost no need at all, for laborers.

They are nearly bare, this family remnant, a few rags flapping in the feelable wind their only covering.

The mother has just starved to death. To her, the rest came first in need, but the rest must all have been decidedly hungry. Where were the crumbs fallen from the rich men's tables?

(Is this a socialistic story? Well, if socialism is Red, emphatically NO, it isn't. But if socialism is the burning white light which attends Christ, then YES, it is.)

For all of us others who have enough are that rich man. All of us with a home, food, a united family are RICH.

Yet we, grumbling because of the threat to our sylph-like carcasses, rising late after last night's heaviness, are eating daily our three over-colored meals. Between these three meals, we are very "busy" with our crowding parties. At these we cram our already bulging bellies with rich tidbits—fluffy sandwiches, cakes, nuts, bonbons, creams. We warm or "pep" our personalities with the ingredients of tomorrow's headache, and for the headache we "sure" feel out of luck. And we go right on and pack it down with a new round of tidbits, more roast beef, "cakes and ale."

But over here in the sticks, almost near enough to smell our foods cooking, nine innocents under twelve years old are crying for the only mother they will ever have, who starved to death the other day.

—MRS. FRANCIS T. KEATING, Pinehurst, March 26, 1931.

### BERRY CHANDLER McIVER

Editor, The Pilot:

In 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, at the home of his matern-

al grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Chandler, in Granville county, N. C., Berry Chandler McIver was born. It is worthy of note that the county where he had his birth has produced many eminent statesmen, lawyers and doctors. His parents were persons who stood for the higher, purer things of life, and he was early taught the value of character and education.

He was prepared for college by his uncle, Col. E. J. McIver of Alabama, and the noted and beloved Prof. John E. Kelly of Moore county. For four years he was recognized at the University of North Carolina as one of their outstanding students, both mentally and morally. He was an appointed tutor of Greek in his sophomore year, and filled this position with honor and distinction. He was observant, watchful and susceptible to lessons learned from real life or nature.

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### THE DRIVERS LICENSE

We do not know at this writing the exact status of the driver's license law proposed in the Legislature for the State, but the hope might be entertained that this important matter is not going to be lost in the shuffle, for the Legislature ought to realize its importance—and shape a law according to the plan that has proved effective, which is examination under driver's test. It is of record that only 34 States today have complete records of fatal traffic accidents for the last 10 years, but it is notable that the seven States among the 34 that show the lowest rate of fatality increase in this period are States which require that motor vehicle operators be licensed, and provide for an examination and driving test as prerequisite to granting such license. The remaining three States which have this provision during this time are also well up on the list. This difference is the more striking in view of

the fact that in the licensing States the increase in automobile registration during the 10 years has been substantially greater than in the rest of the country.

And this fact in turn suggests that the licensing system, through the better and safer traffic conditions resulting, has encouraged automobile ownership and registration.

The answer among all of the manifold aspects and details of the question is clear and unequivocal. It is restriction of the driving privilege to competent and capable drivers. This means the licensing of drivers, with examination of fitness and reasonable driving ability before the license is issued.

Furthermore, it means the suspension or revocation of a license after it is issued, if the privilege of driving that is granted by the State is abused, or a person in the actual operation of his vehicle demonstrates that he is unfitted and unqualified to drive with safety to himself and to others.—Charlotte Observer Editorial.