

THE PILOT

Published every Friday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated,
Aberdeen and Southern Pines, N. C.

NELSON C. HYDE, Managing Editor
BION H. BUTLER, Editor
JAMES BOYD STRUTHERS BURT
Contributing Editors

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00
Three Months .50

Address all communications to The
Pilot, Inc., Southern Pines, N. C.

Entered at the Postoffice at South-
ern Pines, N. C., as second-class mail
matter.



THE COMING OF THE BIRDS

Dr. Achorn made Southern Pines prominent as a place where birds are appreciated, for while he lived, although he was a habitant of Pinebluff, he entered the whole Sandhill region in the birds, native and visiting, to be found here at various seasons of the year. The movement he set on foot is a continuing one. Southern Pines having its club and its field for study, the New England House being the center of interest in the village.

The study of birds is so simplified by the work that has been done that a lover of birds can go to school with the Bird Club here and pick up an education concerning birds in short time and with much pleasure, for the Bird Club is a part of the Sandhills entertainment. Here birds are abundant, including the permanent residents as well as those that stop here in their migration, and few other sections of the country see a greater variety of birds or greater numbers under as attractive conditions as in the Sandhills. Moreover the Sandhills Bird Book is a source of so much information that the study of local birds is made as easy as it is interesting.

We have not yet made the study of birds as extensive as is justified although Sandhill folks are pretty much interested in this direction. It is worth while to get better acquainted with the Bird Club, which can be done by dropping it at the New England House and asking for information. Everybody is welcomed, and practically everybody finds pleasure in the acquaintance with birds. Few places have so fully made the acquaintance with birds as is the case here in the Sandhills, which means that those at all interested can find bird friends and bird information on all sides, and the field offers a chance for much outdoor entertainment that is not so available in many other places. Everybody is welcomed in the Bird Club. All that is necessary is to drop in and say you would like to go with the bunch.

A WORD FROM ECCLESIASTES

Sheriff Al. Blue is much of a philosopher. He is a reader and an analyst of what he reads. So he is interesting when he has something to say. The question of new deals came up one afternoon on the sidewalk and the sheriff remarked that—

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."

He recalled a little more of the words of the preacher son of David, but it was all to the effect that in the some thousands of years that men have been threshing out these problems of human relations they have brought up the ancient question with its ancient answer: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See this is new? it hath been already of old time which was before us." For as the sheriff remarked, other nations and other peoples have the same human instincts and desires and character that we have, and they have been over the road, and they have fought wars over trifles, and tried out methods, and builded empires and recognized principles of social and political economies and governed themselves

according to the breadths and the limitations of human desires, human selfishness, human kindnesses and the same old human incentives that actuate us today.

It is his idea that individualism prompts the struggle for existence in about the same manner that it did generations ago, and that we look out for Number One about as vigorously as ever, and that if we did not nobody else would. The Golden rule is old. It was the doctrine of Confucius and it was the doctrine of Moses, as it came later to be the doctrine of Hillel and of Zoroaster, yet in all the thousands of years it has been the basis of religious faith and incentive it has not made such headway that it is yet established as a general rule of action among men. Individualism prevails, nations build war ships and cannon. Political parties make war on each other. Guilds and crafts and societies build up for the gains of the members and the pains of those they antagonize, and we all have our knives in our boot legs in the event that we may profit by transgressing on some one we feel should be our prey. Individualism is individualism, now as it was long before Solomon's day, and with all our new theories we are still milling around in the same old path generations have trodden before us. We are introducing nothing new. Our new experiments are as old as history.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

A good deal is said about enormous profits the tobacco companies get, and the small amount that is left of the buyer's dollar for the farmer. It is fairly claimed that the farmer gets the little end of the stick, but the annual report of the ten big tobacco companies of this country gives the farmers something to think about. The ten companies in 1933 earned a combined profit of \$66,899,000, which is just half of what they earned the year before, and about half of the average earnings of the three years previous. That looks like a lot of money, and it is. But a generous government stepped in and picked off \$407,780,000 before the tobacco companies got their measly \$66,899,000, taking six and a half times as much as was left for the manufacturers.

Government figures indicate that the farmer gets about \$175,000,000 for his crop. The tobacco companies manufacture it, pay the taxes of \$407,780,000, pay the costs of manufacturing and selling, earn for themselves \$66,899,000, pay \$100,000,000 in wages and other costs, but the tax bill of more than a million dollars a day knocks the eye out of all the other expenses combined. The government taxes amount to more than twice the amount the farmer gets for the crop, and more than all the others concerned in producing the manufactured product get.

Possibly the tobacco farmer does not pay the tobacco tax, but he certainly provides the commodity that does pay it, and in providing it he seems to come out of the little end of the horn. The employees of the tobacco companies get but a fraction as much as the government gets in taxes. The companies get a sixth of what the government gets and the big slice of the melon goes for taxes.

If there is a moral to the story it is to be found where the tax collector does business, which is meant, where the public expenditure of money is to be found. What kills the tobacco farmer is the high cost of carrying on state and national government, for both get a whack at him.

STRAIGHTENING OUT THE BACK TAXES

The County Commissioners announce that they will finance the back taxes due since 1927, by the acceptance of a note from the delinquent owner of property, the circumstances of which are explained in an advertisement in The Pilot. The matter is to be accomplished by a note payable in several annual installments, and should afford a way that can be accomplished. What is to be done must be done by the first of April, and delinquents should see the commissioners at once.

If the arrangements are not

made by April 1 the commissioners are required to foreclose on delinquent lands, which is a practical impossibility, as far as realizing any money of consequence is concerned, and such a step should not be compelled by the land owner.

The commissioners have had on their hands a task that is almost an unsolved problem, and what is to be the outcome depends largely on the delinquent taxpayer. But this looks like a way out of the woods, and if the people will meet the commissioners as proposed the trouble may be simplified. If not, the Lord himself can hardly guess what is in sight. The time is short and steps should be taken at once to comply with the commissioners' proposition, for it has the one ray of hope that is desired. The commissioners have no alternative in the matter. They are offering the one way out, and to neglect it looks like immediate foreclosure steps.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

While the groundhog played it low down on us in the matter of weather there are others, and fortunately some of them are of a different stripe. Saturday was St. Patrick's day, rest his soul, and he did the noble thing in the way of a fine day. St. Patrick has a lot to his credit. He is said to have banished the snakes from Ireland, which presumably makes it possible for an honest son of the old sod to take his morning today and repeat the dose a few times a day without the fear of seeing snakes later in the afternoon or night. Anyway Patrick was a great pioneer and educator as well as religious leader and that his influence has extended so widely and maintained its following so technically and held such a control over its people is to the everlasting credit of the fine of exemplar and guide. Of course in a Scotch Presbyterian neighborhood like this it is permissible at times to have a neighborly jest with St. Patrick, but beyond a doubt the old missionary and pioneer in Christian doctrine and practice has had a remarkable hand in putting civilization on the broad footing it now occupies and the high plane of morality and human consideration of man for man.

St. Patrick was a gentleman. It is not the intention of this thesis to enter into the religious phase of his character and action for we all form our own opinions on religious subjects, but it is open for approval to say that St. Patrick either picked a good day for his day or he has made a good day out of a prospective uncertainty that hangs over any day until it is past. It is a refreshing moment wherein we can turn our backs on the groundhog and his misfits and enjoy the geniality of the sunshine of St. Patrick's day, a day that does a credit to the old patriarch and is good for the soul of sinful mankind.

WHERE THE STATE MONEY GOES

As a rule too many people talk too much without sufficient knowledge of their subjects. This is illustrated by a statement from Governor Ehringhaus as to the expenditures of state money. He says that of every dollar collected in taxes by the State forty cents goes for schools. It is worth while to emphasize that when criticism of the schools is heard and when complaint is made of the disposal of public funds, if we want schools we have to pay, and with the insistent demand for school facilities this project is an answer to itself. The next big item of expense to the state is debt service. That takes thirty cents from each dollar. When we hold out our hands for more money from the state treasury, it is discreet to consider whether we want to add to that expense of thirty cents on each dollar of state money by increasing state borrowing. It is the taxpayer who has these things to think about.

Highways come next with seventeen cents out of each dollar collected. Prisons and charitable institutions take two and a half cents out of each dollar, all government offices take another two cents, and the remaining five cents maintains the courts, the confederate pensions, and a miscellaneous list of small things which are insignificant in the proportion of money they ask

Grains of Sand

"Funniest weather 'round here lately you ever see," said Hank Hoople the other day. "Only one way I can tell what it's going to be. If I put on my red flannels in the morning, it'll be 80 by noon. If I don't it'll stay around 40 all day. Mighty nice weather for the doctors, though."

But anyway, Spring arrived Wednesday morning at exactly 2:28 o'clock and came in like a lamb.

Many interesting old characters are being turned up by the committee in charge of Old Slave Day next month. That day should be a memorable one in Southern Pines.

Mrs. Margaret Dana had a very interesting article in this month's Atlantic Monthly. The former Margaret Bloxham, who used to live here and who married Trumbell Dana, a brother of Paul Dana of Pinehurst, is now on the editorial staff of the Curtis Publishing Company in an advisory capacity. She is about to start a series of articles in The Country Gentleman.

And speaking of Sandhills writers, Ralph Page has had some splendid articles in the Philadelphia Ledger and other papers of late, mostly about the affect of the New Deal in various parts of the country.

The Sandhills must be a good place to train race horses. Noel Laing has been winning consistently since wintering his steeplechasers in Southern Pines. He is now building a track out Youngs Road for working his string next winter. Among horses trained here which won at Aiken last Saturday was Our Friend owned by Mrs. Verner Z. Reed of Pinehurst.

All the big golf pros will be here next week, and it will be a busy five days in Pinehurst with these sharpshooters vying for that \$1,000 first prize on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday and the Horse Show following on Friday and Saturday. Charlie Picquet reports a fine entry for the Horse Show.

Are you all prepared for Easter? If not the local shops are full of good looking clothes.

Senator Bob Reynolds of North Carolina presided over the U. S. Senate for a short while on Tuesday, but he didn't have anything more to do than take a nap. Senator Fess of Ohio was making a long air mail speech and every member of the Senate except the speaker and the presiding officer left the chamber.

North Carolina's other U. S. Senator, Mr. Bailey, has just returned to Washington after a siege of illness at his home in Raleigh. He was suffering from a septic sore throat.

Carthage is a great producer of Republican candidates. Herbert F. Seawell, Sr., ran for Governor in 1928. Colin Spencer ran for Congress in 1930. Now we hear that Herbert Seawell, Jr., will be the G. O. P. candidate for Congress this fall.

CIVIC CLUB TO HAVE LENTEN LUNCHEON MARCH 29

On Thursday, March 29 at 12:30 o'clock a Lenten Luncheon will be served the members of the Civic Club. Past, present and prospective members and those who feel that some day they would like to become members of an active, progressive organization are invited to attend. Mrs. H. Monroe of Hamlet, chairman of this district of the Federated Clubs, is expected to be present and tell of the advantages of being federated with the other clubs. There will also be an interesting and attractive display of gems and jewelry dear to the feminine heart and if possible a talk on the correct jewelry you should wear to reflect your individual personality.

During the luncheon suggestions will be welcomed as to how the club can best assist in making the Spring Festival week a success.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

The following transfer of real estate has been recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore county: T. L. Howard and Montie L. Howard to A. B. Maness: property in Sheffield township.

for. Thus it is seen that schools, roads and debt service take 87 cents out of each dollar collected for state expenditure, leaving 13 cents for the actual outlay for purely state government expenses. It is worth thinking over, and maybe thinking about it will mean less absurd criticism.

SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

to expect—or rather, what not to expect—I shall make a few promises as to the contents of this column.

First, I promise never, never, never to call it a "Plinth" or a "Tower" or a "Post," or to make any other silly pun on the word column. I shall not even spell it "colyum." It's just a lot of talk, that's all—the sort of stuff one might expect to come from the back seat.

Further, I shall not perpetrate any free verse. And certainly I don't intend to pay for any verse. So there probably won't be any verse here; or if there is, it will be very, very poor stuff.

Again, I shall never call myself "We." I'm not built for it. "We" ought to be a large and chesty person, with a red face, who knows what it's all about and is always willing to explain, condescendingly. I don't know what it's all about—if anything. And I can't explain it, either. Which is something else again.—Of course, the really editorial "We" is different. Any newspaper must be collective, and its editor speaks not only for himself but for the paper, which includes his staff, right down to the newest inky pressboy who is still looking for type-lice. So the editor's WE is justified.

But I can speak only for myself. And even then I'm liable to say the wrong thing. So if you don't like it, write a letter to the editor. And he will agree with you, like as not.

Last of all—for this time—I'm not trying to be funny. What I mean, I don't work at it. If I am funny, it's just a natural gift, and sometimes I don't even know it myself. In fact, folks do say I'm funniest then. Anyhow, I'm not going to strain every nerve, trying to make wise-cracks. You may think I am, sometimes; but it's not so at all. I am a serious minded person and I mean what I say—quite often.

So let's talk about mathematics. We all have a notion that anything you can prove with figures must be so. Figures don't lie. Yet, as I pointed out the other day, nobody can prove that two and two make four—or why, if they do.

Back when I went to school, folks still thought rather well of Euclid. Even today, they teach geometry in high schools; and Euclid invented that. But the book used to say—and does yet, I suppose—that "parallel lines meet at infinity."

Now that's nonsense. Parallel lines can't meet anywhere, or they couldn't be parallel. Because that means they're always the same distance apart. Of course, you might say that infinity is nowhere—so parallel lines don't ever meet, after all. But that leaves you where you started.

Along comes Mister Einstein, talking about "relativity"—whatever that is. If anything, he says this is a closed universe, so a straight line will run into itself after a while, and become a circle. And somebody said that only twelve men in all the world could understand Einstein.

They're locked up somewhere, safe.

Yet it's no harder to believe that straight lines can turn into circles than to believe that parallel lines can meet. Such statements just don't mean anything. From beginning to end, mathematics, the "exact science" is just a lot of baloney. We begin by saying "Let's pretend that two and two make four." All right. We go on from there, figuring and figuring and figuring, until we get up to Euclid. He says, "Let's pretend that parallel lines meet." And Einstein says, "Let's pretend that straight lines turn into circles after a while."

All right, let's. But let's not kid ourselves by thinking that makes it so.

Progress is a wonderful thing. I get dizzy whenever I try to figure it all out. For example, somebody invented cash-registers. There had to be some place to put them, so we invented saloons. And then prohibition. And the A. and P., and Mister Woolworth's five and ten. All because somebody invented cash registers.

Take adding machines. Folks went on very comfortably for a long, long time, keeping double-entry books and having a swell time, and maybe even putting a little money into the savings bank. Then somebody invented adding machines.

So we had a boom. And the New Era. And the stock market. Because we had to use those machines. So we used them to add our paper profits for a while; and then needed subtracting machines to figure out our losses, that weren't paper at all. And the banks used them to figure out how much it costs to do business, and got so scared that they began charging us four cents for taking our money, and fifty cents for not leaving it with them. And so on. Without adding machines, like as not they'd have gone on paying dividends, and never worried about the cost of taking in money—so long as they got enough of it to show a profit.

Then somebody had to invent check-writing machines. And now we have the CWA. And so on, while the alphabet holds out.

Inventions are dangerous. You never know what they'll start. Somebody invented calculating machines, that you can feed horses into, or apples, or Ford V-eights, or wooden legs, or the number of unemployed, and then turn a crank, and out comes a fascinating chart with wavy, jagged lines on it, to prove anything you happen to want proved. Or disproved.

This is known as a "commodity index," and by taking 1926 as the base-line, or 1913, or the average I. Q. of Missouri mules and college graduates, you get the number of hound-dogs a family has to keep before it's really poor. Or the price of gold in dollars, francs, pengoes and keeno. (I do think pengoes is a lovely word. Better than pieces of eight. Or moidores. And I'll bet seven Pengoes you don't know what it is. Or I.)

AN OPPORTUNITY

A modern 6-room dwelling in fine condition with every convenience for living,
\$2,500 Cash
And small B. & L. mortgage
C. J. care Pilot Office

Highland Pines Inn and Cottages

(WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS) SOUTHERN PINES
SEASON DECEMBER TO MAY

Highland Pines Inn with its Splendid Dining Room Service and its Cheerful Homelike Atmosphere Caters to the Requirements of those Occupying Winter Homes in the Pine Tree Section. The Hotel is Situated on Weymouth Heights (Massachusetts Avenue) Amid Delightful Surroundings. Good Parking Space is Available for Motorists. All Features of First Class Hotels are Included at Highland Pines Inn.

(THE INN, CHARLEVOIX, THE BEAUTIFUL)

M. H. TURNER,
Managing Director

W. E. FLYNN,
Resident Manager

The Hollywood Hotel

Corner Federal Highway No. 1 and New York Avenue



Rooms are Large,
Verandas Sunny.
Rates Moderate.

Call, write or
wire
J. L. Pottle & Son,
SOUTHERN PINES,
NORTH CAROLINA