

# THE PILOT

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## THE GROWTH OF THE DOGWOOD

Never was the dogwood more attractive than this year, and for one reason, because the encouragement of the trees all over the country has greatly increased the number coming into bloom. Proper control of woods fires at a time when it is safe to burn the grass has given the dogwood trees a better chance to multiply and to develop size and blossom capacity. So this spring many corners are bright with blossom where previously the trees were fewer. This is likely to continue until in the days far distant the woods in all directions may be expected to become a continuation of snowy display hard to match any place in the world.

Along with the dogwood are other forest and roadside floral displays that lend life and charm to the community, and all influences are extending the range of all these things. Never were the general settings of the villages as attractive as they are this year, and chiefly because with each season the improvement that commenced forty years ago is having its results. Each year more folks are prompted to add to the appearance of their surroundings, and the gain increases more every year than in the year preceding. The example of one bit of cultivation is infectious and leads to another. The cumulative result is gratifying.

## THE SUCCESS OF THE FESTIVAL

The most marked thing about last week's spring festival is the success of it and the suggestions it offers for next year, for this thing is to be made a permanent feature. When the first proposal was made the chief event in mind was a reunion of the old slaves who still survive. Unwittingly the promoters of the project uncovered a wholly new idea and it made a hit that astonished all who thought about it. But out of the experience has come another bit of vision, which is that here in the South are some conditions that are new and novel to the visitors from the North, and that one of the most interesting because it is wholly human is the association of two entirely distinct races of people and the definite progress that both are making in the same community.

To the northern visitor the negro is more or less of a mystery, as well as the relations between the white man and the black one. In spite of a small migration of colored people to the North the folks up that way have never learned to know the negro or to appreciate his character and qualities. The folks of the South have been brought up together and white man knows black man and black man knows white man, and the relations are cordial and each has the interests of the other in mind. Each helps the other, and each is valuable to the other. No such contrast is found any where else in such numbers of people, and no such race harmony with so many rights for both races exists in the world.

Next year the old slaves will not be as many as this year, but next year it is proposed to feature some of the amusing features of negro life as well as some of the gains the race has made since coming from Africa to America, and they have been many. No other people on earth have made the strides in the same time that the negroes of the old slave states have made

since the first black men were brought to this country. Next year it is hoped to expand the part of the program that deals with negro sports, dances, games, and to feature fully as much as this year the negro music.

This also suggests other peculiarly southern attractions, for the South is still new and interesting to the folks from the North. With a year to provide a program and so many novelties to select from, and with the unsuspected success that last week afforded it is to be imagined that the program arranged for next year will be one to talk about. The enthusiasm that backed the leaders of the affair this time will not be lacking in the next event, for accomplishment is a great incentive. As this was a spontaneous movement coming from many persons it is apparent that with more interest and more suggestions from more persons the ideas for another year will be more numerous and the field materially wider. A year is a considerable time in which to grow, so it is to be an event in the spring in the Sandhills.

## OUR MILITARY NEIGHBOR

One of the best things coming from the festival of last week was the practical lesson that the contact with the soldiers from Fort Bragg afforded the people of Southern Pines. A number of young men trained to efficiency, gave exhibitions of their ability to work to definite ends and purpose. The soldiers are gathered from all sections of the country, and from all stations. They are taught to do things that may one day be the salvation of the nation, not especially in the things themselves, but in the precision and reliability of the method of doing what is to be done. Uncle Sam's army runs like a locomotive. Every part has a particular motion, and a particular time to make that motion, and every motion is for a purpose. When a gun is to be placed or fired each man knows just what his part is in the game and when it is to be done, and he does no more and no less, he moves at the fraction of a second for which his act is scheduled, and the entire gun squad or platoon or regiment or army ticks off like a clock.

If ever a Fort Bragg troop comes this way again to give an exhibition of their gun drill it would be worth while for school to close and allow the students to study the military exercises for the benefit that can be gained by observing the effectiveness of trained action. Hardly any other occupation in life sets as good an example of the value of effective application as the army. All the ordinary habits of young folks look with indifference on lost motion and lost time. The army tolerates nothing that is not essential in action and stands for no wasted time in any action, nor for any failure to act when action is scheduled. It is to be hoped that the soldiers may come this way oftener and that more people may be able to see their remarkable example of efficient work, for they are not only interesting and companionable neighbors, but they are a most valuable example of how to do things to the best advantage that this or any other community can ever see. Fort Bragg is a mighty valuable neighbor.

## PUTTING PEOPLE BACK ON FARMS

Last week in The Pilot Leonard Tufts discussed the problem of putting folks on small pieces of ground to enable them to be self-sustaining. His conclusion was that they do not want to go back to the little piece of ground, and he is correct. Life on the farm and life in town are two different conditions, and the taste for town is rarely overcome once the country man migrates in that direction. Country life is a life of individualism and self reliance and self management. Town life is an existence where some one else does the thinking and the management and the solving of the problems. Town life is glittering and sloppy with the excitements and emotional surroundings that to many people satisfy the desires of living. Country life is infinitely richer in many pleasures and advantages, but of a kind that must be analyzed and applied individually, and only a certain type of people can appre-

ciate the country conditions. In country life the people must like their work. In town they regard work as a burden and short hours the desideratum. In the country work is ended when it is done. In town it is done when certain hours are concluded. It is a thing to get away from in town, but in the country it is a matter of accomplishment, and the two aims are as far apart as east and west. In the country the worker has the pride of ownership and of creation of the thing he produces. In town the worker has his interest in the entertainments that somebody else puts on the stage for him. The two habits of life are wholly different, and the problem is one that is growing more complicated every year. In the shuffle the farmer does not get a square deal because he is an individualist. The town worker forms a union and strikes when he does not get the wages he demands. The farmer is not able to make mass plays in spite of all the advice that is given him as to organization, and he gets the little end of the horn. The farmer pays high prices for everything he buys, and gets low prices for everything he sells and as far as can be remembered it has always been so, and as far as can be seen in the future it will be so; for no NRA can tell him how to hold up the country when he sells his goods. We are complicating the problem by the relief that is offered in one shape or another, for it is only spotted at the best, and never yet was it possible to improve conditions very long or at all positively by a dole. And that is why the folks do not clamor to get back to the country. Gov. Pingree in Michigan years ago made the garden famous but he and his gardens are both forgotten. You can't permanently herd the crowd where it does not go voluntarily. A town man is about as wisely placed back on a farm as a plow mule would be in an automobile shop. He does not know the trade.

## OUR GROWING TAX DRAMA

It is hardly necessary to become alarmed over the steady increase of taxes, for when it reaches a point that the people tire of the burden they will stop the heavy load. This is a country where the people rule in spite of all the fol-de-rol that says the politicians or anybody else is in the saddle. In Oklahoma the other day the Governor called out the troops to stop local authorities from insisting on the sale of lands for taxes, and up in Pennsylvania gatherings of the people seriously threatened the tax commissioners because of high levies. In our own county we face the very serious problem of what to do with the lands offered in the past few years for sale for taxes, and nobody knows yet what is the solution of our problem. It has not come to any climax, but it certainly is perplexing the county officials.

Of what the outcome is to be all over the country nobody knows any thing except this—that when the people conclude to pay less tax they will simply pay less. It has been very well demonstrated that a law which is not popular cannot be enforced. We can not enforce any law on very general principles today in this country. We could not enforce the liquor laws, we cannot enforce the automobile laws, we cannot enforce any of the decisive laws on any subject, and most people are thoroughly aware of this. When taxes get too high the collector will have the job of attempting collection, and because the final resort is the sale of the property and because it can not be sold if no one will buy it the forced sale of property for taxes is possible only to the extent that it can be sold.

The matter is no joke, but is really very serious, for the only solution of our high taxes is lowering the figures. We have not yet reached the grave stage of the problem, which will have some when taxation and attempted collection will begin to interfere with the operation of industry and business, and then, because business and industry will be helpless under the burdens threatened and will stop operation, we will bump into the dead wall that will compel a solution. And it may not be a simple and easy one. These things may as well be considered a lit-

## SIXTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

### FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

I have just finished reading the proofs of last week's effusion: and, Boy! Wasn't that Something?

Talk about Fine Writing. That was Grade A-plus, fit for the Atlantic; just one continuous Royal Purple Patch, dotted with twenty-five-cent words as thick as last week's Tanglefoot with dead flies. I had to read it over twice, myself, before I could be quite sure it didn't mean anything.

Oh, yes. Old Doctor Poate is a swell writer. But unappreciated. At least, that's the more comforting theory. And one has to explain it somehow. I mean, the puzzling lack of that expected mob of clamant editors (there I go again: clamant. It's easy to get into bad habits) besieging my humble home and begging for just one Masterpiece—even a little, teeny one. And offering me Untold Gold.

Shucks, there goes the alarm-clock. I'm awake again. And remembering that if I had any gold, the Government would put me in jail . . . Well, I'm saved from that, at least.

But now that we've struck this high-toned, literary note, I am reminded that every self-respecting columnist must, occasionally, toss in a few bits of literary chit-chat. Light gossip about doings in the World of Letters. And with an Authors' Colony right handy by (or so the papers keep saying, every once, in so often) it would be criminal not to make some use of it. Or them. Let me see, now . . .

Oh, yes!—Just the other day—, Well, anyhow, once upon a time, I happened to meet Jim Boyd, down on Broad Street. You know: good ole Jim Boyd, the Writer. So I said to him, says I,

"Good evening, Mister Boyd." He lets me call him that. Doesn't mind a bit.

Well, you know how keen he is. Right back at me!

"I'm fine," says he. "How are you?" It had me winging for a second; but I thought of a report. Quite new and clever, too.

"Fine," says I. Just like that.

There!—Just as good as most of the anecdotes Alexander Woolcott

tle, for beyond a doubt we are facing a situation that is not comforting, and it will settle itself if it is not settled intelligently and logically before the climax comes.

## GIVING OLD DOC A FAIR SHAKE

A thoughtful citizen made mention the other day about the doctor, the man who comes when you call him, night or day, who stands by to the finish, who has no NRA hours or prices, who has one aim and no more, and that aim is to see that the folks don't have to send any flowers.

Mr. Citizen remarked that when you want the doctor you want him, and that he is one fellow who doesn't fail you. But he added that most of us do not get up nights to push over to see old Doc and drop something in his pocket in return for his midnight calls. Mr. Citizen proceeded to enlighten the hearer and said we all take the doctor and the hospital about as we take the sunshine and the air and the other things that are to be had for the taking, and while we know we can't get along without them, we don't even figure that they have done for us anything that ought to be paid for because they are always there whether we pay or not, and the average man does not pay for what is handed out to him with a smile and without a bill.

Mr. Citizen says there are a few folks who can't pay a doctor bill or a hospital bill, and to help them along a great many people chip in funds to help the hospital care for those who can not help themselves. But the help is not enough for all who would forget to pay, for the contributions are never as big as the demand for services from the hospital. So the hospital asks help here and there to help meet its bills. But if Old Doc asked contributions he would raise a laugh. So the man said he concluded the thing for him to do was to dig up some money and pay the doctor before he might need to call him again, and he says he has felt better satisfied about it since the thing has been done.

He suggests that it will do no harm to pass the idea along. Hospital and doctor both, he said.

pulled while Rome was burning. If Rome was burning, I wouldn't know about that.

One more. I met Almet Jenks at the Library one day. (With A. Jenks and Mistress K. Boyd to the library, and there much—, I beg your pardon. Peppy and-vichy is out.) Anyhow, I did meet Almet Jenks, honestly. And says I to him:

"Consternated is an ugly word."

Says he to me, "But it's in the New Oxford Dictionary."

Says I to him, "None the less, it is an ugly word."

Says he to me, "So it is."

And then I came away.

James Boyd has written a new book. It will run serially in Scribner's Magazine. James Boyd has a coonskin coat.

It is rumored that Struthers Burt disapproves of roadside sign-boards. (You know: Like the ones about the canoneers using tin-shears on whiskers until they discovered Burma-Shave, or something.) I believe he would admit feeling that way, if you asked him.

And I don't blame him.

There. That'll have to do for this week. Can't use up all my celebrities at one whack. Gotta save 'em, dole 'em out a few at a time.

But if you all will just stop clapping a minute, I'll give you one brief encore . . . Thank you.

Old Doc Poate has no coonskin coat: but he's got a sheepskin one (with the wool inside.) It cost ten dollars, when it was new. But that was a long time ago.

And that is enough about Literature.

To change the subject, Edgar Rice Burroughs writes so many books so fast that he has had to set up his own publishing company. Otherwise, to use his own locution, he had liked to have been swamped by over-production.

Among us of the Intelligenzia, it is the fashion to turn up supercilious noses (though when you come to think of it, a raised-eyebrow nose would be an odd sight, if possible at all)—let's say, superciliously to turn up noses at Mr. Burroughs. As being a mere, commercial scribbler.

I'll tell you something about that. —The reason more of us don't write like Edgar Rice Burroughs is, very simply, that we can't write like Edgar Rice Burroughs. I am free to confess that if I could, I jolly well would. Eh, what? Right-o! You may talk all you like about prostituting one's genius—if any. But mine should walk the streets in scandalous immodesty, beginning today, if I could thus attract cash customers as Mr. Burroughs does.

Besides, I like his stuff. I think it's swell. The language of Venus does seem oddly like that of Mars, at times: and the folks in Pellucidar have thags and thipdars, while the Martians ride on thoats and keep soaks instead of kittens, and Venusians hunt tarelts: but what of it? Our Hero always has his trusty sword handy by, and he'd as soon disembowel a

## Correspondence

### PRaise FOR CURRIE

Editor, The Pilot:

We need a good Board of Commissioners and I don't believe we can do better than to head same with Wilbur Currie. Some people say he doesn't shake hands enough and is not friendly, but let that be as it is for we are voting for a man that can do business for the county.

I don't care whether he gives much time to hand shaking as long as he takes care of the best interests of the county.

I am convinced that he is a man who can say "yes" at the proper time and "no" when that is the best thing to say.

The fact that he can run his own business successfully is an indication that he can do equally well for the county.

W. D. SMITH.

## From the State Press

### SANDHILLS MADE HIM

It was a lucky circumstance for the literary world when, some years ago, the doctors who had the physical welfare of James Boyd in hand, dispatched him to his grandfather's plantation in the sandhills section of North Carolina, now become famed as Southern Pines, of which Mr. Boyd is part and parcel for it was here that Boyd got his inspiration to "write." He developed an ability that made him famous as recreator of historical periods. His book on Drums has been called the best novel ever written on the time of the American Revolution, and Marching On is among the finest of all Civil War novels.

Mr. Boyd modestly attributes his ability to revive the past to the fact that he lives in North Carolina, which has changed in character and local speech least of any State since the Revolution. This is partly because it is almost entirely Anglo-Saxon—98 1-2 per cent American born—and in the back districts has an almost pure Colonial dialect.

Before Boyd came to the Sandhills he had never thought he could write and he had no knowledge of the publishing business. He had to do something or live in idleness, and in the invigorating atmosphere of the Sandhills he turned to writing. He is now author of three distinct novels and is starting a new serial on The Dark Shore, in Scribner's. In this novel he is recreating the period of the 80's and it is another publication that is destined to go Marching On.

Charlotte Observer.

tarag as a Mahar. Or puncture a thipdar. (They have wings, the horrid beasts: and the villain always has a putrid heart. Decayed, practically.)

Just the same, it is all very nice and pleasant, and you're perfectly sure that Tarzan, or Tanar, or Jason, or John Carter, or whatever other alias the ubiquitous here adorns, will come out top of the heap with a beautiful lady to "stay with the man she loves." Instead of getting a Reno divorce, or taking arsenic. I like it.

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