

THE PILOT

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FOR A NEW STATE CONSTITUTION

At the next election North Carolina is to vote on a new state constitution. The existing one dates from the reconstruction period of the war days and is not regarded as entirely suitable for modern days, and perhaps it is not. At any rate in some things it does not fit in with things as they are at present, and probably there is little doubt that some things about the old document need to be harmonized with conditions as they now are.

It goes without saying that people do not like to make radical changes quickly, which means that they hesitate about voting a new constitution or any other striking modification of government. Hence it is questioned in some circles whether the proposed new constitution will be adopted by the people. Possibly the best argument in its favor is a series of articles in the Charlotte Observer by Clarence Poe, of the Progressive Farmer, who was a member of the convention that prepared the new document, and who explains the why and the purpose of it. He notes the ability and the character of the men who wrote the new measure, and tells why they accepted what they have incorporated in it, and why they left out what is out.

Now, while it is undoubtedly right for every man to think for himself, it is also true that most of us, and by a large majority, have not the familiarity with things that enable us to devise an organic law for a state. The men who did this job are men of experience and of ability and they gave much time to consideration of all the things under advisement, entertaining suggestion and opinion from all sources and after months of close study they compiled the paper which they have submitted. It is safe to say that that group of studious and capable men are as fully to be trusted in their joint effort and judgment as any of us as individuals, and for that reason it seems logical to take their view of the value of what they are offering. It would seem that the new document is of a kind to stand by. On the recommendation of men like Clarence Poe, who was one of the builders of the new constitution The Pilot believes it a good thing.

THE PENALTY OF INDIFFERENCE

A movement is on foot for a "Safety Week," to be observed from May 7 to 13, the principal idea in view being to stop the bloody experience of the automobile on the highways. Heaven knows there is ample reason to try to stop the murder and mutilation and destruction that the automobile entails, for it each year piles up a greater record than the wars this country has encountered. But we shudder at war and go ahead with the automobile slaughter, and the sole reason is because of our perfect indifference. We all know that a moving automobile of a ton weight, roaring down the street, is one of the most murderous missiles ever discharged in the direction of people. But we give the danger no thought as the results of each day's travel shows.

Whether we are going to reduce the death and mutilation and destruction lists nobody knows. We have all talked enough about this thing to accomplish something if talk

would have any effect. But it has mightily little, for we are all so completely indifferent in the mass of action that we get nowhere except to the doctor and the undertaker. Possibly the attempt to organize a safety movement in a "Safety Week" may accomplish a slight something, but until we can arouse an interest that will overcome the absolute indifference generally manifested regarding automobile travel the doctor and the funeral shop will continue to have plenty of business.

These things we may as well recognize:
The highway is by far the most dangerous place in this country.

Our cocksure indifference makes it so, and until we take a different attitude toward our road practices the highway will still be the most dangerous place in the country. War is a bugaboo to scare little children, but the automobile is the permanent and active and efficient killer.

We can have safety weeks and all the prattle about safety we care to indulge in, but we will not stop the slaughter until we get interested enough in the high cost of coffins and hospital bills to really have a concern about safety. For as a people we care little about safety or anything else that takes active thinking or actual interest.

PINEHURST AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE

The common idea of Pinehurst is that it is a place wherein to play golf and follow the horses or such other sports and recreation as may be agreeable. But while Pinehurst is a playground of magnitude and character, it is also a powerful educational factor in the country's cultural scheme.

In the last few weeks various conventions have been assembling at Pinehurst, the bankers, the doctors, the engineers and others, and while these men carry on in the business of their craft they also enjoy discussions and addresses that rank with some of the highest utterances of highly specialized education and culture, and the doors of the meetings are usually open to such visitors as care to listen in. Other gatherings of similar nature are frequent at Pinehurst, so that from the opening of the resort in the early fall until the close in last spring, the educational atmosphere is alive with an agreeable stimulus and the daily talk is tinged with the flotsam of the themes that come before the meetings.

No intelligent man or woman, young or old, can stay a few weeks at Pinehurst without profiting by the contact with educated individuals who come that way during the season and finding much pleasure in the acquaintances made. People who visit the Sandhills are prompted by a desire for relaxation, and to get away from the driving activities of business. They come here to mix with other people, and take life with not much seriousness. In that way cordiality and friendliness pave the way for comradeship, and the banker and the railroad man and the professional man, and all the rest of the aggregation, bent on the same pursuit of pleasure, are thrown with each other under circumstances that bring out the congeniality that exists among people, and a sort of diltante post graduate course in everything is the outcome. Not much is taken seriously in the everyday touch with everybody, nevertheless much that is well grounded is enjoyable companionship follows and most folks go home with a broader comprehension of lots of things, a better knowledge of the humanities included. The convention season at Pinehurst is by no means the least gratifying season of the year. It is an experience that is worth the time and money it involves.

CURRIE, MATHESON AND CAMERON

At the time this is written Wilbur Currie, Evander Matheson, Gordon Cameron, Frank Cameron and L. R. Reynolds have announced their willingness to serve the county as commissioners for another period. The Pilot is pleased with this announcement and for this reason. These men have the experience and acquaintance with the work of the office. Other men

may be as capable as they, or even more capable in a general way, although that is merely a concession to a possibility. But the main fact is that these three men have gained a familiarity with the business of the county, and that familiarity is the biggest asset that will be offered in the coming two years of operation.

Mr. Matheson has been active in his contact with county work for many years, and is worth his magnificent salary of about forty dollars a year if for no more than as a wise counselor to the board. Mr. Currie is a man of not so many years experience in public work, but he has a long record of intelligent ancestry which has proven its business qualifications, and his own years of work have added to the proof of his ability. He has been head of the board and in that capacity has shown his value to the county. He knows what can be done, what needs to be done, and what can not be done, and his loyalty to the county welfare is never questioned. Gordon Cameron is another dependable man, intelligent, and his experience is worth money to the county, and the county profits by his period of training in the office if he can be continued on the job.

For the same reason The Pilot would like to see Frank Cameron and Mr. Reynolds remain on the board. It costs the county money to break in new members, for new men have a lot to learn and a lot to unlearn at the expense of the taxpayers every time a shift is made. This county does a bigger business yearly than any but a few concerns in the county. To compare our system of hiring managers for county affairs imagine the Seaboard railroad dismissing its agents at Southern Pines and picking a new man from the sticks for the next two years because the old man has been on the job long enough and a new man should be given the place. Or propose a new man at the head of Pinehurst, or the silk mills at Hemp or one of the big stores, picking him without any regard for any experience in the line to be filled. The suggestion would be absurd, but no more so than replacing experienced men with inexperienced men in county affairs that involve vast sums of money yearly, money paid by the tax payer who has no recourse to compel its wise use.

THE SOUTHERN PINES SCHOOL TRIUMPHS

In this welter of trying to find out where we are at, as Tom Watson used to say, it is encouraging to find that in school affairs Southern Pines is gaining an enviable fame in the friendly contests with the schools of the state. In the Greensboro contest the Southern Pines Glee Club, a school organization, won the first place, and to make matters more pleasing a few weeks ago the Southern Pines High School won the dramatic championship, and as this is only the second year for this school in competition for these events the victory is all the more gratifying.

However, the winning of a high place in state-wide competition is only one phase of the real achievement, which is the training of the children to a degree of skill that remains with them long after the prizes won are forgotten. Not long ago some philosophers at the store box debating club were arguing over the lack of interest in community music, and one unhappy commentator deplored the condition in which the old brass bands have gone to the loft, and the glee clubs have taken to bridge and the quartettes and quintets and other groups of cultural characters are putting in their spare time in cultivating an adeptness in cutting around a curve or beating a train to a crossing and humorous things like that, rather than serenading Dulcinea on a summer night, or training with the bass drum and tuba and slide trombone to lead the young Democrats in the torch light parade in the fall campaign.

But the triumph of the school children puts a more cheerful slant on the musical and in fact on the whole cultural outlook. It now appears that the old Sandhills Sixteen, which gave much tone to the community, at home as well as on the air and abroad, is not wholly forgotten.

Grains of Sand

A week from this Sunday is Mother's Day, a day set apart by Act of Congress to honor our maternal parent. Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, Pa., was the originator of the Mother's Day idea some quarter of a century ago. In her words, "the general object of that day is a simultaneous observance in every part of the world, your land and my land, of the memory of the best Mother who ever lived, or in her honor if that Mother is still living."

"On that day everyone is asked to wear a white flower, preferably a carnation, as the emblem of our Mother's suffering of the flesh."

Postmaster Buchan announced this week that special Mother's Day stamps are now on sale in the post-office here. They are also available in all postoffices of the county.

It will be good news to motorists who traverse U. S. Highway No. 1 out of here to know that on Monday the toll bridge just south of Camden, S. C., became property of the state and there is no longer any charge for crossing the river at that point. The South Carolina Highway department paid Kershaw county \$147,500 for the bridge.

The writer of this column has been to New York City and to Georgia and South Carolina since the repeal of the 18th amendment. In four days in wet New York he did not see an intoxicated person, though bars were wide open and apparently doing a thriving business. In one small town in dry South Carolina he saw four "drunks" on the main street within ten minutes. What is the answer?

The younger scions have the musical faculty, and Frederick Stanley Smith evidently has the knack of training that faculty in the way it deserves to go. However, any one who has heard the youngsters sing of late will hardly be surprised at the successes they achieved away from home. They also let the world know some thing creditable about the Sandhills as well as conveying to home folks that pleasant bit of information that the town schools seem to know what they are carrying on for. Here seems to be what the old boys years ago used to call a four-time winner.

CARTHAGE

C. C. Kennedy and Walter McIver of New York City are spending their vacations in Carthage visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carter spent Friday in Madison.

Mrs. Henry Roberts of Sanford spent Thursday with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Yow.

Mr. and Mrs. T. McNeill of Red Springs spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morton.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Wallace, Mrs. B. C. Wallace, Mrs. H. J. Hall and Mrs. Frank McDonald spent Wednesday in Greensboro shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mohr have returned to New York City after a visit with Mrs. Mohr's mother, Mrs. R. L. Burns.

The Rev. I. N. Clegg of Pageland, S. C., spent a few days here last week visiting his sisters, Misses Annie and Marie Clegg.

Miss Margaret Clegg, student at Queens-Chicago spent the week-end with her aunts, Misses Annie and Marie Clegg.

Mrs. J. R. Lynch of Sanford spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Yow.

James Pleasants has returned from a business trip to New York.

H. S. Muse has returned to New York after spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Muse.

The Rev. R. S. Arrowood, Jr., of Concord spent Sunday with the Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Golden. Rev. Arrowood preached the baccalaureate sermon at Eureka.

Miss Alice Mae Blue of Fayetteville spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Blue.

POPULARITY CONTEST N AT S. P. HIGH SCHOOL

The pupils of the Southern Pines High School are conducting a popularity contest to determine the most popular boy and the most popular girl. The voting is arranged similarly to that of the Festival Queen contest. Nominations close tomorrow. At the present time the leading candidates are: Girls, Susan Swett, 935; Eleanor Sparks, 750; Katie Lee Ward, 475; and Alice Abel, 300. Boys, George Pottle, 1000; Edward Cox; Tom Carlisle, 575; L. T. Hall, 430; and Charles Vale, 325.

EIGHTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

I have been reading books. Two books. And they made me mad. Both of them.

Mr. Scott Fitzgerald has published a new book, which seems to have the reviewers puzzled. At least, no two of them agree about it. Some think it very, very good—a merciless psychological study, and all that rot; some think it pretty thin. I think it is lousy.

He has called it "Tender is the Night." He might as well have called it "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, Tra-la,"—because they haven't anything to do with the case, either. But if the night is tender, Mr. Fitzgerald's characters are tough enough to make up. Quite.

Setting all other objections aside—and that means lifting a lot of weight—the scoundrel has stolen that character so long and well beloved of lady novelists: the Brilliant Young Surgeon. Fitzgerald calls him a "Psychiatrist," but the disguise is thin.—You know the critter: Five famous professors of surgery, from university medical schools. Sir Sandy O'Quack McNut, the eccentric Scotch genius, and the Mandarin Bong Gong, the learned Chinese observer, all shaking their heads in unison. The Little Lady is Doomed. Only one man in the country—in the solar system, by heck (says McNut, quaintly) can save her. Send for the Brilliant Young Surgeon, the Boy Wonder of Oscaloosa and see what happens. He invented the operation: he alone dares perform it.

The Boy Wonder hears the call of duty. Scarcely pausing to finish his bottle of Mellen's Food, he comes. Nurse wheels his perambulator into the sick room: toying nonchalantly with his pacifier, he says: "Gentlemen, this is Athlete's Foot.—But I can save her!" And so he does, of course.

Outside of novels, a hard-working doctor can expect—if he's lucky—to be recognized as one of the most promising of our Younger Men by the time he reaches his middle fifties. But the Novelist's Dream gets famous before he's dry behind the ears. He graduates from medical school, invents his operation (or writes his two "standard text-books" like Fitzgerald's boy Diver) and wins World Wide Fame, all in six months. Before he's thirty, the lad must get frightfully blasé (French term, meaning "he burns you up.")

But the Diver Boy is a psychiatrist, anyhow: before his psyche has escaped from the "oceanic state," Fitzgerald says he is. You'd never have known otherwise. The heroine is a lady lunatic. In addition, there are, One Movie Star. Several Exhibitionists, and Any Number of sexual perverts. Mrs. Diver (Nicole to you) is such a lunatic as never was on land or sea. She demonstrates her lunacy by being faithful to her husband for several years; and proves her recovery by taking a lover. Before writing this story, Mr. Fitzgerald must have read a book. Unfortunately, he read the wrong one. He seems to think that "Schizophrenia" implies split personality—which it does not, by any means. And he selected most of his characters from the Psychopathia Sexualis. Doc Diver make a much more convincing precox than does his wife. He proves his brilliant diagnostic powers by declaring that a strange young man is about to commit some horrid crime: "Look at his chin, his hands!" So the poor lad, knowing himself Doomed, jumps overboard.—Now, a phrenologist might pull that sort of stuff, but no self-respecting psychiatrist would think of it. What I mean, Fooley!

I think the book is horribly scrambled. Its incidents seem to be selected at random, to show how much Fitz

knows about the perversions, rather than to aid in the development of his principal characters—who have no characters to begin with. They are flat, like colored paper-cut-outs. Smut colored.

Uh?—No. Rollo. I did not like the book.

The other one was "The Economy of Abundance," by Stuart Chase. It is tripe. He begins with the pleasing dream of the Technocrats (and one had supposed they were discredited long ago), all about a world full of Machines, so nobody need work. Apparently the machines are self-created, or else they breed like rabbits. Anyhow, it's all automatic. He cites that celebrated rayon factory—in Jersey, this time: I have read about it in Michigan, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and points north and east: even in North Carolina, once—which runs itself, Untouched By Human Hands. Only there never was such a factory: Howard Scott invented it.

So, every human need can be supplied by "a few hundred thousand technicians," leaving the rest of us idle. Shocking. Ain't it? Though he seems to upset his own argument a little, by pointing out that a million people, more or less, were required to fabricate the book in which he writes. Yep. We're over-built. The reason we don't have everything we'd like is, that there's an over-supply of everything. Too much isn't enough, that is. And he points out, (as all orthodox Economists do, nowadays) that we are faced by New Problems, so nothing that happened earlier than 1929 can possibly happen again, and all our painfully acquired body of experience must be scrapped.

The whole trouble is with Debt. There's too much of it. Debt is just the other face of Credit. Consequently, in order to cure our ills, we must begin to manufacture more Credit—only let the Government do it, instead of the Wicked Wall Street Bankers. And make it out of nothing, so debts need never be paid. It sounds like looney to me.

So we need an Industrial General Staff, to Plan things, and decide what kind of Easter hats the ladies will wear next year. The human race managed in its feeble way for some thousands of years without Plans; but we need 'em now. He fails to say where we are to find competent Planners (meaning, of course, he can see to that himself), or who is to select them—or how folks are to be made to like the Plan.—If everybody would plan his own affairs, with reasonable honesty, and forget the rest, we'd get along. We always have.

Of course, times are hard. But they've been harder before this, and we pulled through. It's easy to forget that in the Good Old Days thousands of poor folks actually starved to death: that they used to have famines—as they still do in China (and in Russia, in spite of the Five Year Plan)—and that people were reduced to cannibalism. . . . Times are hard today; but even those who are on relief are better off than the average working family of the early industrial age. This is not the worst depression of all the ages. Stuart Chase himself admits that the "ordinary garage mechanic" can and does have almost as much luxury as the millionaire—for a lot less money. The poor have been growing richer steadily for a century. We're not sunk yet.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The Sunday School Convention of the Sandy Creek Association met at Carthage on April 28th, and 29th at the Carthage Baptist Church.

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