

THE PILOT

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THE SPIGOT AND THE BUNGHOLE

The sales tax is somewhat a subject of talk these days along with the other phases of taxation, and a movement to repeal the sales tax is sponsored in some quarters, but without much likelihood of success. To begin with the Governor of the state is not favorable to repeal, and he says plainly why. Josephus Daniels made a proverb of "Get the money where the money is" and while he did not at the time think of a sales tax the fact that the sales tax gets the money where the money is pretty well covers the situation. Governor Ehringhaus is not a worshipper of idols, but as the head of the business of governing he realizes that to get the money to pay the operations of the state he must get it where it is.

We have fallen down in the matter of real estate taxes because real estate reached the limit of its ability to pay, and the thousands of failures to collect any more taxes from lands as indicated by the attempted sales of lands for taxes in every county, and the failure of the sales to become real sales, shows that the end of that road has been reached. Real estate has passed beyond the range of where it can do any more. We have soaked the rich, if there are any such, and corporations have gone to the point where they will be obliged to shut up shop or put on their product prices that will stop their business. Income taxes have overtaken incomes, and other sources of taxation have ceased to provide the money called for. Theoretically it is an easy matter to put on more taxes. But in actual collection of the money levied another story is encountered. The sales tax came in spite of opposition and it will probably stay.

But all this time we are overlooking the fact that there are two holes in a barrel—the one where the liquor goes in and the other where it comes out. If we are to draw out at the spigot we and there is just one way to stop and there is just one way to stop the demand at the bung hole and that is to close the spigot. The only solution to the tax problem is to stop the spending frenzy. You may box that around anyway you want to, but if county, state and nation throw their money to all the quarters of the air, we are obliged to call for more taxes, and there you have the whole proposition. And as it is the whole people who must pay the taxes it does not seem a matter of much choice as to whether the money comes from the one hand or the other. The sales tax is laid on all comers, and is about the most fairly balanced tax ever laid.

APPRECIATES THE HOSPITAL

Most folks around here know M. B. Kelly, a farmer who lives out toward Carthage beyond Niagara. Mr. Kelly is a friendly, honest, plain old chap, with a lot of sense and appreciation, and he has a fashion of gauging things according to their value. He does not enthuse, nor run away with his emotions, but looks at a proposition of any sort according to its ability to do what the prospectus says it will. He likes to see a track in the snow before he tells you a deer went by. The other day he was in Southern Pines and a neighbor asked him the usual question of how he was stacking up and he answered with the usual response, "Fine." but he ad-

ded, "I have just come from the hospital at Pinehurst," and what he said then would make the hospital folks look on themselves as a group of benefactors of the human race.

"Couple of weeks over there, but what I got there money could not buy," he said. "I have a new idea of the hospital now and it is of the most approved kind. The doctors, the hospital itself, the nurses, the way they cut a fellow up and put him together again—I found out a lot about what that place is doing for people. I don't know of anything that is doing its job and doing it more helpfully and extending more relief to folks who need relief about the time the hospital gets them than that institution does. I am glad to say for that place any thing that I can, and I am glad I went there and found out what they are doing and can appreciate the value the place is for this community."

Mr. Kelly learned there in his days in bed what a hospital means—its facilities for everything that enters into medical and surgical relief, for he had a rather complicated and severe case. But the various processes were a matter of surprise and the attitude of the doctors and the whole force was such that the man will be grateful and enthusiastic as long as he lives. A better missionary for the good the hospital is doing could not be found, for Murl Kelly is known to his neighbors as a man who takes things for what they are worth, and when he puts a value on any thing the folks take it for about that rating. And the Moore County hospital has won the friendly consideration of Mr. Kelly because it has proved its case to a hard-boiled Scot who is not fooled when he thinks a thing is all right.

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT FESTIVAL

One of the most satisfying experiences of the closing season is the decided success of the Spring Blossom Festival, which at one sweep landed in a front place among the influential forces that are to rule henceforth in the Sandhills. Last week the Seaboard railroad officials were here to arrange a schedule of advertising and to prepare their plans for next season, and the Spring Festival of 1935 is now on the program and recognized as one of the big features.

It looks as if a wholly new lead has been uncovered in the assets of the Sandhills, a new feature that in the past has been suspected but never realized. Now the whole thing pops up with a suddenness that is striking, and with such a vividness it is apparent to everybody that a new field has opened that gives the utmost of promise. With a year to prepare a program it is easy to see that the second event will surpass the first one of this year by such a triumph of spectacular and historical exhibit that we will all be surprised at the work the committee will achieve. The experience of the recent effort shows so much that can be called to help the next event that the curious thing about the whole business is we never thought about just such a scheme before. The Pilot does not intend to grow hysterical over the outlook, but it is safe to plan for next spring on the assumption we should make next spring's festival a gullywasher, carrying everything before it for we have here the potentialities if we bring them to the front.

A historical pageant has been proposed. That alone has in it room enough to plan attractions for pleasing an entertaining visitors from all over the country, for this neighborhood is saturated with the unique phases of the history of the budding United States. The Scotch character which predominated in the settlement had sufficient help from Quaker, English, Scotch-Irish and a few others to give a wide cast of characters in a fundamental romance. History ought to be a great study for the folks of Moore county from now until place on earth is more rich in its place on earth si more rich in its development than the past of the Helicon mountain country. The fox hunter, the pine woods workers, Old Bethesda and Solenn Grove academy, the old gun smith, the wagon trains on the ancient Yadkin road, that extension of the old "Great Wagon Road," from Philadelphia down to Fayetteville, the Whig and the Tory of Revolution days, and no one knows what unlimited

features can be called up from the past. An old folk's reunion might provide a feature, and a thousand things will suggest themselves. More stress can be laid on the Negro music to the pleasure of the resident folks as well as of the visitors to whom that is new and novel. The field is without limit, for there is no-

where else on earth a neighborhood similar to the Sandhills with its varied attractions and its fascinating history which has been influential in the development of the whole nation.

Next spring is already something to talk about, and the wheels are already in motion for a great event.

GRAINS OF SAND

PRIMARY'S A-COMIN'

Politics is hummin'
For the Primary's a comin'
And the boys are runnin' all around
a-roundin' up the vote.
The "Ins" are all a-dizziness,
Neglectin' county business,
Afraid the dinner pail will soon supplant the table d'hote.

A-tired of vacationin'
The "Outs" are conversationin'
With plenty accusationin' about "The Little Group."
The drug store's all alive with it,
The coca colas thrive with it;
If all the tales were true the boys'd all be in the soup.

A voter, we now understand
The meaning of "Forgotten Man—"
We're IT, neglected sadly till our ballot is at stake.
Though really quite enjoying it
How many are employing it
To give a serious thought to who's deservin' of the cake?

This is too far ahead for predictions, but if plans already made for next year's Spring Blossom Festival here materialize it will make the 1934 show look like a primary school play compared to grand opera, despite the success of this year's affair.

Two hundred and fifty-seven citizens of Moore county filed income tax returns in North Carolina in 1933, many more than the previous year. In the entire state 2,887 more individuals filed returns than in 1932, the total being 27,699, with Mecklenburg county leading with 4,093 and Charlotte leading the cities.

Summer was a long time getting here but Charlie Patch has sold a lot of duck pants this week.

Congratulations to the News & Observer on its new type. It is more easily read than the old.

You don't hear so much political palaver down in this end of the county but if you don't think there's a primary election coming off next month just spend a few minutes in Carthage. Its a 10 to one shot that any conversation you listen in on will be anent the good old game of politics.

A lot of the present office holders have tough competition this year and are worrying. Outside jobs are scarce.

Let's hope they revive the Moore County Baseball league. What'll we do with our afternoons this summer if we can't sit on the sidelines and find fault?

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LIBRARY NEEDS

Editor, The Pilot:
Elsewhere in this issue of The Pilot is the Summer Schedule of the Southern Pines Library. It is quite apparent that these new hours are much fewer than in any of the past years. The reason is simple — not enough support of the Library this year to enable it to do the same work for the community as heretofore.

For the past two or three years the Library has used part of its surplus, built up in more prosperous times, to give Southern Pines the best possible Library service under the circumstances. However, this surplus is rapidly dwindling and the Trustees have now decided to spend only what is received each year. This is not only wise, but necessary, as we cannot spend what we do not have.

The Library must have further support from the general public and must have it now. The people who should support the Library fall, I believe, into two classes; those who have children in the Public School and those who have not. The children have been enabled, and many of them are taking advantage of—and rightly so—the freedom of the Library, but let not the parents of those children believe that this can be continued without good support—in the form of memberships from those parents

who are able to do so. People having no children in the school should look upon the Library as a necessary and vital part of the community, and therefore worthy of support in the same form.

So, if Southern Pines wants to continue the good work of the Library, let the memberships roll in to the Treasurer, or to

EUGENE C. STEVENS, Pres.

TRIBUTE TO HOSPITAL

Editor, The Pilot:
I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the unlimited interest and acts of kindness and sympathy shown me during my confinement in the Moore County Hospital and especially to those who were not permitted to see me on account of my weak condition. I am deeply grateful to each and every one for the interest manifested in me. I wish to thank the entire personnel of the Moore County Hospital for the wonderful service and attention given me while under their care, for, in my opinion, it is the greatest "single" institution in Moore county and is doing more for suffering humanity. It is a pleasure to state that I am much improved and well on the road to recovery and will appreciate my friends taking care of my political interest until I am able to be out.

—W. J. HARRINGTON.
Carthage, May 8.

APRIL WEATHER

Despite the cold temperatures of many of the morning hours of April, including a low of 30 on the 13th, the warming sun of Springtime gave us enough highs—one of 90 on the 4th—so that we ran 1.2 degrees over the normal average, and 2.9 degrees over last April. Easter Sunday was a fine warm day but the furious downpour of the 9th that loaded our streets with water and hail precipitated 3.20 inches of rain making a total for the month of 4.47 inches, an inch over the average for the month, and bringing the total rainfall for the year to 14.99 inches.

Long time	Max.	Min	Average
average	73.6	48.9	61.3
-933	73.1	46.2	59.6
1934	77.1	48.1	62.5

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us during the death of our father, brother and uncle, A. R. Kelly.—Floyd, Frank, Mary and Margaret Kelly, Mrs. H. A. McCallum, Mrs. Annie J. Kelly and Margaret Kelly, The Family of A. R. Kelly.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

L. L. Marion and wife to R. Thomas Vaughn, property in Carthage township.
M. M. Creel and wife to Maude C. Smith and H. J. Betterly, property in Sandhills township.

IN RECORDER'S COURT

Charged with beating Martha Cole with a board, Wade Whitaker in Recorder's Court on Monday entered a plea of guilty and was given four months on the roads.

"Don't you hear the law says stop?" said Will Austin, and Lacy Shaw stopped. That is, he stopped the car, but took to his heels and has not yet been taken. Lacy, Austin and Floyd McNair, colored of Carthage township, drove out to the country in Shaw's car. Shaw went into the woods a short distance and returned with one half gallon of liquor. Almost immediately after the journey was resumed, the officers called "Halt!" Will and Floyd were given 60 days each, execution to issue at the will of the court at any time in two years upon payment of the costs.

Moses Fowler and Conimogore Little, charged with driving an automobile while intoxicated, were given sentences of 90 and 60 days, respectively, execution to issue at the will of the court at any time in two years upon payment of the cost. Fowler was the driver of the car.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses have been issued from the office of the register of deeds of Moore county to the following: Edgar Brady and Ethel Brady, both of Bennett; Jack Smith of Pinehurst and Vurlie Wiseman, West End Route 1.

NINTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

One of My Public has objected that I was just a bit unkind to a couple of deserving authors during my little flutter in book reviewing, last week. (Time words should always come first in a sentence.)

And so, to relieve the minds of both (not the authors, of course; because it is very unlikely that either will ever hear of my remarks. What I mean is, both of My Public) I shall now offer an elucidation.

The purpose of my critique . . . "Critique," by the way, is a slang phrase first perpetrated by the late Emanuel Kant, when he began to consider the advisability of taking a fall out of Pure Reason. It means, "To find fault with," and indicated, at the time, that Emanuel preferred the Categorical Imperative—for reasons which doubtless seemed to him sufficient. Though I never did quite understand them, myself.—Which reminds me of an interesting philosophical anecdote, to wit:

When Mister Spinoza was summoned before the Sandhedrim, in re his alleged apostasy, the assembled rabbis asked him, would he re-cant? But, said he, "How can I, if Emmanuel Kant?" For this offense he was excommunicated, and the chorus of protest was so loud that ever since the choir-leaders of all synagogues have been known as "Kantors."

One of the difficulties of this interestingly allusive style is, that so many allusions keep coming up—(I did not either say delusions. I said il-lusions. I mean, You know very well, what I said. So stop it!)—I mean they keep coming up so fast it is often hard to remember the thread of my discourse. If any.

But as I was saying, the purposes of my critique were manifold. As, (1) Since Messrs. Scott Fitzgerald and Stuart Chase are most unlikely ever to find out what I said about them, their feelings won't be hurt . . . But I said that once, didn't I?

Well, anyhow, (2) It's a swell boost for them both. Because My Public, perusing the late diatribe (practically the same as critique) will forthwith remark, "Who is this guy Poate, and where does he get off, knocking respectable Authors? Go to, I will read these books. I bet they're pretty hot stuff." So I'm actually doing the boys a favor.

Besides, (3) After the orthodox fashion of psychiatrists (who are nothing if not candid—embarrassing-ly so), I shall now proceed to lay bare the Ulterior Motive, Dipping away down into the Unconscious (or, as we Freudians say, the UnUbewussten, or the Unc.) in contradistinction to the Forec, which is something else again), let me bring forth the Secret Purposes which underlie my Machinations.

You see, it is my intention, some day, to write me a book my own self. And so I am preparing the way. I plan to abuse in "burning golden words" (as a young gentleman of my acquaintance once remarked; but not

about my own diction. Nope. He wanted to learn how to write b. g. w. himself). Anyhow, I plan to abuse every author I can locate publicly and viciously . . . And all I can say is, I hope they find it out. So there!

Afterward, I shall write my Book, and send a free copy to each and all of the aforesaid abused authors. Whereupon they will arise, and gird themselves, saying, "Poate?—Where did I hear of that gink, huh? . . . Ah-h-h!" they will say, with sinister emphasis. "He's the abandoned scoundrel who dared find fault with Me. Here's my chance: I will so castigate that poor rhizopod (a unicellular organism—a germ, practically) as to make him Regret his Temerity."

And then, with myriads of Famous Authors telling the world, at ten cents a word and up, how peculiarly putrid and abhorrent is my stuff—why, everybody will be fairly compelled to buy my book and read it, to see if it comes up to advance notices.

And, Bcy! Won't that be swell?

Which brings us back practically to the beginning. Proving that ours is a Closed Universe, and straight lines are circles. Proving, I mean, that a spot of full-flavored abuse is darn good advertising: wherefore, Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald ought to be grateful. And Stuart Chase, too.

Why, if I could only persuade somebody to declare—in Colliers' Weekly, for ex.—that I was a Menace to Youth, my fortune would be made. I did try, once, to persuade Jim Boyd to attack me in Scribners, and he said he would; and what's more, he promised to get Struthers Burt to do the same thing in the Satevepost. But nothing came of it.

I hope this may remind him. Because, after all (said the Old Doctor, hopefully) I have gotten away with some awfully old stuff in my time! Copies on request. Enclose \$1.75 in P. O. money-order, cashier's check or New York draft. (adv.)

Having thus, I trust, cleared myself of all the aspersions which have been, or might be, cast upon my motives, let us conclude with a song of praise. Because I really can't abuse Pelham Granville Wodehouse, much as I'd like to.

Because that man is Unique. Practically Sublime. I mean, an extraordinarily competent humorist might, possibly, have made one good story out of kidnapping a prize pig; but only the Old Master could repeat, and make the customers like it . . . Twice, mind you. Twice, P. G. Wodehouse has kidnapped (or caused to be kidnapped) the Empress of Blandings, and darned if I know which kidnapping was the funniest, Or funnier, if you insist.

A volume of risque memoirs, in manuscript, a prize pig, a couple of nitwits and pretty girls, a fuzzy old Earl and assorted aunts . . . Only authentic Magic could make an epic out of these ingredients.

—POATE.

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