

# THE PILOT

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## CONDITIONS GETTING BETTER

When Uncle Sam came down with the hungry bellyache all the old grannies came running with their home remedies and their mad stones and their magic pads and snake charm remedies and he greedily swallowed oceans of delusion and got sicker as is the case with powwow stuff, although it has to be the first-aid in most cases. Then the doctors came along and felt his pulse and looked at his tongue and thumped his back and made a picture of his internal works and smiled and said "Old boy, you have to sober down."

"When you've been out all night and come home full of gin,

There's no place like home." So the profession told Uncle Sam a few things he would have to do, and when we reach the place where we finally kick in for Doc we begin to die and then the hair pull gradually subsides, and in time we think we will live again, and presently we are able to pull along once more and God reigns and the birds sing and all is well.

Well Doc has been around and wheat is dropping and Australia is selling raw cotton to England where we formerly held that trade, and Japan is selling the old world cotton goods, and Europe is not going to pay what she owes us, and the strikers are wondering what struck them, and the whole world has a dark brown taste in its mouth and we are all singing, "I'll never get drunk any more."

That's the sign we are now ready to get well. And as we've all been there before, many a time, we know that that is the dependable sign that we are started toward improvement.

Be of good cheer, brethren. We are started to come out of the green pastures once more, and in the course of time we will be able to come to the table without pushing the victuals back and experiencing that nauseated feeling. The worst is over and we are gradually getting rid of the hair pull, and it will be easier day by day.

## THE SALES TAX PERMANENT

Without assuming to pose as a prophet it is not hard to guess that the sales tax is to be permanent. Few taxes ever laid ceased to be permanent after once getting a foot in the trough, especially if the thing taxed could survive the burden. That is one reason to guess that the sales tax is to be lasting. It is a too easy mark to overlook. Property tax is slumping. Income tax is beginning to sweat blood. Property tax is failing. Property can be taxed to death. So can incomes. But as long as people want things they will buy, even if with buying they throw in a vehement kick. But if property is taxed until the collector has sold pretty nearly everything that is property and if incomes are taxed until nothing is left of income, sales will continue as long as anything remains to buy with. That is why it is a reasonable guess to say that the sales tax is fixed for a long run.

It is not whether we want sales taxes or not, for nobody really wants any kind of a tax, but the sales tax seems to be the one tax that promises to bring in the money, and that is all the tax collector is looking for. It will not be Governor Ehringhaus, nor the legislature, nor any other representative of the government that will continue the sales tax, but almost solely its availability and its certainty of procurement, although another reason why it will remain is because as the people have the taxes to pay it is small difference whether it is paid as sales

tax or any other way. And as we realize that the rich buy as much as the poor the protest that the poor man pays the sales tax will drop. Sales tax without the payment from the rich would be small pickings, and the collector will see that the rich pay. That is too easy a mark to miss.

## ARGUING OR THINKING

In three weeks we have a general election. The condition of the entire country is one that has evoked discussion leading up to an outpouring of words almost enough to bury us if words could do that. The tenor of much of the volume of hot air has been at times violent enough to set the house on fire, and bitter enough to incite war among neighbors. That is the custom of the citizen in this land of the free and home of the brave. We argue and in case of enough dispute we undertake to fight. We do not allow the other fellow the right to express an opinion, and we insist on the unlimited right to express our own. For we all know we are right and that the other fellow is wrong, and that he is a pernicious pest.

And what is it all about? The truth is we do not really know. One of the troubles is that we are a nation of missionaries rather than a nation of thinkers. We want to convert the other fellow and lick him if he tries to convert us. Of course that is the proper thing to do. But it is costly. It costs us those things we lose when we do not listen to what the other fellow has to say, for it is a God's fact, just between ourselves, that the other fellow frequently knows as much as the rest of us, and that if we listen to him we often can pick up information worth while. Half the time, on the average, we are the fools and he is the wise man. The way to gain wisdom is not by parading our halfbaked ideas up and down street, but by listening to what others say and then analyzing their argument and opinion. No man has a monopoly of knowledge or right or truth. It would be far better if every voter during the balance of the campaign gave patient study to every new thought that is laid before him and weighed every suggestion for all that it is worth. We are a nation of loud mouths and deaf ears. We argue too much and think too little and inquire too little and prove too little and hold fast to too little that is good. How many voters have any idea what they are going to vote for November 6, and how they are to gain what they vote for if their vote is successful? Think about that and answer yourself if you can reach a conclusion.

The Pilot would like to have the opinion of a few folks, no matter who, in two or three hundred words, as to what is at stake this fall in the election and why, and how a vote one way or the other will be beneficial. A lot can be said in two hundred words. You recall that the greatest event in the world is told in one sentence—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

## THE COMING OF AUTUMN

Spring is a delightful season in the Sandhills, but possibly no time of the year surpasses autumn. Spring with its early blossoms, its dogwood luxuriance, its many flowers and leafy offering of various types, is hard to beat. But autumn with its entire forest area breaking out in all the vivid colors that the leaves of Middle North Carolina display makes no obeisance to spring or any other season, here or any where else in the world. The Northern country that once was covered with hard maple trees had a gorgeous fall display when the maple leaves were showing all the crimson tints. But the maple area is small and limited to few sections. Nor were the maples ever superior in mass and variety and depth of color to the black jacks of the Sandhills, for the black jacks are an almost unbroken cover for miles and miles. Then comes another brilliant tree, the gum. Lord Dundreary one time said doubtless God could have made a finer thing to eat than the strawberry, but doubtless he never did. That entertaining old Thespian lord might have said that Jehovah could have made a

## Grains of Sand

Heads of many local businesses are glad the World's Series is finally over. They had quite a time keeping the "help" at work during the long drawn out fight. There are disadvantages to the radio.

The campaign against crime must be bearing some fruit. That Cameron store hasn't been burglarized in months.

That aviator who flew so low over Southern Pines on Sunday is going to get his license taken away from him if he doesn't climb up to a safer altitude. Uncle Sam has established a safety limit for flying over populated places, and it is considerably higher up than the plane we saw on Sunday.

The woods are pretty dry. Be careful of matches and cigarettes. Don't throw live cigarettes from your car windows. They start trouble.

This is Fire Prevention Week. Good time to think about cleaning the rubbish out of the yard, the attic and the cellar.

From Tinner Wilson's yard on Bennett street comes a novelty in the way of chestnut burrs that measure over five inches in diameter. Mr. Wilson is considerable of a genius in many ways, but if he is going to make chestnut burrs as big as a football he is setting a hard task for the boy who has to juggle with the burr to get the nuts.

## MRS. LUCY JANE COLE DIES; FUNERAL AT DOUB'S CHAPEL

Funeral services were held at Doub's Chapel near Carthage Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock for Mrs. Lucy Jane Cole, aged 69. Mrs. Cole died at her home in Kinston Saturday morning after a short illness.

Mrs. Cole was a resident of Carthage for many years but moved to Kinston in 1920 where she lived until her death. The funeral, with Methodist rites, was held from the residence at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, after which the body was brought to Carthage and burial was made at Doub's Chapel, the family burying ground. A short service was held with the Rev. E. C. Durham of Carthage Methodist Church officiating, assisted by the pastor of the West End Methodist church.

Mrs. Cole is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Maysie Petteway, Mrs. Quincey Hart and Melba Cole of Kinston, and Mrs. W. W. Gainey of Parkton; two sons, S. F. Cole of Carthage, and R. C. Cole, of Norfolk.

more striking forest picture than the gum tree, but that probably he never thought worth while to try. And the golden rod, and the wild asters and the wild flowers that come with the fall time, and with them always that sombre and impressive foliage of the pines and the swamp and upland evergreens, and the reeds, and the red of the coloring dogwood trees, and in the medley for good measure and to complete the ensemble the various minor things Nature has provided.

Spring is a joyous season of the year, and we all rejoice to see winter turn the corner and the sun begin to mount higher on the ecliptic. Yet there is a completeness and serenity and deep-seated pleasure about the final quarter of the year that appeals to all men and women of the lightest philosophical temperament, and no place in the world exhibits the high light of autumn more than the Sandhills. The man who in these October days, looking out the window on the garden and pine woods beyond, seeing the charms of Nature, the flowers in bloom, the scuppernong vines heavy with fruit, the sweet potatoes rolling out of the furrows, the apple trees loaded, the soft October sun warming the air, will recall the verse of Genesis which says that the Creator saw that it was good. There is the text from which any observing man or woman can preach a sermon without any clerical aid. One of these fine sunny afternoons take the household gods out for a slow ride around within a few miles of the family roof tree, set the speed gauge at about ten miles an hour and look about and see how accurate a witness Genesis is as to the skill of the engineer who founded this thing called existence, and on Sunday when you lead your brood into church you will be better able to comprehend why the parson is working his text. For everything was good.

## WEST END

Mrs. M. L. Morris, Mrs. W. L. Elliott, Mrs. F. W. VonCanon, and Mrs. W. A. Johnson attended an all-day zone missionary meeting in Troy last week.

Mrs. David Wilson, Mrs. J. T. Sinclair, Mrs. Donald Eifort and Miss Lucille Eifort shopped in Greensboro last Saturday.

Mrs. Lowe of Asheboro spent a few days with her brother, J. M. Lewis.

Mrs. Tomlinson and baby of Jockson, Miss., are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Sim Cochrane.

Miss Eva Ritter and Mrs. Floyde Updale and baby spent the week-end in Biscoe with their sister, Mrs. Mack Bruton.

Mrs. M. C. McDonald and Mrs. R. B. Donaldson are attending the World's Fair this week.

The Barium Spring Orphanage gave a picture show in the Presbyterian Church here last Monday night.

Several people attended the Randolph County Fair in Asheboro last week, among them J. B. VonCanon, Mr. and Mrs. Paul VonCanon, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sulphin, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Fletcher, Willie Cox, John Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Bob VonCanon and Bill Jackson.

Mrs. William Jackson has been visiting relatives in Greensboro for the past week.

Mrs. Clyde Gaddy and Mrs. R. G. Bradley spent last Sunday with their sister, Miss Katherine Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Monroe attended the State Fair in Raleigh last Tuesday. They also saw "Green Pastures" while there.

The Rev. Mr. Elliott, pastor of the Methodist church, conducted the funeral services of Mrs. Sam Cole at Doub's Chapel Sunday afternoon.

Ralph Wallace, West End teacher, who was injured in an automobile wreck some time ago, was taken from the Moore County hospital to his home in South Carolina last Sunday.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will give a fish supper Friday night. The public is cordially invited.

The Group Conference of the Presbyterian Women's Auxiliary will hold an all-day meeting at the church on October 18. All are invited to attend and bring lunch.

Miss Nelle Lewis has been appointed acting postmaster at West End. Mrs. D. C. Ritten and Mrs. Buck-

ingham attended an American Legion Auxiliary meeting in Southern Pines this week.

Mrs. E. P. Hinson gave a birthday dinner for John Henry Hinson and Mary Charles VonCanon last week.

## MEET TO SETTLE AFFAIRS OF THE BANK OF VASS

The Bank of Vass appraisal committee held a meeting in Vass Tuesday of this week to attend to details of settling the bank's affairs.

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<p><b>MARKET SPECIALS</b></p>		<p><b>GROCERY SAVINGS</b></p>
<p>Pot Roast, lb. .... 12½c Pork Roast, lb. .... 19c Hamburger Steak, lb. .... 10c Spare Ribs, 2 lbs. .... 29c Beef Liver, lb. .... 15c All-Pork Sausage, lb. .... 19c Nut Butter, 2 lbs. .... 25c Stew Beef, lb. .... 5c Hams, half or whole, lb. .... 23c</p>	<p>Full Creamery Cheese, lb. .... 17c Good Coffee, lb. .... 15c Sun Brite Cleanser, 2 for ..... 9c Mackerel Fish, can ..... 9c Pork and Beans, 2 cans ..... 9c Fig Bars, a good cake, lb. .... 10c Wilson's Best Can Sausage, large size, special ..... 17c Peanut Butter, lb. jar ..... 15c Lord Calvert Coffee, lb. .... 29c</p>	
<p>Children—FREE Candy to the Girls—FREE Gum to the Boys.</p>		
<p><b>OYSTERS</b> Pt.—45c <b>Croaker Fish,</b> 4 lbs.—25c</p>	<p><b>Best Creamery Butter,</b> lb.—35c <b>Dressed Fryers,</b> lb.—29c</p>	<p><b>Pork Chops,</b> Electric Cut Any Thickness lb.—19c</p>
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