

What Barrett Says

As we move close to that invisible line marking the end of the old and the beginning of the New Year, we are stirred with cleaner, higher impulses. So we make resolutions.

Such resolutions spring from reawakened conscience as we look back over a year of wasted opportunities, foolish dissipations and health-breaking habits, and a desire is born within us to achieve a higher and better plane of living. Unhappily good resolutions do not continue long of force with most of us.

Good resolutions, like all good impulses, are right if kept. They perhaps do good any way, because no one loses by having noble thoughts and aims, even if they are of brief duration.

There are a few simple New Year resolutions I would like by brethren to make and keep. They are all homely, but I guarantee if you live up to them for one year, you will find yourself a better citizen, neighbor, husband and father.

First, resolve to look on life cheerfully. Don't be a grouch. Smile even when you don't feel like it, and pretty soon you will find it easy to be an optimist even when things look darkest.

Don't go into debt unnecessarily. Don't do it at all if you can help it; but if you must, be sure you are not obligating yourselves to pay more than you can without straining your resources and making your family suffer. Nothing else takes the heart out of a man like a burden of debt.

Resolve to be a real neighbor. If Jim Jackson is apparently offish, approach him in a friendly way, discuss the things of common and mutual interest. It won't be long until it is easier to be neighborly than it is to be selfish.

Stick to your neighborhood interests, your church, your school and your friends. Learn to yield your own obstinate opinions if it is apparent that in so doing you benefit those around you. A mulish, self-opinioned man is a thorn in the flesh, particularly if he is not willing to be convinced that he is possibly wrong. I have seen one man and his pig-headedness disrupt an entire community.

Co-operate with your neighbors in all good movements. The very foundation of all human success or growth is imbedded in co-operation—pulling together.

Resolve to treat your wife as something more than a mere drudge to cook your meals, make your beds, nurse and care for your children, milk your cows, do the thousand and one things that often makes the life of a farmer's wife one ceaseless, killing, loveless grind. Take her to meeting to visit the neighbors, buy her a new dress now and then, but above all else show her sympathy, love and tender consideration that will sweeten and lighten her toil. The best, truest, most self-sacrificing women in the world, the mothers of the men upon whom the burden of our civilization rests, are on the farms of America.

Treat that boy right. Make him look to you as his real guide in life. Make him a companion, teach him the love of the soil, and give him some of the earnings made by the sweat of his brow. Thousands of boys are driven from our farms every year by harsh and unjust treatment of fathers.

Be gentle and considerate of your girls. Let them have pretty dresses and ribbons and the things dear to a girl's heart. Let her have the right kind of association among young people, and show her your love and protection in guarding her, shielding her from danger or trouble.

Resolve to be a real, a true and a helpful member of the Farmers' Union. We have drones in plenty; we want earnest, purposeful workers.

Finally, face the New Year manfully, with stout heart, with sunny disposition and the ambition

and intent to live your life the very best you know how.

These things may all sound trite and commonplace, but the real test of the best life is usually based on doing the commonplace things well and cheerfully.

C. S. BARRETT,
Union City, Ga., January 18, 1913.

THE PRIZE.

We failed to announce last week the winner of the December prize as we anticipated. Three of the essays were printed in last week's paper and the prize for the month goes to Mrs. J. H. Henley, of Sanford. For January we will give three prizes, of Five, Three and One Dollars, for the three best papers submitted during the month on "What My Local has Done for the Good of the Community." There will be no restrictions, but the brevity of all essays will be considered in awarding the prize.

All local Secretaries have been given instructions in regard to subscriptions during the quarter, and those not receiving same should write at once. Where there have been changes in Secretaries the instructions may not have gone to the proper party, and where there have been changes, we will be glad to forward all necessary instructions to the new Secretary.

Moslem Complacency.

"The best Moslems are those most remote from civilization." This is the opinion of the expert missionary journalist, Mr. W. T. Ellis who writes for the January Century a most illuminating article in which he gives the following fine illustration of Moslem complacency: "Floating down the Tigris on a goatskin raft, I had a handsome and alert Kurd for raftsmen. One day he asked me if I had been to Stamboul (Constantinople.) When I assented, he remarked, as though stating a commonplace, 'Of course it is the greatest city in all the world, isn't it?' I was obliged to confess that there are some larger and mightier cities, and I named London and Paris, Berlin and New York. He looked pityingly incredulous and said: 'Stamboul is the capital of the world. The calif lives there, and all the world is Moslem except a few Armenian Christians, and when they talk too much we cut their throats.' 'Christians,' he genially informed me, 'will all go to hell.' And when I pressed the point, he affirmed with great heartiness that I too was bound for the same destination. I tried to get into his mind the fact that the vast majority of Moslems are under Christian rulers. His face showed that he had a simple explanation: I was lying. I asked him if he knew all about Mecca, and he said, 'Yes.' I showed him a picture of the Kaaba, and he was awe-struck. The photograph was according to the description he had always heard. Then I showed him the mosque at Medina. When he affirmed that he knew the Koran, I asked him to suggest a favorite 'sudra;' and then I read it to him from a translation of the Koran I carried with me. The man was thunderstruck. The printing press had shaken the foundations of his self-complacency, and that is what is happening all over the world." —Biblical Recorder.

The Assassin and the Saloon.

The American Issue is quoted as saying that the man who killed Lincoln first fired his brain with liquor at a near-by saloon; that the man who killed Garfield got his immediate inspiration in a saloon; that the plot to kill McKinley was concocted in a saloon and carried out by a regular habitue of that resort; and that the man who tried to kill Roosevelt last fall was a saloon keeper up to the time of his assault on the ex-President. How long will the American people tolerate this prolific breeder of crime?

SUPPOSE WE QUIT?

You are either a member of the Farmers' Union or you are not. There are more farmers in the United States who do not belong than there are who do. Most everyone likes to be with the biggest crowd, so let's just all quit being members of the Union, and if we belong to any other organization that has not a majority of the inhabitants of the earth, why let's quit it, also. It takes struggle and work, and time, and sacrifice, and worry, and patience, and money, and loyalty, and a whole lot of other things to make the Farmers' Union a winner. What is the use for any man who can exist some old way till he dies, waiting to go through the ordeal to sustain this organization?

Don't you think we would be a whole lot better off just to let everything go to thunder and every fellow do his own grubbing? Just quit thinking about changing the habits of folks and the condition of the country and all go to sleep in a hammock under the shade tree—it is so much easier. Oh, don't it make you feel good to relieve your mind of all anxiety and take the world easy? There is nothing like being at ease and having nothing on your mind. If a few thieves gobble up the country, what difference does it make? Who cares if things go to the bad? Some of us would have to do most of the work if we succeeded in changing the trend of the age, and who is willing to do this for the benefit of others who won't thank you when it is all done?

What does a man get out of life if he has to do something for others always, while you are being made fun of by some, denounced by others, and often deserted by your comrades? Don't you like to have an easy time? Well, I'm here to tell you there has got to be some hustling if you make the Farmers' Union go to success.

Now, if we are going to join the quitters, let's just finish the job. Let's quit the struggle we undergo to get along in the world. Let's don't do anything for the good of the country or for posterity. It is too much trouble and they might not appreciate what we do. We will all be dead in a few years, and the next generation won't thank us for what we do for them—and even if they did, what good would that do us after we are all dead?

So we will quit spending half the money of the State for schools, and use it to have a good time while we are among the living.

But I'll tell you what. It is a whole lot of trouble to live at all. It is risky. We have to be bothered with so many cares and suffer so many aches and pains physically and mentally, that it is really a losing game anyway. So I am just about decided to quit the whole business and seek that quiet rest that lasts forever. Why not just die and escape the responsibilities, the anxieties, the worries, the toil, the pain, the anguish, the heartaches of life?

If we are going to get out of difficulties, that is absolutely the only way to escape—to die. This being the fact, I am either to fight my part of the battle or surrender ignominiously.

Not wanting to commit suicide, I think I will just keep on and do my best, letting events take care of themselves. I believe I can get more comfort and satisfaction out of doing something than in dodging my task. So, hit or miss, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I'll just fight on to the end, not grieve over things I cannot help nor look back to see whether or not everybody else is coming. There is glory in conflict when you fight for the right.—T. J. Brooks.

NOTICE TO COUNTY SECRETARY.

Please notify this office at once of any change of County Secretary that I may send the County dues and fees to the proper officer. E. C. FAIRES, Secretary-Treasurer. Aberdeen, N. C.