

# The Polk County News

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### THE INCREASING OF POSTAL RATES.

There is a measure of irony in efforts of the railroads to obtain from the government more money for carrying the mails and their ingenious attempts to enlist the favorable attitude on the part of the newspapers towards the project. As a fact whenever there is a raise in the cost of handling the mails the burden always is placed on the back of the newspapers. This was exemplified quite recently when the newspapers having fought for a higher wage for the postal employees were rewarded by having the increased expenditure passed on to them for payment in higher rates of newspaper transportation.

In the case of the postal employees of course there was a legitimate reason for the raise, even though it did involve sacrifice on the part of the publishers, but when the railroads step out with demands for a higher rate for transporting publications then it is time to call a halt.

We wonder how the public would feel if it had to meet the requirements for postal service demanded of the publishers who deliver their bundles to the cars, each bundle separated to reach the different zones, put the bundles in the cars at their own expense and have them picked up by their dealers at the points of destination. As a fact the Postoffice Department has practically no cost of handling, other than what it pays to the railroads.

The government charges are in excess of \$1.70 per hundred pounds for a haulage of 150 miles for newspapers, whereas railroads and other carriers competing for similar shipments offer rates ranging from 30 cents to 90 cents per hundred pounds for the same distance.

### NO CONFLICT WITH TRUTH.

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, noted scientist and Nobel prize winner, and David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Stanford university, both agree, in substance, that there is no conflict between science and religion. This alone does not settle the question, but if religion is true, as we believe it is, and if scientific deductions are based upon facts, as we believe they should be, then both religion and science ought to be reconciled as compatible.

Strictly speaking, there never can be any conflict between one truth and another. The fault has been merely a failure to harmonize the two.

### A DIFFICULT "BEG PARDON."

And now a certain British officer says he never said any such thing as quoted in "These Eventful Years," a high-class series of books that came out several months ago. The story had to do with the officer's alleged propaganda against the Germans during the World War, in which it was stated that the German military authorities burned the bodies of their fallen soldiers to obtain needed ingredients for war materials.

After an expensive set of books have been published, it becomes rather difficult to retract any erroneous statements. If the officer was misquoted, he can well afford to put it down as war profit and loss and forget it. War propaganda will have its way, and the best of historians often miss the mark. No sane man now would entertain the belief that the German people authorized any such procedure, although a few years ago one might have been shyed at had he not been willing to believe it. The "beg pardon" is not due so much, if at all, to the alleged misquoted officer, as it is to the suffering posterity who must wrestle with their consciences in reconciling the related incident as either fact or fiction.

### A GOOD ONE.

We saw a good one the other day. It said that advertising is dangerous if you let the other fellow do it all. But is that "other fellow" worried about what you are doing or not doing? Therein lies the rub. Forcing yourself into advertising because your competitor advertises may be the working of an economic law, and, by the way, it is a law that works, but is it really good business to permit that to be the sole measuring stick of your business alertness? Know thy business is as good a motto as know thyself. If your goods merit handling, they merit selling; and if they merit selling, they merit advertising. Advertising is a vital part of the process of selling.

When you were in school or college, did you root for your own football team or the visiting team? Silly question, isn't it! Then why are you not just as anxious to boost your own town—to see it win? Dollars spent here mean a lot more to you and your family and community than whether that football team cleaned up on the other team, even if it was more exciting. The games are forgotten, but a lessening of your allegiance to your home town leaves an indelible impression upon your community adverse to its prosperity.

Connecticut tobacco growers are seeking a substitute crop to cultivate while the ground is resting. What is the matter with wooden nutmegs?

Mlle. Hortense Bildraile of Paris has been disinherited by her father because she ran away from a convent and became an actress.

A cat and three kittens were found in a car of furniture shipped from Grand Rapids to New York.

Robbers threw pepper into the eyes of a bank messenger in Rome and escaped with his bag of gold.

William Lorisch, a Swiss customs guard, refused a bribe of \$50,000 offered him by a rich smuggler he had captured.

An odd combination of names was found in three men fined for speeding in St. Louis in one day. They were Alex Staid, George Faster and John C. Slowe.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who had her hair bobbed last February, is letting it grow out again.

The cost of newspaper transportation is already excessive. It has reached that point where if it be increased it is likely to affect the public. Surely it is time this exploitation of the press by the government came to a stop.

Ain't nature grand? All you have to do to become a playwright is to marry a song writer. Maybe if a girl marries a congressman she'll become a statesman.

Tammany's rules are still enforced. The first duty of any well Tammanized police commissioner is to discredit the previous administration. Then the public may get a look in.

That Michigan woman who wrote "Dumb Animals I Have Met" and dedicated the work to her husband evidently is wise in her generation.

The combined ages of four Sparbell brothers of Eversley, England, total 335 years.

## About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

### Controlling Your Weight

There are at least three ways to acquire flesh: to eat too much, to eliminate too little, and to ride everywhere. Instead of walking, reverse procedures if you would lose flesh. Eat less and exercise more, if your adipose threatens.

Fat people usually drink too much fluid at meals. Fluids aid absorption. There are millions of absorbing glands in the intestine, and they are constantly at work, unless we may imagine the lymph-channels so full that they will hold no more. Fat people absorb too much—more than they can dispose of properly. Since dry food absorbs more slowly and sparingly, your stout lady should drink no fluid at mealtime nor soon after. Note that I say FLUIDS. All diluents must be excluded, tea, milk, coffee, and other prepared beverages are as harmful at meals as water.

Excess of sugars and starches should be avoided as well, also white bread. The six o'clock dinner is the foe of long life. Avoid the indolent habits dispose one to laziness. OVERTHEAT, sluggish, inactive, weakened tissues. Fat women have talked, rolling on the floor, emitting hand sweats, submitting to massages of "massage"—all the while during down fluids with meals, and eating six-course, six-o'clock dinners, taking "anti-fat" sure things, and wondering why on earth they remain fat. Here I may emphasize that drugs do not remove the CAUSE. Neither will belts, pads, or "supporters" out-do rigorous absorptive apparatus, when the intake of absorbable foods is pushed beyond all needs of the body.

NEXT WEEK—  
"INFLUENZA".



Editor's Note:—Through special arrangement with The Educational Book Co., N. Y., this newspaper now offers its readers this interesting feature, "QUIZ," being extracts from that book, endorsed by Eugene C. Gibney, Director of Extension Activities, New York Board of Education. These puzzles will be found intellectual as well as instructive.

### Puzzle No. 36

Buried Geography.  
Can you discover what towns are hidden?  
1. They marched in "burghers" dress, to the courts of Justice.  
2. Remember lining one's pockets with money won't insure happiness.  
3. Doesn't joppa rise a little in parts?  
4. Man, I tobacco never touch.

### Puzzle No. 37

Three English Towns.  
Enigmatically Expressed.  
1. An important part of a ship.  
2. A part of the body, and water.  
3. Masculine, a box, and an ex-or.

### Puzzle No. 38

Miscellaneous.  
In what town of England was Shakespeare born?  
What is the Arctic Circle?  
Who wrote "Paradise Lost"?  
How many states surround Ohio?  
Name three books written by Victor Hugo.  
Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?

### Puzzle No. 39

Word Transformations.  
Only one letter must be changed at a time, and a proper word must be made at each change.  
1. Change "sing" into "talk."  
2. Change "rind" into "bark."  
3. Change "cold" into "heat."

Solutions of Last Week's Puzzles:—  
Puzzle No. 32. One keeps the lawn wet, the other keeps the lawn dry (laundry).  
Puzzle No. 33. His foot. Puzzle No. 34. (I)mp. (I)mp. Ment. I T. Puzzle No. 35. Stand. Wrath.



## Another Boy

BY BRUCE BARTON

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Sleepless and bewildered but gloriously proud, the husband of Mary emerged from the stable and made his way to the census taker's booth. For it was the decree of Imperial Rome, ordering a general census, that had brought them to Bethlehem.

The angels' song hummed through his heart and timed his steps with its rhythm; his fine, bronzed face was radiant with the wonder of the night. But enrollment blanks and reckonings kept the census taker busy, and all he saw was another peasant standing in the line.

"Name" he demanded in a routine tone.

"Joseph, carpenter, of Nazareth, of the House of David."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Wife's name?"

"Mary."

"Children?"

The sturdy young carpenter drew himself up.

"One child," he answered proudly. "A son, Jesus, born last night."

Was there any comment? Did the petty government official, who wrote for the first time the name that was to be "above

every name"—did he wonder as he wrote?

Probably not. It was just one more name on the census roll. Just another boy.

What laughter would have rung through Rome if someone had pointed to that name and said: "There is the beginning of the end of your empire and of all empires everywhere."

Yet it would have been true. Democracy began, and thrones began to totter, when He said: "You are the sons of God." For if all men are sons of God, then all are brothers and the poorest are entitled to equal rights and privileges with the king.

Rome would have laughed, and Rome is dead. The influence of the Child lives on, uplifting the standards of action and thought, inspiring laws, enlisting the strong in service to the needy and the weak. We celebrated last month His birthday, and the festal of all children everywhere.

They, not we, are the really important people of the earth. In cradles, and at the foot of Christmas trees, are the lives that are to overthrow and rebuild all that we have built. Nothing is so powerful or so perfect that it cannot be transformed utterly by the miracle of another girl.

Or another boy.



## BIRDS AT TRYON

By ALBERT L. BERRY

Yesterday, January 8th, we worked all day setting out roses and vines in our garden, and last night a soft snow powdered the woods with white. The pines and cedars put on their capes of ermine which were so heavy they lumped their backs like the aged. The laurel bushes were changed to white gypsy tents, and high above us, in a cove in the rocks, hung a fir tree with a mantle of lace as magical as a cobweb and as delicate as a spider's net that no loom could spin. Up the mountains were long rows of spiral stairways whiter than the dawn, and the valleys were a fairy panorama that bewildered the eye with its beauty; gothic steeples with delicate tracery, temples more picturesque than Tuscan, a forest of white spires and bell-towers as enchanting and magical as the Alhambra.

The birds began to call for breakfast before we were up; a black-capped chickadee with a breast as white as a primrose drummed on our window. Their table in the tree was covered with snow, so I placed an old table leaf on the steps of the porch and filled it with crumbs and grain. First came those tiger-sparrows, the bedouins of the woods, who quarreled and fought over every

crumb. Then the ground robins or towhees with white aprons pinned over their breasts, the cedar waxwings, with pointed crests and soft gray wings swung on the boughs of the dogwood and preened themselves, their gowns of brown and yellow velvet looking as if they had just come from a beauty shop. A colony of juncos, snow breasted, filled their wallets with grain and frolicked, chirped and fluttered in the snow. A tufted titmouse with a black cap and yellow vest did not care much for our bill of fare, but the little spruce larded around as if he were the host.

An hour later came the aristocrat of the woods, the cardinal with his trojan cap, his wings and breast red as a flame, and wearing a black necklace under his beak. He has slept late, having probably attended a royal banquet last night. His manners were princely, and he said grace and waited for his lady love to come before beginning his meal. She wore a bodice of bright gold and tiptoed around as daintily as a queen. Mr. Cardinal was very pompous and did the eating for both. After they had gone there came a scarlet tanager in brilliant colors; he must have come straight from the costumer, he was so beautifully groomed, and his wings were such a jet black. He did not like eating at the second table, and with a stately bow left a tiny scarlet feather as a calling card and said he would come again.

Tomorrow the beauty of the snow will have vanished, but the glory of the mountains and the charm of the valleys will remain, the stately pines will lift their arms and the laurel will be green again. The holly will wear her rubies and the mistletoe her pearls; Tryon will still be the queen of the mountains.

ALBERT L. BERRY.  
Tryon, N. C.

### Pie Eating Champ



Rep. C. McGregor of N. C. charged that Washington society couldn't make good pie. To prove him wrong a pie-eating contest was staged and here is Congressman Montgomery of Okla. eating his third pie.

## This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

The scientists that heard from the learned Chicago astronomer, Moulton, about the earth's probable age, one million billion years, practically all of it still ahead of us, heard also, at the size of our corner of space, our "galaxy" in which the sun is a grain of sand.

It is shaped like a watch, its dimensions are thirty thousand light years through from front to back, two hundred million light years through the wide way, across the face of the watch. To get the distance across our galaxy multiply the number of seconds in two hundred thousand years by one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles, which will give you something over a quadrillion miles, written with one, followed by eighteen zeros, according to a probably inaccurate figuring on the edge of a newspaper.

Let your little boy do the sum.

But remember there are in that galaxy of ours about one billion suns, many of them a million times as big as our sun, which is a million times as big as our earth.

And the billion suns move about like bees in a swarm. If two of the come too close together, the plates of both suns are instantly wiped out of existence. That happens once in a billion years, on the average. But it might happen any day, therefore it is well to be always prepared with a clean slate.

The "garter bouquet" of real flowers is announced in Philadelphia. Forget-me-nots, presumably worn just below the knee. Women spent centuries hiding their legs even with dress sweeping microbes from the ground. Now they exhaust ingenuity calling attention to their legs. Pink stockings, strange garters, slippers that look like a set of gold pony harness, no stockings, sometimes, high tide skirts.

It is puzzling, but you may be sure that back of it all usefulness and wisdom are at work. Man's dull dress evolution is about over. Woman's is only starting.

Wise officials of Silesia order cats as well as dogs muzzled. A good idea, but it isn't enough. Cats and dogs should be shaved, as well as muzzled, to make them safe for children that play with them. If a mother, allowing her child to play with a cat, had microscopic eyes, and could see the disease germs that thrive in the cat's fur, she would shave that cat and wash it in a weak solution of carbolic acid.

Philadelphia's Wistar Institute, part of the University of Pennsylvania, specializes in breeding white rats, cousins of the gray rat, not ordinary sewer rats that carry plague.

The rats live and breed in a special rat establishment costing \$60,000, and are shipped all over the world, including Japan, that scientists may work on "standardized rats" and compare results satisfactorily.

The rats live, die and submit to disease infection, knowing as little as human beings know about the why or wherefore. Little do they dream that their tissues, structure, growth and digestive processes happen to resemble those of men, and that they breed, live, die, only to save a higher race from death. Even so, they know as much as we do about primal causes and final purposes.

Why are we breeding and dying?

A poor old woman, aged seventy-one, is found dead in a wretched tenement, no furniture, a few dry crusts and six thousand dollars to her credit in three banks. Unjustly this old lady is called "Miser." Interest on six thousand dollars would give her less than eighty cents a day. You can't LIVE on that, although you can keep going if you rummage in garbage cans and pick up fruit dropped by peddlers as Mrs. Deuschgr did.

Our standard of living has changed. About 100 years ago only one workman in the United States could earn \$1 a day all the year round.

Celestino Fabietti, marriage clerk in Rome for twenty-three years, says marriage is an art. To know a man, well watch him closely when he pronounces the fatal "Yes." Men are more afraid of marriage than women, says Fabietti, and a child might know that.

Schopenhauer calls marriage a female conspiracy to make every man support some one woman all her life. That, says he, is why women are mercilessly cruel to other women that do not insist on marriage.

The fact is that marriage is a training school for men; women are the professors, and progress is slow. But since this world is to last as Professor Moulton of Chicago University says, 1,000,000,000,000 years more, there will be plenty of time to train husbands.