

The Madison Messenger

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The public schools of these United States constitute the last institution which should be crippled by enforced economies, and campaigns for a reduction of expenditures in this tax-consuming department should be limited to a demand for increased efficiency, rather than a sharp reduction in scope.

The political pot has begun to simmer and we learn that there be many who feel the urge of the call, from President down to the very lowest office. In Rockingham many are feeling the pulse of the "deer peepul" as to who they want to aspire for the various offices. Some would-be candidates are already a-field and asking for votes, while others are on the brink of the political pool, ready, on the least encouragement, to take the plunge. Their hats and bonnets are poised ready to be thrown in the ring.

President Hoover saved old man Andy Mellon's scalp by appointing him as ambassador to the Court of St. James. An effort was being made to impeach him, while he was secretary of the treasury, but when Hoover "kicked him upstairs" this automatically stopped the proceedings. It is a mooted question as to whether or not Mellon is the proper man for the place, but it is pointed out that he is a millionaire and will lend dignity to office. He certainly has the "ability" to supply the cash, but whether or not he has the ability to fill the position otherwise, remains to be seen. But, it must be remembered that Herbert knows how to look after his own.

Now that Governor Gardner has pardoned ex-banker Brewer, he should not find it hard to extend the esame "courtesy" to those poor devils, both white and colored who have taken a few things that did not belong to them in order to stave off starvation. But the latter did not engage in "high finance," hence they will stand a poor show when it comes to dealing out "executive clemency." They should have played for bigger stakes in order to have received favorable attention, in the way of enlisting the sympathies of a lot of influential friends. It's a disgrace to steal a chicken or something to keep soul and body together, but when it comes to handling other people's money in a careless manner—why that puts crime on a higher plane, and makes the one guilty worthy of executive clemency.

TRIALS OF PROPERTY OWNERS

Hard times have forced landlords to reduce rents, make repairs and offer inducements to desirable tenants. Millions of dollars worth of property is assessed beyond all reason, while income on property has shrunk at least 25 per cent. Rent dodgers are more numerous now than ever. People can't or won't pay, making it necessary for the owners of the property to borrow money to meet their taxes which are excessive.

Many home owners find it impossible to pay their high taxes. Their taxes take more of their incomes than do the necessities of life. Its time for the politicians to halt the ever-increasing tax burden on the fellow who owns a little property.

DAWES TO START THAWS

Charles G. Dawes has been chosen by President Hoover to head the two billion dollar reconstruction finance corporation designed to assist banks, railroads and other key interests which have been partly paralyzed by the condition of frozen assets. In other words, it will be Dawes' job to start the thaws.

The choice of Dawes for this big job is generally acclaimed as being a happy one. He understands financial matters and has had plenty of experience in gigantic tasks of this kind.

When this corporation gets into operation great things are expected of it. This plan may be the lever which will start to roll away the depression, for what we need in America is more confidence and the putting to work of the dollars that are now idle. Idle dollars in this country are tremendously more numerous than idle men. Let us hope that all will soon be at work.

PRESS ON

Let's take the "de" and "i" out of depression. It leaves "press on". It takes nerve—but what is nerve? Nerve is that which enables a person to hang on and die in the last ditch or win out. It is undertaking more than ordinary things; it is taking big risks on one's own ability; it is holding the fort against all comers.

It is setting your standard twice as high as your associates would set it for you, and then reaching it. It is taking chances that are not chances—to ordinary people the risk would be enormous; but the man of nerve is not even taking chances because he knows he can carry the thing through and doesn't allow himself to become side-tracked or even annoyed by people who say: "It can't be done." Nerve consists not only in undertaking a hard task, but in everlasting and unflinchingly sticking to it. That is the truest test of nerve. It is nerve that gives us our steamboats and Atlantic cables, that belts our continents with railroads, and brings

us music for a thousands miles. Nerve is that which enables one to calmly face an unpleasant condition when duty requires it.

AL SMITH SAYS HIS SAY

And so, according to promise, Al Smith, who led the Democratic hosts to an inglorious defeat in 1928, has issued his statement. Those who have studied the man and his methods were neither disappointed nor surprised. He says that he will accept the nomination if it is tendered him, but will make no effort to capture delegates to the National convention. This means that New York will be divided, for Smith has many followers in that State, and so has Roosevelt. It also means that there will be many "favorite sons" in the field, and this means many ballots. Smith realizes this and thus hopes to land as a dark horse.

No one will be surprised to see the scene of the 1924 convention re-enacted. We are told that our Republican friends, who had been rather blue during the past several months, are greatly heartened by Smith's attitude, for their only hope is another rift in the circles of the Democratic party, and it begins to look like Smith has started the rifle that may terminate into a heavy swell. If he cannot land the job he will keep the other fellow from landing it—doing the dog in the hay manger act. That's Smith and Raskob.

KEEP YOUR MONEY MOVING

One of the reasons why four million people are out of work in the United States—in fact, almost the only reason—is that too many people who have money have stopped spending it. It is estimated that a thousand million dollars has been taken out of circulation, out of the banks, and hidden away safely in deposit boxes and mattresses by people who are almost paralyzed with fear that they are going to lose what they have accumulated.

In the ordinary course of business every dollar changes hands seventeen times a year. To take a billion dollars out of circulation means a loss of seventeen billion dollars of business that, the experts say, is a large enough sum to keep four million persons at work.

There are much safer things to do with money than to hide it. Money is not of the slightest value except to spend. Hidden away it earns nothing. This is not a time for hoarding money. Until most of this kept money begins to work again, we are going to continue to have hard times. Those with cash should first pay their debts and then buy the things they need. None should be wasted. As soon as this hoarded money gets to work prosperity will come back almost instantly.

FOR THE FARMER TO DECIDE

It's up to the farmer to decide what the national agricultural policy shall be for the next decade. He has had a taste of almost every type of economic cure-all. The period of experimentation is about over. A stabilized farm policy would seem to be about due.

Secretary Hyde sums up the whole situation in a document which is regarded in Washington as the final word in clearing up muddled thinking on farm problems—a carefully phrased article published by The Country Home under the secretary's signature. Interpreted, the main thing about Mr. Hyde's article is that the administration has decided to stop retreating and squirming, and to defend its agricultural policy forthrightly, largely by means of a head-long attack upon detractors.

Hyde, the orator of the Cabinet, strikes the keynote of this aggressive defense policy, addressing the farmers of the nation in a vehement resume of the Hoover administration's agricultural achievements and policies. The article of course is the first gun in the year's political campaign, and is an indication that farm questions will rank among the first two or three throughout the electoral fight.

The administration stand, in essence, is that of championing the farmer "not alone on the safe and comfortable side of reduced costs of production, but on the tempestuous side of price." Secretary Hyde says proudly: "This is the first administration to have done this, and it amounts basically to getting agriculture recognized as a partner, not a servant, in the house of civilization. The administration has turned from sentimental double standards of progress, has sought to stop overproduction rather than to doctor merely the symptoms of the trouble, and has moved to organize American agriculture powerfully so that it can meet economic problems on economic grounds."

The aim of the Farm Board activities is stated as "not to put the Government in business, but to put the farmer in business—to set up great cooperative institutions which shall serve agriculture in the same way as the United States Steel Corporation has served for steel, Standard Oil for oil, and the Federal Reserve for finance."

Taxes, Mr. Hyde suggests, "should be raised from wider units with a readjustment of burdens away from farm property." On the tariff, Mr. Hyde insists on protection for farmers in a significant paragraph which makes a partial admission as to the shifting popularity of a protective tariff among Republicans: "Now that industry, well established, is beginning to call for free trade," he remarks, "agriculture should doubly insist upon relief from invasion. Advocates of lower tariffs would make the American farmer manage to live on the same basis as the cheapest producer on the cheapest land of any country in the world."

JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER —BY— CARL GOERCH

"Call the next witness," instructed Judge Frank Daniels, who was presiding over the January term of Superior court in Beaufort county. "The next witness, please."

"Praise Lee!" called Attorney Clay Carter. "Coming!" sounded a voice from among the spectators, in the crowded court room. A white man, 25 years old or thereabouts, shoved his way to the front and took his seat in the witness chair.

"Your name?" inquired the stenographer. "Praise Lee," replied the witness.

Solicitor Herbert Leary turned to Attorney Sam Blount, who was sitting by his side.

"What did he say his name was?" whispered Mr. Leary. "Praise Lee," replied Sam. "Rather unusual name. How in the world did he ever get it?"

"His father gave it to him." "Why?"

"Well, you see, eleven girls had been born in the Lee household. When the twelfth infant arrived, the happy father shouted with joy 'Praise God, it's a boy!' So they decided that Praise God would be a fine name for the young man, and that's the name they gave him. He has dropped part of it, but his right name is Praise God Lee."

A few similes:

As genial as Josephus Daniels.

As austere as Wilton MacLean.

As bombastic as Cameron Morrison.

As hard-boiled as Judge Sinclair.

As rustic as Dick Fountain.

As mysterious as Albert Cox.

As shy as Dennis Brummitt.

As well informed as Dr. Poate, the elder.

As jovial as Dr. E. L. Brooks.

As Chesterfieldian as Sherwood Upchurch.

As discontented as Frank D. Galt.

As interesting as Frank Graham.

As quick-minded as Hallet S. Ward.

As eloquent as Clyde Hoey.

As rotund as Charles L. Abernethy.

I'm the bright member of our family; the one who's always saying the snappy, witty things. The other evening my wife and I were attending a social gathering and I was called upon to say a few words. Sort of an extemporaneous speech.

I told about meeting my wife for the first time down in Texas. That's her native state. "It's a wild and woolly section of the country," I explained to the attentive audience. "I'm kind of ashamed to say it, but before I married her, my wife had had only one pair of shoes in her life."

"And I'm still having to wear the same pair," she spoke up from her seat at my side.

Did that end the bright and witty saying for the evening? It did, so far as I was concerned. The audience howled with glee. Every time I tried to open my mouth, they'd howl some more. I finally, had to sit down and couldn't say another word during the progress of the occasion. I've never been so completely squelched in all my life.

"Gimmie a nickle mister!"

It was a rather timid little voice. I was walking along Fayetteville street in Raleigh. Looking down I observed a youngster about ten years old. As a rule, I don't give money to beggars like that.

"I haven't got a nickle," I replied.

"Give me a penny mister."

"I haven't got a penny."

"Well, then," continued the kid, "give me a smile."

I grinned at myself. And then, with a chump, dug down into my pocket and gave him a quarter.

It's rather strange how different folks can remind you of different kind of dogs. I never think of Sherwood Brockwell that I don't think of a water spaniel. Ted Johnson, district governor of Rotary, reminds me of a great dane; Tom Bost, a fox terrier; Col. Fred Old, a Scotch terrier; Max Gardner, a German police; Josh Horne, president State Press Association, a bull dog, and Dr. Dave Taylor, Sr., a mastiff.

MRS. LETTIE VIOLA AMOS

On February 2d the death angel visited Uncle Moir's home and took from us a dear wife and a loving mother. She was the daughter of W. J. Hawkins. Born March 9th, 1902; died February 2d, 1932, making her stay on this earth 29 years, 10 months and 23 days. She was married to Willie Moir Amos October 15th, 1931. There is left to mourn her a husband, one little daughter, Lorene, and a precious little infant son, a father, W. J. Hawkins, and a step-mother, Mrs. W. J. Hawkins, one brother, Powell Hawkins, one half-sister, Mrs. Eunice Mitchell, all of Sandy Ridge, besides a host of relatives and friends—for to know her was to love her.

She loved her home and her little family. She said all she minded dying was leaving little Lorene. All that loving hands and kind friends could do was done but a pearly gate was opened wide, a gentle voice said come, and with all my heart I believe she is in heaven where God will wipe away all tears from her eyes, and if anybody has ever viewed heaven on earth, I believe she did. Although it is hard to give her up we feel that our loss is heaven's gain.

But now she is happy—she has no pain and sorrows to bear and all her sufferings are over and I feel like tonight she is waiting in glory for us.

It seems that the loss is more than I can bear—she was as dear to me as a sister. While she was sick I would go over there and she would talk about what all she was going to do when she got well. But the Lord had a place for her and she has gone to her reward. She cannot come back to us but we can go to her, and I have a sweet hope in my Savior that I will meet her some day and never be separated from her again. Uncle Moir, Aunt Lettie, is waiting in glory for us.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. A. Joyce at the Oak Ridge Baptist Church, where she had been a faithful member for 17 years.

MARIE JOYCE.

SOCIAL ITEMS

The Dolly Madison Book club met in regular session on Tuesday afternoon, February 2, with Mrs. C. L. Martin as charming hostess. After the club collect and song, the roll call was next in order, after which the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mrs. Guy H. Simpson, president, was in the chair and presided over a short business session, after which Mrs. Robert Labberton had charge of the program. The first number on the program was a paper very ably presented by Mrs. J. C. Lassiter on the life of Thomas Jefferson. Mrs. Tatum Lauten also presented a most interesting paper on Corra Harris. Two musical numbers were given by Miss Luna Taylor and Mrs. W. H. Gentry. Mrs. Tunie Martin assisted the hostess in serving a most delicious course of refreshments.

Opening with the singing of "America," one of the largest audiences of the P. T. A. met Tuesday evening in the school auditorium to celebrate Washington's birthday and also Founder's Day of the society. This evening session drew many fathers also.

Occupying the stage were Mrs. Alice Cardwell Hughes, Mrs. Tatum Lauten, Miss Mary Ruffin Robertson, Walter Byerly and Rev. W. H. Willis.

The president, Mrs. Hughes gave a resume of the hot lunch and dinner program effective for 35 undernourished school children. Some town homes are dining one or two children and several citizens have contributed the \$2.00 per month for other extra school dinners. Mrs. Tatum Lauten read a paper on general appreciation of the society, paying especial tribute to its founders, and after reading she was mistress of the remaining ceremonies.

Walter Byerly of the board spoke briefly, extolling Mrs. Hughes' work in "going all the time in school interests."

Mary Ruffin Robertson, senior, gave a lengthy and well spoken paper, extolling Mrs. Huntington's Character. Rev. W. H. Willis followed with an exhortation to measure the next presidential candidates strictly for character as was George Washington.

Several musical features enlivened the intervals. A quartette of piano, saxophone and two violins, personnel, John Oscar Busick, Jr., Jerry Gentry, Bob Moffett and Janie Moffett, gave three selections. Nine

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D. W. BUSICK'S SON

Odd but—TRUE

THE CUSTOM OF EXCHANGING VALENTINES IS HANDLED DOWN FROM THE ROMAN FESTIVAL OF THE LUPERCALIA. WHEN IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR MAIDS AND BACHELORS TO DRAW NAMES OF EACH OTHER—THE PERSON WHOSE NAME WAS PICKED WAS THEN TO BE THE "VALENTINE" OR "SWEETIE" OF THE MORE OR LESS LUCKY, INDIVIDUAL FOR THE FOLLOWING YEAR.

THE SEPOY MUTINY IN INDIA (1857) WAS CAUSED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF THE GREASED ENFIELD CARTRIDGE—THE NATIVES RESENTED THE USE OF TALLOW ON THEM AS ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY COWS, ARE HELD IN GREAT REVERENCE THERE.

UNTIL ABOUT ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THERE WERE NO RIGHT AND LEFT SHOES.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN WOMAN USES THREE TIMES HER WEIGHT IN COSMETICS DURING HER LIFE.

senior boys with Superintendent Lassiter sang twice. Prizes went to Mrs. Starkey for fund raising and to Miss Elizabeth Smith's fifth grade for mothers present.

DEMOCRATS MET

About fifty Democrats from various sections of the county

met at the Belvedere hotel in Reidsville Thursday night, at the invitation of Luher Hodges, county chairman of the Liberty fund, to discuss ways and means, and also partake of a Dutch supper. Mr. Hodges presided and introduced C. L. Shuping, the State chairman, who explained the object of the drive to raise funds to liquidate the present deficit and carry on the approaching campaign. Talks were made by J. C. Brown, Allen Gwynn, Mrs. Mebane, V. H. Idol, Clarence Stone and H. N. Binford. Altogether the meeting was a most enjoyable affair and we believe that Rockingham Democrats will do that which is required of them.

Down Town Garage

We take pleasure in announcing that this is the name of our new Garage, recently opened in the building formerly occupied by Hawkins & Son. Our Repair Shop will be equipped with modern machinery and will be charge of Troy Shropshire and Walter Collins, two of the best mechanics in this section of the country, who will be pleased to see and serve you. We guarantee that their service will please you

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