

TODAY and TOMORROW

SURPLUSES . . . Now Actual

I think most of our present troubles can be traced to the fact that the rest of the world is unable or unwilling to buy the surplus of our farms. I do not believe this export market for our wheat, cotton, tobacco, live stock and other farm products is ever going to come back. I have seen myself how Italy is making itself independent of our tobacco, cotton and wheat, and the other nations are doing the same thing.

There has been no increase in the average yield of wheat per acre; it still stands for the whole nation at 14.4 bushels. But in the five years from 1925 to 1930 the acreage sown to wheat in America increased by 21,000,000 acres.

It is very clear to me that the only solution of the farm problem lies in reducing the quantity and improving the quality of farm production.

MURPHY . . . Farmer-Editor

My friend, Frederick E. Murphy, publisher of the Minneapolis Tribune is a real farmer as well as a real newspaper man. He has done more than any other man to bring the state of Minnesota up to the front rank in agricultural prosperity. Mr. Murphy has put forth a tangible, workable plan of farm relief.

First, he would have the government induce the farmer to cut down crop acreage, by providing money, rewards for those who will do that. Second, steps should be taken to protect dairy and livestock farmers against imported oil and fats. Third, he wants quick tariff action against products of nations whose currency is depreciated. Fourth on Mr. Murphy's program is readjustment of farm mortgages at reduced interest, fifth, the reduction of farm taxes, sixth, an early revision and settlement of the war debts, and seventh, intensive research looking to wider industrial uses of farm products.

I think Mr. Murphy's program will work. My only doubt about it is whether the politicians who run our public affairs will see enough in it for themselves to adopt it.

ILLITERACY . . . Declines Here

There are still more than 4,000,000 Americans over ten years old who cannot read and write, the National Advisory Committee in Illiteracy reports. That is 600,000 fewer than ten years ago. Georgia has more illiterates than any other state, some 300,000, while Wyoming has the fewest, only about 3,000.

Consider that at the beginning of our national life hardly more than one person in ten knew how to read and write, that within my own memory practically no Negro or Indian could read or write, and that school attendance was not compulsory anywhere in America when I was a boy, it seems to me we have gone a long way in raising the standard of education to the point where ninety-seven people out of every hundred are able to read.

The important question, however, is: "What do they read?" Having taught them to read, it seems to me we might devote the next hundred years to improving their tastes in reading.

SCRIP . . . The Stamp Idea

The latest thing in the form of money is called "stamped scrip." The idea originated in Germany and has been adopted in a number of American cities, to make money circulate faster.

In Evanston, Illinois, they work the scheme this way: The local retail merchants association put \$5,000 in a bank. Then it issued 5,000 scrip dollars, each one of them good for a dollar at the bank if presented within a week. But after one week it was only good if it had a special two-cent trading stamp pasted on it. Nobody but the merchants had these stamps. You have to spend the dollar at a store to make it good. The next week another stamp has to be put on it, and so on for a year.

This makes each of these scrip dollars turn over fifty-two times a year, because anyone who holds one of them has to pay two cents a week for the privilege of holding it, or lose his original dollar.

Our principal money trouble is not a shortage of money but the fact that it is not moving fast enough. This scrip plan is said to be working well in the towns that have tried it.

PROSPERITY . . . at Rowley, Ia.

I pass my compliments to the town of Rowley, Iowa. Rowley has 205 population, living in sixty houses; there are fifteen business institutions including a bank and three churches. And it is the most prosperous town in America, if not in the world.

There is not a single delinquent tax payer in the town. Not one resident of the town is on the county poor list. There has never been a bank failure.

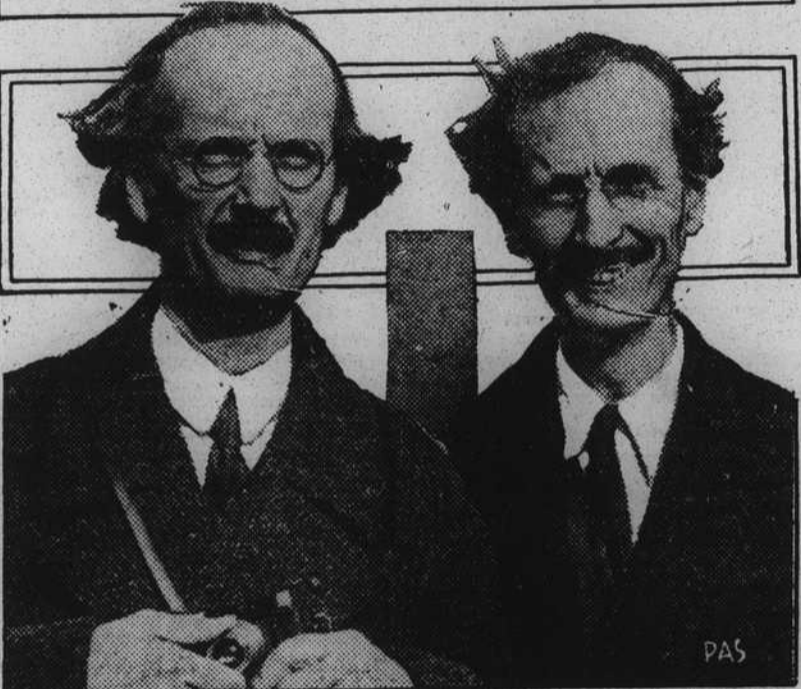
If 205 people in one community

Y. W. C. A. Girls in Homeland Costumes



Young Women's Christian Association homes in cities throughout the country are featuring "Nativeland Evenings" wherein girls from every land don native costumes and tell of home lands. Here are Elaine Swanson, Finland, and Mariora Pabel of Rumania in native costumes at a Detroit, (Mich.) Y. W. C. A. evening.

Wants 1934 American Flight into Stratosphere



Professor Auguste Piccard, noted Belgian scientist who went ten miles high in the stratosphere, is now in America for a lecture tour. He thinks a balloon ascension in his metal ball should be made at a northern latitude of America during 1934 because of our nearness to the magnetic pole, thus being better able to study the cosmic ray. He says it will not be necessary for him to again make the trip, but only direct the work. Prof. Piccard, (left) was greeted at New York by his twin brother, Jean Piccard, of Marshallton, Delaware.

can manage their affairs as well as that, there seems to be no reason why 205,000 people, or two million people, or any number of people cannot do equally well.

The answer, of course, is politics. Rowley has no large list of salaried tax eaters. Its people run their own affairs.

Plan Organization to Promote Rural Life

Community organizations in which will be welded all the social forces of the rural community in co-operation with the Agricultural Extension Service for the general improvement of farming and rural life will be attempted in North Carolina during this year under the guidance of home and farm agents, vocational teachers, the Grange, and other agencies now existing in most counties.

The Extension Service of State College is now working on plans for a model community organization and when these are completed a bulletin on "Community Organization in North Carolina" will be published. The plan of organization is modeled somewhat after those now in operation in Virginia and Missouri. There will be a central executive committee for the county with the proper county officers and with committees for each community in the county. These committees will be responsible for any program of work to be attempted by the people whether it be in home gardening, canning, poultry raising, soil fertility, home beautification or any other such activity.

The county home and farm agents will work with and through the communities attending all the meetings and securing the necessary aid and information where desired.

In announcing this plan for a more intense community effort, Dean I. O. Schaub, director of the Extension Service, says the time has passed for the county agent to devote his or her whole time in attempting to work with individuals. At the present time, the home agents have well-organized demonstration clubs welded into county federations and guided by county councils of farm women. The farm agents also have boards of agriculture which work with the agents in an advisory capacity. There is need, however, for a further welding of community and county effort and this will be attempted in the new set-up which will be tried next year in a number of selected counties as a beginning.

COUNTERFEIT COINS

Spurious 50-cent pieces, crude imitations of the official United States coin, have been distributed in the vicinity of Concord recently. Three of the counterfeit coins, identical except for the date, were accepted by a filling station and turned over to the police.

BRUCE BARTON

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BE OF JOY AND GOOD CHEER

Something more than a hundred years ago a sermon was preached in St. John's Church, New York, which dealt very severely with the frailties of poor human nature, and put forth, with unctuous assurance, the promise of eternal punishment for a large proportion of the race. Among the worshippers was a gentleman of unfortunate reputation but keen mind, whose name lingers unforgettably in our history. As he left the church a lady spoke to him:

"What do you think of the sermon, Mr. Burr?" she asked.

"I think," responded Aaron Burr, "that God is better than most people suppose."

That was the message of Jesus—that God is supremely better than anybody had ever dared to believe. Not a petulant Creator, who had lost control of his creation and, in wrath, was determined to destroy it. Not a stern judge dispensing impersonal justice. Not a vain King who must be flattered and bribed into concessions of mercy. Not a rigid Accountant, checking up the sins against the penances and striking a cold hard balance. Not any of these . . . nothing like these . . . but a great Companion, a wonderful Friend, a kindly indulgent, joy-loving father . . .

For three years Jesus walked up and down the shores of his lake and through the streets of towns and cities, trying to make them understand. Then came the end, and almost before his fine firm flesh was cold, the distortion began. He had cared nothing for ceremonies and forms was made the idol of formalism. Men hid themselves in monasteries; they lashed themselves with whips; they tortured their skins with harsh garments and cried out that they were followers of Him—of Him who loved the crowd, who gathered children about him wherever he went, who celebrated the calling of a new disciple with a feast in which all the neighborhood joined.

His last supper with his disciples was an hour of solemn memories. Their minds were heavy with foreboding. He talked earnestly, but the whole purpose of his talk was to lift up their hearts, to make them think nobly of themselves, to fill their spirits with a conquering faith. "My joy I leave with you," he exclaimed.

"Be of good cheer," he exclaimed. Joy . . . cheer . . . these are the words by which he wished to be remembered. But down through the ages has come the wicked falsehood that Jesus never laughed.

TIME FOR EVERYTHING

The disciples had many worries. They wanted to get it clear as to their relative positions in the new Kingdom; they were concerned be-

cause outsiders, not properly initiated into the organization, were claiming to be followers of Jesus and doing miracles in his name. They fretted because there was so much work to be done and the days too short for doing it.

But Jesus towered magnificently above it all. Wherever he went the children flocked. Pomp and circumstances mean nothing to them. Their instinct cuts through all outward semblance with a keen swift edge. So they swarmed around, tugging at his garments, climbing on his knees, begging to hear more of his stories.

It was all highly improper and wasteful in the disciples' eyes. But Jesus would have none of it. "Suffer little children to come unto me!" he commanded. And he added one of those sayings which should make so clear the message of his gospel. "They are the very essence of the Kingdom of Heaven," he said, "unless you become like them you shall in no wise enter in." Like them . . . like children . . . laughing . . . joyous . . . unaffected . . . trusting implicitly . . . with time to be kind.

To be sure Jesus was not always in the crowd. He had his long hours of withdrawal when, in communion with his Father, he refilled the deep reservoirs of his strength and love. Toward the end he was more preoccupied. He knew months in advance that if he made another journey to Jerusalem his fate would be sealed; yet he never wavered in his decision to make that journey. Starting out on it, his mind filled

with the approaching conflict, his shoulders burdened with the whole world's need, he heard his name called out from the roadside in shrill unfamiliar tones. "Jesus . . . Jesus . . . thou son of David . . . have mercy on me."

It was the voice of a useless blind beggar.

Jesus stopped. "Who called my name?" "Nobody, Master . . . only a blind beggar . . . a worthless fellow . . . Bartimaeus . . . nobody at all . . . we'll tend to him," said the disciples.

"Bring him here." Trembling with hope he was guided forward. The deep eyes of the Master looked into those sightless eyes. The mind which had been buried in the greatest problem with which a mind ever wrestled, gave itself unreservedly to the problem of one forlorn human life. Here was need; and He had time. . . . The man was healed.

THREE HURT IN CRASH

Three persons were seriously injured in Winston-Salem Sunday when an airplane crashed in a vacant lot on the outskirts of the city. The injured were: George Pope, pilot, lacerations; William Hill, broken leg, and Stokes Swain, dislocated hip.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of R. H. Hackler, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate to present them to the undersigned within twelve months from this date or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to the estate are notified to make immediate settlement.

This January 25, 1933.
MRS. LURA HACKLER,
Administratrix.

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4.50-21	4.57	4.47	1.05	5.00-21	5.90	5.65	1.33
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