

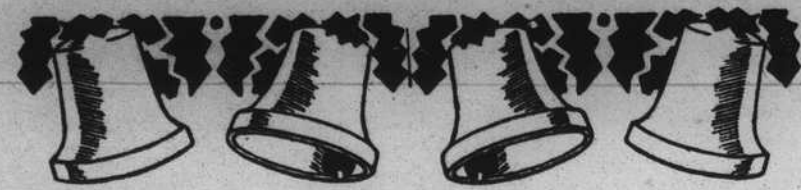
# The Alleghany Times

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## The Times Extends Christmas Greetings To All Of Its Readers And Advertisers

The TIMES is pleased to extend holiday greetings to all of those with whom it comes in contact and especially to the good people who reside in Alleghany County, where it derives its support and serves its people.

Christmas is undoubtedly one of the most delightful occasions of the year, with opportunities for all to exhibit appreciation for friendliness and affection. Expressed very often by the giving of gifts the Christmas season furnishes us with an excuse to show regard for those we love and admire.

For the boys and girls of Alleghany County who expect the coming of Santa Claus to bring them happiness and joy, we have high hopes that their anticipations will be completely realized and that cheer and delight will be with them for many days.

For the older folks, including the parents of the aforesaid boys and girls, may we not hope that Christmas will present an occasion for joy that comes from making others happy. Surely, on this day of the year, every grown-up will want to brighten the life of some child, or carry bundled happiness into the home of some unfortunate, with the result that there will come back upon the giver more joy and contentment than can be expected.

As a community, we hope that Christmas, 1934, will find the whole of Alleghany County filled with the Christmas spirit, exemplified in the words and deeds of its citizens and that, for the day, we shall set aside all worldly considerations in order to take part in the glad celebration.

## Ten Thousand People Try To Crowd Into A Hall That Holds But Three Thousand—And For What?

Ten thousand people tried to crowd into a hall that holds only three thousand, the other night in New York, to see—what? A marvel of science, a freak of nature, a great musician or a famous explorer?

Nothing like that drew that great throng to Carnegie Hall. Nothing but a country doctor! The greatest medical specialists of America, the heads of the great hospitals and medical schools, and thousands of ordinary folk turned out to see a simple, unpretentious, untravelled rural practitioner from Canada. It was such a tribute as few country doctors ever get, but which most of them, we think, deserve.

Dr. Dafoe sprang to unexpected fame because of the Dionne quintuplets. To his skill and devotion the whole medical world attributes the survival of those five little French-Canadian sisters, the only set of quintuplets that is known to have lived more than a few hours after birth. Now six months old, although we might say four months, as they were born prematurely, they are reported to be as strong and as healthy as any normal infants of that age, due to Dr. Dafoe's intelligent care.

Not every country doctor has a chance to prove his skill by bringing up quintuplets, but the country towns and villages of America and Canada contain thousands of medical men who are just as devoted, just as self-sacrificing, just as able, on the average, as Dr. Dafoe. We are glad to see this homage paid to him, since he has shown no signs of swelling of the head, because to us it seems a deserved tribute to the country general practitioner, who too seldom gets public credit for what he does for his community.

We venture that, deep down in their hearts, the great specialists who went to that meeting in Carnegie Hall envied this country doctor. If he is like most country doctors he occupies a place in the life and the hearts of his community that no city practitioner, however skillful, can hope to attain. They make more money, but they lose the more important and valuable considerations of life. The good country doctor occupies a position of security and contentment which the greatest may envy. He deserves and generally has the respect and the love of his people to a degree that few men in any other calling ever command. It makes little difference to him whether his patients can pay their bills promptly or not; no difference insofar as his duty to them in time of illness or accident goes. They come to him with their troubles and their secrets, and often it is his wise advice and counsel, far more than his medicines, that helps to keep them going.

We do not believe that any scheme of "socialized" medicine will ever become so useful as the "humanized" influence of the individualistic country doctor.

One of the troubles with our economic order is that corporations have all the rights of individuals without any of the responsibilities of human conscience.

# THE BOOK

the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures

## by BRUCE BARTON

### A MISUNDERSTOOD BOOK

There remains the last book in the Bible, the book of Revelation. It is a much abused book. The first thing necessary is to forget most that you have heard about it. It is not a program of coming events. It has in it nothing about the next presidential election in the United States. Its chief character is Nero. Indeed, the book is so simple it is hard to make readers believe its true explanation.

Remember, first, that in the interval between the Old and the New Testaments apocalyptic literature became enormously popular. There was a flood of books with dragons and grotesque animals representing people or nations or events. The Jewish imagination reveled in this style, which is illustrated in a part of Daniel, a very late book of the Maccabaean period, and much more dramatically in Revelation. At one time it seemed that all other literature in the Christian church might be drowned out by the flood of this florid material.

Just after Paul and Peter were killed, John, the apostle, was banished to the island of Patmos. He was not yet the aged apostle of love; he was a hot-headed "son of thunder" and he wanted to write letters of encouragement to the churches in Asia Minor. The letters are in the opening chapters of Revelation. But John wanted to say

something else and to say it in a way that would not get the people who had the letter in their possession into trouble. So he adopted the popular cryptic form which makes up the balance of the book. It should be studied through an opera-glass and not a microscope. There is no use asking what is the meaning of every hair on the tail of each fantastic beast. But the three ideas are plain as a pike staff. Those ideas are:

First: Do not be afraid of the persecutions that originate in Jerusalem. That city will soon be in trouble with Rome and not able to persecute Christians.

Second: Do not be afraid of the emperor of the mighty city on the seven hills that now is ruling the world; that city has trouble of its own coming, and it is not far off.

Third: Hold to your faith, for it will survive. Jesus Christ is greater than Nero, and His religion will last longer than the Roman government.

How amazingly his great dream came true! The Roman Empire fell, and the one power that could avail to save it, not from the pagans but to the future through the political or judicial power of Rome or the culture of Athens. That which saved civilization when Jerusalem was destroyed and Rome sacked by the vandals was nothing more or less than the Church of Christ.

# RAMBLING 'ROUND NEW YORK

with JUGH KENNY

Decidedly regal in a full length genuine mink coat, she walked down Fifth Avenue holding the leash of a straining little Boston Bull, important as a race horse in his little red sweater. Many a head turned as she passed, for on each side of the royal red sweater were signs that read, "For sale."

Among the attention getters used by a street vendor in New York is just another that doesn't make sense. He holds a paper ablaze under the necktie and with appropriate hokum announces that it's fireproof. The watchers gather 'round. But, I ask, who wants to buy a necktie that's fireproof, anyway?

Sentry-go and New York sandwich man with his billboard front and back, we never connected until we saw one emaciated human billboard standing in the middle of the sidewalk, his head nodding, eyes closed. He was, in spite of the traffic's din, fast asleep!

Riders of the Subway Rage expect to get off the train before letting people on, ordinarily. But pity the New Yorker who hesitates. Like football, you see an opening, and run for it. But look out for little men such as I saw coming out of the subway the other day. Three people were in the line of fire, waiting to get in. And out shot the little man, shoulders squared for the impact. He caromed from one to the next and the next in his reformer's zeal to teach them where and how not to stand. I thanked him inwardly for doing something I've wanted to do myself, not once but a hundred times.

New York gazed recently at the Union Pacific's new record-breaking streamline train. . . . Air-commuting service from Long Island to Manhattan was instituted this summer. . . . An autogiro landed on a narrow Hudson River pier. . . . A new and faster plane service, New York to Miami in eight hours, has just commenced. . . . New York is destined to see a new train of the New Haven line soon, with a skin as smooth as a dirigible and not a single protrusion—not even exhaust pipes. . . . New York is looking for speed.

Mechanical gadgets always attract onlookers in New York. I never cease to marvel at automatic elevators. Push the button for the 31st floor. The door closes. Up goes the car. The door opens and there you are. Another little wonder is a radio the maker calls the magic brain. It virtually thinks for you. I'd like to have it think up some better programs.

There's a New York firm named the Surprise Cleaning and Dyeing Company. Of course, you can take it the way they mean it, if you like.

New York is famous for specialties. Add the company that does nothing but clean gloves!

are often neglected. But, most of them are easily corrected, if your family doctor will do his duty. Over thirty-five years acquaintance with rectal ailments leads me to write as I do.

The "injection treatment" of simple hemorrhoids is almost ideal in simplicity and effectiveness. It is not "new" in point of years; I learned the method over forty years ago, under a now revered teacher, who still lives in New York. But the injection treatment has undergone much improvement, with time; we never cause any sloughs any more, or destroy any tissues as formerly; and, the treatment need not take. This talk is off-hand; please accept it as such, from a friend, the patient from his work.

# AMAZE A MINUTE

SCIENTIFACTS BY ARNOLD



### THE BLOOD'S CELLS

THERE ARE MORE RED CELLS IN ONE DROP OF BLOOD THAN THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

### SOARING HYDROGEN

HYDROGEN IS 14.4 TIMES LIGHTER THAN AIR.

### ALL THE PLANETS TOGETHER

HAVE A MASS EQUAL TO BUT 1/70th OF 1% OF THE SUN.

# Louisa's Letter

## SHARE HAPPINESS DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON

Dear Girls:—

It is hard for those of us who are comfortably situated to realize the desperation and suffering of others who are not only hungry but cold and sick. It makes one ill to hear some fat, sleek individual who probably eats meat twice a day, declare pompously that he doesn't approve of giving to the poor, that most of this starvation talk is imaginary, etc., etc.

Well, it may be imaginary to him, but to those who are without food and fuel during these bitter cold days of December, I dare say, the situation is very real, indeed. Children with red, numb fingers in bare rooms without the nourishment to create bodily heat are anything but theories to destitute mothers and fathers.

And, to get away from talk of necessities, what is more pathetic than a child whom Santa Claus has forgotten, at Christmas time? There are very few of us who could bear to see the disappointment of such a child if he were close enough for us to see him, but hearing about such cases doesn't impress us as coming in contact with them would do. We feel happier to put them out of our minds.

The world has a peculiar way of leveling and building up a social strata, however, and I often think of a remark made to me by a dear old woman who lived in the country. She used to say, "Dear me, the bottom rail certainly has gotten to the top," and she might have added that the top had fallen to the bottom.

So, before we put these unfortunate people out of our minds, let us take thought of tomorrow, and ponder the fact that "top rails" may be "bottom rails" at some future time, through force of circumstance. There are people in bread lines today who never knew before what a bread line was.

But supposing we are always fortunate and never are in need of help? Nevertheless, we, in common with the rest of the

world, are in search of happiness. The surest way to find it is by making others happy. It is delightful to be remembered by others, but is any feeling comparable to the inner glow one has in giving joy to others, to know that by one's own generosity a whole family or a pathetic child is happy, even for a day?

As we plan for our own dear families, particularly our little ones, at this joyous season, let us not forget those other little ones who have no one to plan for them.

Yours,  
LOUISA

# The Family Doctor

by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

## A PRIVATE TALK

A notorious advertiser makes the rather broad assertion that, "probably nine-tenths of our people have rectal troubles and don't know it." This is a warning note, of course. The nine-tenths would be wise to rush in for immediate examination and treatment!

Well, be it far from me to be opposing good advice. . . . but, my Irish strain, ever present, bobs up with "Oi don't moind the troubles that Oi don't know Oi've got," let's parley together before we rush into any measures tintured with commercialism.

My object in this little talk, is to arouse reflection. You may, possibly, have a slight rectal irritation, due to errors in diet; you may be eating too many spices, peppers, bran, or other substances, such as berries with many small seeds—all of which contribute to rectal irritation. Be sure and consult your family doctor about your colon, with especial reference to your diet, before rushing to the rectal manipulator; the troubles "that don't trouble you" are not very far advanced, as a rule.

It is true that rectal conditions

# "KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES" Tessie Seems To Be The Loser

—By POP MOMAND

