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BRUCE BARTON Soap



Make Home Building Easy
 Home is a little white cottage with green blinds, where love locks the door against the world, and the warm light of the open fire weaves a halo around every head. Yes, indeed.

Also, home is a piece of land which you can buy after weeks of horstrading with a real estate. Home is an expensive journey with a lawyer back through the title records. Home is a contract supposed to include everything, but which, by the time you have suggested a couple of little changes; such as a light in the front hall and some shelves over the kitchen sink, turns out to represent only a very minor part of your cost.

Home is the place where you hear the electrician who installs the door bell saying to the electrician who installs the light fixtures: "Do you think I am going to let you run your wires through my conduits?" A place where you hear the plumber saying to the steamfitter: "That is my job, not yours—how do you get that way?"

Home is the place that was to be all ready for occupancy on October first, and into which you move on February first in order to get the painters out. Home is the place where every time you make the slightest improvement the tax assessor comes around and boosts your assessment.

The above remarks, intended somewhat in the spirit of good, clean fun, doubtless will raise a small riot among such members of my congregation as happen to be engaged in real estate, law, architecture, contracting, or labor union management.

To all such I would say earnestly and prayerfully: "You have no idea how much more business you could do if you only would get together, work together and iron out the hundreds of

needless annoyances that now plague the builder of a home.

G-Men Give Much
 In Washington recently, I took occasion to pay my respects to J. Edgar Hoover, head of the G-Men. As we were friends, he gave me a little special attention, but any citizen is invited to visit the department.

Here are five million finger prints sent in by police departments all over the country. Some departments send only the prints of felons; others file prints of every one who comes into even the slightest conflict with the law. It has happened more than once that an offender, picked up in one city for so small a thing as running past a traffic light, has proved to be wanted in another city for a major crime.

The finger prints never lie, and so marvelous is the system of filing them that even you or I, with a couple of hours' instruction, could locate any particular set of prints.

Of the criminals the G-Men have brought to trial in the last year, nine out of ten were convicted. The principal reason for this astonishing record is that every G-Man must be either a lawyer or a chartered accountant; they know how to get the kind of evidence that will stand up.

The G-Men are paid altogether two little. The total expenses of the department last year were about four million dollars, and it collected, in fines and recoveries, more than thirty-nine millions. The wonderfully efficient and economic service of governmental employees who protect our lives and property, handle our mail and guard our health, should always be properly paid.

These unsung millions give an awful lot for the little they are paid. And right up near the top of this good list is Edgar Hoover and his G-Men.

Valentine Season — by A. B. Chapin



FOR THE RABBIT NEW-DEALERS FROM THE ANTI NEW-DEALERS

FOR THE RABBIT ANTI NEW-DEALERS FROM THE NEW-DEALERS



The Family Doctor
 by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

THOSE LITTLE BOYS

Last week an anxious father brought his little lad of seven to my office with a really well-fitting, surgical-looking bandage about his head, only one eye peeping through. There had been a fight at the country schoolhouse and it seems this seven-year-old got a shade the worst of it. The teacher, good soul, had applied mercurochrome from her kit, put on the dressing and hurriedly took the boy home in her car.

Removing the dressing, I found an abraded wound not skin-deep, extending from the inner margin of the left orbit, almost to the point of the nose; it had oozed blood rather freely, and blood alarms even a school-teacher. The slight wound had been treated thoroughly with mercurochrome.

You know what I did? Well, I removed the bandage which was so snug and efficient as to be almost disabling in itself. I prescribed an ounce of the teacher's antiseptic. I told the father to leave off all dressings and paint lightly with mercurochrome about four times a day. Within three days the wound had healed.

Now for the conclusions: All small, minor wounds, involving no important structures, heal better and faster IF LEFT IN THE OPEN AIR. Had I continued to keep over-heating dressings on that boy's face, he would have been coming back today for attention. Keep your small wound clean with any positive antiseptic, and use as few dressings as possible. They shut out air.

Do You Reckon?

A serious shortage of gasoline is foreseen by petroleum experts. Such a shortage will automatically slow down every third filling station.—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.

ated over the whole mess that I feel like leaving home.
 Estelle

Answer:

Your mother is one of those selfish creatures who believes in taking everything and giving little. How many wonderful mothers have worked and done without luxuries to prepare their children for better things in this life! And unless the child is worthless they have usually been repaid for their sacrifices a thousand fold, not alone in happiness but in material things. Of course it is hard to tell one's mother she must get out and support herself but, if she is young enough and able-bodied enough to do so, I see no reason for you two ambitious daughters to be offered up as sacrifices on the altar of poorly paid labor when you could do better with a little more education. Have a good straight talk with your mother. Probably she may be able to get a place as a matron or housekeeper in the college you wish to attend and then if you can make the arrangements, you can still complete your course.
 LOUISA

Louisa's Letter

Dear Louisa:
 Do you think a girl of sixteen is old enough to talk to boys? If so, on what basis? Just like she pleases or am I to have a say so in it?
 A Mother, Alabama

Answer:
 I can't imagine why a girl of sixteen, or of any age for that matter, shouldn't be allowed to talk to boys. As for the basis of talk, mother, I don't think I understand what you mean. Why should any grown person wish to dictate a young couple's conversation? They usually talk about things that wouldn't interest us at all and we would probably think that what they had to say sounded very silly. But it is all very thrilling and enjoyable to them, so why should we object.

The only reason I can imagine you have for not letting your daughter talk with boys is that you may have heard her saying vulgar or indecent things. In a case like that you are perfectly right to object to such a conversation. I hope you have reared your child with a good understanding of right and wrong, decent and indecent behavior. If you have instilled in her the desire to be good and the knowledge that you trust her, you have done more to protect her from "bad" boys than all watching and prying will ever accomplish.
 Louisa

Dear Louisa:
 You may think I am a very unnatural daughter but I think my mother is a slacker. Father died about five years ago. Of course his good salary stopped at his death. Sister had to come home from college and I went to work straight from high school although both of us had made splendid marks and were very anxious to prepare ourselves to teach. We could have managed to do this, only there was no one to support mother. Now, Mother is healthy and could have gotten a job as easily as either of us but she had never worked outside the home and she was struck dumb when we mentioned it to her. To preserve the peace, Sister and I both took jobs in a department store and what we make barely supports the three of us, but Mother is perfectly happy. Sometimes I feel so exasperated

Nuts and Kernels
 Troy Isaiah Jones

Of course the business of raising hell has neither been taxed nor reduced. Of course the Republicans have got to have something to do.

Some of the head hunters of Africa have a method of reducing skulls to the size of a goose egg. Just as might be expected we would find a remedy for the swell head among the savages.

Sometimes the political jam you get into is the sort that you get rubbed in the face.

"Bore-ah" that is about all that can be expected in the Republican party.

A man was on the jury when his case was called for stealing chickens. He got to crowing about it and they called him off.

Steven Leacock believes that half the truth is stronger than the whole truth. As professor of economics he has a lot of ardent followers.

As a matter of English technique Man always embraces woman.

And I have misunderstood it all the time. It is Cotton Ed Smith, senator from South Carolina. The way he has been acting I thought it was Cotton Head.

The penguin, the bird that Admiral Byrd discovered at the pole walks like a man. Since it can't talk it has no feminine traits.

Smith thinks that the rank and file of the American public is for him. I think it is safe for him to count on the "rank."

Contrary to English tradition they say that the Prince of Wales has a sense of humor. England too may realize a new sense of humor when they find out that they have as king the greatest joke of all time.

Every line of activity has furnished a genius, that is to say a person that did not know any better than to do the thing the way he did.

People that do the knocking are the ones on the outside wantin' in.

Smith need not try to bolt the party. He can't be anything but a "loose nut."

Even Though We May Be Slow To Realize It We Are About To Enter Into The Air Age

The people of Alleghany county may be slow to realize it but we are about to enter the air age. Of course, we are no where near the absurd accomplishments depicted by the imaginations of fanciful writers, but the fact that Howard Hughes recently made a coast to coast flight in 9 hours, 27 minutes and 10 seconds is a good indication of the progress being made in air transportation.

While the present importance of air craft in combat is over-estimated, the probability is that future development will make air craft increasingly vital. It is not quite accurate to presume that aerial bombs have relegated other implements of war to the background but under-estimating the new fighting arm would be just as foolish.

As most of our leaders know, the government is attempting to interest manufacturers in the development of a plane adapted for private use and to stimulate mass production. When such a machine gets on the market, at a price within the reach of the average citizen, the sky will carry its share of traffic. In fact, the airplane is going to repeat the marvelous development and growth of the automobile and, much more important, duplicate the automobile's effect upon distance. Prophecy may be foolish but there are those living who will see the day when a thousand mile journey will be part of the day's routine.

The Oldest Dealer, A Dependable Double-Dealer

An Inspirational Editorial by John Edwin Price

Some double dealers are anything but dependable. Here is where again and again nature is different and wonderfully so.

When nature deals the oyster an irritating bit of sand she also deals out the ability to turn it into a pearl.

When nature deals out a lonesome windswept hill-top on which an oak sprig must make its home she also deals out inherent powers which develop tough fibres as the wintry winds howl and the storms rage in fury.

When she deals out darkness, she follows it with a dawn.

When she deals out Alps she deals out potential strength to climb them.

When she dealt out blindness and deafness and dumbness to Helen Keller she dealt out a marvelous sense of touch and a controlled mind and a wonderfully patient teacher.

When she deals out a kick-out to the eaglets in the nest she deals out an instinctive knowledge of how to fly with a little strength as capital to begin with.

Have you been dealt a raw deal? That's all it may be,—unless you look for the double deal—and play it for all its worth.

You'll never have much strength if you have no obstacles to overcome.

You could not be a victor if you had no enemies to conquer.

Most municipalities would be better places in which to live if more attention was given to social plans for young people.

Bringing HOME the FACTS
 by BARBARA DALY

There seems to be nothing the young bride can't do nowadays and still keep within the tenets of good taste laid down by Mrs. Grundy. She can be married in pink. She can march to the altar decked in diaphanous green. She can be unconventional in white cotton. And she can go completely modern in a wedding dress of sheerest wool. No longer is ivory brocade an edict which the well-dressed bride must follow. It is her privilege and duty to be beautifully gowned. The bars have been lifted.

Whether you would set back the clock, if you had it to do over again, and veer away from an ivory wedding gown, is beside the point right now. The interesting factor in this revolutionary trend in fabrics, is that cotton can be so lovely and wool so sheer that it can be draped to fit the majesty of a wedding gown.

You have been offered transparent wrappings and transparent sippers for imbibing soft drinks. One of the newer members of the ubiquitous clan that looks like glass and is as light as air, is a line of dollies and runner sets that are made of fish-net fabric of slit cellulose. The runners are obligingly washable and lend a smart note to any table setting.

Does the factory threaten to usurp kitchen rites? A practical study comparison was made of commercially prepared food mixtures, ginger bread, muffins, biscuit, chocolate pudding and gelatin, with the homemade products. Time value was rated at 30 cents an hour. In no instance did the commercial product exceed in price, the homemade, by more than eleven cents. Ease of preparation was in favor of the ready-to-mix. Texture and palatability received comparable rating and in some instances, the commercial rated higher than the homemade product.

Looking ahead to Spring and Summer you can be selecting the materials and colors that will be new and in high fashion for Spring suits, dresses and sweaters. Fabric industries have been working top speed to bring you the new colors in light-weight fabrics and yarns.

Colors to wear with tweed: soft leaf green, brown, Oxford mixtures and beige. A black suit or skirt is set off to advantage with the pastels, dust pink, Blue Bonnet Blue and corn yellow. Grey which Paris predicts as a strong fashion note, is strictly a Leap Year style when it is combined with the popular new shade of rust.

Friday, or any fish night, try Salmon Souffle: Combine 1-2 cups flaked, canned salmon, 6 crumbled soda crackers, 2 cups of hot milk, 1 finely minced onion, 2 egg yolks and 1-2 teaspoon of salt. Mix all together

Bargains in Heaters!
 We must close out at once the few remaining heaters and wood stoves in stock. One-fourth off regular prices.—W. L. Porter Co., Galax, Va. 1tc-13

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