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THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921.

A PLEA. God grant me these, the strength to do some needed service here; The wisdom to be brave and true; The gift of vision clear; That in each task that comes to me Some purpose I may plainly see. God teach me to believe that I am stationed at a post; Although the humblest breath the sky Where I am needed most; And that, at last, if I do fail My humble services will tell. God grant me faith to stand on guard; Unshaken, unspoke, alone; And see behind such duty hard My service to the throne; Whatever my task, be this my creed: I am on earth to fill a need. —EDGAR GUEST.

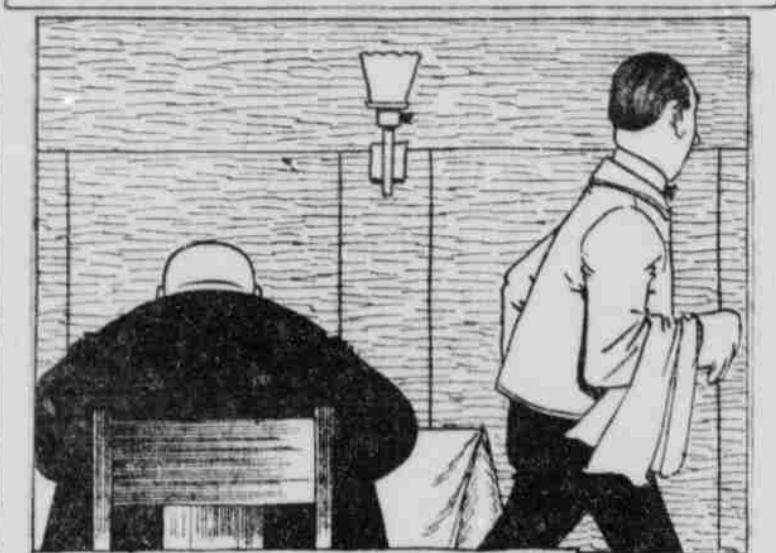
The Melting Pot Fallacy. Science has exploded the "melting pot" fallacy. All that the "pot" needed was the light of day, and, subjected to this test, like other ghosts of the past, it faded away. It has been in existence for only a few centuries, and, in that time, has done the white race more injury than all the combined wars and pestilences of the world. It never had any foundation, either in logic or fact. Real science, which is a development of very recent times, never gave it a single defender, and yet no piece of error was ever swallowed more unreservedly by the masses or given wider acceptance throughout the world. The masses of all lands are slow to give up error. Just how long as this fallacy will persist in the minds of the people is a matter of conjecture. We read not long ago of a woman whose ambition it was to take a representative child from each of the English, French, German, Italian, Arabic, Indian, Turk and African races, rear them in a little colony, and by intermarriage of these and their offspring, produce an improved super-human being, or the "ideal man." The story was reproduced all over America, and is interesting, not so much because of its silliness and absurdity, as because this fatuous hope of the melting pot theorists was so widely believed—that by such a promiscuous and haphazard mixture of heterogeneous elements a superior specimen of mankind might be produced. As a matter of fact, science has at its finger tips 10,000 examples of just such mixtures, every one of them mediocre or less—not one expressing supreme genius, but just plain, insignificant mongrel.

Jane Dixon, a noted journalist, interviewed M. Paul Helleu, a celebrated French etcher, and her story was published in hundreds of American papers last Sunday. He, too, was a "melting pot" convert, and his philosophy, but illustrates the fact that because a man can draw artistic lines with a pen, it is no sign that he has sense in other matters and is competent to express a wise opinion about a country of which he knows little. The crazy melting pot theory is again heralded in big head lines. The crux of Helleu's contention is that in America the "tremendous amalgamation of ALL NATIONALITIES" has a tendency to eliminate faults and weaknesses and leave only the best of each element.

The facts are, that there has been as yet—thank God!—no such general mixture of all nationalities in this country. There is not a first class hotel in California or North Carolina which would admit to its dining room a mongrel, whose blood was a mixture of Indian, Chinese, Negro, English, French, etc. He would not be a white man at all but a poor mongrel, without the respect of any class or nationality. Almost every day we run across the theory that America owes its greatness to its "mixed blood." No darker shadow ever fell athwart the pathway of truth. America owes its greatness to two things: first—the superior blood of its homogeneous, thoroughbred, white, North-European settlers; and, second—to its great natural resources, which have been and are being developed by its various Saxon or Nordic elements. Just as the language of this country is Anglo-Saxon, so are

the backbone and ruling blood of this country Anglo-Saxon. True, there has been a tremendous influx of other blood and nationalities, but they have given to this country almost nothing in the way of science, invention, statesmanship or literature, and just in proportion as little sections of this country have been overrun with alien elements, just in that proportion have those sections retrograded and degenerated in civilization. It is a strange thing that men of supposed intelligence, presumed to be acquainted with history, should still defend the mongrelization of the melting pot in America, in the light of what happened to Egypt, Rome, Greece, Spain and other countries. The builders of the first civilization along the Nile must have come from the North—our own ancestral country—for many of them had blue eyes. Today there is not a blue eye in Egypt, except it be that of a European. The ancient Greeks had brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin. They, too, came from Northern Europe, long before the curtain of history rose. They were brothers of our far-off ancestors. The melting pot theory was applied to them with sad and disastrous effect. The Greek men were killed off in wars and the Mongolid Turks took their women as wives. Infusion of other tropical and semi-tropical races completed the work of mongrelization and made the classical Greek of learning and philosophy as extinct as the dodo. Look at the Greek today—about as much related to the ancient Greek as a horse is to a cow! Historians assert that Greece has produced but one great man in five hundred years. Venizelos, her late premier, is of Norse extraction, while her royal family came from Denmark and have not a drop of Greek blood in their veins. The old Roman empire was made up of a small superior ruling class and a vast number of slaves and servile classes. During the dark ages the melting pot played havoc with Italy, so that, like Spain, she degenerated through absorption of inferior blood and became one of the most backward countries of Europe. South of Rome the mongrelization was most complete. Result—Southern Italy has produced but one great man in five hundred years—Caruso, the singer, of monkey-house fame. Northern Italy saw far less absorption of alien blood, having a notable infusion of Nordic strains, thus showing that it pays a country to have good North European, white blood in its citizenship. Result—ALL Italian genius comes from Northern Italy. The Italian migration to this country is mostly from Southern Italy, ditch-diggers and criminals. The superior Northern Italian goes to the Argentine Republic where he is a ruler. Note this description of Columbus, born in Genoa, Italy, "white-eyed, auburn haired and pink-skinned." (See Encyclo. Brit., 10th Edit.) Do you see any Italians today who resemble Columbus? Spain received an infusion of Goths—blond giants from Northern Europe. With characteristic energy they explored the new world and gave to Spain colonies upon which the sun never set. Where are those colonies today and where are the Goths of Spain? The melting pot swallowed them up. The admixture of Iberian, Moor, Basque, North African and other dark elements swallowed up the Gothic blood. The great scientists are agreed that you cannot mix superior blood and inferior blood and still produce superior blood. The melting pot is as impossible as the alchemist's retort, wherein he foolishly dreamed that he could transmute the baser metals into gold. The scientists are agreed that the laws of heredity are as immutable as the laws of mathematics. You cannot, by combining two different races, "eliminate the faults and weaknesses and leave only the best of each element." In mixed heredity the virtues are liable to be eliminated, leaving the faults and weaknesses paramount in the offspring. The cattle breeder who ignored this law, thought he could unite the Jersey cow, which gives milk rich in cream, but small in quantity, with the Holstein, which gives a large quantity of milk but of poorer quality, hoping by this mixture to produce a cow which could combine the Holstein quantity of milk with the Jersey quality. The result was, however, that

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE By CONDO



the mongrel cow gave Jersey milk in quantity while the quality was that of the Holstein. The students of racial science have compiled a vast amount of statistics. They all go to confound the "melting pot" proponent. They reveal the startling fact that, although numbering only a little over one-half the American population, the Anglo-Saxon element has produced and is producing nine-tenths of the genius of this country, most of the other tenth coming from kindred elements of Northern Europe. If you want elaboration on this subject, read "The Passing of the Great Race," by Madison Grant, and "The Old World in the New," by Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin. Much so-called mixture is not mixture at all. An Englishman married a German girl. Their son married a girl who was half Danish, half Norman-French. Were the children of the last couple mongrels? Decidedly not, their ancestors, although of different nationalities, were of the same race—Nordic. But if an Englishman married a Japanese and their children married one whose parents were East Indian and Turk, you would have real mongrelization, and it is against this idiosyncrasy that modern science is most strongly opposed. The same law applies to man as to the lower animals—the thoroughbred is the winner. As long as the Anglo-Saxon New Englander married his own kind, he pretty much ran this country. But when he began to absorb the more backward races of people, his star began to decline. The same will be true of America. If the melting pot ever fuses into one stream the coarse and fine elements that now inhabit this great land, our star, like that of the old Roman empire, will have set, never to rise again.

DISCUSS FISCAL AFFAIRS. Washington, April 13.—Fiscal affairs and more particularly the emergency tariff, were discussed at a White House conference today between President Harding and Senators Pennington of Pennsylvania, and Watson, Indiana, and McCumber, North Dakota, members of the senate finance committee.

FOUR COLLISION VICTIMS. Covington, Ky., April 13.—Four persons were killed, four seriously injured and two others badly hurt by a collision of an automobile and a Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad engine at a grade crossing here early today.

RIPLING RHYMES By Walt Mason. When attending to my spinning, or whatever tasks are mine, I don't see my neighbors spinning—I suppose they're acting fine. While I fustigate my chickens or repair the kitchen stove, folks may act up like the dickens, I don't notice what they do. Oh, I'm singing, angel-throated, as I tinker in the rain, and my thoughts are all devoted to my labors safe and sane. So I do not hear the scandal that are flying through the town, and I do not meet the vandals who would wreck some fair renown. And I miss the vicious stories that the gossips weave all day, for I lose my morning glories in the good old fashioned way. Busy people do not peddle tales that stir up human strife; busy people do not meddle with the dirty dregs of life; they are thinking of achievement, of the toil that makes a hit, and they know their great bereavement when the darkness makes them quit. Idlers spend their time inventing tales that make old Satan grin, they're the sleuth-hounds that are scenting every trail that hints of sin; and the wholesome lads are sweating as the golden moments fit, only worrying and fretting when the darkness makes them quit.

SOMEBODY LOVES YOU By Rev. John Roach Stratton. A pistol shot rang out in one of the rooms in a hotel of the West a little while ago. It was located at last and found a young man lying across a table with a bullet through his brain and a revolver clutched in his lifeless hand. Yes, though he had youth, with all the promise and charm of the future before him and the unlimited possibilities and resources that are connected with the June time of life he snuffed his out. The mystery was cleared up, however, when they found under the table under his other hand a note scrawled across a sheet of paper, containing simply this sentence: "In all the world there is nobody who loves me." And if that had really been true, we can readily understand why he should have taken his own life. For love, at last, is the only great essential. With out that, all things else are meaningless, empty and vain. The supreme revelation of the divine nature is contained in the simple declaration of the Bible, "God is love." Love is the great transforming and sustaining power of the universe. It is not a discovery of science, but a revelation from heaven, and it has its seat and center in the bosom of God. From that holy fountain it flows out to water every flower of brightness and joy that blooms beside the highway of life. "In peace, Love tames the shepherd's reed; In war he mounts the warrior's steed; In halls, in gay attire is seen; In hamlets, dances on the green; Love rules the court, the camp, the grove; And man below and saints above; For love is heaven, and heaven is love." On every side there is love, if only we will find it. Love glows in the sun light; it blossoms in the flower; it breathes in the summer air; it shines in the rainbow; it glistens in the dewdrop; it murmurs in the flowing stream; it thrills in the melody of the mocking bird; yes, and it tunders in the ocean's storm-tossed wave and gleams in the lightning flash as it leaps after every flower of brightness and joy that blooms beside the highway of life. Love throbs in the noble impulses of friendship; it blushes upon the cheek of girlhood; it brings delight to man and maid as they whisper their precious secret beneath the stars; it shines with heavenly beauty in a mother's eyes; it prattles through baby lips as rosy fingers press at ivory breasts; and whether in a mud hole of a marble palace, love is what makes a home. Love touches the poet's tongue with fire; it sounds upon music's vibrant string, and it spreads the artist's canvases with masterpieces of genius. Love paints the sunset and perfumes the rose and spreads beauty and bloom around the world. Love moves the tiniest atom of matter within the molecule; it holds the earth true to its orbit; it wheels around the sun; it directs the course and destiny of every flaming star and rushing planet, and it reaches up to its highest height in Jesus Christ upon the Cross, for "God is love." The poor youth who came to such an unfortunate end was mistaken. He was surrounded with a infinite universe of love, and he could have found fellowship if only he had waited. Doubtless, too, he was mistaken in the conclusion which he expressed in his farewell note. Somewhere in the world there was a human heart that loved him; and higher than that, there was an infinite and divine compassion that ever surrounded him. Though he had forgotten it for the moment some mad as prayed for him, or some sweetheart cherished holy thoughts about him and longed to hear his footfall again; or some little child lisped his name, and asked in plaintive sweetness when he would return; or some strong friend who had seen the gold below the dross of his sin, still cherished him and hoped for him the highest and best. And some one loves you discouraged young man or woman, alone in the rushing multitude of this great city. Don't give up the fight! Rekindle the altar fires of hope and faith, for love, "the greatest of these," is somewhere waiting for you.—New York American.

TRADE BETWEEN U. S. AND MEXICO GROWING. Mexico City.—Trade between the United States and Mexico during 1921 should amount to \$430,000,000, according to an estimate given out by W. T. Saunders, secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce. He recently returned from a tour of the United States. Mr. Saunders says Mexico needs (a) particularly to develop the sugar industry; and for irrigation works. COMPLETE REORGANIZATION. Mexico City, April 13.—Complete reorganization of the Mexican consular system has been ordered with Ramon P. Denegri, former Consul General in New York, in charge of the work. Sen. or Denegri told newspaper men that at least 25 per cent of the consular body will be removed for inefficiency.

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