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THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1925

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED

"I have never seen," said one of our former friends this week, "such suffering as there is among the poor of this county." It rained Christmas for me this year," he continued, "the mental picture of the children I have seen, thinly clad and without shoes, hovering over the fire to keep warm."

Now The Mercury believes that there is enough and more than enough sympathy with such conditions in the hearts of the more fortunate people of Nicholas county to relieve all of the distress existing. The trouble is that we daily-daily, we wait for someone else to do it. Mrs. Taylor, through reports from her teachers, is in touch with these conditions. Some appeals have been made to her for aged coal and clothing he left at the county superintendent's office, but this response should be supplemented with money, with orders to our local stores to supply shoes and clothing to the needy and with more old clothing.

It is distressing to think that children right here at home are barefooted and in rags. The fact that there is destitution in the result of a lack of ability or thrift or is due to the shiftlessness of a parent has nothing to do with the case. The children are not responsible for that. They did not ask to be brought into this world, but now that they are here, responsibility for their welfare, in cases where the parents are unable adequately to clothe and feed them, is upon the shoulders of all of us. It is not right that we citizens of a large city for them as it is to pay taxes and observe laws.

We were told recently of a family in which the children were suffering for coal. Many have refused to help our informer told us. "The cause the father is said to be a bootlegger." We freely admit that the reasonable processes of such minds are beyond our conception. Whether it is a murderer, thief or habitual rubber, are his fellow-children to receive pharmaceutical attention from fellow human beings, because of the parents' actions? Such people may call themselves followers of Jesus Christ, but they are lacking so far as the practical application of the principles of such came through the lowly carpenter's shortcomings will make them Christians.

Will each and every one of us shoulder our responsibility for the needy fortunate members of the community then and not until then will we be worthy exponents of what we are followers of Jesus.

We hasten to say we have done it without the least of those my dear friends, have done it unto me."

ANOTHER BURLEY SALE

Fifty million pounds more of good tobacco is purchased by the R. J. Reynolds Company, this time from the 1924 crop. One-third of a century will be covered, we are informed, direct from the producer—eliminating the expense of jobbers and brokers.

The cost should bring joy to the hearts of the growers of white burley. The disposal of one hundred million pounds of its holdings in the last few weeks puts the association on a much firmer basis and should prove heartening to member in the organization.

Welcome sunshine to be critical of the policy of the association. The writer believes that a per portion of the selling organization of the pool to the point where the marketing of the holdings will be quickly made will guarantee its continued existence as a cooperative institution. We realize that no change is it possible to do this and that members should realize the fact and be patient, but we do believe that a selling organization may be developed which will as well to the market as to make long waits on the part of members unnecessary. The consumption of burley cigarettes is increasing enormously each year. The burley cigarette is the best cigarette on

the market and when the consumers of Europe shall have become acquainted with its superiority, foreign consumption may be expected to increase rapidly. A bid for this business has been made and no effort should be spared to secure and hold the prospective transatlantic market.

But to return to the recent sale. While it should encourage the producer and while, in our judgment, it makes an excellent record of the 1925 crop lies necessary than ever, yet the individual farmer has no reason for losing his business head and overproducing. Whenever the price lays a golden egg, it seems to be human nature to swat the poor fowl with the club of "rewards."

LEE—GENERAL AND MAN.

Monday there was celebrated throughout the South an anniversary of the birth of a great general and a splendid gentleman. More than any other leader of the Lost Cause, among many who ranked high as military geniuses, brilliant leaders and distinguished gentlemen, Robert E. Lee is most nearly typical, we think of the South's ideal of the "Southern gentleman." a term latterly much abused through its indiscriminate application to every old fool who waits around a statue and affects a wide hat and cheap string tie.

The bitterness of half a century ago are well nigh forgotten and the calm judgment of time, both North and South, is dealing with the judgment of Europe that Robert E. Lee is one of the outstanding military characters of history. But aside from this, the character of the man warrants the perpetuation of his memory. In our opinion Robert E. Lee is the exemplar of all that is fine in the manhood of the old South and his life more nearly approaches a realization of practical Christianity than any character of any nation or any phase in the history of our country.

Father Ryan expresses, in "The Sword of Robert Lee," which is reprinted here, the judgment of a contemporary which will remain the judgment of posterity.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front it shone, and far to right
Full glorious was the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless steel, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully,
Leaped from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting in Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from it scabbard, bigh in air
Beneath the noon-day sun!
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it, knelt to prayer!
For
That where that sword led they would follow,—and to die

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword more gallantly!
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter flashed the sword of the grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Flashed that sword in battle fray;
The shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

"In 1924," says the Anderson News, "there was produced in this country fifteen billion pounds of tobacco. Of that amount 2,000,000,000 pounds was burley tobacco. The News wonders, in view of these figures, whether a cut-out, "10% per cent effective, would accomplish results, when it is realized that burley tobacco is a type that constituted only one-fifth of the total tobacco production in the United States last year.

There is food for thought in the figures quoted by the News. Often is one so close to an object or a condition that we lose our perspective. May it not be that we of the white burley districts are constructive "dagger 'n we really are?"

As a lay diagnosis, might we say that autodeposition is greatly supervised by autotaxation.

POOR MOTHER EVE!

Why can't folk let Mother Eve alone? In the words of the old song "Eve did not have no fancy hats, nor dresses, but just a shirt made out of leaves, that's all." She sure was up to hills at the Big Gosh Emporium, nor bobbed her hair, for she needed it to finish on her coat-suit. Quoting the modern old song again:

Eve was not put on earth
To help the fellows out.
We think that on that point
You'll all agree
Eve was not put on earth
To help Wells-Fargo.
But just for Adam's express company.

And the lady went about her task of being a companion for her husband, and finding a joke, years again, her first thought was of the old boy. He knew better, but it is recorded that he offered her a bite. "There ain't going to be no orts" might have been a appropriate musical accompaniment to Adam's apple-eating. It was when he heeded a woman that he remembered that he has a plaid mate.

Eve is a much traduced lady. Think of a wife who rents money looking up those clothes for her husband, who thinks she is the front and rear of the breast of. The husband's only care for her clothes other than round. The husband's only care for her clothes other than round. The husband's only care for her clothes other than round