

The Watauga Democrat.

R. C. RIVERS, Editor and Owner.

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THURSDAY MARCH 22, 1923

SWEET CABBAGE, SAUER KRAUT SEED POTATOES AND BUCK-WHEAT CAKES

Charlotte Observer.

The Observer made mention a few weeks ago of the proposed advent of the sauer kraut industry for western North Carolina and it seems now to be a certainty. Mr. John B. Steele, county demonstration agent for Watauga and Mr. H. Neal Blair, sauer kraut specialist for the State Extension Department, are getting the farmers of that mountain country organized to build a co-operative kraut factory, together with facilities for handling well graded cabbage. They want to supply the Carolinas with a made-in-Carolina product of sweet cabbage and sauer kraut of high quality. Watauga cabbages are known by their crispness and fine flavor wherever they are used and Mr. Blair has had 20 years experience in making kraut in that county. He has been supplying the State Hospital at Morganton and other large institutions with kraut for that length of time.

The promoters of this project propose to make a specialty of a small package of raw sauer kraut for the hotels homes and markets to supply the hungry demands that will not be satisfied with a tin can. This will give us the advantage of the great medicinal qualities of this popular food so much talked of these days by the doctors. The factory will also have a commercial product for the grocery store and full barrels for the large institutions.

When Mr. Steele went to Watauga as a county agent last summer he found the great need was not increased production but business management in marketing the things produced in that section. He was lucky to get in touch with Mr. Blair who is a past master in making the old original sauer kraut. The two together are going to make it possible for the people who crave this delicacy to eat and be satisfied.

The Watauga farmers, together with those of Avery and Ashe have learned through their county agents that they can compete with Maine and Canada in the production of high grade seed potatoes. This is due to the altitude and cool summer climate. The Mountain Seed Potato Growers Association is now organized in these counties and is putting on the market in the Carolinas, a Government-inspected, certified seed potato which has proven to be equal to the Maine grown product.

Now if the buckwheat growers and the farmers who own forests of sugar maple will just organize and give us buckwheat cakes and maple sugar we will begin to reap the benefits of the extension of good roads. When Mr. Bowie gets his railroad built that section of the country is going to lose the distinction of being called "The Lost Provinces" but will, instead, be a vital part of North Carolina.

The Baby Who Left me a Legacy

I have been left a legacy, a wonderful, heart warming legacy: I smile through my tears for I have been bequeathed other people's babies! Their smiles, their tears, their whimpers, yes even their funny little tempers, were willed to me before the sunniest atom of all took sail in her white ship for the Land of Far Away.

Music there lies for me in even the stormiest baby cry, for it smites across the harp of memory and sounds forth the plaintive tones of that small sweet babe of long ago. Nainbows I find in the tears in a baby's eyes for they bring back the bright spots that once glistened in eyes of heaven's hue and when I kiss the tear from the eyes of another child, it strangely eases the ache in this heart of mine.

For babies are cuddly and rose-leafy and soft and sweet. Such friend they are to the lonely with their shy fleeting smiles, their wise quiet eyes and their gurgling glee at finding a friend just over the way.

No matter, how dreary, no matter how sad this great world has grown if you make friends with the babies whenever you meet them—in train, street car in carriages of state all smuggled in brodered covers and silken puff or pillowed close in a tired mother's arms on the broken steps of Poverty town—you will find that the grayness has somehow rained in to gladness and that the shadows of life have scurried away under the magic touch of these god-given sunbeams.

WHOSE BOY IS HE?

(Greensboro News)
 Editor of the Daily News:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Math 25:40. In the February Missionary voice I read this article of a little boy falling off a ship far out at sea. They brought him on board, gave him first aid, then they waked the physician, told them what they had done and he said: "You have done all you could, he is dead." But when he saw that it was his own boy all had not been done that could be done. With his instruments and hot cloths he worked on and on until the boy was revived.

When we begin to think of every man's child as our own child, our work will begin to live in our life. This leads to as much discussed conduct of the 17-year old orphan who has been abused, censured and hunted, also I notice an article in your paper March 8 that "Sentiment against the youth who shot one of his benefactors is said to run high in Rockingham. Right here I want to say, whose boy is he? I have been interested in and trying to teach a Sunday School class for 31 years and I know from personal experience the worst boy needs the most love, care kindness and personal interest. That is the only thing to make him a character worth while. They are losing in the fight for a "Little Bit of Love." We are building good roads, fine brick school houses. Why not raise money to provide a good home for the poor homeless children of this country where they will all be treated alike, given a good education; make men and women of them of whom we will be proud.

The wealth of our country consists not of material things but the character of our citizens. I love the boys and with a heart full of love I want to say that orphan boy of whom I never heard before, who under the impulse of the moment did a rash deed has my sympathy. I feel we are responsible for what we have not done and this poor orphan boy had to pay for our neglect.

What would your boy do without love, prayer and words of encouragement from parents. I do hope the Christian people of Rockingham will arise and stop the putting out (I say this for lack of a better word) as slaves to the stingy "close fist-ed" farmers of Rockingham the poor helpless, homeless, unloved children. The farm help has demanded higher wages, so the poor little unfortunate orphan is treated as the negro in slavery time—only people had to pay for the negro and they can get these children as servants for their children from the County Welfare officers for their board and clothes. A poor pretense of a home. Cannot we do something? For all has not been done.

Let this be our battle cry for better equipment for our orphans: Someone has started the downward slope.

That leads to an open grave; Some one has abandoned every hope Of trying himself to save.

Some one should check him before it's too late

And tell him God loves him too. Nor let him feel the world is all hate Can't that some one be you?

So like the old bridge builder let us build a home "by the side of the road" for the orphaned youth who must pass this way. For we shall not pass this way again.

A FRIEND OF THE BOYS
 Leaksville.

I know! For my heart is wrapped about the chubby toes and pink fingers, the sweet eyes and queer button noses, the rosybud mouths and the dimpled chins of all the babies that flower across my path. I know you see, because they have all been willed to me by the Baby Who Could Not Stay.—Mary Ewette.



The Bank a Good Place to Go To

A place a man or woman is always proud to be seen at. A Bank Account always savors of success. Open one with us. It will help your credit and enable you to get along in life.

With a Bank Account and a Check Book you have all the cash you need right with you, and the correct change too.

All banking matters are held in the greatest confidence here.

Bank of Blowing Rock
 Blowing Rock, N. C.

I will be in Boone during court at the Ellis Store Building to demonstrate the Home Comfort Washing Machine. T. C. Greene.

WILLIAM THOMAS BLAIR

William Thomas Blair was born July 24, 1843 on the Blair estate in Watauga County near Boone North Carolina which is now known as the State Farm. On April 15, 1866 he married Mary Elizabeth Boyd and to them were born nine children, three sons and six daughters, all of whom are now living except one son.

In early manhood he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and was always at his post of duty and present at all services whenever possible for him to be there.

He was a Confederate soldier and fought through the whole war, preserving many tokens of the struggle which were found after his decease. kept in a safe place. Among these prized tokens the following verses were found, and although his pastor did not know his sentiments regarding death yet his sermon at the funeral was based on the same sentiments of these verses. For as he pointed to the casket he said: "This is not Brother Blair, he is not dead but living." How the Holy Spirit still inspires His ministers.

"Not Death But Life"
 Call it not death when I lay down
 The weapons of this mortal strife,
 Resign the cross to take the crown—
 Call it not death, but life.

That is not life which shuts the soul
 Within the gilded bars of sense,
 A plaything in the strong control
 Of passion and pretense.

Only the dark before the dawn
 A brief, obscure, uncertain time,
 For whose deceits some madly pawn
 A heritage sublime.

Threescore and ten years may run
 While twilight shades prevail,
 Not fourscore years reveal its sun—
 Till mortal sight shall fail.

Only the twilight, till the soul
 Shall from its mortal thrall be free
 What then if Death's dark o'er it roll,
 Unsunned eternally?

How else? If life's great heritage
 For earth's vain cheats is madly sold,
 How else shall it receive this age
 Of death for sin foretold?

Not thus shall Life's dim twilight pass
 As to the grave my feet draw nigh,
 Swift as the warm breath from the glass,
 Or lightning o'er the sky.

So would I prize Life's perfect day,
 Foreshadowed in time's little lapse
 That when my soul shall quit its clay
 Yet fond of it—perhaps.

I may look into weeping eyes—
 Their glooms for me with sunrises rife—
 And say, in view of Paradise,
 Call this not death, but Life."

REV. G. C. BRINKMAN

WISE ADVICE

IT WAS Publius Syrus who said "Look for a tough wedge for a rough log"—wise and sound advice.

Men prosper better who suit their tools to the job. It is foolish to drive nails with a sledge hammer or to try to drive piles with a mallet.

The first uses up twenty times as much energy as is necessary; the second accomplishes nothing.

When you see in a legislature or a political meeting an orator tearing the air into tatters over a very small and unimportant matter you feel that he is using a sledge hammer to drive a nail.

When you see a man in an office employing three times the energy necessary to do a very small and unimportant job, you know that he is doing the same thing.

Save your important weapons for important battles. Don't hunt rabbits with machine guns.

If you have a big task to do, bend to it all your energies. Use the biggest weapons you have.

But on the little jobs save your energy.

We have seen legislators who made motions to adjourn as if they were engaged in a debate over the fate of nations. We have known architects who planned as elaborately for the construction of a one-car garage as better architects would plan for a skyscraper.

Neither got much but ridicule for his efforts.

Save your energies for the big job that will come. You will need them all then—all your thought, all your effort, all your skill.

For the little jobs use just enough of these to do them well—don't skimp them—but don't overdo on them.

You have a mental tool chest which you will soon learn how to employ wisely. Make careful selections before you do your work and it will be done better and with less expense of time and energy.

—Selected.

ANNOUNCEMENT

On Saturday evening March 24, at 7:30 there will be a negro minstrel at the Cove Creek High School also a good string band will furnish plenty of music. Plenty of fun for all. Everybody come. Admission 15 and 25 cents.

SWEET POTATOES FOR SALE AT 80 cents PER BUSHEL. SEE B. F. HERMAN, HUDSON, N. C. 15-3t

JOHN-HENRY

John D. Rockefeller is a generous man, and has given millions of dollars for the betterment of mankind. He is a religious man whose personal life is above reproach. But nobody has ever mentioned or thought of him as a candidate for President of the United States. Henry Ford does not believe in "charity" so called. That is, he has never given a dollar to a college, a church or a hospital, so far as our knowledge extends. He has little use for "foundations" for medical research or for anything else. And yet there is a considerable element in this country in favor of his nomination for President by the Democratic Convention in 1924. We do not believe there is the remotest chance in the world for his nomination, but the fact that he has a large following for that exalted position is significant. Now why the difference in these two men in the world. Well one difference is that Rockefeller made his money in collusion with Wall street; Ford made his on the outside of that famous group of financiers and in antagonism to them. But there is another and better reason for the popular favor Ford receives but that is denied to Rockefeller. Ford gives his money to men rather than institutions. He thinks the best help he can offer to a man is self help. While he sells the lowest priced automobile in the world he pays the highest wages of any automobile manufacturer on earth. He encourages thrift in every way he can, and thousands of workmen under his plan are now home owners and fine citizens, who otherwise would be tenants and rovers over the face of the earth. Ford is not a "tight-wad" but he gives his money in a different way from Rockefeller and a way that pleases the common people. The very fact that he builds machines for the common folks fires the public imagination. The people know he is their friend, for he has proved it in a thousand ways and they would like to have a friend of theirs in the presidency, notwithstanding he declares that "history is all bunk anyhow" and knows much less of books than of business. Old man John D. throws his dollars down from the pinnacle of financial greatness; Henry Ford stands on the ground and scatters his money amongst his comrades who have made him rich and whom he never forgets. And these are a few of the reasons why Henry Ford has bloomed forth as a candidate while John D. could not carry a county in the union.—Charity and Children.

MRS. ADDIE MAY MIZE

In His infinite wisdom our Heavenly Father called unto Himself our beloved sister, Mrs. Addie Mae Mize on January 24, 1923. Sister Mize was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. May who came to this state from North Carolina about five years ago. She was born July 17, 1907 in North Carolina where her childhood years were passed, and came with her parents to Kentucky in 1918.

Sister Mize always had a great circle of friends wherever she lived as she always had a pleasant word for everyone. Her many companions and associates who are made lonely by her departure realize that her place in their hearts and lives can never be filled.

In June 1921 she professed faith in Christ as her personal Saviour, and was baptized into the fellowship of Science Hill Baptist Church, later moving her membership to Pleasant Hill Baptist Church where she remained a consistent member until death. Her short Christian life was one of fruitfulness in her Saviour's cause. Through her influence perhaps many of her associates were led to forsake sin and accept the Lord. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Sister Mize was married to Mr. George Mize May 17, 1922. For a while after her marriage she with her husband lived in Dayton, Ohio, later returning to her parents, with whom they made their home until her death. At all times she was a faithful devoted wife and in her death her husband has sustained a loss inexpressible.

In January 1923 Sister Mize contracted influenza which was followed by a violent attack of double pneumonia. All was done by loved ones and friends that could be done but to no avail. On the morning of January 24, she came to the end of her suffering, which she had borne so patiently and quietly passed to the great beyond.

She leaves a husband, father mother and one brother to mourn her departure from them. The church of which she was a member extends to the bereaved its sympathy and shares their sorrow.

We will miss her, yes we'll miss her In this pilgrim way below;
 But with joy we hope to greet her On that bright eternal shore.

Trusting ever in our Saviour,
 Who in all things knoweth best
 Yielding all to his good pleasure,
 Still we lean upon His breast.

Saviour lead our hearts still onward
 To that land of bright reward
 There to join our absent loved one,
 Where we'll ever praise the Lord.
 —W. A. R.

HALLECK WILLIAMS
 W. H. ELLER
 W. A. REESE
 Committee of Pleasant Hill Church.

THE REMEDY

(James Monroe Downum, Boone, N. C.)
 The world is swaying to and fro in doubt,
 Uncertain what a passing day may bring;
 We hold the balance in our trembling hands
 Nor know the likely way the trend may be.
 We're looking further, deeper for the hidden cause
 As though our blinded eyes could see within
 The sealed unbroken mysteries and human minds
 Could solve or feeble hands remake the heads
 And hearts and ways of men, and form anew
 By human plans a peaceful Paradise
 Doubt not there is a place for hu-

man plans,
 A work for every head and heart and hand,
 But not through these alone are peaceful ways.
 Still darker grows the scene, and truer, firmer hands
 Must hold in check the raging storm and truer eye
 Must see, and truer heart must find the way.
 Only an Eye, a Hand, a Heart Divine can see
 The hidden mystery, can stay the threatening storm,
 And mould to purer type the souls of men.
 These truer, higher, nobler Powers implored
 By human hearts, will find the remedy
 And bring from troubles dark a glorious end.

Grass Seed, Seed Oats, Feeds and Grain

We have just opened up in the store building where the Watauga County Bank is now located possibly one of the largest and best lines of Flour Feeds, and Seed Grain in this section of the country.

FARMERS—IT WILL BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO BUY YOUR GRASS SEED AND SEED OATS NOW.

WE HAVE LARGE STOCKS OF THE BEST QUALITY OF BOTH AND THEY ARE SOLD UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE

We sell both wholesale and Retail SEE US BEFORE BUYING

S. C. Eggers & Company

Build on that Vacant Lot

Bear in mind that a vacant lot produces no income—in fact it is an expense. We say, select and erect a house and derive an income. Let us show you.

For instance if you own a vacant lot you pay taxes and get nothing in return.

Why not improve your community by erecting a desirable home for yourself or for some family who appreciates the comforts of an up-to-date dwelling. Besides you will receive a splendid income.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET BUSY

Watauga Fur. & Lumber Co.