

**LARGE LIMESTONE CAVE REPORTED IN McDOWELL**

**Marion Progress.**  
A very large cave is said to exist under Linville Mountain. A report has become current that an exploring party has visited this cave and that it is one of the most marvelous underground caverns known. If the report is true this cave has already been explored for more than a mile and a half but is of greater proportions and embraces a large underground cavity. It is located in the neighborhood of the Clinchfield Lime Company's property.

Caves are frequently found in limestone countries. From natural causes the lime is dissolved, thus leaving sometimes great caverns. This exploration it is said was made by a California traveler who recently visited this section. This traveler was unusually impressed with the great scenic beauty of western North Carolina and especially McDowell county—having traveled over the Rockies and the great sections of the west famed for beauty of scenery, this traveler found more beauty in this section than in any other section over which he had traveled.

With the construction of the new state highway from McDowell to Avery through the winding stairs the of the Linville section which is really a section famed for its scenery, will be opened to travel and should there really be a great cave it will become one of the great natural curiosities of Western North Carolina and will doubtless attract travelers and tourists by the thousands to this section. "The Progress" is not in opposition to vouch for the accuracy of this report, but hopes that it is authoritative and that it will add much to the attractions of McDowell county.

**YOUR DOUBLE**

Have you ever met your double? Somewhere walking the earth at this very moment is a person who is a person who is such an exact duplicate of you, that brought together few could tell you apart.

Occasionally your attention is called to the Law of Duplicates when newspapers discover and print pictures of the doubles of famous politicians, movie stars and so on.

You of course, have had the experience of a stranger mistaking you for some one living at a distance. Sometimes the resemblance is so striking that the stranger thinks you are joshing when you inform him that he is mistaken.

The real you—the mysterious and indefinable inner something that includes thought and character and emotion—is never duplicated exactly, though occasionally each of us meets a person whose viewpoint is so strikingly similar to ours that it bewilders us.

An extraordinary case of mistaken identity was exposed the other day in England. Arthur Collins arrested by Scotland Yard detectives on the charge of being an army deserter was found to be the double of the man wanted.

He even had the same name, lived on the same street, followed the same trade in civilian life and joined the army on the same day. Their fingerprints differ.

The "long arm of coincidence" in this case operated to an extent never equaled in fiction even in the "Prisoner of Zenda."

We not only have living duplicates but we are duplicates of people who lived in the past. Old settlers have often observed this—how a boy or girl is almost an exact double of some ancestor of a few generations since.

Photography is a comparatively recent invention, so few of us can check back and find our double of long ago. In families where oil paintings have been preserved for several generations, the recurrence of looks is almost universally recognized.

It would be a great sport to turn the clock back a few centuries and come face to face with the man or woman, whose features build and mannerisms have cropped out in us.

Even more fascinating would be to turn the clock the other way and see the persons of the distant future who will be doubles of us who are living today.

**SPIRIT PICTURES AND A SPEAKING SKULL**

Everyone who believes in spiritistic phenomena, as well as those who are openly skeptical, cannot fail to be interested in the "spirit pictures" made by the Jesuit priest, Father de Heredia. The Jesuits, as is commonly known, study diligently for at least 13 years, take the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience and then follow some particular line of study to which the rest of their lives is devoted.

Father de Heredia has spent his life investigating spiritism and has followed it not so much with the mind of a scientist as with the un-complicated logic of a boy, for that is the way, he says, to strip spiritism its name. He demonstrated recently in the Popular Mechanics photographic studio how spirit pictures could be made under "test" conditions so that the closest observer could not say how it was done. Using the magazine's equipment, including camera, plates, and chemicals, numerous "spirit" views were produced, even to the white cloud of "ectoplasm" commonly associated with them.

The priest clips his "ghosts"—a beautiful child, a gliding figure, a line of marching soldiers, an aged woman—from foreign periodicals. He always has a supply with their surfaces washed with luminous paint and freshly exposed to the light. A sitter enters the studio. Perhaps fearing fraud he has brought his own plates and chemicals—or his own camera even. He examines everything relating to his mission. The good father refuses to use the plates until the subject has written his name on them to insure that no shifting can be done. Father de Heredia watches him sign the plate, his own hand—in the plain of which is the paint-treated spirit picture—resting lightly on one corner. The plate is then placed in the camera by the subject himself, who may even press the bulb. The sitter is eager. He insists on developing and printing the plate immediately. His eagerness increases. The print is still wet but there—unmistakably—is not only his own likeness, but that of the aged mother for whom no normal person ever ceased to yearn.

Let us pass, however from the demonstrations of the Jesuit to a Corinthian-pillar hall where are gathered several score of people, everyone of whom has suffered a bereavement that has left him groping through the hard facts of reality into the shadows of the unseen.

A group of men at the front are setting up a cabinet which they have carefully examined. The medium herself is in the hands of the examining committee of women; she will soon appear in a coat and skirt borrowed from persons in the audience. The overhead lights blink out one by one. The room now is in semidarkness so that the dope-faced man at the piano looks like a death mask in the gloom. Over the rostrum one blu eight gleams. No one quite knows when it was switched on, but there it is like a spiritual eye to oppress any who may doubt.

The medium stumbles out of the anteroom into the cabinet. Suddenly a voice—a gruff, loud voice—from the cabinet! It is Pedro, the medium's control. "Watch for Balsamo."

The curtains part, they are swayed by a filmy gust. Heavens! what is this? It is not the usual spiritual

figure, but a skull that emerges. A horrid grinning human skull. Pedro squeaks again. "Balsamo will answer questions. Three raps will mean 'yes' and two raps 'no'. Is that right Balsamo?"

The skull opens its grinning jaws and clicks its teeth together sharply three times—meaning "yes." The people are leaning forward breathlessly.

Is there anyone here who would like to ask Balsamo questions?" cries Pedro. The women shrink back, but a graying man calls out "Have you ever seen John Patterson on the other side?"

"Click! click! click!" answers Balsamo, turning his hollow eyes upon the speaker, who trembles visibly.

"Can you take a message to him?" "Click! click! click!" "Tell him—with a big son—'Dad knows he was not a coward.'"

"'Click! click! click!' answered the skull, but where is it? It has disappeared, and the medium is staggering out into the arms of the waiting committee.

Such a scene is quite possible were Balsamo, the mechanical skull, to fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons. It is the invention of Professor Freud, otherwise known as Joseffy, the magician.

On the same day that Father de Heredia showed the assembled editors of Popular Mechanics Magazine how to take spirit pictures, Joseffy exhibited Balsamo, who has been named after a Spanish magician who died in 1735. Balsamo has no visible mechanism of any kind. The head is pivoted on a small circular base a three-inch frill of chiffon around its neck. It was passed from hand to hand; there were no connections between it and its control—Joseffy. It was then placed upon a pedestal and not only gave the performance described but did many other things.

There were more tricks. Mind reading; answers from beyond to questions.

"Through transference?" questioned one hesitatingly.

"Through transference?" chuckles Father de Heredia; "no, just a trick, but I will not tell you how it is done. It is a great secret. Ha! Ha!"

"Ectoplasm!" laughed Joseffy, the wizard.—Popular Mechanics.

**My Auto, Without Thee—I Money Is Would Be. Sad, Sad, But True**

My auto tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago and now you refuse to go, or won't or cant. Through town and countryside I drove thee full of pride; no charm you lacked; I loved your gaudy hue, your tires so round and new—now I feel mighty blue, the way you act. To thee old rattle box, came many bumps and knocks, for thee I grieve, badly the top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the croup affects thy horn, I do believe. The perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and sneeze, as we pass by; I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everyone yells "Hee"; I wonder why. Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, fatigue, and kindred ills, trying to pay bills, since thou wert mine. Gone now is my bank roll now; no more 'twould choke a cow as before; yet if I had the yet so help me John—amen! I'd buy a car again, and speed some more.

—Selected.

**SAYS TIMBER SHOULD BE REGARDED AS CROP**

Whether timber is to be mined from our forests without thought of replacement, like coal from our hills, or whether it is to be considered as a crop to be harvested and grown like other farm crops is the main theme of an article in the 1922 Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture, entitled "Timber: Mine or Crop."

The article discusses very thoroughly the problems now confronting the country as a result of the lack of a forestry policy and the resulting depletion of the nation's forests by logging operations and fire.

Nearly half the land area of the United States, some 822,000,000 acres was originally forested, says the article, but the forested area has now been reduced to 138,000,000 acres of comparatively inferior celled and second growth, and 81,000,000 acres of barren land, a total of slightly less than 470,000,000 acres.

"Largely through timber mining," it continues, "the original stand of timber has been reduced from more than 5,200 billion board feet of virgin timber to 1,600 billion feet of virgin timber and 600 billion feet additional in celled and second growth stands."

"Seventy-five per cent of the remaining virgin timber is west of the Great Plains and more than 50 per cent of all our remaining saw timber is in the three Pacific Coast States, while nearly half of the lumber cut is consumed in the region east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. Lumber producing and consuming centers are so far apart that we pay \$250,000,000 annually in lumber freight."

The article traces the shifting of the timber industry from the east to the middle west and south and then to the West. The necessity for vigorous reforestation and for the conservation of our remaining forests is emphasized since, according to the article, the available timber supply of the United States is being consumed about four times as fast as it is being replaced.

Copies of the year book separate containing this article may be secured free upon application to the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. as long as the supply lasts. Ask for "Timber: Mine or Crop?"

**AT THE CROSSING**

I've spoken of this thing before, I've cautioned every passing gent., and I admit it makes me sore that no one seems to care a cent. In nearly every sheet I read there is the same old grisly tale; some guy approached with frantic speed, a locomotive on the rail; there was no reason for his haste, he had all day to cross the track; the locomotive clove his waist and split him lengthwise up the back the locomotive hit his car and hoisted it some twenty miles; and undertak-

ers rear and far are selling shreds the latest style. And corners on eager hoofs pursue their rounds and strive to please, collecting backbones from the roofs and taking legs from roadside trees. The wise man never takes a chance, he promptly stops his unmaking dray; he sees the railway train advance and knows it has the right of way. And from his cab the engineer looks forth and sighs "He's safe and sure; he's too much gunpation, it is clear, to try to beat a railway train." The stern conductor sees him wait and to the brakeman says "Ode grass! I'm glad to see there is one guy with sense enough to let us pass." And all the passengers exclaim as from the parlor cars they gaze, "There is one man who plays the game—my blessings hallow all his days!"

—Uncle Walt Mason.

## Cut-Over Land for Sale

**FOUR HUNDRED ACRES IN MOODY MILL CREEK SECTION OF THE BOONE FORK AREA**

WILL SELL THIS LAND OUTRIGHT OR WOULD MAKE EXCHANGE FOR STOCK OF GOODS.

For further information write or see me at the Morgan Lumber Company's store Shulls Mills, North Carolina.

### C. H. GARLAND

## Oxfords at HALF PRICE

WE HAVE A QUANTITY OF OXFORDS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAT WERE CARRIED OVER FROM LAST SEASON THAT WE ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO CLOSE OUT, AND HAVE CUT THE PRICE IN HALF.

These are good shoes—not junk, but the sizes are broken and they MUST GO.

We have just received a nice assortment of Ladies Umbrellas and the prices are very reasonable.

Agency for Carhartt Overalls—"Ask the man or boy who is wearing them."

Emery Shirts—The man's size shirt, "They fit"

Van Heusen Collars—"Try one and you will buy them by the box."

Hosiery! Hosiery! Hosiery!—You will find it here in a wide range of styles and prices.

## HENRY J. HARDIN

## Just Received

Another large shipment of the famous Dayton Shoes in all styles and prices. I am selling absolutely the best line of footwear to be found in this section. If you are skeptical as to my statements come and be convinced.

I have also added a new and complete line of fine Ladies Untrimmed hats, and they are going fast so come and see while you can make the best selections. . . .

Last but not least patronize my Grocery Department. New customers are coming in every day. I am keeping a large stock of the very best there is in groceries, and my prices are as low as is consistent with good business. If you can't come, just let me know what you want and it will be delivered anywhere in town. Call and see me. . . .

### W.A. THOMAS

## 50 GOOD CIGARETTES 10¢

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO