

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

There is much food for thought in the following comparisons quoted in the Charlotte News and in the accompanying comments:

"It takes 60-100 dozen or 700 eggs, to pay a plasterer for one day's work of eight hours."

"It takes 17 1/2 bushels of worn K a year's receipts from half an acre to pay a bricklayer one day."

"It takes twenty-three chickens, five pounds each, to pay a painter for one day's work in New York."

"It takes forty-two pounds of butter, or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber \$14 a day."

"It takes a hog weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months feeding and care, to pay a carpenter for one day's work."

"This was sent in to us by a friend and an economist of this community who was very much alarmed over the figures quoted above."

"They originally appeared in a telegram sent to Herbert Hoover, secretary of the commerce in the President's cabinet, by President Wain, maker of the American Cotton Association."

"It is the recollection of this newspaper that the figures were printed in these columns at the time, but even so, they are worth reproducing and worth further comment and attention from the public."

"They symbolize a very glaring defect in our present-day economic system. They foreshadow a very great revolution which is bound to come to pass in America unless the conditions they represent are quickly changed."

"We are not sure but that we are today in the last stages of this revolution which is going to reduce the economic system to a very primitive condition, and that only a few of the old-time conditions will survive."

"So far as we can see, with every day's passing, the product of labor and the producer's return are being reduced in order to give the mud-sucking for the gains of 'distribution' and 'utilization.' That is what we have before us today in America as a more or less certain event, unless the farmer is given some conditions which he is being denied today."

"What is going to happen, economically, socially and otherwise, when the wheat fields are deserted for the plasterer's pursuit, when the cotton plantations of the South are abandoned to idleness while the farmer washes into the congested center to go to painting, when the live stock producers of the Middle West quit raising the meat, that we in the South unfortunately have to eat instead of raising ourselves, and join the groups of industrialists who are engaged in the plumbing line—what, in a word, will the civilization of America be reduced to when the raw rough wealth sources are stopped up and all of us get to competing for the whipped cream?"

"We had better be thinking about that, those especially of the cities. The congested population centers are growing. Look at this census table and see how the great cities are becoming greater, and how the sparsely settled countryside is being less densely populated. The answer to this condition is found in the above-quoted figures which show how unbearably onerous the burdens being placed upon the farmer to make a living while such high wages are awaiting those of the other pursuits."

HOW DID YOU DIE?

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fear?  
A trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce,  
A trouble is what you make it,  
That counts,  
But only how did you take it?"

"You're beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?  
Come up with a smiling face,  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat.  
But to lie there—that's disgrace.  
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;  
Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,  
It's how did you fight—and why?"

"And though you be done to the death, what then?  
If you battle the best you could,  
If you played your part in the world of men,  
Why, the Critic will call it good.  
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,  
And whether he's slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,  
But only how did you die!"—Edmond Vance Cooke.

RAILROAD ON DESERT MADE FOR PRESIDENT

A 40-mile railroad over the desert between Lund and Cedar City, Utah, to be completed in 87 days at a cost of \$1,940,000, was one of the incidents in the recent receipt by the state of Utah to President Harding.

April 2, last, the right-of-way connecting for the Cotton Pacific Railroad, secured possession of the needed ground for the construction of the railway from the Salt Lake route main line at Lund to the entrance of Zion national park, and on the same day the first scrapful of earth was turned to the grade.

The contractor strung his men out in sections and as fast as a section was completed, the track-laying crew took possession and the ties and rails were set in place. Crowding upon their heels was the ballast crew. And so the work was rushed toward Cedar City.

In the midst of this orgy of toil came word that the President of the United States would visit Zion Park, providing the track was in shape for his special train upon his arrival in the west. Every man on the system from the highest executive to the lowest section hand plunged into the work with redoubled energy.

Whereupon there came the announcement that President Harding's trip to southern Utah had been cancelled, and the work dragged.

But again came cheering news, scientific this time, that the president would come. Ignoring dust and desert heat, the men plunged into the job again, determined to finish the road in time.

Only forty-eight hours before the arrival of the president's train the route in Cedar City was striven with foundations and beams left from the removal of houses that had been torn down or torn down. Railroad tracks were laid in an hour or two, approximately 20 feet wide for 125 feet, and the grade was graded, ballast laid and grounds were a good job.

In the hours before the president's train was due, the electricians were running poles and stringing the wires along the railway track and the station yard.

The superintendent of the work came into Cedar City on a Diesel head of the president's train and met his yard foreman who was just finishing his continuous 24-hour shift that week. He was covered with dirt and grime and a half-inch growth of rough beard bristled on his face.

The superintendent prevailed upon him to get cleaned up and take a little nap before the president arrived. The man dragged himself into a car within 500 feet of the spot where the president's special was "barked," and slept so soundly that he never even saw the highest executive.

During the construction of the new branch, ballast trains bringing gravel were given right of way over every other train on the Salt Lake route main line. The biggest day's output was 119 cars. In the 87 days nearly one-half million tons of gravel were hauled an average distance of 100 miles.

ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

(By Bertin Braley.)  
Your mother can help you and give you a hand  
Through lots of your troublesome troubles,  
But there are some matters she can't understand,  
Some boyish masculine worries,  
And that's what your Dad's for, young fellow, you find  
He's wise to the world, never doubt it;  
Whenever you've got such a thing on your mind,  
Go to your father about it.  
You may have decided he's clear out of date!  
A quite mid-Victorian fog,  
Who can understand what you have to relate,  
Whose wind with tradition is loggy:  
But try him, young fellow, just seek him and spill  
Your trouble; be sure he won't flout it.  
For Dad was a boy once, he's been through the mill,  
So—talk to your father about it!  
The Governor's wiser to you than you know,  
Don't think you can easily fool him  
He's travelled the roads you are likely to go  
And life has been aiding to school him;  
Go talk to him, sonny, as man unto man,  
He'll hark to your tale as you spout it,  
And help you as only another man can,  
So—go and tell father about it.

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TO ALL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF WATAUGA COUNTY

Some time during last year our state Superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday School Association came to Boone and organized the Carolina Sunday School Association by having those present elect a County President, vice president, and Secretary. Since that time it has been neglected in such a way that we now feel keenly the necessity of putting our selves into this work to the end that we have a larger attendance and more efficient workers.

We are earnestly asking all the Christian churches of the county to cooperate with the officials of the organization in every way possible. We feel that the time is here for us to have better organized Sunday Schools in every church. If we neglect our Sunday Schools we are letting the things of the world undermine the foundation of the church.

You may say "How Can I Help?" Below you will find a programme for the township conventions. Your part in this work is to be your community have so much interest in this work that we may have large congregations at each meeting.

We want each Sunday School in the County to be continually giving notice to their respective Sunday Schools of the Township Convention, the time and place. You will also be planning as to your township President and delegates to the County Convention to be held August 11th and 12th. With the church at Valle Crucis.

**The Township Convention.**  
Beaver Dam Township, Bethel Church, Sunday, 2 p. m., July 8, 1923.  
Laurel Creek, Antioch Church, Sunday 2 p. m., July 15, 1923.  
Shanahaw Township, Northern Methodist Church, Sunday, 2 p. m., July 22, 1923.  
Watauga Township, Shulls Mills Baptist Church, Sunday, 7:30 p. m., July 22, 1923.  
Meat Camp Township, No. 1 & 2 Sunday, 2 p. m., July 29, 1923.  
Boone Township, Boone Baptist Church, Sunday, 7:30 p. m., July 29, 1923.  
Stony Fork and Elk Townships, church, Sunday, 10 a. m., August 5, 1923.  
Blue Ridge & Blowing Rock, Presbyterian church, Sunday, 7:30 p. m., Coxe Creek Township, Hensons Chapel, Thursday, 7:30 p. m., August 9. We find it impossible to give every township a Sunday so we are asking Blad Mountain and North Fork to meet with us at Meat Camp Church Sunday, 2 p. m., July 29.

We want you to understand that all this work comes to you without any pay to the officials and that we shall be very much disappointed if you do not take an interest in the work.

G. W. ROBBINS, President.  
J. D. RANKIN, Vice President.  
W. L. WINKLER, Secretary and Treasurer.

PROGRAM—Watauga County Sunday School Convention, Valle Crucis Church, Valle Crucis, N. C. Saturday and Sunday August 11, 12, 1923

- For all Sunday School Workers of all Denominations.—Opening Session Saturday Afternoon, August 11.
- 2:00 Song
  - 2:15 Scripture Reading and Prayer, G. W. Robbins.
  - 2:30 Making the Sunday School Attractive, W. N. Parry.
  - 3:15 The Sunday School Meeting, the Needs of the Children. Miss Flora Davis, Assistant Superintendent North Carolina Sunday School Association.
  - 3:45 Song.
  - 3:45 The Teacher Before the Class, Mr. D. W. Sims, General Superintendent North Carolina Sunday School Association.
  - 4:15 Record of Attendance.
  - 4:25 Announcements.
  - 4:30 Adjourn.
- Second Session—Saturday Night**
- 8:00 Song.
  - 8:05 Scripture Reading and Prayer, W. L. Winkler.
  - 8:15 The Batt that Catches and Holds Men and Women in the Sunday School, Mr. D. W. Sims.
  - 8:50 Song and Record of Attendance.
  - 8:55 The Teacher and the Method, Miss Flora Davis.
  - 9:25 Announcements.
  - 9:30 Adjourn.
- Third Session—Sunday Morning August 12**
- 10:30 Song.
  - 10:35 Scripture Reading and Prayer, Prof Rankin.
  - 10:45 The Sunday School Meeting, the needs of the Young People, Miss Flora Davis.
  - 11:15 Period of Business:
    - a—Reports of County and Township Officers: County President, Mr. G. W. Robbins. County Secretary, Mr. W. L. Winkler. Township Presidents.
    - b—Appointment of Committees: Committee on Nominations. Committee on Place of Next Meeting.
    - c—Record of Attendance.
  - 11:35 Our Purpose on Our Task, Mr. D. W. Sims.
  - 12:15 Offering for Support of County and State Sunday School Associations.
  - 12:25 Announcements.
  - 12:30 Adjourn. Dinner on Grounds. Everybody Come and Bring a Basket.
- Fourth Session—Sunday Afternoon**
- 2:00 Song.
  - 2:05 Scripture Reading and Prayer, D. F. Mast.
  - 2:15 The Teacher's Work Between Sundays, D. D. Daugherty.
  - 2:40 Report of Committee on Nominations and Election of Officers. "Hitch Your Wagon to AN AIM", Miss Flora Davis.
  - 2:45 Song.
  - 3:10 Song.
  - 3:15 Some Essentials of a Progressive Sunday School, Mr. D. W. Sims.
  - 3:40 Questions and Answers, (Any one who has a question on Sunday School work is requested to ask it.)
  - 3:50 Report of Committee on Place of Next Meeting.
  - 4:00 Adjourn.
- COUNTY OFFICERS:**  
G. W. ROBBINS, County President.  
J. D. RANKIN, County Vice President.  
W. L. WINKLER, Secretary-Treasurer.

POINTS TO REMEMBER

- The North Carolina Sunday School Association is a co-operative effort of Sunday School workers of the evangelical denominations to extend and improve Sunday School work in North Carolina.
- It is the only organization in the State which aims to help departments of every Sunday School, and to help organize denominational Sunday Schools in every community that has no Sunday School.
- The organization stands for those interests common to all Sunday School workers. It strives to help by way of suggestion, not by authority; therefore, it helps many; it hinders none.
- Seventy-one of the one hundred counties in the State are now organized into County Sunday School Associations. In the Convention year, from April 1, 1922, to March 31, 1923, 67 county conventions were held. In these conventions 1,264 Sunday Schools were represented, 16,500 people. Among those attending 455 preachers, 572 superintendents, 3,146 teachers.
- During the Convention year 196 township conventions were held, which was an increase of nearly one hundred per cent, as only 102 were held the previous year.
- Two counties—Rowan and Cabarrus—have covered one hundred per cent of the "County Aims." Randolph and Guilford, fifty-five per cent; Wayne, fifty per cent.
- As evidence of the need of this co-operative work, only about one in three of the white population of the State is enrolled in Sunday Schools, and the actual attendance is less than one in four. (April 1, 1923.)

FROM FIREPLACE TO ELECTRIC FAN

Blowing Rock, at the comb of the roof where the waters run down east in one direction and west in the other, is just 100 miles from Independence Square. Safely within the State speed limit and under what may be called careful auto driving it is four hour's run. Yet, while it is hot Summer in Charlotte, it is crisp Fall at the Rock. It is hard for people at Charlotte to hear of people at the Rock sleeping under blankets and gathered around the fireplace in front of a chestnut log fire at nights and early mornings, and yet that is

exactly the meteorological conditions there. It sounds strange to hear of a Charlotte man standing before a fire at Blowing Rock and buttoning up his overcoat for the ride down the mountains, but that is an every-morning experience there. In four hours one drops down from where the air is frosty—it was 62 degrees there Monday night—back to where the heat waves dance from the paved streets. Due to the peculiar topography of Blowing Rock, that is the only place in the State where cold weather during the Summer prevails for a certainty and as a regular local feature.—Charlotte Observer.

"WAKEFIELD" REDISCOVERED

Richmond Times-Dispatch.  
Virginia is rich in historic places. Storyed landmarks almost without number stand as mute reminders of the earlier, more romantic civilization of the state. Each of them has wigs and a forgotten grace, of love and domestic tranquility of statesmanship and patriotism, or of generalship and high adventure. The great pity of it is that many of them are in places utterly inaccessible. We who take pride in these landmarks and the visions they conjure up rarely see them; tourists who come to view the "cradle of the republic" go away to say that dozens of its most interesting spots are cut off from the rest of the world by bad roads.

Take, for instance, "Wakefield," the birthplace of George Washington. "This sacred spot," writes a correspondent who wishes to give credit to the state highway department for its work in constructing a road to connect "Wakefield" with the main highway, "has been for years a rather desolate and lonely spot. It is private property, lying on the Potomac river and off the main road about two miles. It was seldom visited, and the private road leading to it was unknown to a great many of the people of the section, and at times it was almost impassable; hence, very few citizens, and fewer tourists, ever visited the place."

After telling of the completion of the road to "Wakefield," he says: "The entrance to this boulevard from the main road is both artistic and attractive, having a small triangular plot which will serve beautifully for a small monument, or which the road leads."

To show the wisdom of the idea of building this roadway, I am told that since it has been completed, only a matter of two or three weeks more, people have visited the place of the birth of our first president than had in years before.

The rediscovery of "Wakefield" ought to serve as stimulus to the state highway department to do other work along this line. The cost, in view of the benefits which would accrue, would be small. Favorable advertising of Virginia by tourists, and the finding of delightful spots for the spiritual rejuvenation of our own citizens, are the two important items to consider on the other side of the ledger.

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