

The Watauga Democrat.

R. C. RIVERS, Editor and Owner.

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LETTER FROM A TRAVELING MAN

Harrisburg Pa.

Oct. 27, 23

Dear Editor: It is generally assumed that the life of a traveling man is so full of hardship and struggle that he has no time to stop and savor the beauty of the country of which he passes thru. But while wandering over the state of Pennsylvania for the past several months I was compelled to force my way long enough to view this state for a moment. It has been my pleasure to visit thirty seven of the states and after close observation and comparison, I think this is one of the most beautiful states I've ever been in. Harrisburg being my headquarters and being located in the central part of the state, is surrounded for miles on every side by beautiful scenery. Harrisburg being the capital of the state is a grandly situated with the state buildings which within themselves would make the city a beautiful one. The canal alone cost thirteen million dollars, over and above this however the city is noted for its enormous park acreage, there being twenty six hundred acres of the finest parks in the state. Harrisburg also has more paved streets than any other city of the same size in the world, and eleven miles of unbreakable river park front. The city is also an industrial center having seventy nine industrial plants, including the Plymouth Bethlehem steel mills. Every 24 hours 225 trains pass in and out of this city. Some of them go over the famous Knoxville Bridge the largest stone arch bridge in the world, it being one and one quarter miles in length and having four track spanning the Susquehanna River and still others of these trains pass on the historical Gettysburg, only 27 miles South of Harrisburg. This being the scene of the turning point of the Civil war and the memory of those three bitter days is suitably marked by the beautiful monument to the Confederate soldiers, a piece of art cast in bronze to represent the Confederate infantry and cavalry. All the important parts of interest have been marked by monuments, more than four hundred monuments being now on the field. These have been erected with great care and the designs have all been executed in bronze marble and granite. An exceptionally nice one stands where Lincoln made his most famous speech on the dedication of the national cemetery on Nov. 19, 1863.

Let us now turn our attention on down the Cumberland valley to Chambersburg, where General Lee was encamped when he decided to attack the Union forces at Gettysburg. In the 52 miles that Lee covered from Queen City to the Valley of Gettysburg he passed over one of the crowning works of nature, the Cumberland Valley often being called the Golden Spot of Pennsylvania, and in reality it is all that is attributed to being. It is a stretch of land 26 miles wide and 75 miles long lying between the mountains and yielding annually to the skilled hand of the farmers a large abundance of the delicious fruits for which this country is noted. Down through its majestic bosom coils and winds that golden thread which links the North with the South, the Lincoln Highway. It was over this highway that I made my advent into Pennsylvania and it will be by this trail that I will wend my way back to Watauga. But after all, Mr. Editor, there is no place quite like old Watauga county. With every best wish to you and yours, I am,

Most Sincerely yours, IRA W. DAY.

Through the Years As a Mountain School Teacher

By Nannie J. Rivers

The months flew by and I found myself in another little unceiled school house at the base of Elk Knob. Happy of course, with a crowd of children. I can see the great fire place filled with logs, and what a pleasure it was for the big boys to prepare the wood. That winter was severe. There was so much snow, and the bitter winds blow almost unceasingly. When I first went to this school I found that the children were poorly supplied with books. I stayed with the school one week, then I determined to have some books. From some cause I couldn't get any conveyance to Boone, so I started walking, hoping to get a lift. In this I failed as I walked 10 miles by 12 o'clock. I got on splendidly until just before I reached home I was caught in a shower and simply drenched. I think that I could have kept from crying like a baby but for the look on my mother's face when I told her I had walked. None but a mother can look as she looked at the tired child. Fire, pepping and wholesome food and I was soon myself again. This was my first walk of any length. Suffice it to say I got new books and went back and sold them, and got along fairly well. I must have made many failures in those early days—as well as now—but what is failure? What is failure? It is only a spur. To the one who receives it right. It makes the spirit within him stir. To go in once more an light: It's never never failed it's an easy guess. You have never won any high success. I had some fine boys in that school—I was proud of them. Some of them are successful business men now, one was coming at recess, one of my good boys said to me, "I believe I will go home." "What is the matter?" I asked. "Nothing," he replied, only "I believe that I will go down home." He went and left me distressed school teacher. I rang the bell. The children came in. "Now," I said, "I must know what was the matter with Morris. With an energetic nod of his head one boy replied, "Tore the seat out of his breeches I think." So the secret was out, and my happy-faced boy was back at school the next morning. Does any one now living in Boone remember this? I taught at that place for two terms, six months in all and it is a pleasure yet to think of those days, and the kind friends there. I must tell of the grand old mountain just back of our school house, Elk Knob. All have heard of this mountain. It was told me that she has hidden away beneath her rugged exterior millions of tons of copper ore awaiting further development. A shaft was sunk there at one time and material out on the ground for a smelter, but for some cause the work was abandoned. Down the side of the mountain ran a little stream, I followed it one day from its source a large spring, till it emptied into the sparkling waters of Meat Camp. Did you ever read How the Waters Come Down at Ludore? If so, my mountain stream would make you think of it. Right merrily it skipped and played, frolicked and danced on its way. Minute water falls were sometimes to be seen and again placid lakes reflecting Heaven's blue. It was sure beautiful to see, and I have often wished to take that walk again. (To be continued)

FRIDAY CLUB

The members of the Friday afternoon club were delightfully entertained last week by Mrs. R. K. Bingham. The home was attractively decorated with chrysanthemums and ferns. After an hour spent in sewing a tempting salad course was served followed by cream and cakes. The next meeting of the club will be held with Mrs. E. S. Coffey.

BLOWING ROCK NEWS ITEMS

Governor Morrison visited Blowing Rock recently. He was delighted with our town, said it was growing with rapid strides, and that the good roads were spreading its fame. It is rapidly becoming a famous tourist resort.

When you like a thing you are glad when you find it. That is why the boys celebrated the other day when they dug up twelve quarts of perfectly good booze while digging a pipe line in Mayview Park.

George Crisp leaves for Lenwood, California the first of November and will find employment with his uncle Byrum Hartley at that place.

The Blowing Rock people are sorry indeed to know that Rev. G. C. Brinkman will not preach for them again the coming year. He was a faithful pastor and beloved friend of the people.

Mosses Newton Greene and Cecil Cateher celebrated their first comb hunt of the season by giving a connoisseur which was enjoyed if possible more than the hunt. The boys say they know now where the raccoons stay.

Miss Caroline Waters of Fosse spent the week end with her grand daughter Mrs. Blanche Ward and Mrs. Lena Robbins. She says she is delighted with her new home and surroundings.

Miss Mabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Williams has taken a position in the Bauer Elk High School. She is a graduate of the A. T. S.

Hiram Teague and wife after a separation of six months have become reconciled. We are glad that the old couple have decided to spend their later days in peace and harmony.

Miss Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Criteher will spend the winter in Pasadena, California.

Miss Lola Ward of New York City after spending the summer at Blowing Rock will return to her home next Wednesday.

Miss Lucy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams on last Saturday night between the hours of six and nine celebrated her thirteenth birthday by giving a party at the home of her parents. The dining room was tastefully decorated with autumn flowers and foliage. The pretty birthday cakes was ornamented with thirteen pink candles in cupid holders. The evening was spent playing games. Miss Betty Williams assisted by Miss Annie Ward served fruits, cakes and candies. All present were highly entertained.

W. L. Payne of Hickory spent the week end in Blowing Rock. He has just purchased a pretty bungalow site on Morris Hill where he will in the near future erect a handsome bungalow.

Barbe Hartley who has been a very sick man is slowly improving. He had measles in the early summer which left him in a very weak condition.

One Left of Seven Ancient Wonders of The World

Popular Mechanics. All except one of the seven ancient wonders of the world have been destroyed, recent researches have determined. Even the colossal Pyramid of Cheops, the only one of the famed group remaining to the present day, has not entirely escaped the forces of nature, for portions of it have been torn down by earth tremors. The second wonder, the walls of Babylon was torn down by Xerxes. The third, the statue of Zeus, in the temple of Olympus, was destroyed by fire in 408 A. D. Diana's temple at Ephesus, constructed in the fourth century B. C. and fired by the Goths in 262 A. D. was the fourth wonder to perish. The fifth was the mausoleum Halicarnassus, in Caria, which was demolished by an earthquake. The Colossus of Rhodes, built in 280 B. C., that straddled the island harbor, also was wrecked by an earth tremor. The lighthouse built by Ptolemy Philadelphus and, perhaps was the forerunner of the modern skyscraper since it was between 400 and 600 feet high. An earthquake toppled it over in 1382.

County Agent Duker reports that 15,000 pounds of carpet grass and Japan clover were planted in Robeson county in one week recently.

POOR MODERNS!

Baltimore Sun. If the modern youth goes a little too far in quest of a thrill the fault is not wholly his own. The times are at fault. He yearns for romance and excitement, and the times have shown him so much and taught him so much that little is left to afford a thrill. He is bored and unhappy. Poor old-fashioned boy.

Take the matter of shows. The modern youth has seen many choruses. He discusses chorus ladies in the casual, matter-of-fact tone the farmer uses when discussing Berkshires at the county fair. But the old-timer can remember when to see wide-eyed ladies in tights was an adventure. The boy who had seen one such chorus was a superior person; the boy who had seen two was a man of the world.

And there is the matter of kissing. Persons who seem to know assert that the modern girl is easily kissed. Well, there's the fun in kissing a girl who doesn't care if you do and doesn't care if you don't. There is no thrill in it, no sick, no conquering-hero feeling.

The old-timer can remember his first kiss. He was at the age when the barber's casual reference to the toughness of the whiskers made his entire world seem rosy; and all of his illusions were intact.

He loved the girl. Gosh how he loved her! And after courting her many, many weeks, and buying her candy hearts whereon beautiful sentiments were printed in red, he mastered courage to attempt holding her hand. He got away with it too, the daring rascal. And then after many weeks of hand-holding he began to yearn to kiss her.

That first kiss wasn't much of a success, as kisses go. For one thing, he was scared. For another the girl was scared. She knew what was coming; of course; but it was a fearful adventure, and at the last moment her courage failed and she ducked. He kissed her somewhere north of her left eyebrow. But oh! the thrill of it and the ecstasy of it!

Poor modern youth! What would not he give for a thrill like that—for one brief moment of great and soul-stirring adventure.

"If you can't win make the one ahead of you break the record!" is a good slogan for Tarheel farm club members.



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T. Hill Farthing BOONE, N. C.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Editor Democrat. I notice the papers report snow at Johnson City and Asheville in the recent cold snap to a depth of five inches which was unprecedented at this season of the year. Sixty one years ago I was in Confederate camp near Knoxville Tenn. and on about the 25th day of October there fell a snow 5 or 6 inches in depth. The snow fell at night and did not melt off the ground until the second day after it fell, but when it cleared up, for the next six weeks we had unusually pretty autumn weather. Sometimes history repeats itself.

L. N. PERKINS. Boone, October 27, 1923.

Night coughing—

exhausts you so that you are more tired in the morning than when you went to bed. Dr. King's New Discovery stops coughing by gently stimulating the mucous membranes to throw off clogging secretions. It has an agreeable taste. All druggists.



Advertisement for Ford cars. Includes the Ford logo, an illustration of a Ford car, and text: 'The new Ford cars are now ready for your inspection, introducing changes that improve the appearance of the various body types and increase their comfort and utility. They offer you not only economical and dependable transportation, but also a more attractive style and a greater share of motoring convenience—a combination that makes the outstanding value of Ford cars more impressive than ever. See the new Ford models now on display in our showroom. These cars can be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan. J. B. TAYLOR, Boone, N. C. Ford CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS'

Advertisement for a jewelry store. Includes the text: 'A New Jewelry Store. I have opened up a jewelry store in the building formerly occupied by the Watauga County Bank. My intentions are to give every one an honest deal. I am sure I can sell the people of Boone and Watauga county Watches and Jewelry cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. I have the very best in watches and rings, Locketts, Lavalliers, Broaches, Pins, Cuff Links, Chains, Silverware, Toilet and Manicure Sets and omst everything in the jewelry line in my store. It is the best place to select your WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Every piece of jewelry is guaranteed. I invite you to come and select your presents and promise to give you the best for the money. My line is made up of the very latest designs and styles. I also Repair Watches and Jewelry. Come and look over my line before you buy. WILL C. WALKER, BOONE, N. C.'

Advertisement for monuments. Includes the text: 'MONUMENTS. See us before buying monuments. We are an old established concern and all work is guaranteed first class. Either buy direct or thru our Watauga representative Mr. A. Y. Howell at Peoples Bank & Trust Co., Boone, N. C. REINS BROTHERS Lenoir, N. C.'

Advertisement for Tutt's Pills. Includes the text: 'FOR OLD AND YOUNG. Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the delicate female or infirm old age as upon the vigorous man. Tutt's Pills. Tone and strengthen the weak Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder.'