

### Through the Years As a Mountain School Teacher

By Nannie J. Rivers

In those days when I first taught school it was considered a great accomplishment to be a good reader. The teachers took very great pains in teaching the children to read correctly and distinctly. The punctuation marks and their uses were early taught the children.

Back in the days of Nehemiah—a most admirable Biblical character—we find that the people were taught to read distinctly, and to give the sense so that people could understand it. Nehemiah 8:8. Not wasn't that fine! Emphasis, which adds so much to the beauty of reading, was taught, and children were drilled daily in this important branch of study. We don't find as many good readers now as in former years. The teachers are not to blame for this, being so few good readers among the school children, for in the wild rush to finish grades, the teachers haven't time to take the necessary pains with reading classes, for they require I have long thought that to go on successfully with the grades children must first be good readers and spell well.

I had a seventh grade boy once who fairly reeled when he read, and mistakes of course were plentiful. One day in reading he suddenly said that Germany had a very religious coast line, meaning of course, irregular.

This caused a laugh in the class and he said that he would take that back, as he didn't see anything religious about Germany. Another girl was reading the last paragraph in her lesson: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." She was reading in a different style drawing the words out, so this is the way she read it: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Dear girl, she proved her reading of this beautiful proverb true by getting married soon after. How can children successfully handle the grades without first learning to read well? I had a class once in Holmes' Fourth Reader, the best that I ever had. If one failed to pause at a comma or stop at a period, some one in the class would snap his finger. Life would indeed be dull without the ability to read and get the sense. Children should be taught to read understandingly and their future work will be much easier.

(To be continued.)

### NOTICE TO WATAUGA COUNTY POTATO GROWERS

If you are expecting to grow potatoes for the market in the spring of 1924 you will probably be interested in the fact that the Mountain Seed Potato Growers' Association has just sold 1000 bags of seed potatoes at a price that will net the farmers about \$1.75 per bushel. L. A. B. Boone There are a number of farmers who have expressed their intention of joining the Potato Growers Association and grow seed next spring. This article is to notify them that if they want to produce seed from the Association they will have to put in their order during the next few days as the Association intends to sell all of its seed this fall. If you wait until next spring to join, your chance of securing seed will depend on whether or not a sufficient number want seed to make it possible to order a car from Maine. I would suggest that the seed you get from Maine will probably not be as good as that which we are now able to let you have. W. D. FAREHING, Watauga Secretary.

### MATERNAL FELINE RAISES SQUIRREL WITH OWN KITS

A Hickory dispatch tells of how J. M. Whisnant, Catawba county farmer, found a pair of young squirrels, both blind, about three months ago, carried them home and turned them over to a cat that was nursing three kittens. One of the squirrels died but the other wasted fat and saucy on cat's milk. Tabby brought the orphan up with care and when she moved her family from the barn to the granary, which was nearer the Whisnant home, she carried the squirrel first, bringing her own offspring later.

A little later the mother introduced her family to the Whisnants and it was not long until they began to frolic about the house. The squirrel did not seem to care for the amusements that appealed to the kittens and did not indulge. It is having its fun in the prescribed squirrel fashion, however, much to the chagrin of the devoted foster mother.

When Tabby stretches her legs and moves sedately across the floor, the squirrel will spring on her back take a ride and pull her tail. This is not pleasing to the pussy cat but she has no way of stopping the performance and bears it patiently.

There is another old cat about the house, Mr. Whisnant says, which apparently believes that squirrels seldom raised in the woods or the house are fair meat, and it is "boxed the feline" some day will smile. In the meantime cats, kittens and squirrel are living in harmony, and neighbors, for miles around are journeying to the Whisnant place, to see the combination.

### MRS. LAURA JANE REESE

The subject of this short sketch was born on September 17, 1838 and died on September 28, 1923, aged 85 years and 17 days.

She was the daughter of Nandor and Belle Bauner. Her mother died when she was less than a year old and her father who lived to be 87 years old was living until about three years before her death.

She was married to the Rev. Emmet Reese about the year 1858 and lived happily with him until his death in 1890.

She was the mother of 10 children four of whom preceded her to the spirit land; three having died in infancy.

Mrs. Reese was a good woman, kind mother, good neighbor and faithful friend.

Early in life she connected herself with the Methodist Church and lived a consistent Christian life, her faith having sustained her until the end.

She leaves besides her six children three brothers and an only sister to mourn her departure. Her twin brother, Alphonse Amos Bauner, lives in Jackboro, Texas. Her other brothers and sisters live in Avery county.

She was laid to rest in the cemetery at Montezuma, a peaceful spot overlooking the town, where the greater part of her life had been spent there to await the final resurrection.

Like the Duncan—  
"In his grave  
After life's mortal  
Fever is o'er—  
She sleeps well—"  
—A FRIEND.  
November 1, 1923.

### KNOW NORTH CAROLINA

Going only by what these two eyes have seen, I proclaim these things, namely: that North Carolina is the foremost state of the south today in material progress, in public spirit, in educational expansion and in optimism of outlook. Indeed, I doubt whether in all these United States there is a single one of anywhere-like population, area and per capita wealth, which in this last year has put up more school houses, laid more miles of paved road, and by city, county and state, has voted more bond issues for sanitary sewage systems, municipal water works and power plants than North Carolina. —Irvin S. Cobb in Hearst's International for November.

### KRAUT IN SOCIETY

Charlotte Observer. It ought to be good news to Watauga County that sauer kraut has made its way into society. This information was forthcoming at the meeting of the camera in Chicago the report being that the sale of the report being that the sale of the canned product had increased more than one hundred per cent in ten years. Only last week a salesman for the Watauga product was in Charlotte apportioning the demand among the various dealers. He could not give each the full amount ordered because the factory has a limit and wants to distribute its favors impartially while the season's supply lasts. The breaking into society of the mountain product makes the future of the industry secure. It even points to a multiplication of the kraut factories, same as was the case with the cheese industry.

### BLOWING ROCK BREEZES

The many friends of Mrs. Mary Hartley will be sorry to learn that she continues critically ill at her home on Mordecai Street. Mr. and Mrs. Anson Critcher announce the marriage of their daughter Helen Howell to Harry J. Cooper on Thursday the 25 day of December 1923 in Pasadena, California. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Critcher. She is a brunette of attractive style. She is a daughter of North Carolina, born and raised in Blowing Rock where she has many friends. Mr. Cooper is a prosperous business man of Pasadena. Mr. Barber Hartley is seriously ill. Very little hope is held out for his recovery.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Grover Walters on last Monday night a bouncing baby boy.

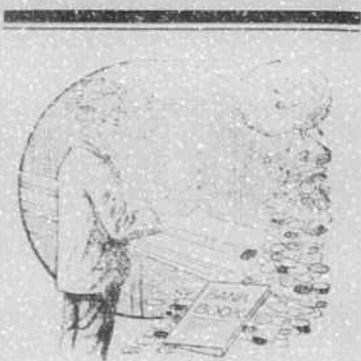
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Simmons last Saturday night a fine son.

Blowing Rock is very much distressed over the disappearance of Sarah Coffey, an aged colored woman 53 years old. She told her brother and sister Eliza and Boone, that she would go to a nearby galax patch, where she wanted to get some galax leaves. Night came and she did not return. She has been gone for five days. There has been more than 50 men continually hunting for her. It seems that every inch of ground for miles around has been thoroughly searched. The woman was very feeble and it seems impossible for her to have wandered very far away. Searching parties are still looking for her.

On November 8th the members of the Community Service Club met at the home of Mrs. Sallie Reeves. Car pool events were discussed, a worth while program was arranged after the business was dispatched. A committee was appointed to visit the sick and find out in what way the club could render aid. The motion was made and carried to buy Yale locks for the graded school house, also to buy and send to the Hartley family each week groceries, and to send the husband and father to a hospital if the condition will permit. The Club had the pleasure of hearing a letter read from one of its absent members Mrs. H. C. Martin of Lenoir, urging the club to push forward in benevolent work. Those present were Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Jas. Hill, Miss Day, Miss Mary Chester, Mrs. T. H. Coffey, Mrs. Annie Green, Mrs. A. M. Critcher, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Sallie Reeves, Mrs. W. L. Hulsehouser. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Boynton on this the 15th.

Rev. Mr. Woosley our new Methodist preacher delivered his first sermon here last Sunday. The Blowing Rock people feel sure they will like their new pastor.

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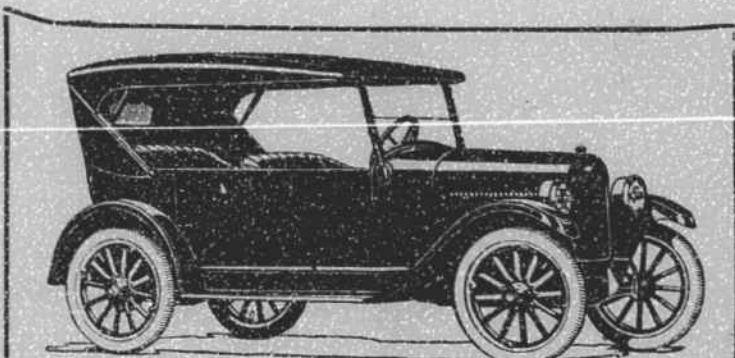


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### STATUE OF TUT'S AID IN MUSEUM

Army Chief of Ancient King Placed on Exhibition in the Metropolitan at New York.

New York.—Tutankhamen's great army chief, Harmhab, sculptured in immortal gray granite, has just been placed in the Egyptian department of the Metropolitan museum, where it is regarded by Director Edward Robinson and his associates as one of the most noteworthy acquisitions of recent years. Furthermore, it comes to the museum enriched by the romance of the party now working in the "Valley of the Kings," for on the very day that modern eyes pierced the gloom in which Tutankhamen lay, this statue of the man who played an important part in the great king's life came out of its hiding to take a place once more in the public view.

Director Robinson, commenting on the esthetic and archeological value of the statue before representatives of the press, laid special stress on the Buddha-like pose of the figure and the classical modeling of the face planes. He attributed this to the tradition of art minds working through the ages rather than chance influences of the moment.

In Good Preservation. Quite as noteworthy is the state of preservation in which the statue comes to the museum, for with the exception of the loss of the right hand the material and condition is as perfect as if it had just come from the workshop of the sculptor. The other pieces of stone that have come from the time of the eighteenth dynasty show most plainly the buffeting of 3,200 years, but the spirit of new sculpture is strong in

this image of Harmhab.

The figure is represented seated with legs crossed and a scroll of parchment spread across its lap. The left hand grasps one end of the scroll, while the right, missing, very evidently held the quill pen, as a shallow ink container, similar to those in the Egyptian department, rests upon his left knee.

In this pose of a scribe it is quite fitting that he should be composing a letter to Toth, the letter writer of the gods and the divine protector, whose influence obtained promotion for all who followed a clerical career on earth. From his involved phrases on the scroll, which have been interpreted, it is gathered that Toth guides him who is in error and recalls every forgotten thing. The writer further invokes the good graces of Toth in a prayer that is engraved around the base of the statue.

Claimed a God as Father. Pendant to this prayer there is a second, chiefly interesting because by invoking Ptah, god of Memphis, it indicates the finding place of the statue. Rumor has it that it was under the palm of Mitrabneh, which cover the ruins of the great temple of Ptah in the very heart of ancient Memphis. Since other recent finds have located similar statues near the city gateways it is thought most likely that this stood immediately within the entrance of Memphis.

It might be judged from this that Harmhab was a bit of an egotist and such was the case, for he claimed as his father the god Horus, saying that at birth he was equipped with the strength and complexion of a god. When he was still an untaught child the form of a god was apparent in him to all beholders.

This superb sculpture, in many respects the finest in the department, comes to the museum through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. E. Everett Macy, who, during the past year, gave the museum the sum of \$27,000. The size of this sum the donors fixed by giving \$1,000 for each year of married life.

### "Strong and Well"

"I WISH you could know how much I am improved since taking the Cardui," writes Mrs. Nannie Brown, of Black Rock, Ark. "You wouldn't know me for the same weak invalid I was before I took it. At my... I had to keep off my feet or I would fall. I couldn't do my housework, and just got where I'd most as lief be dead as living. Some one told me my husband of Cardui. He got

it for me and I took three bottles before I stopped—then off and on for the last three years just as a tonic. I saw a decided improvement after my first bottle. I used the three, and was able to do my work with ease, and now I sew for my family and for others. I am feeling fine, and strong and well." Take Cardui! It may be just the medicine you need.

**CARDUI**  
The Woman's Tonic

### MONEY TALKS

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OR

"WATCH ME GROW"

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MAKE IT TALK FOR YOU. YOU  
WILL BE PLEASED

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