

**The Watauga Democrat.**

R. C. RIVERS, Editor and Owner.

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Thursday April 24, 1924.

One thousand well-selected rose bushes, 500 hardy hydrangeas and hundreds of beautiful little balsams have been sold here by Mr. W. H. Gragg during the past week, the major part being purchased by our citizens for beautifying the town. And what will all this expenditure of money and labor amount to unless there is something done to prohibit the running at large of cattle, horses, etc. The citizen of Boone who allows his stock to run on the commons is violating both the state and the municipal laws. A town ordinance provides that the minimum fine for such violation shall be \$5 and costs for each and every offense, but there is no law to authorize the town marshal to impound stock for collection of same. To be sure the violator is open to indictment, but none seem willing to appear as prosecutor. Now nearly all the yards in town are open and to beautify them is impossible unless they can be protected from the nightly (and daily as well) intrusion of these roving menaces. It seems that our town aldermen are doing their best and the people should try to help them in the enforcement of the laws. More flowers and shrubbery and less stock running at large should be one of our slogans.

**NO NEWSPAPER MEN IN THE PENITENTIARY**

Monroe Enquirer.  
Among the 421 persons in the South Carolina penitentiary there is no newspaper man, not even a printer. Almost all other professions, occupations and trades have their representatives. Even the preachers, doctors, bankers, merchants—all have not been the good citizens they should have been—and their names are enrolled among those inside and wanting out.

I never knew but one man, disciple of Johan Gutenberg who served time in a penal institution. There may have been others, but they are as scarce as hen's teeth. It occurred in the good old hand-set type days on the old Chronicle at Charlotte just before the late J. P. Caldwell became editor and changed the name to Observer. The bird I

have in mind blew in one day from Lord knows where. What differentiated him from his kind was six fingers on his left hand—a kind of double jointed little finger or digit. Anyway, he cussed out the boys in the shop because they would not "shell out" according to his liking, and in the midst of his cussin' a cop nabbed him. Thirty days on the roads was what he pulled down in mayor's court next morning.

At the end of four long weeks, up boys trampie, penitent and beggin' everybody's pardon. Of course the twelve or fifteen printers at the Chronicle donated a quarter or more each to the poor fellow.

"Guess what I bought with my first nickle when I got off the gang?" he asked me.

"A shot," I hazarded as the best guess.

"No sir" said the bo. "I bought six of the longest and biggest sticks of candy I could find in a grocery store."

"That's funny," I told him, "I thought you would be dyin' for a drink."

"You're wrong," said the tramp. "You see, all I had to eat out on the gang was corn bread, fat meat and vegetables, and I was literally dying for something sweet."

But I digress. Coming back to my subject, I cannot account for newspaper men never getting in hoosgow. But it's always "ketchin' before hangin'."

**LIVE AND LET LIVE**

The most unselfish business carried on in any community is the newspaper business, says the Milton Gazette. The editor has demands made upon his time and his space, which is his only stock in trade, that is wholly out of proportion to that given

on by any other business or profession in the community.

If there is an industrial plant to promote the space of the newspaper is devoted freely to the propaganda boosting the enterprise. The business men who are to profit most by the launching think it no more than the newspaper should do and he renders the service without pay and without thanks. If there is a church edifice to build the newspaper is expected to boost the proposition and to help in every way the movement for subscriptions and the newspaper does it and when the subscription paper is passed he is expected to contribute as much in cash as the fellow of like financial standing contributes who has given neither time nor space to the enterprise.

If there is a clean up campaign on, the newspaper is supposed to boost it for the entire season and the editor does this at his own expense. If there is a farmers' meeting, a church meeting a meeting of commercial men or social clubs or if any firm makes a business improvement or a change in any way the matter is referred to through the newspaper. Besides, the newspaper is boosting every other business, helping the business men to make money on their investments and yet, there are in every community business men who cannot enjoy life

and see the local newspaper prosper. It is one of the ironies of fate and newspaper men go on serving the public, unselfishly accepting the business of those who are appreciative and who are willing to give support to the editor whose whole time is devoted to helping build up and to boost the town.

We are reminded of the prayer of the old tight-wad deacon, who when the new pastor was called to his church, was called upon to lead the opening prayer and said "Lord bless our dear pastor as he comes to labor among us. If you will keep him humble Lord, we will keep him poor." That is the attitude that some business men always assume toward their newspaper. But it is gratifying to note that their number is growing smaller with each passing year. The newspaper is considered a necessity and intelligent business men know that to have a good newspaper they must give it whole-hearted support.

—Lake Worth (Fla.) Leader.

**"PUDD'N HEAD WILSON"**

Woodrow Wilson was one who could enjoy jokes at his own expense. He greatly enjoyed this one and often told it:

"Some years ago a magazine sent a correspondent to Hannibal Mo. to try to obtain some stories of Mark

Twain when he was a boy. He was referred to a half witted man the only one living there when Samuel Clemens was growing up. In order to lead up to his questions the writer asked the ignorant old man:

"Did you ever know or hear of Tom Sawyer?"

The old man scratched his head and after a pause said no.

"Did you ever hear of Huckleberry Finn?"

The pause was longer. The man searched his shallow mind but could not remember.

"Did you ever hear of Pudd'n Head Wilson?" was asked as a last shot. This was in 1913.

The dull man looked up. A ray of intelligence flashed and he answered confidently:

"Oh yes, I voted for him last year."

Many interesting glimpses of the human side of the great War President are given in Joseph Daniels' "Life of Woodrow Wilson."

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**specialties**

Our specialties are the goods you want and need

It is our intention to try to keep a complete line of Hardware at all times, and to sell it as cheap as it can be sold to make a living for ourselves and be fair to you.

We make no sensational announcements but try to give you a square deal in every instance.

Why give your business to mail order houses and out of state dealers who do not pay one cent of taxes to help develop the county in which you live when you can get anything you want in your own town.

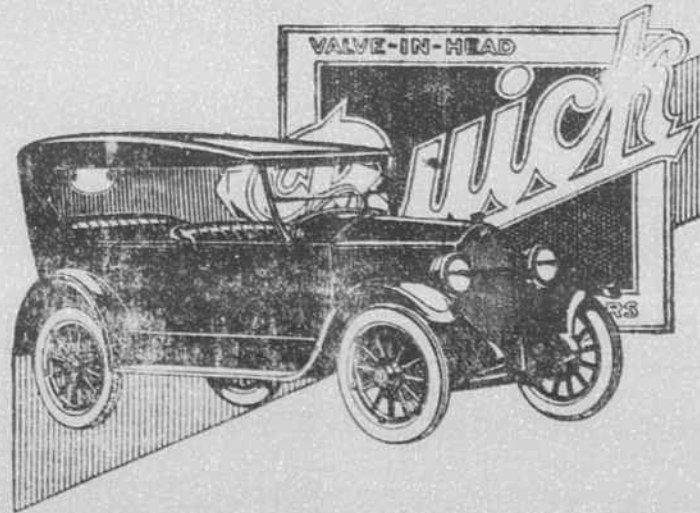
We believe in the "Trade at Home" policy and we try to live it

Now that spring time is here get busy and buy your spraying material, sprays, plows and repairs, Harrows, wagons, harness, Cement, Lime, Paint, Roofing, Nails, Wire etc.

Come and look us over.

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Boone, N. Caro.



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F. M. RICHARDS, Banner Elk, N. C.

W. H. GRAGG, Boone, N. C.

Chas. E. GREEN, Bakersville, N. C.



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