

SERIES SEVEN WATAUGA BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION IS NOW OPEN

Why not join the big army of Building & Loan Stockholders? Get in the habit of laying aside a definite amount of money each month for a rainy day. Remember that this stock draws 6 per cent compound interest and is exempt from all kinds of taxes. One dollar a month for 78 months entitles you to \$100 in cash from the Building and Loan. Keep your money at home. Build Watauga County! Why invest your money in questionable securities outside the county? Write to the Secretary Mr. W. H. Cragg, for further information.

The Watauga Building and Loan Association

IREDELL HAS A REAL CAVE MAN

(W. M. Moore in Winston Journal.)

Iredell county has a real live bona fide cave man. We do not have to cross the continent for a glimpse at the famous cliff dwellers of Mexico, Arizona and Utah—we have one here the native home grown variety, a dweller under the earth from choice.

Caves have excited the awe and admiration of mankind of all ages, and have been the centers around which have clustered many legends and superstitions. They were the abode of sybils and the nymphs in Roman mythology, and in ancient Greece they were the temples of Pan, Bacchus, Pluto, and the Moon. Caves have been used in all ages by mankind for habitation, refuge and burial.

Lee Moore, the Iredell cave man, has chosen his permanent habitation on his son-in-law's plantation nearly one mile southeast of Statesville, about 500 yards of the Statesville-Army road. He has a family but he prefers the quiet seclusion of a hermit to the joys, sorrows, responsibilities, obligations and duties that rest upon the shoulders of the paternal member of the household. No work, no worry, no steam whistle, no urgent duty calling him from his peaceful and tranquil place of abode. Away from the dust and noise of the highway and out of sight of human habitation he hears no sound but the singing of the birds, the bark of the squirrels, the trickling of the little brook passing nearby, the clucking of a flock of chickens around his door and the low bell in an adjoining pasture. Mr. Moore says he will be 70 years old on the 15th of next August, but for the fact that he is toothless and lacking in elasticity of step, he would pass for a man two decades younger. The fringes of seventy winters have dealt gently with him, leaving no trace of gray in his tresses.

The cave man's home is a single room, eight feet wide and thirty feet long, with a door in each end and on one side of the room, near the center, there is a fireplace and mortar set out of the earth which has become baked by the fire so that it seems as hard as a rock; the chimney is only a four sided opening cut thru the top of the cave. This subterranean chamber is used for all domestic purposes—cooking, dining, sleeping, reception of guests. Cooking is done in primitive style on the fire place—a range formerly used, having been consigned to the scrap heap in the front yard. In one side a book case has been cut for the library which embraces a few ancient copies of discarded Congressional Records and other similar volumes. An oil light supplies all needed artificial light. On the inside of each door are pasted pictures of Christ with this motto: "Christ is the head of this house." "I have a Bible and I never fail to pray to God every night," he said. Behind the door he keeps two well-oiled guns—one a Swiss 41 caliber rifle, which he said would shoot thru a tree in the yard; the other a Colt automatic 2 gauge shot gun. Hanging on the wall is an old fiddle which he sometimes plays in order to while away the time. He sleeps at night with both doors barred, the only way of ventilation being the open fire place. The house is warm in winter and cool in summer. The writer visited him during the recent oppressively hot weather and found it cool and delightful within the walls of this unique place of abode. Our host stated that he was a good coffee drinker and had been a life long user of tobacco, but that he did not drink anything stronger than coffee. "Do you curse?" the writer asked. "Yes I cuss sometimes; Peter cussed, you know," he added.

When asked about his family history, our cave man said he was born in Catawba county near Newton but when a child removed with his par-

ents to Alexander county, residing for several years near New Salem Church. Coming to Iredell county, he located on the farm of J. W. Brawley at Shepherd's Cross roads remaining there for 23 years. "Since that time I have lived from pillow to post, I have lived in this neighborhood for 15 years," he added. He explained that he and his wife had not lived together for several years and that she made her home with her married daughter who lives on the hill 500 yards from the cave. He said he had resided alone in the cavern for two years and was greatly delighted with his present mode of living. Visitors are always welcome, occasionally as many as 50 to 75 people call on Sunday.

Growing reminiscent, the cave dweller said he used to cut a lot of caskets and cord wood, but had done very little work of that kind for many years. He stated that he had spent about thirteen years of his life in South Carolina, having had several friendly races with former sheriff J. M. Deaton whom he eluded by seeking himself in a grave yard and escaped to a neighboring state. "One time the officers got me up in court and sixteen men around Mooresville gave me a good character."

Our cave dweller's natural aversion to any kind of profitable labor or physical toil was well known to all the people with whom he comes in contact. In fact, he himself grows facetious in referring to this characteristic of his. "How do I live?" you ask. "Well, I am getting on pretty well. I earn a salary of \$100 a year \$200 for attending to my own business and \$200 to let other people's business alone. I raise some chickens and eat the eggs. I get around and have a good time and the people like a fool me. The reason I don't farm is because I am too stout to maul and split rails. I work too fast to plow and have too much sense to go into any kind of business," he said laughing, adding, "I'd better not tell you all I know about myself." He was delighted with the prospect of the newspaper man writing a brief story of his career, and his primeval method of living. He was also glad to pose for the photographer.

THE GAMBLER

(W. A. Watson.)

Come Bill, cheer up, quit nursing your sorrow. And troubles you often made others borrow. You flirt with Dame Fortune and you lose. Better gamblers than you have stood in your shoes; Like you, they forgot to figure the costs. Of trying to take down mammons hosts. I have warned you of dangers ahead as you know, And now they simply took you in tow. Come Come, cheer up, don't take it so hard, Just because they dealt you the losing card. A gambler with nerve don't stop to whine, When taking a trip down his own yellow line. Bill, I've seen men lose five times your pile, Then quit the gambling game with a smile. You have lost your seat with your gambling clan, But you still have a chance to become a man. What, you yellow fool, you'd blow off your dome, With a loving wife and kiddies at home. I'm losing the faith I once had in you, But I never had much in your gambling crew, Oh you want to know why I despise your gang, Well if I had my way I'd see them all hang, Because few ever showed the least hesitation, With the lives of a na-

tion.

Now take to your feet boys, you Bill too.

Let us drink to the ruin of such as you.

Here's success to the future laws of this nation. That will pauperize stragglers of civilization.

WHY I READ AND WRITE

(W. A. Watson.)

When I was scarcely six years of age my parents sent me to the local school room and at every period of each school year one could find me in that same school room until I had reached my majority.

That was the most delightful period of my life, for it was then that I had a food hope for the future of knowledge and learning.

I can never say that I was a weed that grew for often I was behind my chums and playmates and stood half way and some times at the foot of my classes but in one study I was right on top of the list and that study was history. That one study seemed to thrill my soul with delight, so my story will be based upon what I read and write.

I want it understood that I never deserted school after I reached my majority that closed the school against me forever but that I have been delving in study ever since I learned to read and write, which any old settler will tell you was a common education in the days of yore.

The world with all of her alluring nature—with her wonderful resources has been my study room, and all the literature that was ever unfolded by mortal human endeavor in some part and way I have made evaluation thereof.

The universities may turn out graduates, they may hold diplomas and certificates, but I want to say I never met a human soul who had a finished education.

Never a day passes by but what I learn something new, and I am always seeking to find it.

I read everything from "yellow back wild west stories" to the inspired word of God and have only begun my studies.

This is a day of wide, wide world opportunities if one will only develop them and make the world the studio for the passing dramas.

"Why I read and write" is my subject, and so I will stick to it until I lay it down unfinished, as I never expect to complete my study, nevertheless I read and write.

My written words have been spoken through numerous pages of trade magazines all over the United States as I have broken through the locked doors of editors and sit in their coun-

Davidson Dept. Store News

Issued Every Week by the Davidson Department Store with the hope it will please and entertain our friends and customers.

Davidson's July Clearance Sale is on.

A young bachelor with money to burn has difficulty in avoiding a match.

We have hundreds of short remnants suitable for school dresses. Come, select your school dresses at Davidson's Remnant Counter and save the difference.

Modesty is an admirable trait in a girl, but even blushing calls for a certain amount of "check."

Buying school shoes that will stand hard wear without paying an awful big price is a great problem to the man with limited means. We can solve this problem for you. We have an enormous stock of solid leather durable school shoes at low and medium prices. See DAVIDSON'S before you buy your school shoes.

and have even strayed into the offices of the biggest magazines in the world, but had to depart with only an introduction that closed me but not forever I hope.

My fondest delight is reading and writing and I shall keep it up as long as I live for it is my hobby and shall ever be.

My greatest desire is to be a real correspondent of some big daily or magazine that goes forth with light of reason to the public with knowledge loaded to the brim.

My commercial work along this line which is now my hobby brings me blue money orders and crisp checks which plainly shows that it takes the grit and courage to land you there.

Every one of ordinary intelligence can get part of the way through the school of hard knocks if they will only pay the price—if they will only read and write.

There are born leaders in every undertaking of endeavor, or we would have had no Lincoln, Ingelsor Bryan and many world famous men who fought the good fight of supremacy of which the world now acknow-

A Jewish merchant was persistently trying to gain access to a meeting of the K. K. K. "Why are you so persistent?" asked one of the members. "Am you willing to forfeit your religion to join the Klan?" "Of course not," answered the merchant. "I am just trying to see the white goods buyer."

Are your children rough on shoes? Try a Buster Brown, the cheapest shoe in the long run. You can get them at Davidson's.

Jim: "It makes no difference what political party wins, I am sure we are going to have a stable government?"

Dean: "What makes you so sure?" Jim: "Look how many horses are running for office."

To give you better goods for less money is our aim.

We have just received 150 Men's sample hats of the famous Etchison Brand. They consist of the highest grade hats they make, but we will offer them to you at about half the regular price.

Cook: (to chambermaid in Professor's home.) "Quick, Mary, listen him and her is havin' each other out somethin' grand, but it don't do us no good without a dictionary!"

Answers to last week's questions:

1. A dog can run in the woods as far as the middle of the woods only—after that he is running out of the woods.
2. A second story worker is always glad to be down and out.
3. Auto suggestion: When a fellow calls on a girl and she speaks of what a wonderful night it would be for a ride.

Do you take your county paper?

WRIGLEYS

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion. Makes the next cigar taste better.

Sealed in its Purity Package



BITES-STINGS

For all insect bites, red bug, chigger, bee, wasp, mosquito, etc., apply wet baking soda or household ammonia, followed by cooling applications of—



An Evening's Entertainment By Local Talent

The Methodist Women will present two plays at the Court House Friday evening July 18, at eight o'clock

The natural humor of these plays will be enhanced by reason of the characters engaged: staid maids and matrons of the town.

"Not a Man in the House"

is a series of laughable situations growing out of the impossible orders of an elderly widow whose married life has been unhappy that no man should ever again enter her door. Her household was made up of a maiden sister, still hopeful; Aunt Belinda, in sympathy with young folks; a visiting niece; and an Irish servant, interested in her "second coozin."

"Sewing for the Heathen"

is a pleasant satire on members of the Ladies' Aid who neglect their home duties to prepare clothing for the Africans. A nervous befuddled hostess; mistaken identity of the wealthiest woman in town, a persistent, deaf old woman with an ear trumpet, the amusing comments and laughable service of the German maid and the annoying behavior of the aggrieved but absent husbands, furnish the complications of the play.

Admission - - - - - 25 and 35 Cents