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THURSDAY NOVEMBER 13, 1935

Will Aid Jobless



Frederick Cleveland Croxton, of Columbus, Ohio, appointed Mid-West regional representative of the President's Unemployment Commission.

Sunday School Lesson

REV. SAMUEL D. PRICE, D. D.
International Sunday School Lesson
For November 16th

THE BELIEVING CENTURION—A GENTLE WHOSE FAITH JESUS COMMENDED
Matthew vii. 5-13

He is a wise man indeed who is able to give a true estimate of his own life. All kinds of ideas come in the mind of people who are not in the mind of the minister. The teacher has a right to regard the best results from his disciples and to be proud of any one who is able to do so.

This man was a centurion, and he might have the same attitude toward his own people. So the object of the parable was to teach the people to have the same attitude toward their own people.

"The Way of Life"

By BRUCE BARTON

"QUOTA MAD"

A famous advertising agent was talking with me about business in the United States.

He is his function to prepare the advertising for several large manufacturing and to consult with them on their sales problems. He runs home every night all tired out. He says he doesn't know anybody in business who is getting any real fun out of it.

"I'll give you my program for a typical day," he said. "I get up at 7:30, take a little before nine, and then I go to the office. I am usually waiting for me. His pockets are full of checks. His company's sales are 20 per cent ahead of last year, but he is satisfied. Not for a minute. He must set the work for next year 50 per cent ahead.

"Then I go over to the office of a food manufacturer. He has just closed up the best year of his history. And we try to figure out how he can do twice as much again!

"I lunch with the officers of a cement company. If they would get together with their competitors, and agree to curtail production just a little, they could all make more money. The price of their product might have to be raised a trifle, but I doubt it, because the sales expense would be that much less. But will they curtail? Never. Every year must show bigger figures. The quotas must go up and up.

"The trouble with this country is that we have gone crazy on the subject of volume. We are quota mad."

As he talked I recalled a conversation I had some years ago with an American who represents a French manufacturer in this country.

"I have a heart-breaking time with that Frenchman," he said. "Every year I go over there and plead with him to double his factory. We could sell twice as much of his stuff if he would only turn it out. And do you know what he says? He just waves his hands in French fashion and sputters: 'Why should I double my plant and work twice as hard? I and my family are making enough money. We have a good time. We enjoy our lives. Why should we work ourselves to death?'"

That seems to us Americans a very terrible utterance. It is treason to the spirit of modern business. Of course, a man should force his production, and his sales, and force his own poor mind and body until he dies at the age of sixty with an order book in his hand.

Somewhere between the French attitude and our attitude there must be a half-way point that would combine the best elements of both.

"Life," says the Bible, "is more than bread, and the spirit than raiment." It also asks the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his

own life?" Or, in modern language, what's the use of killing yourself by being quota mad?

Gold Nuggets

YOU TAUGHT ME
You taught me how to smile
When sorrow bowed my head
You taught me how to laugh
When home had sown quite dead

You taught me how to sing
When grief had stopped my song
And called me back to life and love
To hope and carry on

You taught me how to live
When shadows dimmed my sight
And taught me how to see again
One clear and shining light

When light shall fade forever
From out my being's sky
And I have reached my journey's end
Lord, teach me how to die
—Davis Jackson

TIMIDITY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Many shy and over-sensitive people keep their eyes turned inward so long examining themselves, jaching themselves with hard criticisms, that they become practically unable to turn their eyes outward. They cannot see the outside world and its people as they really are. Their self-criticism, having their minds fixed continually on themselves, their real or imaginary defects, their humiliating experiences, their failures to measure up to their social standards, is the very thing that makes them awkward, constrained, miserable when others all around them are enjoying themselves and having a good time. Emerson says, "Give me a thought and my hands and legs and voice and face will go right. We are awkward for want of thought. The imagination is a sturdy and does not arrive at extremities."

At present, all absorbing thought, which will take your attention off yourself, is the best remedy for the awkwardness of self-consciousness. A knowledge of, and interest in, the real happenings of the day, and a real interest in the people you meet, will help to drive selfishness out of your mind, and will release you of the hundred and one embarrassing, awkward interfections, which self-consciousness would have you avoid.

COMMUNITY SINGING

Of recent years a great deal has been said about community singing, many of which have been rather pretentious. Nothing could be finer or better than a cultural viewpoint that to popularize music. The music of jazz and the modern jazz, with the kindly aid of cheap sentimental ballads, has done much to vitiate the taste of people who have some appreciation of music and to lead astray those who did not have much to begin with. As a counter-irritant to the community sing, properly conducted, can be made to do a great deal in the development of taste for real music and the elimination of much that when analyzed is found to be nothing more than noise and Campbellite emotionalism.

—From Masonic Journal.

The Family Doctor

By DR. JOHN JOSEPH GAINES

ALWAYS GOOD

In these hurry-scurry days, when Mr. Everyman keeps his eye on the clock while he is eating his skippy breakfast, so as not to be a grouch late at his next performance, it is not strange that the same "hurry-scurry" expert of an overlooks the cause of disease, as well as the best means of its prevention and cure.

Beyond any question of doubt, the factor of REST is the physician's most dependable asset in correcting human ills. Many ailments of very severe character are really cured by enforced rest, while poor, unscientific, undependable, drugging takes the credit. I can ascribe a hidden virtue to my dose of pills, if they make my patient so infernally sick that he has to go to bed and get well! For your sex man generally does the thing last that he should have done first.

To cure a fractured bone, we place the fragments in proper position and keep them there till REST does the repairing. Carry it further: Shattered nerves, for instance; rest is the absolutely imperative thing. Nerves are shattered by over-activity; remove the cause of the trouble—get away from it. Rest is the cure.

Many medicines are employed—to enforce rest, to compel peace and quiet in patients that are so far along that they are clean out of sight of land, nautically speaking; then the

SPECIAL NOTICES

LUMBER! LUMBER!—If you want good Building Lumber or good Chestnut Shingles, see or write J. E. Maltba or S. B. Bagby, Vilas, N. C. 7-6-4t

STRAIGHT SALARY: \$35 per week and expenses. Man or woman with rig to introduce POULTRY MIXTURE. Eureka Mfg. Co., East St. Louis, Ill. 1t

I AM NOW HANDLING a full line of flour, chop and cottonseed meal, at the lowest prices, and the best feed in town. Every bag guaranteed. See me. W. W. Shore. 3t

Dr. C. B. Baughman, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, Johnson City, Tenn., will be in the office of Dr. J. B. Hagaman in Boone, on the first Monday in each month for the practice of his profession. 10-17-4f

FOR SALE—Good cooking apples, 50c, unselected picked apples, 75c. Well-sprayed, clean fruit and a number of varieties. Rich Mountain Orchards, R. L. Baldwin, Manager, Zionville, N. C. 9-25-8t

Let Us Hope They Have Not Died In Vain — By Albert T. Reid



Albert T. Reid

DOUGHTON'S BIG LEAD

(Stateville Bardonia)
—Landon Doughton, led the procession in the Fredell voting with 7,825 votes and he had the largest majority in the county (Fredell—3,333). That isn't unusual for Mr. Doughton. He generally leads the procession in the county voting. He has served this district in Congress for twenty years and when he came before the voters for the eleventh time they gave him an overwhelming majority. When Mr. Doughton was first nominated for Congress, in 1910, the district was represented by a Republican. In fact it had sent Republi-

cans to Congress for three terms out of four. Beginning with his first election, Mr. Doughton has carried the district consistently, with varying margins, notwithstanding the Republican vote their biggest and best against him at different times. In 1928 Mr. Doughton carried every county in the district with a total majority of 9,699. In the debacle of 1932, near every county in the district elected Republicans in whole or in part. But Mr. Doughton came out of the wreck with the majority at that election. That was electing Randolph, Mrs. J. K. Mast, Holden Davis, J. C. Anderson, B. S. Dugger, Charles, E. E. Billings, Mrs. Joe L. Royall, Rev. S. Taylor, J. M. Harmon, Mrs. T. A. Bell, F. M. Richards, Mrs. R. A. Coffey, Hartney Hunt, Leander Norris, J. L. Snyder, Frank Ray, Victor Farthing, Mrs. C. P. Phillips, Mrs. J. T. McNeil, A. L. Wagner, J. C. Stinson, Mrs. Addie Grimes, Mrs. Jesse Greene, John T. Shull, W. D. Rogers, J. R. Greene, L. F. Greene, Rev. J. N. Atkins, J. T. Hendrix, J. Y. Love, J. A. Lay, J. B. Ford, J. E. Watson, East Coast Utilities, I. N. Corpering, W. N. Ragan.

There's a reason for Mr. Doughton's popularity. He's one of the folks, a plain man of the people, one of the folks in reality and not in affectation. He was a farmer when he was elected to Congress and he is a farmer now. He is an industrious and faithful representative of the people and the folks believe in him. That's why they continue to vote for him—why they have given him such a tremendous majority this year after year. That is a tribute worth living for, it is something of which to be

DEMOCRAT SUBSCRIPTIONS

J. C. Koss, Ed Sherwood, Mrs. M. J. Reid, E. E. Wilson, G. E. Brinkley, Daniel Boone Hotel, W. E. Hagaman, C. Wilson, Rev. J. A. Yount, Ralph Hodges, F. J. Tappett, John C. Guy, Mrs. E. B. Fox, Miss Fannie Taylor, O. V. McGuire, K. E. Colvard, Gro. Owsentine, L. E. Moody, Mrs. W. A. Rayworth, W. H. Mast, G. W. Castled, Mrs. J. K. Mast, Holden Davis, J. C. Anderson, B. S. Dugger, Charles, E. E. Billings, Mrs. Joe L. Royall, Rev. S. Taylor, J. M. Harmon, Mrs. T. A. Bell, F. M. Richards, Mrs. R. A. Coffey, Hartney Hunt, Leander Norris, J. L. Snyder, Frank Ray, Victor Farthing, Mrs. C. P. Phillips, Mrs. J. T. McNeil, A. L. Wagner, J. C. Stinson, Mrs. Addie Grimes, Mrs. Jesse Greene, John T. Shull, W. D. Rogers, J. R. Greene, L. F. Greene, Rev. J. N. Atkins, J. T. Hendrix, J. Y. Love, J. A. Lay, J. B. Ford, J. E. Watson, East Coast Utilities, I. N. Corpering, W. N. Ragan.

Dr. Sileem—How is young Mr. Schmidt doing since his tonsil operation?
Niece Nurse—As affectionately as can be expected.

STOVES!
The days are growing shorter. "The frost will soon be on the pumpkin." It is time to buy a Parlor Furnace or Heating Stove, you will need this fall and winter. We offer you the ANCHOR PARLOR FURNACE. The fire back in this furnace is guaranteed for five years. And the price is right.
See us before you buy your heating equipment for the winter. It will pay you
FARMERS HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO.

Sir Thomas Lipton Said:
"No place makes money without advertising except the mint." Is your business coining money? Use the advertising columns of the WATAUGA DEMOCRAT

DOING THINGS DIFFERENTLY

Sometimes a difficult situation can be altered by the simple process of doing things differently from the way in which they have been done.

A case in point is the feeding of wheat to cattle and hogs.

Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board said the other day that the feeding of wheat has become so general that it may absorb enough of the surplus wheat to affect prices in favor of the farmer. A few business size farmers stated this several months ago when the bottom first dropped out of the wheat market.

If everybody were to feed beef cattle or hogs would feed wheat those who have tried it assure us they can produce more beef or pork per bushel of wheat fed than by feeding the same amount of corn. At the present comparative prices of the two grains, this is economy. As this is written, there is a spread of less than three cents a bushel between the prices of wheat and corn on the Chicago Board of Trade. Wheat is abnormally cheap, corn not much below a normal price for this time of year. The only reason why corn is usually fed to livestock and poultry instead of wheat is because corn is so much cheaper. At anything like the same price, wheat is the more profitable feed.

The general feeding of wheat instead of corn in combination with corn, through this winter, would do more for farm relief than any amount of new legislation could accomplish.

Sossamon's Sayings

By LEROY SOSSAMON

ICHABOD IN SLEEPY HOLLOW
The sky was black as ink,
The stars were hid from view;
Between the folds of my old coat,
The wind came whistling through;
The hollow seemed scarcely to breathe
And my heart missed one long drawn beat
When once a solitary weed
Entangled with my feet.

A whine came from the distance,
And I stumbled over a log—
Falling into a puddle of mud,
Because of some farmer's dog.
The trees shivered in a fright
And the sound of falling leaves
Mimicked the ryme of a skeleton dance
Under some poor miser's eaves.

I found the rain soaked trail again
And ran with all my might,
Till in the distance, nearing home,
I saw the welcome light.
The branches still reached out for me
The devils raved in hosts;
But, catching the know of a friendly door,
I bade adieu the ghosts.

"Look at the lovely radio set I got today, dear, and only \$5 a month."
"For how many months?"
"Oh, I forgot to ask."