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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1936

CHRISTMAS!

Once again the Christmas season, with its joys and sorrows, its light and buoyant hearts, happy in anticipation of what the event holds in store for them—they of the vast multitude who have enough and to spare of this world's goods to make the hearts at home pulsate with real joy and expectancy. But there is another side to this wonderful picture. There are, even in heaven-blessed Watauga, those who, it seems, have fought a good fight for loved ones at home, to keep the wolf from the floor, and have almost failed.

To them the very utterance of the word "Christmas" brings sorrow to their hearts, for they know full well that they cannot provide better for loved ones through this happy season than they have during the past year which has been fraught with disadvantage. Yet their hearts yearn for the good things.

Just one instance—On Tuesday afternoon of this week, a young married woman having three small children was in town, selling, or offering for sale, evergreens such as could be gathered from the forests three or more miles out. Her face was beaming with anticipation as she thought of the flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked doll she intended to buy for her little girl, providing she succeeded in her sales. Whether or not she sold them, we do not know. But this we are sure of, the baby girl will get the doll, accompanied by other things for herself and other members of the family.

Good people, you who the Lord has blessed so abundantly, what are you going to do about it? Don't look for the penny in your purse, but give, and give liberally! "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

MAN

Man is of few days and full of trouble. He laboreth all the days of his youth to pay for a gasoline character, and when at last the task is finished, Lo! the thing is junk and he needeth another. He planteth cotton in the earth and tilleth it diligently, he and his servants and his asses, and when the harvest is gathered into barns, he oweth the landlord eight dollars and forty cents more than the crop is worth. He borroweth money from the lenders to buy pork and syrup and gasoline, and the interest eateth up all that he hath. He begetteth sons and embraceth them to smoke cigarettes and wear a white collar, and Lo! they have soft hands and neither labor in the fields nor anywhere under the sun. The children of his labor are orphans and one of them becometh a lawyer and another tinkereth in a filling station and maketh whoopee with the substance thereof. The wife of his bosom tinkereth with a stranger and when he tinkereth her, Lo! he smote to him in the brain. He cometh forth in the morning on the road that leadeth to the city and a dirty smiteth him so that his shirt project through his emblems. He drinketh a drink of whoopee juice to forget his sorrows and he cometh the home from his liver. At the door of his life, he findeth no resting place and a torment of traffic come from his going till he cometh back. An enemy smiteth his car; physicians remove his inner parts and his teeth and his back roll; his daughters laugh their legs to strangers; his arteries harden in the evening of life and his heart bursteth trying to keep the pace. Sorrow and bill collectors followeth him all the days of his life, and when he is gathered to his fathers the neighbors sayeth: How much did he leave? Lo, he hath left it all. As his widow rejoiceth in a new coupe and maketh eyes at a young snike that slicketh his ham, and playeth a nifty game of bridge, Woe is man! From the day of his birth to the time when earth knoweth him no more, he laboreth for bread and catcheth the devil. Dust he was in the beginning and his name is mud.
—Fountain Inn Tribune.

CLAUDE SCOTT, ASHE COUNTY MAN, COMMITS SUICIDE

(Ashe County Journal)
Claude Scott, well-known business man of West Jefferson, committed suicide on Wednesday, December 10, at 1:30 o'clock, due to financial difficulties, it is stated. Mr. Scott used a piece of kindling to cause a shotgun to send its load into his mouth. A side of his face was blown away. Mr. Scott was engaged in the lumber business for a number of years, and lately has held a position as a traveling salesman for a wholesale firm in West Jefferson. He is survived by his widow and seven children.

"The Way of Life"

By ERNEST BARTON

WHY PRIDE?

As I stepped out of the Grand Central Station the other day I saw entering it a man whose face seemed familiar, and after a moment's thought I placed him. He is one of the most distinguished members of the legal profession in America. He was a member of the Cabinet of a former President, and was himself mentioned for the Presidency.

On a sudden impulse I turned and followed him. The station was full of commuters hurrying to their trains. They looked at him, and through him and around him, but apparently nobody recognized him. He jostled his way across the great floor, down a pair of steps to the platform of the subway. And there the crowd crushed him into the minimum number of cubic inches and flung him into an express train.

My last view of him was as he stood with his face pressed against the glass of the door, a completely squeezed and harassed looking man in no way different from the swiftest others in the car.

Not one of those others knew that he had been a Cabinet Minister, helping to shape the destinies of a nation during the greatest war. No would they have cared, probably, if they had known.

It has been remarked frequently that the really big man is almost always modest. The reasons for this are two-fold. In the first place, he knows how much of his success has been due to causes beyond his own control—his birth, his education, his business opportunities. And he knows too what a thin and evanescent thing is fame.

He has walked through places like Central Park and looked at the statues. These are great men who lived only yesterday—fifty or a hundred or fifty years ago. Yet how few of them one can recognize without looking at the names. And if their fame is already so faded, what will it be in a thousand years, or two thousand or ten?

Abraham Lincoln's favorite song was a mournful hymn entitled, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" He knew that the river of life flows on, and that even the most important of us, soon washed out into the big sea of oblivion.

He knew it because he was really big. It is only the little men who get as "big" as they vote permanent rocks in the river, towering high above the level, and destined never to be moved.

The Family Doctor

By DR. JOHN JOSEPH GAINES

IMMUNITY

It's a mighty comfortable feeling during these winter months, especially in the northern states, the consciousness that one is immune from "taking cold." Infections of the respiratory tract are so distressing, not to say dangerous, that one dreads them naturally, and would do most anything to prevent their occurrence. From quite an extensive experience, I believe immunizing vaccines have solved the problem as neatly as can be at this time.

Bacterial vaccines made by reliable people are harmless. They should be administered as a preventive, while the patient is in his usual health. Six or eight doses should be used, on alternate days—one each day, of course—making about 12 to fourteen days cover the "course." Your physician will advise you for the best.

Just now long immunization lists is not known. Personally, I have taken two "courses" of vaccine during a winter, and have escaped colds, influenza, and influenza complications, though in almost daily contact with patients infected. I am, therefore, a firm and lasting friend of the vaccine treatment.

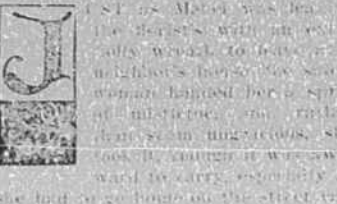
Indeed I have found vaccine very efficient in the treatment of respiratory infections. A cold will vanish more quickly if treated by this method—a dose daily, pushed till effect. The patient should stay indoors, better still in bed, until perfectly recovered, thus preventing relapses which often pave the way for more serious difficulties. The most rational treatment for influenza, I believe to be in the intelligent use of bacterial vaccines.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, says the old philosopher; I do not know where it may be more fittingly applied, than in the very common affliction known as "colds." Pneumonia is always dangerous to life; doubly so, when it follows influenza. And it is the one taken unawares that finds regret to be his chief heritage.

McFall, the factory foreman, was asked by the manager whether the new man he had hired was making progress. "Progress!" exploded the foreman. "Why, I've taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool!"

Miss Fatts—Oh, Doctor, it's horrible; I have gained fifteen pounds in the last month.

Dr. Cutter—You shouldn't complain, with chicken worth 30 cents a pound.



Crowded with that sort of car was moving but comfortably, and Mabel ran to him desperately to a strap, to hold on to the car as it started. Mabel, however, could always summon a smile, and she smiled one day to old Professor Donkin, who tried to make her hold on to the strap in the car. She smiled in "So happy" and she said, "Thank you, Professor, but I'm not holding on to the strap, it's the strap that's holding me in."



the strain, however, and give greeting in a delighted way.

"How happy everybody looks!" Mabel exclaimed. "The good old Christmas spirit has truly spilled itself into this car."

"Yes, since you entered it," he commented amiably.

"Because I have this red and green suit on, I suppose," she said, then became aware that they're not just smiling, they're laughing. What has happened?

"You really don't know?" queried Hartley. "I believe you don't, and here's the chance I've waited for all these months right before my eyes and I haven't taken it!"

"Just then a couple of college boys, not far away, called out, apparently to Hartley, 'Go to it, old chap!' and then said, 'Wish I had that chance!'"

Following their eyes, Mabel looked up at her hand, holding the strap, and there was the foolish spray of aristocracy in view of all, and directly above her head! "O, you idiots!" she



blacked, and then, in spite of herself, laughed merrily, the fellow passengers joining in heartily.

When they left the car Hartley took her bundles, and when her door was fastened he went to stand by, as a matter of course.

"I'm sorry if I failed to court outdoor recreation," he said, "but I have waited a long time, and you promise to give me an answer very soon. How about it?"

For reply, Mabel held the mistress above her head.

Christmas, Name of Village
There is only one place in England named Christmas. It is a tiny village in Oxfordshire, known as Christmas Common.

"God's Day"
"God's Day" is a name for Christmas found in very old carols.

OLD WINTER

By Thomas Noel

Old Winter said, in snowy clad,
"As making a doleful din,
But let him howl till he cracks his jaw,
We will not let him in."

Ay, let him lift from the billowy drift
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And, rustling, chime to the tinkling rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let him push at the door,—in the chimney roar,
And rattle the window-pane;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him gnaw, forsooth, with his freezing tooth,
On our roof tiles, till he tire,
But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
Before our blazing fire.

Come, lads, let's sing, till the rafters ring;
Come, push the can about,—
From our snug fire-side this Christmas-tide
We'll keep old Winter out.

The Introduction

By Albert T. Reid



BIRTHDAY PARTY
Mrs. Sam Atkins was hostess at a most enjoyable birthday party on Saturday afternoon, December 13th, in honor of her 8-year-old daughter, Ruby. After various games had been played the little guests were invited into the dining room where a plate was served consisting of cake, pie,

kies, fruits, candy and hot chocolate. The table was decorated in an appropriate manner. Little Miss Ruby received many attractive and useful gifts.
Those present were Anna Rose Fulkerson, Mereta Tuttle, Jay Fletcher, Ersul Presnell, James and Shelton Dugger, Grey Presnell, Russell and Robert Atkins, Charles Fletcher.

Boxcar Bill—Why is Archie standing?
Sidedoor Sam—They are playing his Alma Mater.
Boxcar Bill—What is that?
Sidedoor Sam—The "Prisoner's Song."
Japan expects to advance nearly \$35,000,000 for farm relief.

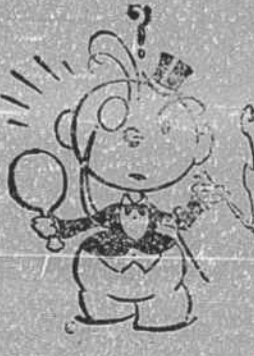
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