

**W. O. Cook Tells Of Trip Through North Carolina**

W. O. Cook, of Buchanan, Ga., recently visited this section of North Carolina, and on his return to his home, he wrote to the editor of the Haralson County Tribune giving an account of his trip.

The following is taken from the Tribune:

On Sunday morning Jan. 31st Mr. Fred Williams was getting ready to start to North Carolina to carry his mother-in-law, Mrs. Richards, and I had an invitation to go with them, and I went.

We had some muddy roads, but we got on the State highway at Roswell north of Atlanta and made good time.

We crossed the Blue Ridge mountains at Neal gap. The road through that section is a wonderful piece of work.

We arrived at Murphy, N. C., at 11 o'clock Sunday night. We went down the Hiwassee River 3 1-2 miles till we came to the beautiful mountain home of that prince of good fellows, Mr. Nathan Dockery, county commissioner and superintendent of roads and a brother-in-law of our own Luther Richards. Mr. Dockery is the real Tom Hutcheson of Cherokee county N. C., and real progressive spirit in road building.

We stayed there until Monday p. M. Fred parked the car and we started over the mountains in a covered wagon driven by Bert Hartness, the man with a smile a yard long, and after a while we came to the home of Mr. Thos. Payne a grand old man Baptist deacon, and farmer 72 years old, where we spent a couple of days.

Fred and I hiked to the mountains among the laurel and spruce. Went down the trail where Glen Yong chased the Craxley boys, crossed the Hiwassee river in a boat, and hoisted it back to Mr. Dockery's.

It is a wonderful country, Cherokee county has never raised a bale of cotton, but their grit and progressive spirit is an inspiration.

In the last three years the State highway department has put out \$1,000,000 in the county for roads. The county has spent \$645,000. They have 17 miles of fine concrete roads, and three roads running from Murphy to Georgia and three into Tennessee.

Just about Murphy they have a forty foot dam with a 2,000 H. P. plant.

They have fine schools and good churches, land is selling from \$50.00 to \$300.00 per acre and you can sell out any day in the week.

The water power is unlimited among the streams of Valley river, the beautiful Hiwassee river, Hanginglog Creek, where Mr. Dockery has some fine machinery.

Their county paper is The Cherokee Scout.

Three weeks ago their court house was burned down, and they have already let the contractor clean away the debris for another building. They don't look for things to turn up, they turn them up, and they say that the most of the kicks about taxes come from fellows who pay the least.

I wanted to visit the Indian school and see some real live Indians, go a little further up in the Smokey mountains and get a squirt at a bear, but I didn't have time. Thursday morning at seven o'clock we said goodbye to our good friends. Fred started the lizzie and we were Georgia bound.

We arrived home Thursday at seven p. m. worn out but as happy as school kids. With pleasant memories of my new friends, water falls, river, the wonderful scenery of the mountains of North Carolina.

W. O. COOK,  
Buchanan, Ga.

**BUGS & HUMBUGS**

Bureau of Health Education—  
N. C. State Board of Health

**FATIGUE**

The human body can no more do without using up than can an engine run without using up steam. If you go hunting when the weather is cold and shoot a rabbit or partridge it feels warm when you first pick it up but after lying dead for a few minutes it becomes as "cold as death." Why the difference? The same coat of fat or feathers are there to furnish protection but the heat is gone. It takes as much fuel to maintain body temperature in the living body as it would to maintain the same temperature in a stone of the same size and weight. In the school room every child not only keeps its own body warm but gives off into the room as much heat as a burning candle. All of this energy and body heat is produced by the combustion in the body of the food we eat. Violent exercises increases body heat because it increases combustion.

Wherever there is combustion there must be a residue of ashes and gas. If combustion takes place in the body this residue of waste material must be taken up by the blood and climate from the body by way of the lungs, liver and kidneys. So long as this combustion in the body does not take place faster than the blood clears away the waste products, the individual feels no fatigue, but just as soon as the blood fails to clear away the waste products as fast as they are formed there is an accumulation of this waste in the muscles. This waste material then acts as a poison or an "intoxication" which irritates the nerves, causing a peculiar and characteristic feeling, not quite like pain, and which we call fatigue. Fatigue is nature's cry for rest. As escaping steam from a hot automobile radiator warns us that the motor is running hot, so fatigue is a warning signal that there is accumulating in the system a surplus of waste products.

When all the available blood in the body is being sent to carry fresh fuel and clear away waste products there results a scarcity of blood for the brain and this produces sleepiness. Getting sleepy is nature's insistent demand that the body needs a period of rest in order to give the blood time to carry away the waste and repair the tissues.

**POSTELL**

Mrs. Jeff Jones visited her daughter, Mrs. Hedden Stiles at Postell Monday.

Mr. Tom Allen spent Thursday with S. Y. Allen and family.

Mr. John Brendle from upper Shoal Creek visited Mr. John Mason Friday.

Mr. Boon Beaver is no better at this writing. He has been sick for several weeks and doesn't get any better.

Gal 7  
Mrs. S. A. Stiles has been very sick for the pas week.

Mr. Poley Allen visited his sister Mrs. Florence Johnson last week. Mrs. Johnson has been very ill for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Swanson spent Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Boon Beaver.

Mrs. Josie Swanson and little son Fred spent Wednesday with Mrs. R. P. Allen.

The snow and cold weather last week located more like winter than making gardens.

Mr. Jim Dockery visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dockery at Webatty on day last week.

Mr. Jack Payne is visiting his wife and children at Postell.

Rev. S. A. Stiles from Postell filled his regular appointment at Flax Creek church Sunday.

Miss Eliza Allen spent Monday afternoon with Mr. Mary Allen.

Miss Vaud Quill is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Quill at Postell.

**Lore for Dog-Owners**

By Albert Payson Terhune

**PICKING OUT THE BEST**



In Vain Did Mark Cajole the Puppy to Come at His Call or to Romp With Him.

**L**ITTLE MARK BENDLE had asked Old Man Negley to help him choose a collie pup at the Blankens kennels. There had been six puppies in the yard. Four of those, for one reason or another, the old man had vetoed as pets. As the remaining two were scampering about, "Old Mark" that both were fine pups but that one of them would be worth ten times as much to the boy as the other.

"What a funny thing to say!" exclaimed Mark. "I don't understand."

"Well," said Old Man Negley, "I'll put it a little plainer. You and your father wanted my advice in picking out a pup for you. That's why I advised you against taking any of those other four we saw. As a veteran dog-man I saw flaws in them that a beginner, like yourself, wouldn't be likely to see."

"But both of these two pups here are fine specimens. Both seem to have good sense, too; and good dispositions. Either one would make a nice pet. But I want to see you pick out the one you like best; and I want to know why. Because there is a difference between them that you can figure out for yourself if you think hard enough. A difference that will make one of them worth ten times as much to you as the other. Outwardly, they are about the same. Play around with them for a while before you decide."

For the next ten minutes the boy played with both the pups. At least he tried to play with both of them; but he succeeded in playing with only one. One of the pups had rushed delightedly up to Mark the moment it was let out of the kennel yard.

It had frisked about him, dancin' and jumping up; and had then played in the same way about Old Man Negley and the kennel man; galloping back to the boy at his first summons and continuing to gambol with him. It was a most demonstrative and loving puppy; and finally came to make friends. It would rush to Mark at his call and then would trot over to Negley when the old man chirped to it.

The other pup was quite as gay and playful. But it paid no heed at all to Mark's blandishing calls nor to Old Man Negley's chirpings. It played with its furry brother and romped wildly. It obeyed quickly and eagerly when the kennelmen spoke to it. But when one of the others called it or tried to handle it, it would trot over to the kennelman and stand close beside him looking up into his eyes, lovingly; paying no heed to Mark or Negley.

There was no timidity in the pup's behavior. There was nothing in it except complete indifference to these coaxing newcomers.

"You have entire care of these pups, don't you?" asked Old Man Negley of the kennelman.

"Yes," answered the kennelman, grinning, for he understood the seemingly aimless drift of the question. "I'm the only one who has handled 'em since they were weaned."

In vain did Mark cajole this second puppy to come at his call or to romp with him. But the first puppy was all over him, making friends with glad zest with him and with Negley and with the kennelman. It was a most adorable and adorable pup.

At last Mark went up to the kennel-man and said:

"Mr. Negley tells me one of these puppies will be worth ten times as much to me, for a chum, as the other. Is he?"

"Negley's mistaken," answered the kennelman, curiously. "Not ten times as much. Twenty times as much."

"Good!" cried Mark, exulting. "Then I know which it is. I've made my choice. I know the one I want. I want this one—the one that comes when I call him and that loves me so much already. That other one won't have a thing to do with me. He'll be a horrid sort of chum. I choose this first one."

Old Man Negley and the kennelman glanced amusedly at each other. Mark saw the glance.

"You don't mean to say I've guessed wrong, do you?" he demanded.

"It all depends on how generous you are," returned Old Man Negley. "Do I understand you're so generous that you want your puppy to be the chum of everybody on Vine street and to love everyone else just as much as he loves you?"

"Of course I don't!" angrily denied the boy. "I want him to be polite to other people; but I want him to be my own chum, and nobody else's. I want him to love me best."

"Then," said Old Man Negley, "you've picked out the wrong puppy; just as I figured you would—just as nine people out of eleven would do."

"But this other puppy won't have anything at all to do with me," protested the bewildered boy. "What sort of a chum would he make, if—?"

"He would make the very best chum in the world," said Old Man Negley gravely. "He's that rarest and finest kind of animal, a 'one-man dog.' He's a one-man dog by nature. That's all the rarer. For him there's nobody else on earth but his own master. He won't look at anybody else on earth but his own master. He won't look at anybody but the man he loves."

"But—"

"That first puppy made friends with both of us, at sight," went on the old man. "That means he'd make friends with anybody at all. He'd follow a stranger just as willingly as he'd follow his own master. If you buy him, you'll have the man of owning him. But he'll be anybody's dog and everybody's pet. He'll be just as friendly with other boys as he is with you. He'll mind them just as well. See, he is every bit as friendly and obedient toward you and me as he is with this man who has brought him up."

"Now that second puppy has no eyes or thoughts for any human except the man he has chosen for his master. He is civil to us; but he isn't interested in us. If you take him home and treat him rightly and let nobody but yourself feed or handle him—why, in a month or so, he will be your worshipful chum and he'll keep on being your chum and your loving slave for the rest of his life. No stranger will be able to coax him away from you. He's a one-man dog. And you will be the 'one-man.'"

"That's what I meant when I said one of these puppies will be worth ten times as much to you as the other. But I hoped you might be able, maybe, to figure it out for yourself. At that age most pups are inclined to love everything and everybody. It's rare to find a natural-born one-man dog like this one. And he's worth everything to the man or boy who buys him and who can win his confidence."

"I—I see," hesitated Mark. "I see. And I'll do as you say, Mr. Negley. But, oh, it's so confusing to pick out a good dog!"

"No," denied Old Man Negley. "It isn't so confusing. For any decent dog is 'a good dog' for a boy to have. Only some dogs are better. This one, for instance."

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**Areas of American Cities**  
Few people could probably name the leading cities of the United States in the order of their area. New York comes first with an area of 318 square miles; New Orleans is second with 264 square miles; Chicago is third with 299 square miles; Philadelphia is fourth with 129 square miles; Seattle, fifth, with 99 square miles; Detroit sixth, with 81 square miles, says the New York Times.

**Let's Smile**

All doors open to the man with a smile. He goes far toward justifying the existence of a human race.

**OWL CREEK**

We are sorry to hear of the death of Aunt Polly Abernathy who died at her son's near Madisonville, Tenn., the 1st, of March. She was the widow of Rev. R. P. Abernathy and spent most of her life on Owl Creek.

Mrs. N. C. McRea is improving in health slowly at present.

Miss Annie Lou Davis has been on the sick list the past week.

Mr. J. H. McCall of Murphy visited Mr. Henry Kerhart last Friday.

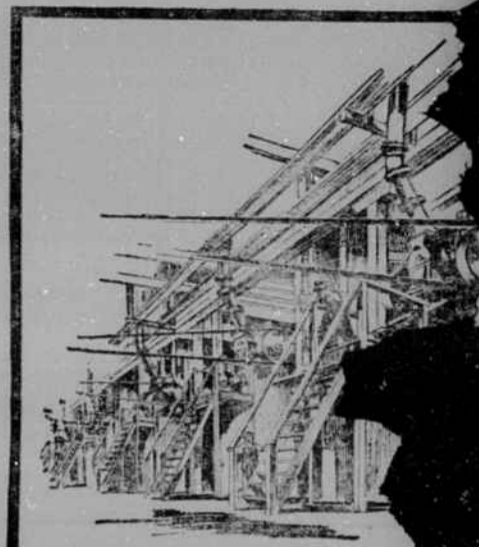
Mr. W. H. last Friday.  
Mr. Hen... of his new... 3x3 in.

Mr. Fred Lovin Ernest Mintz

Mr. J. A. Br Owl Creek last

I do hope the 20th Judicial dis J. D. Maloney t judge at the con a gentleman and

The Tellico met covering of snow



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