

BOOKLET TELLS OF PARK AND ITS N. C. APPROACHES

Pamphlet Prepared by Asheville Chamber of Commerce Being Distributed on Good Will Tour

An invitation is being extended by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce to all the country to come to Western North Carolina during the coming summer and see the Great Smokey Mountains, the scene of the proposed newest national park.

The booklet, one of the most attractive books yet to appear devoted entirely to the exploitation of the beauties of Great Smokies, has been prepared by the Asheville chamber of commerce in conjunction with the North Carolina Park Commission.

Whatever may be said of difficulty of travel in the Smokies the very opposite is true of the approaches to the park area, the booklet states.

Highway No. 10 is the main highway to the park, says the book and the approach from Asheville upward to Bryson City, the principal gateway of the park on the North Carolina side, will be the favored entry way from all points throughout the state.

SPELLING BEE TO BE CONDUCTED BY CHARLOTTE PAPER

Here is a chance of a lifetime for spellers of North Carolina to get real money, as well as real fun, from the covers of the old spelling book.

The Charlotte Observer will give \$175.00 in cash reward to the best spellers in the state, and many county champion spellers will get free trips to Charlotte.

The spelling bee is to be stationary, and the schools of Charlotte and in the one hundred counties have been invited by The Observer to participate.

In addition, the champion speller of North Carolina will be sent to

Helpfulness to Others Man's Great Achievement

The man whose picture appears here was in every sense of the word helpful to mankind, as it was he who gave to the world Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which has brought restored health to countless people.

Medical Discovery with good results for 15 or 20 years and I have never known any medicine to beat it. I would advise any man, woman or child to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Washington, D. C., in June to take part in the Second National Spelling Bee Contest. All expenses of both the winner and a chaperon will be paid by The Observer.

Schools in both city and county have been invited to join the bee and urged by The Observer to forward their acceptances immediately to the Spelling Bee Editor.

The BULL'S EYE

Editor and General Manager WILL ROGERS



You Can't Smoke History

A fellow from Carolina wants to know where I got the idea that "Bull" Durham and George Washington come from the same state.

Now thanks, Sir, for your good-natured suggestion. If I knew History I wouldn't be able to write "Bull" Durham Ads. I would be a College Professor, get everything right, and get nothing for it.

Writing Ads that will be remembered is a queer game. This is an Ad, not a History. I selected Ads over History on account of the pay.

Where "Bull" Durham comes from or where it goes to is left for the starving Historian.

W. Rogers

P.S. You notice I named in this article the WRONG Carolina. That's so North Carolina will get sore because I named South Carolina, and South Carolina will get sore because I didn't name North Carolina.

P.S. There will be another piece in this paper soon. Watch for it.



"BULL" DURHAM Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

WHAT NOT TO DO TO YOUR DOG



She Held a Lump of Sugar Just Out of His Reach.

MAIDA RUSSELL was sitting on a lawn bench, with her alert little wire-haired fox terrier standing in front of her, while she held a lump of sugar just out of his reach.

"Look!" called Maida, at sight of the old dogman. "Isn't Blinks funny, the way he begs for this sugar?"

"He is," agreed Old Man Negley, walking over to the bench. "And for once I don't grudge seeing a human teasing a dog, though generally I think it's a whole lot meaner than to tease a little child—and that's almost the meanest thing on the list.

"Why don't you write and give the people the real History of 'Bull' Durham in its native State, South Carolina, that people would appreciate that more than these Bull Legends of yours."

"That's not a pretty joke at all! How could you think I'd do such a thing?"

"A dog has 42 teeth—(instead of 32 like us humans)—and sugar is bad for all 42 of them. It makes acid in the mouth that rots them little by little till they're useless.

"Then sugar helps to spoil a dog's stomach and to make the rest of his food indigestible. People feed their pet dogs on sugar and cake and candy, and then wonder why the poor things get fat and toothless and dyspeptic."

"But Blinks loves sugar," objected Maida. "He—"

"A baby might love to play with a nice, shiny, loaded pistol," countered Old Man Negley. "But I wouldn't advise it as a toy for babies. Most of us love to do a lot of things that would knock our health to pieces if we did them. For instance, I'd like nothing better than eat about five pounds of spareribs and sauerkraut. But it would come close to killing me.

"Only, dogs learn to leave alone most of the things their instinct tells them is bad for them to eat. They inherit that wise instinct from their wild ancestors. Those ancestors never knew about sweets. So your dog hasn't the instinct to refuse them. And the dog that is fed too much on sweets isn't likely to leave any descendants to profit by his sufferings."

"He doesn't seem any the worse for the lumps of sugar we've given him," she said in self-defense. "He's as well as any dog."

"He isn't a year old yet," replied Negley. "At that age a pup is as strong in teeth and digestion as a human kid of seven. They can eat almost anything, without seeming to be harmed by it. But Mother Nature is keeping tabs on them, all the time. And in later years she makes them pay with compound interest for every law of hers they've broken."

"Nature doesn't forget. She isn't a 'loving mother,' as the poet claps call her. She's a rigid old disciplinarian; and there's no broken rule she doesn't make us pay for, sooner or later."

with Blinks awhile ago? While I was back there by that window, I heard him yelling to bear the band."

"Oh!" laughed Maida, amused by the recollection. "He wasn't yelling. He was 'singing.' It's the cutest thing he does. Aunt Ella came to see us this morning and I made Blinks show off by singing for her. Every time I play some very high note on the violin, he throws back his head and 'sings' at the top of his lungs. Everybody roars with laughter to see him try to accompany the violin with song. He—"

"I'm!" mused Old Man Negley. "A lot of folks think it's funny to make a dog 'sing' by playing high notes on fiddles or flutes or fifes or some such brilliant instrument. They'd get the same effect, a little easier, if they'd heat a canebic needle red hot and stick it into the dog's eardrum. He'd 'sing' just the same. Maybe even a little louder."

"I never heard such a cruel thing in my life!" blazed Maida. "I suppose you think you're being funny. But you're not. Why, I wouldn't make Blinks suffer for anything in the world!"

"Wouldn't you?" asked Negley, unruffled. "Then quit trying to make him 'sing' by playing shrill music to him. It hurts him almost as much as the red-hot needle would. A dog's sense of hearing is so acute that his hearing apparatus is pretty near as sensitive as his nostrils—and his nostrils are the most sensitive thing known to animals. A high note of music is terribly painful to those sensitive ear-passages of his."

"It hurts them so hard that it makes him howl with the pain of it. Then folks laugh their heads off and they say: 'Hear him try to sing! Ain't he cute? He just loves music!' Well, he loves it about as much as you'd love a hornet sting. It's a torture to him."

"At that, I've known dogs that really loved soft piano music that didn't go too high. We had a collie that used to run into the house every time my wife started to play soft tunes on our rickety old second-hand piano. He'd sit beside her by the hour, with his head on one side, just listening and loving it."

"But any shrill sound means real pain to your dog. So don't amuse your guests next time by playing shrill music to him while they laugh at his torment. It isn't funny."

"If I can't feed him sugar and can't play my violin where he is," pouted Maida, "what can I do without harming him?"

"You can give him simple, common-sense treatment," answered Negley. "Use plain commonsense with a dog, and you'll never injure him. You see, dogs are a lot like humans that way. Plain commonsense is the only sure road to travel with either of 'em."

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The Bills for Billville

Bring in the bills for Billville—the bills that pay the rent, that heap the lives with honey, drown trouble in content; the bills that make a feller feel so wondrous rich and strange he tells the bill collectors to never mind the change. Those are the bills for Billville we're lookin' for today; that ring life's storms with rainbows, make Winter bloom like May; the bills that drive old Want afar—back to his dreary den; the new crisp Fives, and so forth, the bills of Life—Amen!—Atlanta Constitution.

To Read Dates on Coins

A great many of us enjoy looking for old coins every time we get a bunch of money. Occasionally we run across a coin that is worn so badly that the date mark cannot be read. To read this date, take a piece of steel or iron and rub it over the place the coin has lost its date. The rubbing will show the date or any other reading that ordinarily could not be read.—Boys' World.

SWEETGUM

Rev. M. M. Eller, passed away at 3 a. m. the 17th. Mr. Eller was a good man. His many friends will miss him very much. He had been sick for some time and due to his age he could not possibly overcome his illness.

Mr. John T. Cooper died 3:15 p. m. the 17th, he was 69 years of age—He struck sick suddenly only living about four days.

Mr. Cooper passed away quietly. His many friends, will miss him very much in the community.

Mr. Will Anderson is very sick and is not expected to live very long unless a change for the better.

BOILING SPRINGS

March 15—We are very much surprised indeed, to see so much snow coming.

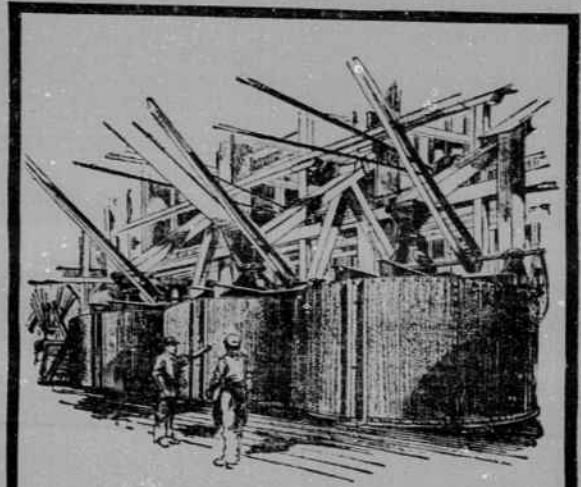
Mrs. Eula Davis has been very ill for the past week.

Mr. Wade Lovingood was a Boiling Spring visitor Sunday.

Mr. Dewey Garrett, caught a huge Hawk last week in a steel trap, measuring over four feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Our Sunday School is dead we are very sorry to say on account of everybody being sick with flu. We are unable to carry on the good work.

Our mail carrier, Mr. E. B. McDonald is in bed with the flu, Mr. Charlie McDonald is assistant carrier.



THE right ingredients, properly prepared, mixed, cured and milled, make effective fertilizer. Proof that a shovel and a screen are not enough is submitted in the above illustration, which shows one of the intricate processes in one of the Royster Fertilizer plants.



ROYSTER Fertilizer

DICKEY FEED COMPANY Murphy, N. C.

MURPHY COLLEGE

Of

ASHEVILLE UNIVERSITY

Instruction in Shorthand, Typewriting, and the general essentials of a Business Course

—ALSO—

Instruction in College and Academy Subjects

The difference between success and failure is the little time, the little effort, and the little money it takes to get ready.

George A. Hubbell President