

THE DANBURY REPORTER

N. E. AND E. P. PEPPER, Editors and Owners.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

DANBURY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1929.

In The Everlasting Hills.

When urban air is heavy with the scent of gas and oil, and when heat radiates from walls of brick and stone and steel, your soul reaches out for the wide open spaces where the daisies bloom. Your senses are intoxicated with the change. You sniff the odor of the sweet woods, and you feel on your cheek the breath of the moss and fern, that live beneath the ivy cliffs beside the laughing waters. Man made the city, but God made the country.

The Rev. Fred N. Day is fixing to build a home at the foot of the mountain where he can hear the call of the whippoorwill to its mate in the starlight, and where he can sleep till sun-up in the morning. Mr. Day was not satisfied with building a Baptist church here, which is one of the prides of the people of this community, but a little distance from the church, the preacher plans to erect a summer home. He has bought a lot on Paul Taylor's beautiful Whitewater development, near the lake and close to the game preserve. We predict that Mr. Day's establishments here will prove a nucleus around which will grow a new community of good folks. And there is no reason in the world for not believing this. It is on No. 89, within an hour's drive of Winston-Salem, and yet withal right in the heart of the mountain.

No better place in North Carolina to settle down, according to Mr. Day's ideas. He loves the people of this community, and the people love him. He is rounding out a life of great usefulness in making people happy, and in this labor he finds his own happiness. He is a man of dynamic energies, so much so that in less than twelve months he converted a hillside of gully and rock into a beautiful site, crowned with a very attractive church, and when the last nail was driven, it was all paid for. In this age of bond issues, we submit this incident as something quite novel, to say the least.

Now, Stokes county and Danbury and Piedmont communities extend the right hand of fellowship to this Baptist minister, and all other good folks that come with him to our mountain country. We have the air, the roads, the scenery and the water, especially water, which the Baptists love, and they are cordially welcome. Our hearts are on the right side.

Sensation In Beef.

Nothing is quite so exciting to a rural community as a sick cow. The beast rapidly dies, and the temperature of the battwick rises with that of the afflicted bovine. Now is the time for the cow doctor to make a demonstration of his skill, and as each neighborhood is afflicted with these necromancers, they eagerly come, singly and in squads, each armed with a different remedy, and each's no less fatal than the other's. As they gather around the suffering beast, it raises its head, surveys the situation with terror, and prepares for early and inevitable dissolution.

Danbury has had such a sensation recently, and naturally our bovine population has diminished to a very appreciable extent. The trouble with the cows was colic. They had partaken freely of clover, or some other kind of early and unseasoned food, which caused uneasiness in the paunch, and had laid down to relax and let the flatulence subside. The first cow doctor prescribed five pounds of salts, saturated with a quart of liniment. This nostrum failed to bring relief, and this diagnostician with an expression of helpless defeat and disgust on his face, retired. Stepping forward now, another wizard called for a big, long, very rough stick with considerable diameter, and strong strings to hold the gag in place. These necessities being supplied, he worked faithfully for a half hour, but at the end of this time he had failed to kill her, and gave up despairingly for the next man. The third artist prescribed sawing off the horns, and this being done, and the beast found to be still alive, he split her tail, from the hind to the other, but she still breathed, and now he gasped "this thing is beyond me," and so like Kluck at the brink of the Marne, he fell back and was seen no more. Now comes to the front the real hero of the hour, with a long-bladed stile to the most approved Ziffy Island type, and looking like Brutus, he plunges the dagger repeatedly into the animal's anatomy, until kindly, all-enfolding death comes to the relief of the beast.

Chickens Come Home To Roost.

We see by the papers that Simmons is again trimming his sails for the Senatorial voyage. His apologists and conciliators are already making his paths straight. All good Democrats expected, of course, to come to the aid of the chief. When the whip of the super-boss cracks, march, whether the direction in which the chief's nose is pointed suits your individual taste or not. March, goose-step.

Now, if we can read aright the signs of the times, the Senator's route does not lead the way in which quite a bunch of Democrats want to march this time, and as the Senator himself has set the mode of "to h—l with precedent," he may not be shocked to see his example bear fruit. The Senator has long been authority on what it takes to constitute a Democrat, and he may not be surprised to see that his conception has been catching. He believes that the way to be a good Democrat is to vote the Republican ticket, provided things don't go your peculiar individual way of thinking, and that is just what enough Democrats in the State will probably do next year to separate the Senator from his cherished ambition.

The Senator's logical mind cannot help seeing that what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander, and that it will be perfectly loyal to the Democratic party for any good Democrat to vote for Judge Meekins if necessary to defeat an undesirable candidate.

Appointments For Methodist Church

1st Sunday—Bethesda 11 a. m.; Pine Hall 3 p. m.; Forest Chapel 8:00 p. m.
2nd Sunday—Davis Chapel 11 a. m.; Vade Mecum 3 p. m.; Danbury 8:00 p. m.
3rd Sunday—Pine Hall 11 a. m.; Forest Chapel 3 p. m.; Bethesda 7:30 p. m.
4th Sunday—Danbury 11 a. m.; Vade Mecum 3 p. m.; Davis Chapel 7 p. m.
5th Sunday—Danbury 11 a. m.; Bethesda 3 p. m.

The Christ Who Lives in Men—I remember coming down on a railroad train many years ago from Eaglesmere with a crowd of railroad men who had been there for a summer Bible conference. We rode in some open freight cars on the old primitive railroad which was all there was then, and which has not been much improved since. As we sat on the boards laid across the open cars, the men were telling about their experiences. There was one man, who had drunk the cup down to the very dregs of it, and they had been bitter. And then the voice had called him, and he had risen up to a new career. He was an old, gnarled veteran of the civil war. He was telling us about his experience and he said: "It at last all came down to this with me. I sat down one day in the midst of my sin, with the Savior near making his offer, and I closed with it, and I rose up in his strength and power. He died my death for me that I might live his life for him." He died for us to all sins of imagination and of desire and of deed; and he rose for us that we might live with him today the life of cleanness and of joy and of power and of victory. Yes, and what is usually wonderful, we died in his death with him that he might live his life and our life in us. This is the gospel of reality. This is the reality of the gospel.—Rev. Robert E. Speer, Presbyterian church.

Don't forget the ball game Saturday, Danbury vs. Pinnacle at Danbury.

TWO FORD CARS TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION

On Monday, July 1st, at one o'clock p. m. I will offer for sale at public auction in front of the court house at Danbury, N. C., two Ford cars, of the following description:

- One Ford Coupe, 1925 model, motor number 8926526.
One Ford roadster, 1924 model, motor number 10485259.

These cars were captured while being used to violate the prohibition laws. Anyone claiming said cars will please make claim in writing before day of sale.

This June 5, 1929. J. J. TAYLOR, Sheriff.

The Democratic party is not dead, but four more years away from the pie counter is going to give it that boyish figure so much admired.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

Don't forget the ball game Saturday, Danbury vs. Pinnacle at Danbury.

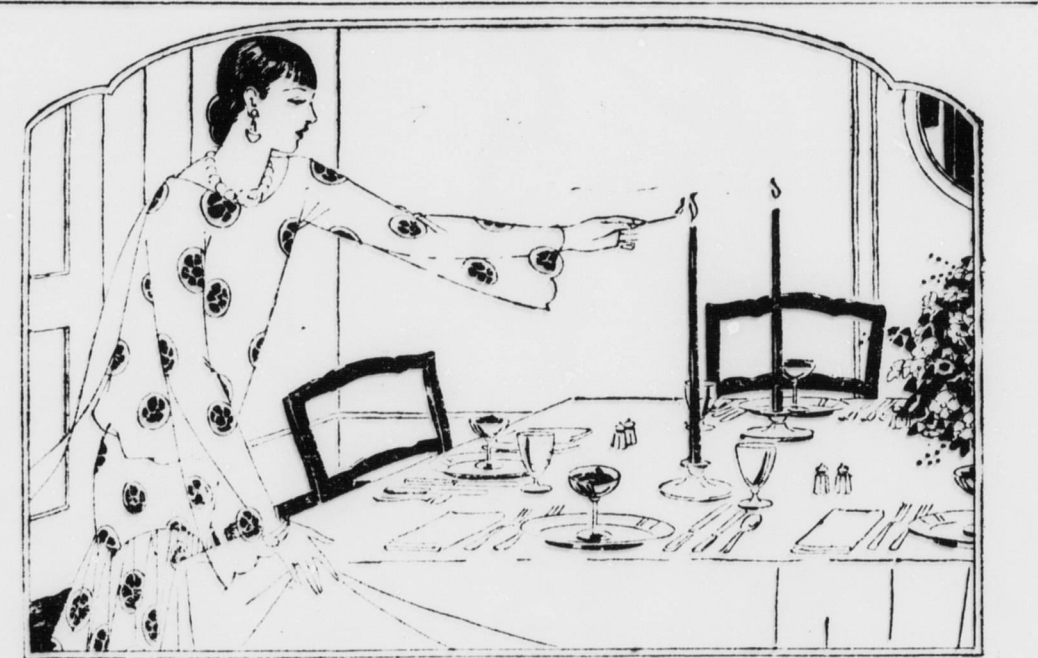
Was The Big Frog Right?

From Mt. Airy News

There is a story going the rounds of this town that will illustrate the famed "Hoover prosperity." It is said that a large number of the men who worked at the furniture factories were told this spring that because of slack demand for furniture they would be obliged to put all the men on short time, consisting of three days a week. It is said that one of the men told the management that he and his large family could not live on a pay envelope containing only wages for three days a week. So he moved back to the farm and began to make preparations to put out a crop. One day he went out into the field to do some sprouting and cutting briars and making ready generally to plow the soil. Along in the afternoon the little frogs down in the creek began to sing out in their high treble, "Three days a week; three days a week." After about an hour of this everlasting torment, the man rushed down to the creek and picking up a long pole began to flail the water in an effort to scare the frogs out of their tune about three days a week. A big old bullfrog jumped down from the bank and went "splash" into the water. Presently he swam over to a log and began in a deep base voice "Hoover, Hoover."

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES. By order of the Board of county commissioners of Stokes county, made at the meeting of the Board on the first Monday in May, the following described land and lots will be sold to the highest bidder for cash at the court house door in Danbury, N. C., on— MONDAY, JULY 1, 1929. At 1 o'clock p. m. J. JOHN TAYLOR Sheriff of Stokes County. Watts, R. T., 63 acres, \$48.49 Phillips, E. N. 1 lot 71.79

Odell Coleman is back home at Jones and Gentry selling their good shoes. He invites his friends to come to see him. Try an Ad in the reporter. FASHIONS in clothes are often far from being strictly utilitarian, but fastidious in cans are founded on expediency and economy. Sales of the comparatively low size—the eight ounce can of food which is of the same diameter as the standard No. 1 can, but not so tall—are increasing rapidly, and the No. 1 cans themselves have shown a 25% increase this year. The expediency and economy of these small cans lies in the fact that they contain just enough food for one person, or two, at a stretch, if there are other courses, and consequently there are no left-overs. The growing metropolitan population of our large cities and the decreasing size of the average American family are held to account in part for this increase in popularity, and the steady increase in the use of these cans is served to bring out individual preferences. Small Sizes Handy. These small sized cans are not only handy for individuals without an ice-box, but they are convenient to take on picnics and for workmen's and school lunches. The new eight ounce cans are used mostly as containers for fruits, and the standard No. 1 cans for vegetables such as tomatoes, corn, peas and stringless beans. This is also a popular size as a container for fruits for salad. Certainly these small cans serve to eliminate waste where there is no regular continuous cooking. At the other end of the picture is a 300% increase in the use of standard No. 10 cans which are used chiefly in hotels and restaurants.



When Sardines Simmer

SARDINES really like to be canned, judging from the way they have been rushing into the fish nets off the coast of Maine all last summer. And the degree of the sardines to be canned is little greater than the housewife's liking to see them canned. Everyone knows the sardine in its sandwich aspect, for what would the average fall picnic be without the silvery little fish? But that there are many other ways in which to use them is, perhaps, not so well known. Tomato, Mustard or Oil. From their very nature they excel in canapés—those little strips or circles of thin toast which are spread with all kinds of delicious surprises and are served in place of the well-known cocktail or soup. Salads, too, welcome the sardine as a real friend, for the rich flavor lends a touch of substantiality to the ephemeral atmosphere surrounding a leaf of lettuce. Put sandwiches, canapés and salads do not comprise the list. It is possible to use sardines with main course dishes and also in cocktails. For each dish there is a way of canning the little fish that is most appropriate—whether fried in oil or put up in tomato or mustard sauce. The choice of dressing depends entirely on what use is to be made of them. In the following new recipes the type of dressing that is most appropriate is noted: Sardine Cocktail: Skin and bone a small tin of sardines and separate in small pieces. Mix one-half cup catsup, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoon Tabasco, two tablespoons lemon juice, salt and paprika to taste. Arrange the sardines in cocktail glasses and pour the sauce over them. Chill. Sardine Sandwiches: Spread bread with softened butter then with a very thin coating of prepared mustard. Arrange several boned sardines on each slice, cover with thinly sliced beet pickles and top with another slice of buttered bread. Sundry Savories. Sardine Canapés: Toast a round slice of bread, butter it and place on it a slice of tomato. Crush a sardine, mix with mayonnaise and spread on the tomato. Sprinkle with grated American cheese. Garnish with a dab of mayonnaise and a strip of pimiento. Sardine Savories: Dice three hard boiled eggs. Mash contents of a can of sardines and mix with the eggs; then add ten sliced, stuffed olives and mix with mayonnaise to bind. Put a heaping tablespoon on a crisp cracker and garnish with a stuffed olive on top. Serve with salad. French Sardine Sandwiches: Take slices of bread, cut off crusts and soak in milk. Mash a can of sardines canned in tomato sauce and mix with a slightly beaten egg yolk and season to taste. Spread between slices of the bread; then dip the sandwiches in slightly beaten whole eggs and fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Serve at once with currant jelly or tomato sauce. This can be used at breakfast, luncheon or supper. Spaghetti Salad: Mix two cups of boiled and cooled spaghetti with one cup of diced celery. To one and one-half cups of stiff, boiled salad dressing add two diced, hard-boiled eggs, six diced sour pickles, one can of sardines in mustard sauce, mashed, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix the salad and serve in lettuce cups, garnishing with thin slices of cucumber and plain dressing. Sardine Salad: Heat two tablespoons of olive oil and the oil from two cans of sardines in a frying pan. When hot put the sardines in it and sauté gently until they are hot. Remove and put them on individual servings of shredded lettuce. To the fat add an equal amount of vinegar and a dash of salt and pepper; heat and pour over the sardines and lettuce. Serve as a salad with an accompaniment of sweet pickles and slices of lemon. Splendid Stuffings. Sardine Stuffed Eggs: Boil eight eggs, remove shells, and cut in two. Remove the yolks and mash them with ten sardines, four tablespoons of minced water-cress, pepper and salt, and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Beat with a fork to make the filling fluffy, and then stuff the eggs with the filling. Any excess can be saved and mixed with mayonnaise to be used the next day on a salad. Stuffed Green Peppers: Prepare peppers by cutting a slice from the stem end, then removing the seeds and parboiling for fifteen minutes in well salted water. Drain. Mix two cups hot, boiled rice with one-half cup canned tomato purée and add one can of diced sardines, canned in tomato sauce. Season to taste. Stuff the peppers with the mixture, arrange in a pan, sprinkle tops with buttered bread crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown. Serve with tomato purée as a sauce.