

Samuel T. Holland Dies As Result of Accident

The following clippings were taken from a Canon City, Colo., paper, giving an account of the death of Samuel T. Holland, a former Macon man.

Samuel T. Holland, of this city, was very seriously injured in a fall from a scaffold at the Portland Cement Works Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock. Reports from the hospital today gave little hope for his recovery, although a change for the better may take place.

Mr. Holland was at work at the Portland Cement Works when the accident occurred. He was on a scaffold about 45 feet from the ground when the scaffold gave way and he fell to the ground.

It is understood that he struck the ground, lighting on his feet, resulting in a compound fracture of the right leg, and the jar of the fall causing the backbone to be crushed into the base of the skull, resulting in a compound fracture.

He was brought to Graves' hospital late yesterday afternoon, where every aid was administered to his injuries.

Mr. Holland has a wife and three children, who live at 1112 Main street.

Samuel T. Holland, who was severely injured in a fall from a scaffold while at work at the Portland Cement plant, died at three o'clock Thursday afternoon.

The accident occurred Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock when he fell from a scaffold about 45 feet above the ground, fracturing the base of his skull and inflicting a compound fracture of the right leg.

First aid was administered before he was brought to the hospital here, but there was little hope for his recovery.

Mr. Holland resided at 1112 Main St. in this city. He leaves a wife and three small children. He was about thirty years of age.

An inquest was conducted by Coroner V. A. Hutton, of Florence, at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. Funeral arrangements have not yet been made.

Cullasaja, N. C., Jan. 21, 1924.

Editor Press: While our hearts are beating with grief, we wish to explain to the people who shall read this dear paper of Macon County our sorrow, as we feel like they are all our friends and neighbors.

On Friday, January 11, 1924, we received a very sad telegram from Colorado reporting the death of our dear son and brother, Talmage, who had been living in the Far West for more than seven years.

Talmage at the time of his death was living in the little city of Canon City, Colorado, a beautiful little city nestled in a pocket of the foothills of the Rockies at the eastern entrance of the famous Royal Gorge. It has a population of about 6,500.

Talmage at his death was 30 years, 1 month and 28 days old. His trade was carpenter and painter.

At the time God saw fit to take him, he was working on a high building. The scaffold on which he was working broke and he fell to the floor of cement 45 feet below. Talmage was rushed to the hospital, but the time had come when men of the earth could not heal. God spared his life 23 hours, then his spirit took its flight and has gone on to await the coming of his loved ones, who are many.

We miss him so, but thank God there is one who'll guide us to the happy land above where we will ever be in glory with the friends we love.

Talmage loved to talk about God and His purposes. His closest personal friend was Rev. Coggens, a Baptist minister of the Gospel, now of California, but formerly of North Carolina. Should God have spared Talmage's life his intentions were to come back to dear old North Carolina, his native State and the one he loved so well, to make it his earthly home and join the Baptist church with the rest of the family.

Talmage left behind him to mourn his loss, a wife and three little children, Ola, Paul and little Roy, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Holland, five sisters, and four brothers, Mrs. Monroe Bryson, Mrs. John T. McCoy, Mrs. Greenville Burrell, Mrs. Truman Peck and Miss Elizabeth Holland, Messrs. Tillman and Willie Holland, of Colorado, Spurgeon and Lester Holland of this place.

While we miss Talmage so much and it was so hard to give him up, we try to submit ourselves to God's will and think, why should we weep when the weary one rests in the bosom of Jesus Supreme.

We laid Talmage's body away to rest in the Sugarfork cemetery. Rev. John Batey conducted the funeral services, which were very beautiful. The grave will always be a vision before our eyes, it was so beautifully covered with flowers by his and our friends representing their love.

May we all strive to meet Talmage where there will be no more heart-pangs nor sadness, all peace and joy and gladness.

While Talmage is resting in the bosom of our Savior, may God bless, comfort, and direct the ones he left here below.

THE FAMILY.

A HEROIC RESCUE.

A Sixteen Year Old Cullasaja Boy Saves Two Lives.

Frank Bryson, second son of Monroe Bryson, who lives near the Cullasaja river, was taking his aunt, Mrs. Burrell, and her baby across the river in a boat. The river was up and the current swift, and when nearly half way across the boat began to sink in ten feet of water. Both mother and baby went under, the mother got quite over her head, when Frank jumped from the sinking boat and swam to her, calling "Give me the baby, Auntie, quick." It was in its mother's arms, entirely under water, but head and face covered with a shawl, so it didn't swallow any water. Frank took the baby in his left arm and told his aunt to put her hand on his right shoulder and fight the water with her free arm, while he pulled toward the bank from which they started, for it was nearer. Mr. Truman Peck was on the opposite bank and plunged in when he saw the boat sink, and got to Mrs. Burrell's side just as her feet got in water shallow enough for her to touch the bottom. He took the baby from Frank and helped them to the bank, and brave Frank plunged after the fast escaping boat, for he knew that was the only way to get them to the fire before they froze. It was that cold Saturday, January 12th, and the north wind blowing hard. Frank caught the boat and he took the bow and Mr. Peck the stern, with the mother and babe in the middle seat, and pulled it across in a few minutes. All this time the baby hadn't uttered a sound. Mr. Bryson, Frank's father, grabbed it from its mother's arms and ran to his house, screaming "Have a big fire and warm blankets." By the time the half-drowned mother got there, they had the baby undressed, and it was stiff and blue with cold and seemingly dead. But after vigorous rubbing and putting it into hot blankets it opened its eyes and gave a weak little smile. It was all of three hundred yards from the river to the house and baby and mother were thoroughly chilled before they left the boat.

Frank is small for his age, but a fine swimmer, and showed great presence of mind in saving them. He deserves a Carnegie medal, and there are two reliable witnesses to the whole incident. Some one who knows how to go about it, ought to see that this brave boy is rewarded.

Can't we get in touch with the trustees of this fund and give them the facts, so there will be no long delay about the reward. He ought to get enough to send him to college. He knows nothing of my writing him up. He may prefer a medal.

ONE OF HIS NEIGHBORS.

The Home Paper in Verse.

No news is said to be good news, And no kicks about the paper are likely to be interpreted by the country editor as meaning that he hasn't displeased too many people. But there is one kind of a kick to which the editor never objects—the kick that the paper has failed to arrive at the usual time. An unknown writer in the Waterbury American—we assume in Connecticut, though the exchange from which we picked up the poem doesn't indicate—has humorously described a kicker of this kind:

My father says the paper he reads ain't put up right; He finds a lot of fault, too, he does, perusin' it all night; He says there ain't a single thing in it worth to read, And that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need; He tosses it aside and says it's strictly on the bum, But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come! He reads about the weddin's and he snorts like all get out; He reads the social doin's with a most derisive shout. He says they make the papers for the women folks alone; He'll read about the parties and he'll tume and fret and groan; He says of information it doesn't have a crumb— But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come! He is always first to grab it and he reads it plumb clean through. He doesn't miss an item, or a want ad—that is true; He says they don't know what we want, the darn newspaper guys; "I'm going to take a day some time and go and put 'em wise; "Sometimes it seems as though they must be deaf and blind and dumb." But you ought to hear him holler when the paper doesn't come!

"A WORD OF THANKS."

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors during the arrival and burial of our dear son and brother, for all the loving kindness that sought to comfort in our darkest hour of loneliness and sorrow, and for the many beautiful flowers which were lovely messengers of remembrance and consolation. We thank each and every one of them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. HOLLAND AND FAMILY.

All Kinds of Legal Blanks For Sale at the Press Office.

National Forest Timber for Sale.

Sealed bids will be received by the Forest Supervisor, Franklin, N. C., up to and including February 25, 1924, for the merchantable dead timber standing or down, and all the live timber marked or designated for cutting on an area embracing about 160 acres on the watershed of Buck Creek, Nantahala National Forest, Clay Co., N. C., estimated to be 383,000 feet, B. M., more or less of basswood, ash, white oak, red oak, cucumber, cherry, buckeye, black oak, Spanish oak, chestnut oak, chestnut, beech, birch, maple and hemlock timber. No bid of less than \$3 per M feet for chestnut oak, black oak, Spanish oak and cucumber, \$4 per M feet for buckeye, \$5 per M feet for white oak, red oak and basswood, \$6 per M feet for ash and cherry and \$2 per M feet for beech, birch, hemlock and maple, will be considered. \$500 must be deposited with each bid to be deposited on the purchase price, refunded or retained in part as liquidated damages, according to the conditions of the sale. The right to reject any and all bids reserved. Before bids are submitted, full information concerning the timber, the conditions of sale, and the submission of bids should be obtained from the Forest Supervisor, Franklin, N. C.

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Cullasaja News.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Perry Bolick is very ill. We hope to hear of him being better soon.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McConnell, a fine boy.

Miss Dot Allen was visiting Misses Foy and Bertha Jennings last Sunday evening.

Messrs. John Allen, Fred and Lem Norris, Roy and Glen Jennings and Wiley Clark attended the show at Franklin Saturday night.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Iva Crisp, two twin boys, Fred and Furman. BLUE EYES.

NOTICE TO THE FOREST USERS!

BURNING THE WOODS—

Does not improve the grazing. Does not exterminate poisonous insects or animals.

Does injure the grazing by: Killing the better grasses. Decreasing the fertility of the soil. Increasing the damage from frost, sun, wind and rain.

Does injure timber. Does increase insect damage. Does kill the young trees.

Therefore, if Fires continue to occur it will be necessary to prohibit grazing on burnt areas in order to give the Range a chance to recuperate.

Co-operate with the Forest Officers in Preventing Fires.

Iotla Bridge Locals.

We are having some cold weather at this writing.

Mr. Ed Lowe, from this section, was visiting on Cowee Sunday.

A large crowd of boys and girls attended the Lyceum at Franklin Saturday night. All reported a good time.

Misses Bertha Gibson and Thelma Ray motored to Watauga Sunday afternoon. L. S.

RECUMIA for the STOMACH LIVER, KIDNEYS & BLOOD for sale by F. T. SMITH

No More Fooling

Nowhere did Abraham Lincoln show his shrewdness of judgment better than in that famous utterance which ended, "You can't fool all the people all the time."

In the past, there were a few misguided advertisers who thought they could sell their wares better by misrepresentation. But those advertisers have long since gone out of business or mended their ways. Hard experience taught that Lincoln was right. Untruthful advertising doesn't pay.

Other advertisers proved that the only way to advertise successfully, make regular customers and build up public good-will was to tell the absolute truth about their goods.

So, you can be sure that every consistently advertised product is good. The advertising test has proved it. The very fact that it is advertised is your best warranty of satisfaction and true quality.

The concern that tells you frankly what it is doing is a good concern with which to do business. That is why it pays to read the advertisements, to patronize advertisers, and to buy advertised merchandise.

IT'S MIGHTY GOOD BUSINESS