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No 16

A Barber A Banker And A Jack Ramsey Accidentally Shot Near Alexander While Out Hunting

The agricultural extension service pulls this one:

"Go to the circus?" asked the cashier of the Bank of Fentonville as he dropped in the barber's chair for his Saturday shave.

"Yeah; I went a little while last night after I closed up. Some circus!"

"Some circus is right," said the banker, "and it was some advertising stunt we pulled. You saw our big sign and heard the ring-master tell about our bank, didn't you?"

"Yeah; I saw the sign and I heard the spiel. Wouldn't have thought of it again if you hadn't mentioned it."

"Pretty clever stunt we call it," was the banker's reply.

"Yeah; clever for the announcer and sign painter. What did it cost you?" the barber asked sharply.

The question popped out so unexpectedly that for once the banker told the bank's business and admitted proudly that the expense had been \$112.

"Say you! Listen to me!" bawled the barber, as he swung his leather brush across his patron's face and shut off anything he might have said further. "That guy paid \$12 for the sign and got a hundred for shouting three minutes twice a day. He does that six days a week because he finds one in every town. In the season he makes more than your bank does. You call that advertising?"

You got an idea folks at the circus bring money to your bank because of a spiel at a three ring circus? Nothing to it! They were laughing at clowns or getting nervous about the lions. If you want to do some advertising, you take your \$112 and pay the editor of The Bugle \$2 a week as long as the money lasts. Your ads in the paper will tell all of those people about your bank every time they look it over, sometimes quite different every week. It won't go in one ear and out the other."

The barber was quiet for almost a minute. The banker was quiet too. He was thinking. The barber had told him something.

Then from the barber, quite gently, "Did that fellow deposit the \$112 in your bank? No? Well, whenever you pay the editor's bills he puts the money right back in circulation here."

"Razor hurt? No? I thought you kinda seringed a little."

Union Thanksgiving Service

The Union Thanksgiving Service will be held in the Presbyterian Church November 29th, 10 o'clock a. m.

Rev. John I Sprinkle will preach the sermon. A Union Choir will furnish the music.

J. N. Andre.

Pay Your Taxes!

Ordered by the Board that all persons paying their taxes during the month of December 1923 will be allowed one per cent. discount on same and during the months of January and February 1924 the payment will be par. One per cent. penalty will be charged on all unpaid taxes from March 1st, 1924, and 1 per cent. additional for each month thereafter until taxes are paid.

Stanton Sworn in as Attorney in United States Court

Oscar Stanton, former principal of Swannanoa High School, who received his license to practice law last February, was sworn in as an attorney to practice in the Federal Court recently.

Mr. Stanton previously had been sworn in to practice in the State Courts. He is a graduate of Wake Forest Law School.—Asheville Citizen.

A Jury Speech that Lives

He has done the murder. No eye has seen him; nor ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe.

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the resistance of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating in his heart, rising in his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts; it has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession. Daniel Webster, in the White murder case

Funeral Procession

A town that never has anything to do in a public way, is on the way to the cemetery. Any citizen who will do nothing for his town is helping to dig the grave. A man that curses the town furnishes the coffin. The man who is so selfish as to have no time from his business to give to city affairs is making the shroud. The man who will not advertise is driving the hearse. The man who is always pulling back from any public enterprise throws bouquets on the grave. The man who is so stingy as to be howling hard times preaches the funeral, sings the doxology, and thus the town lies buried from all sorrows and cares.

Tennessee Man Kills Seven Children.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 12.—Buck Garrison a farmer, shot and killed seven of his ten children at his home at Clayton, Tenn., according to information reaching here today.

Garrison's wife and three other children escaped death. Possess are scouring the hills for him.

News of the tragedy was brought to Clayton, Tenn., by the wife who had run for miles, according to later advice from there. Breathless, she gasped out meager details of the crime. The husband shot the children down one by one with a shot gun, stopping to load, she said.

Not too Much Governed

Eet any American, who can travel abroad, as I have done, and with the opportunity of witnessing what there is to be seen that I have had and he will return to America a better American and a better citizen than when he went away. He will return more in love with his own country. Far be it from me to find fault with any of the European governments. I was well received at their hands on every side, by every nation in Europe, but with their dense population and their worn-out soil it takes a great deal of government to enable the people to get from the soil a bare subsistence. Here we have rich virgin soil, with room enough for all of us to expand and live, with the use of very little government. I do hope we long may be able to get along happily and contentedly without being too much governed.—Gen. U. S. Grant, in speech at Galveston, Texas, in 188.

"I Am Better Now."

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word; but in the night of death hopes sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustling of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead—Robert G. Ingersoll, at the grave of his brother, Elton C. Ingersoll.

His Kind is Rare

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the mis-sive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off" nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.—Elbert Hubbard.

Europe Is Without Peace, Prosperity or Happiness U. S. Alone, Seems Blessed.

Speaking at Hazard, Ky., Secretary of Labor James J. Davis said: "Only in America today is there economic and political peace. Only in America is there prosperity and happiness. Truly we are justifying the thought of Emerson that this nation looks like the 'last effort of Divine providence in behalf of the human race.' How far are we from the causes which plunged Europe into a frightful struggle? How far have we come from the conditions which have led the older peoples into chaos? Just three short years. For Only the wise statesmanship, the broad vision, the public courage and the patient devotion to duty of our nation's leaders during that time has kept us out of the chaos which is Europe's today. I am confident that but for that leadership, and its refusal to be entangled in the greed and hate and jealousies of the Old World, Europe would have dragged us down into the depths where she struggles today. For some nations who sought our alliance are today clearly militaristic. I have recently returned from an extensive trip through the European nations, and I know whereof I speak. The conditions are deplorable beyond description."

Genius is Hard Labor

We can not have too much knowledge. I believe in superfluous knowledge. It is knowledge that differentiates us. I have slight faith in what they call genius. I think that any young man can attain success, and great success, by good, hard, studious labor; not by intermittent labor, but by constant, consecutive effort. The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary; who have not been content with the knowledge sufficient for the present, but have sought additional knowledge and have stored it away for emergencies. It is this additional knowledge that equips a man for everything that costs most in life. There would be fewer wasted opportunities if there were more real ability to grasp them when they present themselves.—Cushman K. Davis,

Dr. R. H. Burks of Marshall Died at Asheville Monday Morning

Dr. R. H. Burks who has been located at Marshall for several years practicing dentistry after quiet a long illness died in the hospital at Asheville Monday morning, the 19th. His body was shipped to Marshall Tuesday morning on the early train and was met at the station by members of the Masonic Lodge of Marshall. Dr. Burks was a member of the Masonic order and had his membership in the Marshall lodge. Dr. Burks affiliated with the Baptist church at Marshall and his funeral was conducted by the Masons at the Baptist church at 2 o'clock Tuesday the 20th.

Dr. Burks has lived at Marshall for several years, he had a large practice and many friends. His body will be shipped from Marshall to his old home in Kentucky and buried by his wife who died a number of years ago. The News-Record extends its sympathy to his children, relatives and friends.

The Asheville Citizen has the following in regard to Dr. Burks death:

"Dr. R. H. Burks, prominent resident of Marshall, died yesterday morning at 9:45 o'clock at the French Broad Hospital, following an illness of about six weeks. His death was due to heart trouble. Dr. Burks had practiced dentistry in Madison County for 17 years. He was an alumnus of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.

The deceased was born in Princeton, Ky., 55 years ago, and is survived by his father, W. L. Burks, of Madisonville, Ky., two daughters, Mrs. T. A. Smith, of Asheville, and Mary Lucile Burks, 10 years old, and one brother, and one sister, of Louisville, Ky.

The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock at Marshall Baptist Church, Marshall. Rev. J. R. Owen, of Mars Hill, officiating. The body will be taken to Princeton, Ky., for interment."

Spell It Out

Morganton, News-Herald.—With the approach of Christmas one begins to see X used in the spelling of Christmas, a custom that should be stopped. Along this line the News and Observer recently had the following timely editorial which expresses what we feel about it and calls on all to join in putting a stop to the abbreviation:

"No matter how far people may fail to keep Christmas as the birthday of Christ, it is His festival. In recent years some writers and advertisers have fallen into the habit of writing it Xmas. If premeditated this use would be, to say the least, irreverent.

"Let it cease. The holy holidays should be spelled in full or not used at all. The Detroit Merchants association has appealed to all to cut out the shocking Xmas. Let business men everywhere do likewise.