

MOUNTAINEER

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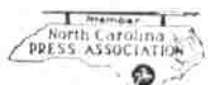
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THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.—Mrs. Craig.

Doing good is if only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sidney.

Conceit is the most incurable disease that is known to the human soul.—Beecher.

Those are generally good at flattery who are good at nothing else.—South.

TIME FOR A CHANGE

"Go along the main street at almost any hour from early morning until around eleven at night, and you will see all the parking spaces filled on both sides of the street. A considerable portion of the automobiles nosed against the curb belonging to merchants and their employees, who use the pavement for all-day storage. Thus, scores of shoppers who want to stop for only a few minutes often find no parking space available," the foregoing statement was made by the editor of the Chapel Hill Weekly and we thought how true it applied to Waynesville.

The line paper continues by saying:

"This condition is becoming a nuisance, and complaints about it are heard from an increasing number of citizens. We are hurting our business when we don't make it easy for shoppers to halt their cars at our stores, and we are not doing anything about it. To our mind there should be an ordinance forbidding a man in a store to monopolize a parking space all day. He might just as well park his car on a side street and walk the rest of the way to his work."

"When one goes to a large town we take it as a matter of course that we must park half a dozen blocks or further from the place where we have business to transact, yet right here we seem to think we have to park right in front of where we work. I do it myself, because it is the common practice, but I can't see any good reason why those of us who are here all day shouldn't leave the available space for persons who want to use it only a little while."

"Of course the merchants and their employees are not the only persons who use the congested business blocks as a storage place. There are other citizens of the community who do the same thing."

"What's the answer? The obvious measure is to do what thousands of other communities have done; fix a time limit on parking. Half an hour has been suggested. Other suggestions in that the limit be half an hour in the day-time and longer at night. One view is that a two-hour stay should be allowed at night for the benefit of those attending the movies."

The Chapel Hill citizens have been brought face to face with a serious problem, as has Waynesville. Outside of the problems mentioned above, about the most aggravating, and biggest nuisance is the double parking which has become a habit with a lot of truckers coming into this town.

With the coming of summer, and the general increase in traffic on Main Street, it would be well that some drastic steps be taken to help avoid some of the conditions that have made driving on Main Street here dangerous as well as a nuisance in the past.

Some one has said that a rut is a grave with both ends knocked out of it.

If the number of peddlers and house to house salesmen continues to increase as the season draws nearer, the town will be overrun with them by July first. It seems that one sure way of getting rid of a certain number of these folks who live off the "fat of the land" at no expense, would be to put a heavy tax on them. Everyone else is taxed, so why not let them share their part?

THE COMMUNITY CLEAN UP, PAINT UP CAMPAIGN

We could use columns in telling of the importance of a clean-up, paint-up campaign to the community, but instead we are quoting from 7 of the world's soundest thinkers, their opinion on such a campaign like the one which is being launched in this community this week.

Franklin D. Roosevelt:—"The home-owner frequently does not give proper consideration to the question of reconditioning his home, consequently he often does not give proper value on his investment in his home, either through neglect or through badly planned alterations. . . . Even a modest sum properly spent on a good house often enhances its value many fold, giving it not only a much greater sale and borrowing value, but also giving it much greater utility and beauty."

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—Phineas ben Yair.

"I like to see a man proud of the place he lives in."—Abraham Lincoln.

"This country will not be a good place for any of us to live in, unless we make it a good place for all of us to live in."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"If good clothes make the man—and certainly good dress gives one a sense of self-respect and poise—how much more is it true that clean, beautiful surroundings lend a moral tone to a community. Gradually we are getting rid of the squalor of the slums of our big cities of some of the oppressive ugliness of some of the small towns."—Calvin Coolidge.

"The United States with all its wealth is a dirty country, measured by standards of most European countries. Here is an opportunity to employ labor on a large scale, much of it unskilled, simply in a physical housecleaning of our cities. Americans are an intensely untidy people, as witness our tinycanyonvilles, our back houses. All these exist contrary to law, and could be altered by a moderate expenditure of labor which passionately desires employment."—Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, writing in Current History.

"Let this Corporation make the city of my birth great in the amenities of life, health and sanitation, and dignity and self-respect. Let painting, sculpture and arts grow under its auspices and make the dwellings of the citizens abodes of joy. Let this city wipe out its blot of illiteracy with all its dirt and uncleanness, let her citizens enjoy plenty, have strength of body and energy of mind, and be inspired with civic spirit born of joy; let not the poison of internecine strife pollute her life; let her citizens of all races and all sects and communities unite in goodwill and keep her fair name untarnished and her peace undisturbed—this is my prayer."—Rabindranath Tagore.

We are sincere when we say that we know of no better investment that the community as a whole can make than to clean up and paint up. The impression made on the outside world by the appearance of any community is a lasting one, and for that reason, if for no other, every effort should be made to make the community almost spotless.

The general clean and paint up movement has been moving forward at a rapid pace for the past two months, but there is still room for more of this work before the season formally opens, which will be about June first.

This one point should be remembered, that the campaign is not for just a few days, or a week, but for weeks and months to come—this is only the beginning.

JUST WHAT DOES IT MEAN

The relief office notified twenty men to report for work on the street beautification project Monday morning, and only six reported for work. Does this mean that the other fourteen have secured jobs? If so that is encouraging. If the reason they did not show up was because of laziness its time they were taken from the relief roll.

We just wonder what it indicates.

It is told that a local mother smelled tobacco on her son's breath the other evening and now she won't let him go out with the girls any more.

It would be comparatively easy for the government to divide up all the wealth so that each might have an equal share, but there is no system known by which the brains and genius and thrift can be divided up, and without this the money would not stay divided long.

CIVIC LOYALTY

WHY SOME BOYS LEAVE HOME

Vacant store rooms have no vacancies for ambitious boys

FOR RENT

FOR SALE

Random
SIDE
GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

—I betcha you've never heard of a song of mine that stirred your blood like "Dixie" (or are you from Dixie?)

—I betcha there's a tune that is played in the streets of the South's big cities.

—I betcha it's been a long time since you have seen one of the old time coffee grinders.

—I betcha there's not one of the old-time stores in town like the kind with a wire bottom and wooden shelves.

—I betcha Dixie's little buzzard hawker's hatched yet.

—I betcha you've not heard of a better than Harriett's, which is you're twice his size.

—I betcha you've not heard of a politician who's as clever and friendly as J. O. T. Alexander.

—I betcha you will admit, if ever you find a better person than John Barth, better known as the T.V. agent.

—I betcha C. B. Atkinson don't feel quite his old self, not being a city official of one sort or another.

—I betcha you don't know that in Webster's dictionary there is about three inches of space devoted to Waynesville, Haywood and Buncombe counties? Look it up. Under Buncombe.

—I betcha J. C. Parham could pass as a phony and get by with it in any crowd.

—I betcha never saw a man lift his hat higher when speaking to a lady than J. R. Morgan.

—I betcha few people can smile as quickly as Jack Messer.

—I betcha M. D. Watkins can smoke more tobacco than any other person.

—I betcha haven't heard this one, as told by Claude Allen: "A farmer wanted to sell a neighbor a calf, and told his wife when the buyer came over to make the price \$5, but if he wouldn't pay that much to take \$3. When the neighbor got there the business-woman said: The price is \$5, but we will take \$3 if you won't pay more."

—I betcha Charles Day could have jumped up and down and clicked his heels together and shouted Uncle Abe's by-word "glory-be" when he heard the report on the Chamber of Commerce drive. 'Twas a plumb good report.

—I betcha it would be fun to hear William Medford and Paul Hardin in a contest to see which could talk the fastest.

—I betcha that what this world needs worse is for someone to find out just what it needs.

—I betcha L. M. Richeson can drive away the blues where others can't.

—I betcha R. G. Coffey has the loudest laugh of anyone in Haywood.

—I betcha never see Dewey Stovall but what he's in a run.

—I betcha the person who sent me those chain letters wished they had their postage back.

—I betcha if some of the folks who put on the imitation laughs over the radio could hear themselves they'd never do it again.

—I betcha if the bathing suits are cut as low as rumors have them that I'll be seeing you at the swimming places this summer.

—I betcha if dame fashion had to shave every morning that she'd make it stylish to have whiskers.

—I betcha I had better stop this before I have to pay a bet.

Wife:—"It shows courage for a woman to wear one of the new evening gowns."

Husband:—"Yeah! And that ain't all it shows, either."

24 Years Ago
in
HAYWOOD

(From the files of May 19, 1911.)

Mr. E. L. Withers made a business trip to Asheville on Monday.

Mr. J. H. Queen spent Sunday in Tuscola with friends.

Mr. Harold Johnson of Asheville spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howell of Jonathan's Creek attended the Smathers-Holtzclaw wedding here on Wednesday.

Misses Jessie and Lucile Herren attended the commencement exercises at Canton on Monday night.

Mrs. Lydia Allen left on Tuesday for an extended visit to relatives in South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. Theodore Jones and little son are visiting at the home of Mrs. W. T. Crawford.

Mrs. Roberta Haynes and Nina Howell visited friends in Canton the first of the week.

Miss Ann Lee arrived on Wednesday from Charlotte where she has been a student at Elizabeth College.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ferguson and little daughter left Monday for their home in Newport News, Va.

Miss Annie Kerr of Asheville is spending this week as the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. K. Boone.

Miss Lucile S. Northwaite arrived on Friday from Charlotte where she has been a student at Elizabeth College.

Mrs. W. T. Crawford and three of her children have gone to Jacksonville, Fla. to attend the Southern Baptist convention.

Dr. C. A. Schenel's school known as the Biltmore Forest School, passed through Waynesville Monday en route to Sunburst where they expect to remain for two months. There are about fifty in the party. They are studying different kinds of wood, cutting and logging.

This paper is glad to learn that the board of aldermen have set Thursday and Friday of next week as clean up days for Waynesville. The Woman's Literary Club is cooperating with the town board. Now everybody in Waynesville must cooperate with them and let's have a Clean Town.

Hon. W. T. Lee, member of the Corporation Commission, spent a few days in town with his family last week and was called to Raleigh soon after he expected to meet the other members of the commission on important matters. Mr. Lee is proving himself a good effective member of the Corporation Commission.

checks
666 Malaria
in 3 days
COLDS
first day
TONIC and
LAXATIVE

Liquid—Tablets—Salve—Nose Drops.

A Sound Principle Never Grows Old

Twenty years ago, this institution was founded on the principle that pharmaceutical service to the sick should be our paramount duty, and that we should concentrate every effort upon making that service as prompt and dependable as was humanly possible, through the years, this principle has lost none of its original appeal and we are following it just as closely and enthusiastically today as when our doors opened. Moreover, we always shall.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Two LICENSED PHARMACISTS For Your Protection

**ALEXANDER'S
DRUG STORE**

Phones 53 & 54

Opposite Post Office

Try At Home First. . . And You'll Never Regret It

Two-Minute
Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

HYPOCRISY KILLS

The story of the man who was a hypocrite and a liar, and who was killed by his own hypocrisy, is a story that is as old as the hills. It is a story that is as true as the sun, and it is a story that is as powerful as the wind. It is a story that is as beautiful as the flowers, and it is a story that is as strong as the steel. It is a story that is as sweet as the honey, and it is a story that is as bitter as the gall. It is a story that is as light as the air, and it is a story that is as heavy as the earth. It is a story that is as quick as the lightning, and it is a story that is as slow as the snail. It is a story that is as high as the sky, and it is a story that is as low as the ground. It is a story that is as far as the eye can see, and it is a story that is as close as the hand. It is a story that is as big as the world, and it is a story that is as small as the atom. It is a story that is as old as time, and it is a story that is as new as the hour. It is a story that is as true as the stars, and it is a story that is as false as the moon. It is a story that is as good as the angels, and it is a story that is as bad as the devils. It is a story that is as holy as the church, and it is a story that is as profane as the street. It is a story that is as pure as the snow, and it is a story that is as dirty as the mud. It is a story that is as clean as the linen, and it is a story that is as filthy as the rag. It is a story that is as bright as the sun, and it is a story that is as dark as the night. It is a story that is as light as the day, and it is a story that is as heavy as the night. It is a story that is as quick as the wind, and it is a story that is as slow as the tide. It is a story that is as high as the clouds, and it is a story that is as low as the sea. It is a story that is as far as the horizon, and it is a story that is as close as the shore. It is a story that is as big as the ocean, and it is a story that is as small as the drop. It is a story that is as old as the world, and it is a story that is as new as the breath. It is a story that is as true as the heart, and it is a story that is as false as the tongue. It is a story that is as good as the soul, and it is a story that is as bad as the flesh. It is a story that is as holy as the spirit, and it is a story that is as profane as the body. It is a story that is as pure as the mind, and it is a story that is as dirty as the heart. It is a story that is as bright as the intellect, and it is a story that is as dark as the ignorance. It is a story that is as light as the knowledge, and it is a story that is as heavy as the stupidity. It is a story that is as quick as the wit, and it is a story that is as slow as the folly. It is a story that is as high as the wisdom, and it is a story that is as low as the foolishness. It is a story that is as far as the understanding, and it is a story that is as close as the confusion. It is a story that is as big as the clarity, and it is a story that is as small as the obscurity. It is a story that is as old as the truth, and it is a story that is as new as the lie. It is a story that is as true as the reality, and it is a story that is as false as the illusion. It is a story that is as good as the fact, and it is a story that is as bad as the fiction. It is a story that is as holy as the law, and it is a story that is as profane as the custom. It is a story that is as pure as the principle, and it is a story that is as dirty as the habit. It is a story that is as bright as the virtue, and it is a story that is as dark as the vice. It is a story that is as light as the goodness, and it is a story that is as heavy as the evil. It is a story that is as quick as the beauty, and it is a story that is as slow as the ugliness. It is a story that is as high as the grace, and it is a story that is as low as the shame. It is a story that is as far as the glory, and it is a story that is as close as the dishonor. It is a story that is as big as the honor, and it is a story that is as small as the contempt. It is a story that is as old as the respect, and it is a story that is as new as the disrespect. It is a story that is as true as the esteem, and it is a story that is as false as the contempt. It is a story that is as good as the admiration, and it is a story that is as bad as the scorn. It is a story that is as holy as the reverence, and it is a story that is as profane as the mockery. It is a story that is as pure as the awe, and it is a story that is as dirty as the contempt. It is a story that is as bright as the wonder, and it is a story that is as dark as the ignorance. It is a story that is as light as the amazement, and it is a story that is as heavy as the stupidity. It is a story that is as quick as the surprise, and it is a story that is as slow as the dullness. It is a story that is as high as the excitement, and it is a story that is as low as the boredom. It is a story that is as far as the interest, and it is a story that is as close as the indifference. It is a story that is as big as the enthusiasm, and it is a story that is as small as the apathy. It is a story that is as old as the passion, and it is a story that is as new as the indifference. It is a story that is as true as the love, and it is a story that is as false as the hate. It is a story that is as good as the affection, and it is a story that is as bad as the dislike. It is a story that is as holy as the devotion, and it is a story that is as profane as the contempt. It is a story that is as pure as the loyalty, and it is a story that is as dirty as the betrayal. It is a story that is as bright as the fidelity, and it is a story that is as dark as the treachery. It is a story that is as light as the honesty, and it is a story that is as heavy as the dishonesty. It is a story that is as quick as the sincerity, and it is a story that is as slow as the insincerity. It is a story that is as high as the integrity, and it is a story that is as low as the corruption. It is a story that is as far as the justice, and it is a story that is as close as the injustice. It is a story that is as big as the fairness, and it is a story that is as small as the unfairness. It is a story that is as old as the equity, and it is a story that is as new as the inequity. It is a story that is as true as the balance, and it is a story that is as false as the imbalance. It is a story that is as good as the harmony, and it is a story that is as bad as the disharmony. It is a story that is as holy as the concord, and it is a story that is as profane as the discord. It is a story that is as pure as the agreement, and it is a story that is as dirty as the disagreement. It is a story that is as bright as the union, and it is a story that is as dark as the separation. It is a story that is as light as the connection, and it is a story that is as heavy as the disconnection. It is a story that is as quick as the relationship, and it is a story that is as slow as the estrangement. It is a story that is as high as the fellowship, and it is a story that is as low as the isolation. It is a story that is as far as the companionship, and it is a story that is as close as the loneliness. It is a story that is as big as the friendship, and it is a story that is as small as the enmity. It is a story that is as old as the acquaintance, and it is a story that is as new as the hostility. It is a story that is as true as the familiarity, and it is a story that is as false as the strangeness. It is a story that is as good as the intimacy, and it is a story that is as bad as the aloofness. It is a story that is as holy as the closeness, and it is a story that is as profane as the distance. It is a story that is as pure as the nearness, and it is a story that is as dirty as the remoteness. It is a story that is as bright as the proximity, and it is a story that is as dark as the isolation. It is a story that is as light as the adjacency, and it is a story that is as heavy as the separation. It is a story that is as quick as the contiguity, and it is a story that is as slow as the disjuncture. It is a story that is as high as the immediacy, and it is a story that is as low as the remoteness. It is a story that is as far as the directness, and it is a story that is as close as the indirectness. It is a story that is as big as the straightforwardness, and it is a story that is as small as the roundaboutness. It is a story that is as old as the plainness, and it is a story that is as new as the complication. It is a story that is as true as the simplicity, and it is a story that is as false as the complexity. It is a story that is as good as the clarity, and it is a story that is as bad as the obscurity. It is a story that is as holy as the transparency, and it is a story that is as profane as the opacity. It is a story that is as pure as the openness, and it is a story that is as dirty as the closedness. It is a story that is as bright as the visibility, and it is a story that is as dark as the invisibility. It is a story that is as light as the accessibility, and it is a story that is as heavy as the inaccessibility. It is a story that is as quick as the reachability, and it is a story that is as slow as the unreachability. It is a story that is as high as the attainability, and it is a story that is as low as the unattainability. It is a story that is as far as the possibility, and it is a story that is as close as the impossibility. 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