

The Mountaineer

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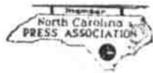
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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS
Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God.—Wm. Cowper.
Let us have faith that right makes right, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.
The language forms the preacher, 'tis good works makes the man.—Eliza Cook.
Of true contrition and humbling of the heart ariseth hope of forgiveness.—Thomas Kempis.
Work don't make fine playing speeches about bread, earn it.—Dickens.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

Typographical errors are the bane of the existence of every newspaper man (or woman). Lucky is that one who reads his paper after it has come from the press to find that an issue has been published in which there are no errors. If there is anything which causes one to want to murder the whole force, it is to find that his favorite article has been "messed up" through the dropping of a line or the misplacement of a letter. But come to think of it there are less errors in newspapers than almost any line of work considering the number of operations through which news must pass before it is passed on to the public. If a reporter happens to write down the word *Sillie* when the one 'phoning in the news says *Billie*, it is just too bad, and after he has collected his news there are about 100,000 chances, a newspaper man has figured out, for human errors in a single newspaper page and a like number of mechanical errors before the job is complete. Take the front page of the average and figure there are one-quarter of a million separate operations before the copy is converted into newspaper form. Count the number of errors and divide into a quarter of a million and you have the number of errors or the ratio for each operation.

Lucky is the newspaper person who can get a paper through the press without an error.—Morganton News-Herald.

WHAT IS SUCCESS

Asked for the secret of success, one of America's greatest financiers said:

I'll tell you how you can double your income in a comparatively short time—even treble it or quadruple it. You don't need to have any more ability than you have now, and you don't need to know any more than you know now. You can be the same human machine you are now and accomplish vastly more for yourself if you will adopt one idea only. This is the idea. Simply DO the things you already KNOW and STOP doing the things you already know you ought NOT to do.

This inevitably brings to mind the old story of the salesman for a farm magazine who solicited a subscription from a farmer. In his sales talk he told the farmer that the magazine would make a better farmer out of him. "Shucks!" replied the farmer, "I ain't farmin' half as well now as I know how."—Monroe Enquirer.

A TINY MORAL

Congressmen were somewhat scandalized at the sight of a child getting its dinner from its mother's breast in the House gallery, so much so that the mother was asked to retire with the child. The House doorkeeper spoke to her. He admits he had never seen anything like that in his 40 years' service.

Perhaps the Representatives are bottle-fed. Anything out of the routine disturbs them. Nonchalantly they vote billions to provide people with dinner, and here comes along a little mite of humanity helping itself, without Congressional resolution, committee report, filibuster, imposition of the gag rule or bigstick bludgeoning on the part of the President. They couldn't endure it.

There may be a little moral for Congressmen in the incident; that is, a return to self-feeding might help us all.—Charlotte News.

ALMOST REPULSIVE, THIS

About the only kind thing to say of the policy of the State in laying its sales tax against the homeliest provisions, fat back, meal, molasses, turnip greens and whatnot, is that this is going to make it easier for the collectors to get the money and for the merchants to keep their books.

Over against that asset is the liability, damaging and unwarranted on its face, of the State pressing with the same relentless brutality the humblest and hungriest of its citizens as its most affluent, and luxuriant.

The sales tax was once characterized by a high State official who is still holding office as "a tax on poverty" and that was when none contemplated reaching down to basic foods.

Now that this margin has been covered and every conceivable purchase made subject to the same tax, it will become, in many cases, a levy against penury and abject destruction.

When the intelligence and conscience of our citizens come face to face with the equities of this now exemptionless sales tax, it is not thinkable that they will think well of it.—Charlotte Observer.

AGAIN IT IS "FLY TIME"

It is well to take note of the fact that again it is "fly time." None of the pests that annoy humanity demand more persistent warfare. Fly swatting should be preached in and out of season.

In this connection the public should be acquainted with some of the facts about the ordinary house fly. It has been estimated that the female deposits more than a hundred eggs at a time in unsanitary organic material. The life cycle from egg to larva (maggot), to pupa, to adult male or female fly requires but ten days. A week later, 50 females, under favorable conditions are ready to deposit a total of 50,000 eggs.

During the summer season, nine generations of flies may result from one female that laid the first batch of eggs in the spring. Dr. L. O. Howard, noted entomologist, has estimated that if the offspring of a single overwintering female were to survive through nine generations descendants in the fall would number over five and a half trillion.

These insects are regarded as having played a leading part in causing epidemics of typhoid fever throughout the country. What they may do in 1935 depends on what you do to them. Swat the fly!—The Morganton News-Herald.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Automobile accidents statistics in North Carolina for the first five months of the year might be re-written into this language:

"If all the victims in this state of the dreaded infantile paralysis should die, and this is highly improbable, the automobile in North Carolina would still be THREE times more deadly. The deaths so far from the disease total less than 10, and the automobile in North Carolina in the first five months has claimed 397 lives, more than 40 times the casualties from infantile paralysis."

From actual statistics, one careless automobile driver is more deadly and more to be feared than a case of infantile paralysis. And that statement is not meant to minimize the danger of the disease, but to show that we are prone to overlook the greater menace for something more spectacular and far less deadly.

The next time you are on the highway or in any place where a car runs, you should remember that you are in far greater danger than living next door to a dozen cases of infantile paralysis.—The Caldwell Record.

A TRUE LEGEND TODAY

Many are familiar with the old legend about the village of Atri, which had a large bell that was rung only in time of great need. For years it had not been used because Atri was prosperous and contented. The bell rope was covered with green vines and trailed to the ground. One day a poor horse, turned out to starve, seized the fresh green tendrils in his teeth. The ringing of the bell, when he pulled the rope, called attention to the beast's predicament, and he became a well-fed ward of the town.

Advertising is a bell that is continually ringing to call your attention to something you need and ought to have. Merchants who are selling something they believe you will want, are using its clarion notes to attract you to their wares.

Do you read the advertising? Many people do. They are the wise shoppers—the economical buyers—the ones who are strictly up-to-date on opportunities for saving money or spending it to greater advantage. Read the advertisements in this paper and profit.—Ex.



Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Guy Massie missed the chance of his life last week—a pretty young woman selling advertising lot something or other, carefully outlined her proposition, wheedled Mr. Massie turned it down. She cut the price in half—still he refused. Seeing that she was getting nowhere, she said: "Would you give fifty cents to shake hands with Christopher Columbus this morning?" Mr. Massie shot back: "No, I wouldn't." With that answer the sales-woman made a hasty exit.

And talking about salesmen, Postmaster J. H. Howell had a similar experience when he granted a book salesman three minutes to explain a certain proposition—when the three minutes were up, Mr. Howell looked at his watch and the salesman said: "Are you interested?" And as in Guy's case, the answer was an emphatic "No." And another hasty exit was made.

So everything with salesmen in Waynesville is not a bed of roses.

For the information of those not entirely familiar with the map of the parkway, it begins at Waynesboro, Virginia, and ends near Waynesville, North Carolina.

It must be the weather, or my actions, or something—because twice this week I have been accused of getting old. Dr. Alexander made a wild guess at my age, and put me seven years too old—the next day my wife "claimed" that she found grey hairs on my head—wee is me!

Words fail me when I think of Bill Lampkin and what he did at the Rotary luncheon Friday. It so happened that Bill had the first chance at a large platter of nice fried chicken, and so help me, if he didn't up and take out a piece of back. He admitted later that it was not intentional.

There is always something pathetic looking about a chain gang. Last week the guards had the "unfortunates" cutting weeds on the highway, and the expressions on their faces were rather impressive—a forlorn look—yet everyone was perhaps happier than those of us riding by and casting sympathetic glances their way.

There are still a number of signs on windows, especially upstairs windows, that need taking off—some are at least ten years old—but probably to some people are interesting.

One man made mention of the fact that a farmer from Pigeon, after seeing the ostrich race Saturday, went to the owners of the show and asked what a setting of eggs from "them thar hens" would cost?

Since the Fourth of July atmosphere prevails, I'm reminded of the girl in South Carolina who was born on the Fourth and named Independence Day, but called *Indy*.

Can't you imagine the curiosity Charles Ray had recently when he overheard two women talking about Soco Gap in a Durham hotel dining room?

While snooping around recently for a human interest article, heard one indirectly from Robert Gibson, the welfare investigator here—although a good story, and one hundred per cent human interest, it will have to be left out of print. . . .

If I had my way about it, there would be no more horns made for automobiles—people who talk out loud in church, movies or anywhere they shouldn't, would be embarrassed—people who insist on loafing and keeping others from working would be made to work over time—but I don't have my way, so we'll just continue to have the unpleasant things. . . .

"ISLAND OF DESPAIR"

New revelations of slave markets where 5,000 poor wretches are sold monthly. Read the story of the most nefarious business in the world. One of many stories in the July 7 issue of the American Weekly, the big magazine which comes regularly with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Get your copy from your local newsdealer or newsboy.

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

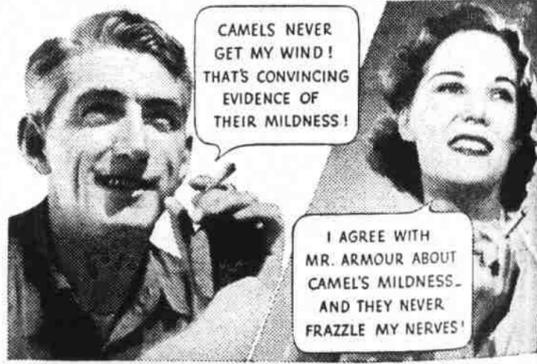
THE TALENT OF LOYALTY

I admire loyalty in a man or woman. I believe the quality of loyalty makes up for short comings an individual might have. I like to see an employee loyal to his employer. Though every one else feels that his employer is a failure I like to see his employees stand up for him. I feel at once they are worth more as employees. I think every one feels just as I do about it. When I hear an employee speak disparagingly of his employer I invariably feel like asking him why he doesn't quit his job and allow some one else to hold it who will appreciate it. I like to see a man loyal to his town. I think one can be conscious of all the short comings of his town and still be loyal to it. I think every citizen should be loyal to his town or find a town that he would be loyal to and move there. It is important to the town that those who live in it are loyal to it, but more important to the individual himself. The town can easily survive the failure of a few citizens to accord it their loyalty but can the individual afford to abandon his loyalty? It seems to me that doing so removes an important and a necessary anchor. I like to see a man loyal to his family and his friends. Without such a quality he is only the husk of a man. I like to see a man loyal to his best self. I care little how much he has been able to gather to himself of the things this world calls riches if his attitude toward life and the world in which he lives is one of loyalty to his best impulses, his best ideals, his more worthy concepts. I believe if a man possess this loyalty all the others will be added unto it.

READ ALONG THE SKYLINE

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS

"CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND" ATHLETES SAY



SO MILD...YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT! COSTLIER TOBACCO'S!

GREEK TEMPLES

When the builders of Greek temples were asked why they took so much pains with the places in the building that would never be seen by man, they replied: "That which man cannot see, the gods can see."

An impure drug or careless compounding cannot be detected by the patient. But that very fact makes us all the MORE rigid in our standards. Conscience is an even more powerful influence than a Greek god.

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

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the first issue of The Mountaineer)
Monday in Waynesville, N. C. . . .
Miss Eva Jackson
Monday in town with
Mr. Ed Atains
accepted a position at
Suyeta Park Hotel
Mr. Virge
a Waynesville visitor of
Miss Mazie
the guest of Miss
several days this week
Mr. Way
Turbyfill spent Monday at
Miss Louise Muller
guest of Miss Lucile
Eagles Nest this week
Mrs. D. D. Perry of
received this week
me with her family
Mr. Earl Alford, of
is spending the summer with
in town
Cap. Alden Howell spent the
end in
tended the
Bankers of North Carolina
Miss Evonia Howell has
a position at the post office and
begin her duties on July
Mr. and Mrs. George
little daughter, Fannie
are visiting relatives at
Miss Josephine
week for Wilmington, where she
be the guest of Miss
for a month
Miss Marjory
ville, was the guest of
Stringfield on Monday
Our beautiful city is rapidly
up with summer visitors and
boast of the large
at this time of the year
Mrs. Hugh A.
Camp have returned from
where they have been attending
Episcopal convention,
from Grace church. They
stained at tea by Mrs.
derbit
The Haywood County Fair is
made bigger, than ever before
prospects for one of the
events in the history of the
are exceedingly flattering at
time. It has now grown in
importance, until it is one of
best county fairs in the South
everybody pull for a bigger and
better fair
It has been suggested that an
entertainment be pulled off in the
future for the benefit of our
department. This is a wise
suggestion and the scheme should
ize. A good fire department is
biggest asset a town can have