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WORK SELDOM KILLS

Every year about this time we begin to see reports in the newspapers, of farmers dying from "sunstroke" while working in the fields. We hear such occurrences used as illustrations of the terrific hardships of the farmer's life of toil.

About this time of year, also, we begin to notice frequent reports in the city papers of men dropping dead on the golf courses. We have seldom heard anyone suggest that the golfer's life must be a terrible one, because so many men die at the game.

One is work, the other is play.

There is a wide-spread belief that all work is dangerous to health and longevity, while all play is beneficial. We have heard—we don't know how many—sentimental songs, and have read innumerable stories and magazine articles, all conveying the implication that work in itself is a life-shortening, crippling and generally unwholesome thing.

We are strongly of the opinion that there is nothing injurious to health in work alone. We have observed numerous individuals who have spent fairly long lives in pretty hard and steady work, and who are still alive and healthy. The persons to whom work is injurious, as nearly as we can figure it out, are unfortunate ones whose health has been impaired by disease. It is much more likely that the knots on Grandma's fingerjoints came from bad teeth or infected tonsils than that they were caused by exercise at the washboard.

Too much encouragement is being given, it seems to us, to the notion that work is a bad thing for people, and that play should be the chief object of life.—Selected.

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM

Electric power in the rural areas has passed the stage of experimentation. Its worth has been definitely established and the only problem, that confronts the farmer is its application to his particular needs.

Electric soil heating is producing quicker and healthier plants from both flower and vegetable seeds by speeding germination and keeping it at even temperatures.

Electricity is bring water into the farm home under adequate pressure and saving time and labor in the stables as well. A proper water supply is indispensable for modern living anywhere.

Electricity in the farm home is lighting the house, providing refrigeration, and supplying power for the small appliances that dwellers in the city are enjoying.

Electricity lights the farm yard, warms water for cows and poultry, milks the cows, ventilates the stables, cools the milk, turns motors, and reduces fire risk everywhere.—Morganton News-Herald.

CONSERVATIVE YET PROGRESSIVE

In the news columns of this issue appear two articles about former residents of the town coming back for a visit—one after 57 years, and the other after 27 years. In both instances they seem amazed at the many progressive changes that have been made in the community.

To many of us right here in the midst of this "progress" we are sometimes prone to doubt there being any, but those away from here can see it better than we ourselves.

This slow conservative type of progress is far better than the spasmodic kind. There is no doubt about it but what we are exceeding many communities in progressive ways, whether we see it or not.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP GROWS

The churches of the United States are occupied with an annual and coast-to-coast stock-taking. Here are vast and varied agencies of worship and service that include 240,000 ministers, or 1 for every 500 persons in the country, and about the same number of churches. What are the results of the inventory?

Membership is held to be the most obvious test, and an immense enumeration is proceeding. It is complete for the Roman Catholic Church, and for the churches as a whole the general result is known. According to a responsible forecast of the figures which appear annually in The Christian Herald, the talk of religion on the decline is beside the mark. The churches are going ahead.

Last year's membership was 60,812,874. This year's is likely to be 62,600,000—a rise of about 1,600,000, or over 2 per cent. The rise in population during the year is estimated to be .58 per cent.

The membership of the churches falls almost exactly into thirds. There are 20,000,000 Roman Catholics. There are 40,000,000 who belong to other religious bodies.

Particularly interesting are this year's figures for the Catholic Church furnished by P. J. Kenedy & Sons of New York in the Official Catholic Directory. The Catholics in the United States, Alaska, and the Hawaiian Islands number 20,523,053, an increase of 200,459 over the total of 1934, or just under 1 per cent.

The number of Protestant and other religious communions exceeds 100. Detailed figures of these bodies are published annually and for last year the membership of the leading Protestant churches were:

- Baptist, 9,866,290; Methodist, 8,766,017; Lutheran, 4,381,094; Presbyterian, 2,674,875; Protestant Episcopal, 1,876,390; Disciples of Christ, 1,566,772; Congregational, 1,024,887.

Other headings include: Jewish congregations, 4,081,242; Eastern Orthodox Catholics, 965,789; Latter Day Saints (Mormon), 732,812; Church of Christ Scientist, 202,998; Armenian Church, 116,187; Menonites, 109,669; Society of Friends, 107,473, and the Salvation Army, 104,336.

Over a period of seven years all of the leading religious bodies—in so far as the figures are given—have shown gains.

The statistics are, of course, subject to certain reservations. The returns are sent in by the churches themselves and there is sometimes talk of "padded" memberships. On the other hand, the statistics are prepared under the same conditions, year by year, and are thus valuable for comparison.

Cornfield Philosophy

MAN POWER GONE TO WASTE:

Over in front of Haywood County's splendid new Court House, in the halls inside, in the court room above, in some of the offices, and on the streets of our little capital city as well, there has been enough time "whittled away" to have built a small Panama Canal or a good-sized Norris dam. This might sound incredible to those who have never given the matter any thought. But just think of all the man-power gone to waste during the past fifty years since the old court house was first built on the present site.

Now this thing of loitering away and wasting time is not an altogether imaginary and abstract something that refuses to lend itself to figures; on the contrary, if we fix a reasonable starting basis, the who thing is only a matter of simple arithmetic. The Cornfield Philosopher thinks that—

An average of twenty men a day A-whiling their time away around the court house and on the streets of Waynesville is a very conservative figure for the past fifty years. The average has doubtless been far more than that during recent years. This gives us 312,000 days of whittled-away time during the 50 year period, and at \$2 a day would mean \$624,000—enough money to build our present court house two and a half times over.

Now, if we take the county seat of Haywood as an average for the state as regards both population and age, and multiply 312,000 by 100 and we have 31,200,000 days, which at \$2 a day would be \$624,000,000 for the state.

How much of this 1,000 working years (nearly) for the county seat of Haywood alone was "wasted" time on the part of our citizens, nobody knows—it is purely a matter for speculation. Most of our citizens, however, seem to regard these hours and days put in loafing around town as being quite the proper thing to do, and would resent the idea that their cherished privilege of meeting regularly with neighbors and friends to comment on the crops, speculate on this and that, and crack jokes, was ever abused.

And to be both fair and tolerant about the matter, the Cornfield Philosopher is going to admit that some of this time—yes much of it, is not wasted. Time spent in forming new friendships, renewing of acquaintances, philosophic speculation and exchanging of views is not misspent if not over done. But on the other hand, from years of observation and "listening in" on the average "loafing" crowd, we are bound to conclude that probably most of this time is wasted—and much of it worse than wasted.

MULES—AND SOME MEN

I have seen lazy stupid old mules go to sleep in the barn lot on a sunny day and the flies would come and crawl all over them, even into their mouths. And I have seen the same thing happen with lazy men, only they didn't go to sleep in the barn lot. They usually took a snooze under their favorite shade tree in the front yard or, maybe at the shop or mill. You who have been reared up on the farm know what I'm talking about.

And generally while the "ol' man" was engaged in this his favorite past-time the good wife would be hoeing in the garden, toiling at the wash tub, or at some other of her many daily chores. But listen to this man talk and you would think that the whole thing at home depended on him. The head of a big business, you know, often must relax and rest from the great mental strain.

CIVIC LOYALTY
PULL TOGETHER
and make your home town a winner
 YOU'LL ENJOY THE THRILL

Random SIDE GLANCES
By W. CURTIS RUSS

How times have changed . . . we don't even bathe like we did ten years ago. . . .

Down on the farm it was a wash tub on Monday, and a bath tub on Saturday.

The water was heated in kettles, pots and pans, with the member of the family catching the most for baths getting that crack at the water, and so on down the line. . . .

Now, oh, what a difference. No crampy round zinc tub . . . but one that can be slept in or perhaps as a shower . . . and that is so much better . . . always fresh water . . . hot or in between . . . a whole lot, or just a more drizzle. . . .

But, after all, nothing has been invented that is as refreshing as a "slip-away" swim in the creek.

And talking about baths, brings to mind a certain young man who suffers with an intense headache the day after taking a bath. . . he maintains he always catches cold which settles in his head . . . his wife thinks differently.

Whether you know it or not, but the high school in Marshall is built on an island in the French Broad river, and because of its unique location, the students are more or less mindful of the creek plunges, and if I were superintendent there, I'd have to think a long time before thrashing a boy for skipping a class for a plunge.

And talking about water brings to mind the event of a week ago right after a shower when one of Waynesville's newest fathers while out visiting and his host asked: "Why didn't you bring the baby along?" The father sincerely remarked: "It was too damp." And to this date, they don't know whether he meant the weather or the baby.

Another wet weather yarn, that is absolutely the truth, was the result of a certain young Waynesville gentleman doing a good turn, then telling about it . . . at a dance last week, he happened to see the windows of this car was up, and a heavy rain falling, so he took it upon himself to lower them. So far so good. The next day he met the young lady driving the car he had saved from the drenching rain the night before, and very courteously said: "I'm responsible for your having a dry seat this morning. . . ." You can imagine the rest of the story . . . one blush after another, without a word being spoken. . . .

It has gotten to the point where this "manufactured weather" is getting to be common. Two weeks ago several from here enjoyed the air-conditioned dining car from Asheville to Salisbury—staying on it until forced to leave—then in Raleigh the air-conditioned coffee shop, which was appropriately named by one of the hill billies, "ice box eatin' joint."

The pullmans have been air-conditioned, and what a difference. Until autos and busses install similar conveniences, they will have an upgrade fight to compete with trains.

But my trip was spoiled by hurried packing. I grabbed an old tooth brush and unintentionally used it only to find later that my mouth was as full of bristles as if I had bitten a cat. And a feeling.

It's very unusual that young ladies will make known the fact that they have birthdays, but Miss Helen Medford took exception to the rule and sent in some birthday cake to prove the fact . . . and the proof was plenty good. Anyone else liking to make similar proof will be welcome.

—and, by jove, 'tis the eighth of August—well, well, so it is, and my birthday. (No cake for proof.)

Of course, this didn't happen in Haywood (??):

Six men summoned for jury service had cried off on various pretexts. When the judge came to the seventh prospective juror he was getting sarcastic, and inquired: "Does your sick wife need your at-

Two-Minute Sermon
By Thomas Hastwell

THE FRUIT OF A CHRISTIAN HOME: To me one of the most beautiful stories in the Bible is found in the book of Ruth. Not only are the action and events of the story beautiful, but nowhere in all literature is there to be found anything that surpasses in beauty and purity of diction the touching and eloquent parting words of Ruth. Driven from the homeland about Bethlehem by hunger and famine Naomi and her husband Elimelech and their two small children had sought refuge some years before in Moab. Here among a pagan, idolatrous people Naomi and Elimelech clinging to their own religion, had reared their two sons to manhood. How natural that these two young men, when the mating time came, should select as their wives two of the young women of the neighborhood. How natural, when death had deprived Naomi of her husband and her two sons that she should again turn her face toward Bethlehem and the friends of her childhood. When the parting time came it was not the parting merely a mother-in-law from two daughters-in-law, it was the parting of three people who loved each other with the strongest ties of human affection. Orpah was persuaded to remain with her people, but Ruth would not turn back. How incomparably beautiful she expressed

attention?"
"No, sir, I ain't married."
"What about your business?"
"I haven't got any."
"Do you think you can spare the time to serve on the jury this afternoon?"
"I do sir."
"You seem to be the only man who has the time to serve his country as a jurymen," the judge told him. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"
"Sure. You're going to try Jim Billings, ain't you? Well, he shot a dog of mine."

24 Years Ago
in
HAYWOOD

(From the files of Aug. 8, 1911)
Master Robert Matthews left Wednesday with the Roman Catholic for a ten days stay in Mooresburg. Miss Zelma Lee Brown, of Mooreswater, Tenn., arrived on Thursday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. A. Horton.
Mrs. Sam Garner, of Mooresburg, was the guest of Mrs. R. D. Garner this week.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allen of Jonathan's Creek, spent Monday in town on business.
Mrs. Robert Lawrence visited friends in Henderson this week.
Mr. Henry Lee left Wednesday for New York City, after spending his vacation with his family here.
Mrs. Henry Morris of Greensboro is visiting her parents here for several weeks.
Mrs. W. M. Burwell, of Kiri, N. C., is the guest of relatives in town this week.
Mr. Hurst Ferguson, of Cranberry, was a Waynesville visitor on Wednesday.
Mrs. Thad Howell, of Asheville, is visiting relatives in the county this week.
Miss Edith Poul, of Rutherford, is the guest of Miss Josephine Garner this week.
Miss Marion Rood, of Asheville, who has been to Waynesville for several summers, is again here this season.
Mrs. R. L. Allen is entertaining with a bridge party this afternoon complimentary to her house guest, Miss Cabiness, of Mooresburg, Ga.
The Waynesville Dramatic Club will go to Canton on August 10th and present the Mikado. The club opera was given by the club here a few weeks ago and was voted the best musical comedy ever presented here.
The long continued drought throughout the country is becoming alarming. It is affecting cities and towns, people and animals. Life and livelihood are seriously menaced by the dread drought.

her soul as she kneels at the feet of Naomi: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; whither thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." What a home Naomi's home must have been to have created such a spirit, such a loyal and such a character, surrounded as it was by unfriendly strangers and pagan idolatry. The lesson of this home is one of many contained in this beautiful story. The character of Ruth is the natural fruit of such a Christian home.

"Camels don't get your Wind" ATHLETES SAY

I SMOKE A MILD CIGARETTE—CAMELS THEY DON'T GET MY WIND AND AFTER HARD PLAY A CAMEL GIVES ME A LIFT.

I'VE TAKEN THE ATHLETES TIP ON CAMELS CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY CONDITION THEY MUST BE MADE FROM COSTLER TOBACCO TO BE SO MILD.

SO MILD!
YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

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MECHANICAL ENGINEER C. E. Smith

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