

The Polk County News

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

Rest quietly in your easy chair tonight; draw the curtains about you and think. What is wrong with the world? Settle the question with yourself whether it is the tariff, the coal strike, poison booze, flappers, Congress, the independence of youth, divorce, the weather, the parole system, white bread, lack of vitamins, static, landlords, the foreign debts, the crop outlook, or too much publicity for the ex-Kaiser. After you have decided to your own satisfaction which or how many of these things are contributing to the lack of peace and contentment of yourself and mankind, go to sleep. Arise next morning and begin your day's work with freshness and order. You will then wonder why you ever wondered that there was anything wrong with the world. This prescription seldom fails to cure. Should it fail, however, you get your agony back.

"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE."

That was a grand old song. That is, if you didn't care whether you kept sober or not. The here-because attitude is all right in a song of its kind, but it will never help make a better Tryon, or help this community grow more prosperous. It will never put efficiency into business, honesty into government, or sympathy into neighborly contact. It will never suffice as an excuse for residence or as an alibi for citizenship. Turn about is fair play. Tryon is here because all of us are here who are counted as population. Then we owe it to our community to be here because Tryon is here.

"WIMMIN" IN POLITICS.

Of all the arguments against woman suffrage there is only one real sound objection, and that is on account of the passing of the old-time precinct voting place. What formerly was a great American masculine institution is now refined, effeminate, and we might say, downright uninteresting. The great game of "getting-the-votes-in-the-box" is quite base—a mere legal routine.

Woman—whose fine hand has shaped the nations—now has invaded the last stronghold of man, and driven him like a stag at bay to seek shelter and protection only in the memory of the days that used to be. For woman, lovely woman, is "in" politics, and has taken mere man from the only place he had his last say.

When it comes to serving on the election board, a woman can wield a wicked pencil, cast a cautious eye, and use a stubborn judgment. It used to be you could spit tobacco juice on the floor when you went to vote, but now the women will try to find some law to put you out if your nails are not properly manicured. It used to be you could cuss out the election officials for kidding you about being a Democrat or a Vice Versa; but now since women are guiding the destinies of the ballot emporiums, you're not on her side of the fence. And as for smoking in the booths, that's taboo. The last election there were enough burning cigar stubs outside the door to keep the sheriff and card passers warm without splitting up and burning any empty boxes from the grocery store. It's awful. No more fights at the end of the ropes. While standing around the polls we used to argue so loud over points in the election law they would call for the riot squad for the "bloody 7th," and here would come the sheriff to arrest us, and his posse to fix things up, depending on our political complexion.

IT'S ALL IN THE MACHINERY.

For the second time in its history, the U. S. Senate adopted the cloture rule limiting debate. The world court was the issue. The success or failure of all legislative and deliberative bodies depends largely on the machinery or the actual systems of procedure by which bills and proposals are determined. To the outsider these forms seem unimportant, if not trivial, but to those who must abide by them they mean about everything. The detail of ceremony, the psychology of time, and the influence of personality have decided the fate of many measures of national and world importance.

Joseph Williams, a blind St. Louis beggar, died leaving more than \$15,000 hidden about his home.

A head to a thing generally puts it on its feet.

Divorce evils are no worse than marriage scandals.

At that, how could peace treaties ever be signed without arms?

Wouldn't it be cheaper for France to take straw votes of confidence?

Oil man makes \$25,000 a day. With us, a day would last a thousand years.

Columbus discovered America, but the real estate boosters have cleaned it.

Prohibition is in its infancy. That is why people still want their bottle.

You can't change a leopard's spots; nor, seemingly, the country's wet spots.

When a man says "I'll think it over," he generally means he will go home and ask his wife.

COLUMBUS NEWS

Mr. P. S. Lewis, who recently purchased a lot in Denton Springs Park, has secured plans and let the contract to Mr. M. D. Sprinkle for the erection of an attractive little six-room bungalow. The water line has been extended out to this new development and the electric line will be extended soon. Lots are selling fast in the development, and from all reports this is to be one of the leading residential sections of Columbus.

Mrs. E. W. S. Cobb will be hostess to the Outlook club at its regular monthly meeting next Wednesday afternoon, February 10th, at 3:45.

Messrs. C. R. and Fred W. Blanton left Tuesday for a trip to Florida. They will be gone about a week.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist Church will meet with Mrs. W. S. McDowell next Tuesday evening at 7:30.

Among those from Columbus, who enjoyed the meeting of the Drama Fortnightly at the Parish House in Tryon last Wednesday night, were: Misses Arledge, Holderbaum, Bodie, Seidel, Thelma Mills and Messrs. John W. Artz and Archie Feagan.

The county council, composed of one or two women from each Home Demonstration Club in the county, met with Miss Holderbaum in Columbus Monday, February 1st. The meeting was held in the library of Stearns High School. After the meeting, during which plans for 1926 were made, the Columbus Girls' Club served tea.

Miss Hattie Parrott, assistant state rural supervisor of schools, spent several days in the county last week with Polk county's rural supervisor, Miss Seidel, and visited the schools in Columbus, Green's Creek and Tryon.

The Columbus Circle of the Presbyterian Church will meet with Mrs. H. F. Sikes Tuesday afternoon, February 12th, at 3:30. The circle will be studying the study of the new Foreign Mission Study Book, and the chairman, Mrs. F. M. Burgess, is anxious that every member be present at this meeting.

The Group Center Teachers' meeting for Columbus township will be held in Columbus Friday at Stearns High School.

The Little Girls' Club of Columbus met with Eloise, Ruth and Emma Katherine Cobb Tuesday afternoon. Miss Holderbaum gave a demonstration in whole wheat muffins. After the demonstration the members were invited into the dining room where refreshments were served.

Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Stroup and family spent the past week-end with Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Laney at Maiden, N. C.

Misses Marie Burgess and Dorothy McChesney, teachers in Green's Creek School, spent the past week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Landis spent Monday in Landrum on business.

Shortly after boasting that he had climbed many high structures without an accident, Alex Hassen, a stepladder of Hayattsville, Md., fell eight feet from a shed he was painting, breaking an arm and a leg.

A girl suspected of stealing and swallowing a \$1,600 diamond from the store of I. C. Newman in Chicago was proved innocent by an X-ray picture.

THE CHARM OF TRYON

By ALBERT L. BERRY.

We came to Tryon last fall and drove our stakes and pitched our tent on the mountain side. Now the oaks are seared and leathery, the maples and the dogwood are bare, and the mountains wear patches of grizzle and gray. But the pines are green and feathery, the laurel still wears its rich, glossy emerald, and the azalea has lost none of its summer beauty.

If one drives only through our highway, he will not see the charm and beauty of Tryon, for Tryon is cloistered on the mountain sides and cradled in the valleys. You will find beautiful homes clinging to the mountain slopes like Swiss chalets in the Alps; or perched on the hill tops as in Tuscany. You will find quaint bungalows along narrow serpentine roads that wind down the valleys; you will find them along by-paths where the shimmering sunlight dances across your path, where the air smells of the pines and where you tread on soft cushions of green moss and the winds tiptoe through the trees and you hear the noisy bap-pie of the squalling bluejay or the twitter of the chickadee and the song-sparrow.

One of the most charming sights on a clear morning is the pageantry of fleecy clouds lazily climbing the mountain sides, then resting awhile and pitching their white tents near the crest, with the mountain top sticking through like a ridgepole or a chimney pot. Then lazily lifting their draperies, they drift away.

We do not have the heather or the picturesque cattle feeding on the hills as in Scotland, or the sheep climbing the mountain sides as in Palestine, or the red-tiled roofs as in Spain, but our mountains have a magical coloring that cannot be found anywhere else. On a clear morning the sides are radiant with a varying glow from the soft purple to the rich brown, and then to pale yellow, as mystical and varied as the shifting lights of the aurora borealis. The sun is the painter, the hill sides his canvass and the mountains the great galleries.

Tourists from the North and East are coming in; men with knickerbockers and golf caps, women wearing thick-soled shoes and carrying walking sticks. They ride horseback and tramp in the woods, listening for the bugle call of Spring, for the Forsythia, with its little yellow star flower, is already in bloom and the buds of the rhododendron are swelling. I saw a party of tourists watching a mountaineer coming down a steep road; in one hand he held the reins that guided a pair of weary looking mules, in the other he held a rope attached to a long pole that answered for a brake. The wheels grated and slid over the hard ruts as slowly he crept down the sharp side of the mountain; when level ground was reached, he pulled his hat over his deep-set, grizzled face and moved contentedly along.

Since we have been in Tryon we have seen only a few red sunsets such as one sees at sea when the departing sun flames the west with its flamboyant splendor. But the beauty of the twilight before night locks her iron doors is unexcelled anywhere. The whiteness of the dawn reaches along the western verge and the rugged mountains stand out like giant watch towers, with the outline of pines sharply etched against the sky, and all as silent as the hills of home.

The nights are none the less enchanting; the setting of the planets in all their brilliancy over the mountain tops, the myriad of stars moving with the same silent tread as when their trembling light first left the cradle of creation and the Pleiades and Orion first took up their still march through the trackless firmament. The heavens are whitened with their beauty and all the vaulted blue is diamonded with radiance.

Such is the magical charm of Tryon.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Tryon the Unspoiled Paradise.

Editor Polk County News: In a recent article I suggested that though the surroundings of Tryon warranted the above caption, the man-made part of town seemed badly out of tune with its environment. I cited the water tank as a striking example. The street leading from the station to Melrose avenue is another. As we all know, the banks on either side of this most important street—important because of its location and because it is the only connection between the two sections of the town—are of red clay.

Nature has done little to these banks beyond washing the soil down to the sidewalks and thus distributing it over the rest of the city.

If Nature has been niggardly here, man has been more so, and the traveler up and down this street must view an ugly expanse of unbacked

brick. Yet this is a country where with a minimum expenditure of time and even less than that of money, this unsightly stretch of road could be made into a thing of interest and possibly into one of beauty.

Shrubs, vines, trees, any or all of these planted along either or both sides of the walk and given a reasonable amount of care for a few years, would soon change this dreary section.

Why not start a fund to change "Red Clay alley" into what it should be—one of the beauty spots of town?

If we are to keep Tryon an unspoiled paradise, here is a good place to begin. Water tanks and clay banks go a long way towards making it a paradise lost. A. N. C.

An Appreciative Audience. Editor Polk County News: Those of the Drama Fortnightly who were responsible for the selec-

tion of the play presented Wednesday night, January 27th, were greatly pleased over the enthusiastic reception given it by a large and intelligent audience.

Many of the plays presented in the large cities appear to be written for people of questionable tastes and dull comprehension, the producers apparently thinking it necessary to play down to their audiences. Witness, for example, the four-year run in New York of "Abie's Irish Rose."

Evidently Tryon audiences are not in that class, as the subtle wit of Sacha Guitry, the author of Deburau, found quick response and appreciation. The new draping of the stage, the colorful costumes and the really excellent acting combined to make a most entertaining evening.

It is rumored that the next play to be presented will be "The Swan," a comedy by Franz Molnar, an eminent Hungarian dramatist. A. N. C.

Local News

Among recent arrivals at Oak Hall are Mrs. Paul Bowen and Mrs. Douglas Donald of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. W. C. Niblack and Miss Anne Watson of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. David Van Dusen of Detroit, and the Misses Watkins of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Peattie invite all who may be interested to view the pictures of Ernest Barnes at Mrs. Peattie's home, "Dunwandering," Thursday, February 11th, from 3 to 6.

Mr. Thomas, a brother of Mrs. C. W. Ballenger, is spending a few days in Tryon en route to his home in Colorado from Florida.

Mr. M. R. McCown was in Raleigh the early part of last week on legal business.

Miss Lucile Smith has gone to Gastonia to accept a position with the Gardner Music House.

Harold Crandall is confined with the grip.

Miss Margaret Law is improving from a spell of the grip.

The Carol Society will meet every Monday night. Voices are invited to take part.

The Congregational Church will have a supper party Friday night.

Miss Gladys Gibbs and Mrs. Justice were in Spartanburg to see "Sally."

Miss Mary Sharpe, from Massachusetts, will spend the winter in Tryon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wygal have come back to Tryon from Galveston, Texas.

Dr. Justice and Rev. O'Neale were judges at a debate held at Landrum Thursday.

Mr. Ebelle of Asheville was in Tryon Sunday.

Miss Oliver, city librarian, who has been in the hospital, is improving rapidly.

Numbers of Tryon theatre goers went to Spartanburg last week to see "Sally."

Mr. H. L. Griffith of Hendersonville has accepted a position with E. E. Merrick, local engineer.

The Group Center County School Teachers' meeting was held last Tuesday at the Tryon Schools.

Mrs. J. W. Heathery of Saluda spent the week-end in Tryon with Miss Lenora Lankford and her son, Mr. J. W. Heathery, Jr.

Mr. C. T. Price of Inman, S. C., was in Tryon Tuesday on business.

Mr. J. R. Burgess of Columbus was a visitor in Tryon on last Tuesday.

Mrs. W. W. Graham has returned to Mimosa after a visit to New York City.



Sunny View.

Since the snows and rains we are having some of the very "worsed roads out," around this place. But we hope some time soon we will be able to have better ones.

On account of the rain we did not have any Sunday School Sunday. Some of our young people were very badly disappointed.

Miss Holderbaum, our home agent, met with her club members here on last Friday and awarded prizes to the following girls: Miss Lula Jackson and Sarah Elliott, Nellie Lynch and Creola Taylor, as they have been making and serving cocoa, and the judges decided in favor of these four girls as keeping the nicest kitchen and furnishing the most foods for preparing this.

Little Herman Lynch is very sick with pneumonia. We hope him speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dinsdale and little son, John Henry, from Kansas City, Kas., are visiting their parents. We welcome them very much.

Mr. A. H. Lynch was a pleasant visitor at Mr. W. D. Helton's Sunday afternoon.

Bill Jackson and family visited at his father's, J. L. Jackson's, Sunday.

Messrs. Clarence Stepp, J. J. Price and N. E. Williams made a business trip to Rutherfordton Monday.

Wilhelm and Lala Gibbs were guests at Mr. G. L. Taylor's Sunday.

Miss Lucile Taylor visited Bessie Helton Sunday.

Reuben Wilson and Arkansas Jackson were Sunday afternoon visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stepp.

We are glad to report that Mr. Patrest Lawter, who has been very ill with tonsillitis, is improving and is again ready for work.

Mr. Dorcas Lawter called to see Miss Nettie Bradley Sunday.

Mr. Pink Brown, from Morristown, Tenn., is visiting relatives in this section.

Fishtop, N. C.

The bad weather causing a little illness, I failed to give you any items last week, but will say that the snow (or rather hail) did much to loosen up the land, and where it was sown in grain or vetch, kept in good shape; but where the land had no catch crop to prevent it from leaching, when the hard rains came it did considerable damage.

The bad weather not only prevented more land being sown, but also the preparation for next crop. The land is better prepared now for another dry season, however.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton received a gift on the 12th—a bouncing girl.

Conter Jones has caught two owls and 12 hawks during this unpleasant weather that were catching the partridges on his premises. He set poles up in the midst of the field and placed a steel trap on top which did the work.

During the unpleasant weather for farm work a small number of hands have changed the Cone road near Mountain, Valley Church, where it was first laid off, thus getting rid of the worst piece of road between the church and Saluda—eight miles.

They also decided at no very distant time to meet and change another small piece of road on the mountain, making it better and nearer by cutting out a turn or two.

We had several inquiries why we do not continue our articles on the history and customs of this section. We will say for the readers' benefit that we now have one written and is in the printer's office or lost, but as the News has been changing the present editor probably knows nothing of it. If he will publish the articles, I will continue writing from time to time such things as will interest the readers.



Billie Hill, only seven years of age, lives in Los Angeles and is predicted to be the "coming genius of the violin," by Efreim Zimbalist. Such words coming from so great a master is praise indeed.

Why Not a City Playground?

The idea advanced by Carter Brown at the meeting of the Tryon Chamber of Commerce last Friday night for a city playground should have the approval of every citizen in this community.

This Week



Be careful about the man in Germany, bent on his hands, tore horses, two horses pulling... He scratched himself with blood poison developed... Germs too small to see with microscope are straggling man. Such germs are on hands.

Bean Inge, eminent clergyman at the head of St. Cathedral in London, urges control. He says "LIMIT FREEDOM OF CATION to not more than three children, from any one family."

He believes parents will limit number of children, if they educate all but three at their expense. Good, gloomy, knows little about human nature. And he worries because people have most of the children born here being "lower" and educated classes.

What would the dean have Nancy Hanks, with bare feet unable to read or write, carrying heavy baby in a hut with a dog and without widows?

He'd have said "Leave children to the educated upper class dear." But the big baby was ham Lincoln. You never get...

The latest asinine, intensely glib proposition is that the States should sign an international "protocol," pledging ourselves to the use of chemicals, including gasses and other gases in warfare.

Chemical warfare, in addition to MODERN warfare, is to be brutal, most merciful form, thus far devised by human ingenuity. Chemical warfare could render conscious the inhabitants of a city, capturing without killing. The old style of war was to kill the men and women, poison gases, so-called mustard gas and other gases, were merciful than powder or bullets as powder and bullets are merciful than weapons of an earlier day.

In the big war entire nations made temporarily blind by gas were taken prisoners and held in camp, tears streaming down faces, unable to see their way not a man wounded. Not so and the blindness did not last.

Only a sickly sentimentalist could that kind of warfare "merciful" than the old-fashioned shot men to pieces and left the die of festering wounds on the field.

Meanwhile the army's department, concentrated on chemical warfare and chemically, is engaged in working to the nation, APART from us. We are not going to get a body, and should develop to the end point every known method of warfare, including chemical warfare, to be ready for attack.

Meanwhile, poison gases used more and more in the war, in fighting the boll weevil the European corn borer, etc. already appeared in several and might, if unchecked, do corn crop as the boll weevil did cotton crop.

Real estate is a respectable considerable business. A. N. C. scher, who says "he is like the horse in Dickens, that was down if its driver allowed it goes on working and buys something."

A few days ago for "all" bought a 32-story building on Broadway, New York, for \$100,000. That would surprise old-fashioned to buy farms on Massachusetts.

Moral: Buy a piece of land now, where the \$17,000,000 will be later.

"Tryon."

T is for Tryon, a neat little R is for roads, which are and sound;

Y is for yonder, a mountain see;

O is for on top, to fill you N is for neatness, in Tryon And if you don't believe look around.

Tryon, N. C.

Overdue. Boy—Ma, there's a man who wants to see you about nature. Mother—Tell him to have I'll be down in a minute. Boy—I did, but he says for the piano.