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The Tragedy of the World

The tragedies of life are not sickness and death; these are its passing shadows, its sorrows by the way, grievously heavy at the moment, but neither disintegrating nor weakening. The death which follows an act of sacrifice, of courage, of faith, opens a door through which a great light shines; it may bring great sadness; it cannot bring the sense of futility which strikes all meaning out of life, or the sense of the victory of evil which shrouds it in the gloom of eternal orphanage. Lincoln's death at the moment of emergence from that long anguish of soul was unspeakably sad; but the hour of his going was the beginning of a revelation of his spirit and service which is the most priceless possession of this Nation. When a man's life opens the door of hope for all time to come and lights the mysterious path of life as with a great torch, the sadness is for the hour, and the strengthening of faith in service and love is a permanent addition to the wealth of humanity.

That wealth is spiritual; men have tried again and again to live by bread alone and have gone near to starvation, and then the bread has mercifully been taken from them and they have heard again the word of God, and health and sanity have come back to them. There is no life-giving and life-sustaining power in wealth; comfort, ease; if these things are rightly used, they set men free for high endeavors and they make splendid service possible; but they cannot feed the spirit, and to try to live upon them is to starve. The events that strike our mortality are infinitely sad; but the tragedies of life are those events that strike our immortality, that destroy faith, weaken hope, blur the vision, and devitalize the will. The man who accidentally kills his fellow may bring grief and anguish to many; but the man who violates a sacred trust, breaks a holy vow, uses a good reputation to hide an evil life, strikes at the souls of his fellows.

There are many kinds of sadness in life, but the tragedies are one and all rooted in the immortality of the world. The hurricane and earthquake destroy the work of generations in a moment and bring widespread misery and death in their train; but they open the heart of the world, and sympathy and help flow like a fertilizing tide over the devastation. Strength does not fail, hope does not die, the flame of courage does not sink in the ashes of a final despair. Men begin at once to plan, to work, to look ahead to other homes and harvests; the foundations on which life rests have not been destroyed.

The real possession of the race is neither wealth nor safety; it is faith in God. While that remains no catastrophe is final or fatal; when that goes, no prosperity has any value, sacrifice is futile, love is mockery, life is a lie. Then the ultimate wisdom shrinks into the appalling words, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

It is easy to blur the edges of sin, and many men and women are deceiving themselves with the idea that divine laws, like human laws, can be evaded. They forget that divine laws are automatic; they are not imposed from without, but are wrought into our natures. They are so much a part of us that they need no external authority to enforce the penalties of disobedience. They can be neither evaded nor blurred. The identification of sin with death would seem incredible if it rested solely on the authority of an old-fashioned book like the

Marine Hospital Not for Opium

The thousands of appeals which have been made to the United States Public Health service to throw open the marine hospitals to help care for the army of drug addicts whose supplies have been cut off by the Harrison anti-narcotic law have all been denied. The Treasury Department has ruled that the hospitals are for the use of marines only, that the United States government can do no more than enforce the law. It cannot detail its surgeons to assist State and city officials to cure habitues of the drug habit.

Efforts of drug victims, particularly in the large cities, to obtain "dope" under the operation of the new law have been pitiful. Numerous suicides have resulted in cases where "dope fiends" could not get drugs and had no hospital in which they could be treated and gradually cured of the habit.

What the public health service declares to be the best known system for treating drug addicts is of particular interest in connection with the much-heralded "twilight sleep" for childbirth. The principal drug in the treatment, which is known as the Lambert-Towne system, is scopalamin, the drug administered in "twilight sleep." In describing the system Assistant Surgeon General Rucker says:

"The most advanced step so far taken by any of the municipal authorities toward curing the 'dope fiends' has been taken at St. Louis where the situation became most critical after the Harrison law went into effect on March 1. The Lambert-Towne treatment consists in the primary administration of scopalamin, which is the principal drug used in the twilight sleep, in connection with cocaine and several other drugs, principally strong saline purgatives. A large dose of cocaine is given first and then the doses are gradually reduced so that at the end of from 50 to 72 hours the drug is entirely discontinued. The saline purgatives are given in strong doses, the idea being to 'un-poison' the patient. At the end of about three days' treatment the patient is in an extremely weak condition, and in a condition where he will unflinchingly obey instructions. He is then taken to another hospital and placed in the hands of a physical trainer in order to give him a strong body again."—W. E. Y. in News and Observer.

Bible; but it is the most modern fact reported by the daily newspapers. They repeat it day after day with pitiful reiteration.

The tragedy is played by new actors with variation of incident, but always with the same denouement. First a faint blurring of the standards, followed by a little lowering of tone hardly perceptible for a time. Then a deadening of moral sensitiveness, a fading of the vision of an ordered and noble world; a coarsening of taste, a loss of spiritual refinement, a vulgarization of the whole nature; then a growing skepticism of the presence of God in the world, of the reality of the soul, and of the distinction between right and wrong. Then indifference to moral law, the craving for physical excitement and diversion, the loss of modesty and shame.

These are they who weaken the hope of the world, blight its promise, and destroy its capital of purity and strength. Their fall is the tragedy of the world; there is no other tragedy, for misfortune and calamity hurt the body, but they who violate the laws of life harm the soul. They crucify the Christ again.—Outlook.

The Long Tongue

The State has been put to enormous expense, and a number of people have been made to suffer needlessly because of the Carter-Abernathy trial which consumed eight days of time and a big wad of the people's money. And all for what? Judge Carter was fully exonerated and proved a character above reproach. His temper was also proven but so far as we know, that was never denied. A few long tongues began to wag. Evil eyes read into the judge's conduct things that never entered his mind. They rolled them as sweet morsels under the tongue. These were gathered up and crystallized into a "charge." A woman arose from a sick bed and made the journey to Raleigh to defend her character; another woman's name was blackened, and many innocent hearts suffered and are still suffering in silence. Back of it all are long tongues and wicked hearts. We rejoice for the honor of our courts, that Judge Carter was vindicated. A few lawyers whom he had justly rebuked for their impertinence had it in for the judge, but the people love him for the enemies he has made. There were many elements of evil entering into this ridiculous and roaring farce, but the main cause was the long and lying tongue. O the sorrow and the shame, the tears and the trouble jabbering gossips have brought into the world! We sometimes think that loose and evil talk has wrought more havoc to human happiness than all the wars of all the ages. More and more do we realize the tremendous force of the Master's admonition "Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." The evil tongue is a world of iniquity and no man can tame it. It is always hung to a coward and a sneak. No brave man ever assassinated character, and that is the chief business of an evil tongue. The Carter-Abernathy case is a very striking example of what wicked hearts can do through long tongues. The world is full of bright and beautiful and helpful things to talk about; why do some people find so much joy in reveling in these things that are vile and vulgar? "Speak nothing but good of the dead" is an old adage. Why not enlarge it to read "Speak nothing but good of the living or the dead?"—Charity and Children.

Just Brutality

The Willard-Johnson fight at Havana was just another of those exhibitions of brutality which are being barred by civilization. That a large portion of mankind is attracted by brutality is evinced by the interest in the battle between the white bruiser and the negro bruiser. That is the remnant of the savage left in the race, and humanity is trying to get away from the savage.

In the United States the sentiment of the great majority of the people, as written in our statutes, is opposed to prize fighting, and we are putting that behind us. In the encounter between a white man and a negro we have seen prize fighting at its worst, and we hope that there will be no more of it, both because of the fight itself, and the race animosity which these prize fights have developed. The world can be well rid of it. It shows only that one bruiser gets the better of another, and that the winner in time becomes the loser.—News and Observer.

Prince Henry, Inspector General of the German fleet, is the only brother of Emperor William.

A Plucky Little Housewife

In a certain public school in Brooklyn, N. Y., a prize is given each year to the scholar who, in the opinion of the donor, has displayed in the highest degree the qualities that go to make up heroism. The winner this past year was a girl of thirteen years, Miss Elizabeth Jordan. Elizabeth had not expected to win, says the Brooklyn Times; she did not even know that she had done anything courageous. It is doubtful if she believed it now, for her heroism was of the perfect sort that sees no alternative and is, therefore, unconscious of any special virtue of the doing of the "one thing to be done." The Times mentions some of Elizabeth's competitors for the hero prize and comments upon the winner's claims:

"There was John Farley, a lad of twelve, who saved two friends from drowning; and Tommy Omarendo, a year older, who pulled an unconscious companion out of the public swimming pool in time to prevent his death; and Hanna Lewis, of the same age, took a long chance when she put out the fire that threatened to destroy her home."

"Elizabeth did not rescue any one from death by drowning or fires nor tear a child from beneath flying horses or speeding automobile. She never saw her name in print until after the selection was made for the Brenner prize, and she had not the remotest thought that she was the heroine. All that Elizabeth did was to act as head of her home when her mother died and left eight children and a blind husband to be cared for. Two of the children were old enough to work, two others go to school, escorted by Elizabeth, and the other two stay with their blind father during school hours. The thirteen-year-old acting mother prepares all the family meals, handles the household accounts, does most of the washing, mending, and purchasing, and the hundred other tasks of the home. And she is not at the foot of her class in school by any means."

"There is little more to be said, save that the prize for her heroism was well awarded, and that Elizabeth Jordan is the kind of citizen that makes Brooklynites proud of their home town."—Literary Digest.

The Short Man Better Fighter

The short man makes the better fighter, says Dr. M. S. Pembrey, lecturer on physiology at Guy's hospital, London, Eng., in a discussion before the Royal Sanitary institute. This he bases on a careful study of the fighting capacity of tall and short races and also of the tall and short men of the same race.

The difference in height between a short man and a tall man, said Dr. Pembrey, is due chiefly to the length of leg. At the same time, height depends upon the correlated activity of certain glands which produce internal secretions. The essential organs in the head and trunk are often better developed in the short than in the tall man, the weight of the brain being relatively greater in the short man and the reaction time not so long. Tall men of full proportions are heavy and slow, and there are strong physiological reasons for the greater activity of the small man, who does not suffer from the mechanical disadvantages of height and weight. Therefore, the small man has a greater capacity for work and more endurance and is better able to resist disease.

Although giving the verdict to the short man, the doctor warned his hearers of the danger of rushing to extremes.

Not Uncommon

The death of Morgan Robertson, the well known short-story writer, in New York last week was peculiarly sad and furnishes food for thought in that Robertson, a man of ability, who had won his spurs, artistically and financially, died almost on the threshold of want, and with poverty staring him in the face. It is not an exceptional. Every now and then one reads of some man, once wealthy, dying in poverty. Occasionally they are big financiers of other days, and it is plain to be seen how they lost their money. They had played the speculative game too far. But at other times, more often, too, they are people who did not play the game of chance. Actors and actresses, novelists and other writers, who at one time were rolling in wealth, so to speak, frequently pass away amid squallor and with the wolf at the door.

The answer to this is simply extravagance; recklessness in too high living, without thought of tomorrow. The remedy is plain and easy. The latter because it does not call for any skin-flintism; simply the exercising of ordinary precaution and the prevalence of common sense. These people need not be miserly; all needed is not to be so wildly extravagant; tossing away money today, without thought of tomorrow.

This condition is especially sad when it is taken into consideration there are so many people who do not have a chance to save a penny for a rainy day, under the present condition of things. These people would be glad of the chance, and yet are denied it, when there are others who are dissipating their's.—Wilmington Dispatch.

Worst in Its History

The News and Observer of the 4th contains the following editorial comment on the snow storm that visited Raleigh on the 2nd and 3rd of the month:

So far as is shown by the records, so far as the memory of man hereabouts can tell, Raleigh yesterday was in the grip of the worst snow storm in its history.

The destruction of property, especially the property of telegraph and telephone and electric companies was exceedingly great. The streets of the city were strewn with the poles of these and with the limbs of trees. The streets themselves in many sections of the city were rendered impassable by reason of the tangled mass of wires, and the slush of the snow, while the failure of the service of the Carolina Power and Light Company made it impossible to operate the street cars. And Raleigh was left largely in darkness last night, electric lights being impossible.

The early hours of Friday morning saw the snow storm at its height, and it was not until late on Saturday that the snow ceased to fall. With the barest whisper of news from this section as to the snow blizzard, it is regarded as being the greatest to have visited this section in all its history. It will take much work to put affairs again in business shape, but already the companies which have been affected are busy in the work of repairing and replacing.

The famous timeball at Greenwich is to be replaced by a new aluminum ball, and its mechanism overhauled and reconstructed. The timeball was first erected in 1833. An electric current from the clock was first used to drop it at 1 o'clock each day in 1852.

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