

# The Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XXIX.

BOONE WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1918.

NO. 38.

## THEY MUST GET TO WORK!

**Idlers to be Listed with the War Department. Must Work or Fight.**

Gov. Bickett has issued the following:

"To the People of N. Carolina:

"I am profoundly convinced that the people who do not work or work only half time, do not understand that their idleness means death to our soldiers in the trenches, but that is exactly what it does mean.

"I appeal to all good citizens to stop talking about idleness and go straight to the man you know is an idler and explain to him in a kindly spirit that his failure to work means prolongation of the war, and this means death to the men who fight.

"To fail to supply our soldiers with food and clothing, munitions and implements of war, is both treason and murder. Please go to the idle rich as well as to the idle poor. Go to the man who drives an eight-cylinder as well as to the man who pushes a wheelbarrow. Neither wealth nor social position affords any excuse for manslaughter, and in this hour of the nation's peril, idleness is manslaughter.

"If the idler will not agree to take a job and stay on it, then report that idler by name to the county council of national defence. The county council is urged to summon all parties complained of before it and explain to them just what idleness means to the nation at this time. Let the council further explain that unless an idler goes to work it will become the duty of the council to send his name and address to the Governor of the State, who in turn will forward all such names to the War Department at Washington. The name of every idler will then be on file with the War Department and this list will be used as the basis of an amendment to the draft law empowering the local exemption boards to put in class 1 all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 50 who refuse to do regular work. There is no desire to conscript any man to work for any private individual or corporation, but the people of this country have made up their minds that if a man won't work he must be made to fight.

"I have instructed all police officials to rigidly enforce the vagrant laws. All men, rich or poor, black or white, who refuse to work for five days in the week after having been given notice by the county council of national defence, should be prosecuted for vagrancy.

"In some cases such parties will be able to show that technically under existing laws they are not legal vagrants, but are only moral vagrants. When the court finds this to be true, then I urge the courts to enter a judgment, and have it duly recorded, that the court find the accused guilty of moral vagrancy, but owing to the limitations of the statute it is unable to impose punishment. This will reach the idle rich as well as the idle poor.

The defendants so convicted will then have their names listed in Washington as slackers and traitors to our soldiers and on the records in the community in which they live as moral vagrants.

"Again let me urge every citizen not to indulge in wholesale charges about idleness and vagrancy, but let him go to or point out the individual idler or vagrant to the end that such idler or vagrant may be persuaded to go to work if possible, and if persuasion fails that he may be sent to the front line trenches or the county chain gang."

## LETTER FROM FRANCE

The following is taken from a letter received recently by Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Horton, of Vilas, N. C., from their son Sam, who is now with the American Expeditionary Forces in France:

Dear Homefolks:

It began to rain just after we had breakfast this morning, so we are now in our "Y" tent reading and writing, waiting for the rain to stop before beginning work on the hangar. Yesterday was a very warm and pleasant day. The weather here changes rather often but is never very cold.

I enjoyed reading the papers you sent. After reading them, I passed them on to some other N. C. fellows here. I want to see the Biblical Recorder that has an account of the W. C. F. commencement this spring.

I went to town with a friend yesterday afternoon and went through the chateau, an interesting place which has many events of history connected with it. It is the most curiously built place I ever saw, reminds one of descriptions read in novels. In it were the dungeons where the nobles and princesses of Brittain were once confined and the places of torture used to force prisoners to make confessions. The buildings are constructed tower within tower so in case of a siege they are able to be reinforced in the rear. They were built mostly by the Romans before Christ and later modified by Louis XIV.

The Roman construction can be recognized by the peculiar manner in which the stones and mortar are thrown together, usually V shaped. In one part we went through an underground passage which led down to the sea, by which they were able to obtain supplies during a siege. In another place we were forced to go on hands and knees for many feet and finally came to a large vault or room which was used as a cemetery. It had a small opening from above, through which water could be forced, and thus, after partial decomposition, the bodies of the dead would be washed into the sea. The reason for this method was because the people of the chateau did not want their enemies on the outside to know the number of people killed in their battles. In all of our walks we were forced to use lanterns, one lantern for every two men, because more than two men could not keep sight of a light on account of the narrowness of the passage ways. It was all very wonderful and I gained lots of information as well as pleasure from the time spent in going through.

We were very fortunate because a Major in the army who speaks French perfectly, went through at the same time and he translated everything the French guide said, so we got more than would have been possible without him. It will be interesting for you to know that part of this same old chateau is now being used for a naval base and there are several hundred U. S. sailors within its walls.

I heard part of a sermon here this morning and it was fine. Just had inspection and we are now in "Y" tent, some playing piano and singing, some writing, some reading and others talking. It is rest day and everybody carefree and passing the time away pleasantly. I'm going out in the country this afternoon. Would give much to see you all. Expect lots of mail today noon and at least two from home. Much love.

SAM.

## A Letter from Mr. Roy M. Brown, Sec. To the Good Roads Commission, To Mr. A. W. Smith of Mabel

Boone, N. C., June 12.

DEAR MR. SMITH: I have your letter of the tenth, in which you ask: "Will all the townships get their proportion of the bond money as section four of the Road Law directs—I mean when the entire \$200,000 are sold or sooner?" The members of the Road Commission are not particularly ambitious for a term in the penitentiary, nor are they in the habit of making promises that they do not attempt to fulfill. The two hundred thousand dollars raised by the bond issue will be apportioned to the several townships according to law.

Personally, I wanted to sell one hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds in February and to begin work at several places at the earliest possible moment. On both of these points I was overruled—possibly wisely. Within a few days we shall have fifty thousand dollars. We propose to begin work at once on the trunk road from east to west—the Boone Trail Highway. We shall build first that section of road between Boone and Brushy Fork. We are beginning work on this road because it is the one that will benefit most people and because it is the one road on which we can get Federal Aid. Fifteen thousand two hundred dollars have been appropriated for this road.

As soon as this work is under way, I am ready to ask for the sale of more bonds and to begin work as rapidly as practicable on other roads. I am now discussing with the citizens of a certain outlying township a plan to allow the citizens of that township to ask to be permitted to buy bonds to build their roads.

I haven't the least idea of giving up this fight—whether I am on the Commission or off of it—until every dollar of the two hundred thousand is spent on a system of roads that will be just to every township in the county.

Provision was made at the last meeting of the Commission for the little bridge of which you wrote.

Thanking you for your interest in this matter and for your letter, I remain

Very sincerely,  
ROY M. BROWN.

## Forgot What He Needed.

From the Republican, Mt. Gilead, Ohio. The editor had an interesting experience some time ago, when a young gentleman came to this office and asked for a copy of the Morrow County Republican. He scrutinized it carefully when a copy was handed him, and then said: "Now I know." "What is it you are looking for," we enquired. "My wife sent me after a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I forgot the name. I went to several stores and the clerks named everything in the line on the shelf except 'chamberlain's.' I'll try again, and I'll never go home without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." The Republican would suggest to the proprietors of stores that they post their clerks, and never let them substitute. Customers lose faith in stores where substituting is permitted, to say nothing of the injustice to makers of good goods and the disappointment of customers. Adv.

## Bad Taste in Your Mouth.

When you have a bad taste in your mouth you may know that your digestion is faulty. A dose of Chamberlain's Tablets will usually correct the disorder. They also cause a gentle movement of the bowels. You will find this to be one of the best medicines you have ever become acquainted with. Adv.

## Mrs. Gideon Walls.

On Feb. 13, 1918, the home of Mr. Gideon Walls was visited by death, which took away his companion, Mrs. Lizzie Walls, aged 57 years, 6 months and 13 days. She was the mother of seven children, five girls and two boys. Not only her loved ones realize this great loss, but the entire community, especially the members of Mt. Lebanon church. Mrs. Walls professed religion at an early age and joined Brushy Fork church; afterwards she moved her membership for the purpose of helping to constitute Mt. Gilead church, and there remained a faithful member until Death's summons came.

The trials to which humanity are subject were not necessary to draw her from her lethargy to disclose her character. She was always ready to speak a word of comfort to those in distress and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the needy. Even in her last hours, when she realized death had set his grasp on her, she called her loved ones to her bedside and gave them a word of admonition, and when the deep sobs began to pour forth from the lips of those bereaved, she raised her hand and said, "Farewell. Don't weep for me," then death came in his most beautiful form. He laid down his iron scepter and borrowed the garb of gentle sleep, and his cold hand fell as gently and warm as the hand of friendship.

Let one of our loved ones be taken away and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. The grave cannot hide the white face of the one who sleeps. The coffin and the mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over the grave of a wife or mother. He sees them as never before—what it is to love and be loved, and what it is to injure the feelings of the beloved.

After the departure of our beloved sister we feel as if earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But in the presence of death there is a consolation, if our lives are spent for Christ.

Think it not unkind when sorrows befall thee; it is all for the best that it is sent. God calls those whom he loveth, and why should He not claim His own jewels to shine in His own house, although our own be made dreary. Respectfully submitted.

J. A. BUMGARDNER,  
PHEBE BUMGARDNER. adv

Try This For Sour Stomach. Eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly. Eat but little meat and none at all at supper. If you are still troubled with a sour stomach take one of Chamberlain's Tablets before going to bed. Adv.

## NOTICE.

I will offer for private sale the tract of land belonging to the late John Robertson, containing seventy five acres near Sands post office in Watauga county. Terms of sale given on application to the undersigned June 1, 1918.

B. R. BROWN, Adm'r.

## Jack Rabbits and Prisoners.

Editor Democrat: A young college student once applied to a western farmer for employment as a farm laborer, and claimed that he had carefully studied agriculture, and had sufficient knowledge to do some scientific farming. The farmer said he was in need of some skilled laborers, but particularly desired the services of a shepherd boy to attend his sheep, but the work required some one who could move with celerity as some of the sheep were very wild and hard to pen. The boy replied: "I won first prize in college foot racing, and believe I can give satisfaction in any work where great speed is required." The farmer said, "I will take you a few days on trial; you can hang your coat upon the rack and go out in the field and bring up the sheep, as I pen them over night." The young man, according to orders, moved out across the field with the speed of a motor cycle, and in a few hours returned, and said to his employer: "I have them all in the pen." The farmer asked him if the sheep appeared very wild, and if they were hard to pen? "No," said the young man, "the young ones gave me no trouble, but three of the lambs made it a bit interesting for me." The farmer replied, "You are surely mistaken about there being lambs among the flock, as this is autumn and we only raise lambs here in the spring season." The boy replied: "If you don't believe me, come out here to the pen and I will show you the lambs." Upon arriving at the sleep pen the old farmer discovered that the young man had caught three jack rabbits and had them snugly housed with the sheep.

From information obtained in a recent issue of The Democrat, I am of the opinion that if Dr. Salmons could have a little more outdoor exercise, chasing and taking down escaping prisoners from the county jail, he could easily outrun a jack rabbit.

Z. T. WATSON.

Waynesburg, Ky.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh of the Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the muscular surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Remedy that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials.

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