

The Watauga Democrat.

"THE SUN SHINES BRIGHTEST, AND THE GRASS GROWS GREENEST IN WATAUGA."—MOSES H. CONE.

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Citizens of Boone, What is Your Answer?

EDITOR WATAUGA DEMOCRAT:

I have been a citizen of Boone for the past ten years, during which time her every sorrow has touched my heart, here every pleasure has filled me with joy. I defy any town or community to produce better neighbors, truer friends or more patriotic citizens. She has laid her whole upon the altar of her country with unstinted devotion; She has not only done her bit but her best. This being the case, will not each one of you, lay aside all prejudice, selfish interests or motives, and sit quietly with me for a few moments and let us study very seriously some things about our town, and, if need be, about our own homes and personalities, that are very pertinent at the present time? Are the streets of Boone any better than they were twenty years ago? Are the side walks any better? Have we a sufficiency of the right kind of laws, and are they sufficiently enforced? Do any of us want or expect our posterity to spend their days in Boone and Watauga county? If so, now honestly, dear people, do you not want to have better environments—better streets, walks, schools, law enforcement, safer surroundings, than you had while you were here? When the final summons shall have come, can we conscientiously say, "Farewell friends, neighbors, children, I have done ALL for you I could, and I know thereby you are better off?"

Do you like Boone? Do you like the people? Are you willing to join hands and help us in the time of need, and thereby help yourself also? If Boone isn't the kind of a town you like, bunch your duds and take a hike. If you do like Boone, are you willing to go to some trouble and expense, if need be, to help the town? How many town taxes have we paid in the last ten years? How many times have we grumbled and found fault when asked for the taxes, or for any little donation towards making conditions better? How much have we ever secured for our own personal interests or gains; for our neighbors or for any person or thing, without there being some effort or cost attached thereto? The answer is plainly written—nothing.

Here then, my friends comes the test, and that is that anything that is worth having, or that will better ourselves and community must be secured with a price. I once hauled lumber, and over a very rough road, and it took me a long time to see that I was losing money and time by reason of such conditions. I soon discovered, however, that I was paying a mud tax instead of a road tax. I believe you will agree with me when I say that perhaps the worst piece of road in the entire community, is the streets of Boone, which is caused, I'll admit, to a great extent, by reason of more travel on them than elsewhere. But the point I am trying to drive home is, are we willing to let such conditions continue, and even grow from bad to worse when we never have had a better time or opportunity to remedy these evils than now. We can get crushed stone laid down here for a very little cost, cement is now released and on the market, labor conditions are improving, and there is no better time than now. More people are looking this way than ever before. Shall we rage at their denunciations, or shall we take these conditions into our hands with renewed determinations, better our conditions, and then receive with gladness their applaud? Shall

Mrs. R. F. Edmisten Receives Letters of Condolence from Army Officers.

Mrs. R. F. Edmisten whose son, Mr. W. S. Edmisten, died at the military camps at Toledo, Oregon, on Jan. 2, has received the following comforting letter from the dead soldier's commanding officer, Capt. Roderick D. Grant:

"It is with deep regret that I write to you on so sad a subject as the death of your son on Jan. 2, 1919. Private William S. Edmisten was at all times faithful and conscientious in his work, and was well liked by the men of his squadron.

"I want you to know that his work here was just as necessary, and his death just as glorious in this great conflict for the democracy of the world, as any work or any death on the battle field.

"As the Commanding Officer of this regiment to which he belonged, I want you to know that his work was appreciated, and that I feel a keen sympathy for you on account of his loss."

Following is an extract from a letter received by Mrs. Edmisten from Capt. Herman S. Judd, of the Medical Corps, U. S. Army:

"We are very sorry that we were not able to save the life of this soldier, but it seems that the 'Flu' pneumonia is very, very, severe this year and in some cases it seems that almost nothing does any good. He was a good patient and did everything he could to help us and to make his recovery possible, but it seemed that nothing helped. He did not suffer but simply grew worse and went away. Again I want to assure you that every care was given him and that we all regret your loss and certainly do wish it could have been otherwise. If at any time we can be of any service to you we want you to let us hear from you."

we continue to grope our way on in darkness for want of enlightenment to our duty, as well as for want of street lights these dark muddy nights, and let our don't care spirit be heralded far and wide? Shall our town retrograde? Shall the young citizenship of Boone take upon themselves a mere form of government and up lift that has been shorn of all its spirit and progressiveness by us who should shoulder the burdens and responsibilities of making it a fit place in which to live?

Now, my friends, I have not tried to answer these questions. I leave them to your sober thought, sound judgement, and unbiased mind. Won't you take a quiet hour and conscientiously weigh these matters and then render your verdict? The verdict rests with you. If you think I have been egotistical in this, please banish the thought. I have only taken my usual course to try to drive home to us all the fact that we need to awake out of our lethargy and do something that will make our town better, more attractive, and reflect credit to its citizenship.

I will shake hands with any man in town, or with every man, to inaugurate some moves and methods that will send us forward. What do you say, good people? Are you ready? Are you willing? Will you make a reasonable sacrifice if necessary? I will. Mr. Town Alderman, what are you doing? We are behind you. Are you going to work? Are you going to make us pay some taxes? Are you going to have a MASS MEETING?

Yours for a better Boone,
W. R. GRAGG.

Roosevelt As He Mourned for His Son - Typical of Millions.

(Manufacturers' Record.)

The intensely human side of Colonel Roosevelt's life is indicated in a letter received by the editor of The Manufacturers Record from a friend, who, writing about Colonel Roosevelt's death, said:

"Did you read where the Colonel had been found lately in the stable with Quentin's pony, which is 20 years old? It is the pony that climbed to the second story of the White House when Quentin was a child. The Colonel was found shortly after he heard of the death of his boy in France with his arms around the pony's neck, crying."

In this little story is seen a touch of one side of Col. Roosevelt's life of which the public rarely heard much. Here is the iron-nerved fighter melted into the tender-hearted father, as around the neck of Quentin's boyhood pony he throws his arms and weeps in silence that in the great call of civilization his boy had had to make the supreme sacrifice.

As our hearts are melted at the thought of Roosevelt weeping for his boy, let us remember that millions and millions of fathers and mothers, wives and others have had to weep because their loved ones had had to suffer and die because of the accursed work of Germany, which for half a century planned wholesale murder that it might loot and lust to heart's content.

Roosevelt, as he threw his arms around the neck of Quentin's pony and wept for his boy, typified the mighty woe of hundreds of millions who for four years lived in the agony of fear, and of tens of millions whose dear ones never came back and who unto the grave will carry the burden of their sorrow.

Corporal James C. Lowrance.

The subject of this sketch, Corporal James C. Lowrance, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Lowrance, was reared on Banner Elk in Avery county. He was born Jan. 23, '96, and died Oct. 9, 1918, age 22 year, 8 months and 11 days. He professed faith in Christ Jan. 3, 1918, and lived a christian life until his death.

He volunteered in the service of the United States August 2, 1916. He was stationed at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. for some few months and in May, 1918, he sailed for France, where he engaged in several great battles, and was one of the number who gave his life to help win the great victory. He was wounded in action on the front Oct. 8, and died the following day at 7:30, p. m. His remains were laid to rest in a military cemetery over there to await the resurrection morn.

He leaves a dear father and mother, sisters and a dear little boy to grieve their loss. But our loss is his eternal gain. May we all live true christian lives, and may we meet the dear one that has gone on before.

"A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in the home
That never can be filled."

Let us not mourn, but be ready to meet him in the sweet by and by.

ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

"The Peace Conference weathers its first storm," we read. With Pilot Wilson at the helm and John Bull trimming the sails the peace ship should sail to the harbor of Universal peace and dock at the League of Nations.—Warren Record.

SACRIFICE AND GIVE.

Probably no races suffered from the war according to its numbers on the scale that the Armenians did. And their sufferings were but the climax of a long period of oppression and persecution at the hands of the Turks. If any people ever deserved assistance from their more fortunate fellow human beings it is the Armenian people. That is why the movement to raise thirty million dollars in this country and two hundred thousand dollars in North Carolina deserves to succeed.

The war is over now. Peace has not been declared, but there is little possibility that the conference of the powers in Paris will fail to so tie the hands of Germany that it will be in no position to harm the world. To all practical purposes the war is over and the people of all countries know it. That is why it is hard to raise the enthusiasm in war work now that prevailed six months ago when an effort was made to accomplish a war undertaking.

But obligation to the bleeding and suffering people of the world is as binding now as it ever was. Those who have must give to those who have not. Charity must do its work at home but home has become a thing as wide as the world. The cost of waste in selfish indulgence if applied to the suffering of the world no doubt largely efface it. The calls for worthy purposes sometimes seem too numerous, but to meet them it is only necessary for those who have to cut off some of the luxuries which they are in the habit of enjoying and place the proceeds at the command of those who are in need. Sacrifice and give!—News and Observer.

Mrs. W. H. Bower Dies in Lenoir.

Mrs. Annie M. Bower, widow of the late W. H. Bower, died last Saturday morning at her home in Lenoir. She had been in declining health for a number of years. Her remains were buried in the Horton graveyard on the Yadkin Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, her pastor, Rev. R. D. Sherrill, of the First Methodist church, Lenoir, conducting the funeral services, in the presence of a large crowd.

Mrs. Bower was 54 years of age and was born and reared in Bethlehem, Pa. Before her marriage to Hon. W. H. Bower on Nov. 28, 1893, she was a nurse by profession, her maiden name being Annie Louise Malchaner. She received training at Saint Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, and was later superintendent of Wilkesberry Hospital.

Mrs. Bower was a woman of culture and was beloved by all who knew her. She will be greatly missed. One son, Mr. David M. Bower, survives.—Lenoir Topic.

Twelve Transports Sailed From France With 12,000 Soldiers Aboard.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Departure from France of 12 transports carrying more than 850 officers and 11,000 men, including four coast artillery regiments, was announced today by the war department. Seven of the ships are scheduled to dock at New York, three at Newport News and one at Baltimore.

The returning coast artillery regiments are the Fourth, Forty-fourth, Fifty-first and Sixtieth. The transports now en route as announced today include some of the largest in the service. Among them are Agamemnon, Cedric, Ijindam and Espage.

The Fellows Who Couldn't Go.

(By a Watauga boy in France.)

Do you remember back in '17, when you spent some gloomy days? When you heard that we're a-goin' to fall in them Europe ways. Was you filled with sad misgivin's, thinking of meeting with the foe; And a-envying o' the fellers who who wouldn't have to go?

You wasn't born a rich man's son, with a factory to claim attention. Where they manufacture autos, and the "essential plea" exemption. You was just a' ordinary chap, with a row in life to hoe; Not like the essential fellers, who wouldn't have to go.

Then there was some just turned thirty one, an' a week or two or three, Who claimed they wisht they's under that, by a week or two an' you'd see And all the time you's a-wondering, if this was really so; Yes, "they had their reason," and it wasn't fear; they's too old to go.

An' you recollect the fellow with the brand new blushing bride? She certainly couldn't exist no time without him by her side. Of course her pa and ma were rich, but the exemption board wouldn't know; So how could this young man expect to break home ties and go?

Say, do you mind the worthy son, with the aged mother, oh! so frail? Who'd stood by the tub from morn till night to keep him out of jail. He got a job and stayed in nights; workin' 'est boy 'round; you know! To a sheet of fool-crap, closely writ, to say why he couldn't go.

Well, a year's gone by, and nearly two, and things don't look so blue. You've gone across and fit your fight; showed the world what you could do. Finished the job on schedule time, made 'em reap what they started to sow; And you didn't need the other boys; the one's who didn't go.

Now you're coming home, no more to roam, so free from all worry and care.

We'll be here to meet you, and right proud to greet you, and tell you that you've done your share; You'll never regret that you took up the bet, by answerin' the challenging foe; An' didn't heed doubt and try to slip out, with the fellers who couldn't go.

And when you arrive, 'twill be hard to survive the wonderful things here for you, All the rumors you've heard will take flight like a bird, your sweetheart has been true blue.

And if on the street you should happen to meet a fellow with head hanging low; Don't commit any sin by rubbing it in he's sorry that he didn't go.

Youngest Soldier.

(Concord Tribune)

Concord can boast, perhaps, of the youngest soldier sent overseas in the recent conflict, in the person of Master Plato Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. N. H. Miller. When war was declared on Germany, young Miller, then only 14 years of age, was ready, anxious and wanting to go, but on account of his age he did not get into the service for several months. However, not to be foiled in his attempt to help lick the Germans, he made one effort after another to enter the service, only to be told that he was too young, and also that his weight was against him.

Finally one day he left home and enlisted, having attained the proper weight, and, being very much overgrown for his age, he was accepted and sent to a training camp. After spending several weeks in training he was sent overseas and was with Gen. Pershing's forces doing his "bit" before he was 15, having celebrated his 15th birthday in France.

Cabarrus county lays claim to the youngest soldier in the service.

Dr. C. B. McNairy, Superintendent of the Kinston School for the Feeble Minded says: The selective draft has astonished us by revealing the many able-bodied men who are not capable of managing their own affairs with ordinary prudence, who in other words are feeble minded. Of the men in the selective draft from N. C. sent to Camp Jackson, 14 per thousand were found not to be sufficiently strong mentally to fight for the country that gave them birth.

THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred, And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred, And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry, And you're doggone sure that you're going to die, But you're skeered you won't and a-raid you will, Just drag to bed and have your chill, And pray the Lord to see you through For you've got the Flu, boy— You've got the Flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes flat, And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat, And life is a long and dismal curse, And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled harse, When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz, And nothing is as it ever was, Here are my sad regrets to you— You've got the Flu, boy— You've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu? Ask me, brother, for I've been thru. It is by Misery out of Despair; It pulls your teeth and curls your hair; It thins your blood and brays your bones, And fills your craw with moans and groans, And sometimes, maybe, you get well. Some call it Flu—I call it Hell!

—Selected.

The Dog Law.

The Charlotte Observer fears that the dog law introduced in the legislature will die in committee, as usual. Be of good cheer, Col. Harris, Representative Greer, of Iredell, who has been "frenent" a dog law up to now, told The Landmark that a dog law will be made law, and moreover the Iredell representative is going to vote for it. The Landmark is very much "hope up" about a dog law and much encouraged about Mr. Greer, who has been something of a stand-patter. It expects to see the Iredell representative voting for woman suffrage before the Legislature adjourns.—The Statesville Landmark.

FOR SALE.

One house and lot situated in the town of Butler, Tennessee and known as the Central Hotel.

There is three lots together on the corner of Main and College Sts., in the heart of the town. The lots have a frontage of 180 feet by 140 feet back, and as good as the best garden spot to be found anywhere.

The building is a two story frame building with metal roof. Has 19 finished rooms, and 4 more good rooms can be finished in third story or attic, and has a splendid concrete cellar. The rooms are all nicely papered and the building is painted outside and inside, and is in first class condition.

The building is built of No. 1 yellow poplar and white pine lumber and can have fire in every room. There is all necessary outbuildings. This property is splendidly located; two good schools a short distance from the property, also two churches.

This is the best deal ever offered in this section and perhaps never will be again, as I will sell the property at an extraordinary bargain. Any interested can come and look at the property and see the splendid deal they can get.

The town of Butler is situated on the Watauga River and Roan's Creek in a most beautiful and picturesque section of the country. Also on the Div. of V. & S. W. line of the Southern Railway. Have morning and evening trains. Pike roads are now being built in the county. This hotel has had a good patronage for several years, and anyone wishing to engage in this line of business can do well keeping boarders and the commercial travel.

This ad will appear only one time. If interested, come at once and take advantage of this rare opportunity. I will make satisfactory price and terms. I might take a good farm in exchange if suitably located. I can make a clear title to the property.

J. A. RAMSEY
BUTLER, TENN.