

# The Watauga Democrat.

Advertising Rates on Request.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BOONE, AND WATAUGA COUNTY.

\$1.00 Per Year

VOL. XXXIII.

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 9, 1922

NO 15



## THE GREEDY SQUIRREL

HE IS sure it all happened, but his mother told him if he had not eaten such a heavy supper he would not have dreamed it—but for all that he has his tail to prove his story.

Grey Squirrel had a very bad habit of getting up after all the family were in bed and getting nuts that were to be served for breakfast, for he was a greedy little fellow and cared little about anyone but himself.

One night as he got out of his bed he saw a light shining, and when he looked out of the window of his home he saw under the bushes across the path a long table spread for a feast.

Around the table sat so many little men in green and red suits that Grey could not count them.

These little men all wore red caps, which they were very careful to make sure were on their heads, for every once in a while Grey noticed that they would feel to see that the red cap was in place.

Then out of the house he carefully crept and was soon on the other side of the path hiding behind some bushes, where he could plainly see all that happened.

Of course, the little men feasting were Goblins and Grey should have known better than to have gone out



QUICK AS A FLASH HE POINTED A LONG POINTED FINGER AT GRAY SQUIRREL.

of the house while they could be seen, for those little magic people are very jealous of any eyes that look at them other than their own magic folks.

But his greediness soon got him into trouble, for he poked his little head out too far and a Goblin saw him.

Quick as a flash he pointed a long pointed finger at Grey Squirrel and gave a funny little cry of "kool, kool."

Grey Squirrel, of course, expected to dart back from sight and run as he always did; but to his surprise he

found he could not move his head or feet or his tail.

Grey tried again to run, but it was no use, he could not move and in another second the funny little men stood in a circle around him.

"He is a good nut cracker," said one. "Why not make him a Grey Goblin and have him for our servant? He could crack all our nuts, and to punish him still more for pecking at us tonight we will not let him eat any; only crack them for us."

"Never eat another nut" thought poor Grey. "Why, I'd rather lose my bushy tail than suffer that punishment."

Then, just as if they knew what he was thinking, as quick as a wink another Goblin said, "I know a better way than you have mentioned to punish this pecking creature. We will pull some of the hair out of his bushy tail and make it look so thin he will be ashamed."

All the Goblins began to shout "Enif, enif!" and then at Grey they rushed, and with a tiny finger and thumb each one pulled a hair from his handsome tail, and then with it held over his head each little fellow began to hop and jump, dancing like wild creatures.

But then something happened, for in their wild dance they forgot their red caps, and off they fell on the ground, and right then Grey Squirrel found that he could run, and run he did faster than ever in his life, and when he reached the place where he had come into the Goblin land he was lucky enough to find the door open. The Goblins had forgot to close it.

Out he ran along the path home, and as it was not quite daylight he nestled down into his bed, trembling with fear that the Goblins might find him even there, for he knew that by that time they must have put their caps on, which gave them their magic power.

He gave one look across the patch as he ran into his home, but the table was not there, and when he told all about it the next day everybody laughed and his mother told him he had eaten too much pie for supper. But Grey Squirrel knew it was not a dream, and anyway there was his scraggy-looking tail to prove his story.

He does not run out any more at night, nor does he get up in the night to eat, but he has thought many times about the strange magic words the Goblins used that night and wondered what they meant.

Read them backwards and see if you can tell.

(Copyright.)

## Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

### KIND OF INTEREST

ASK the man of affairs what he is interested in and he will probably tell you:

"Everything."

He is interested in everything, and he ought to be.

But he also is especially interested in some one thing, which is why he is a man of affairs.

A very important editor is so absorbed in the study of the world and what is going on in it, that in work-time or playtime he is engaged in its study.

But he is especially interested in men and women. And specializing in this specialty he is interested in what they like to read.

He is so deeply interested in this, that he never meets a man or woman that he does not find out, in some fashion or other, what it is that attracts their attention in newspapers and magazines.

The results of the several hundred thousand questions he has asked are carefully put away in his brain, and when he gets out a number of the publication he directs, it is always bought and read by a very large number of people.

To have a live personal interest in all created things is necessary to every well-educated and active man.

If you sat at a dinner next to John D. Rockefeller you could get few rises out of him by discussing the theory of relativity. But if you began to talk of how to give away money intelligently, which is his special interest just now, you would probably hear something of much value.

Golf, music and many other things are fine interests to have, but the one interest you need most of all concerns your business or your profession.

If that is paramount, and you give it enough intelligent thought, you will prosper. If you "scatter" too much you will not.

(Copyright.)

## YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—The Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm.

### THE HANDS

WHEN the hands hang limply at the side, and are heavy, thick, and fat, you may deduce therefrom, generally, that the intellect of the possessor will be likewise heavy and "fat." All is density, and there is no use trying to raise the possessor of such a hand out of the depths of materialism. When you read his or her hand, says one authority, "if you attempt a keen analysis, he will blankly stare at you. No use trying to lift him out of his trough of materialism. It can't be done. He wants to know his brother's name, whether he is married, how many children, how long he will live, whether he will be rich, and you cannot lift him above this plan."

Last, we have the cautious person, who enters your room with an air of investigation and with the hands carried behind the back, where they are clasped. This person is timid and well meaning, but suspicious of the value and merits and standing of palmistry. You must deal gently with him; he is open to conviction, but must be led and cannot be driven.

### Worth Cultivating.

"How rich is Mr. Grabcoln?"  
"He must be quite wealthy."  
"Yes?"  
"Several artists have told him he would make a magnificent portrait study."

(Copyright.)

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I often have such  
frightful blues  
To think of poor folk's  
deep distress—  
The reason it affects  
me so  
is 'cause I'm one of them.

I guess  
I'm  
one of them.

(Copyright.)



SCIENCE I gotta fight weeth my girl other day I no care eef da school keep or go home. I feela tough and one friend wot gotta fight weeth bees wife and me go veest da bootaleg. After I been dat place leetle while I no care for da girl and my frien no care for bees wife. We spenda money so fast wot makea you tink dat bootaleg was putting over Leeberty loan. Een feefteen meenute I no care eef somebody else gotta my girl.

But when da bootaleg say he no gotta any more dreenk was no time to go home yet. Een leetle while I begin no feela good and my frien feela sama way. He say we gonna be seek nexa day. I say no wanta do dat. Eef I am seek I no goota condish for da work.

My frien say we go taka Turkish bath so we feela good en da morning. I no lika da Turk seence he been fighta een da war, so I tella my frien I no do dat. But he explaina weeth me ees no Turk een dat bath. He say Turkish ees only name for da kind.

Well, I begin tink of my girl leetle bit and dat makea me feela preety tough. So I decida taka da bath right en da meedle of da week eef makea me feela better. Saturday night was tree day ago, but I no care.

One guy putta me een leetle place for getta aquaint weeth some steam. And, believe me, was too hot een dat place for feela good. Eef I am hot he makea me cold weeth da water, and eef I am cold he makea me hot weeth da steam. I tink he try see jusa how mad can make me, I gunna.

But I no losa da head till he try beata me up on a table. He getta me down and try slappa me all over. I tella you I no stand for dat. So I jusa pucha hees jaw and he go to sleep. I feegure eef he wanta fight I feela fine for dat. I putta da clothes on and go home. Nexa day I no feela good. But I betta you seexa bits dat guy wot try beata me up no feela good, too.

Wot you tink?  
(Copyright.)

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history, meaning, whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

### LOIS

LOIS is really a masculine name. It means "famous war" and comes from the Teutonic nomenclature through the Karling romances. Lois or Loiz, as it is sometimes spelled, is really Loius.

The French king whom the French knew as Louis de Debonnaire, was originally called Ludulcus. The Provencal promptly softened the name to Aloys, but so popular did Louis become that no member of the French royal family was christened without it. Finally the soft Aloys gained favor throughout France and the "L" was dropped, producing the musical Loys. The Bretons were already using the name of Loiz, so the "y" in Loys disappeared and Lois appeared and remained permanent.

Lois was the only form of the innumerable versions of Loius that became applied as a feminine name. Spain's Lois has never wavered from its masculine interpretation, nor has the Lutz of Portugal. France formed an Heloise from Loiz and Louise might possibly be called an equivalent for Lois if it were not for that strain of Provencal.

Lois has been given in baptism generally as a name of sentiment. It is a trifle difficult to pronounce but is undoubtedly beautiful and extraordinarily popular in this country.

The talismanic gem assigned to Lois is the onyx. It should be worn with care as it is inclined to cool affection, provoke discord and separate lovers, but worn by Lois it prevents these very misfortunes. Monday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

### Take 'Em Away.

Daughter Willis—Papa, do you care if I take singing lessons?  
Papa Willis—Not if you take them away.—Life.

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### ONE THING AT A TIME

THE successful worker, whose achievements are greatest at the end of the day, is he or she who does but one thing at a time, and refuses to leave it until it is finished.

Such a worker never vacillates between one duty and another. There is no undue confusion in the mind by wavering.

By putting off the seemingly difficult task for the easier.

Everything is taken up as it comes, completed in every detail, ready for the scan of the master at the top.

The worker who flits from pillar to post, starts in one direction and suddenly sets his face in another, never really gets anywhere.

He is lacking of stability, and at the end of the year he is about where he began, with no prospect of advancement and no hope of improvement. Indeed, in spite of his feverish, hurried efforts, he is slipping down a grade.

Doing the job in hand and sticking to it until it is done is the very end is the only way to achieve success.

Train yourself to do this. In a little while you will find that you are getting speed with less friction. There will be no more irritability and lassitude at the end of the day.

Instead of going home at night in an ill humor, with every nerve tingling and on edge, you will find that your brain is clear and your thoughts at rest.

This, you will discover later, is because of the orderly method adopted of taking up but one subject at a time and not letting it go until you have no further use for it.

One of the foremost merchants of New York, confronted with thousands of serious questions every day, has formed the habit of returning to his home at night as care-free as a school boy during vacation season.

When he leaves his desk, he leaves his perplexities.

The next morning he comes in bright-eyed, light-hearted, eager to get in the fray.

If by chance the first encounter should happen to be troublesome, he dispenses with it before proceeding to another.

There is no loss of time, no trying of nerve force in flitting from one problem to another.

He drives straight ahead and makes decision after decision without the slightest sign of flurry.

And you, however burdened you may be, can do the same if you hold unwaveringly to the same course.

(Copyright.)

### Tomato English Monkey.

Take one and one-fourth cupsful of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter and three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Beat two eggs, add salt, pepper, a pinch of soda, one and one-third cupsful of cheese; add to the scalded milk. When the cheese has melted add three-fourths of a cupful of tomato strained, stirring until well mixed. Serve on hot toasted crackers.

Nellie Maxwell  
Copyright, 1912, Western Newspaper Union.

## WHY—

DO WE YAWN?

OXYGEN is one of the elements of the air which is essential to the healthy, normal action of the lungs. Unless a sufficient quantity of oxygen is taken into the body, the lungs become irritated and flash a signal to the brain that a larger supply is necessary. The easiest method to overcome this shortage of oxygen is, of course, to take in an increased amount of air at one time. Hence the nerves which regulate our breathing apparatus react upon our jaw and throat muscles, causing both of them to open wide. Expansion of the lungs at the same time results in the inhalation of a much larger amount of air than is obtainable through ordinary breathing, thus supplying the needed amount of oxygen.

The reason that yawning is usually connected with a feeling of drowsiness is because a desire for sleep is a sign that the body is tired and is seeking a stimulant of some kind—either rest or an added amount of oxygen, the fuel which keeps the human furnace burning brightly. The satisfaction which follows a yawn is due to the fact that the blood has received an extra supply of the material which it needs and we immediately feel the benefit of this.

(Copyright.)

## THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

### WHEN TO READ.

What do you read?—Shakespeare.

A YOUNG bride writes with the following complaint: "My husband's older brother, who is making his home with us, insists on reading his morning paper at the breakfast table. This is annoying to me and I feel that it is an act of discourtesy to me. Although my husband himself does not do it he says it is quite all right for his brother to do so. What do you say about it?"

It is so usual for our busy husbands and fathers and brothers to read the paper over their breakfast, often because they feel that it is the only time they have to do so, that it would be unfair to say that they are thereby doing us an act of discourtesy. However, I do agree with you that it is not very good manners. Where one does not have the excuse of reading the paper because it is the only opportunity to do so at breakfast then it is less pardonable than otherwise. If it is quite clear that the reading is simply actuated by curiosity and impatience then there is even less excuse for it. The fact is that with many families mealtime is the only opportunity for friendly leisurely intercourse and where one person chooses to put a damper on that spirit he is acting in a decidedly unsocial manner.

If a person breakfasts alone that is another matter. Then he may read the paper for companionship. So in a hotel restaurant when you occupy a table by yourself you are not showing bad manners; to do so though if you must eat at a table with other persons even if they are strangers to you, you are not showing very much politeness if you prop the paper up before you. The practice of paper reading has become so general at breakfast time that there are little metal paper props in the stores for which there is considerable demand, making it possible for one to eat undisturbed and have one's paper held at a convenient angle before him.

There is really no reason why one should not read a paper in the car or train though, of course, the courteous man or woman will contrive to hold the paper or magazine or book so that it does not annoy his neighbors or so that his elbows in holding it do not prod them. It is extremely discourteous to read paper or magazine at a lecture, or any performance. If this does not actually embarrass the performers it is the kind of thing that detracts from the enjoyment of the other members of the audience. And never, never read when some one is talking to you. To be sure, you may be able to attend to what is being said to you and sense what you are reading at the same time, but it is the sort of discourtesy that is almost never excusable.

(Copyright.)

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### ALL ABOARD!

O YOU Reader of this Rhyme Are you running well on time? Do you keep your rails all clear For the Special trains of Cheer? Are your trains of Sympathy Running through from A to Z With no side-tracks to delay Progress o'er the right of way? Are the switches wisely set? Let you detour to Regret? Do your schedules give good heed To the shadowed Land of Need— And your Terminals today— Tell me, Brother, what are they? (Copyright.)

## Mother's Cook Book

"Life is not a cup to be drained, but an offering to be poured out."

### HAVE A CRACKER

CRACKERS are the ever-ready-stand-by of the "up-to-the-minute" housewife. They will keep indefinitely if kept dry and air-tight. If they do soften—five minutes in a hot oven will crisp them again as good as fresh ones. Any kind of crackers, sweet, graham, oatmeal or ginger may be used for a dainty sandwich to be served with a cup of tea or a refreshing drink. An old-fashioned dish and one good for an invalid or a child is cracker soup. Toast the crackers until brown, spread with butter, sprinkle with a little sugar and pour over hot milk. A sweet cracker put together with marmalade, jelly, cream cheese, nuts or any other good filling makes a good substitute for cake.

(Copyright.)

## SCHOOL DAYS

Ask Phoebe, Is like to play with you—well enough, only that I gave my solemn promise to meet Jack Russell and Tom Cunningham over to Outcalt's pond to skate with em, and of course I couldnt break my promise, could I? It and because I dont want to play with you— You play all right— for a girl— but you see how it is— Joe aint got nothing to do— he can play with you—



Graham Cracker Pudding. Take four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, the yolk of an egg and a pinch of salt, mix well, then add three cupsful of finely rolled graham crackers, three-fourths of a cupful of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; lastly fold in the well-beaten egg white, add one-half cupful of dates cut in bits, with the stones removed. Steam for one and one-half hours. Serve with a hard sauce or whipped cream.

Cheese and Cracker Supper Dish. Spread milk crackers with butter and cover with finely minced or grated cheese; place in a baking dish until enough have been prepared to serve the family. Cover with a custard, using two eggs to a pint of milk, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and a generous sprinkling of paprika over all. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set. Do not overcook or the cheese will be stringy. Serve hot from the baking dish.