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LINVILLE PARK

Morganston News-Items

Attention has been called before in these columns to the wonderful possibilities offered by Linville Mountain and Linville Gorge for the development of a state park. It is an idea which should materialize. In Western North Carolina particularly there should be special interest and enticement in helping to put it across.

In this connection the following article in "Natural Resources" the publication of the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, entitled "State Must Have Natural Beauty for Common Use" is one of exceptional appeal and tells the story of the possibilities of the Linville Mountain and Linville Gorge in a charming and interesting style.

(Special attention is called to the suggestion given emphasis here again that a scenic road can easily be constructed to make all this beauty accessible to the motorist.)

The eye that travels the scenic perspective to which Mr. Mitchell is impressing marks in the green of Linville Mountain what should be made the complement of the first of several mountain areas that cannot be set apart too quickly as nuclei for the state wide system of parks destined to keep for public use the spots and localities that either in themselves or the association of the events that worked about them demand a popular possession.

It is with good cause that Linville Gorge has been called a transplanted bit of the Grand Canyon. In its mixture of the wild and fantastic its diversity of surprise, its startling tableaux, its appeal to the subtle emotions in sombre shadows, in picturesque color, in the miracles of sunlight stabbing its depths, in its falls and rapids and the quicksilver of its river, flowing, falling, glinting like a gleaming knife in the bowels of the hills—in all of these things it carries in crag and cliff, in scar and dizzy ledge, in half naked rock shawled in the flame and purple of laurel and aralia, everything of wonder that the more famous painted walls of the great Yellowstone can offer. The Grand Canyon in miniature—Nature in the style of luxurious beauty as contrasted with the same master artist justifying in lavish pigmentation everything the most ardent impressionist ever dreamed! That is Linville Gorge.

A gentle and placid stream in the valley of its upper course, Linville River plunges in to the gorge that bears its name through a narrow channel cut through massive blocks of hard sandstone, for a tempestuous journey of twenty miles. From the Falls, through cascade rapid and swirling eddy, before its emergence into the peace of a new valley, it has fallen a full thousand feet. Its bed lies a quarter mile beneath the crest of the giant rocky hills through which it has sliced through the ages the slit for its exit.

The eastern wall of this show-place par excellence, is composed of Shortoff Mountain, Hawksbill, Table Rock and Gingercak; the western wall is formed by Linville Mountain and ends in Lodson mountain at its southern end. From the crests on either side fall sheer chasms to the far river and its distant tumult; westward there is the vista of the broad Catawba valley with the Black Mountains on the sky line, eastward the view follows the lower mountains, shortening their steps to the hills of the Piedmont and the distant plains.

The wonder is that all this primeval magnificence is accessible. It is at the very doors of cities it is in reach of every Tom and Jane that owns a Lizzie. One railroad skirts its western flank, and Marion on another railroad, is less than an hour distant on an easy automobile road Asheville is within easy reach and the road of the Bridgewater reservoir passes almost at the foot of Dodson Mountain. There is an easily negotiated road up the mountain and an automobile can travel the

THE GREATEST SINGLE SOURCE OF CRIME

Greensboro Daily News.

"From the rat-haunted, water-dripping holes in which our revolutionary ancestors chained men to rot because they could not pay small debts, to the murderous Florida lumber swamp in which Martin Tabert paid his life for the crime of a stolen railroad ride, our American jails have been a brutal and shameful failure," observes Colliers. That journal continues:

"We are too righteous to admit that a convict has any rights, and too prosperous and careless to give him a square deal. Save for the few exceptions, our prisoners are condemned by political officeholders to the tender mercies of cheap and cowardly jailers. The jail is law to thousands of men, and their jailers are lawless. Girls are held overnight in cells because a dance hall has been raided. Boys of high school age are dragged to mutilation in convict camps. Charles Dickens condemned solitary confinement in a Philadelphia prison and a Philadelphia grand jury condemned the same practices in the same place over eighty years later. John Bigelow, condemned Sugi Sing before the Civil War and men are still locked up there. In the civilized Netherlands no criminal record is entered until the guilty person is over twenty-one. We fingerprint kids of twelve or thirteen and put the felon's brand on them for life. The greatest single source of crime in the United States today is our local jails. How guilty is your community?"

And yet it is doubtful if the question involving crime, criminality and juvenile delinquency have been studied with more diligence in any other country, and if greater progress has been made elsewhere in the working out of principles and methods. A rational penology has been devised that is able to meet with some degree of success the conditions found in any part of the big country, even we believe in the south, where the criminal element includes whites and negroes and its problems include those of race relationships having no counterparts elsewhere. But the great majority of the people, including a majority of the intelligent, the educated, the leaders, remain oblivious. They recognize no reason for giving thought to the man in jail. "Too righteous" the journal quoted believes, to admit that he has any rights; certainly "too prosperous and careless" to give him a square deal.

BLOWING ROCK

Concord Observer.

The editors who have been blowing, blowing, blowing, for years for better roads for better schools, for bigger cities, etc. have fittingly selected Blowing Rock for their summer meeting. They can now blow about everything and they can't beat Blowing Rock for like the brook, it goes on forever. The editor blows and blows for a long time but one day we find another blower at the helm but the Rock blows on forever. It is indeed a fitting place for the editors and their wives.—Blowing Rock.

crest of Linville Mountain for its twenty-mile length. By circling the bases of Table Rock and Hawksbill an excellent scenic road can be cheaply constructed along the prevailing flattened crest of the eastern wall, and crossing just above the falls such a road would pass entirely around the gorge.

In addition to its incomparable appeal of unique scenic qualities to tourists, Linville Gorge has the park assets of abundant springs and ideal camp sites, peculiar freedom from insect pests, unrivaled fishing facilities and the presence of a variety of wild life and game that is there making a last stand against destruction. It lends itself admirably to development as a game preserve which would keep many species from extinction and serve as breeding grounds from which the overflow would tend to stock surrounding territory.

"Until the state steps in to make its salvation certain, Linville Gorge like every other natural phenomenon is at the mercy of commercial caprice or accident of fire. Once subjected to ruthless and greedy lumbering operations, once a fire got its head in its mighty groves, what is now a natural gem beyond price, would be spoiled for all time. To keep its priceless timber standing; to secure its wild life, to prevent the exploiting of its joyously bounding waters, and to hold it as a natural epic for the enjoyment of coming generations are things the State will prove itself a reckless gambler to postpone in the doing.

"Elsewhere in the mountain, the Grandfather and other areas are worthy of preservation, but Linville is the obvious next step to holding in state hands the lands that must satisfy the growing and sane demand for popular playgrounds."

FORD NOT SEEKING WHITE HOUSE JOB

If the American people want Henry Ford for President they will have to draft him.

This is the conclusion reached by the Rev. William L. Stidger, pastor church of Detroit, in an authorized interview with Mr. Ford in the Outlook of this week.

"I have proved to my own satisfaction that not a single effort has been made from Mr. Ford's office to promote the Ford boom," Mr. Stidger said. "He has not turned his hand over."

Mr. Stidger said he was informed that Mr. Ford was "sitting tight" over the matter of running for the Presidency before he interviewed him, and discovered that this information was correct. He added that the interview he went to get might have been headed, "What Would You Do If You Were Elected President?"

"I told Mr. Ford that I had been traveling through the country all summer for Chautauques, that everywhere I went people I met were wanting me to talk about Mr. Ford, that the first question they shot at me when I entered a little town and they knew that I was from Detroit was: 'What about Mr. Ford? Will he run for the Presidency? Will he take the nomination if it is offered to him? Who will offer it to him?'"

"I told Mr. Ford all of this, and he smiled, as any man would, but the smile might have meant several things. All he said was, 'That's interesting.'"

Mr. Stidger said that he told Mr. Ford that railroad men all over the country, impressed by the way he rehabilitated and raised wages on his own railroad, favored him for President. Mr. Ford, he added, seemed pleased, but said nothing.

Mr. Stidger said he also told Mr. Ford that the farmers and the clergymen of the country were for him, and that the most he could get from Mr. Ford was a return question as to why this was so.

"My next strategic question that was to lead up to what he would do if he were the Chief Executive," Mr. Stidger continued, "was: 'What would you do if you were suddenly to take over a defunct automobile industry?'"

"He said: 'We would do just what we have always done with that kind of a job.'"

"What did you do?"

"We tidied it up."

"And now, Mr. Ford, I come to the real question. All of the preceding questions have been put to lead up to this one: Can't we get you to become our Chief Executive and tidy things up for us?"

"He laughed again. Then he became serious. He was sitting in a chair which was leaning against a radiator; he pointed to a rug which was within a foot of where we were sitting, and said:

"Do you see that rug there? Then he reached his foot out until it almost touched the rug, and said, 'I couldn't step as far as from here to that rug to become King of England.'"

"And there was a ring of real sincerity as he spoke. I honestly believe that he means what he said. If America wants Henry Ford it will have to draft him. If America gets Ford, it will have to take the matter out of politics and let the office fall the man, as it did in the old days of true idealism. Henry Ford is too much of an American to be seeking the office, but, after many weeks with him, I feel that if America really will answer, in spite of its reluctance to speak at this time."

Mr. Stidger quoted the late Theodore Roosevelt as having told Hugo Chambers, of Detroit, that Mr. Ford would make a formidable candidate for President in 1924.

"If Mr. Ford become even a candidate for the Presidency," Mr. Stidger continued, "it will not be through a single effort he himself has made or a single effort that his organization has made with his sanction."

"I have never looked for a job, and I'm not looking for one now. I have the biggest job on earth as it is," said Mr. Ford to me, as he settled down on the floor with all four feet of his chair, abandoning his dependence for support upon that radiator. With all four legs of the chair and both feet set down kerplunk, he closed the interview, saying: "No I am not looking for a job."—New York Times.

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