

A BEAUTIFUL AND FITTING TRIBUTE

At the recent annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina Masons, Judge Winston paid the following tribute to the late Richard N. Hackett, who for two terms, was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge.

Most Worshipful Grand Master my brethren of the Grand Lodge: With this official announcement of the death of Past Grand Master Richard Nathaniel Hackett, I ask your permission to speak loving words in his memory, and to drop a flower on the snow covered mound beneath which he sleeps tonight.

In his story of the "Lady of Lyons" the poet Butner, makes the beautiful Pastine, standing by the side of her handsome lover, look upward to the stars of the night and appealingly say to him—"Tell me again Sweet Prince, what star shall be our home when our love becomes immortal."

At night my love for my dear dead friend points my eyes to the starlit blue, and gazing there in puny effort to fathom the ways of the Master, I seek to find in God's illimitable wilderness of worlds that dot the sky, the home celestial of Richard Nathaniel Hackett, Master Mason.

He was born under the shadows of the towering hills fifty-six years ago. His parentage and ancestry were gentle, noble and patriotic. I first knew him as a freshman at the University of North Carolina and followed him to his graduation. He carried there from the sky touching hills of his native Wilkes, a princely form, a genial smile, a happy and handsome face a cordial greeting, a hearty hand clasp, a high hope, a well-grounded faith, a lofty ambition and an intense zeal to serve his state and fellow man.

These marked characteristics, these noble qualities, followed him from his graduation to his grave. How full of life he was, of the glad rollicking joy of life, how often in manhood, he was a very boy again scattering laughter and sunshine "turning to mirth all things of the earth as only boyhood can."

In storms of life he was as strong as the oak primeval, in life's sorrows and shadows, he was as gentle as a daisy. How sympathetic he was when sorrow folded her pallid wing and brooded over the hearts and the homes of those he loved. In his presence sadness seemed less sad, and a softer light crept in among the shadows for in what he said and did there was something so like the melting music of woman's speech and the tender touch of woman's hand.

He loved the beautiful and the good, the tint of a flower, the exquisite shading of a brush, the golden glory of the autumn sun dropping gently to rest behind the everlasting hills; the swelling symphony of the sea; the glee and merry prattle of childhood; the myriad voices of nature; the sweet aroma of bud and flower; these, all these, fired his gentle soul and touched his great heart with the magic wand of sweet enchantment.

He lived for his fellow man. He wrought good deeds. He spoke kind words.

I know him in every relation of life, private, public and professional. I have joyfully watched him wear the deserved laurels of well earned victory; and bravely and calmly wear the cypress crown of defeat and sorrow. I have been with him in heated political campaigns, when the passions and hates of men were keyed to a desperate pitch. I have heard him in the Congress of our nation sway orators with his eloquence and convince opponents with his logic; I have measured him in courts of justice, where I sat in judgment with powerful sympathy, asking for givenness for the misguided and mercy for the erring. We have heard him here appeal for the distressed, the helpless and the sorrowing, and have been lifted by his speech to a higher plane of life and a grander hope. I have stood by his side on the peak of one of his native hills by the grave of a beautiful sister he loved with intense emotion.

I have seen him gaze calmly upon

a raging torrent which ruthlessly swept from its granite foundation a valuable mill and its productive surroundings, and greatly impaired his worldly possessions.

In the silence of his chamber he has poured out to me the crushing sorrow that shook his life to its foundation and hurried him to the beyond.

In every scene he was the courteous and courageous gentleman, the same high minded citizen, the same exponent of our ancient institution, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, given to hospitality, kindly affectioned, preferring his brethren all honor, rejoicing with the fortunate, weeping with the sorrowful, cleaving to the good.

Masonry fed his soul and sustained his drooping heart. He lived in its beauties and its glories. He practiced its brotherhood and its benefactions. He stood with the weak and the erring. He gave gifts with lavish hand. He discharged his public and private trusts with clean hands and loyal heart.

Here he won and held our love and our confidence. We gave him our highest gift. We shall miss him here. He will be missed in his mountain home where he was loved and esteemed beyond all men. To them under any and all circumstances, to young and old, he was Dick Hackett. And so among them he sleeps tonight on the crest of the high lands he loved, near the graves of kindred, mighty in battle and glorious in peace, and under "watch and ward" of those who loved him living and dead.

And there I must leave him rest.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

You members of this Union that were absent last Sunday night missed something, and if you are not careful you will miss something else. So let's not take any more chances but let's go to our meetings because if you are not going to work for your group you are going to miss the best social you ever attended as the contest we decided on last Saturday night is as follows: The group that reaches the standard of excellence first and holds it for at least one month will be rewarded with a special social to be given by the other three groups.

The winning group will only have to be present at the social and I will see that you have plenty to eat and a real good time. Now who could miss such a chance. Listen group captains get after your members and let them know what this victory means.

Never get into your head that you can't reach the above mentioned point as this is a small matter if you will only get interested in this matter. Your hardest point will be the daily Bible readings, which requires that the winning group shall be seventy five per cent in D. B. R., that's only three fourths of your membership, and surely you can do this once. It is earnestly requested that the Secretary shall keep a strict record of the progress of the groups so we can know how the fight for the standard of excellence is progressing. Last of all get after your absentees, bring them back. Our lesson the Precious Blood of Jesus was a great success to be pushed with time to render the program.

Sunday night we must be on hand so that we can get through for preaching time. Come on time. We have to study Sunday night Psalm 19, teaching us how to live right. Psalm 19 is one of the favorite memory psalms of our childhood. It falls into two clearly marked divisions, namely,

verses 1-6 which deal with the works of nature, and verses 7-14 which deal with the book of the scriptures; or to put it more briefly, the works of God and the Word of God. As we read the first division our imaginations are fired with the sweep and beauty of the words describing the power and glory of the heavens and the earth, and our hearts are at once filled with a new reverence for the creator and his power. As we read the second division our admiration for the Word of God increases. David piles up the adjectives so as to set forth the supreme excellence of the scriptures. It has been said that this psalm was written to prove that idolatry, denying God, and the inspiration of the scriptures, is wholly inexcusable. In this day of evolution and growing irreverence for the Sabbath and things sacred, may this psalm sink deep into our souls. 13th Psalm contains mighty truths in wonderful words. Come to the B. Y. P. U. Sunday at 6 p. m. and let's study this wonderful psalm.

HERMAN WILCOX.

THE WHIP OF CARE

Edgar A. Guest. Oh, there are burdens to bear and the trials are many. Butcher and bread man must have their last penny— Life's not all laughter and loving, and well do I know it: Care leaves a welt on the flesh be you merchant or poet; Lawyer or doctor or tradesman the great or the small of us Care has a whip in his hand and he lashes at all of us.

Oh, there are times when I groan and feel my flesh stinging Times when there's too much of pain and not enough singing, Times when men's greed seem to sifle me, times when my duty Seems to be foolish and vain, robbing life of all beauty; Then comes a boy to my knee with eyes brightly flashing And I laugh in derision at care and the whip he is lashing.

This I shall wrest from him; their peace and their pride in me, The faith and respect of friends who have glimpsed the inside of me; The butcher and baker and bread man shall have what I owe them, They shall be happy to have known me as I have been happy to know them.

For from the care of the world, the burdens and stings of our duty, Come the treasures of love and esteem, come honor and friendship and beauty.

Not without care is life good and not without care can man gain them, The garments of honor shall fade if

the butcher and baker shall stain them. With courage we purchase our friend care sanctifies all that we cherish By faith and by strength we find peace, and without them we languish and perish. By the burdens we bear and the hurt, by the conquests which run through life's story, The trumpet call manhood is made and manhood's the giver of glory.

Leaps From Boat, Swims Out Into Lake to Die

Cleveland.—After jumping from the steamer Great Western in harbor here, Harry C. Nelson stripped off his overcoat, swam several hundred feet out into Lake Erie and was drowned. He spurned a rope thrown to him by a wheelman. Nelson came here from New York, where his parents reside, four months ago. The body was recovered.

Farmer Swims His Geese Down River to Market

Cashmere, Wash.—Ores Watts, living near here, swam his flock of geese to market down the Wenatchee river to save transportation expense. He followed the flock in a canoe, allowing them to go ashore and he fed shelled corn when necessary.

Japan Has Woman Fire Brigade

Tokyo.—A fire brigade composed of women has been organized in the village of Aosuna, Akita prefecture. The brigade is made up of women from twenty to thirty years old and is being trained in every department of firefighting. This is said to be the first women's organization in Japan for protection against fire.

Big Freighter to Be Scrapped by Germany

New York.—The Minnesota, of 33,000 deadweight tons, the world's largest freighter, soon will leave here to be scrapped in Germany. A Dutch tug is now crossing the Atlantic to take the vessel in tow. The freighter has been sold to German interests, represented here by the General Shipping Corporation and has been transferred to the German flag for the trip to Hamburg, where she will be dismantled. The name of the purchaser is given as the Schiffswerft Unterelbe, Aktien Gesellschaft, of which M. F. Herzel is the representative.

R. D. JENNINGS DENTIST

Office at Blacburn Hotel BOONE, N. CARO Patients from a distance would do well to write and have appointment arranged beforehand.

Russ Uncarths Ancient City Near Simferopol

Berlin.—German archaeologists are greatly interested in reports that the Russian professor Subina, who for years has been excavating near Simferopol, in the Crimea, has discovered the ruins of a city which was in its prime during the time the Scythians ruled the Crimea. This period, according to archaeologists who have studied relics from Scythic tombs, roughly appears to have begun about the Sixth century before Christ and to have continued to the Second century anno Domini. The Scythians at various times fought for their existence against Darius and Philip II of Macedonia and other warriors of those ages.

Cat Saddened by Death of Mouse It Mothered

Goshen, N. Y.—One of the greatest curiosities in the relations of cat and mouse has just been terminated in the death of a mouse which had been cared for by a cat here. After the cat lost six kittens she lavished her affections on a mouse, caring for it as tenderly as if it had been a kitten.

The cat is the property of a Goshen restaurateur, where the animal is now very disconsolate. The mouse answered to the "meows" of the cat by appearing immediately when called, and at times was carried by the cat as she carried her own kittens.

Enraged Man Shoots Three Gypsies

Oakland, Cal.—Enraged because his fortune as told by Georgia A. Adams, a gypsy, did not contain enough good omens, Ralph Cussia is charged by the police with having shot three other members of the Adams family, seriously wounding John Adams, tribal chief, believed to be the "king" of the gypsies in the United States. The shooting took place in the crowded Southern Pacific company station here. Cussia missed the fortune-teller.

Bayonne, N. J.—Detectives investigated the strange death of Max Micholek, found dead in his home, 88 East Twenty-sixth street, Bayonne, three weeks after his dying wife's threat that she "would come back for him." An autopsy was ordered.

George Micholek, eldest son, told the police his father was brutal, driving him from his home when he was a small boy. He said he had returned only when hearing of his mother's illness. The father, he asserted, had abused Mrs. Micholek just before her death, and she then made the threat she "would come back after him." A few minutes later she died. Relatives told the police they believe some mysterious influence caused his death.

Nice, Gentle Volcano Offered Rich Americans

Washington.—Certain Bolivian gentlemen want to sell Tatilo, a nice, gentle volcano on the Chilean-Bolivian frontier, to some wealthy American. It was announced in the Commerce Department's list of trade opportunities.

Tattoo is guaranteed extinct. Instead of smiting the fire and smoke of its youth it is content now, in old age, with exuding clouds of superheated steam through the cracks of its ancient sides. This can be converted into electric power, capable of producing 400,000,000 horsepower a year. It is maintained.

Man Gets Back Coin He Marked 17 Years Ago

Paducah, Ky.—Seventeen years ago Oral Williams, a decorator residing at Booneville, Mo., stamped his name on a quarter of a dollar and spent it. Recently C. D. Williams, a brother, residing here, found the marked quarter in the cash register of his store and sent it to his brother, who still resides in Booneville.

For All the Family WE have used Black-Draught ever since we have had a family and that was shortly after 1874," says Mr. E. A. Branstetter, of St. James, Mo. "It is my first remedy when any of us gets sick. . . . We use Black-Draught for torpid liver and stomach complaints. "When I get sluggish and don't feel so good, I take Black-Draught—and you have to show me that there is a better medicine. Remember If It's Not Thedford's, It's Not BLACK-DRAUGHT Vegetable Liver Medicine

One Man and His Town A man by himself is just—one man. Multiply him by hundreds or thousands or millions and he becomes a town a city or a nation. If "he gets on in the world" so will dozens or hundreds or thousands of his associates. If he fails, so will a greater or less number of others—for no one man can affect only himself by his actions. Because of this fact of human nature our bank exists to help its friends succeed. A problem of finance put up to us is carefully considered and its best advice is freely given. You are invited to take advantage of this service. The Peoples Bank & Trust Company

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