A REAL MAN

As a tinkling symbol or as sounding brass is the man who professes unaccompanied by the real works, as shown by his acts along life's journey. In J. W. Horton of Vilas, who passed away on the 12th day of Feb. 1924, we find what should be termed the man of real Christian endeavors as evidenced by what he did as he wended his way from youth down to his last. His whole life without any pretensions or singing upon the house tops, the good things he did, but mostly none unambigly without any pretensions whatever, was spent not for himself, notwithstanding a man possessed of a vast amount of both real and personal effects, both for those who were in greater need than himself. His was ever a home for the homeless, his food for the hungry and his clothing for the naked.

He possessed nothing that had a preference to that of the wants of the distressed and needy. Although our bleak, cold winters, accompanied by snow, hail rain and the strongest of gales, with temperatures down to zero, meant nothing as a barrier to Jim when others needed relief, for as the writer well recalls, while a school boy about four years ago, with shoes, socks, hat and clothes none too heavy to brace against the intense cold of the very dead of winter, that this man just as truly as Santa Claus made his visits to all the homes of all the children of the earth, so he would be seen with his four horse wagon coming down from his farm at the base of the Rich Mountain with around two cords of the very best wood available for the relief and comfort of scores of my class mates and[illegible] class and condition in life, while year after year attending school at old Cove Creek Academy, the then "Athens of Watauga County" and I might say this entire mountainous section of our state. This he kept up for years without any reward whatever except that which was being laid up in that home of the Soul where neither moths nor rust does corrupt or thieves break in and steal, to which as we are led to believe sincerely, knowing his life for the past forty years and studying it as we have, went when it took its flight from the old tenement in which it had resided for 78 years, performing its mission here on this earth. The 8th verse of the 5th chapter of Amos presents a very pretty picture to those who believe as I do—I hope all who read this may read it. Notwithstanding his holdings and extraordinary fine judgment, there was not a peasant whose shelter was only that of a stooping tree, a cliff or a cave or the most humble log hut in the most remote section of the country, if honest and with proper aims and conduct was ever held in less esteem by this great and good man, by reason of his circumstances in life. He was a true lover of his fellowman, an admirer of all the virtues it takes to make a true loyal noble and upright citizen. A life well spent in carrying out the Golden Rule as was his, is preferable to that of wearing a crown or possessing all the riches of Peru or the gold of Ophir, or the caves of the sea.

His interment was like unto that of our Savior, simple plain without so much formality and display found at the burial of those in so called higher circles of life, but the Masonic order in its most serious and brief manner. "Old time religion is good enough for me; it makes me love everybody and its good enough for me" was his ideal. May it be commemorated by us and may the good old song never die, for when we have its real spirit "We know we have it because it makes us love everybody and it should be good enough for us. Peace to his ashes, eternal rest to his soul.

JOHN B. BINGHAM.

J. W. THOMAS

At the end of man's short hour death strikes the blow that carries him off the stage of action to his long dark resting place. There is no escape from death, for ere long the scythe of time clips the silver cord and we are all gone to the land of our fathers. All must go. The rich, the wise, the reverend head, falls beneath the stroke of his mighty blow. Such has been man in every stage of the world and so are we today. On the bank of the Watauga River Brother J. W. Thomas was born Mar 5, 1855, died Dec. 14, 1923 aged 68 years 9 months and 9 days. He was laid to rest in the St. John's cemetery by the members of his lodge. His life was spent on the farm where he was brought up and was a peaceable and quiet citizen and will be greatly missed in his neighborhood. He was a leader in the church to which he belonged and was always present at the services taking an active part in the same. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and he leaves to mourn his departure a wife and six children, five girls and one boy, and a large number of friends. Brother Thomas was a good mason and a member of Snow Lodge No. 365, Sugar Grove. He was initiated Dec. 1, 1882, and raised Jan. 25, 1883. He was not so well versed in the ritual [illegible] but he put into practice the Masonic and ever blooming virtues, gentle charities and noble deeds.

Therefore be it resolved,

1st. That we humbly acknowledge the hand of our heavenly father in guiding the destinies of man.

2. That as a lodge we cherish his memory by wearing the usual badge of mourning for 30 days.

3. To the surviving friends and family we offer our love and sympathy.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the lodge.

5. A copy sent to the bereaved family and a copy to the Watauga Democrat for publication.

J. M. SHULL, Committee.
Dec. 27, 1923.

FINLEY PATTERSON MAST

On a high hill just back of his home and birth place overlooking the beautiful valley of Cove Creek, where the first rays of the morning sun melt away the dews, and where the last rays of the setting sun cast their shadows, we laid to rest with Masonic honors, one of Watauga's oldest and noted citizens, Brother D. P. Mast, to await the resurrection. For more than four score and ten years he lived on the farm where he first saw the light, "in a house by the side of the road, where he was a friend to man" life was the youngest and last member of a family of 13 children, seven girls and six boys. They all lived to a good old age and were noted for their sincerity and industrious habits. Brother Mast was possibly the oldest Mason in the county. He was initiated into Watauga Lodge No. 273 Sept. 21, 1869, passed on Oct. 8, 1869, raised Jan. 21, 1870. He was therefore a mason for 54 years. He was also a charter member of Snow Lodge No. 365 and served as treasurer for 29 years. It was very appropriate that the members took part in the beautiful ceremonies at the grave and religious services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Wilson. Brother Mast has gone from the walks of men we shall know him no more here, but his life, his acts of kindness, his splendid measure of character, shall ever burnish the memories of those who knew him. We will do well to cherish the memory of this man who came and went before us as one of nature's noblemen. Let us live in the hope that we will meet again, with the assurance that some time somewhere, in the wisdom of God, Uncle Fin will arise and meet his friends and loved ones. He was born March 30, 1832, died Jan. 12, 1924 aged 91 years, 9 months and 12 days. He joined the Baptist church March 30, 1881 and lived a consecrated christian life. As a citizen he was held in high esteem. He served as a soldier during the war between the states. He was married to Rhoda Smith in 1866, and to them were born 8 children, 2 boys and four girls, six of whom are living. In the home he was a kind husband and father and will be greatly missed by his many friends and relatives. This was evidenced by the large crowd of friends who came to pay the last tribute of respect to this splendid man who was everybody's friend. Therefore in view of the above facts,

Resolved, first, That we humbly submit to the will of our Heavenly Father, trusting Him to lead us on.

2nd. That we tender to the bereaved family our love and sympathy admonishing each one to strive to be ready for the coming of the Son of God. "Watch therefore and be ye also ready."

3rd. That the members of this lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days in honor of his memory.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, a copy sent the family and a copy published in the Watauga Democrat.

J. M. SHULL, Committee.
Jan. 26, 1924.

HEW TO THE LINE AND LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

Mr. Editor:

Will you allow me a few words in your valuable paper, concerning our much talked of good roads and our taxes and how they should be kept up. Of course all are bound to admit that our roads have been kept up by free labor from the ages of 18 to 45, on top of that we had to go several miles when it was necessary to build a new road.

Of course for the last few years we will admit that the travel had become so great they could not be kept up by free labor so we had to "cuss" out our free labor law and have a taxation law put on us, but under all of my 27 years administration I [illegible] know a man to receive a salary of $1500 per year to tell [illegible] what to do, and [illegible] who [illegible] order my [illegible] we all worked alike under our present law I am in favor of a man receiving a salary of [illegible] but you may understand that I do oppose taking $1500 a year out of our taxes and giving it to a man to only tell the other men to do the work, and he will then write the check to pay you for on my, how do you get that job? Our roads get in such a condition that you can hardly get over them. You will have to go and report them up to a man out of your settlement who don't know the condition of your road until some one sends him word. Now would dit not be much better to pay a man $4.00 a day to take six or eight men when it became necessary for him to work out a four or five mile road, and pay his hands reasonable wages and the overseer stay with them and make a hand also himself, for I am sure he ought to make his money by the brow, and not altogether by the office he holds over the other fellow. Now we have a road connecting with the state highway at the bridge, up Mutton Creek to Bamboo, a distance of 2 miles, then to Blowing Rock and to Elk. This road for the first two and a half miles has enough cars and trucks to pay over $200 car tag tax, and ontop of that when the weather will permit there is an average of six to eight thousand feet of lumber goes out over it every day, and what has our part of the taxes done towards the upkeep of it? Since we had it worked last summer will say that only two days last fall outside of what I have done myself and those two days were put in by men from Howard's Creek, 3 miles off, for which it took them about three hours to come and go. Now men who are interested in good roads, don't you think it would be best to put men over small sections of road, not over 6 miles at the most convenient place to them, and let them keep it up before it washes and gets in too bad condition. I will say $10 proposition at time on our road would have saved $50. Now comes the labor again. I heard a man say he was in favor of six days free labor, put back on men from 20 to 60 years of age. What would that be at $2.50 per day? $15 to be sure. I for one am opposed to that. If you want to put anything on the young men put about $4.00 road poll tax on them and let them work it out on the roads or else pay it in cash, and then let every man boost his good roads and settlements. I will guarantee if you will be on some of your roads working instead of at the court house on first Monday telling what the other man should do, we would have more good roads, better settlements and without a doubt, better friends.

Respectfully,

G. F. CRITCHER.
Reese, N. C.

CAVES

Mr. Editor: Who can study the physical geography of the Bible and not become interested with the caves connected with some of the most important events of ancient history? In the limestone district of Judea every hill and ravine is pierced with them, some very large and of curious formation.

After the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Lot dwelt in a cave at Zoar. Abraham and his wife are buried in the cave of Machpelah near Hebron. Joshua smote the five kings and ordered their bodies entombed in the cave of Makkedah. David was afraid of Achish king of Gath, and escaped to the cave Adullam. It was at the cave Engeddi where Saul and his three thousand men went to seek David upon the rocks of the wild goats. When Jezebel wife of Ahab cut off the prophets of the Lord, Obadiah hid one hundred of them in caves and fed them on bread and water. Elijah was in a cave at Horeb when he heard the "still small voice of God." Lazarus was buried in a cave or sepulchre when our Lord commanded him to come forth." The body of our Savior was laid in Joseph's new tomb which had been hewed out in a rock.

In ancient times these caves were used for temporary dwelling places and for tombs.

Z. T. WATSON.
Brookside, N. C.

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Patients from a distance would do well to write and have appointment arranged beforehand.

Uncommon Sense
By JOHN BLAKE

"STOP AND START" MEN

THE incompetent locomotive engineer is known on the railroad as a "stop and start" man. He can use the brake and the throttle, but he doesn't know how to take care of his engine.

The "stop and start" man is never given a good locomotive or an important train. Life and property are too valuable to be entrusted to ignorance.

To run a locomotive a man need not have a technical education or know how to build one. But he must have a good understanding of the principle of steam power, of the mechanism of the air brake. And he must, if he is worth his salt, know how to care for his engine so that, while it is in his charge, it will be most efficient.

Every human being lives and moves in a machine far more complicated than the most modern locomotive. And ninety-nine men out of a hundred know no more about this machine than the "stop and start" engineer knows about his locomotive.

It is no wonder that so many human locomotives spend so much time in the hospital repair shop, or break down and become worthless long before they should.

How it is constructed, how it should be operated, what kind of fuel and how much of it is required for the best results—all these are profound mysteries, even to men who can conjugate Latin verbs or know the names of the Roman emperors in their order.

It is natural to desire long life. It is pleasant to look forward to a "green old age."

But these can be attained only by men who know enough about their bodily machinery to take care of it properly, and to keep it up to the work it is called upon to do.

It is not necessary or possible for everybody to study medicine. But every man can, with little trouble learn something more than how to start and how to stop his own machine.

He can learn how to feed it, how to exercise it, how to tell when something is working wrong, and when to call in the doctor, who is the technical engineer of the human railroad.

If all men would do that there would be far less work for the hospitals—which are the "shops" for human locomotives, and the doctors would find time to learn more about preventive medicine, which is the most important branch of medical science.

(© by John Blake.)

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A Budding Socialist.

"How awfully greedy you are!" said one little girl to another. "You took the biggest apple from the basket just as I was going to take it myself."—Judge.

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you

Symptoms: Short, rosy, fat, beak nose, baldish head, wears cute little cutaways—usually a red necktie and tight little high-cut vest. Awfully important little chap, hustles and fusses about like a bumble bee, doing nothing whatever except tripping up folk. People like him, but some efficiency engineer should limit his motions. He's no spender, no earner. He flits, about the place like a Robin red breast, helping (?) in the kitchen—giving useless information about how not to dust or how to make waffles his way. He is good-natured, but he'll want to run the flat.

IN FACT

He himself is a little flat for all his fat.

℞ Prescription for his wife:

Queen it a bit in the home.

Have a rapid-fire gun nest in the kitchen.

Bar him from all household maneuvers.

Absorb this:

INTERESTS MAKE THE MAN.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

OBITUARY

Dear Editor: Will you allow me space in your paper for a few paragraphs in regard to my brother's death?

Jan. 25 we received the message bearing the news that Richard Lemuel Isaacs was dead.

He was killed instantly while operating a coal machine.

Mrs. Alfred Isaacs of Vilas, N. C.

He was born in Watauga county on March 12, 1883, 41 years and ten months old.

He had been a coal miner for the past 20 years and was living at Latrobe, Pa. It is so sad to think he was killed but I have no doubt about him. He is safe in the arms of Jesus. He had such a beautiful smile as his face just looked like he wanted to speak to us. His oldest boy had been called up higher one year ago. He often prayed fro God to take him from this sinful world. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, a dear lover of music. His favorite songs were "Life's Railway to Heaven" and the "Uncloudy Day"

He leaves to mourn his death wife and six children 3 brothers and 4 sisters. All were present except father and mother. We were all heart broken. God in mercy sent an angel to relieve us from care for he knew the weight of sorrow was far more than we could bear. Sister Addie was by the casket weepin. God saved her soul. Her tears were all wiped away. Never saw one so happy, such a beautiful look on her face, Just praised God right on. God spoke to her to grieve no more, brother's at rest.

We cannot understand why these two dear ones were taken from us in such a short time but we know it is all for the best, as God doeth all things well, and someday when the mist has rolled away we will be able to understand why certain things happened.

Interment was made in Latrobe cemetery by Moose and Eagle brothers. The flowers were beautiful. As the brothers may visit us they bring joy and gladness to our hearts but all the while our thoughts keep going to a little mound in Pennsylvania that marks the sleeping place of one who will never come back. May our great consolation be the hope of meeting dear brother in heaven. As the mist gathers over our eyes, we brush it away and say "Thy will, oh Lord, de done."

His sister,
MARY ISAACS MILLER.

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