

The Watauga Democrat

ESTABLISHED 1888
Issued Every Thursday by
THE RIVERS PRINTING COMPANY
R. C. RIVERS ROB. RIVERS
Publishers
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year \$1.00
Six Months .75
Three Months .40
Payable in Advance

Cards of Thanks, Resolutions of Respect, Obituaries, etc., are charged for at the regular advertising rates.

Entered at the Postoffice at Boone, N. C., as Second Class mail matter.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1932

A FINE IMPROVEMENT

Mr. Harrison Byrd of Foscoe has been using his spare time and a good deal of spare cash in further beautifying his attractive home and the grounds adjacent. Mr. Byrd has just completed a stone and concrete dam, fifteen feet high in the center and 70 feet across in which is impounded the waters from a clear, cold mountain stream.

A STRANGE BIRD

Mr. Jephtha Bingham, of Rutherford, tells the treatment of a strange bird which came to his place a few days ago, and was shot from a tree when Mr. Bingham took the visitor to be a chicken hawk. The bird only grazed the bird, and it later recovered, and after going away for a few days returned and is making its home on the Bingham farm where it seems quite content.

The Mountain Speaks

(The Howling Rocket.)
Humans, divided first of all into men and women, fall next into the two classes of those who prefer the mountains and those who prefer the sea. Although we like both, it is no secret where my preference lies and we stand with those to whom the silence of the mountains says more than the music of the sea.

It is a mistake to say that the mountains are absolutely silent. It is necessary, however, to be still in order to hear them, and they are vocal chiefly at night, when leaning from the rock the stranger hears the accumulated separate sounds of two single wild through the trees far below, a dog barking miles away, a rare nocturnal cow-bell.

The Way of Life

By BRUCE BARTON
SAVING FACE
A friend was telling me about Big Business in China.
No man ever is discharged there, he said. If it becomes necessary to remove an employee the boss arranges to have a friend tip him off.

The boss assumed an expression of distress. "Why to touch the Chung River and minister to your uncle and then return will require more than two years," he protests.
"Nevertheless, I must go."
"Noble fellow," says the boss, embracing him. "Do your duty, and though your journey keeps you away for years, have no fear. Your place will be kept open for you."

The next morning and every morning thereafter the two meet on the street, but there is no embarrassment, no sense of inferiority on the part of the ex-employee. Face has been saved.
I remember one of the first men for whom I worked in New York, and one of the wisest I have ever known. He called me in one day and said: "I want you to think up some way by which X can be prompted to resign."

I was astonished.
"After he resigns," my boss continued, "I think I can help him to find a more congenial place. But we must know where he is."

"I always try to be very careful in these cases," he explained. "I don't want it written on my tombstone that I ever dealt a blow to a man's self-confidence."

This employer was almost as wise as the Chinese. As our civilization and our business grow older we all shall learn some of the mature wisdom of these older people. They know there are things in life more important than efficiency and production and quotas and charts.

They know that the human soul is more important, and that all the operations of life should be conducted so as to increase its dignity and self-respect.

Said Mencius, the ancient Chinaman: "The people are of the highest importance; the gods come second; the sovereign is of lesser weight."

The Family Doctor

By DR. JOHN JOSEPH GAINES

WHY PEOPLE LOSE CONFIDENCE
Situating as I am, at a health resort, I meet folks from all over our land. I listen to their reasons for leaving the home physician, and find out why many employ quacks, just to get "strange." Many times I fear that it is our fault that quackery flourishes; WE DRIVE OUR PATRONS AWAY FROM US.

Here are some reasons why the patient left the home doctor, as I take from my notes:
"My home doctor didn't examine me as I thought he'd ought to."

"My doctor told me there was nothing the matter with me but 'nerves'."

"He just wouldn't examine my kidneys—and I knowed the seat of my trouble was there."

"Doc didn't do nothin' for me but prescribe—and I got tired of that didn't do me no good."

"He just didn't seem to understand my case."

"After the hard times set in I couldn't keep up my payments, and Doctor just seemed to lose interest."

"My doctor ain't a liver doctor—and I know it's my liver."

"O, I got to readin' about this doctor that don't operate; he described my case to a dot. . . . I paid him \$250 in advance, but I ain't no better yet; he says it will take a long time."

These are typical answers. I wonder if we honest physicians ever stop to think that it may be our fault that we sometimes lose our patronage?

The meanest patient that you have, Doctor, is entitled to the very best that is in you. If you give him that and he still is disloyal and disobedient, the quicker the quack gets him the better.

Blowing Rock Cottagers Are Unusual Artists

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Means, of "The Studio Joint" in Mayview, are artists of high standing in their separate fields. Mrs. Means, before her marriage three weeks ago Miss Elizabeth Alexander, is widely known for her needle-point work, and her delicate and varied tapestries have been on exhibition in many Northern cities, largely through the various agencies of the Junior League. Mrs. Means gave a radio talk recently over Station WBT at Charlotte, speaking for the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. She plans later to talk commercially on the air, in the interests of her needle-point work.

Mr. Means makes decorative screens. His art is a combination of fine cabinet-work and artistic design, and has met with approval, most of his screens going to Sloan's and other leading New York dealers.

The needle-point exhibit now at their cottage includes copies of medieval tapestries, Chinese works and floral designs. One piece, the Blinding of Justice, is especially notable for its warm and lovely tones and The Vision of Launcelot is equally striking in its medieval grace of line.

Mrs. Means is a Virginian who has been coming to Blowing Rock for years. Her husband is a native of Charleston, S. C., and has lived for the last six months in Lenoir.

Paris, with far fewer automobiles in operation than New York, have a police force proud of their record of recovery of lost cars.

BOONE... SKETCHES

THINKING BACK

Will Holsclaw is dead, according to a report which reached Boone yesterday from Roseland, Fla., and those of us who bear in mind pleasurable recollections of the affable gentleman, are stricken with sorrow. It's a genuine delight in this day of dollar-chasing to glance back through the Book of Memory to those happy years when Mr. Holsclaw conducted a mercantile business on Brushy Fork. Boone at that time boasted a couple of stores, a postoffice, and a long wooden school building, which was the beginning of Appalachian State Teachers College. . . . The sidewalks were constructed of boards, and the streets (or street) were winding trails of mud. The road leading to Will Holsclaw's store in the early days of the Twentieth Century would make a good road today. . . . It was a good store, and it was a good man, and it was a good time. . . . The Nissen wagons and Babcock buggies were the means of transportation, the people were never in a hurry, and the few long "mountain miles" were eventually negotiated. And when you arrived at Will Holsclaw's store you found a bustling bargain bonanza, where tin-horn machines, plows, beeswax, calico, darning needles, yarn, soap, overalls and whatnot were dispensed to the rural people in wholesale quantities. Bad checks were unheard of. . . . in fact, Watauga had no banks on which to draft the worthless documents. . . . credit was abundant, and when a Wataugan promised to pay on the first of a month he didn't mean the second. Mr. Holsclaw's business flourished, for his dealings were conscientious, his practices honest to a penny. Along the counters of that country store the neighbors assembled on rainy days to discuss politics, religion, the problems of temperance, and current happenings of the outside world which came to their attention through the columns of Watauga's lone weekly newspaper and a sprinkling of drab-looking agricultural journals. The store-keeper would occasionally pause between the measuring of five yards of dress goods for a neighboring housewife and the weighing of a "pocketful" of cheap mixed candy for a dirty-faced urchin to lend his logical thought to the conversation. . . . and the brethren listened reverently as he expounded those carefully formulated views. Boone boys looked forward to a visit at Holsclaw's store with a great deal more anticipation than a youth of today envisions a tour of the American continent, for a trip to that country store meant candy, and chewing gum, and mixed nuts, and every other simple delicacy known to the rural palate. "Them days are gone forever," being the lamentation of hectic, hurrying, hurrying 1932, but the memory of Will Holsclaw and his "country department store" lingers as a refreshing reminder of the happy, carefree, pre-gasoline era, when folks lived solely for the joy of living.

Autocassen



ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

LOVE'S WAY

Love looks beneath the stains of sin,
And sees the yearning heart within;
There is no man 'twixt pole and pole
But Love has mercy on his soul;
She sees God's image in the worst,
Whom sin hath blighted, wounded,
And stoops to save—what's'er the price—
The slaves of unbelief and vice;
Her garments, fair, are never soiled
By contact with the sin despoiled;
Her glorious luster never dimmed
By mingling with the souls who've sinned.

For Christ, who died on Calvary,
Records the sacrifice of her body;
And motives man misunderstands,
Love's purpose, deeds and every prayer.

Are known on high and written there.
—Herbert J. Bryce.

THE SECRET OF POWER AND JOY

The self-centered life is always chaos, as our Lord seems never to have tired of saying. When a life is God-centered it is unified, and indeed only so far as they are God-centered can our lives be truly called our own. . . . It is plain enough from the Gospels that our Lord was continually in one form or another forcing people up to decisions. He made of those who asked Him for advice more inexorable demands than ever teacher has made before or since. Because a half-hearted discipleship that is always looking regretfully over its shoulder at the past would be a life of conflict and paralysis, ineffective and unhappy, not filled with power and joy, as He intended. Here we have, partly, at least, the explanation of His frequent and quite relentless emphasis on the need for heroic renunciation. A man who wanted to "enter into life" was told to sell all that he had and cut himself free. We must be ready to part with all we have in order to buy the pearl of greatest price. No price is too great to pay for the treasure of inward peace and liberty.—F. R. Barry.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

for June 26th

REVIEW—WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED FROM GENESIS

While Genesis means beginnings, this quarterly review lesson which covers this first book of the Holy Bible, No genealogist can calculate the time involved. In fact Jehovah was before all time of record. He was the self-existent cause of all creation in untold process of time.

TREES VS. PEOPLE

Up near the corner of the courthouse lawn, hard by a sign-board of ponderous proportions which all but hides Watauga's temple of justice, stands a medium-sized black-heart cherry tree. This tree for many years has lent its blossoming beauty, its luscious fruit, and its emerald foliage to the attractiveness of the city's main thoroughfare and the edification of local appetites. But it made a bad mistake this year. Practically all of Boone's cherry trees are bare of fruit, but this one in question hung heavy with bright red globules of promise, which, if left alone, would have turned to their rightful complexion of purple-black within a few days. The kids saw them, the old folks saw them, and perhaps a few college folks saw them. . . . conspiracy followed, and now the poor little tree presents a picture of dejection. Its limbs have been stripped of fruit, many of them torn from the trunk, and the withering remains are spread in disorder round about. Murder—pure murder—and all because the cherry tree saw fit to bear cherries.

Native Born Leads

in North Carolina

Charlotte, N. C.—Despite the great industrial expansion of North Carolina in recent years, the state retains its preponderance of native born citizens according to figures just released by this department of commerce's bureau of census.

The statistics given out by Marvin Shirley, division manager of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce with quarters in the Mint building, show the state has only three-tenths of one per cent. foreign born whites among its citizens.

Of the total population of the state, 70.2 per cent. are native white, 23 per cent. are negroes and the remaining .5 per cent. are of other races.

The figures, taken from the 1930 census, show a total of 2,226,160 native whites, 8,788 foreign born whites, 918,647 negroes, and 16,681 other races.

Of this population, \$89,847 are urban dwellers, 1,597,220 are rural farm dwellers, and 763,209 are rural non-farm dwellers.

A very slight majority of the native white families are home owners, according to the figures. There are 226,127 native white families who own their homes, as compared with 222,116 native white families who are tenants. The classification of 8,844 of these families was unknown.

Fifty thousand, nine hundred and forty-eight negro families owned their homes, 123,882 families were tenants and the tenure of 5,298 families was unknown.

Foreign born whites showed the greatest percentage of home owners. Of the 3,762 families under this classification, 1,969 owned their homes, 1,745 were tenants, and the tenure of 57 was unknown.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed to the undersigned on the 19th day of May, 1931, by Pearl Coffey, to secure the sum of \$250.00 to the Watauga Building and Loan Association, and default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured as therein provided, I will on Monday, July 18th, 1932, at 1 o'clock p. m., sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described tract of land, to-wit:

BEGINNING on an iron pipe, Mrs. J. R. Robbins' corner and runs south 28 degrees west 104 feet to an iron pipe; then south 75 degrees east 9 poles to a stake; then north 28 degrees east 109 feet to a stake; then north 75 degrees west 9 poles to the beginning, containing 58 1-2 square rods, more or less.

Party of the first part agrees to give to the party of the second part water right to the nearest spring, also wagon roadway leading to the nearest public road.

This the 18th day of June, 1932.

W. H. GRAGG, Trustee.

Trivette & Holshouser, Attys. 6-23-1

PASTIME THEATRE

"Place of Good Shows"

Thursday and Friday, June 23-24

Charlotte Henry and James Kirkwood

—IN—

"LENA RIVERS"

—IN—

Saturday, June 25

JACK HOLT

—IN—

"BEHIND THE MASK"

Monday and Tuesday, June 27-28

Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack

—IN—

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS

Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30

Jack Holt and Sally Blane

—IN—

"A Dangerous Affair"

—IN—

Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

ADMISSION 10c and 25c

Matinee Daily 2:30

Evening Shows 7:45 9:15