

FOREST CITY COURIER

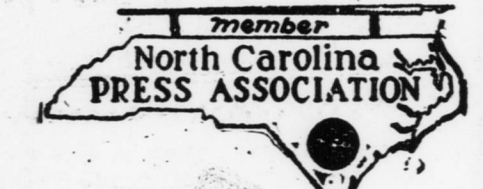
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THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1928

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Children still get up in class and recite—
"Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The Village Smithy stands;
The Smith, a mighty man is he—"
But the trade that was the inspiration of Longfellow's beautiful lines is almost effaced. When we pass a blacksmith now, we stop and marvel—not so much at the skill with which he works, as we used to, but at the very fact that we have seen a blacksmith.

For garages are the order of the day! Blacksmiths are few and far between. Even on the farms autos and tractors take the place of horses to a great extent.

But horse-shoeing is not the only picturesque occupation that is becoming largely a memory.
No longer do shoemakers make shoes, machines make them now, and shoemakers only mend them.

Thackers used to thatch the roof with straw, tylers tile it; slaters roofed with slate; colliers burned charcoal, chandlers made candles and fullers were cloth-cleaners.

These old crafts are gone—but the names of them linger on in the surnames of people. Many new trades have sprung up to take the places of many that have passed into the discard—but there is a romantic haze over these old trades celebrated in song and story that shall not pass for many many years to come. Long after garages have passed away to make room for airplane landing stations, children in classes will get up to recite "The Village Blacksmith!"

THE GOD-GIVEN MIRACLE.

In a little out of the way farm house away down the road, many miles from the much-beloved Main Street, where in his sprightlier days he had lived an active colorful life as the leading town politician, sat a little old man who was almost broken in spirit.

Once the cynosure of the eyes of the community, a moving spirit in all the town activities, but now practically a hermit—for years he had hardly ventured out of his little farm house. Even his eyes seemed to have failed him so that he could hardly read his local newspaper.

Unexpectedly he was presented with a radio, and he has since become a different man. His interest in life has been renewed.

Suddenly, out of the miracle that is called radio, come to him the speeches and sounds and cheers and even the spontaneous demonstrations of a great National Political Convention. To his ears are carried the hoarse cheers of delegates for their favorite candidates. A moment after a decision is made, he hears of it. As soon as the candidate is picked, he has the news. In fact, he is transported by radio into the very midst of the great convention so many, many weary miles away.

The old man's dimmed eyes shine with a new brightness. He can even decipher parts of his local paper. His spirits is quickened and revived.

And what has happened to this old man, is happening in every part of the country to thousands and thousands of bed-ridden invalids and shut-ins.

What a blessing has been this God-given miracle.

ENGLAND'S FLOWER ARTIST PAINTING AT LAKE LURE

Charles Wyatt Has Painted Some of the Most Beautiful Spots in the Universe

Lake Lure, June 19.—Across the blue expanse of Lake Lure towers a panorama of rugged cliffs, now softened to dull blues and grays by winter's haze and filmy smoke; and in a room beside the still lake is mirrored beauty. An artist's brush has caught the silent majesty of North Carolina's mountains and has depicted this majesty for the world's eyes to see, for the world's heart to love.

Charles Wyatt, an Englishman, who has achieved fame through the exquisite "garden portraiture" of which he is a master, has chosen North Carolina as his home. The state should be proud that a man whose experience has led him through the beauty spots of the world should choose our mountains above all others as a spot in which to live. Old English gardens, with the charm of gracious simplicity; America's estates, gems of riotous color set in the living green of nature; Trinidad's ascending terraces, lying rich and warm in the tropical sunlight; even Charleston's pride, the Magnolia gardens, whose placid lagoons and clustering azaleas are even now attracting crowds of visitors from all over the country—each in turn has lured him on—only to yield its beauty to his keen perceptions, and be left behind for the next beauty spot. "I was born in London," he said, "the city of fogs. But really" his eyes twinkled. "I only once had the experience of losing my way because of them. They're very much exaggerated! In the west country of England, which was for a long time my home, my interest in painting, and especially in painting flower gardens, began."

Study and school—school and study—even young genius must have its teachers! But who can tell whether his native England's windswept moors, or Marbazon's rich dreams, or the sturdy tulip fields of Holland gave him his wealth of color and strength and detail? It was a great day for the young man of two and twenty when his pictures were hung in the new gallery in London, directly beside one of the famous Sargent's.

Honors came quickly then. King Edward first wanted Shakespeare's garden done; then a series of eight other studies, royalty took him up, society followed. The stately tastes of the public recognized something new, something fresh with the dew and dreams of life, something of truth. He became a teacher. "Twelve years I taught," there was a far-away look in the slate-blue Breton eyes, "but it was very hard. They were not there to learn, to accomplish. I did not use the method your American artists use—that of criticism of the pupil's work. I taught by painting before them, by illustration of my theories, by example, and it took a great deal of my vitality."

In 1912, at the royal international horticultural exhibition in London, an unusual thing happened. A striking picture, which was in detail physically true to plant life, and yet was the most brilliant arrangement of garden scenes, was the center of attention. A diploma of honor was awarded—the only award for garden painting at the exhibition, and the artist, Mr. Wyatt, entered into a new phase of life—he painted famous gardens of the world, and fate led him to Nova Scotia, Evangeline's land.

"I still have my home in Nova Scotia," he explained, "but Canadian winters are so rigorous that we are going to live here. This is a very wonderful country and it is only a matter of time until it will come into its own."

But what is there about his pictures that makes them so striking? Why do they grip your imagination and make you want to look again, to draw near, to analyze, to enjoy? With most pictures today we are apt to draw back and squint our eyes critically in order to gain any sort of satisfactory impression. An English paper calls such pictures "a series of blots and splashes of showy nothingness," and this description is only too apt in many cases.

Not so with Mr. Wyatt's pictures. He is an eminently satisfactory sort of artist. The flowers live, the stream almost sings as it leaps the rock, the mountains rest in quiet strength, even as they do around our own horizon. There is real life, not a travesty; there is color, amazing

THE COUNTY CLUB PRESENTS CALF IN LEGUME CONTEST

Mr. O. B. Grose, of Forest City, R-2, Wins in Contest Sponsored by Club

Rutherfordton, June 20.—The June meeting of the Rutherford County Club was held in the Methodist church here Tuesday. The blessing was asked by Rev. T. C. Jordan. The dinner, served by the ladies of the Rutherfordton Methodist church, was up to the expectations of the club and was immensely enjoyed.

Road Committee Report

Mr. C. F. Cline opened the business session after the dinner with a report from the road committee. He stated that he had been in conference with Mr. J. Q. Gilkey, who had been discussing Route 19, Marion to Rutherfordton, with Commissioner Page, of the highway department. Mr. Cline also stated that he had been in communication with Mr. Page, and, although no definite promise had been made, work may start on the Rutherfordton-Marion highway after July 1st.

Mr. F. P. Stratford reported for the county government committee. Due to the fact that some members of the committee had been away much of the time since the last meeting nothing definite has been done by the committee, and it was continued.

O. B. Grose Wins in Legume Contest

In February, 1927, the Rutherford County Club accepted an offer from Mr. O. J. Holler, of a pure bred Jersey calf, to be given to the farmer who made the best record in growing leguminous crops. Mr. F. E. Patton stated that a number of farmers entered the contest. He presented to the club Messrs. Horace Elliott, Jr., Rutherfordton, Lewis Koon, Union Mills, Mr. Hodge, Rutherfordton, R-4, L. V. Harris, Rutherfordton and O. B. Grose, Forest City, R-2, who were present as guests of the club, and told what each had done in the way of raising legumes. Mr. Holler next introduced Mr. C. L. Sams, county-agent-at-large, who told of his four days work in the county in capacity of judge of the contest. Mr. Sams briefly criticised and commended the efforts of each of the thirteen contestants. After doing so he said that in his opinion Mr. O. B. Grose, of Forest City, R-2, had made the most outstanding progress in this line, and on behalf of the club presented the calf to Mr. Grose. Other contestants mentioned in legume growing who were not present at the meeting were Grant Allen, Union Mills; J. B. Link, Forest City; Carl Jay, Rutherfordton, R-1.

On motion of O. C. Erwin the club gave the contestants a vote of thanks for their interest in the contest.

Dr. Crawford Speaks

Dr. R. H. Crawford, of the Rutherford Hospital, was next presented and spoke on the value and efficiency of the county health officer, Dr. J. C. Twitty. Dr. Twitty was scheduled to speak, but was unavoidably detained in typhoid-smallpox campaign work. He was followed by Miss Aurelia George, county Red Cross nurse, who spoke interestingly of her work in the county.

The July meeting will be held at the Spindale House.

Mr. Walter Gault, formerly an employe of The Courier, arrived yesterday to visit relatives here. Walter has been in the West recently and has traveled considerably since leaving the state some months ago. It was erroneously reported here about a year ago that he had met with disaster while crossing the ocean, but says there was nothing to the report as he is very much alive.

Manager Curlee reports that E-ird's June Sale is progressing nicely at the local store. The contest between the clerks and the store contest with the Shelby branch is attracting a good deal of attention and good natured rivalry.

Holding the Democratic convention in the greatest cotton state doesn't augur so well for the Wool-len boom.

color, and an expression of personality! His kind, friendly, humorous face looks at the rows of completed work—his dear children—and almost, they smile in return! Life is good; life is kind; life, if you let it, is willing to turn friendly eyes on you.—Virginia Sevier.

SPINDALE NOTES

Spindale, June 18.—A wedding of interest to a wide circle of friends was that of Miss Cleo Whitner to Mr. Malcolm Robinson, which occurred in Spartanburg Friday.

Mrs. Robinson is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Whitner, of this place, and holds a position with one of the local mills. Mr. Robinson is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, of the Oakland community. They will make their home in Spindale.

Mr. R. I. Roberts, overseer in Spinners Processing Co., had his tonsils removed Thursday in Charlotte. Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Rumble and James Rimmer accompanied Mr. Roberts to Charlotte and returned with him Saturday.

Miss Flora Hill underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Rutherford Hospital last Wednesday.

Mr. W. C. Ellis who has been ill with typhoid fever several days, was removed to the Rutherford Hospital Friday for treatment.

LOCAL NEWS

(Rev. H. C. Sisk)

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Henderson and daughter, Miss Bessie and son, Britton, of Chesnee, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Henderson here Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Annie Bell, Edna and Hettie White spent the week end at their home near Rutherfordton. Misses Atlas and Leona Rollins accompanied them for a visit.

Mr. Alonzo Tessineer spent the week end in Chesnee.

Those on the sick list at present are Mrs. W. A. Mask, Mrs. Cinda Rich, Mrs. R. S. McCluney, Mrs. Skip-

per and the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Rule.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sisk and little daughters, Inez and Christine, of Shelby, spent Tuesday here with relatives.

Miss Lucile Hendricks, of Lincoln-ton, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Blackburn.

FLORENCE MILLS

Friday morning about six o'clock, Pressley, Jr., eighteen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Pressley Hardin, died after several days illness.

The funeral service was held at the home, Saturday morning, Rev. C. C. Matheny, of Alexander Mills in charge. Interment was made in Cool Springs cemetery.

McDaniel-Hawkins

Saturday afternoon, Mr. Houston McDaniel and Miss Della Hawkins, motored to Rutherfordton, procured marriage license, located a minister, and were happily married. They have a host of friends who wish them well as they journey through life together. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Collins Sunday night, a nine-pound boy.

Blackburn - McCluney

Friends of the contracting parties will learn with interest of the marriage of Mr. Albert Blackburn and Miss Minnie McCluney which occurred Sunday, Rev. Z. D. Harrill of Ellenboro officiating.

Both are prominent among a large circle of friends who wish them every success in their new venture.

Mr. T. C. Collins and family of Cherokee, S. C., spent Sunday with Mr. Joe P. Hardin and family.

Mr. D. H. Sutton is in Raleigh, while his family are visiting in Hendersonville.

"MONUMENTS"

To mark the resting place of your loved one.

L. T. GREENE
Ellenboro, N. C.



Tune In Today

(Thursday) on the Majestic Hour of Music from Station W. B. T. Charlotte, N. C.

Come in our store anytime and we will gladly demonstrate the tone of the Majestic Receiver to you. You will get a thrill that you have not experienced before in a Radio Set. You will hear bass notes and the delicate shadings of music that has been entirely lost heretofore.

The Majestic is proclaimed the world's finest Radio at the world's lowest price. See it, hear it and be convinced.

Smith's Radio Shop
FOREST CITY, N. C.

The Aug. W. Smith Co.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

JUNE 1st

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention. We pay postage on orders amounting to \$10.00 or more.

WHITE SALES

Begin Monday, June 25th

Sheets! Pillow Cases! Towels!

Bed Spreads! Fancy Linens!

Wash Goods! at Extra-Ordinary Savings!

Here's Four Exceedingly Good Specials---

<p>300 Boot Mills Face Towels 23c EACH</p> <p>or \$1.25 for package of 6 18x36 plain white—good absorbent hemstitched face towels.</p>	<p>Genuine Linen Maderia Tea Napkins Packed 6 in Box \$1.95</p> <p>Butterfly and flowered hand embroidered motifs.</p>
<p>To Close Out! Table of Odds and Ends Yard Goods 19c Yd.</p> <p>some sold as high as 75c yd. Normandy and printed voiles—plain and fancy rayons—dozens of patterns to choose from.</p>	<p>150 Pairs White Ruffled Curtains 85c Pair</p> <p>Novelty voile curtains in two desirable styles—4 piece set of 2 sides and 2 tie backs—5 piece set of 2 sides—2 tie backs—and valance.</p>

1-4 Off On All Fancy Maderia Linens