

Jackson County Journal.

VOL. I NO. 7

SYLVA, N. C., APRIL 2 1915

\$1.00 THE YEAR IN ADVANCE

SYLVA LOSES TWO DEBATES.

The Sylva High School debating teams were defeated both at home and at Waynesville, Friday evening in the elimination contest of the State High schools.

Both of the Sylva teams did most creditable work in the contest and have nothing to regret. At both places the decision of the judges was not unanimous, so, it will be seen that the contest was very close. Waynesville High School won both at Canton and Waynesville and will have the honor of entering the contest at Chapel Hill.

COMMITTEE CONCLUDES HEARING

Chairman Daughton of the Carter Investigating Committee announced Monday that the committee had decided that there was nothing to the alleged acts of immoral conduct with which Judge Frank Carter was charged and that therefore the committee would not consider any further testimony along that line.

The hearing concluded with the testimony of Judge Carter and the hearing of the arguments of attorneys both for Judge Carter and Solicitor Abernethy. The committee, at the close of the arguments, announced that its decision in the case will be handed down on the 23 of April.

MRS. CLARA SMITH IS DEAD.

Mrs. Clara Smith, wife of Lewis J. Smith died at her home at Cullowhee Monday after having been ill for several weeks. Mrs. Smith was a daughter of the late Nathan Coward and has a host of relatives in Jackson County and throughout Western North Carolina. Besides several brothers and sisters she leaves five children, Mrs. Lee Hooper of Speedwell, Mrs. John Phillips of Cullowhee, Miss Ida Smith of East Laporte, Lewis J. Smith Jr. of Charlotte and Nathan Smith of Jacksonville Fla.

She was the widow of the late Lewis J. Smith, once a most prominent citizen of this county, and who preceded her to the grave several years ago. Mrs. Smith was one of the best known and best loved women of Jackson County where she will be missed by a large circle of friends. The funeral was held Tuesday.

Mr. Will Smith of Balsam was carried to the Merriwether hospital at Asheville a few days ago, where he underwent an operation for an abscess in the side. His condition is reported very favorable.—Canton Observer.

RHEUMATISM YIELDS QUICKLY TO SLOAN'S

You can't prevent an attack of Rheumatism from coming on, but you can stop it almost immediately. Sloan's Liniment gently applied to the sore joint or muscle penetrates in a few minutes to the inflamed spot that causes the pain. It soothes the hot, tender, swollen feeling and in a very short time brings a relief that is almost unbelievable until you have experienced it. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25c of any Druggist and have it in the house—against Colds, Sore and Swollen Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief.

TALES OF OLD TIME.

Editor

The Jackson County Journal
Sylva, N. C.

My dear Editor—I was much pleased to read the letter from Mr. J. R. Buchanan and I note what he has to say concerning our old friend Jack Cogdill, but he is wrong, I am not Jack Cogdill. I suppose Jack has passed away long ago, poor old fellow was in delicate health the last time I saw him nearly 40 years ago. Jack was about three years younger than I if I remember correctly.

I am wondering if the writer of that letter is Joe Euchanan, if it is, I know him well; in fact I knew him when he was a young man flying around with some of those beautiful Jackson girls. I remember one time, it must be sixty or sixty five years ago, perhaps more, I was at an old time dance up at a place that was known as Caney Fork, I cannot now recall the name of the people where the dance was, but I remember well that Joe Buchanan was there and along about midnight Joe had a fight with a fellow about as big again as he was, and some of the boys had to pull Joe off of him. I can well remember how the girls flocked around and looked at him admiringly as he stood over in the east corner of the room alone trying to compose himself after the fracas. Yes, I almost envied him, and I began to wish someone else would come along who wanted to fight so I could get a scrap. Joe was a handsome young man, and everyone liked him. I wonder if he is handsome yet or has he let the years come and leave their imprimi? I hope he lives a long long time and that he will get all the happiness and pleasure out of life he deserves.

Last week I said I was going to give directions for living to be a hundred years old or more. I know some people who read that announcement wondered if I wasn't going to give a lot of cut and dried rules. But, they are wrong—I am am going to tell you something that you know already but perhaps have forgotten or do not think you know.

Did you ever stop to think what caused death? What causes us to throw away an old pair of shoes and get a new pair? Is it that we are just tired of wearing them or is it that they are worn out or so nearly so that we do not care to wear them any longer? Death is not a horrible thing if we know how to die and before we can know how to die we must first know how to live. How many of us know how to live? If we will but look around and see the very few men and women who have reached the age of 90 and 100 the question will be answered.

A man should live to be a hundred years old because it is his duty first to his family, second to his friends and community, and last to his country. A man does not reach that higher state of intelligence until he has passed certain stages in life. I can prove this by citing hundreds, but it is not necessary. We know there are certain laws in nature that direct us and in a great measure influence us to do or not do certain things. The most of us have to reach old age before we can appreciate these laws—and until a man can appreciate these laws he really and truly cannot be in touch with the higher

things. In other words, he is not in harmonious vibration with the life forces. If you have a knowledge of psychology you will understand, if you have not talk to those who have and they will tell you I am correct, only, perhaps, if they are young men, they will tell you that the old man is slightly "off" or perhaps, they'll be more liberal and say "radical."

A man who uses tobacco, drinks coffee, drinks whiskey and stays up late at night will not live to be a hundred years old. Either of these habits will shorten his life many years, but all of them combined will cause him—all other things being equal—to die of old age before he is 50 years old, or if he is a man of a natural strong constitution he may get by a few years longer, but at the misery of his life!

Read that paragraph over again; it contains a lot—I was years learning its truth, and fortunately I learned it early and learning it, I am able to sit here tonight and write and tell others about it. Just then I stopped and held my hand up to see if it trembled as other old men's hands tremble, but not the slightest tremor could I detect. The other day I had our family physician examine me all over. He told me I was a perfect specimen of manhood. I do not say this in self praise, but merely to illustrate the idea that I want to impress upon the minds of all who read this. There are other things too. Don't ever get mad. Don't worry. Don't fret. But laugh. Keep cool. Say to yourself "Just so long as they don't hang me, I'm alright" when you face that big bugbear called trouble and worry. When a horse gets mad and runs away he usually hurts himself and his best friends. When a dog gets mad he is shot. Any man is a beast when he is mad. If you don't believe what I say (of course you do though) just look at the next man you happen to see mad, and note the animal expression on his face. Look at his neck, see the veins standing out like great cords; look at his eyes, compare them with some infuriated animal; watch him get his breath and curl his lips, listen at the hiss of the adder in his lips.

When one gets mad it poisons their whole system; it fills the blood with toxic poison (ask your doctor); it creates unhealthy atmosphere, it makes everyone else near unhappy and many very miserable. It causes sickness, crime, disease, misery and death. DON'T GET MAD if you wish to live a long time and be happy when you are old. Take plenty of good exercise. When meal time comes and you are not hungry, do not eat. Fasting is much better and far safer than pills, and good cold clear spring water, like you get up there in Jackson is much better than coffee, whiskey or any other stimulant, and water lengthens life. None of us drink enough water or breathe enough fresh air or exercise the muscles in our body enough to keep them from getting flabby and stiff and full of "rheumatiz."

Sickness is not an entity (I am not a Christian Scientist) sickness is an absence of health and health has been driven away because of neglect. Ralph Waldo Emerson the greatest philosopher who ever lived, wrote an essay on Compensation. Every red-blooded American should read that essay—and then turn right around and re-read it

and if it don't make a better man out of him he ought to go to the woods and hang himself. I will not comment upon it here. The Law of Compensation and Nathaniel Hawthorn's "Great Stone Face" have done more real good and have inspired more noble deeds and lives in this world than anything else I know of.

"He who in his integrity worships God—becomes God."

To live a long life it is necessary to live a clean life, morally and physically.

I will continue this subject in next week's letter. It is a big one and I am going to stay with it until I have given those who follow me, the benefit of my vast experience.

Wishing everyone health, prosperity and happiness, I am

THE OLD BOY.

SPEEDWELL.

If the Legislature meets in extra session, which it is nearly sure to do, on the Carter-Abernethy matter if nothing else, think it would be an easy matter to get off Black Rock, Short Off, Whitesides, Chimney Top and Devil's Court House on them. Of course they would have to do all this with borrowed money, but the scenery would be grand. The people would enjoy the scenery so much better if these rugged tops belonged to the State. Then these majestic old mountains would have to remain here in North Carolina because they would belong to the State. Mt. Mitchell can consider herself a citizen because she belongs to the State. If she wants to go up North, or if she wants to go South, she must first consult her owners. Guess the old lady will have to remain where she is as the State can hold her by peaceable possession under color of a title. Would like to swap my interest in Mt. Mitchell for some school books for some needy children I know.

One time there was a man, who froze to death in a hollow log; think the State should buy the log and get a deed for it, before it is too late. Procrastination is the thief of time.

The people are painting the Methoist and Baptist churches at Speedwell, which adds greatly to their appearance.

A singing school is in progress at Speedwell now, conducted by Prof. J. J. Moss.

Mrs. Hunter, from Cowarts was a visitor at Speedwell a few days ago.

Prof. Reynolds and children passed through Speedwell Monday, driving a pair of Shetland ponies.

The sudden changes in the laws and the weather are giving the people much concern.

The grist mill and corn and cob crusher, recently started by W. M. Shelton, is doing good work.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rogers, a boy.

Mrs. T. L. Jamison of Glenville is visiting at Speedwell. X. Y. Z.

A SLUGGISH LIVER NEED ATTENTION.

Let your Liver get torpid and you are in for a spell of misery. Everybody gets an attack now and then. Thousands of people keep their Livers active and healthy by using Dr. King's New Life Pills. Fine for the Stomach, too. Stop the Dizziness, Constipation, Bilioussness Indigestion. Clear the blood. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

The county fair is coming back
The posters are every where

And most everybody now

Is whooping up the county fair

We've had our fill of aeroplanes—

We want to see the big fat hog,

The patent corn, the trotting dog,

The new device that beats a cog

And work around through the

catalogue

At the county fair.

"We've always missed the county

fair—

Its inner and its outer track

The dancing addler, and the bull

About four feet across the back,

We're weary of awful war talk—

We want to hear the whistles

blow,

The horses neigh, the roosters crow

The blooded cattle when they

low,

And the shrill voiced starter shout-

ing 'Go!'

At the county fair.

It seems as if the world grows cold

And people nowadays don't

care

For people in the warm

Old manner of the county fair,

We're tired of bowing here and there

We want to shout, How are you

Dan?

'Hello there, Bill' and Howdy Ann!

And get a warm clasp of the

hand

From every woman, child and man

At the the county fair.

"The county fair is coming back—

And that is probably as well

A little more, and everyone

Had disappeared within his

shell.

The good old man was better far—

We want to meet the human

race

In some well-decorated place,

And be right human for a space

Because of coming face to face

At the county fair."

Apologies to the State Board of Agri-

culture

BEE SURVEY.

West Raleigh, N. C.
March 22, 1915.

Editor Journal,

Dear Sir—I am sending you herewith a plan for the Beef Cattle Survey which we are making through the rural schools of this State. Our idea is to have the enclosed questions answered by the rural school children through the farmers with whom they obtain co-operation. The plan is self-explanatory as you will see from the enclosed printed matter. Several valuable prizes are being offered which should be an exceptional inducement for school children to enter the survey.

I will appreciate it very much if you will give the matter publicity through your paper.

Assuring you of our hearty co-operation at any time we can be of service, I am

Yours very truly,
R. S. Curtis,
Secretary-Treasurer

Surprise package sale at the auditorium this evening, benefit Building fund Methodist church. An evening of fun.

Seed Sweet Potatoes for sale at \$1.00 a bush. J. W. KEENER.

Misses Stella Broyles and Ruth and Vivian Croffitt of Webster were in the city Monday and Tuesday, the guests of Miss Margaret Buchanan.