

Jackson County Journal.

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SYLVA, N. C., JUNE 18 1915.

\$1.00 THE YEAR IN ADVANCE

REUNION SUGGESTED.

Editor Journal:—For some time at different intervals thoughts have revolved in my mind, which now seems an opportune time for materializing.

As the season of the year approaches when those of us who have "wandered from the fold" begin to sniff the summer-laden breezes and pine for the mountains of Western North Carolina, also to plan for a home coming some time during the hot season—nothing could be more enjoyable to some of us, who are scattered here and there especially those of us who are near enough to feel that we are in reach—to have a reunion of the student body of East La Porte Academy or in other words the students of Dawson-Hughes School.

We Americans are great on searching the Archives of History in getting up reminiscences of the past and paying tribute to our benefactors.

Jackson county, that is rapidly twining a wreath of laurels for her brow in educational advancement should not forget that educational opportunities were first cradled in the sequestered valley of East La Porte; and as the old school building stands as a lone sentinel on the brow of that beautiful hill it impresses one with the thought, "after all I've done, am I forgotten? Silent, historic orator, whose speech should stir the souls of the living so long as a spark of patriotism remains on earth.

Now, lest we forget, could we not plan for a reunion some time in September and pay a tribute to our tutors and patrons who struggled so faithfully in those by-gone days? Teachers and many of the patrons cannot be present, for "God's finger touched them and they sleep."

To our regret this procrastination brings to mind that it is too late to scatter roses in their paths—we can but water with our tears the violets on their graves and honor them by assembling and exchanging ideas, perhaps, in regard to perpetuating the work so nobly begun in the years gone by. In this day of progress no material should lie dormant, but should be utilized. Doubtless this old building and grounds can be again brought into service.

We have in mind numbers of our best citizens who follow the different walks in life who began their education in this school.

If nothing more can be done we surely can meet and pay tribute to those who were the harbingers of good to our country.

This is merely a suggestion and if there are those who are interested, would be glad to hear from them through the columns of the Journal as to the practicability of such a movement.

I began this letter in Tennessee and am finishing it in Kansas, the great Western State, with her waving fields of wheat.

LELA POTTS HAGAN
West Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. W. L. Henson of Beta is visiting her daughter Mrs. McCracken of Haywood this week.

Hon. C. J. Harris of Dillsboro was in the city on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Allison visited Mr. Allison's sister Mrs. Hix Wilson Wednesday.

SHADOWS.

Is the fear of night a human instinct or is it an acquired morbidity of the soul?

The spirit of man is freest when basking in the halcyon light of day.

For me there has been from childhood a mysterious fascination about shadows.

As the years have multiplied that strange charm has tightened its grip upon my imagination, more correctly speaking, my spiritual self. This charm is compounded in equal parts of admiration and fear. For tenantless human habitations I have a disgust by day and a loathing by night. I invariably associate with these unearthly sounds and black cats. The shadows at night of any old house charms me like a reptile, without the snake-like repugnance.

In every shadow there are two elements: the ghostlikeness and the artistic. The effect is awe-inspiring and pleasing. It is irresistible.

Some shadows are grotesque, some are beautiful and all are ghostly. After all what is a ghost but a shadow. At midday I have seen a ghost skimming the broom-sedge and have awakened from my spell at the croak of a raven overhead. In the broiling August afternoon I have stretched in the kindly shadow of a great oak, the most gracious thing that ever permitted laziness to pass its threshold.

There are hospital shadows and inhospitable. Shadows that protect the flocks and herds from the burning heat of the sun and shadows that intercept that same benign energy and produce death.

There is the passing shadow of the cloud turning the meadows a somber hue, filling the purple glens with gloaming and fire-fly lamps and thrilling their wake with the hope of refreshing.

There is the myriad shadows of the lonely woods by the moonlight: the shadow of the waving branches of majestic trees set in motion by the inscrutable winds. The shadow of the foliage stirred by the fragrant breath of autumn. The shadow of a former emperor of the woodland stripped of his princely regalia of bark and leaves and with naked trunk and broken limb silhouetted by the pale moon against the cold December snow.

There is the shadow of the trellised vine against the moonlight window pane, changing with the changing breeze into forms more fantastic and beautiful than ever beguiled oriental fancy.

There are monstrous shadows. Such as those that appear to us in dreams and in the contemplation of the weird land over the border from this life—the land of remorse and fear.

Shadow is easily explicable and phenomenal at the same time. The child understands this. Shadow presupposes substance. It is a reflected image and inseparable from that which it represents.

Shadow is immaterial and implies light.

Light dispels and illumines; shadow illudes and mystifies.

And this brings us to that strangest of shadows that haunts man like some nemesis from the cradle to the grave: the shadow of death. Here the shadow draws us back while something—most likely light—lures us on. We fain would ex-

plore beyond the mist and shade.

We inevitably hesitate between retreat and advance when we stand in the spectral presence of this shadow.

The very ether is surcharged with the mingled elements of dread and enchantment.

Charles Frohman asked as he was about to pass through this shadow—with the sinking Lusitania, "Why fear death, it is the most beautiful adventure one may be privileged to have."

Death may not be so ominous a shadow after all. But this may depend upon the moral shadow one reflects in this life.

If this be true then happy is the man who consorts a delectable shadow.

James H. Cathey.

Post Script:

The "Old Boy" has come again. He is an enigma if he is not a trick. I am not "wise", but he has shrewdly replied to my questions without answering the "test" ones. He is a rare old gentleman if he is old at all. Frankly, I do not understand his game and I am prepared for a stunning disillusionment.

J. H. C.

ENFORCE THE ANTI-SPITTING LAW

The anti-spitting law is an ordinance that sleeps the whole year through in almost every town in North Carolina. It doesn't sleep on account of its inertia or inability to stay awake but simply because it has no one to wake it up and put life into it.

Waking up the anti-spitting ordinance once in awhile in a town is a live, good business from more standpoints than one. Below are the figures of one busy town that found time and the inclination to experiment with this law. These figures represent the number of persons arrested for spitting and the disposition of their cases from January 1, 1915 to May 1, 1915.

Persons arrested or summoned	481
Persons fined	350
Person to City Prison (1 day)	1
Persons sentence suspended	83
Persons discharged	21
Persons cases pending	26
Total amount of fines	\$442.00

Was the law not worth putting into effect in this town? It was worth it to be rid of 481 nuisances to say nothing of these as sources of disease infection. From a health standpoint the spitting ordinance is one of the best on the statute books. All it needs is some live city officer or health officer to resurrect it, breathe new life into it and put it to work.

Promiscuous spitting is not only one of the filthiest habits tolerated, but one of the most dangerous. Dried sputum is the principle means of spreading tuberculosis germs, pneumonia germs, diphtheria common colds and nearly all other communicable diseases.

JOHN DILLARD DIES.

John Dillard who has been very ill for some time died at his home near this place last Friday at 2 o'clock, and was buried at the Dillard family ground Saturday evening.

Mr. Dillard leaves a large family and a host of friends to mourn his loss.

ANOTHER GUESS AT "THE OLD BOY"

Dear Journal:—Well "Old Boy" I am ashamed of myself that I cannot call you to my mind, but it seems a hard job. My other guess was at old Uncle Marve Angel, but I missed. Will "try again." Now a whole lot of people believe it is Mr. J. H. Cathey doing the writing but I don't think it is.

Now "Old Boy" were you not a good old long Nuzzle loading rifle shot? And did you not at one time in Tuckaseegee river, a short distance above the mouth of Cane Creek—near where you lived—kill a deer that we had run off Double Top mountain? And we dressed the deer and divided it up among a big crowd and each one got a small mess. "Old Boy," were you not a man who engaged in a little "fist-i-cuffing" occasionally? And did you not at one time get into a "difference" with old Uncle Jack Messer? And while you and he were trying to straighten your matters, did not your son Neddie (I think that was his name) come up and crack the old fellow on the head with a rock? "Old Boy," did not your brother and Uncle Jim Frizell one time get into a row, and Uncle cut your brother pretty badly with a knife?

Now "Old Boy," if I am wrong again, do as you said you would—give me some more dates to think over, and I will try again.

Why don't more Journal readers go to guessing at the "Old Boy"? Every one, I am sure, would enjoy reading them. So now, dear Journal readers, go to guessing at the "Old Boy," and let us see if some of us "ain't him."

With very best wishes for the Journal and all its readers, I am
Yours very respectfully,

TOM FRIZELL.

MESSER RECOVERING.

J. R. Messer was in the city Monday enroute to Asheville to visit his son who is in the hospital. Mr. Messer was seriously burned at Black Mountain some time ago and has been in the hospital since. Mr. Messer said they thought they could bring him home about the last of this month.

He was in his room at the boarding house when a car load of logs broke loose and ran away. Some of the logs rolled off against the room in which Mr. Messer was and struck the bed and pinned Mr. Messer against the stove which had just been filled with coal, and it was about ten minutes before any one found him.

RAISE DUCKS

Recently health officers have been finding out that ducks—just ordinary, web-footed farmyard ducks—make good sanitarians so far as the mosquito nuisance about their pond is concerned. It appears that ducks destroy mosquito larvae in rather large numbers. Just how many mosquitoes per duck per day we are not yet ready to announce. Some of the mosquito larvae are devoured while others are doubtless ruthlessly detached from their moorings, trampled under foot drowned and otherwise obliterated. —Health Bulletin.

APPLE BLIGHT

The undersigned's attention is called to an article on apple and pear blight, written by Mr. H. R. Fulton, Plant Pathologist of the North Carolina Experiment Station, whose ideas are very much at variance with my actual knowledge, gained by observation and actual experience.

Mr. Fulton says that the blight is caused by a fungus or bacteria, and is spread by insects, etc., and that the bacteria is located in the bark and wood of the affected tree; and that a good remedy to apply to the affected parts would be to use one part, or one drop, of corrosive sublimate to one thousand drops of water, apply to the affected parts and to remove all the affected bloom buds and limbs.

Now what I may have to say in regard to the blight is the experience of one who has spent over a quarter of a century in fruit tree culture, and during those years of observation I have learned that the blight is caused by what is known to horticulturists as the common saw fly, and is not considered as being of very much injury to fruit trees, only at regular periods of from twelve to fourteen years. Like the seventeen year locust, he disappears for a period, and after many years will make his appearance again.

The saw fly is in reality a beetle which makes an attack upon fruit trees, usually just at the time the trees are beginning to bloom, and plying his deadly work mostly on the inner part of the apple tree limbs, introducing his poison bill just at the base of the bloom bud, and on the outside and upper part of the tree. The beetle subsists upon the tender buds and sap and rapid growing outside limbs, by penetrating the choice parts with his sharp bill, and in so doing poisons the limb punctured, which will in a very short time cause the bud, or limb to wither and die.

The saw fly deposits his egg in the thrifty outside limbs (never inside) just at the starting part of the new growth, and within a short time will develop into a small, hard yellow worm, which subsists upon the juices of the pith, and as his wormship begins to grow, he moves up and down the pith of the limb, eating and living upon the pith and wood next the centre, until the wood is all eaten out, only leaving the bark of the limb. As the worm grows older, he extends his feeding ground downward, passing another set of leaves which was not killed when the egg was deposited, but will die in July or in early August, and can be easily detected by the second drying of the leaves. The worm either remains in his original home or leaves the limb and burrows in ground until early spring, emerging from the ground or limb early in April, punctures the bloom buds and stems and disappears for a period of about fourteen years. The punctured limb will sprout out more bloom buds this season, just at the lower part of the poisoned part of the limb, the new growth forming bloom buds next year, and the year following will produce a larger crop of apples than would have been had the saw fly not made his appearance in the year 1915. It's alright to clip off the poisoned limbs and thus give the bark a chance to heal over. You should remove all the dead wood on the upper and outside in order that an occasional beetle worm may be destroyed. Respectfully,

T. R. ZACHARY.