

JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL
HAN TOMPKINS Editor

Published Weekly By The
JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL CO

Entered as second class matter at
 the post office at Sylva, N. C.

The Methodist laymen are having
 a hard time trying to fire their canon.

Votes may be needed badly in the
 senate, when it meets, and this may
 be the reason for impounding those
 in North Carolina.

Most of us would feel easy if all
 we had to do to raise the money we
 need was to pass an act; but the Gen-
 eral Assembly is only up against that
 simple problem of financing.

The MacLean Act, with its princi-
 ples of eternal right and justice, will
 stand. The opposition members of the
 general assembly might as well ac-
 cept that fact and come on over on a
 means of financing it.

Headlines tell us that a puppy stole
 the meat off the President's supper
 plate. Couldn't it have, by any possi-
 bility, have been a wolf pup?

The students at the University of
 South Carolina have learned their les-
 sons well. An election for students
 officers was held, and out of a regis-
 tration of 841 there were 922 bal-
 lots in the box.

The Institute of Human Relations
 is meeting in Chapel Hill. Some of
 our human relations act as if they
 were not human, while others are
 poor relations.

Speaking of preparedness, a Chicago
 man called the undertaker before
 killing himself.

Uncle Sam believes in looking
 ahead. The Floyd farm and Cling
 Queen farm have been bought by the
 Federal park commission. At the foot
 of the Smokies, they will make ad-
 mirable landing fields for airplanes;
 and that is, in all probability what
 Uncle Sam will use them for. Landing
 fields and campsites in the offing.
 The government is preparing for a
 great park at our very doors. West-
 ern Carolina towns had better wake
 up and get ready for the most im-
 portant transformation ever con-
 templated for this region.

We don't know which is right, or
 whether either is; but something is
 decidedly out of joint. MacLean says
 that "licker and wimmen is what's
 the matter in Raleigh, and Mr. Con-
 nor says that there are too many
 babies in the assembly, who want to
 take their bats and go home if the
 other boys want play their way.

This thing has been dragged around
 for so long, that we have reached the
 point where we don't give a two
 cent piece where Bishop Cannon got
 the anti-Smith money if any, nor
 what he did with it, if he did get
 it.

The assembly has passed the neces-
 sary legislation to impound the bal-
 lots. There appears to be no objection
 to a recount, provided the ballots can
 be found, but the State dislikes hav-
 ing the federal courts invading our
 jurisdiction.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO ONE.

On her birthday, and the closing
 day of her school, the pupils of Miss
 Helen Scott, out in Illinois, organ-
 ized a picnic party. Three small chil-
 dren were crossing a trestle to re-
 join the main goup. A train was com-
 ing. Without hesitating a second,
 this brave, young woman, rushed into
 the face of the speeding train, seized
 one child, and threw her off the trest-
 le, and was trying to push the other
 two off, when the engine struck them.
 She laid down her life for that of the
 tiny tots in her charge. When the
 final reckoning comes, it will not be
 the Napoleons, the Caesars, the Alex-
 anders, the Hinderburgs, the Bismar-
 ks, the Bacons, the Darwins, nor
 the Rockefeller, who will head the
 list of the great souls of the earth;
 but the Mary Scotts.

QUALLA

Mrs. Nancy Keener, Bonnie An-
 thony, Mary Emma Ferguson, Edna
 Hoyle, Claude Hoyle and Mr. Wayne
 Ferguson are recent Qualla graduates
 of Sylva High School.

A large, attentive audience listened
 to a very interesting sermon at the
 Methodist church Sunday by Rev. R.
 L. Bass from the text "Peter followed
 afar off."

Mrs. Bill Allen of Almond is spend-
 ing a while with her mother, Mrs. A.
 J. Freeman.

Mrs. May Belle Henson of Whit-
 tier visited her mother, Mrs. W. H.
 Cooper.

Mr. J. L. Hyatt made a trip to
 Waynesville.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ferguson, Hugh

and Lillian Ferguson, visited rela-
 tives in Madison county.

Mrs. J. L. Sitton called on Mrs. W.
 F. House.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Johnson of
 Deep Creek called on Mr. and Mrs.
 D. M. Shuler Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Annie Massey of Waynesville
 is visiting at Mr. J. P. Crisp's.

Mrs. H. G. Ferguson called on
 Mrs. L. L. Shaver.

Mrs. Eloise Ward is visiting rela-
 tives at Wilmot.

Miss Moss of Glenville was guest
 of Miss Mary Emma Ferguson.

Rev. R. L. Bass and daughter, Sara
 Louise, Miss Hettie Cooper and Mr.
 Richard Crisp called at Mr. J. K.
 Terrell's Sunday.

COWARTS

Misses Mary and Fannie Green
 were the guests of Mrs. Milas Parker
 the past week.

Mrs. Howell Stephens and little
 daughter visited Mrs. W. D. Coward
 the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Thomasson of
 Andrews were guests of Mr. and
 Mrs. Luther Stephens Wednesday
 night. We were very much pleased to
 welcome them back to our little town.

Mr. Gill Phillips is very ill at his
 home. We hope to see him out again
 soon.

Mrs. Loyd Rogers is very sick. We
 hope for her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. D. H. Stephens has been real
 sick but am glad to say she is im-
 proving.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Holcombe of Pick-
 ens, S. C. were guests of Mr. T.
 Stephens Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Stephens vis-
 ited Mrs. D. H. Stephens Sunday,
 who has been very sick for the past
 few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Coet Woods of Rich-
 Mountain visited E. M. Coward Sun-
 day afternoon.

Dr. Edwin Bryson of Six Mile, S.
 S., was the guest of Mrs. A. E. Brown
 Sunday.

Mr. Spurgeon Stephens of Canada
 was visiting home folks Sunday.

J. B. Parker was the guest of Tom
 Hooper Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Thomasson is
 visiting at Mr. W. H. Smith's this
 week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Parker of
 Greenville, S. C. were guests of Mr.
 T. Parker Saturday night.

Mr. T. Parker has been very sick,
 but is improving some.

BALSAM

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bryson announce
 the birth of a daughter, Betty Jean,
 April 21st.

Misses Cecil and Helen Potts have
 returned from a visit to their sister,
 Mrs. Lily Rickett in Andrews.

Mrs. Grady Crawford of Columbia,
 S. C., spent last week end with his
 parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Craw-
 ford near Willits.

Miss Agnes Queen and brother, Er-
 nest, are visiting their grand father,
 Mr. W. M. Quiett at Whittier.

Mrs. George Bryson and Mr. and
 Mrs. John Knight motored to Canton
 Thursday.

Mr. W. E. Ensley, who has a posi-
 tion at LaFrance, S. C., spent last
 week end here with his family.

Miss Katy Kenney and Mr. Grady
 Crawford motored to Asheville Sun-
 day.

Mr. J. K. Kenney attended the
 State Convention of W. O. W. in High
 Point last week. Mr. Kenney is Fi-
 nancial Secretary of Balsam Camp
 No. 631.

LOYALTY and SUCCESS
GO HAND IN HAND
 BUY FROM THE GUY
 WHO CAN BUY FROM YOU
CAREON SALT STICKS
 OR SPECIALTY PRINTING
 For Any Purpose
 HOME TOWN STORE
 Home Town, N. C.
BUY WHERE YOU SELL
AT HOME
 and of the PRINTING.
DON'T FORGET
JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL

FOR SALE—Ten of the leading va-
 rieties of Gladiolus bulbs grown by
 one of the leading bulb producers
 of the country. Extra large No. 1
 bulbs guaranteed to be true to
 name. Satisfaction or money refund-
 ed. Price \$3 per 100. Send orders
 to Thos. M. Seawell, Waynesville,
 N. C.

NOTICE

Cowarts, N. C.,
 May 6th, 1931.

Dear Editor:—
 Your publication carried a news ar-
 ticle last week stating that the com-
 missioners were considering the act
 of abolishing the office of county
 agent in their economy program for
 Jackson county.

I believe that our commissioners
 are honest in their every act and I
 am sure that no one appreciates their
 efforts to cut down expenses more
 than the farmer, but I am just won-
 dering if it wouldn't be a mistake to
 abolish the office of county agent.

Agriculture is the chief factor in
 the life of Jackson county. The farm-
 ers are furnishing the majority of
 the soldiers in the county's fight
 against the business depression.

Mr. Commissioners, must our red-
 dest blood be sapped? Must a wrench
 be thrown into the machinery that
 keeps our stores, our banks and our
 schools and our churches going dur-
 ing a business depression like this?

Jackson's business leaders realize
 that the advancement of the farmer
 must not be retarded if the county is
 to recover from its present stagger.
 Mr. M. Cowan at the bank and oth-
 ers have shown this to be their attitude
 in their actions of the past.

E. V. Vestal is a capable leader
 for the "farm forces" of Jackson
 county.

A heart wound is a serious one in-
 deed.

Respectfully yours,
 Hilliard Henson.

TO ELECTION REGISTRARS

An order of the federal court im-
 pouning the ballot boxes in the
 election of last November, having
 been served upon me, all registrars,
 who have not already done so, are
 hereby notified to deliver the bal-
 lot boxes, with ballots intact, to the
 clerk of the superior court of Jack-
 son county, without delay.

AARON HOOPER,
 Chairman, County Board of Elections
 of Jackson County.



"A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE"

By Epes Sargent
 A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep!
 Like an eagle caged, I pine
 On this dull, unchanging shore:
 Oh! give me the flashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand
 Of my own swift-gliding craft:
 Set sail! farewell to the land!
 The gale follows fair abaft.
 We shoot through the sparkling foam
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown;
 But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, Let the storm come
 down!
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters
 rave,
 A home on the rolling sea!
 A life on the ocean wave!

HUMORETTES

Proud Parent (who served):
 "What I told you is the story of the
 world war."
 His Son: "But, papa, what did
 they need the rest of the army for?"

Ted: "My pop is a Moose, an
 Elk, a Lion and a Red man!"
 Bert: "Do you have to pay to
 look at him?"

Good Printing
 LARGE or SMALL
JOBS

JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL

Lyric Theatre

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Clara Bow in
"NO LIMIT"
 Comedy—News Reel

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Joe Cook in
"RAIN OR SHINE"
 Boy Friends Comedy

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
 Everett ETAOIN ETAOIN HRD
 Edward Everett Horton in
"LONELY WIVES"
 Comedy—Screen Song

Job Printing at Reasonable Prices



Whether We Feel That Way Or Not

A FRIEND of mine tells me that he has recently added to his income by working in the evenings as a press agent for an amusement park.

It was his first contact with that great industry which has grown up out of the rather pathetic eagerness of folks to be happy—to have their minds diverted from their work and worries.

He said: "My job has been hard work, but it taught me one thing that is priceless—how to look pleasant whether I feel that way or not."

It reminded me of a conversation I once had with the press agent of a circus. In describing the freaks in the side-show, he remarked: "Every so often we have to send them away. They get sucker sore."

"Sucker sore!" I exclaimed. "That's a new one on me. What's the meaning of sucker sore?"

He explained that, in the parlance of the circus, a customer is a sucker. It is not a derogatory term, merely the conventional phrase.

"The freaks sit there on their raised platforms, listening to the comments of the suckers who press around them all day long," he said. "The living skeleton hears the same rude jokes a hundred thousand times. The fat lady is poked at with umbrellas, and kidded by smart young fellows who imagine that their wise cracks are something absolutely fresh and new."

"Day after day the freaks put up with it, smiling patiently. But every day the strain of their suppressed emotions grows greater, until finally they want to jump down off their platforms and bite the customers. Then we have to send them away for a rest. They are 'sucker sore.'"

Most of us can sympathize with the freaks; we, too, have been sucker sore. There have come days when our tired nerves rebelled against the demands of the customers who give us a living; when we grumbled at the job for which we should have been grateful; when it seemed that all interest had gone from our work, leaving only dull routine.

It is wise on such days to pull down the desk and walk out of the office, and say: "I will not be back until tomorrow."

But even this cure does not always work, or can not always be applied. Soon or late we have to face the fact that life is a fight, not a picnic. And one of the elements of victory, in the words of my friend, is the capacity to "look pleasant, whether we feel that way or not."

Main Street Looks at Broadway
 BY "OBSERVER"

The Kiss
 Coming to work the other morning were two office workers. They reached the subway terminal at Times Square and rode up on the escalator, which supplants stairs for the fifty-foot climb. Half-way up, the girl, after a little chaffing, leaned down and planted a kiss lightly on the cheek of her blushing partner.

About a dozen or more witnessed the little comedy and, as became sophisticated New Yorkers, grinned and let it go at that.

Curious City Crowds

People in the country who listen in on party telephone lines have their counterpart in the big crowds that always assemble here when anything unusual occurs. Hundreds line the sidewalks when a new sky scraper is going up, watching everything from the first scoops to the final hoisting jobs that carry the eye almost up to the clouds.

One wonders when city people find time to do their work. Any day one can go into a moving picture theatre during ordinary working hours, and find the place crowded with men.

Rainy days, in particular, find the show houses crowded, the usual number of spectators being augmented by salesmen who always look on a wet day as a poor one in which to approach a prospect, and properly so.

Still, there is no excuse for the loafing one notices on bright days in this city.

Cruelty of a City

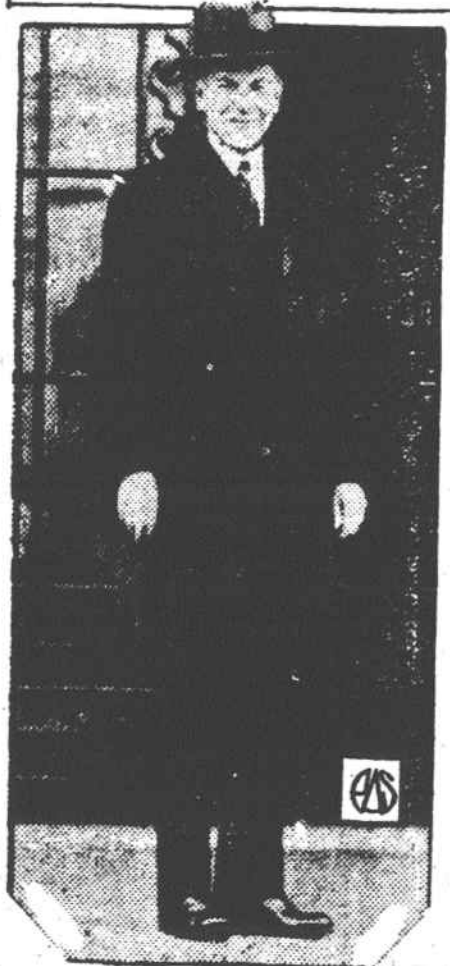
One of the most pitiful tragedies uncovered here in a long time occurred the other day when a woman of 68 was freed on a charge of shop-lifting, her second offense of like character.

She is the wife of a former stock-broker, a Princeton graduate who lost his all in a crash five years ago, and since then has been living from hand to mouth. The husband testified that until recently, he had been able to eke out enough to enable the couple to live at second-rate hotels, but even this poor support had vanished.

He told how the couple had been forced to spend their nights in hotel lobbies and railroad station waiting rooms. Finally his wife, driven to desperation, stole a \$56 coat from a department store.

Moved by his story, two of the three justices who heard the case, voted to give the woman a suspended sentence.

No More Cares



Being ex-President is not bad at all, judging by Calvin Coolidge's latest picture. See that smile!

High-Low in Texas



Rev. J. W. Holt, chaplain of the Texas House of Representatives, is 76 inches, and Charlie Lockhart, state treasurer, 46 inches.

Going on Stage



Flo Ziegfeld liked the looks of Eleanor Holm, 17, of New York so much he signed her up for a little girl's part. Not to swim.

What a Slow Bus!



Patrick Henry, Oklahoma ranchman, met, courted and won Daisy Frame on a bus trip to California, where they were married.

Wins on Wheat



Simon Fishman, Jewish wheat farmer of Kansas, told President Baldwin his railroad would carry a million tons of wheat in a year 35 years ago. He is riding free because of it.

Young Patriots



Jewel Davis, daughter of Senator James W. Davis, and Jack Erwin, the youngest members of the C.A.R., visited at the D.A.R. convention.