

HAPPENINGS IN OUR NEIGHBORING VILLAGES

AGRICULTURAL COLUMN
Conducted by
R. D. Goodman.

WINCOFF.

The first of the preliminary debates leading toward the coming triangular contests, designed to take place in this spring, will be held on the afternoon of February 8, between the teams of the eighth and ninth grades. A second debate will be held on the following week between the tenth and eleventh grade debating teams. From the several debates selected from the ranks of the high school, two teams will be drawn to represent Wincoff against the other schools of our section. The subjects to be discussed is "Resolved: That the United States Should Enter the League of Nations."

Mr. Earl Wincoff left Monday for Gaston to work.

Mr. R. D. Goodman is improving after a few days' illness.

Mr. Dallas Wincoff left Monday for Texas.

The Woman's Missionary Society of Mt. Olivet had a meeting Tuesday evening. They met at Mrs. E. J. Wincott's.

NEWS REPORTERS.

MOORESVILLE ROUTE ONE.

Velma, nine-year-old daughter of Mr. E. L. Karraker, who is in a Stateville hospital, is very low and her life is despaired of.

Quite a number of our people have been attending the Thomas trial in Concord.

Mrs. Will Karraker has been very sick of rheumatism, but is now thought to be improving.

Eight-years-old Frank son of Mr. G. J. Shinn had the misfortune to swallow a small nail tonight—hence a trip to Dr. S. A. Rhyne in Mooresville.

Mr. Hugh and Miss Mary Deal are nursing core arms from smallpox virus.

Messrs. J. M. Freeze and daughter, Miss Pearl, spent this afternoon at Oaklawn.

Messrs. Mack and Will Freeze have been on the sick list.

Mrs. Jennie Smith has recently recovered from a attack of pleurisy.

Miss Maud Karraker, teacher of the Patterson school, spent a few days of last week here with her mother.

Mrs. Other Deal has recovered from an attack of flu.

Mrs. Guy Butler is sick at the home of Mrs. Sera Butler.

Miss Nona Wiggins, of Enochville, is spending some time here with her uncle, Mr. Ray Petree.

Mr. Willie Deal is putting along as well as he can. He has Mr. John Smith on the job.

Unity school has ordered 1,000 new music books. Our next singing will be held on February 3rd, and a full attendance is expected. There about 150 students, and it is hoped to have some visitors from neighboring and some interested folks by them.

Mr. George Overman, who has been confined to his bed for a long time, does not seem to improve.

The Enochville Telephone Company had a meeting recently, reorganized and is now building a new line. The old line was built about twenty years ago.

We notice Venus says some of his flock has some little chickens. Our lawn birds of some too.

Since writing the item above, Mrs. A. M. Karraker has passed away. The child developed pneumonia on the night of the 3rd. For some time her condition was not thought to be alarming, but the disease did not give away and the little girl finally had to be taken to the Statesville Hospital for an operation. Then her trouble grew more and more discouraging till the end came last night at 11 o'clock. The body was brought home today and funeral arrangements have been made for tomorrow at St. Enoch Church, where interment will be made in the cemetery. Rev. B. S. Dasher will conduct the services. Mr. and Mrs. Karraker and the boys have the sympathy of the entire community.

D.

ENOCHVILLE.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parnell have gone to house-keeping in Charlotte.

Mr. Leslie Rumpke, who has been working in Kannapolis, went home on Thursday to wait on his family, who are having the flu.

Messrs. M. W. C. C. and Hugh Lee bright caught four rabbits Friday morning in about two hours while the snow was on the ground.

Messrs. R. P. and Allan Lowder and their father, spent last Sunday evening with Mr. Ed. Plaster.

Mr. H. S. Rumpke's family has the flu.

RUSY BEE.

GEORGEVILLE.
The snow which fell last Thursday night has afforded very much pleasure to the young people as well as the old.

Misses Inez and Laura Mae Shinn, of Mont. Amoena Seminary, at Mt. Pleasant, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Shinn. They were accompanied home by Miss Rae Blackwelder, of M. A. S., and Mr. Paul McCollough, of M. P. C. L., who were the week-end guests of Miss Vaine Earnhardt.

Some parties were tried on the charge of stealing chickens on last Saturday afternoon by Magistrate D. M. Coley. They were convicted and bound over to court on a \$75 bond. X

We Must Become Timber Growers

By W. B. GREELEY,
Chief U. S. Forest Service.

Editor's Note.—W. B. Greeley is chief of the United States Forest Service. He is making a life work of saving to the nation the wood that is left and to creating a new supply of timber to fill the demand that will exist for untold years to come. He has some facts and figures that are surprising.

The lumber industry of the United States is dropping behind the Rocky Mountains. This is the outstanding fact in the 1920 census of American sawmills just completed by the Forest Service. The cut of lumber in practically every western State has increased. In nearly every eastern State it has declined. Washington heads the list of lumber producing States and manufactures a sixth of the entire lumber of the country. Louisiana long held second place but now yields it to Oregon, California becomes the fifth in rank, replacing another of her southern sisters. The American sawmill has steadily eaten its way westward and now is cropping the last rich virgin pastures. Over 60 per cent. of the timber left in the Eastern States lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

From that region the country must draw a steadily increasing part of the thirty-five odd billion feet of lumber which it needs every year for its buildings and its industries.

Last summer I rode over a 60-mile stretch railroad in the mountains of West Virginia on which thirty-five sawmills, large and small, have been dismantled and abandoned within the last fifteen years. Its stations are mostly sawdust piles, each with its cluster of vacant, rotting buildings. Another such a few miles distant once marketed the product of twelve large sawmills. Now one of them is left silent and its humming saw will become silent in four or five years. The forest industries of this region are practically at an end. Its mill towns are gone with Nineveh and Tyre. Here and there throughout once vast forests of hemlock, spruce and oak, there is a little group of bottomland farms or a little patch of pasture land. Ninety-five of it is a burned and idle waste.

An Old Story.

The story of these West Virginia mountains tells the history of man-timbered regions and once thriving industrial districts in the United States. It is retold in the Allegheny forests of Pennsylvania, in the old sawmill towns, and timber camps of the Great Lakes, in the timbered mountainous South Atlantic and the Gulf. It is not only a story of forest wreckage but of economic and social retrogression. The sawmill, pursuing the course dictated by its own financial fortunes, has left enormous areas of unemployed and unproductive land behind it and with the passing of the sawmill passed the principal industry and source of employment. Where the denuded land was fertile and tillable and when a seeming demand for its cultivation followed the lumberjack as in the Ohio Valley, the destruction of a large part of the forest was necessary to economic progress. But enormous areas stripped of their timber and burned of their young growth still never became a nation of timber users. We must become a nation of timber users.

Even when the lumber men grow old, tired and poor no opportunity need arise before reforestation, the previous timber supply will be in a fair way toward solution. There is forest land aplenty in the United States to build our houses, supply our factories, and fill our newspapers, if it is kept up with growing trees.

William Jennings Bryan.

It is reported that Mr. Bryan, who has been living in Florida for some years, represented the Flower State in the Senate of the United States. No one in Florida dares to run against Senator Bryan, who is well known throughout the State, and highly esteemed by his fellow citizens. But Mr. Bryan, a man whose dependability and his worldwide reputation as a statesman, still endeavor to regain his place a man whom nobody from his home state can overcome. This does not sound good, and it will be Florida's credit to stand by him now in case the Nebraskan undertakes to defeat him. If we have any knowledge of the people of Florida this is exactly what they will do.

Mr. Bryan is not a shining success as a politician. He is a great ruler but he does not so run that he obtains. He has held very few elective offices in his career, but perhaps no man in our public life has run quite so much. It is rather remarkable that a man of so great ability and so clean and honorable life as Mr. Bryan should have failed so entirely in his efforts to win popular support. No fee however hinders him to cast suspicion on Bryan's name. His life is an open book known and read of all men. He is an esteemed Christian man who lets his light shine. Why then is he so unlucky in his political aspirations? One reason is his lack of judgment. He should be content to remain in public life until there is an imperative call for his service. There is no such call in Florida. He is reported to be creating his own propaganda to defeat a well known and much beloved public servant. If he succeeds it will be about the first time in his career that he reached his desires. Nebraska has never made him her favorite son and the country at large, which honors him for his integrity and admires him for his remarkable intellectual power, has never quite believed in his sanity and power of judgment. Mr. Bryan shines most as a great and useful private citizen, and he would be much happier at home suppressing his ambition to "run for something," and be defeated often by a smaller and less able opponent.

Warning Gixxy.
Because of unemployed forest land, we are depleting our timber resources six times as fast as they are being replaced. Because of this, we today feel the slowly tightening grip of a national timber shortage. Thelessness of forest land is making it more difficult and costly to house our people, to supply our newspapers and magazines with paper, to maintain our manufacturing industries that depend upon wood. It were well to heed the warning on the wall. We should view the unemployed area as exactly as we view the unemployment of human labor.

The answer is not far to seek. Forestry is no longer a fanciful theory. It has become the concern of the everyday business man. We are presented as a nation of timber users. We must become a nation of timber users.

Southern Baptists—WILL OPEN ABOUT JUNE 12.

Asheville, Jan. 28.—The regular program of the Southern Baptist assembly at Ridgecrest will open on or about June 12, according to Rev. J. A. McNease, a member of the executive board of the assembly.

Improvements to the buildings and grounds will be begun as soon as weather conditions permit. A baseball field will be remodeled within, and additions will be made to the equipment of the sleeping rooms, and dining room. A one-way driveway will

ONE PENNY COLUMN—IX PAGES



MR. FOX'S NEW SUIT.

"I REALLY must have a new suit of clothes," said Mr. Fox, one morning to his wife, "and while I am about it I may as well have a stylish one. I noticed in the fashions that they were wearing the trousers tighter."

"You can't get about very well in tight pants," said Mrs. Fox, "and goodness knows that you are slow enough now about getting food for the family. You better think a little more about work and less about style."

But in spite of all of Mrs. Fox's good advice Mr. Fox got a new suit, and had it made tight-fitting.

"You better put on your old suit of clothes straight," said Mrs. Fox, as her husband started off with the market basket on his arm. "You know that



Mr. Fox up at the hill farm is a very restless sleeper and it should cause you to catch him with those tight clothes on."

"I guess I can jump and run faster than lay off Mr. Fox, even if I am dressed up," replied Mr. Fox, as he dashed the door behind him. For he was afraid of hearing so much about his strait clothes.

He walked along in the moonlight, not a bark or growl in sight, and when his husband saw that he put on his old ones and never again wore tight pants.

When he rose out at night he would bark a bark that was large enough for him to make a wide leap and get caught on rail fence.

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Thawing



THEY HAD SOME IMAGINATION!



HANK and PETE



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