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WAYNESVILLE DEFEATS LENOIR

In one of the best basketball games played on the local court the Waynesville high school team defeated the Lenoir team Wednesday night, February 20, by the score of 37 to 25. The passing of the Waynesville boys was excellent. Waynesville's stars were Francis, who played center, and Burgin, at forward. Dysart, the Lenoir center, played the best ball for his team, making several difficult shots.

The line-up for Wednesday's game was:

Waynesville	Pos.	Lenoir
Burgin	Left Forward	Hoover
Ratcliff	Right Forward	Nelson
Francis	Center	Dysart
Ferguson	Right Guard	Cottrell
Alley	Left Guard	Tuttile

On Saturday, March 2, the Waynesville team will compete with the North State team on the local court at 2:30. The admission is 25 cents. Much enthusiasm has been put into the practice and a good attendance is expected for the game. Come out and show your colors.

Waynesville High School Wins Medal at Weaver College

The representatives from the Waynesville High School, Miss Sara Thomas and Mr. Frank Hardin, with Miss Frances Robeson, the teacher who accompanied them, returned Saturday afternoon from the oratorical contest for the schools of Western North Carolina, which is held annually at Weaver College.

They were enthusiastic over the delightful hospitality which they enjoyed and happy over the fact that they were victors in the contest.

Miss Sara Thomas, in her reading of "Ole Mistis," won the medal in the girls' contest, by a unanimous vote. While Mr. Hardin did not win the medal in the boys' contest, he made a fine impression and was highly complimented. The Waynesville school may feel justly proud of these young people.

The following is the program of the contest:

DECLAMATION CONTEST

"My Country, My Mother, My God," by John Young.

"Be a Man," by Jack McClure.

"Seeing Things," by Deval Medford.

"The World's Greatest Battlefield," by Fred Herren.

"American Citizenship," by J. C. Brittain.

"Mother, Gird My Sword Around Me," by Frank Hardin.

"My Country, My Mother, My God," by Lawrence Brown.

RECITATION CONTEST

"Ole Mistis," by Maude Trantham.

"An Aspiring Dish Washer," by Bonnie Clara Greenwood.

"Shaker Romance," by Tynnah Phillips.

"Ole Mistis," by Sara Thomas.

"The Little Martyrs," by Orva McCracken.

"Debutante," by Carrie Merrill.

Miss Nora Francis Entertains

Miss Nora Francis very delightfully entertained a few relatives and friends last Friday evening in honor of her cousin, Mr. Henry Francis, of Portchester, N. Y., who left for his home this week after a several months' visit to relatives here. Games were played until a late hour, when delightful refreshments were served. Those enjoying Miss Francis' hospitality were: Misses Ada and Elizabeth Grabli, Sue W. Lindsley, Alice Quinlan, Bessie Francis, Naomi Harold, Elizabeth Francis, Cleo Connor and Rahvia Alley; Messrs. Harley, Henry, Sam and Henry R. Francis, Bruce Tittle, Joe Davis, Dewey Francis, W. T. Mehaffey and Harry Jusher.

SHEEP SPECIALIST TO SPEAK

Mr. George Evans, sheep specialist, will speak to the people of the following communities on the dates given below. Mr. Evans has plans which if put into effect will greatly hasten the development of the sheep industry in the county. Let the farmers come out and hear him.

Cruise, Monday night, 7:30, March 4th.

Bethel, Tuesday night, 7:30, March 5th.

W. H. FERGUSON,
County Agent.

"DOG KILLED A \$100 EWE"

The caption of a very strong letter by A. C. Walker, published in The Mountaineer-Courier February 7:

"SHEEP VS. DOGS"

The caption of another very strong letter by Geo. G. Garrett, published in The Mountaineer-Courier February 14. Letters like these, from progressive farmers like Walker and Garrett, published, one or two each week, would be a strong force in creating a sentiment against the useless keeping of dogs.

Like Garrett, I think every owner of a dog should pay \$5, each, or \$10 each where he keeps more than one. Tax the mongrels and worthless curs out of existence and make room for the sheep which would afford much needed wool and mutton. Just here, to somewhat emphasize the position which I have always maintained against keeping dogs I will mention that in the spring of 1885 I was living in Waynesville, when there were only 37 residences within the then corporate limits of the town, and two of those places were over stores, and standing in front of where I kept store one morning I counted 28 dogs, many of them puppies. Most of these belonged to two good citizens of the town. Now, these 28 dogs were only a portion of the dogs belonging in town. So the ridiculousness of the thing struck me so forcibly I thought there might be a way to get rid of some of these pests at least, hence I wrote on my bulletin board:

"Wanted—5,000 dogs, for which I will pay at the rate of a nickel for three, and for especially fine strains of blood will pay a nickel apiece."

Soon the two good citizens to whom I refer had sold their dogs. They found a better market and realized more than I offered; however, either the same spring or the next I was elected as a member of the board of aldermen and we three heartily and unanimously passed an ordinance to tax \$1 upon every dog. I think that ordinance has been renewed and kept up by every succeeding board of aldermen. Suffice to say that tax ordinance drove a good many dogs out of town.

But here! It has long been a matter almost impossible to get legislators to do their duty in regard to taxing dogs. Too many of them are weak-kneed politicians and fear they will be relegated if they pass a stringent dog tax law. I am more afraid of even a little vicious fice than I am of a snake because I can kill the snake and everybody approves; but if I kill your fice, which may have rabies, of which I have a mortal dread, I enrage you and all your family and friends against me. Such is the depravity of the largest per cent of the human family. I admit there are many useful dogs; many dogs that are really valuable to their owners. Far be it from me to want to hurt a dog, unless he was trying to bite me. But I would advise killing all the worthless ones and propagate none but the valuable kinds. Grow more sheep and more hogs instead and if your child must have a pet as is so natural with many children buy it a lamb, a pig, or calf, and raise that for the child. The food which these consume produces profit, whereas the food fed to the dog is wasted.

Now to diverge I wish to extend my sympathy to the families and friends of both Uncle Henry Messer, who was a long time a faithful patron when I taught school at Crabtree in 1867 and 1868, and a very devout Christian then and ever since so far as I ever knew. God has taken Uncle Henry to Himself and his works do follow him. I knew Uncle Jack Justice long and favorably. Always felt that he was a devout Christian, confident that in his heart he loved and commended with God. I loved both these earnest Christian men and hope that all who are dear to them by the ties of blood, fellowship or friendship shall strive to live so that their lives may shine as brightly as the lives of our two friends.

I want to commend the tribute which our aged and faithful Christian brother, W. A. Kirkpatrick, paid to these two, like himself, venerable oaks of the Crabtree Valley.

No doubt the lives of these three have influenced for good, for righteousness and Godly living many sons and daughters of the beautiful Crabtree valley and far beyond its borders.

ANDY WHACKEN.

The Combination Food Stuff Law.

By Jesse Daniel Boone

I love my country, Uncle Sam;
I'd fight for it in Amsterdam;
But when my cats you'd regulate,
You almost make me hesitate.
I'll buy your bonds and Hooverize,
And class you with the good and wise,
But I declare it's mighty tough
When one can't eat wheat bread enough.

This combination food-stuff law
Is the hardest task I ever saw;
I've eaten bran and shorts for bread,
Until I scarce can raise my head.

To get some flour made of wheat,
A thing I dearly love to eat,
I've bought sawdust and shavings junk,
Enough to fill a drummer's trunk.

This country grows a pile of wheat;
'T would fill Broadway and old Wall street,
But when I went to buy some bread,
"Buy 50-50," my grocer said,

"We have some grits, and meal, and rice;
Some oatmeal, corn flakes—fresh and nice.
For ev'ry pound of these you try,
A pound of flour you may buy.

"But a'pose I haven't got the price
To buy that extra meal for mice?
What then, old Scout, can you suggest?"
Of course, you likely know the rest.

The grocer looked me up and down,
With a hateful grin, a sort of frown;
"What's that to me," he said in scorn,
"Do like the the horses, eat some corn."

Better Farming in the South

FERTILIZER PRECAUTIONS

Plant Food Should Have A Legal Guarantee Of Availability If It Is To Measure Up To Nation's Pressing Food Demands

J. C. Pridmore, Farm Service Bureau, Atlanta, Georgia.

While the American farmer responded to the worldwide demand in 1917 for food, feeds and clothing, Mr. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, says that this does not justify a let-down in farm activities; for he has stated that even greater efforts must be put forth in the coming months.

If the southern farmer is to do his share in producing foods for man and beast, and at the same time, grow cotton fibre for the nation, he must either increase his crop acreage, or else grow considerably more per acre than customary.

In view of the scarcity and high price of labor at the present time, it seems to be the part of wisdom for farmers generally not to materially increase the crop acreage, but to increase the acre yields.

Acres yields can be increased by better preparation of the seed bed, by the use of good seed of varieties adapted to the region, by using a more liberal application of the right kinds of fertilizers and by better cultivation of the growing crops.

While all of these factors influence acre yields, let us call particular attention at this time to the kind and amount of fertilizer to be used. Practically all of the southern soils are deficient in phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash and these must be supplied in some form to get the largest yields and biggest farm profits.

While the proper use of these materials will increase the yields per acre and help supply the nation's needs, the wise farmer will at the same time strive to get the largest financial returns from their use. To do this, he must exercise care in buying them as well as in applying them.

The farmer should understand that plants use fertilizers as foods only after they have been dissolved by the soil water, and that which is not soluble is not available to the plant. It is to the farmer's interest, therefore, to know that the fertilizers he is buying are guaranteed to contain a stated amount of available plant food.

Quick Acting Form.

For the best results in the cultivation of general field crops, materials carrying phosphoric acid, nitrogen and some potash should be applied. Potash is more deficient in the light and sandy soils than in clay soils. Not less than 150 to 200 pounds of complete fertilizers per acre should be used and hundreds of farmers find more than this amount to be most profitable. Fertilizers containing these necessary plant foods are generally essential for the most profitable production of all field crops. Since there is such a world-wide need for crops, and since farm products are higher now than ever before, it follows that the farmer who strives to fulfill the nation's needs just now by the use of such plant food as is necessary, secures at the same time the largest possible financial returns for himself.

American-Made Potash

Good As German Kind

If there is any doubt in the mind of a farmer about using fertilizers containing American-made potash, in the belief that it is not as good as that which was formerly obtained from Germany, his mind can be set at rest by any chemist or agricultural authority. Any one who knows in what form the potash exists in the American-made product will declare that muriate or sulfate of potash is the same to the plant whether it be obtained from American sources or Germany, and that the plant asks no questions as to where it originated, but feeds on it just the same.

Raise Home Supplies

And Some To Spare

"Store bought" foods and feeds are too high priced for any farmer to pay, even if he could find them for sale. The wise southern farmer will get in a crop of corn and velvet beans, potatoes, vegetables of various kinds, grow a few hogs and poultry and otherwise look out for the needs of his family and his tenants. With all of food products bringing such good prices, the southern farmer should do a patriotic bit if he would raise enough to spare some for the grocer while he is raising his selling crop.

THE MCCRACKEN FAMILY

(No. 3—By A. H. McCracken.)

Before giving you a sketch of grandfather Joseph I wish to say a few things respecting the McCrackens who settled in Randolph county, N. C., and those who settled in South Carolina. I have seen some of both of these families and there is a striking resemblance between them and our family.

I am personally acquainted with one Robert H. McCracken, a piano tuner. He was born in North Carolina and he told me that his great great grandfather was one of the boys who landed in Charlestown, S. C., and that all the McCrackens in middle North Carolina are his descendants. There is a Dr. J. F. McCracken near Greensboro, N. C., and A. J. McCracken, postmaster at Graham, Alamance county, N. C., and also a McCracken at Raleigh, pastor of the largest Methodist church there. All these McCrackens trace their father back to a Scotchman of our name who settled in Randolph county, N. C.

The McCrackens in South Carolina seem to know little of their first American parents, yet there is a striking resemblance between them and the other families.

That little story of the three Scotch brothers who landed at Charlestown some time in the middle of the seventeenth century is told by both of these families and as some of these, one Hiram McCracken, mentioned in my last, migrated from Union county, S. C., to Georgia, must have been some relatives in Georgia who drew him away from the family in South Carolina; for this man Hiram moved to a section in Georgia where other McCrackens were then living. I have a letter from H. D. McCracken, of Cornelia, Ga., in which he says that his grandfather came to Georgia from North Carolina. Putting these facts together we see that these families must have known each other back in the early days and the legend of the three brothers who landed in Charlestown must be a true story.

Great grandfather Joseph McCracken was born in Habersham county, Georgia, January 4, 1776, and died at Crabtree, N. C., June 25, 1848. He married Sarah Vaughn March 15, 1798. Grandmother Sarah was born March 11, 1779 and died December 22, 1867. My grandfather, Hiram McCracken, told me that grandmother Sarah was born in South Carolina on the site where the city of Greenville is now located, but others of the family say that she was born in Georgia.

About two years after their marriage they came to Crabtree, Haywood county, N. C., and settled on a hundred-acre tract of land near where Albert Walker now lives, for which they paid \$50. They made the journey from Habersham to Crabtree on horseback. They went to work on this little farm and through skill and industry made good, for at grandfather's death in 1848 they owned every valuable farm, except one, on Crabtree Creek.

Grandmother Sarah was a very industrious woman. She spun, wove and made all the clothes both for herself and family. She was a southerner to the core, holding to the very last for southern rights. She said she had counted her children and grandchildren who were in the Southern army and that she had 107 and she hoped to live to see that not one of them deserted the southern cause. She had her request, although many of them found a grave on the battlefield, yet not one of them proved disloyal. She died one year after the war at the good old age of 80. Grandfather and grandmother were God-fearing and Christians, holding to the Baptist denomination. They grew up surrounded by the primitive forest, having for their guide the Bible and nature. We often wonder how the pioneer lived for his advantages compared with ours were few. But the man who has the Bible for his guide and nature for his environments can never fall though he lives in a desert. We degenerates have not the faith of our fathers. We are living in an age that is beset by all manner of doctrines. Our forefathers believed the Bible but we are inclined to be skeptical. Every now and then we hear that a great Professor So-and-so has proved—4 1/2% from the not living, or has obtained a new type of life by some wonderful feat of breeding. Or some geologist or archaeologist has discovered in the earth the missing link which connects the higher forms

of life with the lower, or which bridges over the gulf between man and the apes. Thus we get our science from the newspaper and the theories of men rather than from the Bible. There is a need for the old-time Bible and the sooner we take this for our code of instruction the better. For we are beginning to see that the Bible is more accurate than the world's science and her simple gospel wiser than its philosophy. The Bible was grandfather's guide which taught him that God was sovereign and that all things were in his hands. Our fathers came to America not to dig gold nor to lay up riches, but to live unmolested and to enjoy that freedom God has given all who believe on His Son. This happy pair are buried at Mt. Zion cemetery, Crabtree, N. C. They worked and toiled and left the fruits of their labor for others and as we approach this spot where lies their ashes we should not only remember them but the God they served, through whose goodness they had prosperity and length of years.

There were born unto them 13 children, nine boys and four girls, of which all except one lived to a good old age. The names of these children are as follows:

Carrie, born January 13, 1799; married Josiah Crawford.
Acton, born January 23, 1800; married a Miss Poteet.
John, born December 21, 1901; married Miss Leannah Rogers.
James, born November 23, 1804; died at the age of 13 years.
Russell, born October 24, 1806; married a Miss Garnett.
Mary, born August 31, 1808; married John Rogers.
Margaret, born March 5, 1810; married Cyrus Rogers.
David, born December 12, 1812; married three times—Garrett, Jones, Haynes.

George, born July 31, 1814; married his cousin, a Miss McCracken.

Amelia, born July 2, 1815; married a Mr. Byers.
Joseph, Jr., born June 10, 1817; married a Miss Roberson.

Enos, born June 25, 1819; married a Miss Rogers.

Hiram, born October 12, 1821; married Miss Mary Howell.

All these children are dead and all except one, James, lived to bring up families and the average life of these children were more than three score and ten. This was a prolific family indeed. If the science of health and obedience to the doctor's rule counts for anything our great grandparents had it on us. These children were an honor to their parents and made good citizens and did much both in church and state. I hope in my next article to take up these children one by one and write a few things of them. So don't get scared boys, for I am not going to paint the lily in all its colors.

Spartanburg, S. C.

JUNALUSKA GOLF COURSE

Jerry Liner has about completed his contract for grading and seeding to grass the putting green of the golf course at Lake Junaluska. He says that this will be an ideal golf course and one of the best found anywhere. The ground is located at the end of the lake nearest Waynesville. At each of the nine holes the ground has been graded level within a radius of about 40 feet from the holes. Between the holes the lay of the ground varies greatly in character, sufficient to test the skill of even experts of the game. Mr. Liner estimates the expense of the course at \$5,000.

The ground was plowed and sub-soiled so as to hold the moisture. When the grass starts it will be kept mowed like a lawn. This will add greatly to the many other varied attractions at this now well known mountain lake and the Southern Assembly is to be commended on this feature. From a scenic standpoint there can be no more ideal spot for such a playground.

WANTED—Two 1-4 h. p. motors (s. c., 220 v.), one with variable speed; electric melting pot for Linotype. Have for sale 12x18 C. & P. Gordon in excellent condition, \$300.—Mountaineer-Courier, Waynesville.

We have officially approved terms of certificates for merchants for farmers to sign when purchasing these at 40 cents a hundred or 500 for 75 cents.