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MARSHALL, MADISON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12th 1913.

NO. 50.

DIRECTORY.

MADISON COUNTY. Established by the legislature session 1850-51. Population, 20,132. County seat, Marshall. 1656 feet above sea level. New and modern court house, cost \$33,000.00. New and modern jail, cost \$15,000. New county home, cost \$10,000.00. County Officers. Hon. C. B. Mashburn, Senator, 36th District, Marshall. Hon. J. E. Rector, Representative, Hot Springs, N. C. N. B. McDevitt, Clerk Superior Court, Marshall. W. M. Bugkner, Sheriff, Marshall. Z. G. Sprinkle, Register of Deeds, Marshall. C. F. Rynnion, Treasurer, Marshall N. C., R. F. D. No. 4. R. L. Tweed, Surveyor, White Rock N. C. Dr. J. H. Baird, Coroner, Mars Hill N. C. Mrs. Eliza Henderson, Jailer, Marshall. John Honeycutt, Janitor, Marshall. Dr. C. N. Sprinkle, County Physician, Marshall. James Haynie, Supt. county home, Marshall. Courts as follows: September 1st, 1913 (2) November 10th, 1913. (2) March 2nd, 1914, (2). June 1st, 1914 (2). Sept. 7th, 1914, (2). R. R. Reynolds, Solicitor, Asheville N. C. 1913, Fall Term—Judge Frank Carter, Asheville. 1914, Spring Term—Judge M. H. Justice, Rutherfordton, N. C. Fall Term—Judge E. B. Cline, of Hickory, N. C. County Commissioners. W. C. Sprinkle, chairman, Marshall R. A. Edwards, member, Marshall, R. F. D. No. 2. Reubin A. Tweed, member, Big Laurel, N. C. J. Coleman Ramsey, atty., Marshall. Road Commissioners. Frank Roberts, chairman, Marshall. J. K. Wilson, secretary, route 2. Marshall. Highway Commission. F. Shelton, President, Marshall. Guy V. Roberts, " Geo. W. Wild, Big Pine, N. C. S. W. Brown, Hot Springs, " Joe S. Brown, Waverly, " A. F. Sprinkle, Mars Hill, N. C. Board of Education. Jasper Ebbs, Chairman, Spring Creek, N. C. John Robert Sams, ream. Mars Hill, N. C. W. R. Sams, mem. Marshall. Prof. R. G. Anders, Superintendent of Schools, Marshall. Board meets first Monday in January, April, July, and October each year. Schools and colleges. Mars Hill College, Prof. R. L. Moore, President. Fall Term begins August 17th, 1913, and Spring Term begins January 2nd 1914. Spring Creek High School. Prof. R. G. Edwards, Principal, Spring Creek. 8 mos school, opens Aug. 1st. Madison Seminary High School, Prof. G. C. Brown, principal. 7 mos. school. Bell Institute, Margaret E. Griffith, principal, Walnut, N. C. Marshall Academy, Prof. S. Roland

Williams, principal, 8 mos. school. Opens August 4th. Notary Publics. J. C. Ramsey, Marshall, Term expires January 1st, 1914. W. O. Connor, Mars Hill, Term expires Nov. 27th 1914. D. P. Miles, Barnard, Term expires March 14th, 1914. J. A. Wallin, Big Laurel, Term expires Jan. 24th, 1914. J. G. Ramsey, Marshall. Route 4. Term expires March 16th, 1914. J. E. Gregory, Joe, N. C. Term expires January 7th, 1914. Jasper Ebbs, Spring Creek. N. C. Term expires September 24th 1914. J. H. Hunter, Marshall, Route 3. Term expires April 1st 1915. J. W. Nelson, Marshall—Term expires May 14, 1915. T. B. Ebbs, Hot Springs—Term expires February 7th 1915. Craig Ramsey, Revere, Term expires March 19, 1915. N. W. Anderson, Paint Fork, Term expires May 19, 1915. C. C. Brown, Bluff, Term expires December 9th, 1914. W. T. Davis, Hot Springs. Term expires January 22nd 1915. Post. George W. Gahagan Post, No. 38, G. A. R. T. J. Rice, Commander; J. H. Ballard, Adjutant. Meets at the Court House Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as the administrator of J. C. Sanders, Jr., deceased late of Madison County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hot Springs, N. C., on or before the 17, day of November, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 17, day of November 1913. W. T. DAVIS, Administrator of J. C. Sanders, Jr., deceased.

STEVEN'S For Field—Wild Fowl or Trap Shooting—made to suit any requirement. Our Hammerless 20 Gauge Repeater No. 200 Price \$27.50. 20 Gauge From Front Sight to Butt Plate. The limit is off—use any length of shell. 2 1/2 inch for small birds—2 3/4 inch and 3 inch for ducks or clay targets. See Your Dealer about STEVEN'S 20 Gauge Repeater. J. STEVEN'S ARMS & TOOL COMPANY P. O. Box 2008 CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Concerning Mountain Folk of North Carolina and Tennessee.

Hurried Tours of Investigation and the Efforts of Novelists to Get Picturesque Local Color Result in Great Misconception as to Characteristics.

Following is the article by Prof. Focht and the introductory printed in the Kirksville Daily Express. Prof. H. W. Focht, of Kirksville, who is engaged in special work for the U. S. Bureau of Education, has recently visited the mountain districts of Tennessee and North Carolina, and he writes interestingly of the home of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Much has been written of the mountaineers, who are really the descendants of Americans, of pre-Revolutionary days and of a clearer strain than can be found in most sections of the country. But Prof. Focht has seen new points about them; he has looked at them through eyes of the expert school man, a man who has just returned from a period of study of the highway developed school of Europe, and what he has to say will be of interest. The story of his trip is as follows: I had requested the porter to awake me early to get the daylight down over the hills. Knoxville was far down behind us and we were steaming into the heart of the mountains. Close by rushed the Cumberland reflecting the gold and red and green of the tree clad hills, now at their best in many-hued colors from the touch of early frost. A different land, this is from the bluegrass of old Kentucky! And one might have added—a different people. For the mountaineers of Tennessee and North Carolina have ever looked upon all living in the broad, fertile lowlands as "furriners" and much of the time as intruders. Beginning of His "Adventures." The mountains kept a getting higher and the streams narrower and more turbulent. The Cumberland was left behind and the track clung close to French Broad instead. At a point where the stream cuts an ugly gap in the mountains lies clustered the little town of Marshall, the end of my railroad journey; but the real beginning of the adventure into the heart of the mountains. The train was late, and my party had

gone on ahead to Big Laurel Camp, over on the other side of the mountain. The trip into the mountains began at 1:30 p. m. and to my questions as to distance my driver, a typical mountaineer who addressed everybody as Hank and Tobe, assured me that "hit war a smart bit beyond twelve mile over thar," and he reckoned that if we could "snake down the mountain before night we would probly git thar all right." Great encouragement, indeed, as I was to speak in camp at 7:30. Such a trip I have never had before, but would like to take again in spite of the hardships. The narrow, stonebroken road trails up Walnut Creek for some seven miles to the gap in the Blue Ridge and then slides down on the other side a couple of thousand feet, winding up on Big Laurel creek, and the Country Life Camp. No sooner were we out of town and round the bend and climbing upward before the world of John Fox, jr., began to unfold itself. Along the track clustered the darkgreen laurels and the rhododendrons; back of those the hemlocks and chestnuts and pines. The "branch" sang the same song and the pines whispered the same secrets that they had done to the mountain girl. In the coves on either side lay the cabins of McNeals and Talliferos—weather-beaten, with clay and stone chimneys at one end. On near approach most of them seemed forlorn and untenanted. How human beings can live in such hovels is almost beyond conception; and yet live here they certainly did. Most of the cabins have no windows—three or four shutters answer the purpose. In daytime these and the door are wide open, or if it is too cold they are kept closed and the family sits in semidarkness. The shutters were necessary in fuel times—and the last victim was murdered in bed only two years back. And this all happened because he was so "darn careless as to fix a winder in his cabin." No Race Suicide, One thing can be said of the mountain folks, and it is, that face suicide is unknown among them. Passing a cabin we would first see the outline of some old hag-like grandmother passing from the semi-darkness within, in a moment to disappear again. Over her shoulder could be seen the mother of the home, a sallow, prematurely old woman. Closer scrutiny would thereupon discover glistening eyes of from seven to a dozen assorted mountain youngsters behind bush and stack and brushpile. They were unsmiling, barefoot, battered and dirty. In the mountain only the teachers in the mission schools ever bathe. Indeed, mountain midwives say that to bathe the babies is to kill them "fer sartin." How these people live is hard to understand. Each place has a small patch of corn occasionally reaching an acre or perhaps two. This lies as a rule, on the mountain side and is planted in catsteps to keep from washing down. It is worked by hand or tended by a small agile, mule. In the bottoms are small patches of tobacco, which we found hanging in the barns and undergoing the cure. A few lean cows and an occasional pig or two are to be seen. No, I am forgetting the dogs, which are as numerous as the children. I remarked to the driver that the mountain sides seemed well adapted to sheep-raising. He answered that "hit war so all right; but one cayn't keep sheep and daws at one time nohow; so he guessed they'd keep their houn daws and let the sheep go to h-ll. In a few of the larger coves were the crumbling remains of onetime substantial and attractive homes and large barns. Here could be seen also the dying remains of large apple orchards. I was told that the manufacture of apple-jack and apple brandy was a flourishing industry here years ago, before the government enforced a heavy license for distilling. This last meant death to the industry and now the very homes of the distillers are falling to ruin. Moonshine corn whiskey, it is whispered, may still occasionally be found; but the whisper must be so low that the "revenuer" does not get hold of it. A strange story is this of the American mountain folk. They are of various origin, as attested by their physical appearance. In the early colonial times sturdy Scotch Irish drifted westward over North Carolina and seized the mountains, living there as the highland class had done at home. About the same time Germans began taking the valley lands, coming especially from Pennsylvania, in this following the thrifty instinct of the fatherland. Then a great many ne'er-do-wells from all the colonies, "indentured servants" from Virginia, and much other flotsam drifted in. But there are really two types: The swarthy Gall of Scotland, sinewy and good featured; but generally listless and underfed. The other is the flaxen haired fair featured descendants of Teuton parentage—all of them thriftier than their mountain bothers. The early Scotch-Irish were hunters. This was before the forests were destroyed. The men followed the chase and the women tended the tobacco and corn and "raised" the children. Now that the timber and game are gone the men have lost their occupation, and, strangely enough, it has not yet occurred to them to relieve the women of their burdens. It is a question whether it has occurred to the women, who are "raised" to be child-bearers and day-drudges for their lords, who spend their time in taking corn to mill and saving the politics of North Carolina at the little store at the cove. But this is not telling the story of the trip to the Big Laurel, and I will not do it this time making the yarn too long. Let this suffice: We climbed up and up. The blizzard struck us half a mile below the gap. The bitterness of the downpour was to much for my light clothes, so I had to get out and foot it, and well it was, for just then a fallen tree stopped the procession. That the mountaineers are always on the watch was attested by the quickness with which they came upon the scene with saw and ax to release us. Half way down the other side darkness came upon us. Just how the little ponies picked their way down is more than I can understand. I just shut my eyes and awaited developments. But we got down, thanks to much horse sense, and reached the roaring fireside of our friends in time for late supper and the evening meeting. Here's One Big Mistake. Now a word about the schooling of our mountaineers, for us who are so accustomed to boast of our public school system. Know, Continued on page 8.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS KERN'S CANDIES IN FANCY CHRISTMAS BOXES JUST RECEIVED. We also have a nice line of Jewelry and Watches every piece of which is guaranteed PIPES BOTH MEERSCHAUM AND BRIAR. TOILET SETS BOTH SILVER AND IVORY. STATIONERY, . . . PERFUMES, . . . FOUNTAIN PENS, Do Your Christmas Shopping at our Store. Marshall Pharmacy.