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The NEWS-RECORD.

THE ONLY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN MADISON COUNTY.

VOL. XVI

MARSHALL, MADISON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1914.

NO. 34

DIRECTORY.

MADISON COUNTY.

Established by the legislature session 1850-51. Population, 20,132. County seat, Marshall. 1666 feet above sea level. New and modern court house, cost \$32,000.00. New and modern jail, cost \$15,000. New county home, cost \$10,000.00.

County Officers. Hon. C. B. Mashburn, Senator, 35th District, Marshall. Hon. J. E. Rector, Representative, Hot Springs, N. C. N. B. McDevitt, Clerk Superior Court, Marshall. W. M. Buckner, Sheriff, Marshall. Z. G. Sprinkle, Register of Deeds, Marshall. C. F. Rynnion, Treasurer, Marshall. N. C. R. F. D. No. 4. E. L. Tweed, Surveyor, White Rock, N. C. Dr. J. H. Baird, Coroner, Mars Hill, N. C. 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. E. Edwards, member, Marshall. R. F. No. 2. Roubin, A. Tweed, member, Big Laurel, N. C. J. Coleman Ramsey, atty., Marshall.

Highway Commission. F. Shelton, President, Marshall. Guy V. Roberts, " Geo. W. Wild, Big P. no. 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, mem. 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 31.

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. 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. 58. G. A. B. T. J. Rice, Commander; M. A. Chandley, Adjutant. Meets at the Court House Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.

E. ZEPH RAY ATTO RNEY-T- LAW Marshall, N. C.

Criminal Law and Law of Damages a Specialty.

Practice in all the Courts.

Summer Constipation Dangerous

Constipation in Summer-time is more dangerous than in the fall, winter or Spring. The food you eat is often contaminated and is more likely to ferment in your stomach. Then you are apt to drink much cold water during the hot weather, thus injuring your stomach, Colic, Fever, Pitomaine Poisoning and other ills are natural results. Po-Do-Lax will keep you well, as it increases the flow of the natural laxative, which rids the bowels of the congested poisonous waste. Po-Do-Lax will make you feel better. Pleasant and effective. Take a dose to-night. 50c. at your Druggist.

W. T. Greene, Hopkinton, N. H. writes the following letter, which will interest every one who has kidney trouble. "For over a year, Mrs. Greene had been afflicted with a very stubborn kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills done more to complete her recovery than any medicine she has taken and I feel it my duty to recommend them.—Dr. I. E. Burnett, Mars Hill, N. C.

NOTICE

North Carolina—Madison County. In the Superior Court: September Term, 1914. Eva Shultz vs Andy Shultz

Notice.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Madison County for the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, above named; and the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the next term of the Superior of said County in Marshall, N. C., and answer or demurr to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

N. B. McDEVITT, Clerk Superior Court.

This 28th day of July 1914. July 31 A-7-14-21

The Coming of The Fall

A Prose-Poem of the Season For All Who Love the Open Country and Whose Eyes Are Open to the Beauty Around Them.

THOUGH it is only mid-August, Nature has given unmistakable prophecies of the approach of fall. The martin have hatched off their broods and are now training them every afternoon for the long migratory flight. Yesterday I watched thousands of them descending in a spiral whirl, like a water-spout, into the top of a mulberry tree on a vacant lot. The sparrows, too, are becoming gregarious, and are in flocks about the lawn, eating the crabgrass seed.

Straggling specimens of golden-rod fringe the quiet lanes and highways; the tall late weeds in the meadows are beginning to blossom; and when you halt for a moment under the shade of some dense tree at sunset, there is a sense of delicious coolness about the temples. Late in August the sun begins to glint among the trees, the shadows grow longer and longer across the evening lawn; the strident, grasping note of the katydid is heard at night, the warning blast of his trumpet a sort of nocturne he composes to the dying summer.

The leaves have some time ago reached their maturity, and have become tough and leathery, their stems now undergoing structural changes, preparatory to their period of beauty and decay. Both leaf and stem are involved in this interesting process. A live tree when cut down will hold its leaves until they dry up because they have not the assistance of Nature's subtle force.

The cloud-belt has now moved northward and thunderstorms are rare; I can no longer sit alone in the darkness and watch the dance of the lightning under the north star. The sky in the morning has become a clear, cool, speedwell blue, while at sunset there is a golden mist in the atmosphere, and the sun seems suspended above the horizon's ring like some highly colored Japanese balloon.

The flood-tide of summer is at its ebb; the midsummer dream is over. Elder bushes have ripened their berries for the hungry birds; the Traveller's Joy, with its tangled skeins, is everywhere upon the old rail fences, along quiet peaceful lanes the St. John's Wort is in blossom, and in the deep gloom of the swamps the Cardinal flower has lit its vivid flames. Peace broods upon the bounteous fields; the deep woods are quiet, cool and mysterious, save for the "quank-quank" "hunk-hunk" of the nut thatch. The warblers that in spring and summer dominated the woods have relinquished their kingdom for other climes.

The beautiful cumulus clouds which relieve themselves against the summer sky, like giant snow-hawks, have given place to little card-like clouds, that float in a high medium, and take on brilliant colors at sunset.

The cricket's note is everywhere, the grasshopper chafes in the tall meadow grasses, or shuffles before the pedestrian along the dusty highways. Rain is no longer so necessary to vegetable life, so Aquarius has corked up his watering-pot, but the dews are very heavy, and later on,

when the earth grows cooler at night, the fog hangs like a curtain over the landscape, to be drawn aside by the rising sun.

There are certain barnyard prophecies of fall, too: a peculiar call of the turkey-hen; a livelier quack of the mongrel ducks, a clearer note of the chattering. The sunset call of the farmer for his hogs, the bell of the cow as she browses to the milking, and the woodsman's axe all reverberate more and more distinctly.

The wind now blows from the north or northeast for a few hours and then shifts back to the south again. A battle is raging between the north and the south, a conflict between the flowers and the frosts. All along the line the fighting is fierce and unyielding. The southward musters out her cohorts, the roses and all the endless flowers of the woods and fields; then Gen. Green charges the dragons of winter with his phalanx of corn waving and threatening their green sabres, and the cruel barbarian hordes of the north are for a time driven back. Finally there comes a day of overwhelming power, when resistance is useless and the North wind rejoices over the desolation, summer is driven from the plains, and her life blood poured out in the rich hues of the autumnal leaves.

Some startle night when you are sitting quietly under your arbor smoking your pipe of peace you will be startled by the "hunk-hunk" of wild geese passing on to the Southland, and when their notes drop from out the sky methinks the flowers shiver, and the dewdrops tremble in the heart of the rose with dread of the Frost King's breath. It is the surest pronouncement of cool weather, and reminds us of our woodpile.

RICHARD DILLARD.

Beverly Hall, Edenton, N. C.

A Modern Necessity

The value of advertising is felt at three ends—the merchant, the consumer, and the publisher.

Through the medium of his advertisements, the merchant acquaints the consumer with the wares he has for sale, with their values and their attractive features, and is himself constantly in touch with the consumer.

The consumer reads of the goods he wants, learns where to find them, and saves the time of fruitless hunting from place to place.

The publisher is the go-between the medium of communication between the buyer and seller, a sort of public convenience. Strange as it may seem, he, too, has his uses.

Advertising accomplishes more good and better results for all people than any one feature in commercial life.

It is a modern necessity, made so by the constantly increasing demands of a discriminating public.

Let us hope Congress will take some prompt action for the establishment of an American merchant marine. It is doubtful if such a golden opportunity will ever be offered again. European exporters have been driven from the seas, and South America is crying for goods. Opportunity and a ready market is pounding at our door. Will it be opened?

Pointed Paragraphs

Even the Stars are shooting.

Europe's frolic becomes frolicer every day.

"Foodstuffs are soaring." is the cry. Chasing the eagle.

Meanwhile the sun shines as brightly as ever.

Extra! Extra! Europe commits suicide!

Is the world insane, or only just a part of it?

And they speak of the Chinese as heathen!

War Bulletin: Mars proclaims neutrality.

Panic? It's a joke. We can't even rock the boat.

Plenty to eat, but how are we to get it?

Once past, the playtime of youth never returns.

Better sell that European map while the selling is good.

"Dress goods going up" says a New York dispatch. Shocking?

This boost in the price of living is an excellent anti-fat remedy.

We note a conspicuous absence of royalty on the firing line.

The one incomprehensible thing in life is how a beef baron can keep out of jail.

Possibly Europe is adopting the only method left for disposing of an overplus of population.

Godly men of blood! Forty missionaries, chiefly French and German, have left China for their home countries to take their places in the armies.

Our foodstuffs are accumulating, bumper crops are reported from every direction, we can't ship it to Europe. We have no ships in which to ship to South America, and yet we are forced to pay higher prices—war prices—for what we eat. Let the government ask why—and compel the answer. It is not the fault of the small local retailer, nor is it the producer. It is the man between who should be in jail.

The food question is causing grave concern in Europe. But that will soon adjust itself. At the present rate it is only a matter of a short time when there will be but few mouths left to feed.

This country is afflicted with too much middleman. He is numerous, he is greedy, rapacious, and never gets enough. He is a price fixer, a price booster, and his paw is in everyone's pocket. He is so greedy he would snatch the moss from a grave stone if he could sell it for breakfast food. Swat the price boosting middleman!

Certain financial interests in New York are seeking an opportunity to ship gold to Europe, and incidentally further enrich themselves at the expense of our country. If these human vultures have such an overpowering affection for Europe our government would do well to ship them over there, bag and baggage. Get rid of the vultures, but keep the gold at home.

In common with other great men of the world, we proclaim our attitude as one of profound concern but strict individual neutrality. We cannot be dragged into the mess. Our classic features and our anointed person must not be marred or scratched. We have spoken.

In the stress of undue excitement across the water we had quite forgotten the advances of the army worm.

This cruel and bloody and wicked and useless war is coming right home to us. The startling announcement is made that the "makin's" are in danger. The cigarette paper supply is about exhausted and no more can be imported from France or Austria. Let's mediate!

Farmers will view with interest the process of dismembering the International Harvester Company, which a federal court has ordered shall be done within the next ninety days. A little more competition in the manufacture of farm implements would not go amiss. The octopus has too many tentacles.

How is it that when all the European ports are closed so that we can not ship our foodstuffs to those countries that the prices of necessary foodstuffs keep soaring higher and higher. Supply and demand argument is not the key with which to unlock this situation. We'll have to get a new argument. It may be that President Wilson has the right view of the matter. If, as he believes, the necessities of life are monopolized by great concerns organized for that purpose and these monopolies are forcing up the prices under false pretences and unnecessary they should be severely dealt with.

There is no shortage in the food supply in this country. In fact, the war has prevented the shipment of foodstuffs to other countries, thereby increasing the supply on hand. And yet in the face of this overwhelming fact the men in control of the markets in the large centers of population have been forcing prices up by leaps and bounds, and there appears to be no end to their insatiable greed. It is no more nor less than a case of gouge, a holdup, robbery, the meanest and vilest kind of thievery, because it falls hardest on those who are least able to afford it. It is time for the government to act, and act promptly. Jail the cusses and try them afterward.

Enthusiasm

ENTHUSIASM is the greatest asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates where the wealth accumulated by a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. It is nothing more or less than faith in action. Faith and initiative rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieve the unheard of and miraculous. Set the germ of enthusiasm afloat in your plant, in your office, or on your farm; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like contagion an influences every fiber of your industry before you realize it; it begets and inspires effects you did not dream of; it means increase in production and decrease in costs; it means joy, and pleasure, and satisfaction to your work; it means life, real, virile; it means spontaneous bed rock results—the vital things that pay dividends—Henry Chester.

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Buy Your Fruit Jars

From BALEY and JARRETT

Hardware of Every Description.

Farm Machinery and Tools; Harness and Saddles, Tinware, Cutlery Stoves and Ranges. We are also Agents for two of The BEST Wagons on the Market—The LAMON and NISSEN