

The News-Record

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MARSHALL, MADISON COUNTY, N. C. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22nd 1922.

No 110

The News Record extends a Merry, Merry, Christmas and a happy New Year to its many READERS: There will be no paper issued next week the 29th, as the Printers and Staff will be taking Christmas. Good wishes, Good Luck.

To Jail With Mixers Of Gas And White Mule

Will Neal of Marion, once famous as the ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Tennessee, who a g a i n represents McDowell in the General Assembly, has been in Raleigh, and is raring for the legislature to open that he may introduce a bill providing that all persons convicted of operating automobiles on the public highways while intoxicated shall serve terms on the chain gang or in the county jail taking the cases from the jurisdiction of the justices of the peace, and leaving no discretion in the higher courts, except as to the length of the term. The Neil bill probably will, and most assuredly ought to be enacted. There is no greater menace to the life of the innocent people of North Carolina, or any other state than the drunken automobile drivers, running amuck on the public highways, and when a man trifles with the lives of people he should be sent to some place of confinement, and there given time enough to consider the error of his ways.

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

Sheriff Bailey, Madison's Fearless Sheriff, Established Unique Record As Officer.

Jess Bailey, Madison county's fearless, sheriff who established a reputation for achievements requiring nerve and daring during his term of office ending December 4 at 12 o'clock, has accepted a position with the Southern Railway Company in capacity of a secret service agent with headquarters at Asheville.

At two minutes of 12 o'clock on the day Sheriff Bailey retired from office, he brought a 60-gallon copper still, some whiskey and two alleged moonshiners into the court house, having captured them shortly before the new sheriff was sworn in.

Sheriff Bailey soon after assuming the duties of sheriff of Madison County defied criticism when after a disastrous fire he invited all who had worked for hours in quelling the flames to join him at the jail and "have a drink on the county." A quantity of confiscated whiskey had been stored there.

Then to show the prohibitionist he was not in sympathy with whiskey violators, and anti-prohibitionists they should not misinterpret his emergency hospitality, Sheriff Bailey opened a drive on moonshiners which resulted in more than a dozen stills being captured and several operators arrested.

It is commonly said of Sheriff Bailey that when he went into office criminals had to be brought in and that near the end of his administration they came in and surrendered.

When you pass by the The N. B. McDevitt Grocery Co. If you don't believe "Mack" has got Xmas in his bones, just look in his windows. They will speak for themselves.

Tilson Talks On Greece.

Fred Tilson, foreign buyer for W. H. Marvin company, gave an interesting account of conditions in Greece as he found them in his three years' residence there buying currants for his firm. He prefaced these impressions with a brief history of Greece's stormy existence from its beginning on down through the ages to the present time. In the present trouble he favors at least moral support to an intervention program that will drive the Turks out of Europe and settle for all time a question that will obtrude constantly unless settled decisively. From a humanitarian and a business viewpoint, Mr. Tilson thinks this advisable. Owing to the fluctuating rate of exchange the Grecian growers of currants will not sell their produce except as they need to feering to take on the "coin of the realm" the drachmas, at the present ratio when there is likely to be further reductions in their value. For this reason it is hard to do business. Native Greeks are primitive, almost in their mode of living and the second largest city in the country, where Mr. Tilson stayed, was about the size of Urbana. The natives are unprogressive and when upbraided for shiftlessness shrug their shoulders and say "the American Red Cross will take care of us." Mr. Tilson's talk was very enlightening and interesting and listened to intently. He was warmly applauded at its conclusion.

Ladies' Aid Of The Methodist Church

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church of Marshall had their annual Bazaar on the 15 and 16, and they feel proud of their success. The proceeds of the sale amounted to over one hundred dollars.

They have authorized me to express their appreciation of the patronage of the ladies of Marshall and surrounding sections.

This is a demonstration of what a few good women can do when they combine hands, heads and hearts to accomplish something.

My hat is off hands up to all the good ladies of Marshall.

C. M. C.

Sent To Morgue

AUTOMOBILE speeders of Detroit, Mich., are sentenced by Judge Charles L. Bartlett to visit the morgue, in the custody of police officers, and there see the victims of reckless driving. As the bodies of little children are shown on the slabs, victims of speed fiends, many speeders take a solemn oath never to speed again. Judge Bartlett believes that visits to the morgue will leave a permanent impression with the men who delight in "taking a chance."

There is still some Nice Boxes of CANDY left on that big table at the Marshall Pharmacy.

GLOBE THEATRE Christmas Day

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mary Pickford

IN

"The Love Light"

Written and Directed by Frances Marion

Photographed by Charles Roscher and Henry Cronjager.

Art Director: Stephen Goosson.

MARY PICKFORD.....Angela
EVELYN DUMO.....Maria
FRED THOMPSON.....Joseph
EDWARD PHILLIPS.....Mario
ALBERT FRISCO.....Pietro
RAYMOND BLOOMER.....Giovanni
GEORGE RIGAS.....Tony
JEAN DeBRIAC.....Antonio

THE SYNOPSIS

The little fishing village in which Angela and her brothers lived nestled in the foothills that ran down to the sea. And the sea itself seemed their friend for it had brought into their lives all that was good.

But there came a day when Angela's brothers and one other she loved answered the irresistible call, and she saw them, one after the other, go off over the hills to the sea.

Now it fell to the lot of Angela to tend the lighthouse, to keep the beacon burning brightly, guarding the ships from the treacherous rocks that edged the shores. Here she found comfort and happiness during the long days and nights while those she loved were away.

But as a serpent found its way even into Paradise, so did an impostor, a self-seeker, steal into the little fishing village and into the very heart and soul of Angela herself. She loved, and trusted and had faith in him, only to find that his love for her was second to his ambitions and obligations elsewhere. Using his love as a pretext, he made her an unknown aid in his operations until his scheming brought a great catastrophe into the life of the little village, and in the havoc and wreckage, Angela's own brother was lost.

When the girl realized the kind of man she had trusted and loved and married, and though a baby lay at her heart, she cast off the man who had brought sorrow and desolation and death into her life and the lives of her people. But this sacrifice did not satisfy the frenzied villagers. They could not look into the heart of Angela and know its purity. They did not understand that the girl was as innocent of wrong as the little one at her breast. They made an outcast of her, called her unworthy of motherhood, and took her baby from her and set another keeper in the lighthouse.

Bereft of all that she loved, Angela wandered about the old familiar scenes and haunts, unknowing, unseeing, her mind itself but a shattered and broken thing. And then, she happened on the woman to whom her baby had been given. Slowly into the mind of the tortured girl came the realization that this was her child, her little one that had been taken from her. But Marie, the baby's foster mother had grown to love the little one so dearly that she feared the very thing that was happen. She would not give up the child and before Angela could claim the baby, Marie hastened aboard a little fishing vessel. Into the heart of a storm went the little boat, only to be cast back on the rocks and to be broken by the sea's fury. On this night of all nights, the lighthouse signal failed; Angela knew that her baby was on board the boat and in the desperation and strength of outraged motherhood, she set a torch to her own little home, burning it as a signal and rescue fire.

In the light of its flames, she managed with the help of the villagers, to get to the boat, pounding to pieces on the rocks, and once more held her darling to her breast.

And then, secure in the love of the boyhood sweetheart who had come back to her from an earlier day, she and her little one found a haven and refuge and great happiness. 8 Reels

MATINEE 2 P. M. & NIGHT 7 P. M.
15 And 30 Cents

Weaverville Line May Be Saved By Further Efforts.

Renewed efforts to save the Weaverville electric line from dismantling, were made Saturday by persons interested in resuming operation of the railway connecting Asheville and Weaverville.

A representative speaking for S. Sternberg, present owner of the property, said the latter was willing to reopen negotiations, inasmuch as there had been no definite decision to junk the property. It was stated that

every opportunity will be given the citizens of Weaverville and Asheville who wish to convert the line into a community-owned corporation, to meet the terms proposed by Mr. Sternberg.

Dr. J. W. Crawford, who has been active in the effort to organize a stock company for acquisition of the property at a price of \$20,000, said Saturday that he was through, and blamed the failure on the apathy of persons who were supposed to be interested in keeping the line going.

Officials of the Kenilworth Bus company announced Saturday that beginning Monday they will operate large busses between Asheville and Weaverville. Temporarily the arrange-

CHRISTMAS---ALL ABOUT IT

In Bethlehem--In History--In The Heart--The Home--The Community And The World.

The greatest Day in all the year is almost here. To celebrate it intelligently -- as we should -- We ought to know just as much about it as possible. To that end you are more than cordially invited to worship with us on Sunday morning, when we shall take as our theme -- "CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM IN HISTORY -- IN THE HEART -- THE HOME -- THE COMMUNITY AND THE WORLD." We really believe that it will be worth your while to be present. Will do our best to make it so at any rate.

Special Attraction Sunday Night

Pictures showing the blessed Christ in action will be thrown upon the screen. Among them, the following: -- SHIPWRECKED, BUT NOT LOST -- DOGMED, BUT RESCUED -- LOOKING BACKWARD -- LIFE'S SHORT DAY -- THE LOST SHEEP -- A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT, ETC. These and the other views that we shall show are all beautifully colored ones and especially appropriate for this season of the year.

"THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM -- HIS MARVELOUS POWER," will be the subject of the Gospel Message.

If it is at all possible for you to come on Sunday night -- no matter what kind of weather it may happen to be, or how far the distance we really are of the opinion that you will not regret the effort.

Wishing you, one and all, a most Happy Christmas Time indeed, and looking forward to meeting you on Sunday, I remain,

Your Friend Sincere,
EVAN RIDGE EVANS.

Old Town Crier Dead.

In the recent death of Enoch Flanders, of Newburyport, Mass., there passed a remarkable character. Flanders was the town crier, literal representative of the ancient coterie who went about with a bell and ringing it, the while they tried out news and advertisements. They were the daily newspaper of pre-newspaper days, and a few have even continued to survive the general advent of newspapers. He was greatly beloved, was Enoch, and many there are in the old village of Newburyport who will miss him and his familiar bell, from the streets of the town.

Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank the people for their kindness shown us through the death of our father Len Henderson.

Clarence & Clemet Henderson,

ment will be to run two busses from 6 to 9 a. m. and one bus thereafter. Two new passenger busses have been ordered, however, and as soon as these arrive additional facilities will be placed on the Weaverville route. The two new busses will give the Kenilworth company a fleet of 12. The busses will be operated until 11 p. m. the last trip for the benefit of theatergoers.

From Greenville, Tenn.

Greenville, Tenn.
Dec. 20th, 1922

The News-Record;--As we are now happily located in Greenville we thought our many friends in Marshall and throughout the county would be interested to hear from us. On arriving here we met Mr. N. B. Tweed and he was not long in finding us just the property we wanted. He sold us a nice eight room house on East Park street just one block from Bernard's Warehouse. We have our new home neatly furnished and are now in full swing keeping boarders, we have a number of Madison county people with us now. We are liking Greenville fine all the people are kind and friendly to us and we feel sure that we will be successful and happy here, but we will always love the people of dear old Madison and when you come to Greenville please look us up as we want the patronage of our home folks.

Thanking you for printing this for us and with kindest regards to all, we are sincerely yours,
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kilpatrick
P. S -- You will find enclosed \$1.50 subscription for The News-Record, 309 East Park Street, Greenville, Tenn.

Santa Claus

I hear Santa Claus coming
As fast as he can through the snow,
But what he has in his bundle
Neither you, nor I, do know.

He always comes down the chimney,
While we are asleep in our bed,
And when we wake up in the morning,
We surely have nothing to dread.

Fifth Grade, age 9, from Mars Hill Graded School.

Santa Claus

Old Santa Claus lives way up North,
He rides in a sleigh drawn by reindeer fine,
He never thinks of using a horse
And flies away over the pines.

And Santa Claus climbs to the roof so high
And slides down the chimney, thump
And no one knows when he is nigh,
Never, never getting a bump.

And the little red stockings Santa Claus fills
As silent as silent can be
When the little heads on the pillow hills
Are asleep so they can't see.

So Santa Claus flies away and away
To every house all in one night
He hasn't very much to say
And always keeps well out of sight.

JOHN SMITH, Jr.
Fifth Grade age 9, Mars Hill Graded School.

Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank the people for their kindness shown us through the illness and death of our mother Mrs. W. F. Kent.

Carrie Kent,