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No 5

In Memory of James H. Roberts.

James H. Roberts was born April 6th 1875, died January 22nd, 1924. Was the son of the late A. J. Roberts and Mrs. Adelina Correll Roberts. He had been an invalid for several years and was helpless and blind for the last few years before his death. Notwithstanding his affliction he was cheerful and directed his business affairs until his death.

Mr. Roberts was popular among a large circle of friends and often had visitors entertained in his home. He was married in 1898 to Miss Eva Brabburn who died in 1900. No children survive.

Mr. Roberts was educated at Carson Newman College, Tenn., and afterward spent quite awhile out west when a young man.

He is survived by his mother Mrs. A. J. Roberts and one brother, Wiley M. Roberts and three nieces and four nephews.

Funeral services were conducted from the Caney Fork church by Rev. Jake Martin. Mr. Martin was a life long friend of the deceased. Interment was at Roberts cemetery. "Sunset and evening star and one dear call for me, And may there be no moaning at the bar, when I put out to sea.

"Twilight and evening bell and after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place. The floods may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar."

Note of Thanks.

I wish to thank my many friends for their kindness and attention during the sickness of my mother and sickness and death of my dear brother. Especially Dr. Moore for his untiring efforts in their behalf.
WILEY M. ROBERTS

Pou Investigating Convicts' Escape

A total of nine of the convicts who escaped from the State Camp near Marshall last week have been recaptured, according to reports from that place Monday night. The officers have found traces of three others and yesterday they were notified that a convict suit had been found near Newport, Tenn.

George Ross Pou, superintendent of the State Prison, passed through Asheville yesterday on route to the camp, where he will personally investigate the escape of the negroes. The convicts were serving long terms and sawed their way to liberty. Four of them were recaptured in Asheville.

The escape created much excitement in Marshall and scores of citizens joined in the hunt for the prisoners. — Asheville Citizens.

Not Northern Armies, but Union Armies.

By R. R. Camden, in the National Republican.

*** The Constitution owes its birth to men who desired to form a "more perfect union," and the opening words show that it was the desire of the people, not the bare compromise of sections, that ruled it is of minor consequence that the great Chief Justice, John Marshall, came from Virginia, and that the expounder of the Constitution, Daniel Webster, came from Massachusetts. It is of minor consequence that our military and naval heroes came from all parts of the country. It is of minor consequence that Alexander Hamilton, of New York, was the first great advocate of protection, and that Clay, of Kentucky, called it "the American system." It is of minor consequence that it was Albert Fulton, of Pennsylvania, who taught us how to use our rivers, and Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who thundered that we should join our oceans. It is of minor consequence that it was De Witt Clinton, of New York, who gave us the Erie canal, and John T. Morgan, of Alabama, who for years never ceased to plead for an inter-oceanic waterway. Greater than any of these men, greater than any of their achievements, was the Americanism that stirred them all and made the achievements possible.

It is, however, a matter of historic interest that in the framing of the Union, in its extension, and in its preservation men of southern birth were always in the front rank. They were more than southern men; they were men of national spirit. It was George Washington, whose warnings against sectional jealousy still ring out as the strongest of all words for nationalism. It was in the days of Jefferson that our strip by the seacoast broadened into a continent-wide republic. It was Jackson who saved our newly bought territory from invasion and who brought Florida into the Union. It was in the days of Polk that even sectionalism became national, at least to the extent of enlarging our borders. All our new possessions, prior to the purchase of Alaska, were acquired under the administration of southern-born Presidents. The heirs of southern traditions were those who were loyal to the Union, not those who sought to spit on Jefferson's tomb, to undo the results of Jackson's victory, to mock at Monroe's great doctrine and to efface the line Polk had drawn on the map. It may seem unnecessary to say that every American who can read has known from childhood, but there may be strangers on our wharves who actually believe that the North made war upon the South. "The federal government must show its teeth," said President Jefferson, and on the bare suspicion of treason he brought Aaron Burr to trial. "Our federal Union, it must and shall be preserved," was the toast of Andrew Jackson, who threatened with the gallows all who resisted the laws of the United States. A rumor of disloyalty brought out the stern fidelity of Zachary Tay-

To the Voters of Madison County.

Ladies and gentlemen: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of Madison county subject to the Republican primary to be held June 7. Having served as an officer for the past eight years and as Federal prohibition agent since 1921 I feel that I will be able to carry out the duties of this office to the best interests of the people and having been urged by good citizens from all parts of the county, since before the primary of 1922, to become a candidate for this office, I feel it my duty as well as privilege to make this race. Thanking each and every one for whatever kindness and support you may be able to give me, I am
Respectfully yours,
W. C. RECTOR.

Sheriff John A. Lyerly of Buncombe county Killed Himself by Pistol Shot at 3:30 a. m. Last Thursday Morning.

We note with keen regret the tragedy of Sheriff Lyerly taking his own life early last Thursday morning. It appears that he had been in ill health for some time and he lost his wife several months ago. All told his afflictions seems to have ever balanced him. His mind drifted into a channel that caused him to reason that rather than to take arms against a sea of real or imaginary troubles to sweat and grunt under a weary life, he preferred to fly to the ills he knew not of rather than to bear those of which he was possessed.

"To die, to sleep, for chance to dream,
Ay there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shufled off this mortal coil must give us peace.
Sheriff Lyerly was highly respected and well liked in Madison county.

lor. of Louisiana. When the war came the great representatives of the South were Abraham Lincoln, of Kentucky, who loved the Union as Clay had loved it; George H. Thomas, of Virginia, as true to the Union as Washington had been, and David G. Farragut, of Tennessee, who stood by the Union as Jackson would have done, by the Union as Jackson would have done. The attempts to make heroes out of those who sought to disconnect Southerners with Unionism are incessant but inane. Lincoln, Thomas, Farragut are the names of the South that tower and will tower while the history of our country is written and read. All the Lost Cause prose and verse is insignificant beside Lincoln's great saying. "The father of Waters again goes unsexed to the sea." Brilliant were some of those who in the hour of trial went back on the Union but Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga" was as brilliant as any other southerner. Farragut is a name to be honored high on the roster of honored southern names.

Major Hall Reviews Progress at Hot Springs in Past Year Tells of Plans For The Future

Major Warren E. Hall, secretary-treasurer of Western North Carolina, Inc., was a speaker last week at a meeting of the Hot Springs Merchants and Business Men's Association. Practically the entire membership assembled at the Plemmons Hotel and Major Hall explained the aims and objects of his organizations.

In speaking of the visit, Major Hall said, "How many people know that only a few miles from Asheville on a main line railroad and on a first class highway, there is a real 'sho nuff' hot spring that is heated by the same forces that make the Yellowstone geysers boil? Do they know that this water contains a number of minerals of great medicinal value which is said to have affected some wonderful cures of confirmed invalids? Well Hot Springs has this and more; right down our French Broad River.

"The water of this spring must have come from thousands of feet below the surface to have obtained such heat. There is one spring on the south bank already equipped with a fine bath house. Another spring has been found in the middle of the French Broad River, it being accidentally discovered by men repairing a bridge of the State Highway. Still another spring is on the north bank. It is said that preparations are now being made to build a fine hotel and sanatorium so that visitors will be attracted to Hot Springs in larger numbers.

"Long before the white man came, the Cherokee Indians knew of the hot springs and they made regular pilgrimages to it. These visits were continued from the

Indian reservation until comparatively recent times, when the spring was closed in by white people. It is also interesting to note that the first house in Hot Springs was a small brick one near the hot spring, built by Wade Hampton, the great South Carolinian. The house is still standing. Hot Springs is a thriving little city. She owns her own water shed and has water delivered under high pressure by gravity. Electric lights and power are supplied by a plant on Spring Creek almost within the town limits. Ice is made by electricity by the same plant, which also supplies power to a knitting mill. This mill is financed and operated by local people. "A large limestone quarry is in continuous operation just outside of town. Crushed rocks for roads and other construction and pulverized lime rock is being supplied to farmers. Both materials are being shipped out in large quantities. A number of new buildings have been constructed during the last year and a new concrete building is being constructed across Spring Creek in the center of the place.

"It is probable that few people know that several beautiful built by the United States Forest Service, lead out of Hot Springs back into the wonderful mountain region at the head of Big Laurel Creek. One of these trails is 20 miles long.

"In Hot Springs progress is being led by the Merchants and Business Men's Association. The officers W. O. Griggs, president; Ira Plemmons, vice-president; W. T. Davis, treasurer; and R. R. Baker, secretary.—Asheville Citizen.

Mr. E. B. Sams Dies at Home of His Son

Mr. E. B. Sams, an aged and highly respected citizen of Hamblen county, died at the home of his son, John R. Sams, near Springvale, at 2:00 o'clock Sunday afternoon. His body will be interred at Pehtel cemetery on Tuesday morning at 10:30. The funeral will be conducted by Rev. Hodges and Rev. L. F. Smith.

Mr. Sams was born in Madison County, N. C., Nov. 16, 1837, and was the son of Warren and Noami (Ramsey) Sams. He enlisted in the Confederate army in Company D, 29th North Carolina Infantry and was later transferred to Company A, serving under Captain Alfred Beard of the 6th North Carolina Cavalry and Col. N. G. Folk. In 1863 he was captured in Morgan's raid into Ohio, and spent twenty-three months and seventeen days in prison at Fort Delaware.

After returning home, he was married in 1867 to Miss Laura Teague at Madison County and began farming. Eleven years later, he removed to Clay County, Kentucky, and after residing there one year, came to Hamblen County, Tennessee. Later he purchased a farm near Springvale where he has since resided. He was one of the oldest masons in this county and was a consistent member of Bethel Baptist Church for more than forty years.

Mr. Sams was an honest, upright man, highly respected and loved by everybody who knew him. He is survived by the following sons: J. W. Sams, White Pine; John R. and W. H. Sams of Morristown; W. M. Sams of Taibott; C. J. Sams, English, Ind.; and D. L. Sams of Iowa. All were present by his bedside except D. L. Sams. His wife died about ten years ago.

The burial will be under the auspices of the masonic fraternity of which he was a member. —Morristown Gazette & Mail, January 28, 1924.

George Ragan Died at County Home Sunday, the 21.

Mr. Ragan will be remembered about Marshall selling chestnuts, bottoming chairs, cutting wood and doing little jobs as long as he was able to work in order to support himself. The old man went about with his little poke and his home was wherever he could find a place to rest his body. It could truly be said of him that the birds of the air have nests, and the foxes have holes, but he had no where to lay his head that he could call home.

Let us hope that the little while the old man spent in the county home that it really seemed like home to him. Yes, George Ragan is dead and about the only difference in his dead body and that of a rich man, one will be buried in perhaps a fine casket and appropriate shroud, while the other is buried in a common casket furnished by the county, in a paupers grave, but in either event the dead body only possesses of this world a lease on 3x6 feet of real estate. The body of one is food for the worms and returns to dust the same as the other.

Robert Burns contemplating death, said:
"Oh, death the poor man's dearest friend"

We take this occasion to say farewell, Ragan you enjoyed none of the luxuries of this world and not entirely unlike the one who lay at the rich man's gate. We wish for you like Lazarus a safe and happy journey to "that undiscovered country" from whose bourne no traveler returns.

The Country Correspondent

By WALTER C. HAWES
All these brazen city dailies think they are tremendous shakes,
How they like to sling the satire at us seedy country jakes,
How they flaunt the shrieking scareheads! How they sling the colored ink
For some hightoned hootch carousal or the latest movie stink
Till I get a little weary listening how the city boys
Drown the still small voice of wisdom with a fog horn full of noise.
I prefer the homegrown doings, I am fed up over much
With the rowings of the Frenchies and the Jappies and the Dutch;
Let me have the home town paper; take the noisy sheets away;
Let's hear what the correspondents from the country districts say.
Has Jim Gordon built a house yet? Tell us how the ball team scored.
Are there any brand new babies? Anybody bought a Ford?
Did they paint the old church over? Will they ever bore for oil?
Anybody had the measles, or hay fever, or a boil?
Has May Latham got a feilow? Is John Allen married yet?
Has Sam Martin made the rifle? He was in an awful sweat.
Anybody made their fortune? Anybody played the fool?
Who's been giving Sunday dinners? Who has been invited out?
Who was first to get through thrashing? Who has caught the biggest trout?
Tell us how the crops are coming? Is the weather wet or clear?
How's the apples and the turkeys?—that's the stuff we want to hear.
Let them joke about the country—say that you are green and now—
It's the country correspondence that makes the home-town paper so.