

## WALNUT CHILD WANDERS AWAY FROM HOME AND DIES

### FOUND DEAD NEXT DAY AND PUPPY LYING BY HER

#### Three-Year Old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cantrell Buried Tuesday After Horrible Experience

Imogene, the three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cantrell of near Walnut was found dead Monday about a mile from her home after a searching party had spent the night in a vain search of every nook and corner of the mountains near by. The little body was found frozen to death in an open space, where one would hardly expect to find her, and her little pet puppy only three months old was lying between the little girl's feet. Mr. Dan Chandler and Mr. Reagan McDevitt, who found the body are quoted as saying that the little pup called "Leak" growled when the men attempted to take up the body.

The story is somewhat as follows as related by the child's 16 year old brother Carl, in whose care the child was left while the other members of the family attended Sun. School in Walnut. Interviewed by the editor of this paper, Carl in substance said:

My parents are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cantrell. We live on a mountain about two miles from Walnut and about a mile from where one could drive a car.

Our neighbors are Mr. Lorenzo Cody who lives about 1-2 mile away, Mr. Jack Thomas about the same distance and Mr. Beard McDevitt about a mile away. My brothers and sisters are as follows:

Boy age about 14, Ralph about 11, Edith about 9, Annie Bell about 7, Frances who will be 5 in February, Imogene who would have been 3 in February and Nora about eight months old. My father is about 36 years old and works as a carpenter in Asheville. My parents and all my brothers and sisters except Imogene and me went to Sunday School about ten o'clock, leaving Imogene in my care. About 11:30 I went to water the mule, leaving Imogene in the house. When I returned she was there all right. Later I went to feed the mule and when I returned she was there and all right. Later in the afternoon I went out to drive up the cattle and was gone a few minutes. When I returned Imogen was not to be seen. I looked around for her and did not see her. I thought my brother, Ralph had taken her to my grandfather's as he was accustomed to do at times. About 4 or 5 o'clock my mother and children came home and one was sent to the grandfather's and then found that no one knew the whereabouts of the child. Amc Thomas, one of the neighbor-

a single man about 30, was sent to Walnut to give the alarm. Announcements were made at the B. Y. P. U., at the Baptist church and at the Christian Endeavor society at the Presbyterian church. These organizations adjourned and went in search of the lost child. In all about 75 people were in the searching party. It was raining and rather cold. The searchers would come in drenched to their skins and all night the search continued with lanterns and flash lights. Finally about ten o'clock Monday morning the body was found. Dr. Conley of Marshall was called and every means of restoring life was tried, but in vain.

The child had evidently gone in the direction she had seen the others leave for Sunday School. She had wanted to go with them, but was not permitted to go. After leaving the house some little distance and coming to a fork in the path she had gone the wrong way and was lost in the pouring rain. More than once had some of the searching party been within a few feet of the child but did not see it. Her father who had gone from Sunday School back to Asheville was gone for by Ted Allen and arrived about 12 o'clock at night. The little girl was buried Tuesday at Walnut, the service being in the Methodist church conducted by Rev. Nehemiah Griffin. The child's grandfather, Mr. Joe Cantrell, lives in Walnut and he and his wife corroborated the story as related by Carl.

## TOBACCO MARKET GETTING STRONG- ER AT THE WASH- INGTON COUNTY WAREHOUSE

"There is a tendency towards better prices on the better grades of the offerings on my floor," said Colonel Rees, in giving a statement regarding the tobacco market during the past week. "In fact, the sale Friday at the Washington County Warehouse was decidedly the best of the season, the quality of the tobacco was better, and it all sold at prices that were quite satisfactory to the farmers. It is true that common, nondescript kinds are still selling low, lower than the cost of production, and this is very unfortunate but owing to the fact that the crop all over the tobacco growing district was damaged by the wet weather. There is very little prospect of this common tobacco getting much better but on the other hand, I am of the opinion that all grades of Colory tobacco and clean red tobacco will continue strong with a rising tendency."

"During the past week we have made several pretty crop averages. Among them were Guy and E. Morrell of Carter County who sold for 29c, 22c, 17.50, 15.50, and 13.75. S. H. Hicks sold at 30c, 25c, 23c and 19c. W. H. Ball of Madison County sold for 27c, 25c, 14c, and 13c."

These are only a few of the good sales, but it is enough to show that the better grades are bringing a good price.

There is a big demand for colory smoking types and the market will be strong and active on this kind all thru the season."

### AN ACCIDENT

William Earl Dockery, the 13 months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Dockery of Marshall, R. 5, was seriously burned Tuesday, Dec. 14, by a pan of hot grease, which he accidentally knocked off the stove. He was burned about the head, face and ears. He is reported some better now, but we do not know how bad his case is.

### AFTERWARD

There's never a storm so wild  
But after it follows a calm;  
There's never a hurt so great  
But somewhere's provided a balm;  
There's never a night so dark  
But after it follows the dawn.

There's never a shadow falls  
But after it follows the light;  
There's never a sorrow comes  
But after it comes delight.

There's never a sky so great  
But after it follows the blue;  
There's never a false friend found  
But later you'll find a true.

There's never a heart that breaks  
But after a while it will heal;  
There's never a moan of pain  
But after a laughter peal.

There's never a sin so black  
But forgiveness is found at last;  
There's never a weary day  
But some time 'twill be past;  
There's never a night so dark  
But dawn will come at last.

—Selected.

## REFLECTIONS OF A MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER

(By JACK V. JOYCE)

How can one make the best of life? This is a question due worthy consideration, because so many people are in this world just merely filling up space, wandering about as aimless as a jack-rabbit. First we ought to consider that our life is God's most sacred trust to us. We cannot do with our lives as we please, God has something for each one of us to accomplish, some niche for us to fill. Ours is to find that niche and work as harmoniously as we can with the rest of the world remembering that every particle of time, every talent that we possess must be accounted for to the Supreme Being who gave that life into our hands to be used to His Name's Honor and Glory. Looking at our lives in this light, how many of us are well satisfied with the conduct of those lives? The Gospel according to your life and mine is the greatest testimony that we can render the world concerning the Christ whom we as Christians claim to follow. What about it Brethern and Sisters, can your life bear the piercing rays of light that comes from the All-seeing eyes of God? Next, we must remember that we are only a small part of machinery that makes up the world and that if we stop or else fail to do our best the world can-

not go as frictionless as it would if we were doing our best. Lastly we can remember that if we do our best regardless of whether we merit the applause of our fellowman, God is watching over all and will praise and reward us as He thinks best and after all God's Praise is the best reward that we can earn anyhow.

How many of us can truthfully look into the Shining face of the Almighty and say to Him with poesy:

"My life is not my own, but Christ's, who gave it,  
And He bestows it upon all the race:  
I lost it for his sake, and thus I save it;  
I hold it close, but only to expend it:  
Accept it, Lord, for others, through Thy grace."

## MRS. LYDIA CHRISMAN DEAD

Funeral service for Mrs. Lydia Chrisman, 70, of 87 Elizabeth street, Asheville, who died Tuesday afternoon was held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and interment was in the Davis cemetery near Marshall. Rev. Baxter Guthrie and Rev. J. A. Martin officiated.

Mrs. Chrisman had been ill for a long time and is survived by her husband, T. O. Chrisman, one son, John, and four daughters, Mrs. T. N. Ramsey, Marshall; Mrs. W. O. Clements, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. C. Bridges and Miss Luella Chrisman of Asheville.

## DANGERS FROM CHRISTMAS TREES

Many fires are caused by candles on Christmas trees. The tree should be fastened firmly, so that it can not be upset, and should not be decorated with paper, cotton or other inflammable material. Cotton, which is used to represent frost or snow, catches fire very easily. The same effect can be secured by the use of asbestos or mineral wool, which is safe. The candles should be placed on the tree so that they can not set fire to branches above them, and should not be lighted by children. Before the gifts are distributed the candles should be extinguished. Electricity is much safer than candles for lighting Christmas trees. Doors should remain closed while the candles are burning, because of the danger from drafts swaying the branches or blowing curtains against the tree. The floor under the tree should be protected by a piece of zinc or iron.

### IN MEMORIAM

In memory of George W. Odell, who passed away November 22, 1926 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Payne, 68 Galax Ave., West Asheville. Mr. Odell was affectionately known by all his friends as "Wash," and he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He came to Asheville several years ago and has made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Payne until the time of his death, although, for the past year he had been boarding in Asheville to be near his work, but even then, Mr. and Mrs. Payne's home was his home, and the day he was taken so seriously ill, and when his suffering became so intense that he must give up his work and go to his boarding house, he requested that he be taken at once to Mrs. Payne's, saying, "She knows how to take care of me better than anyone else."

His request was carried out, and Mr. and Mrs. Payne were constantly at his bedside, day and night, doing all that could possibly be done to relieve his suffering, but in this case, as in all others, "God's will, not ours, be done," and he peacefully passed away at 10 A. M. Monday, November 22. In health, Wash had always realized the value of these two dear friends, and very often he would call Mrs. Payne "mother," his own mother having passed away when he was quite a little boy. And when his last hours on earth came, he still remembered their value and appreciated all they did for him. Just a short time before he passed away, he pressed the hand of Mrs. Payne, who was sitting by him, administering to his every want and need, and said: "mother, I will soon be gone." These were almost his last words.

Dear friend of our heart and home! Dear Wash, with a face that shone! The friend that was kind and true, Our hearts are aching for you.

You have left us sad and alone,  
There's a vacant chair now in our home,  
Your footsteps, no more will hear,  
The sound that was always so dear.

We miss you dear friend of our heart  
God's will, not ours, we must part,  
But we humbly submit to His will,  
And in memory, remember you still.

We'll remember your dear smiling face  
And your everyday life, full of grace  
Remember the kind deeds you have done  
Unto each, and to every one.

In our hearts there will always be  
Dear Wash, loving thoughts of thee.  
MRS. LILLIE YATES SHAW,  
West Asheville, N. C.

## Saxophones Used in Fight on Devil

The saxophone—"instrument of the devil"—is being enlisted by the churches in their fight on the devil, it is indicated in advices reaching the Conn Music Center, Elkhart, Ind. All saxophone quartettes and sextettes in church and Sunday school are among the "devil's own weapons" being used to win folks over to religion.

"Not so long ago it was quite common for church people to shun the mention of saxophone, let alone go to hear one played," says James F. Boyer, supervisor of the Conn Music Center. "The sentiment seemed to be, even among musicians, that the saxophone wasn't much good for but jazz, and for a while it did appear that the jazz artists were the only ones to recognize and make use of this comparatively new addition to the brass instrument family. Reports now coming in here, however, indicate a changed attitude on the part of the public. Artists know that the saxophone tones come nearest of all others in resemblance to the human voice, and recognize that there is nothing so beautiful musically as a saxophone solo. H. Boone Henton, one of the greatest living masters of this instrument, claims that no clearer, more elevating or inspirational music can come from any instrument, and will not play anything but the slightest taint of jazz in his saxophone quartettes and sextettes."

## NORTH CAROLINA SANATORIUM SANATORIUM, N. C.

### NEW CHILDREN'S BUILDING SPECIAL CHILDREN'S CLINICS

On January the 1st, the new Children's Building at Sanatorium will be ready to receive its first little folks to cure and to build up their resistance against tuberculosis. This is the first building provided by the State to care for tuberculous children.

It is a three story building and of most modern, fireproof construction throughout. It has wards for boys and girls to accommodate fifty little patients. Special constructed porches will enable the children to take heliotherapy or sun treatment. A school room with an experienced teacher in charge will give those able to attend school an opportunity to keep up with their grades while they are curing their disease and building up their resistance. The entire third floor is given over to isolation rooms where children suffering from contagious diseases will be treated.

The building is wired for radio head phones for each bed. Every thing to facilitate the comfort of the children and to make them satisfied and happy in their surroundings has been provided.

To find the little folks who need to take treatment at the new building the Extension Department of the Sanatorium has put on a series of clinics in cooperation with local school and health authorities. Because of limited clinic facilities only three groups of children who are most likely to be infected with the tubercle bacilli are examined. These three groups are: 1. Children 10 per cent or more underweight. 2. Children who have symptoms of tuberculosis. 3. Children who have been exposed to persons with the disease.

If for any reason you are afraid your children have tuberculosis by all means see that they are examined by their family physician, in one of these clinics or brought down to the Sanatorium for examination, and if they have tuberculosis or suspicious trouble have them treated in the new Children's Building at Sanatorium.

### TRADE AT HOME AND HELP YOURSELF!

Every dollar you spend at home gives an added return every time it turns over in your community, says the Research Department of the National Association of Farm Equipment Manufacturers. Few realize that a community around a town or city is built up or torn down by the way its people, both rural and urban, do business with each other. Take the local dealer in hardware, farm implements, shoes, dry goods, groceries, or what not, and he can render the local farmer a greater service than can the dealer in a town twenty miles away or in the city 500 miles away because he turns around and spends the dollar he gets from the farmer on food that the farmer raises and on woolen clothing that came from the farmer's sheep. Each local dollar spent at home is turned over and over to make more business, and each dollar profits the farmer who originally spent it as well as every man, woman and child in that community. Better streets, lights, sewers, schools, churches, water systems, town bands, celebrations, etc., all help make it more progressive town and a better community in which to live and trade.

### THE NATIVITY

O little town of Bethlehem  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

O Morning stars together,  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God, the King,  
And peace to men on earth.  
For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heaven.  
No ear may hear his coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him  
still,

The dear Christ enters in,  
Where children pure and happy  
Pray to the blessed Child;  
Where misery cries out to Thee,  
Son of the Mother mild;  
Where Charity stands watching,  
And faith holds wide the door,  
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,  
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray!  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.  
— Rev. Philip Brooks, D. D.

### America's Golden Rule Girl



MISS BETTY COMPTON of New York has been selected in a national competition to portray the spirit of the Golden Rule in connection with the forthcoming observance of International Golden Rule Sunday for the Near East Relief.