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1800

HOOVER HOUSE IS A HOMELIKE HOME

Palo Alto Neighbors Praise Kindly Hospitality of Their Most Famous Residents.

MRS. HOOVER VERY POPULAR

She Planned Her California House Herself and Superintended the Building of it on Stanford University Campus.

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell
PALO ALTO.—The town of Palo Alto and the campus of Stanford University fairly pulse and glow with the presence of the Hoovers. It isn't only the visible manifestation of flags and banners and flowers and printed placards in the shop windows, but something which is at once less tangible and yet more real and permanent—the genuine warmth of pride and loyalty which radiates from faces and voices everywhere.

The Hoovers are and always have been an integral part of the picture here, and it is interesting and illuminating to see them through the eyes of college mates, old friends, neighbors, and newcomers, proud to share their world eminence.

Men and women of their own generation remember their university days and sketch two fine and vital young people who showed in youth the keenness, the energy, and devotion and balance which have made them what they are today.

It is a community rich in members of the "I-Knew-'Em-When-Club." People like to paint them as they have known them through the years—college students, the young married couple taking the great out-trail of the mining engineer, forging steadily and

Indian basket filled with hearily hued sinilas for the only robust color note. The guest rooms are below, and they, too, are in the same color scheme. They are delightfully inviting, deliciously comfortable, plain, homey, simple.

Comfortable and Livable

There are generous beds and deep chairs really made to sit in. There is not a stiff, badly angled chair in the Hoover house! There are more of the cheerful sinilas in pottery bowls, and books on the table which are meant to be read. And there are no delicate, monogrammed, too-ex-

quisite guest towels—the sort which make a well meaning visitor feel she should wipe her hands on her handkerchief—merely a quantity of plain, soft, beautifully laundered linen towels which are manifestly made to be used.

*That is the keynote of the whole place. Everything is genuine, comfortable, livable.

Everyone knows, nowadays, that Mrs. Hoover planned the house herself and superintended the building of it, so that it is a definite expression of her ideals of home making, and that she said she had walls only where it was absolutely necessary to keep books and papers and clothing in, or the amiable California weather out, and for the rest, roofs, in true pueblo fashion, flat roofs on different levels, where they read and rest and meet their friends, day dream or doze or dine! For practically all the year they use the roofs for sitting rooms. There are cushions on the stone copings and hammocks and swings and reed and wicker chairs and everything is comfortable and well used, and just a little worn shabby here and there—the sort of things which are reluctantly discarded because they are so deeply entrenched in the life of the household.

No Ultra Modern Ideas

Mrs. Hoover manages the very rare and satisfying effect of an absolutely unstudied ensemble. Her things seem to belong together by right of convenience and fitness and harmony. It is cheerfully evident that no ultra modern decorator has been given a free hand to experiment with bizarre combinations: Mrs. Hoover's house is as clearly her own, and an echo of her own personality, as her clothes are.

There is just one picture in the large, finely proportioned indoor living room, a painting by the California artist, Francis McComas, of an ancient Indian pueblo dwelling, the motif for the whole thing.

Mr. Hoover, standing before it with friends one day, said, "Well, give us a couple of hundred years and this house will look as mellow and interesting as that does!"

In the dining room there is a single picture, likewise a California desert scene with a lot of glamour and magic in it, by A. L. Groll. Mrs. Hoover feels that the walls of a California country house do not need much in the way of decoration when the windows offer so much!

The whole east end of the dining room is a big rounded window, and there the Hoovers have breakfast, looking out on the hearty and high colored garden, over the red roofs of Stanford, down to the bay, and across the Santa Clara Valley to the Coast Range Mountains with the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton shining sharply in the sun.

Blue for Rugs and Gowns

Mrs. Hoover has a great fondness for blue, a cool clear blue which, in a gown, picks up the color of her eyes, and in her own room there is a Chinese rug which strongly features it.

Mr. Hoover's study with French doors and windows reaching down to the floor opens out on it. All day long, when the Hoovers are at home, as they were in early August, a line of men passes in and out of his room, waiting out in the sunny driveway or strolling in the garden. At four o'clock old friends and neighbors and college mates come in to see Mrs. Hoover and for a couple of hours there is a quiet, comfortable visit, with California fruit punch and home made cookies, and good talk.

Mrs. Hoover, in the quiet combinations of gray and black or black with white which she has worn since her father's death, bare headed, moves from group to group with a quiet friendliness which is delightful. She has a very alert social consciousness, the more pleasing because it functions silently and unobtrusively. In the midst of an anecdote of Australia—and Mrs. Hoover tells a story excellently well—she is aware of a small, lonesome figure in a corner, and presently she gathers up one or two of the chatter callers and moves casually toward the quiet one and wonders if she would mind taking the friends up to the top roof for the wider view.

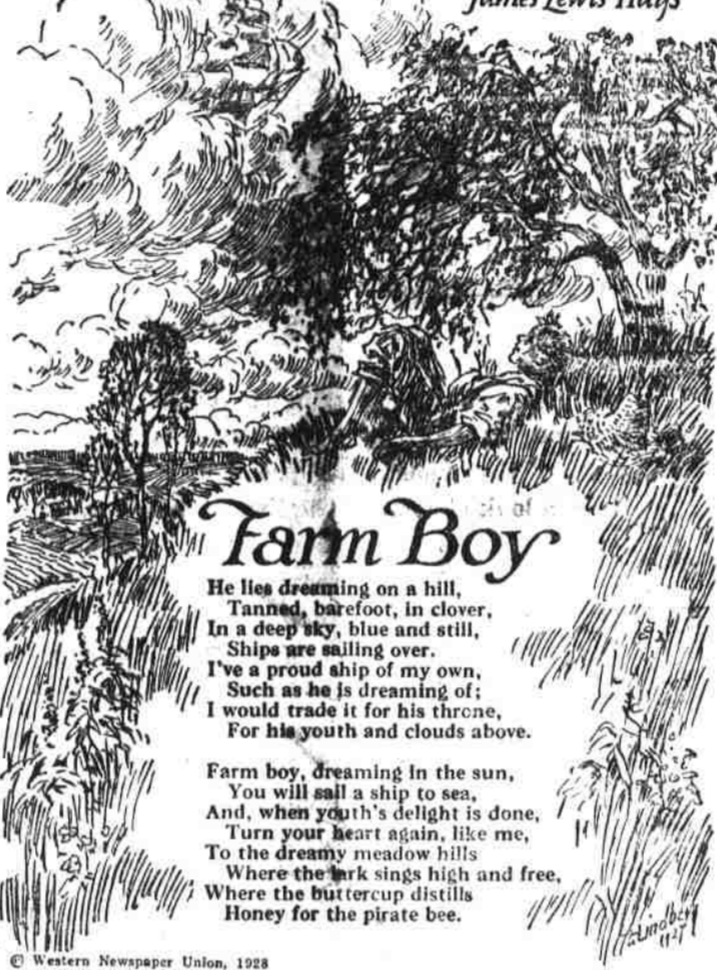
Frequently, during this period, they dine on the roof, in the full glory of the sunset.

Never in a Hurry

The most amazing thing is the feeling of leisure which Mrs. Hoover manages to radiate, in spite of all

Songs of Plain Folks

By James Lewis Hays



Farm Boy

He lies dreaming on a hill,
Tanned, barefoot, in clover,
In a deep sky, blue and still,
Ships are sailing over.
I've a proud ship of my own,
Such as he is dreaming of;
I would trade it for his throne,
For his youth and clouds above.

Farm boy, dreaming in the sun,
You will sail a ship to sea,
And, when youth's delight is done,
Turn your heart again, like me,
To the dreamy meadow hills
Where the lark sings high and free,
Where the buttercup distills
Honey for the pirate bee.

that is before her and upon her. There is no sense of crowding hurry; she is that rare and blessed person, a woman who has learned to do the next thing next—who doesn't wrestle with tomorrow's problems today. She has kept the comfortable habit of her girlhood of being able to relax instantly. Between two important functions she can drop on the couch and sleep ten minutes like a well regulated baby, and that perfect balance and poise is reflected in her appearance and personality.

Mrs. Hoover's clothes are Mrs. Hoover's clothes. Just as her house is free from the standardizing of the professional decorator, so her gowns and wraps are clearly of her own choosing, stamped by her very definite individuality. No one "dresses Mrs. Hoover."

Some time during the afternoon hours of visiting Mr. Hoover comes out of his study and takes fifteen or twenty minutes of air and freedom, and chats with the callers. He looks always in the pink of condition, well, buoyant, vigorous. Mrs. Hoover sees to it that the most modest and inconspicuous visitors meet him first. He, too, gives the sense of unhurried calm, although relentless routine calls him back to the waiting work.

PAVING FINISHED

Paving of the seven mile section of the Asheville-Marshall-Knoxville route, lying between Hot Springs and the State line, has been completed, it was announced Thurs. R. C. Speight, district supervisor, was in charge of the work. He said that the highway force would leave for Brevard to engage in further work.

In the meantime, the Tennessee State highway commission is pushing work on the paving of No. 9, which intersects with No. 20 on the State line. The latter project has been under way for some time, and several miles are being paved, so as to get this main thoroughfare in good condition for winter travel.

—Asheville Citizen.

ON LOSS OF TEMPER

It is as undignified to lose one's temper publicly, as it is to appear in a crowd without being properly clothed. For, in a moment of anger, the mind and soul and heart are revealed—without the dress of civilization and modesty and tenderness—to the casual eye.

Never lose your temper, if possible, before a child. For the child may look upon you as an ideal—and you may break something precious if you spoil that ideal.—Baptist Observer.

THE VOICE OF BRYAN

(Jackson (Miss.) News)

This is William Jennings Bryan speaking. It is in Madison Square Garden in 1924, with the "religion" plank of the platform under debate—his "last word" to a convention of his party. Mr. Bryan said:

In this country it is not necessary to protect any church. I have such confidence in the Catholic Church, which was for 1500 years my mother church as well as yours, that I deny it needs political aid. It was the Catholic Church that took our religion from its founders and preserved it—it was the only custodian—for over 15 centuries. When it did this for Catholics it did it for me and every Protestant. The Catholic Church, with its legacy of martyr's blood and with the testimony of its long line of missionaries who went into every land, does not need a great party to protect it from a million Klansmen.

The Jews do not need this resolution. They have Elijah, and they have also Elisha, who drew back the curtain and revealed upon the mountain tops an invisible host greater than a thousand Ku Klux Klans. The Catholic Church and the House of Israel have their great characters today who plead for respect for them whose pleading is not in vain.

I am not willing to bring discord into my party. The Democratic party is united on all the economic issues. We have never been so united since I have known politics, and nobody has had more reason than I to regret past discord. Now, when we are united and face our political foes with dauntless courage and with enthusiasm never excelled, these people tell us that we must turn aside from this titanic task, divide our party on a religious issue and cease to be a great political force.

The Democratic party has never taken the side of one church against the other; the Democratic party must remain true to its traditions; it cannot surrender its rights to exist; it cannot be false to the mission that it had in the days of Jefferson, to which it remained true in the days of Jackson and to which it was still loyal in the days of Woodrow Wilson.

My last objection is that I am not willing to divide the Christian Church, because if it is destroyed there is nothing to take its place. We must stand to-

gether to fight our battles of religion against materialism.

There is only one who can bring peace to the world, and that is the Prince of Peace—the One at Whose coming the angels sang, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant stand for God, on whom all religion rests, and Protestant and Catholic stand for the Christ. Is it possible that now, when Jesus—the hope of the world—is more needed than ever before—is it possible that at this time, in this great land, we are to have religious warfare? Are you willing to start a blaze that may cost innumerable lives, sacrificed on the altar of religious prejudice? I call you back in the name of our party, I call you back in the name of the Son of God and Saviour of the world. Christians, stop fighting; let us get together and save the world from the materialism that robs life of its spiritual values. Banish the "Hymns of Hate;" our song must be "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

We print this portion of Mr. Bryan's notable speech on that memorable occasion, solely for the reason that many of those Democrats who are now opposing the Democratic nominee for President are citing Mr. Bryan as the inspiration of their opposition, invoking his memory as counsel and guide in bolting the ticket.

Never was there a more eloquent and fervent denunciation of religious prejudice in politics than that which William Jennings Bryan delivered in Madison Square Garden. Never was there uttered a more impressive warning than was conveyed in his words on that occasion: "Divide our party on a religious issue and cease to be a great political force." And it applies with greater significance and meaning in 1928 than it did in 1924.

We commend to these misguided Democrats who profess adherence to the principles of the dead Democratic leader and who now summon his spirit to sustain their mistaken course, a reading of Mr. Bryan's declaration, as above quoted. Those who have not read it need the enlightenment it conveys; those who have need to be reminded of its undeniable truth.

A PARABLE OF LIFE

A story is told of the artist Turner, that one day he invited Charles Kingsley into his studio to see a picture of a storm at sea. Kingsley was rapt in admiration. "How did you do it, Turner?" he exclaimed. Turner answered: "I wished to paint a storm at sea, so I went to the coast of Holland, and engaged a fisherman to take me out in his boat in the next storm. When the storm was brewing, I went down to his boat and bade him bind me to his mast. Then he drove the boat out into the teeth of the storm. The storm was so furious that I longed to lie down in the bottom of the boat and allow it to blow over me. But I could not—I was bound to the mast. Not only did I see that storm, and feel it, but it blew itself into me." I became part of the storm. And then I came back and painted that picture.

Turner's experience is a parable of life. Life is sometimes cloud and sometimes sunshine; sometimes pleasure, sometimes pain; sometimes defeat, sometimes victory. Life is a great mingling to happiness and tragic storm. He who comes out of it rich in living is he who dares to accept it all, to face it all, to let it blow its power and its mystery and its tragedy into the inmost recesses of his soul. The victory, so won in this life, will then be an eternal possession.—J. C. Slattery—The Orphan's Friend, Ky.

AMERICA'S CRISIS, NOVEMBER 6TH

Written by MRS. MARY JARVIS, Thurmond, N. C.

As kingdoms rise and fall, there has always been "The Crisis," a turning point, either for better or for worse. In every life there is a crisis sooner or later. Europe has had her crisis, England has had her's. Now I feel that America will reach her crisis Nov. 6th; that at the next presidential election she will reach the summit or mountain top and that it will seal its destiny for the future, either for better or for worse. God grant it may be for the better.

We thought that our country had reached its summit when she conquered Germany. But even then the height was not reached. Ours is a Christian nation to be proud of; far ahead of all other nations of the world, in Liberty and Christianity.

NOW, here is a greater difficulty to be solved. A greater obstacle to be overcome than Germany's conquest even. In its interest everyone should show his or her colors.

As a Christian worker, I have never been the woman to dabble or take interest in politics, and am surprised even at myself for doing so now. I am non-political, have never held to any one party, as my husband is a Democrat and my father Republican. I feel only for the interest of the people, not for the party.

I realize that the time has come when we should have the interest of the people at heart, and never think of party differences.

I would have kept silent now, but I feel compelled to speak on this great subject, for if my little efforts could turn the channel of wrong into the right, I would be so happy to cause such a great blessing. Yet I realize how great the current and the channel so deep, deep. I know that my vote or any efforts I can make is just a very small pebble or grain of sand on the seashore. But it takes these, one by one, to make the mighty force that runs or rules the universe. God help me to do my little part, not to be a slacker or be found wanting in the Great Day when all we shall be judged for what there is in us.

God helps those who help themselves, and the destiny of our nation is in our hands to a great extent. We should not sit with folded hands, but rise to action, then pray and trust. I feel a great seriousness coming over me as though our LIBERTY were in danger. Just think, it has been only about 152 years since the Declaration of Independence was declared and we became a free and independent people. Then to think that Liberty's very foundation is to be shaken down so soon, and peace and prosperity thrown to the wind. A Catholic rule is certainly not a rule of Liberty, but of a Pope ruling as a King.

Then if Prohibition is destroyed, how awful the results will be—homes broken up and souls destroyed.

I feel if there ever was a time when Christians should be aroused to duty and prayer it is now. We should not just say our accustomed prayers, but we should earnestly pray with all our hearts; that God would not permit this great evil to come upon us. Our safety is in taking our troubles to Him, great things as well as small, for the great crisis of our American interest has come. Then let everyone rally to the front, trusting the results to Our Great Creator, GOD, who cares.

With a prayer and the people's interest at heart, I close.

MRS. MARY JARVIS.

TO SPEAK IN MARSHALL

Dr. J. H. Hutchins, Chairman, Republican Executive Committee, Marshall, N. C.

Dear Dr. Hutchins:

Hon. W. H. Fisher, Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, will speak in Marshall Friday, September 28th, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the court house.

FRANK C. PATTON, Chairman, Election Division.

It was hard to find a field of corn standing in Surry County following the recent heavy rains.