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THE CURFEW ORDINANCE

Waynesville will soon have a curfew ordinance which is for the purpose of keeping minors off the streets after a reasonable hour. There has been entirely too much mischief and devilment done by minors in this town in recent months, and the action of the board of aldermen will tend to curb that.

Not long ago when a number of citizens here were bothered with having small things pilfered from their homes the suspicions were put on young boys.

The purpose of the ordinance is just what this city needs and if properly enforced there should be a decided change for the betterment of the youth of this community. It is surprising how many young girls and boys are on the streets here after an unreasonable hour after dark, and for no good purpose whatever, either.

Waynesville has had a curfew law for the past several months, and it is our understanding that it solved a problem that is similar to the one confronting Waynesville officials.

Some people might not believe that this ordinance will amount to anything, but when several fines are imposed maybe they will change their minds about it. The ordinance calls for a fine of one dollar for the first offense and a maximum of ten dollars for all offenses thereafter.

STATE'S CREDIT IMPROVING

The State's credit, which was the subject of some concern at times last year is apparently improving steadily and satisfactorily.

Governor Ehringhaus on his return from New York this week said "there is every indication" that the interest rate on the state's \$12,230,000 worth of outstanding general fund notes will be cut to four per cent next month.

Most of the notes are now held by North Carolina banks and investors but the rate will be cut on all-including those held in New York, if negotiations carried on by the governor and Treasurer Charles M. Johnson are successful.

The notes now bear a rate of 4 1/2 per cent and the anticipated reduction to four per cent will mean a two per cent cut in rate in a year.—Morganton News-Herald.

COUNTRY GOIN' TO THE DOGS

The impossible has happened. Pie crust is now being offered, ready mixed, by grocers. Biscuits may be also secured ready mixed. All one has to do is open the can and dump the biscuits in a pan and put them in the oven. Won't this make our mothers snort.—Cherryville Eagle.

Last summer the national question was, "Where's Elmer?" Now it is "Where's Dilling'er?"

The sheriff of Beauford County last week captured a still said to be worth \$2,500.00. That outfit would make some of the Haywood stills look like coffee pots.

BRIEF REMARKS

One backbone is worth fifty wishbones. Bad habits are first guests, then masters. To find pleasure, keep too busy to seek it. Resting before meals prevents rapid eating. Like Gandhi, Bible saints conquer by yielding. Molehill in ourselves become mountains in others. Busy hands, busy brains and a busy heart defy age. Some won't play unless they're "IT." They must rule or ruin. Good luck helps you over the ditch—if you jump hard enough. Hollywood is not very particular—used husbands are acceptable. Don't make hay out of others' wild oats; don't make merchandise of evil. Most people who are not suited with their jobs are not suited to their jobs. Home is a place where we unbend, relax our smiles and be our own hateful selves. The author of "Home Sweet Home" had no home. Blessings are seldom appreciated until gone. "Drink has broken more homes, and wrecked more lives than any other cause."—Gibbons. Bonds of matrimony are no good unless the interest is kept up. To keep him at home, make it the pleasantest place he can find. "Seventy-five per cent of the war stories were lies," told to make us hate our opponents. A procession of the World War's dead would require six years to pass a given point. Life is one fool thing after another; love is two fool things after each other. "Yes, he took his misfortune like a man—blamed it all on his wife."

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

The following item appeared in the Farmington (N.C.) News-Times Herald:

"Stage W. T. Shelton wants to organize a band of good grade bucktooths distributed among the Navaho to improve the Navaho sheep."

For many years Mr. Shelton worked with the Indians in the west. He has had an authority in Indian life, and knows about as much about Navaho life as anyone.

There are few people who are more optimistic about the future of this community than Mr. Shelton. He has his belief not on rumors and his own theories, but on the first hand information he has received while living in communities close to Navaho people.

There is one thing after another about Mr. Shelton's native wares. Several days during a conversation with him he made the remark that he is just worry, then said someone once said "Don't worry even what happened yesterday, that's passed. Don't worry over what might happen tomorrow, it might not happen and he might take care of it himself."

There is something worthwhile in that logic, and Mr. Shelton is a logical man. I know that just about everyone here.

Dr. E. O. Garrison (Dr. Garrison Smith) once said in an article printed in the News-Times that I thought it so good that I am going to copy it here:

SWAT THE KNOCKER

"After the fact, the knocker is a little vampire and has been made there was some awful substance left; this was what the KNOCKER."

"A KNOCKER is a two-legged animal with a cocked-up tail, and a nose soaked in sweat, and a combination back, bone of jelly and glue. Where other men have their hearts, he carries a tumor of decayed principle. When the KNOCKER comes down the street, honest men turn their backs, the angels in heaven weep, and the devil shut the door of hell to keep him out. Beware of the KNOCKER; he saws wood with a hammer!"

Now let all the knockers stand up!

Most people unintentionally handle truth rather carelessly don't they? A lot of times little falsehoods just will slip by, not that they are intended to do any harm by usually through a matter of courtesy.

For Example. Several days ago two friends met at a drug store. Each exchanged the usual greetings of "How do you feel?" Both said, "Just fine, great."

After a few minutes they parted and one left the store, the other one turned to the soda jerker and ordered a drink and two aspirins for his "splitting headache."

After the whole thing is boiled down, maybe it is etiquette in the sense the little boy put it when he said: "Etiquette means saying 'no thank you' when you mean 'gimmie.'"

Speaking of gimmie, reminds me of what a well known café man once said about people eating. You know there are some people who just can't be pleased when it comes to food. A certain state official back several years ago had a habit of ordering steak for dinner, but never was there when the steak was cooked right, no matter how hard the cook tried the food was always returned for additional cooking or some frivolous change.

One day the cook decided to find out if it was the man's imagination or what so he just left the order that had been returned to him on the kitchen table and in a few minutes had it carried back to the man. The state official ate it heartily and seemingly enjoyed it. When he had finished he said: "Why didn't you bring this steak to me like this the first time?"

He kept this up until one day a new waiter thought it had gone far enough, so he balled up his fist and said: "You're going to eat that steak and like it!" The man, who was then governor of this state, did eat his steak and enjoyed it. The waiter feeling that he would be arrested for talking so harsh, resigned from the café.

The next day the governor returned to the café and wanted the new waiter who had made him eat the steak the day before to wait on him. The owner told him that the waiter had quit fearing being arrested for insulting the high executive.

To make a long story short, the waiter was sent for and the governor gave him a new suit of clothes saying: "Young man you broke me out of one of the worst habits any man ever had. I wish we had met long ago."

The story for which the world has been waiting, "The Life of Our Lord," by Charles Dickens, for 85 years a literary secret to appear as a special supplement IN COLOR, beginning March 25 in the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Buy your copy from your local newsdealer or newsboy.

Some motorists are in such a hurry to get into the next county that they go right on into the next world.

LETTERS to the Editor

Wentworth N. C. March 8, 1934
 Editor Waynesville Mountaineer:
 I will finish today my second two weeks' term of court in the little village of Wentworth, the county seat of the historic county of Rockingham, which was organized in the year 1804.

At this time, besides the court house and jail there are only about a half dozen dwelling houses here, most of which were built generations ago and the only store is scarcely larger than the sheriff's office in the town court yard in Waynesville.

Rockingham is a thriving industrial town of over ten thousand souls, is situated seven miles eastward from Wentworth on the main line of the Southern Railway Company leading from Greensboro to Danville and south North, while nine miles to the north is Lakeville-Spray, two towns where live fifteen to twenty thousand busy and prosperous people.

The Dan River rising in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, in Patrick county, crossed for Patrick Henry, flows south into Stokes county, North Carolina, across Rockingham, then back into Pittsylvania county, Virginia, through the last named county, along the southern border and then into Halifax county, Virginia, and from there to its confluence with the Staunton River. From there on it is the Roanoke until it mingles its waters with the blue Atlantic Ocean. In the years gone by the Dan River was navigable for small boats which ran regularly from Danville to Lakeville carrying large quantities of freight but in later years the waters ran low for this purpose.

Many attempts have been made to improve the Dan River, but so far without success, but the health and beauty of the river around these old buildings have been sufficiently strong to frustrate and prevent the success of every such effort.

Paved highways, connecting every section of the county with the county seat have now rendered the question of removal remote indeed.

This little village has been prolific in its production of great men who have ranked foremost in the service of the state.

Governor Alexander Martin, later of Danbury, in Stokes county, a Revolutionary soldier a great lawyer of the old days, a personal friend of Washington, three times Governor of North Carolina, and a United States Senator, once lived here.

David S. Reid, Congressman, Governor of the state, United States Senator, and a member of the Peace Commission whose purpose was to avert the war between the States, had his home in Wentworth.

Here Stephen A. Douglas, universally known as the "Little Giant," who debated the slavery question with Abraham Lincoln, came as a young Congressman and courted and married Martha, the daughter of Col. Martin.

In later years his son, Robert M. Douglas, was a valued and honored member of the Supreme Court of our state and was one of the Justices who signed my North Carolina law license.

Thomas Settle, one time a judge of both the Superior and Supreme Courts of the state, who presided over the Republican convention which nominated Grant for President, and who was afterwards Minister to Peru and a Federal Judge, at one time lived in Wentworth; and it was from here that he went out to engage with the immortal Zeb Vance, when they were candidates for Governor, in the most memorable joint debate ever conducted in the state.

Here was the home of Brigadier-General Alfred Hoopes, of immortal fame in Lee's army, and afterwards Congressman and Governor of North Carolina.

John H. Dillard, the father of the late John H. (Jack) Dillard, of Murphy, practiced law and lived here many years of his life, and was afterwards for some time an Associate Justice of our Supreme Court.

Just out from Wentworth Robert B. (Bob) Glenn was born and reared, who was one time District Attorney for our Western District and afterwards Governor of the state.

Here John Motley Morehead grew

22 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the files of March 22, 1912.)
 Declaring that it is the right of democratic voters to select the professional nominees by direct ballot, Robert Reynolds, who is a candidate against Congressman J. M. McLaughlin, yesterday challenged his opponent to the primary test, asking that the democrat be allowed to cast a ballot for the man of his choice.
 Things are getting in the air at the Assembly ground for the work of constructing the dam. The work will be pushed rapidly.
 The tenth of the library for Sunday afternoon conducted by Quinlan was another good success. The ten Saturday afternoon sessions will be conducted by Mrs. W. W. Reed.
 George D. Sherrill and J. E. H. have announced as candidates for the office of Register of Deeds at the next election primary.

Mrs. W. H. Atkins has been appointed a notary public and will take office at the office of the Court House.
 Love.

Haywood will be represented at a great convention of the Women's Missionary Societies in Monroe this week by the following: Mrs. J. M. McLaughlin, Mrs. W. H. Woodall, of the W. M. McLaughlin, and Mrs. B. W. Cannon.

Gov. C. B. Brann, twice Governor of North Carolina, was on the staff of the Peace Commission of Washington, a member of the United States Congress and chairman of the convention that nominated Zachary Taylor for President.

For many years, Freddie Kelly made his home here, as the late partner of John H. Dillard, mentioned above.

For many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, he was at one time considered the greatest of American Equity Judges, and while he was Chief Justice, he was the first American jurist whose opinions were deemed worthy by the English Courts to be quoted in their reports as precedents. And here, too, was the home of Robert M. Dick, one of the ablest of lawyers and later Federal Judge of our Western District.

The above list does not include a number of Superior Court Judges, whom Rockingham has furnished to the state, and whose services add lustre to the bright pages of her history.

No lawyer resides or has his office here now, but do you wonder that the people consistently refuse to remove their county seat from this historic spot?

FELIX E. ALLEY.

Editor The Mountaineer:—
 In a recent article in your paper on "Washington" I believe the statement was made, to the effect that Ulster County, New York, no longer existed, but it does, and Kingston is still the county seat.

Am enclosing a portion of a map issued last summer to show this to be true.
 Mrs. JAS. L. ROBINSON.
 310 First Street,
 Ithaca, New York.

Ed. note—We are sorry to have printed misleading information. We published what was given us from a reliable source.

Small Boy—"Mummy, we're going to play elephants at the zoo, and we want you to come."
 Mother—"What on earth can I do?"
 Small Boy—"You can be the lady who gives them peanuts and candy."

Published for the first time IN COLOR—"The Life of Our Lord"—by Charles Dickens, for 85 years a literary secret, will appear as a special supplement beginning March 25 in the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Buy your copy from your local newsdealer or newsboy.

"They Say"

Public health authorities and reputable physicians are performing a worthwhile service by their warnings of the danger of quacks, patent medicines, and get-rich-quick specialists. These warnings cannot be given too often nor too loudly.
 Man is a reasoning animal who forgets to reason when the situation most demands it. The trust and faith which the average person places in hearsay statements regarding patent medicine advertisements, get-rich-quick specialists, and others of their ilk is one of the paradoxes of human intelligence.
 Then "they say" no two words when applied to the healing art do more damage. "They say" prescribes more medicine than all the doctors in the country; and incidentally kills more people.
 "They say" that a certain old lady can remove warts by the pow-wow process; "they say" that this and the other is good for headaches; "they say" that the highly advertised doctor can cure any disease in any stage. "They say" and "they say." And millions of otherwise sensible men and women, without asking proof, look up the sorceress, patent medicine, or quack, and spend their money to be cured of a disease they never were afflicted with.
 The wise person will seek for a more solid foundation for his health condition than "they say." When something goes wrong with his physiological machinery he will consult a thoroughly competent physician.—From Health Bulletin.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office