

The Mountaineer
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W. C. RUSS Editor
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THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1934

COURT WEEK

This week is court week, and as usual there are big crowds from all over the county in town. Some are here as witnesses, some as defendants and some for other reasons, but the majority are attending court just because it is one form of "recreation" that they look forward to every few months.

There are some among the crowds that haven't missed a term of court in years, and most of them can tell almost in detail every important case that has been tried.

With a lot of people, a criminal term of court offers them every advantage to do their visiting.

After all, court week in Haywood County is a holiday to some folks, and it would be about as easy to get them to fly as it would to miss a term of court—and from the heavy sentences they have heard passed on those found guilty during the past few months, it might be a good thing that large audiences are present, because the dwindling of the docket and the absence of major crimes indicates that something has happened, and for us, we feel that the large attendance has had something to do with it.

HOW ELEPHANTS DIE

It has often been said that no white man in South Africa ever sees a dead elephant, that is to say, an elephant that has died a natural death. How then does the elephant die?

A traveler answers the question in a most romantic way. He tells that when an African elephant feels the pains of old age stealing across the vast energy of which he has been master for so many years, he moves away from the herd, sniffs the air, and then with solitary determination, makes his way slowly and sorrowfully to the appointed place of death. The journey before him may take a month or a year, "but in majestic solitude the way is plodded, unerringly the path is trod." Instinct guides him to the great cemetery. Somewhere near Lake Nyanza, it is believed, lies the amazing graveyard, the goal of the dying elephant. It is a vast pit filled with blackness into which for thousands of years dying elephants have cast themselves with the last remnants of their ebbing strength.

Arriving at the pit, we are told, the monarch of the African forest raises his trunk high in the air, snorts defiantly, and then hurls himself over the edge. His last death cry, says the traveler, vibrates through the great forest, and lions hearing that mighty cry, sink away into greater darkness, while the smaller animals crouch as if in reverence of the death of something great and splendid. If this story from Lagos, Nigeria, is true, it is at once a telling example of the wonders of instinct, and a most touching instance of the pathos of death. —Our Dumb Animals Magazine.

HEAVENS ARE RIDICULING

Mr. Wallace, editor of a farm paper in the middle west, was made secretary of a department of the federal government. With the best of intentions, we assume, he decided that he could correct financial ills by killing little pigs and by ploughing up cotton, wheat and corn. But the rains for a few weeks were shut up in the heavens while the sun did shine and the winds of the Dakotas did blow. As a result the farmers who last year were in rebellion against the plentitude of the fields and who set guards along the highways that led to market are busy now hauling water 50 miles to quench the thirst of their families and of their cattle, while the government is shipping thousands upon thousands of cows to North Carolina in search of pasturage. It looks to us that the very heavens are ridiculing the supposed wisdom of the wise. —N. C. Christian Advocate.

CHANGES FOR THE BETTER

We don't believe there is another town in Western North Carolina, and probably not in the state, that has had as many business improvements on Main Street as Waynesville—and each one a decided improvement.

New buildings have been erected—old ones remodeled, and plans are being made to make other major changes within the near future.

Business houses have improved their fronts, and new business men have opened new shops, and after all everything has been made better.

There are less empty places in Waynesville than any other town we know of—at present only two small empty store rooms on Main Street that will not be occupied soon.

Another striking feature of the progressive movement, is that the places of business are permanent ones, and not just temporary shops catering to the summer trade. Another thing that is impressive is that those backing the business improvements are doing a good job of it and not trying to "just get by" and make cheap looking buildings and displays.

There are still a few improvements that should be made, and probably will be made soon, but if they are not made willingly by the owners, we feel that the public will force them to it by doing their trading elsewhere which will force them to make their changes.

The past has proven that this can be done, and indications are that it will be repeated.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Twenty years ago this month the World War began. Yet no one can say, on this day 20 years after, that the consequences of that conflict are even now drawing to an end. If that war had any meaning beyond savagery, if there was any purpose in its waging, Woodrow Wilson gave words to its meaning and its purpose. He called it a war to end war, and he called it a war to make the world safe for self-government.

Now, 20 years later, the world is still full of bloodshed and conflict. Men in many countries have split upon democracy and spoken with savage scorn of man's right or ability to govern himself. Force has been deified. Man has been stripped of his dignity. And in addition to these the world still bears, unequal to the burden, the cost of the war said to be past and of wars said to be coming.

It is no wonder that men looking at the present world make bitter irony out of Wilson's statements that the war should end war and that war should result in the safety of human rights. Those statements are ironical today. They make a joke too grim to be laughed at. But Wilson did not make that joke. It was made despite him by an American Senate and a world which chose "practical politics" rather than idealism. How practical those politicians were is pretty well demonstrated by the fate which has overtaken the world shaped by their politics.

Is it not about time that the world began to wonder whether such idealism as proposes a world ordered in cooperation and good will is not in fact more practical than the "practical politics" of the men who defeated Wilson's plans and made the war, which he had waged under a banner, merely a killing without purpose and the peace which they dominated no more than time for the breeding of new conflict and new war.

Wilson was beaten, but there is no evidence at hand to indicate that the world won. There is, indeed, every evidence that the 15 years since Wilson, who had won the war, lost the peace, have been years in which the world moved in foolishness into deeper tragedy. Wilson's idealism, 15 years after, still seems to offer the only practical way to world peace and world prosperity. The Nationalists have had their day, and a bitter day it has been. The dictator still struts, but he acts with a cruelty that makes evident his fears.

At such a time in such a world no mistake will be made if there is re-examination of the idealism which was repudiated by the "practical politicians." —Raleigh News and Observer.

WORLD'S BIGGEST GAMBLER

Here's the world's biggest gambler, the American farmer! He gambles with the weather, with the grasshoppers, with army worms, with grubs, and a score of other offshots of the plagues of ancient Egypt. Every spring he takes a chance—a desperate chance. If he wins, as he does occasionally, he comes off with a big stake; if he loses, which he does most frequently, he has a chance to try again. Happily, he is a good loser, else the world would starve. —Gazette, Mitchell, S. D.

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

After looking through the book of etiquette twice I failed to find an answer to the following problem:

"A man, who is one of your best customers and his wife disagree on a certain matter and you are called in to settle the argument. After hearing both sides you decide its such a trivial dispute that it is not worth offering an opinion on; which offends both the man and wife. What can be done?"

Although Asheville claims to be the Eastern Entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains Park, one of their leading hotels insists on spelling it "Mountain" on their sign boards. The manager of the "Battersea" Park Hotel should change them.

Someone said, if you want to win a project, just put a committee of five to work on it. Amen. Two is enough for any committee and if they can't agree are em both and start over again.

A traveling man was kidding Dr. "Fog" Garner about being long, lean and lanky, and wanted to know if he ate anything besides soup. He turned to me and asked if I had ever saw him eat soup. —out I've heard him.

Saturday morning a man from the rural sections walked into the health office at the court house. Dr. Sisk politely asked him if he wanted to be vaccinated, as Saturday was the day for this community. The man blinked his eyes a minute and said, "No, sir, that's the last thing I want. I'm in the wrong place." Hurredly he left to pass away time in some other office, but not in one where vaccination needles were being used.

Speaking of vaccinations, I remember the first time I was ever "stuck" in school. Not wanting to go through the ordeal of a sore arm, some of the smart boys found that by holding their arm under running water immediately after the vaccination that it would reduce the chances of it taking. Several tried it, but the news leaked out and they had to go through with it again, and that time they were warned until washing would not hurt the medicine. That was the other fellow. Mine took.

Several months ago just after a customer who had been behind many months with his account had settled in full, I was feeling on top of the world. A young man with a rather sheepish look on his face walked in and wanted to know who had charge of the "writing up" for the paper. When told he drew up a chair and leaning forward said in a whisper: "How much do you charge to write up a fellow's wedding?"

Since I was feeling good and seeing that he knew little about newspaper routine, and assuming myself that he was "the man," I said: "Well, it is the first time that he has ventured into matrimony we do it free, but if it is his second trip to the altar we five dollars and two bits for each trip thereafter."

A smile of complete satisfaction spread over his face as he nervously stuttered: "This is my first time."

Several days later he brought his bride in when he came to purchase several additional copies of the paper, and if ever a husband wore an expression which showed that he was 100 per cent hampered, it was he.

I never expect to get \$5 out of that man for writing up his second wedding—I might get a news story of a divorce, instead.

There is a divorce case to come up in this term of court—the couple is deaf and dumb.

I once heard of a deaf and dumb couple, who after several years of married life, averaged in frequent quarreling, which, of course had to be done on their fingers. One day the wife cut her forehead which necessitated bandaging of her head, whereupon the husband got his say and she could not answer back so she left him, charging cruelty.

It's been ten days since the last election, and outside of the preacher and six book agents, no one has offered to shake hands.

Last week I received a letter from Edward J. Kelly, mayor of Chicago, in which he enclosed two windshield stickers which say "Extend all courtesies" and inviting me to the World's Fair. The word "food" was no where to be found on it.

A conversation between two tourists:
 First Tourist (talking to man who had arrived just the day before)—
 "How did you rest last night?"
 New Comer—"Terrible. I had to sleep under so much cover I couldn't turn over. Are you sure this is July, or has the repeal of the 18th Amendment brought me to feel this cool?"

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP
 The Law Firm of Queen and Alley, conformably with recent rulings of the Official State Bar Association, governing the rules of practice as related to Solicitor and Prosecuting Attorneys, hereby gives notice of its dissolution. By mutual consent of the undersigned members.
 This June 30, 1934.
 Signed: JOHN M. QUEEN,
 DOYLE D. ALLEY.

DRIVE CAREFULLY TODAY

NEEDLESS INJURY



65,070 pedestrians crossing between intersections were injured in automobile accidents in the United States in 1933. 28,879 more were injured while crossing against a traffic signal or the signal of a traffic officer. Stepping from behind a parked car caused injury to 33,550 pedestrians. Too often, pedestrians are careless and take chances. Not always does the blame rest on the motorist.

Highway Safety Committee—Carolina Motor Club.

22 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From the file of July 12, 1912.)
 Waynesville people can now rejoice in the fact that a new and model school building is assured, a consummation that has devoutly been wished for for a long time.

Mrs. James Killian will return home this week from several weeks' visit to relatives in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Abigail Barnett and little daughter, of Asheville, spent Thursday in town with friends.

Mrs. John Holtzelaw and little daughter, of Pensacola, Florida, arrived Sunday to spend the summer with Mrs. Holtzelaw's parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Smathers.

Miss Margaret Springfield returned home Saturday from Philadelphia, Pa., where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marshall for several weeks.

Mr. Roy Stuart was the host at a delightful party Tuesday evening when he entertained a number of his friends in honor of Misses Bertha and Cora Berryhill, of Charlotte, who are the house guests of his mother, Capt. and Mrs. L. E. Perry and little daughter have returned from a fishing trip to Cataloochee and are guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd at Platt.

Mr. L. G. Thom, who is engaged in business in Lexington, Mississippi, is spending this week in Waynesville with Mrs. Thom and daughter.

Your Birthday
 Birthday has two distinct meanings. It may mean the day a person is born, that is the day of his birth, in which sense he has only one birthday. Or the term may mean the anniversary or annual observance of a person's birth, in which sense the day on which he became twenty-one years old is his twenty-first birthday.

Inca Ruins Uncovered
 Hundreds of yards of stone walls on the site of a town of the ancient Incas, believed to have been hidden for more than 400 years, were unearthed by archeologists near Cuzco, Peru.

Insist on...
DIXIE CRYSTALS
 SUGAR IN SERVICEABLE COTTON BAGS...
 PURITY ASSURED... FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED

TOO TIRED FOR DANCING... AND THEN SHE SMOKED A CAMEL!

Don't let listlessness or fatigue threaten your enjoyment of gay summer parties! When your energy sags, light a Camel. You quickly get a "lift" which sweeps away that tired, cross feeling. Smoke all you want. Camels are made from costlier tobaccos. They never ruffle your nerves!

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

GEARED

Well made gears work together quietly, efficiently, smoothly. But if they do not fit, even to the smallest fraction of an inch, there is noise, waste motion and waste time.

Every doctor wants to work with a druggist whose ideals and aims "mesh" perfectly with his own. A druggist upon whom he can rely for wholehearted support and skillful execution of his orders.

The physicians of Waynesville know that ALEXANDER'S is just that kind of a drug store.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 & 54

Opposite Post Office