

The Mountaineer

Published By THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.

W. C. RUSS Editor W. C. Russ and M. T. Bridges, Publishers

Published Every Thursday

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 Year, In County \$1.00 6 Months, In County .50 1 Year, Outside of Haywood County \$1.50

Entered at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Mail Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, November 20, 1914.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1935

THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MOMENTS

Time is neither intolerable nor everlasting. If thou hast it not, it has its limits, and if thou add'st nothing to it in imagination, it is gone.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose; an evil and poisonous witness, is like a villain with a smiling face, a rosy apple rotten at the core.

A picture is a poem without words.—Horace. Pity and love, but its fruits—sweet.—Ronsard. Unity is everybody's pupil.—Franklin.

CREDIT

One of the most abused essentials of business today is credit. There is but little doubt in our mind but what more business firms are suffering today because of lack of credit than any other one thing, yet these same firms are continuing to neglect that which is holding them down, and their noses against the grind-stone, so to speak.

Not only do a lot of firms overlook the importance of credit, but they fail to take the advantage of the discounts offered for payment of cash.

The usual cash discount is two per cent—sometimes three—and though it may seem small, there is much to be gained during the period of a year by taking these discounts. We know of one firm, doing an average business, that found at the end of the year the discounts taken during the twelve months amounted to the same as the amount paid the salaries of the store's two clerks.

In one sense of the word, by watching his bills, and playing the game fair and square, this merchant got his clerk hire free.

A good credit helps an individual or firm along, while those having lost their credit are usually for ever and a day struggling against odds to move forward in the world.

MAKE NO LITTLE PLANS

There are many towns and cities that are ugly. There is no ugly town or city that could not be made a more attractive place if the people who live in it want it so keenly enough. If each mortal has but one life to live, then why should he be satisfied with environs that do not add to the satisfactions and pleasures of existence?

To sponsor a "clean backyard" contest, a boys' club, or a new library, is excellent, but not enough. Individuals intimately and sincerely concerned with community service need perspective and imagination. Their planning should be the expression of nothing less than the whole ideal. And for their motto they have these words of Daniel Burnham, to whom more than any other individual, Chicago is indebted for its planned beautification:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with evergrowing insistence. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."—Rotarian Magazine.

People coming from other parts of the country notice a marked difference in the atmosphere the minute they reach the mountains, but those who live here year after year think very little of the "good ol' air" that other sections of the world craves. Sometimes, we feel it would be to the county's advantage to make it compulsory for every person within the borders to take a week's vacation in some section not favored as is Haywood—that might tend to instill in some a deeper appreciation of the God-given advantages.

SPEED AND DRUNKS

"You ought to say something about speed demons on our streets." "You ought to start a movement to get drunk drivers off the highways." Well, we thought we had talked ourselves blue in the face and said enough about these two-lungs to make our readers disgusted. But when speed demons and drunk drivers get off the streets and highways it will be when the people rise in righteous indignation and demand that sufficient punishment be meted out to stop the menace.

Saturday a "reported drunk" nearly collided with a car operated by a local lady. After missing the car the driver sped away, no regard being paid to those in the immediate neighborhood whose safety was in jeopardy when he ran his own car onto the curb and walks.

Yesterday a party stated that a self-appointed vigilance committee would have to be formed to stop the abuse of the highways. And unless drastic action and severe penalties are soon meted out by those in authority it is possible that laymen will have to organize.

Certain it is that innocent users of the highways ought not to be endangered by foolish drivers and drink-crazed minds.—Rock Hill, S. C. Herald.

INVENTIONS AID TO LAZINESS

Science and inventions and such are still doing their very best to remove the last vestige of drudgery and inconvenience from the necessary activities and functions of human experience.

Which, being so, makes some of us amazed that so little chanting has been done over the coming of the zipper into the attire of the race.

With one zip you can now do what formerly required dozens of zaps in the way of buttoning and unbuttoning your clothes.

Perhaps, the amount of fatigue, the volume of human wear and tear and the loss of needed energy in going through the old-fashioned process of buttoning on our apparel and then unbuttoning it off has never been appropriately appraised, in the first place.

Now, however, all of this is no longer a part of the boudoir program.

You can zipper yourself into your clothes in a jiffy or less.

If the inventive boys will give us in the near future a solution with which we can wash the beard from the face with the morning's ablutions and, then design a contraption that makes it possible to switch the electric light on and off with just a whisper of a breath, thus saving the energy now required to press a button—well, there's a lot to be done yet by the scientists and inventors before every ideal of laziness will have been realized.—Julian Miller, Charlotte Observer.

The Ruralite, a weekly newspaper published in Sylva, presented their readers last week with an eighteen-page edition in celebration of the founding of Jackson County. The area now known as Jackson County was a part of Macon and Haywood counties until 1851. Much progress has been made in our neighboring county during these 84 years and we congratulate "Haywood's off-spring" for possessing that spirit of "ever onward."

Cornfield Philosophy

HERMIE MAE COW DRIVES A FORD

The car drove to a stop in the court house driveway just above the L.P. 100. The car was thrown out of gear with the motor left running. Two men then got out and one began tinkering with something in the back seat.

Herbie Mae, a woman tried up from a legal disk philosophy, a decided transcription with large amplifiers signed up on top of the car. The woman was followed by a sermon or "prophecy." I believe it was called, "The Judge was again 'on the air'." A few men had gathered around to listen by the time the prophecy had begun. It said that perils times had again fallen upon all the peoples of the earth. Unrest, hatred, strikes, clashes, great shedding of blood, wars and rumors of wars; also great debauchery, corruption, sin and unbelief.

But, of course, these things were all according to the scriptures. They last days were right now upon us and that the battle of Armageddon would be fought in just a very short time.

But there was still hope left were the comforting words that came from out the car. Because a prophet, God's appointed, had been sent to warn the people, and this prophet was none other than the Judge then speaking. It seemed that he alone, was able to read the scriptures aright and interpret their deep meaning. He said that it had gotten to be just like it was before the fall of Jerusalem—great sin and unbelief everywhere and few people would listen to God's true prophets. All who did not listen and heed the warning, he said, would likewise perish.

The prophecy ended by announcing the stations to tune in on in order to hear the Judge, and by asking (of the unbelievers standing around) if they didn't want to contribute something to the Judge's warning campaign.

Now, in the olden days, Elijah or Jeremiah would suddenly appear from the wilderness, from around a street corner in Jerusalem, come upon the people in the market-place or anywhere they might be gathered. These prophets were probably clad in a simple robe, wore sandals, walked, or rode an ass, carried a rough stick and were supposed to have worn a long flowing beard. I have often wondered how they would look in comparison with the Judge. For just think, Jeremiah now drives a Ford!

CIVIC LOYALTY THE BUSINESS of this town is founded on DEPENDABILITY STABILITY RELIABILITY

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. CURTIS RUSS

Wiley James was parked on the street in his new Chevrolet, watching the world go by, when a woman ran into the lot, bumping it quite a bit. It so happened that she had a "country" car.

The story goes, that Wiley jumped out, surveyed the damage, tipped his hat, walked over to the woman driver and said: "That's all right, lady it was all my fault. I should have had my car home in the garage."

Not long ago, a woman driving alone discovered she had picked up a nail in her tire, so she just parked and waited for help. Along came a man who saw her plight. He got out, and was taking off his coat to change the tire for her when she opened the door and stepped out. Her first words were: "Say, gotta a smoke?" He looked up and discovered she had on white knickers—the same as he. Under his breath he utters an oath, then out loud, "You're trying to imitate a man in everything else, see if you can fix your tie like one,"—and he drove off.

And while on cars, etc., saw a sight Monday that is very uncommon these days—a man measuring the gas in his tank. Most cars have gauges, but his was a model that required the little stick about fifteen inches long—one side marked for oval tanks and the other for square tanks—member?

Now this yarn is the truth, whether it sounds like it or not, but if you knew the person like I do, you'd agree and take more stock in the truthfulness of this story. . . . This woman was the stingiest person in seven states, and without any reason, as she and her husband had accumulated at least \$50,000 in cash. About the only thing she cared for besides money was flowers, and she grew some beautiful ones.

One day, just at dusk, she spied a cow right in the heart of her garden, and with fury in her heart, and blood in her eyes, she made for the cow, determined to thrash her good, but just then her stingy mood came to life and she decided to milk the cow for payment of the damage done, then turn her out for the officers to put in the city "pound."

She milked the cow—bone dry. She turned her out in the street—even saw that she headed towards Main street.

Early the next morning the telephone rang. It was the city clerk's voice: "Mrs. —, your cow got out last night, and we have her in the pound. The cow is 85. Please come and get her as the city don't want to feed her." Yes, sir, the clerk was right, it was her cow.

C. G. Rowland, banker-farmer, of Sumter, S. C., tells the yarn about a banker, who could say no quicker than one could bat an eye. One day an Irishman walked in the banker's office and applied for a loan of \$20.

"Nope, can't let you have it," came the prompt answer. "But," persisted Mike, "I've got to have \$20." "Sorry, but nothing doin'," the cold-blooded banker barked. But with that remark, a smile changed his expression and he beckoned Mike to draw closer.

"Now, Mike, you know that I have an artificial eye, but it is a perfect imitation of my good eye. Tell you what I will do. If you will tell me which is the artificial eye, I'll let you have the \$20." Mike stood back a few paces studying the two orbs of the banker.

"It's your left one." "Well, that's right, but how did you guess it?" "Oh, that was easy," Mike said proudly, "it has the most kindness in it." Felt sorry for Clyde Fisher the other day—he was getting a shave, and a little "curiosity-box" while waiting for her mother, stood right over him, gazing with profound interest. Of course, Fisher was in no position to defend himself—lying there all lathered up and daring not to flinch lest the barber nick the hide—how he endured the gazing is beyond me, but he didn't seem to mind it.

Since there are only three million

Two-Minute Sermon

By Thomas Hastwell

A FRIEND OF MARY—No man in public or private life who has died within my memory has left so many people with the keen sense of personal loss that has been caused by the tragic and untimely death of Will Rogers. To every man whether he had ever had the privilege of knowing him, Rogers was a personal friend, a personal possession. There are many incidents in the life of Will Rogers which might form the text for a sermon, but taken as a whole, his whole life is a sermon, eloquent, and appealing to all of mankind everywhere. He exemplified the qualities which every man secretly cherishes and admires and longs to possess. His life was an open book, clean, frank, honest, straightforward, without pretense or pose. He was simple, genuine, kindly, sincere. His humor and wit never carried a cruel barb or an unkind word. The entire background of his life was clean and wholesome and honorable. One expression that Will Rogers one time used might be said to aptly epitomize his life: "I should have had my car home in the garage."

Laws and ordinances on the law books of this country, we might as well have a few more, and among them let's add:

- Ought to be against the law for cafes to serve soggy bread. Ought to be against the law for people to stand in front of cafes and spit, while patrons are eating. Ought to be against the law for people three-quarters bald to pay full price for hair cuts. Ought to be against the law to buy a suit with two pairs of pants, then burn a whole in the coat. Ought to be against the law for a fellow to brag about what he is, but isn't. Ought to be against the law for theaters to refer to all pictures as gigantic, colossal and stupendous. Ought to be against the law to catch a cold during heat wave. Ought to be against the law to have Friday the thirteenth on the calendar. Maybe it ought to be, but it ain't.

24 Years Ago in HAYWOOD

(From files of the Mountain) Mrs. Joan L. ... Miss Margaret ... Mr. John ... Mrs. J. H. Way ... Mr. Theodore ... Mrs. J. E. Clark ... Capt. Mark ... Messrs. John ... Mr. I. L. Council ... Mrs. Frank Bailey ... Mrs. James Atkins ... minimize his whole life. It was, "I never knew anybody I did not like." Such an expression coming out of a life such as Rogers, is in itself an eloquent sermon. But the greatest sermon that is taught by the life of such a man is the desire that his life has stirred in the hearts of all men to be remembered at least in a small degree as one possessing some of the qualities he possessed, that have endeared him to all mankind everywhere as a friend of man.

SCHOOL CLOTHES For Boys -- Girls -- Teachers SPECIALLY SELECTED FOR Value -- Quality -- Style C.E. Ray's Sons

"JUST AS GOOD?" We have been engaged in this profession long enough to realize that drugs and wearing apparel have one thing in common. You can't get the highest product in either class at cut rate prices. And so when some drug salesman offers us an item in his line at less than standard price, claiming that it is "just as good" as the established brand, our reply is invariably a courteous but emphatic "NO." A "just as good" is not enough for an Alexander-filled prescription. ASK YOUR DOCTOR Two LICENSED PHARMACISTS For Your Protection ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE Phones 53 & 54 Opposite Post Office Try At Home First. . . And You'll Never Regret It