

The Mountaineer
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THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1938

BIBLE THOUGHT

These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye may have peace. In the world ye have tribulation.
 —John 16:33.

MAY THE BEST MAN WIN, BAH!

The air is politically reverberant as the candidates for local, and other public offices go forth to plume themselves before the presence of the electorate.

Button-holing, self-promotions, baby-kissings, et cetera, and often, ad nauseam, are in order.

The candidates want to get elected. They want offices—some of them paying well and all of them something!

We wonder, incidentally, in how many of such cases the inspiring cause behind these candidates is that of serving the public in the way that the public ought to always to be served by those enthroned to its positions of trust and responsibility!

Within limits this political agitation attendant upon such a campaign has its virtues, among its many and often its stenchful vices.

It does arouse public interest in matters political. It introduces and in some cases reacquaints the governed with the affairs of the government.

When this is wisely and patriotically accomplished, of course, the result is wholesome.

But in all too many cases, this phase is not paramount.

The public becomes overpowered with its prejudices.

It begins to measure men and issues in terms of pre-conceived opinions and passions, and thereby it falls to the level of the campaigners themselves.

For, be it remembered, the usual motivation among the campaigners is to win, and to win at all hazards and too frequently, by any and all methods, fair or foul.

And this atmosphere seeps down and finally engulfs much of the public itself.

One on the sidelines, viewing this turmoil among individual candidates and the agitated public thus fanned into flames, has difficulty in escaping the consequent cynicisms.

Usually in a well-ordered, sportsmanly race governed by fair rules and engaged in by disciplined contestants, the public can have its innocent interest, and even its fun, as it sits complacently back and wishes that the best man may win, or the best horse or the best dog—depending, of course, upon the particular nature of the marathon and its contestants.

But in a political race, when one expresses the hope that the best man may win—especially in a primary election—somehow or other the tongue gets itself all messed up in cheek and the happy saying does not leap out.—Charlotte Observer.

EXPENSIVE EGGS

The Senate claims committee has approved payment of \$450 to Richard Kernik of Graham, Wash., for 230 turkey eggs which failed to hatch when he set them two years ago. It was shown that the eggs were added with dynamiting on a WPA project near Kernik's poultry farm, thus costing Uncle Sam nearly \$2 an egg.—Exchange.

A dam project laid out by the federal government on Crab Apple creek in Williamson County, Illinois, has come to grief. The farmers have rebelled, pulled up the surveyors stakes and destroyed 500,000 seedling trees and announced will fight before they will allow the project to go through. The project calls for condemnation of 36,000 acres. It would take 200 valuable farms, 16 schools, 8 churches, and 20 cemeteries; 1000 persons would be displaced.

TROUBLES WHICH NEVER HAPPEN

One of our exchanges carried an editorial recently, the philosophy of which is well worth general application. We clipped it without noting paper from which it was taken and pass it along without credit:

"An old, familiar line, worthy of perpetuation, runs—I am an old man and have had many troubles, most of which never happened."

"No doubt most people as they near the end of life's road could say the same. In general our troubles have three dimensions. They are fearfully large in prospect. The worst of them are bearable in actual experience. And they shrink to a mere nothing in retrospect."

"The gravest of our troubles are those of anticipation. The longer the perspective, the larger the anxiety. Sudden emergencies find us more than ready for them. Which proves that the difficulty that floors us, but the mind's imaginings which, in the troubles sighted in advance, makes mountains out of molehills."

"There is no specific cure for that dread malady, worry, like making comparisons. No trouble ever is as serious as our fretting makes it out to be. Which ought to admonish us to let fretting alone, and deal with the actualities."

"A wise man of old said: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' And we are equal to the evil if we do not clutter our minds with past regrets and future fears."—Ex.

The U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue announced recently that during the past year it had paid \$75,641.18 to 77 persons who tattered on income tax evaders. The law permits a payment up to 10 per cent of the amount recovered by the government as a result of the information received from the tattler. Most informers, it is said, were dismissed bookkeepers, disgruntled partners and divorced wives.

An unexplainable thing about the newspaper business is that an editor can run columns, and columns of boosts and publicity for an individual or a project and the individual who should be interested will never see it, but let two lines get in the paper, at the bottom of the last page, and the same fellow will see it and squall his head off about it. This unfortunately, is the invariable rule.

In the event one gets the idea that the limit in taxes has been reached, it is well to remember that the tax on a gallon of gasoline in England is 18 cents.

After seeing how serious some folks take their politics, right now we might welcome the idea that all offices be for four-year terms.

There is no gesture quite as expressive as the appraising once over one woman gives another who has appeared in a new outfit. Not a single detail is missed.

Whether or not the rain on the roof at two o'clock in the morning has a musical sound depends on whether the windows of the family car standing parked in the driveway have been left down.

Courtesy and good manners cost nothing yet they will open more doors of opportunity than most any other thing.

If the wife backs the car into a post and dents the fenders all up and the husband shows no anger about it, either the honeymoon has not ended or they have decided who is boss.

The greatest relief that this country will ever feel will come when there isn't any more relief.

Little did old timers ever expect that a day would come when a steering wheel would represent the family circle.

TWO MINUTE SERMON
 BY THOMAS HASTWELL

WHAT LACK I YET?

In the book of Mark is found the story of the rich young ruler who came running one day to the Christ and asked him: Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? And Christ said unto him, thou knowest the commandments. The rich young ruler said: Master all of these have I observed from my youth up, what lack I yet? Then Jesus beholding him loved him and said unto him: One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions. This passage is most often used to show the handicap that riches may be to the man seeking eternal life. I think it has another lesson that is often overlooked. The fact that the young man had wealth and had lived an exemplary life did not close his mind and heart to the fact that there might be something better than he had ever known, and prompted him to ask the question: What lack I yet? I do not believe it was asked in conceit. I believe he came to the Master with a sincere desire to learn, with the feeling that there was something higher, and finer, and better, than he had yet known. I think the young man's question is one that every one can ask himself. I think it is a good thing for one's soul to know and then come to the Master as did the rich young ruler that day in the way and ask of Him as he asked: What lack I yet?

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CLARION HAS BEEN IN THE OFFICE TEN HOURS A DAY ALL THIS WEEK

Random SIDE GLANCES

By W. Curtis Russ

In Bryson City there is a man by the name of Mark Cathey. An expert fisherman, good hunter, and just as good at telling yarns. He is a typical westerner. In fact he recently turned down an offer to go to Hollywood and appear in a western picture.

Mr. Cathey was brought here last week and featured by the Rotary Club of his town, and during the course of his yarn spinning he told of a New Yorker, spending sometime in Bryson City, who took a sudden desire to go trout fishing, and Mr. Cathey was called on to escort the visitor to the best spots.

The New Yorker did not know anything about fishing—and that statement is not exaggerated. The two went to a store to get a fishing outfit, and the New Yorker was not contented until he had bought a duckback suit, boots with hobnails, an expensive rod and reel, and all the equipment that even expert fishermen do not always find necessary. In fact, he was overloaded with tackle and supplies, and as he started to leave the store his eye fell upon a bowie knife and sheathe. He was told that such a thing was not essential on a fishing trip, but he differed and made the purchase, thus adding to his heavy load.

Soon the two were at a favorite fishing spot, and for several hours the New Yorker fished ahead—and according to Mr. Cathey, he just scared the fish away, and he did not even have a decent strike. The northern visitor failed to understand why he had not had any luck all day, and him with the finest equipment to be bought in Bryson City. And at the same time, Mr. Cathey thought of the disgrace that would fall upon his head should he go back home "fishless." He ventured ahead, and caught several, and as he prepared to suggest that they turn homeward, a hungry little four-inch trout took to the New Yorker's hook, and was reeled in to the very end of the pole, and there it dangled. The visitor stood with the pole in the water calling for help, and suggestions, as to "what must I do?"

Mr. Cathey, in his humorous way, yelled back: "Climb the pole and stab your fish."

There are few scribes who could write the yarn as Mr. Cathey told it, and the lack of his typical mountaineer phrases, and his hearty chuckle mixed in, meant as much as the yarn itself.

As the hottest political campaign comes to a close, there will be many scores of good yarns that will be told for years that have come from this election. Right now before the election it would be almost suicide to begin to relate any of them—some are true—while others were made up to fit the occasion. Anyway, most of them have brought forth many a smile, and in some instances, might have changed a voter's mind.

One woman related as how candidates had called at her house until she was tired of seeing them, and when she saw one coming recently that was noted for kissing babies, called back in the house: "Hide the baby, here comes another kisser."

ROBINS PROTECTED
WILWAUKEE—A provision was inserted in a sales agreement recently that the purchaser of a new house was not to molest a robin's nest which had been built on a window ledge of the recently completed house.

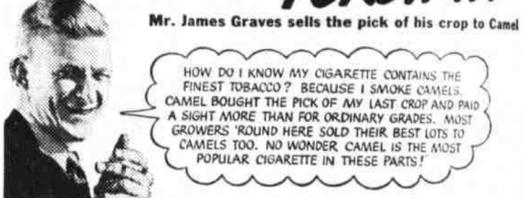
Your Horoscope

May 28, 29—You like to be complimented and commended, as you are somewhat conceited. You prefer to be noticed by people of wealth and standing, and as you are a good talker, and make a pleasing appearance, you make a very charming companion.

May 30, 31—Though it is not always good for you, you like and thrive on flattery. To be able to lead you all one has to do is to flatter you. You can become very disagreeable when too much nagging or criticism is forthcoming. Though you are somewhat close in money matters you are quite lavish when it comes to your own self or family.

June 1, 2—You are daring, though

"I KNOW TOBACCO... I GROW IT!"



MEN who grow fine tobaccos—who sell them—who get the checks—they know the quality of tobacco that goes into various cigarettes. And they say, "Camels buy our finest grades." So, if you want to enjoy a cigarette made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—it's just plain logic to choose Camels.

"WE SMOKE CAMELS BECAUSE WE KNOW TOBACCO"

IN THE ELECTION SOMEBODY WILL LOSE...

The same is true in every fire, hail storm, automobile accident, wind storm, or industrial accident. Be sure you're protected with ample insurance.

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INTANGIBLES

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