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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1938

MAD DOGS AND CHILDREN

Four children were bitten during the past two weeks by a dog pronounced mad by the laboratories of the State Board of Health. The city police department reports that fifteen dogs, said to have been bitten by this same mad dog, have been killed in the community. Perhaps no serious harm has been done. Perhaps the treatment of the four children are now receiving will be effective, and the only damage will be the loss of the dogs as pets. On the other hand four children may have rabies and go mad and end in tragic deaths, and the responsibility of their lives will rest with this community.

We have laws to govern the situation, but like many other forms of legislation, they are not enforced and their provisions are such that we cannot wholly blame the persons whose business it is to carry them into effect.

It seems a natural reaction for us not to be alarmed about such things when we are not directly involved. In other words if it is not our child, we think that more than likely it will not happen again.

Rabies is perpetuated in civilized communities almost exclusively by the dog, and to a small extent by wild animals of the dog family. It is an acute specific, rapidly fatal paralytic infection after it develops, communicated from a rabid animal to a susceptible animal through a wound usually produced by biting, according to medical authorities.

The disease is remarkable in several particulars, especially the period of incubation, which is more variable and more prolonged than any other acute infection and its high mortality is practically 100 per cent. It enters the broken skin and follows the nerve trunks from the injury to the spinal cord, thence to the medulla and the brain. It may be six months after being bitten by a mad dog before the person will show any symptoms of rabies. Most cases of rabies occur during the spring and cold months, and not during the "dog days" of July and August, as most people think.

Rabies exists practically all over the world. It has never been seen in Australia, we are told. Rabies has been eradicated in England, but was reintroduced during the World War by Russia. In France rabies of a virulent type, with a short incubation period has spread since the World War, according to M. J. Rosenau, head of the School of Public Health.

During the period from 1932 to 1936 the heads of 5,941 dogs were examined by the state board of health, with 2,777 found to have rabies. In 1936, five mad dogs were recorded in Haywood County, according to the public health statistics. Five mad dogs may not sound very dangerous, but think how many people might have been bitten by each one, before they were killed.

There are 2,086 dogs listed for taxes in Haywood County, and it is said that there are between two and three thousand more not listed. After the foregoing it is needless to cite the danger in this county unless these dogs are vaccinated against rabies. Public sentiment will accomplish this needed enforcement. If we want the dogs vaccinated badly enough, we will have the law enforced.

Suppose the next child bitten by a mad dog is your little boy or girl?

The annual flower show here next Tuesday should be a drawing card for hundreds of people. The shows are always worth while, and lovers of flowers find it a place to temporarily satisfy this longing.

HEALTH AND PROGRESS AT STAKE

The voters of this community will soon determine whether we are to step back into the horse-and-buggy era, or whether we are to go forward, and become the center of the most progressive area of North Carolina.

The decision the voters make when this community goes to the polls and cast ballots on the matter of constructing a sewer line from Hazelwood to a point below Lake Junaluska, together with the installation of an adequate water system, will be a milestone in the history of this community.

The stand the voters take on the matter will have far reaching effects. If the question is voted favorably, we will be keeping abreast of the improvements already underway in every part of Western North Carolina, and we will continue to go forward and prosper.

If the voters fail to realize just what this sewer and water system means, and defeat the issue, it means that we can no longer make claims to the healthful surroundings of this community, which has meant so much to our happiness, and has long been a means of bringing in new homeseekers to make investments as well as the annual influx of tourists.

This election can truthfully be termed a golden opportunity for this immediate section. The eyes of the state, and many from outside the state are closely watching to see which way we will step. No later than this week Governor Hoey expressed a personal interest in the outcome of the election.

The mere fact that the communities will have to remedy the present conditions is inevitable, as the courts will eventually make the removal of sewage from Richland Creek mandatory; and the board of health is urging a better and more adequate system. Besides all this, it is doubtful if ever again, the government or anyone else, will offer to pay 45 per cent of the cost of the projects.

To vote down the question will not end it, not by any means, it would merely call for more money and added complications.

While the construction of the sewer line and water system will add to local taxes, we must remember we have to pay for progress in order to have prosperity; yet at the same time, we must keep in mind that if this matter is delayed, that it will mean a far greater tax on the pocketbooks of the citizens of the community, when a court makes the plan obligatory and we have to foot the entire bill.

A vote for the construction of the sewer line and a better water system will mean better health conditions for the community, and the unshackling of progress.

Labor Day is supposed to be the last day of summer according to fashion. Life is just like that. Just as summer shoes get to feeling comfortable here comes dame fashion and says "off with 'em."

MURDERS IN THE U. S.

Nearly every time the "big" court convenes in Johnston county, a murder trial is on the docket, and occasionally, as happened recently, it takes a special term to dispose of the trials.

It is just such cases combined with those in other parts of the United States that piled up the number of murder trials in the United States to a total for last year of 7,859, besides the 5,705 cases of negligent manslaughter. The Federal Bureau of Investigation made available these statistics, and listed by the Bureau are seven North Carolina cities with a population in excess of 25,000, as having 106 murders last year. Quoting from the report: "There are roaming at large in the United States some 200,000 potential murderers who during their lifetime will account for the deaths by violence of more than 300,000 persons unless the present murder rate is reduced."

That our laws are not curbing murder is evident. Even in North Carolina where Capital punishment obtains, there were in seven cities 106 murders in 1937. Capital punishment does not seem to be a deterrent. The sentiment against capital punishment may induce maneuvering to evade verdicts that would mean a life for a life and thus the ends of justice may sometimes be thwarted.

But there is little doubt that states still cling to capital punishment for murder because the prison terms invoked by the courts are rarely served in their entirety. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation states that the average murderer in the United States spend less than 54 months in prison as result of his crime. If capital punishment were to be done away with, it should be replaced with life imprisonment without the privilege of parole, for the taking of a human life is a serious thing—so serious that many believe the state should not take a life as a punishment for murder.—Smithfield Herald.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



Story 1

"Once upon a time," as all good stories begin, there was a great big black bear that lived away up in the mountains. When he was a weeny little cub, he was so black that his mother called him "Blackie," and so he has always gone by the name of BLACKIE BEAR. Bears grow pretty fast, and so Blackie soon grew up to be a great big bear, and as people say, he "married him a wife," and her name was Betty Bear.

Blackie was a mighty good hunter, and always kept plenty of things to eat around the house, but when his pantry was full, and he didn't need to hunt, he would sit in his big chair out on his little porch and smoke his pipe that was filled with rabbit tobacco. But Betty never liked to see anybody resting while she was working, and so she would make Blackie come in and wash dishes and scrub the floor and do other sorts of housework.

Blackie told his old pipe one day that he didn't think much of that sort of work for a real bear that was a good hunter, and that he was going off and take a rest. So for several days he did a lot of hunting, and he just piled up things in Betty's pantry till she quarrelled with him for bringing in so much, and then one night after everybody was asleep, he crept out of the house and started for a place that he had heard talked about as "the low country."

He traveled hard all night, and some things happened that we will get him to tell about sometime, but now it is enough to know that he got off of the mountain and came to a creek that was wide and deep, at the edge of "the low country" just as the sun was rising. And here was his first piece of luck. He wouldn't have to get wet from swimming across the creek, for here was a great long log that had fallen down, and one end of it was on his side, while the other end was on the other side, and made a nice bridge. And just look at the big trees over there! And look at the biggest one of all, away over yonder on that little hill!

Blackie not only looked, but he ran until he got to the tree, and then he stopped so short that he really "skidded," just as an automobile does

when you put the brakes on too suddenly when the ground is wet. No wonder he stopped, and that his eyes nearly popped out, for he was looking at the biggest tree he had ever seen in his life, and it had a regular door with big wooden hinges, most like his door at home.

Certainly some man had fixed that door, and Blackie didn't want to meet any man, and he was just ready to turn around and run back to the bridge, when somebody up over his head said, in a friendly sort of voice: "Well, what are you looking for? Don't you like that tree? The other fellow liked it."

And then Blackie's eyes nearly popped out again. Who in the world was talking to him? No use to run now; he would fight his way out if he had to.

And now listen: "You needn't be scared. Nobody is going to hurt you. Go on in and look around, and if you like the house you may have it. A man that used to have a little saw mill down here lived in there, long before I came here, so a friend of mine told me, but he has been gone for years, and nobody else ever comes here."

The Jay Bird flew down out of the big gum tree and said: "Howdy-do, Blackie Bear. I hope you will like your house, and will live down here with us. The house is plenty big for you, and I think you will like the funny fireplace and table. Go on in and look it over."

Then they both went in, and again Blackie's eyes most popped out. He had been born in a tree house, but no such a house as this. And look what a good heavy door, with a bar to fix it so nobody could get in! Then

he came out and sat down in steps, for he was so excited that he was weak.

"But tell me, Jay Bird, how did you know me?"

"I fly everywhere and know everybody, and I have seen you at home up in the mountains. But you live in the house?" asked Bird.

"I won't live anywhere but Blackie Bear said. So that's Blackie Bear came to settle down Bear Creek."
(To Be Continued Next Week)

What's the Answer? By EDWARD FINCH



TOBIAS HOBSON was an English livery stable keeper. From his famous stables he hired out horses by the day or hour. In hiring a horse you could look them all over and make your own selection but by hook or crook, Hobson would contrive to get you to take the one nearest the door. As that horse was sent out the rest were moved up and the next customer would be inveigled into taking Hobson's choice of horses while being blarneyed into thinking he had made his own. It became the joke of the town and the expression came down to us meaning a choice with but one course to choose.
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GEMS
For Your Scrapbook

"Eternity"
"Eternity is not a moment that gins after you are dead. It is on all the time. We are in it."—Charlotte P. Gilman.

It is eternity now; I am in the midst of it. It is about me as sunshine; I am in it as the butterfly in the light-butterfly as—Jeffries.

"Time is a most thoughtful visitor of which is the solar Eternity is God's measurement Soul-filled years."—Mary Baker E.

"Eternity is not an everlasting of time, but time is a short thesis in a long period."—John D.

"And this is life eternal, that might know thee the only true and Jesus Christ, whom thou sent."—John 17:3.

"To have the sense of the life in life is a short flight for the To have had it, is the soul's bliss."—George Meredith.

WOMEN SMOKERS
(Gelett Burgess, in "Your Life Smoking with most women is a symbolic act of emancipation and a genuine satisfaction of Women haven't yet learned to smoke, or when, or where. All of them are guilty of outrageous affectations. Look about in restaurant; every woman in the sitting with her elbows on the one hand sticking up and away holding aloft a cigarette as if it were a Buffalo Bill to stand end off. And who hasn't seen eating with a fork in one hand a cigarette in the other? No not even a heavy smoker, will ruin the taste of both food and bacco.

Women have brushed aside conditions of courtesy and consideration as regards smoking. Women don't and probably will understand the philosophy ideal of good form that men have developed as regards the use of them. They're not even amateurs.

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"I fly everywhere and know everybody, and I have seen you at home up in the mountains. But you live in the house?" asked Bird.
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(To Be Continued Next Week)

Less than one per cent of the people of China subscribe to newspapers. There must be a lot of people there who don't even know there is a war going on.

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