

The Mountaineer
 Published By
THE WAYNESVILLE PRINTING CO.
 Main Street Phone 137
 Waynesville, North Carolina
 The County Seat Of Haywood County

W. CURTIS RUSS Editor
 MRS. HILDA WAY GWYN Associate Editor
 W. Curtis Russ and Marion T. Bridges, Publishers

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 One Year, In Haywood County \$1.50
 Six Months, In Haywood County 75c
 One Year, Outside Haywood County 2.00
 All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

Printed at the post office at Waynesville, N. C., as Second Class Matter, as provided under the Act of March 3, 1879, No. 263, 1914.

All notices, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, and all notices of entertainments for profit, will be charged for at the rate of one cent per word.

North Carolina Press Association

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1938

VACCINATIONS OR ASSASSINATIONS

There is till just cause for alarm about the mad dog situation in Haywood County. Almost every day there is a mad dog killed somewhere in this county. From scattering reports, there seems to have been a number of dogs killed in the rural sections during the past week.

It is our understanding that inspectors in the various communities have been advised to make a close check on all dogs, and see that they are vaccinated against rabies.

Haywood County is just two years too late in starting on this program, or at least in enforcing the program, and now the situation has grown in such proportions that it is a task to master. However, there is a way out, if the citizens of this progressive county are determined to overcome a growing menace.

A dog vaccinated against rabies will not develop the dreaded disease within itself. This same dog, however, if bitten by a mad dog, can easily develop rabies, regardless of the vaccination. That point, we find, is not generally understood by most dog owners. For the most part, owners of valuable dogs, have them vaccinated, and then let them roam at will, feeling perfectly safe that the animal will not have rabies, even if bitten by a mad dog. This is incorrect.

The solution to the menace, is to vaccinate every worthy dog, keep them penned up for a time and see that all stray dogs are properly and quickly disposed of.

One stray dog with rabies can cause havoc among 1,000 dogs that have been properly vaccinated.

Several counties much smaller, and who do not claim to be as progressive as Haywood, have successfully combated rabies and have not had more than a score of citizens bitten at one time by mad dogs as had Haywood.

Every dog properly vaccinated is so designated by a badge. In that way, it would be easy for any citizen to spot a stray dog, and have them disposed of.

Now this editorial has dealt with the vaccination of dogs, and no mention made of the human suffering that one mad dog can do. From one who has seen a man die of rabies, we learn that it is the most horrible of all deaths. There is no cure for it after the disease is developed. The agony which the patient suffers is beyond description.

There are many worthy dogs in Haywood County. There are too many that are worthless.

And if we are to overcome the serious menace of mad dogs throughout the county, every dog owner will see to it that there is plenty of vaccinations or assassinations—and in most instances the latter will be preferred.

OLD AGE AND THE PENSION RACKET

A recent issue of Collier's magazine reports that promoters of the California pension plan are collecting around \$2,400 a day in small contributions from old people who hope to benefit from the proposed system.

The magazine points out that one of the promoters was convicted in 1934 in federal court for using the mails to defraud in connection with the sale of a fake hair restorer.

However this charge has not interfered with the promoter's work along the pension line, for he has been successful in enrolling 200,000 Californians, in this pension plan.

While it is necessary for those who have passed a certain age, and have not provided for their declining years, should have some sort of assistance from the government, it seems a shame that their last savings should be spent on rackets from which no one but the promoters will profit.

PEACE

On the eve of Armistice Day, it seems fitting to give President Roosevelt credit for his superhuman effort made in preventing this country's entrance in another war.

As one well known writer on international affairs says, Europe, too should be forever grateful for his great initiative, when he appealed to the various heads of European governments.

At this time he should be given credit for saving civilization from another catastrophe, that would have been far more devastating in its results than the last World War.

So in observation of that great peace that came to a shell shocked and war torn world, twenty years ago, with added thanksgiving we should not only pay tribute to the soldiers of that great army, that went across the seas, but also to the war from which our leader has saved us.

INDIRECT TAXATION

There has never been a time since the founding of this nation that the citizens have given such serious consideration to the question of taxation. From time to time various groups and organizations have made surveys showing in specific and very definite figures what the average citizen is paying out of his income.

A survey made recently by the Family Economics bureau of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, shows that from an income of \$150 a month you pay an average of \$212 a year, or thirteen and one half cents of each dollar, in indirect taxes. Also it was found that you pay an additional five or six cents on each dollar in items too exclusive or too small individually to be traced down.

Now, these taxes are not really taxes, social security, income, or other taxes, which are classified as direct assessments, but the ones you pay in the purchase of retail goods and services, about which you are often hardly conscious.

It is estimated that the tax bill collected by local, state and federal governments totaled for the year 1938, \$14,324,000,000. This represents an increase close to a half-billion dollars above that of 1937.

The direct and indirect taxes have reached the stage in this country, where thoughtful citizens are beginning to study the situation as never before, and the result is bound to have some reaction on the present trend. People have reached their limit.

MAN'S SEVEN MISTAKES

Man's imperfections lead him to make many mistakes in life, and the pointing out of these frailties has engaged the attention of philosophers and reformers in all ages. A recent writer enumerates what he considers to be the seven greatest mistakes of man, as follows:

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trival preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading.
6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
7. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

This appears to be a pretty fair diagnosis of what is the matter with us, and everyone might profitably check up on himself in the light of these suggestions.

EDITORIALS BY READERS

Rarely a week passes, but some interested reader suggests that an editorial should be written about some pertinent local matter, expressing very sound ideas on the subject. We often feel that the person making the suggestion would have influence in the community, and the readers would enjoy this man's opinion on such things of vital interest to the public affairs.

Week after week we turn out this page, and feel that others would bring fresh ideas clothed in new language, that might be arresting to our readers, and we have suggested on numerous occasions, that they write a letter to the editor, expressing their views.

Louis Graves in a recent issue of the Chapel Hill Weekly seems to have the same experience and he relates it thus:

"Every once in a while I meet somebody who wants an editorial written expressing a certain opinion. I say, 'you write me a letter about that and sign it, and I'll gladly print it.' At which he looks alarmed and says, 'Oh, no, I don't want to do that.' In other words he wants me to express his opinion over my name."

The damage done in a cat and dog fight is never as great as the noise would indicate, the same thing is true of many a family row.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



A GOOD DINNER MAKES A BAD DAY FOR BLACKIE

Story 10

In some things Blackie was very much like some children. Even some grown people are a good deal that way. He was all the time saying that he would do so-and-so, if such-and-such a thing happened, or that he just WOULDN'T do some other things. He would make lots of fun of horses and donkeys for letting Mr. Man and his neighbors hitch them up to wagons and plows, and ride on their backs, and he would tell Dr. Coon and Billie Possum how he would run away and tear up the wagon, and cut up Jack, generally, if he were ever hitched to a wagon. "No, sir-ee; no such work as that for Blackie Bear," he said. "It is bad enough to have to hunt all over the woods for my dinner, and when it comes to having to pull a wagon to earn it—woof, woof. No!"

So, one day after Blackie had been talking mighty big about what he would do and what he wouldn't do, he went out in the woods to hunt all by himself. After hunting for ever so long and not even finding a rabbit, he got pretty hungry and tired, and was just thinking that he would lie down and take a little nap and get rested, and then hunt some more, when he came up to a little field. When he crept up to the edge of the opening to look around, he saw a donkey standing near a wagon under a tree, and his head was down in a feed box while he was eating his dinner. Blackie looked all around to see if there was a man in sight, but there wasn't.

"That's a mighty little donkey," Blackie said to himself, "and I couldn't eat more than one ham, but I wouldn't mind having a good big dinner. But oh, look; here's some dinner already fixed," he said, as he saw a big tin bucket hanging from a limb of a little tree close by the wagon. Blackie looked around again, but there wasn't a soul but the donkey, and so he went over to the tree and stood on his hind legs and reached for the bucket.

Blackie thought Mr. Man must have gone off down to the spring to take a nap before dinner, instead of after



He kicked the breath out of Blackie.

dinner, as he always did, and so he slipped into the woods and sat down and ate all of Mr. Man's dinner in a mighty few minutes.

"Oh, I feel better now," he said to the dinner bucket, "and I believe I'll go and give that donkey a slap and run him out of the field. And if he wants to fight—well, I wonder how a donkey ham would taste, anyway." And now look at Blackie making a bad mistake. Here he goes creeping up behind Hee-Haw Donkey, thinking that those big floppy ears are hanging down over his eyes so he can't see. But a donkey can smell a bear almost as well as a dog can, and Hee-Haw knew that Blackie was slipping up on him. And now just as Blackie was getting ready to say "Woof," and slap Hee-Haw, the donkey sang out "Hee-Haw" loud enough to be heard a mile, and then he slapped Blackie. Yes, sir; he kicked up both feet and hit Blackie right in the stomach so hard that he knocked all the breath and sense out of him, and Blackie fell over and lay there just like he was dead.

When Mr. Man heard his donkey scream so, he came running up from the spring, with his jug full of water, and when he saw that Blackie had eaten up all of his dinner and then tried to kill his donkey, he was awfully mad. "Well, anyway," he said, "I'll have a good bear skin coat, and plenty of fresh meat," and he took

What's the Answer? By EDWARD FINCH



LONG ago, a barber served in two capacities—barber and surgeon. He "bled people"—i. e., when a man felt sick he thought he had too much blood in his system and he went to the barber to have some of that blood removed from his body. The barber pole stood for the staff the patient held as he was being bled. The red and white stripes were for the bandages used in the operation, the white for the bandage used before the operation, the red for the dressing of the wound after it was over. The gold ball at the top of the pole represented the other end of the business—the brass basin from which the customer was shaved.

© Western Newspaper Union.

GEMS
For Your Scrapbook

"As the heart pants for waterbrooks, so pants the soul for Thee, O God."—Psalms.

"Let each man thank the God of God, His mind a fountain of the breath of God; And let each try to get the and good deeds, To show the most of Heaven hath in him."—P. J. Hayes.

"Heaven is not reached at a bound; But we build the ladder by we rise From the lowly earth to the ed skies, And we mount to its summit by round."—J. G. Holland.

"Who hath found finite life sufficient to meet the demands of man want or woe,—to still the desire to satisfy the aspirations?"—Baker Eddy.

"And the most difficult to keep Heights which the soul is content to gain."—Wendell Phillips.

"Stretching his hand out to the stars, he forgets the flowers of feet."—Jeremy Bentham.

MARRIAGES

Thomas Arvil B... and Maude M...
 John Cornelius Allen... and Mary L...
 Clyde Christensen... and Jones, both of Canton.
 Grady Henry, of Lake... and Mancy Dockery.

The Hollywood movie... said all Chicagoans walk as if are dodging something may have do some dodging off his way in Chicago.

If it's not one thing to worry it's another. No sooner do we succeed in getting rid of the eskimo in our basement than the new one in that another bantam motor car to be on the highways.

Jokesmiths to the contrary were still many drug stores with soda fountains reported in the Co. of Business for 1935. The Drug Stores without fountains, 17 with fountains, 38,741.

One cannot fully understand the nation in Europe without know the backgrounds of it. That is also of about every other people problem in the world in general individual lives.

Red Heads are most difficult to under the influence of anesthetic. Leavenworth Times reports. It is not as strange as it might be. Red heads are accustomed to wit friends and influencing people when it comes to taking their medicine—well, it is not being in red-headed circles.

Scrap iron has become a million dollar business.

In Siberia, there are rivers freeze solid all winter, releasing still living fish in the spring.

out his knife and began whetting so it would be easy to take the off of Blackie.

(To be Continued)

THE PILOT

The master of an ocean liner is one of the most efficient of experts. But in unknown waters he turns the ship over to the highly specialized guidance of a pilot. In YOUR vocation, you too, may be thoroughly proficient. But if you are WISE, you'll always turn over the Good Ship Health to your doctor when sickness comes. He is the only one qualified to steer you through these waters.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALEXANDER'S DRUG STORE

Phones 53 and 54

Opp. Post Office

TWO REGISTERED PHARMACISTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION.