

Polk County First, Second, Last and all the time WATCH IT GROW!

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CAROLINA OR CALIFORNIA?

COOLIDGE AND DAWES TAKE OATH OF OFFICE IN WASHINGTON WEDNESDAY

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Our program is never too oppressive, but always to assist. There is no salvation in a narrow and bigoted partisanship. Economy is the idealism in its most practical form. The wisest and soundest method of solving our tax problem is through economy. The collect absolutely require of legalized larceny. Under this Republic the rewards of industry belong to those who earn them. This country believes in prosperity. The result of economic dissipation to a nation is always moral decay. Our problem is not to secure new advantages, but to maintain those which we already possess. In a Republic the first rule for the guidance of the citizen is obedience to law. While there may be those of high intelligence who violate the law at times, the barbarian and the defective who always violate it. The essence of a Republic is representative government. The fundamental precept of liberty is toleration.

AUTOMOBILES MAY BE SEARCHED FOR RUM

Supreme Court Decree May Check the Activity of Bootleggers—Stills Raided in W. N. C.

A dispatch from Washington states that prohibition enforcement agents can lawfully stop and search an automobile without a warrant, the supreme court decided in a case from Michigan. United States federal prohibition agents believe they have broken up much of the activity of blockaders in Henderson and Transylvania counties near the South Carolina line. It has been the practice of distillers operating stills in North Carolina to step over the state line to evade arrest from state officers. Knowing this fact, the federal men decided to look for the still sites. Last week six large distilleries, 10 gallons of liquor were taken by federal officers led by Deputy Marshal, W. F. Swann of Lynn. Mr. Swann was accompanied by Officers Grant of Asheville, Hutcherson of Columbus, Owens of Saluda and Jarvis. One of the stills was found near the home of Charlie Robertson, it is said, was arrested at his mail box with a pint of liquor in his pocket. He was taken to Brevard and arraigned before U. S. Commissioner, A. E. Hampton, who bound him over under bond of \$500.

In a letter received from W. B. Mills of the U. S. Navy on U. S. S. Mississippi, he says in part: "I received my first copy of the News and was so surprised that the paper has improved so much. I have missed the old home paper, and had almost lost track of the old home town, and it was indeed interesting to note the changes that are taking place in Tryon and Polk County."

The scenic highway across Rocky Spur and on to the top of Hog Back Mountain is being energetically pushed by those interested in the development of the Hog Back Mountain as club property. Grading has been completed to the crest of Rocky Spur, and the line has been surveyed and partially cleared to the top of the mountain. Topsoiling will begin shortly and Mr. Remick states that the road will be open for cars as far as Rocky Spur at an early date. Every twist and turn in the highway affords a splendid view of the surrounding mountains and valleys, and the Spur itself in places only sixty feet wide, rises two thousand feet above the Vaughn's Creek Valley offering a splendid scene extending for miles in every direction. The importance of this road as an attraction to tourists cannot be exaggerated and it will in time become one of the widely heralded scenic points of interest in the Appalachian Range. Mr. Remick through his own efforts has pushed the work to its present stage, and will continue the development to a successful conclusion without question.

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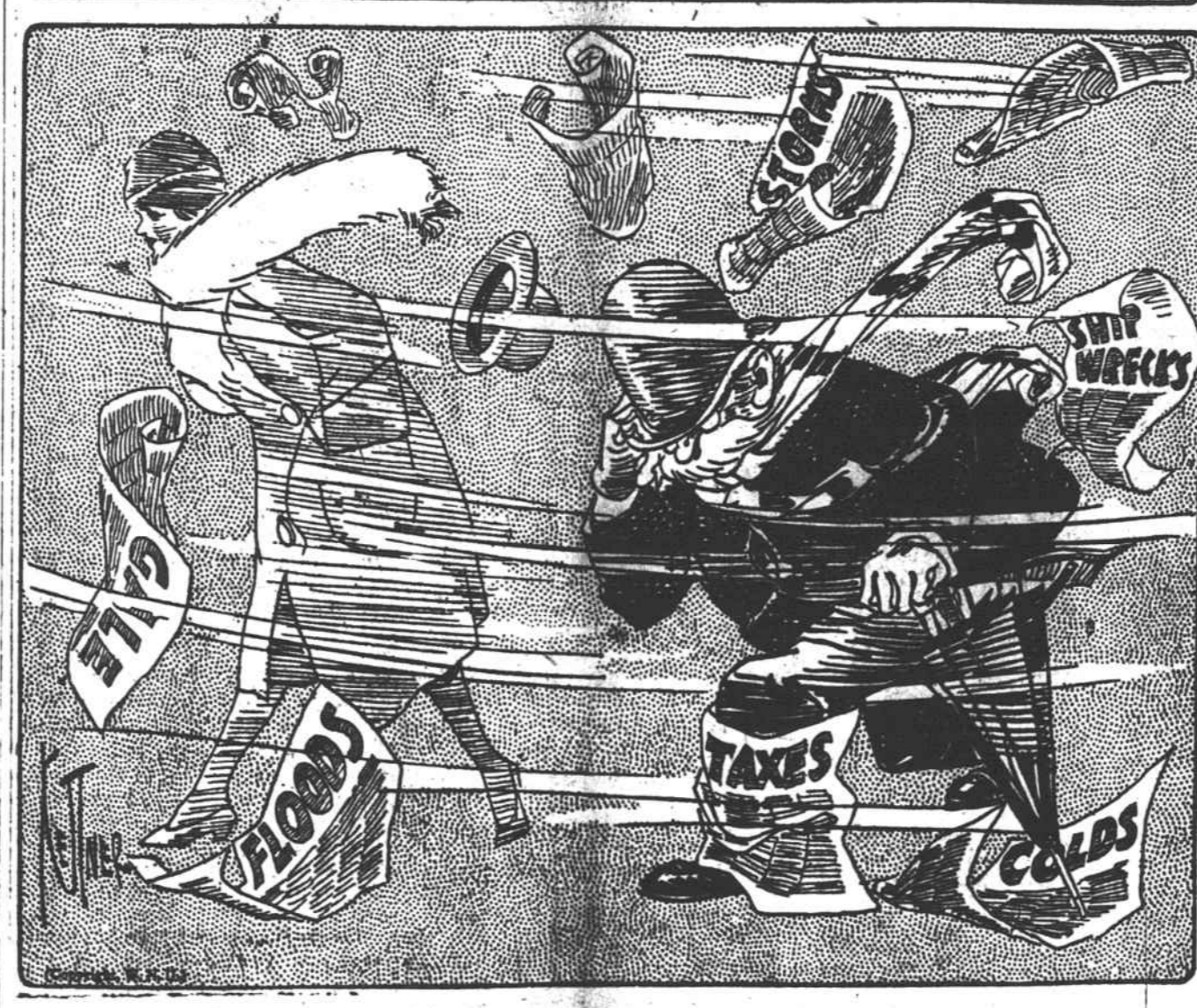
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Beware the Ides of March



California Capitalized Its Booster Spirit

Land of The Setting Sun Is Thoroughly Sold on Itself and Its Inhabitants are One Hundred Per Cent Boosters---Letter from an Adopted Californian Extolling San Diego's Virtues--- And an Answer.

A straggling border town, hugging the parched banks of the Rio Grande del Norte, sweltered in the noonday sun while the thermometer climbed, and climbed and climbed. Loafing at ease in a battered rocker a tanned and hardened free-lance journalist cocked his feet on the rickety railing of the shadowed portico surrounding the ancient adobe structure whose portals bore in tarnished gilt, the words, "Texas Tavern."

Cynically he watched a lazy Mexican trudge through the drifted dust, leaving behind him a floating trail of red and brown. The heat devils shimmered and shivered on sun baked adobe and blistering paint. It was hot!

Tilting a weathered Stetson to the back of his head, the Stalker of News in the Out-of-Way Places, rolled a cigarette, wiped the sweat from his eyes, and cursed long, vividly, and fluently. A woman laughed. A tinkling, glib note of sheer unalloyed amusement. He turned and the twinkle of merry grey eyes met his rather irate stare. "It is hot," she volunteered, "and you needn't make excuses for swearing. I feel like doing it myself."

Irish she was. The mystical grey eyed Irish type, the type that has fought and roved wherever Adventure called; the Grey Geese of Erin. An author of no mean ability. A poet by nature and inclination. A clever and capable woman tied to a wheeled chair through the travesty of fortune. Game to the loyal heart of her fighting the good fight—playing the game of life until the last card was dealt—because, perforce she came from fighting stock, a race that has never learned the meaning of the word "quit."

Talking of many places, of many people, the two became real friends. Before the accident which resulted in permanent injury she had seen much of the world, while he had hung on the fringe of civilization in cow-town and mining camp. The urge of itching feet hurried him on. Mexico teeming with unrest was on the verge of an eruption. Good copy! If nothing broke in Manana land one could take ship for the Orient from Mantapas. So on the eve of his departure as they talked of their future prospects, he promised to send her a red geranium from Japan. She loved red geraniums—and had been wishing for them in a country where flowers seldom bloomed. The seething maelstrom of civil

war caught him in the Land of the Dons. He came out on a stretcher, carrying a soft nosed thirty-three in his anatomy. Japan, red geraniums and the little invalid were half forgotten memories. Then came the World War and he came east—while she settled in the City of Roses. Ships that pass in the night— The other day a letter came, it read: Dear Nomad:

Do you remember once upon a time when I was speaking of my fondness for red geraniums you told me of beautiful ones that grow in Japan; said you would send me some from there. That was ten years ago and now we meet again. I have become a resident of California; your Odyssey has led you to California. But why California when one has a choice that includes Southern California, I can't understand.

You needn't send me red geraniums now. We have them here in such abundance we are inclined to call them weeds for we have to weed them from our gardens to make room for more aristocratic blooms. But I still love them in their profusion as I did when I had to coax one in a pot for my window sill.

Nature here is a lavish Mother, but instead of becoming surfeited our capacity is expanded to enjoy beauty. In my life, a shut-in, where so many everyday blessings are denied me, I find much comfort in being able to feast on loveliness of unusual sorts.

My eye is on the cliff overlooking historic Mission Valley bounded on three sides by distant mountains. The blue of the farthest peaks is often (in winter) crowned by a shimmering white blanket of snow that glistens under the sun-washed blue of our southern sky. And yet here at my feet are marigolds, violets, callas, and other summer friends in riotous bloom. The valley between is checkered in many shades of the green of the truck gardens that are supplying our winter tables. And at the very heart of my view—a glowing jewel in a wonderful setting—is Padre Serra's earliest footprint, the first California Mission, an inspiring link binding our present of happy accomplishment with its inception of self sacrifice and courage.

Do you wonder why I wax so enthusiastic? Remember I called you Nomad. Who knows when the wanderlust will attack you again. And well 'dost like the picture? I spilled over into some verses

about Sydney Place, my habitat. Here they are: O Sydney Place, fair Sydney Place A queen enthroned the cliff you grace And spread before my raptured eye Your sapphire mounts 'neath turquoise sky. Your amber hills, your emerald vale Crossed by the river's topaz trail. On every side the view I trace In jeweled sheen from Sydney Place. To Sydney Place, to Sydney Place I came for rest from life's hard pace, 'Wearied of body, worn of mind, From the long years' relentless grind, I sought in her sequestered close Comfort and ease and sweet repose. That from my tired brow would efface The lines of care in Sydney Place. In Sydney Place, in Sydney Place I found more balm within her vase. In her domain that bravely towers, Crowned through the year with fadeless flowers, Are gentle neighbors, faithful friends The richest gifts the Master sends. And so I say with fervent grace: I thank Thee, Lord, for Sydney Place.

For your interest I enclose a letter from our mutual friend the Fra Elbertus of Los Angeles. Best wishes to you. Louise MacDonough Berry.

Comrade Mia, why go to California when the cool blue mountains tower overhead, and a Carolina sunshine tints the valleys with golden shadows? Here where brook trout lie in shadowy pools, and quail are thick in the stubble; where winding bridle paths and smooth white highways beckon; where rhododendron, laurel and azalea splash the landscape with pastel shades—its good to be alive in California.

California, I knew in the old days. The Imperial Valley when Calexico was young; the Panimint and Funeral ranges; the Barbary Coast of Frisco; the teeming oil fields around Bakersfield, and your own City of Roses when Tijuana held forth in all its tinsel glory.

There is the spirit of Youth in California's veins. Like a lusty infant, it grows and grows. We are older here, awakening perhaps from a Rip Van Winkle slumber to realize at last the immense possibilities of "The Land of the Sky"—and we too are growing. Yes, and learning to grow.

Why California, Comrade Mia, when California offers the things nearest my heart's desire?

WHAT THE GARDEN IDEA MEANS TO THOSE INTERESTED IN BEAUTIFUL TRYON

A Plea for Garden Clubs Written By a Well Known Artist Who is Interested in Keeping Tryon an "Unspoiled Paradise."

When the "morning Stars Sang Together" one feels that there must have been a garden close by or at least in the making, and when the "Herald Angels Sang" one is quite positive the refrain blended with the fragrance of a garden for even in spite of the fatal apple in the first garden of creation's history the song and the garden went blithely on fluring prominently in the great arena of human experiences little impaired and blissfully unconcerned by the blow that had crippled the rest of creation. Thus becoming a fitting tribute to the triumph and "survival of the fittest" for how quickly the law of readjustment plied its art as we trace the treasures of the ancient gardens portrayed in the rare imagery of sacred

handle the harp and organ." Thus even as a noted wise man had found a great joy in the glory of his gardens we may read of a mighty Potentate who found succor from his troubles and something akin to peace of mind through the ministrations of music. This is not only fitting but replete with the unending lesson that the altar should ever reflect the spirit symbolized by the incense or the fragrance in any of its choicest expressions and the accompaniment of "Praise Ye The Lord." From this it is not a far cry to the hearthstone and the garden. Furthermore, no matter how humble the hearthstone, or of common variety the garden, there is the common point for the enactment in developing of these higher qualities so fittingly expressed by one who made the statement that "one is nearer to God in a garden than anywhere else on earth," and one is glad that somewhere along the path of the ages the trail of the serpent as well as his conversational powers were lost in the higher ideals that centered in and radiated from that other garden of sacred history that meant so much to all mankind.

First Lady



If any further word is needed to augment the plea for more gardens one need but look upon the unfolding panorama of form and color month after month whether in the northland, southland, to the eastward or westward, up hill or down dale. The forever impression is indelibly imprinted in an ever enlarging lesson and imitation to follow the lead of nature's pageant in some measure.

With all this background of history, and the lure of the seasons procession in flower forms of color and fragrance, is it not meet that in spite of all the materialistic and utilitarian influences of our present over busy work-a-day world, individuals and communities "give praise" and consider the flower garden its place, importance and message—and herein is the good work of the Garden Club, and its various activities, of which their value as an educational factor in a community plays no little part, and granted that all view points are not the same, yet consciously and unconsciously one and all, will sooner or later come to find the garden, as the place of a great contentment, "The Giver, The Giving and The Gift."

Rosalind C. Pratt.

DESCENDENTS OF REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS GUESTS OF N. C. JUDGE

Senator Francis Pickens Bacon of Tryon Luncheon Announcement of regarding South Carolinians

That Senator Francis Pickens Bacon with Mrs. Bacon are enjoying the rare social season for which the state capital is famous, is seen from time to time in the columns of the Kaseign Papers. The following society announcement will be of much interest to the many local friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bacon.

Associate Justice Heriot Clarkson of the North Carolina Supreme Court, entertained at a delightful dinner last night in one of the private dining rooms of the Sir Walter in honor of three members of the General Assembly, who are descendants of three South Carolina generals in the American Revolution.

These guests of honor were Senator F. Pickens Bacon, descendant of General Andrew Pickens; Representative W. T. Council, descendant of General Thomas Sumpter, and Senator Henry G. Robertson, descendant of Benjamin Marion, a brother of General Francis Marion. Judge Clarkson himself is a descendant of Esther Marion, only sister of General Marion.

The affair was to renew those friendships of some century and a half ago. Those enjoying the genuine hospitality of Judge Clarkson and Mrs. Clarkson in addition to the guests of honor were: Mrs. F. Pickens Bacon, Mr. Brock Barkley, Mr. R. E. Powell and Mr. R. E. Williams.

Ma's Comment

"Gosh, I have a fearful headache," growled pa. "Seems to me I've had of an aching void before," was all the comfort he got from ma.

ROUTE 4, CAMPOBELLO, S. C.

Mr. C. C. Hinsdale, a well known and beloved citizen of Green's Creek died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. M. Barnett, February 25th, 1925. He had been in feeble health for some, and recently took pneumonia from which he was unable to recover. Mr. Hinsdale has lived in this community for more than 40 years and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Why California, Comrade Mia, when California offers the things nearest my heart's desire?