

New Medicine For Old

Thursday of last week Squire H. A. Buchanan and Nathan Richardson of Thomas' Bridge had a very adventurous day. It started in Nathan's store Wednesday night, and ended in a fifteen mile-hunt, Thursday, with Squire Buchanan having to go so far as to draw his gun and make dangerous threats.

Wednesday night a well-dressed, pleasant talking man walked into Nathan's store. "I represent the Blank Medicine Company, a company whose products you have been carrying for a number of years," he said. "I have been sent here by the company to replace all of the old medicine on your shelves with new."

The Blank people had never before made such an attractive proposal, but they had always been a reliable firm and Nathan let the man go about changing the medicine.

The man did it in a hurry. Nathan had a bunch of customers in the store to wait on and couldn't pay very much attention to what the man was actually doing. Pretty soon the man tipped his hat and breezed out the store, with a large box of the old Blank medicine under his arm.

In front of the store there awaited him a long, lean dark woman, who was sitting at the wheel of a Kentucky licensed car. She had the engine running and the man tripped swiftly in. They were off in a cloud of dust.

Before closing that night, Nathan thought he would go over and make the acquaintance of the new medicine. A very disagreeable surprise was in store for him. The man hadn't given him new medicine at all, but old packages, fly-blown with age. Besides he had taken out far more than he had replaced. Nathan new then several packages of the a couple and found nothing in Nathan's.

mony of Squaring to the testimony of Squire Buchanan, was an angry man. The frisker located that night, the Ridge located

Miss o'clock Nathan got a Miss John Baldwin, who runs his branch store at Adwolfe.

"There's a man here who offers to exchange new medicine for all our old Blank stock, what shall I do?" said John.

"Tell him to come to the phone," said Nate.

No one knows exactly what was said in that phone conversation but it was a hot one. Finally the medicine man hung up with a bang and rushed out of the store.

During the conversation people in John's store could hear a mighty roar coming from Nate's end of the line, and later John found that the receiver had a burst diaphragm.

Well, whatever Nate said it put the medicine man on the run. But he was quickly pursued. Nate got Squire H. A. Buchanan, borrowed a car and set out.

They pursued and pursued. People along the road would say, "yes we saw them pass by here just about fifteen minutes ago." Mile after mile the pursuit continued. People were saying, "they passed by here about ten minutes ago," Nate kept getting madder and madder and according to Squire Buchanan they kept going faster and faster.

At last near Friendship, Washington county, they caught sight of the car going over the top of a hill. Soon they overtook the medicine man.

"Stop," yelled the Squire.

The man did.

The Squire got out of his car. "I walked over to the medicine man. I had my hand on my gun in my rear pocket. I didn't mean to draw it, but it sorta jumped out and before I knew it I had the man covered."

"Hand over that medicine," I said. "The man argued that he knew nothing of the medicine. But I pushed over to the car and there it was in the back seat, about fifteen dollars worth of Blank's medicine that would cure everything from corns to carnositis of the liver."

"Now you will have to pay us for our trip out here."

"How much," said the man.

"Three dollars and a half."

"That's too much. I'll give you two-fifty," said the man.

"I said three-fifty," I said shifting my gun."

"The man paid up, got into his car and he and the long, lean dark woman drove away. I hope he's been taught such a lesson that no more will he say "new medicine for old," the squire says.

Mr. Wiley Scott, of Emory and Henry College, was a business visitor in Marion the latter part of the week.

A God-Send For Poor Young Lovers

Heath and I had been, ever since our first year in school together, the most bosom friends. We had, in fact, associated so closely that we became the same as brothers.

Less than a year after we left school, he to go to Texas and I to my home, we both decided to end the misery of single existence and get married. He was to be my best man and I his. I was to marry first and take my honeymoon trip to Texas, where I would act as best man for him. Everything was all set. I didn't have a job, neither did he. I didn't have any money, neither did he. We were in love.

We were going to tie our separate knots about Christmas 1929. On October 27th, 1929, I got the following letter:

Dear —:

Hold everything! Don't get married on December —! Listen, my lad, and you will hear wonderful tidings. There is in Houston a company, called the Southern Marriage Endowment Association, which offers a lump sum to be paid upon marriage. On each policy held by a person he receives \$250 if he marries between 3 months and six months after taking out his policy, \$500 if he marries between six and nine months, \$750 between nine and twelve months and \$1,000 after a year. For this the member pays \$15 application fee, and assessments each month. These assessments have averaged around \$6 per month during the six years of operation in California, and it is a plan that has been in use in England for some 700 years, believe it or not! A couple can take out as many as three policies on each of them, or six in all, thereby receiving \$1,500, \$3,000, \$4,500 or \$6,000, according to the time they marry. Personally, two was all I felt I could carry right now, but I hope to take out some more at least three months before I marry. Just think, kid—if you would take

you'll need the money when you marry! Ugh! I know! I would cost you around \$30 in application fees and \$12 a month for 6 months, or a total of \$100 or so. Just think—\$1,000 would mean a year in law school for you while you and I lived comfortably. Or if you could possible take four policies, it would return \$2,000 in six months. Gee—it means so much to newly-weds to have a strong cash reserve. —and I had been thinking we'd be lucky if we had \$500 in cash, but now we'll have \$2,000 if we wait till next November, or \$1,500 if we wait till August.

The whole thing is a mutual proposition. There are 1000 members to a group, and each time a member marries, a \$1.25 assessment is levied. Of that amount, the management gets 25 cents, and \$1.00 goes into the fund to pay claims. If the member has "been in" only three months, he gets his \$250, and there is still \$750 left to pay other claims with. As I said, the experience over a six year period has shown an average monthly assessment per member of \$6.00. Of course, after a year the members are fewer and the claims paid are higher, but anyone marrying between three months and a year is perfectly safe, I think. I wish I could take out six, but I just haven't the cash now—I run with pretty much of a society crowd here, and I carry life and accident insurance, etc., so two is about all I can afford.

Really —, can't you see it is a fine proposition? If you could wait even a month longer than you had planned on, or four months longer, look how independent you all would be when you did marry. I'm having my friend, J. O. Skinum, the local secretary, send you the direct dope on it. Hope you can take a couple, at least. Isn't it worth \$1,000 to wait five months?

Near the end of the letter he added this: "Think seriously about the marriage association. I'm putting my faith in it, and I really believe it's a God-send for poor young lovers."

I was a little dubious and besides I couldn't wait one month after the time set.

So I got married, but Heath wasn't my best man. That wasn't to be thought of. He was putting all his money in matrimonial endowment policies.

Health continued to write me. Every now and then he would joyfully break the news that he had managed to take out an additional policy.

On the 7th of November, 1930, he

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TOBACCO MARKET

S. A.
(Copyrighted)

A day at the great tobacco market at Abingdon. The market begins at 9:30 in the morning and lasts usually until 3:30 or 4 in the afternoon. There are two big floors at Abingdon and the market moves from one to the other. We arrived shortly after noon when the market was in full swing.

The town was full of farmers, who had brought in tobacco. They were selling at the Farmer's warehouse operated by Mr. Cozart and arrangements were being made to move to the big Bernart-Van floor on the next day.

The market at Abingdon has been through a lot of difficulty but has got itself firmly established now. It is a big market this year and promises to grow bigger every year. Now the farmers are coming there from all Washington, Scott, Russell and Smyth Counties and from many counties in East Tennessee and from North Carolina.

Such markets are not easily established. There is a big investment necessary and after being established the success or failure of the market depends a great deal upon the attitude toward it of both the sellers and the buyers. The buyers are the four great American tobacco companies, to whom ultimately the tobacco goes. They are of plug tobacco, cigars, smoking tobacco and most of days, of cigarettes.

Luckies. Camels. Chesterfield Golds.

Obviously it is not to the of the big tobacco companies many small markets. At Abingdon when the market was first, some years ago, the amount of tobacco brought in was at first very small. It was difficult to buy there. The market did the one at Bristol. Still the

North Carolina market now is large, persistence and the skill of Cozart of the Farmers Warehouse and to the members of the Bernart-Van Company.

To conduct a tobacco market requires a special kind of skill. At all you must be a good judge of tobacco. The market is not merely to the buyers but is to a certain extent controlled by the warehouse man. He is himself in the market constantly bidding on every basket of tobacco put up. Great speed must be maintained. At Abingdon the average sale is from three hundred and fifty to as high as five hundred baskets an hour. The auctioneer is moving swiftly from basket to basket. The baskets are set on the great floor in long rows. The auctioneer is chattering incessantly. It is difficult to understand him. At first you feel as though you had wandered into a Chinese laundry at an unfortunate moment. The Chinaman was sore at something and was letting go a string of Chinese oaths.

Six, six and a half, and a half, who hoo—wee wan ah—wee wooo—wee haa woo—at six and a half—sold.

There it goes, another basket containing perhaps a hundred pounds of tobacco gone into the great maw of one of the big tobacco companies.

The warehouse man has himself partly fixed the price. He has approached the basket ahead of the auctioneer. His quick eye has judged it. Perhaps he thrusts in his hand and pulls a hand of tobacco out of the heart of the pile. He has made the first bid.

Now come the other buyers. They are keen-eyed young men. The great broad-bottomed basket, containing often some farmer's whole crop, has been sitting there waiting. The farmer himself is standing near. Perhaps his heart is beating anxiously. These young men come, these buyers. There are the paid buyers and others. There are speculators here. They watch. If they think a basket of tobacco is going at too low a price they also bid quickly. It is all done very rapidly. A dozen pairs of hands are thrust into the pile. The tobacco, so neatly piled in rows, is rolled and tumbled about. A nod or a shake of the head and all is over.

The speculators are not buying for factories. They are buying to sell again. Often a basket contains a mixed lot, some good tobacco and much bad. The speculator buys and repacks the basket. He calculates quickly that he can make some money on the basket. He takes a

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New Buildings For 1931 Under Way

The commencement of 1931 brings with it the following Marion building projects, a healthy sign for a year of progress.

Mr. James R. Shanklin and Mr. Wythe Hull, Jr., who for the past two years have been the owners and operators of the Marion Orange Crush Bottling Company, announce their plans for the erection of an up-to-date, first class bottling plant, work on which got under way Monday with the pouring of concrete for the foundation.

The building will be located in the east end of town, close to the present office building of the Standard Oil Company on a lot with a one-hundred and eighty foot frontage, purchased from Mrs. Ellen Sheffey.

It will be a two story plant, with the measurement of sixty-four by forty feet. The building will be a great asset to the many fine business structures that have been erected here within the past five years.

The front lower floor will be used for office rooms, the rest of the building, with the exception of the basement, will house the bottling plant proper. The basement will be used for storage and will serve as a garage for the company's trucks.

"We are planning to make it as sanitary a plant as can be found anywhere," Mr. Shanklin says. "We are employing local labor and will purchase locally all the materials used in its construction."

Mr. R. G. Witt is advising contractor for the work.

Work has been begun on a nice brick-cased bungalow for Mr. J. P. Killinger. The house will be located near the Marion Handle Mills, which Mr. Killinger is

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Up To Us

Last week a man came to Marion from the Associated Press. He was curious about us. As everyone in this county knows we came here, having hopped over from Grayson where we had tried our hand at being a gentleman farmer. The situation was something like this—the writer after years of a rather adventurous life had decided to settle down. He had come into this Southwest Virginia country and had got a bad case of love at first sight. The county suited him. He was in love with its hills and valleys, its forests and streams. He fell in love with the country the first day he arrived and he hasn't got over it yet.

Incidentally he liked the people too. He liked the valley people and hill people.

One day he came here to the county fair. There was a man sitting in the grand stand beside him he did not know. The two men began to talk. "How do you like gentleman farming?" the man asked.

Your editor explained. "The trouble with me is that I am neither a gentleman or a farmer." That about hit the nail on the head. The two men talked. The man sitting beside the editor at the fair that day was Denny Culbert of Marion so if there are any of the people of this county who do not like their editor don't blame him. Blame Denny.

It was Denny who suggested we buy these papers and we did it. It wasn't our fault that both a democratic and a republican paper were issued from one office. That is the way we found things.

We have tried to get to both

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Lacy Testerman Bound Over

Lacy Testerman, 18, was tried before Mayor Greer Tuesday morning on the charge of stealing seven dollars from Mr. J. B. Bradshaw, a patient at the hospital.

Mr. Bradshaw, although a patient was declared by Dr. Wright to be in full possession of his power of identity and that for the last year has shown no evidence of active insanity.

Mr. Bradshaw is allowed to go where he pleases on the hospital grounds. He sells rings which he carries around in a bag, and does a pretty good business. One day last week, on a sugar log, back of the hospital barn, he said he had as a prospective customer, Lacy Testerman. Lacy's brother, Earl, he said was there too.

Mr. Bradshaw had the bag there in the courtroom and demonstrated exactly how the money had been taken.

"I was looking around in the bag for a ring with a red set, like this," he said. "In my left hand I had six dollars, a five dollar bill and a one. While looking for the ring, I found two half-dollars corroded together. I laid them on the log. After a while I found a ring with a red set."

"Testerman said, 'It's a tolerable pretty ring.' And with that he grabbed the money out of my hand, the money off the log and ran. His brother, Earl, ran too."

Mr. Frank Weddel, an attendant, who was taking a bunch of patients

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Well Talked To

Following a good meal blessed by the Rev. A. W. Taylor, the Kiwanians leaned back in their chairs, lighted their cigarettes, fought their cigars and listened to three superb speeches at their regular meeting at the Hotel Lincoln, Tuesday evening.

To get the better turned up for the speeches in store, they were, first of all, privileged to hear Mr. W. L. Allen sing a couple of songs in his usual delightful way accompanied by the club pianist, Miss Mildred Snider.

The first speech, very informative and to the point, was made by Mr. P. E. Bird, county agent. Mr. Bird was presented by Mr. Marvin Copenhaver, who was appointed by President Greer to investigate the tobacco warehouse situation.

Mr. Bird gave statistics of the amount of tobacco Smyth county has grown and is growing, and compared these figures with other counties where tobacco warehouses have been established. These other counties are producing anywhere from one to four million pounds of tobacco per year, while Smyth county in her largest year, 1930, produced only 308,000 pounds, Mr. Bird stated. He also said that tobacco companies would not send out buyers unless they were guaranteed at least a million pounds. He concluded his speech by saying, "I do not believe it would be financially or economically advisable to build a tobacco warehouse here at this time."

Mr. Charles Lincoln, just back from Florida, was called on by President Greer for a talk. "You are very seldom here, but when you are we like to hear you speak, for your words are always those of wisdom," Mr. Greer said.

Mr. Lincoln summarized the business conditions of the country as a whole. "No state I've been in, with exception of South Carolina, has withstood these times of depression as well as Virginia," he said. He said he believed that business would, in a gradual way, pick up as the months passed and that by the fall of the year, times would be about like they were the spring of 1930.

The program committee, Mr. H. P. Gills, introduced Rev. A. W. Taylor, who said he would talk on a variety of subjects. He did. He commented wittily and intelligently upon the Wickersham Committee's report. "They spent \$500,000 and a lot of time and came back with a report that was common knowledge to a

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Comments

(From New York Sun)

SHERWOOD ANDERSON COMMENTS

Urges Young Writers to Help Make Country Weeklies Alive and Attractive.

Marion, Va., Jan. 26 (A. P.).—Sherwood Anderson, who became a country editor three years ago, finds country weeklies generally dull, needing new blood and offering rare opportunities to young men and women with imagination and ability.

So strongly does the novelist believe this that he is going out to talk about it to young collegians who have a "hunch" they can write.

"In all our colleges are these youngsters who object to becoming cogs in huge organizations," he said.

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M. C. Morris To Be Buried Friday

Funeral services for Mr. M. C. Morris one of Marion's most prominent citizens, who died Wednesday at noon, will be held Friday at two o'clock at the Baptist Church.

The services and burial will be in charge of the local Masonic lodge. Following the church service the body will be taken to the Round Hill cemetery for burial.

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Sin Invades Innocent Valley

As you will see in another part of this paper sin has invaded Rich Valley. George Cook's father H. H. Cook of THE VALLEY had a some shoulders and hams taken from his meat house. They arrested Henry Harris for the crime but he denies it. The saddest part of all this is that Jim Carter's feelings are hurt. He came in to tell us about it and almost cried. "I'd rather have anything in the world happen than to have crime come into our valley," he said. It was pathetic. We also cried.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Campbell of Tiooga, W. Va., spent the past week-end as guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell.

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Up To Us.

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"I'm arranging a series of college lectures for next winter and I'm going to talk to them about the country weekly, which, if rightly run, isn't a newspaper at all in the daily sense.

"The colorful young fellows with a writing hunch who once became country editors are now drifting to the cities. Frequently they enter newspaper work, but they seldom write what they want. I think they are missing more than they gain."

Financial Reward Small.

Mr. Anderson said he wasn't going to offer financial rewards. The country editor, he said, might expect about the income of a country doctor or lawyer. On the contrary he believes the country weekly offers opportunity to escape from the illusion of bigness for talented persons with ambition to write who enter newspaper work to get a start.

The novelist, discussing his much heralded purchase of the Marion Democrat and Smyth County News here three years ago, said that individualism, now vanishing in the daily press, had a distinct place in the small-town daily. He frowns on the editor who comes with ideas of reform into the little towns. But he believes the weekly press might spring to a place of prominence and usefulness under the guidance of men with courage, imagination and love of life.

To such men, he says, the job would offer an intimate touch with life—a chance to study people—and a great deal of pleasure.

Mr. Anderson has given the job of editing his two weeklies to a large extent to his son, Bob and Robert Williams. One paper is Democratic and the other Republican, and the political editorials are written by John P. Buchanan and R. A. Anderson, who is not related to the novelist, respectively, without compensation.

In working out one of the most pressing problems before Virginia today, the country weekly can do what the city daily cannot. It can make a first hand study of the government of its county. It can inform the people of the county how their money is expended, and for what. To do that there must be the very independence for which Mr. Anderson argues. If the country editor is allied to the court house group, or is dependent on county advertising or county printing for his job office, he cannot tell the people of the county how much the Commonwealth's attorney receives in fees and how much of it comes from cases in which he made no actual appearance; how much the county treasurer receives, and how much of it comes out of the school fund.

As a student of people rather than a student of politics, Mr. Anderson has kept aloof from the political contests of his county. A Democratic official writes for one paper, and a Republican official for the other. To such a man as Anderson, it matters little to what party the county sheriff belongs. It does matter how effectively he enforces the law, and how well he feeds the prisoners the county boards in his care.

Thirty per cent of the gasoline tax—over \$4,000,000—is paid over by the State each year to the counties for development of local roads. It should be a function of the country weekly to tell where that money goes how effectively it is expended, and what prospect there is for development of a feeder road system in the county. The county editor ought to know whether his county road money is handled under a competent engineer, or whether it is parcelled out among the magisterial districts.

There is a great deal the country editor could tell his people about their schools—how many days they operate, and what they pay their teachers. If he will take the trouble to visit the school houses, his interest need not be entirely in the class rooms. He might find out

young men, C. H. Paine thanked the Future Farmers for the enjoyable time they had had.

Mr. Ed Bass, who is boss of the Future Farmers of Chilhowie, then made a speech. Mr. Bass was just up from a week's illness with the flu, but he made a fine speech nevertheless.

"It's a fine bunch of boys, all right," he said, "that will without supervision prepare as fine a banquet as we have here tonight enjoyed." He made a brief outline of what the club intends to do during the coming year and the banquet was at an end. Everyone had had three hours of good entertainment.

Chili Duncan had a thirty minute address prepared, but Mr. Moore kept getting his goat so much, that when he was called on he just sat glum and silent. "I had a treat in store for the boys, too," Chili said after the banquet was over.

Herman Thompson when called on to speak, said, "I'm not going to say anything if Chili don't."

We'll say then, that outside of missing these two speeches, the banquet was a tremendous success.

Marion Gets State Corn And Grain Show

The State Corn and Grain Show, held last week at Harrisonburg in the Shenandoah Valley, will be held next year in Marion. An invitation to come to Marion with the show was extended at the meeting by Mr. Paul Bird, county agent, and Mr. Julian Barker, of Roanoke, agricultural agent for the Norfolk and Western railway. It was the third year that the invitation had been extended by Marion.

Mr. Bird was at the show last week from Wednesday to Saturday. He reports that it was a very good show in spite of the drouth season last year.

When the show comes to Marion it will be the first time that it has ever come to a Southwest Virginia town. It is a big show and will bring more than 50 men and women to the state in addition to

Tobacco Market

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There may be ten or a dozen of these speculators hovering about the auctioneer, as well as the salaried buyers for the great companies.

The sale goes on quickly, smoothly, rapidly. A flow of words, restless, alert men moving forward from basket to basket. The fate of innumerable farmers being decided thus.

There is of course the same thing going on in the wheat pit at Chicago, the cotton market at New Orleans and at other markets where the products of the farms are sold but it is not often carried on in the farmer's presence as it is here.

It is an exciting place. I went there with Mr. J. C. Campbell and we stood about. Outside the streets were jammed with wagons and trucks. I was told there were other speculators out there. There are men, called "pin-hookers", who go from load to load, offering to buy the crop. The pin-hooker also takes a chance. He sizes up the load. "I will give you so and so much." He is taking a chance that he can sell at a sharp advance over what he has offered the farmer.

There are men standing about out there, or wondering aimlessly about. At Abingdon 7,800,000 pounds of tobacco were sold last year and it is predicted that between ten and eleven million pounds of tobacco will pass over the floors and under the hands of the buyers this year. There has been such a conjecture this year that often a seller, arriving perhaps from a distant county, has had to wait several days before he can get his tobacco on the floor. Farmers bring blankets with them and sleep on their loads. There have been bitter cold days and nights. Already this year one farmer has died from exposure.

There are amusing, half tragic tales told. Tobacco thieves are about. One farmer crawled in under the canvas that covered his load to sleep at night. When he awoke his truck was moving. He put his head cautiously out. Two negroes had stolen his truck and were driving rapidly along the road toward the market at Greenville, Tennessee. The man who owned the tobacco kept quiet and at last the truck arrived at Greenville and the two negroes, who had stolen it, went into a restaurant to get something to eat.

While they were gone he crawled out and managed to find a policeman. The two negroes were arrested

ed and the farmer with his load of tobacco returned to again wait his place in line at Abingdon. The tobacco market at Abingdon is very like an old-fashioned fair. I dare say there are plenty of sharpers about. A man stood at the end of a truck doing some sort of card trick. Farmers gathered about. There are all sorts of temporary lunch stands and fruit stands. Here the farmer is getting money. Many thousands of dollars are being paid out in cash every day. Where there are many men with cash in hand you will always find sharpers ready to take it away from them.

Mr. Campbell and myself were escorted through the market by Mr. E. Y. Wimbish Jr., of the Barnard-Van warehouse. Mr. Wimbish, a most courteous and well posted young man gave us a lecture on tobacco culture, its growth, preparation for market etc. He took us from pile to pile, pulling out hands, showing us what made desirable tobacco and what made tobacco undesirable. He explained the ticketing of baskets, the method of book-keeping, the buying and selling methods, the charge made by the marketing companies. As he had also been connected with other markets, at Danville, Virginia and other places, he told us about them.

He also explained the methods used by the speculators, showing us how these men worked over the baskets, hoping to get a better price than they had paid. He took us to the packing rooms.

There are four great sections to the packing rooms, representing the four great American companies and men were at work there packing the tobacco into great hogsheads. All tobacco bought during the day is packed and shipped on the same day. There are no curing plants at Abingdon and the tobacco goes to these before being packed away in storage warehouses. Much of it is of course exported. Tobacco bought this year will not go into manufacture for perhaps three or four years. After being put through the drying plant it will be aged in the wood.

There remains the human factor to all this. There are these men these farmers standing about. Many of them are weary from long waiting. Finally each man's lot comes. His baskets of tobacco are sold. After days of waiting the sale takes but a few seconds. There he stands, what price for one side, that man, stands, he is out.

What price for one side, that man, stands, he is out.

He has been waiting for this. He has laid out his seed beds in the spring, has set his plants, has tended them, harvested them, cured them in his tobacco barn. He has carefully sorted the tobacco. Some do this well, some do it badly. There are those who try to hide the poor tobacco deep down in the pile—"nest it," they say.

The auctioneer comes. Now the buyers are there. It is all over in a few seconds. What hopes that farmer has had. Perhaps he knew his crop was not so good but still he hoped. He told the wife—"if I have made." There are dreams of sending the children away to school, of new dresses for the wife, new shoes for the children. One load of tobacco has been sold on this market for as high as \$2,500.00. That man standing over there last year got eight hundred dollars for an acre of tobacco. The market, on rare and fine baskets, has this year gone as high as thirty-four cents. It has dropped as low as one cent.

Why there is everything in these few words of an auctioneer. A man may be made or broken here in a few seconds. The year is a success or it is worse than a failure.

It happens. The auctioneer passes. There are a few hurried words, a few nods. The farmer does not have to abide by this decision. What has been offered is written on a ticket and the ticket is lying there on the basket. He can tear it up. He can try again. The amazing, the pathetic, the lovely thing really about men is that, no matter how much they are licked, they do try again. The farmer who is defeated this year will be back at it next year. There may be a lump in the throat, a moment of desperate depression or of elation and then, with what money he has got, the American former drives off, to try it again.

Scout Leaders Meet

Mr. James F. Asbury, Field Executive For The Boy Scouts of Southwest Virginia, was in town Tuesday night and the regular weekly meeting of the Scout Leadership Training School was held in the Hotel Lincoln.

With the exception of the Rev. Hugh Rhyne, who was in Roanoke, a full attendance was present. Much progress is being made by the men attending. If you want to see the kind of work the men are doing and the fine spirit in which it's being done, go around next Tuesday night and look on a while. The group welcomed Thomas Ewald as a new member.

says the only maternal... publication is agricultural material of benefit to farmers and their wives. He says his effort is to make the paper a county news letter, keeping people in close touch with their neighbors and community life.

(From Roanoke Times)

THE COUNTRY WEEKLY

Sherwood Anderson's interview on the country weekly is full of the contradictions of his own brilliant restless mind. Three years ago he bought the Marion Democrat and the Smyth County News—one Democrat and the other Republican. Recently he has turned them over to his sons.

He finds country weeklies generally dull, needing new blood and offering rare opportunities to young men and women with imagination and ability. So strongly does he believe this that he intends to talk about it to colleagues who have an ambition to write. Such youngsters, he says, object to becoming cogs in huge organizations. He would have them express their own individualism.

As to the financial rewards, Mr. Anderson says the country editor may expect about the income of the country doctor, or the country lawyer. But it is his belief that the country weekly offers opportunities of escape from the illusion of bigness for talented persons with ambition to write, who enter newspaper work to get a start.

Mr. Anderson "frowns on the editor who comes with reform into the little town." He forgets what a reformer he really is. Didn't he run a crusade to clean up the court house yard, and to make a park of some vacant land belonging to his town? He believes the weekly press might spring to a place of prominence and usefulness under the guidance of men with courage, imagination and love of life.

It might do a great deal more than that. It might have its impress in a very vital way on its community and its State. Some country weeklies are doing just that. Through contacts with Blacksburg, some country weeklies are doing excellent things for the farmer and for his wife.

Chilhowie Boys Stage Grand Banquet

Friday, January 23, at 7:30 in the evening in the Hotel Ramsey, the Chilhowie High School Future Farmers rested from their farm problems, forgot the bacteria count in good milk and the best way to build a hay stack. They turned all their attention to throwing for their fathers one of the loveliest, grandest banquets that ever the Future Farmers of anywhere threw.

The prime mover, who pushed the meeting along so that there wasn't a dull moment, in spite of a multitude of speeches, was the toastmaster, Frank P. Moore. As a toastmaster, for wit and peppiness, Mr. Moore is second to none. Before and after what might otherwise have been an average speech Mr. Moore would speak and the speech through his garnishings shone like gold.

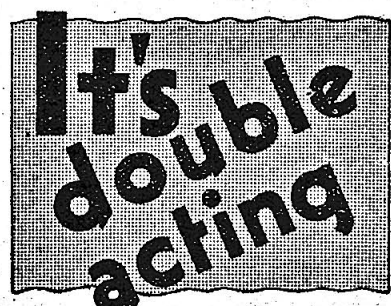
We don't know whether or not the future farmers raised the food for the banquet, or whether or not the future farmerettes prepared it. At any rate it was a sumptuous and bountiful feast.

Every one ate in silence. Then began the program of distinguished speakers. Ray Carter, president of the Chilvalee Chapter of the Future Farmers, led them off. He told of the activities and purpose of the club. He was followed by Lynwood Ramsey, who spoke on "What The Boys Are Doing." James H. Greever's subject was "What The Boys Are Going To Do." Then W. H. Copenhaver, Jr., delivered a fine talk on the "Activities of the F. F. V."

Then the older men took the floor: B. E. Copenhaver, H. L. Bonham, Frank Sanders and G. C. Bundy as well as the senior W. H. Copenhaver spoke at length. There were four Trainees there from the V. P. I., who next year will be instructors in high schools over the state. On behalf of these

of livestock was smaller in 1930 than other comparative years, a condition which is attendant of the present trend in farm depopulation. Up until 1920 the farm population had always been greater than that of the city. In that year the balance switched to 47 per cent for this country and 53 per cent for the city. Since then the number of farm dwellers has dwindled and the city dwellers have become increasingly more numerous.

Table with 2 columns: Livestock and Crops. Rows include Horses, Mules, Cattle, Milk Cows, Hogs, Chickens, Corn, Oats, and Wheat for the years 1929 and 1930.



First—in the dough. Then in the oven. You can be sure of perfect bakings in using— KC BAKING POWDER SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS 25 ounces for 25c MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS ALSO USERS OF INDUSTRIAL SCALES. The Toledo Scale Company will have our special representatives stopping in Marion Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, February 2nd., 3rd., 4th., who will gladly test and make adjustments on your scales.

Those desiring to take advantage of this opportunity will please call I. L. Paskill, District Manager, after 6 P. M. on above dates, or write care of Lincoln Hotel.

To Every Automobile OWNER. I have sold my interest in the local Buick and Oakland-Pontiac agencies and have withdrawn from the automobile business. My interest has been taken over by the Southwst Auto Sales Company. The filling station, greasing rack, wash rack and other service equipment formerly operated by the Sprinkle Motor Company is now being operated by myself under the name of the Gulf Service Station. Here I shall be delighted to serve my old and all new customers as in the past. If you haven't yet tried Good Gulf Gas and Oils try them out now. Signed: E. B. Sprinkle.

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I MARRIED A FARM

By EVELYN HARRIS

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My mother was more than one hundred miles away, and I knew that she would be five hours in reaching me. Five children were sixty miles away, sound asleep in their beds, and the telephone could not wake them—to tell them that their father was dead, and their mother alone. Those in charge at the hospital would now allow me to stay in his room with him for ten minutes before they took him away some place.

During those next five hours, which have now stretched into five years, I first thought of the injustice done both of us by the physician in charge, who had not told me until a few hours before his going that he would not recover from the operation. There were many things which he might have told me: of the furtherance of his plans and the disposition of his property had I known how very ill he was. The short will he had made said in substance that he "wanted his estate divided according to the law, and no tombstone erected for five years after his death, and not then unless circumstances would permit." He must have had some vision of what I would have to do in the way of keeping things together, and resolved, as sick as he was, that I should not feel in duty bound to spend money for something which he thought could wait.

In those five hours I thought it all out, practically. I knew there was a heavy mortgage on every one of the four farms. I knew there was a chattel mortgage, due directly to the slump in canned foods after the war, for I had tried to help win the war by canning. I knew that during the war everything connected with the operation of the farms had so advanced in price, along with labor, that very little had been done in the orchards, and nothing new had been purchased with which to work. Then, after the war, prices had remained so high that we had tried to make out with what we had, and practically everything for the cultivation and care of the orchards was gone. But I knew I wanted to stay there. It was home for me, that time I had

made up my mind that I would stay for the five years which he had mentioned, if there was any way possible to do so.

April 1 of 1924 had been a snowy, blowy day, and that snow was the direct cause of the death of my husband by pneumonia and appendicitis. Of course, the weather being cold, not much progress had been made in the growth of the fruit. So when I started on April 14, I simply continued what my husband had outlined for that month's work while home in bed. But the horses were old. The work seemed to pile on me, everything crying to be done at the same time. The spraying had to be finished first, and working was slow, for we had to use three barrels, holding fifty gallons each, six horses, and nine men. The nozzles would not work; the hose burst; the drivers were careless and rove over the baby trees, and part of the spraying was never finished in 1924.

That very first year the young Bartletts set their first fruit, a very fine crop, and after carefully grading them by hand, they sold at a higher rate than any on the Baltimore markets, beating the California prices same day, same grade, by more than a dollar. My back aches when I think of those heavy baskets, lifted and held between my knees as I graded them, with the help of the children, and my husband's brother, once in a while. I was forced to hire horses and trucks both to carry them to their destination, and that was very unsatisfactory and most expensive.

My husband had rented out fields on our home farm, for he said he could get them cultivated for half the crop, and make more than if he did it with hired labor: I continued the same practice in 1924, but looking at the head-rows growing wild and the depleted fertility, I decided that 1925 would see changes in the mode of conducting the farms and I would till seven hundred and fifty acres myself with hired help only and rent but one farm. My little daily book shows interesting reading on the margins. The weather then, as now seemed to bother me most. In April, May, and June I read: "Rain." Then on August 5 I read: "First rain since June 28." And that means that I would have had at least one thousand dollars more for Bartletts if it had rained July 25 or a little after.

The ending of the first year found me desperate. I could not continue as I had done; so I decided on radical changes. The eldest boy decided at seventeen that he would

quit school, so I meant that he should learn as much of the business as he could. Our farms were the only ones in the county set out in Bartlett pears. Twelve thousand baby trees, around twelve years of age (two hundred and fifty—sixty years of age, two thousand—forty years of age, all of Bartletts; then around fifteen thousand of other varieties, mostly Kieffers, from twenty five to forty years old; two hundred acres in woodland and shore, two hundred of open land for cultivation of crops, and you have a picture of my assets. The trees and the boys were both young. Neither were "set" in their ways. As I was not a "born" farmer, of course this changing from the old to the new was much easier on my constitution than it would have been if I had always farmed. But my training was musical, and all of it had been for the "accompanist" style, and not any solo work. I simply seemed to lose my head when called on for solo work, and always heard every whisper and felt every flutter in the audience.

I felt the same way when I started the "solo" work in farming. I heard every adverse whisper. The bank directors, invited down, to whom I proudly exhibited the baby Bartletts: "What? Them bushes? Pull them out and plant corn." And that year Bartletts sold for five times the selling price of corn, and I had as many bushels per acre. "Till all that land? Sell it, and keep a few acres for cultivation, if you feel you must farm." And they knew as well as I did that the selling price would be very little more than the mortgage, for no one wanted to buy farms then. And I knew that if I had a few acres I would only be able to afford a hoe and my own strength back of it, and I wanted a Fordson, with my son on it, for the cultivation of the farms.

Misery! And unhappiness! But kindness every way I turned. One neighbor sent down three hundred asparagus roots. Another sent some strawberries. Then I purchased raspberries, and we had plenty of blackberries (and chiggers). As the methods of both farming and financing had changed so much in the past forty years, I decided to be up-to-date and look for success. I was too unhappy to be afraid, and friends were kind, so I purchased a Fordson, with a plough, and a double disk, then a one-hundred-and-fifty-gallon-power sprayer, with absolute confidence in my nerve, and confidence in my own ability.

I was determined that the farm should have a chance, with new equipment, and we would plug along with made-over clothes, darned socks, and patched shoes.

The oldest boy was now seventeen and the baby seven, with three between them. I had lived in the city all of my life before marrying except for a gorgeous vacation each summer on a farm. I knew there was nothing in the city which could compare with a farm for a real good time for children, regardless of the amount of available cash. They all wanted to live right here where they had all been born, and where every nook and corner of the farm, nearly a mile square, bore some recollection of the much-loved father: the nooks in the woods, and down by the stream, where the first spring flowers could be found; the "poke" gathered early in the spring, as our first taste of something green, home-grown; the fine shore, a sandy beach, a gentle sloop out to deeper water, the home-made boat and surfboard, which could go pretty fast when two Chevrolet engines had been hooked up together in the boat for motive-power; the bathhouses made by Nature, the little home-made tables and benches right down on the shore where suppers were served after a hot day's work and a nice cool swim, the suppers eaten in paper plates, with agate cups for the drinks

**Allenru 48 Hour
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For Rheumatism**

SUFFERERS NOW JOYFUL—
THANKFUL—ASTONISHED

Pain Agony And Swelling Go Over
Wee-end or Money Back Says
Marion Drug Company.

8 OZ. BOTTLE 85 CENTS

They call this the Allenru week-end treatment for Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuritis because you can go to bed on Friday Night—stay there as much as possible till Monday morning and while there, drive the uric acid from your ailing joints and muscles.

But during that time you must take Allenru as directed—for Allenru acts with double speed when the body is relaxed and rested and this week-end method is particularly valuable to folks who don't want to lose time thru the week.

You can purchase Allenru from The Marion Drug Co., (two stores) or any progressive druggist in America—a large 8 ounce bottle 85 cents—and money back if it doesn't do as advertised.

and no dishes to wash—simply to go back home and to bed. Father had taught each of them to swim, and many fancy stunts were tried in the clean blue water of the Chesapeake Bay. The chance for crabbing, and the dishes which followed; the peaches and luscious Bartlett pears, ripened on the trees, colored by Nature and not gas. The Watermelons, with a capital W; the cantaloupes and sweet potatoes. All mean simply work in the spring and early summer; work plus cash for fertilizer and hoes after the seed is purchased. But when things begin to ripen, there seems to be no work attached to picking and bringing in the goodies for the table. Sometimes they never get any farther than the porch before they are eaten. Can you imagine anything better than sugar-corn fifteen minutes from the field? And Lima beans but twice that far?

The fall brings the chance to go gunning for rabbits and squirrels and birds. One boy shot a fine red fox for his mother's neck piece. Then later on the persimmons and papaws and walnuts right in the woods ready for the taking. None of these clean, wholesome sports and foods could be purchased in the city with any income less than that of a millionaire. Here on the farm they were free and health-building and happiness-making.

Berries and fruit-trees added to a garden and truck patch, plus a cow and some hogs, and every one of the children had work after school and during vacation, and we had splendid food summer and winter. Two hours' work and then four hours' play kept them all out of mischief. Horseback riding sometimes four at a time, free of charge, when the horses are not busy working; and I could not have earned enough in the city to have hired one horse.

These are the main reasons why I decided to go it alone, knowing well that each year I should have to make clear much more money than the average city man earns just to pay taxes, interest, and insurance before I paid any help or bought any food. I was too unhappy to be afraid of anything. When I found that the local banks were afraid of me as a financial risk, because of my indebtedness and sex, I went out of the State. There are no fences in finance, either. The farm here is "a place where there is something to do" for not only my own children but those of the neighborhood. They all help at the tractor,

telephone, or cook-stove. In such fashion they are earning their spending money, and some saving money also. If I can just hold my own while the children and the orchards are young, I shall be on Easy Street later on. The oldest Bartlett and Seckel trees on the farm are sixty-five years of age and still bearing profitable crops. Another orchard is fifty-five years of age, planted by my husband's father when he (my husband) was a small boy. These continue to be profitable over a long period of years; hence the large planting of Bartletts here, the only one in the State.

The beginning of the winter showed on my book "Snow," then "More snow, sleighing fine." The next entry is "Mumps", the next "More mumps". All five of the children down in bed with them. Then I read: "Down to 8, too cold to work." And in six days I had twenty-one men at work on the farms. Another entry, Mar 20, is "Dog bit me." But the next day showed that I planted garden-seed after cauterizing the wounds. She was a big Chesapeake Bay water-dog, and she had seven puppies. Her owner gave me one of the puppies, to pay for the bite the mother took. That puppy now is a grown-up dog, and she has six puppies. So one bite equals six pups— which the children are selling from five to ten dollars each.

I had a strike that year, right when I needed men most. They wanted more money, simply because they thought they could get it, as my rate was the same as other farmers paid. I did not give in to them. Most of them are working for me yet. Then we had a dreadful hail, which cut and bruised the fruit. I now carry hail insurance, and have never been able to collect a premium, for it seems to act as a preventive. I did not carry accident insurance, and upset my car, and I fell and broke two ribs and my collar-bone. I now carry accident insurance, and aside from breaking another rib trying to lift my car out of the mud, this year I have not been able to make use of it while farming.

Uncle Sam maintains a substation connected with the Aberdeen proving-ground, right here on this farm. One morning, early in January, the young man in charge ran up from the tower, and met me going down, for I saw a fire. An accident to a blow-torch had set fire to the room containing barrels of gasoline and the Delco, so he threw the torch out-of-doors. By the time the fire was

(Continued On Page Four)

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I MARRIED A FARM

By EVELYN HARRIS

(Continued From Page Three)

extinguished in the little storeroom a tremendous fire was raging out-of-doors, in the dead grass, on the block containing six thousand five hundred Bartlett trees. By the time we had beaten out the fire, by running the tractor wheels over it, more than two thousand trees had been burned so badly that the bark peeled at once. He did not report it, because he thought that no damage had been done, as the trees were dormant (and still thinks so, by the way) but I sent in a bill to Uncle Sam for twenty-five hundred dollars. I figured that I would lose at least that much before the trees would come back. Now, after four years, more than one-third of them are dead, and the balance are so severely damaged that but one-third are fit for anything at all. From a block the same size, last year, I shipped out more than sixteen hundred dollars' worth of Bartletts. The War Department would pay me five hundred dollars but I refused the check. It, also, cannot see any damage done.

During the past three years the department has persisted in dropping big bombs right off my kitchen window into the deep part of the Chesapeake Bay. The big bombing-planes come over from Aberdeen, drop two or three bombs, shake the house to pieces, and fly back. The day following the terrible concussion from the largest bombs, and I wrote and asked that they at least pay damages for this. A natty officer took a trip over here, looked us over, and said the house was old, and that was the reason the plaster fell. All I know is, it stayed here for more than one hundred years without falling. The man who plastered in those days knew how to do a good job. The various inspectors for the burned trees say they would have died anyway and it is foolish to try to grow pears in Maryland. Sometimes I partly agree with them. But that fire destroyed more trees in a single afternoon than all other things combined over a period of fifty years. While Mr. Hoover is on the subject of Farm Relief, I hope he'll tell some of the men under him just the value of a bearing Bartlett-pear orchard, for I think he knows something of them in California.

One of our special problems down here on Maryland farms is that of boarding the "hands." As I live near a summer resort, of course all of the women cooks want to work there in the summer-time. There is no fun at all in getting up by daybreak, cooking a breakfast for twenty to forty men, and then going out to start the men in their work. I simply never had a chance to eat, and don't yet. My idea of heaven is a place where I shall have the time to eat something which some one else prepares, and no dishes to wash.

It is easier and neater to farm in men's clothing than in women's garb. It used to take a long time to dress in the morning, especially to put up my hair. Then when I'd get in the field, I could not always go down to a gate, I'd just climb over. The briers caught my stockings, and wire ripped my dresses; my hair pins were always lost! I hated to keep a hat on all of the time, and without one my hair was hanging down my back. One day I had it cut and appeared with a bob. As long as I farm, personally I shall keep my hair short, at least until I find other farmers wearing it long. But around here dressing for comfort also means dressing for conversation, and there is talk about my attire.

The lots rented out to tenants by my husband had grown up in locust and sassafras in most instances, and the field used for permanent pasture for sheep and horses and our one cow was soon to become a wilderness. Eight men with grubbing-hoes worked for two weeks, and I figured I had spent around two hundred dollars on one acre of ground, try-

ing to rid it of locust bushes which sprout up each year even after they are grubbed out. One day riding along the road I noticed men putting up a fence of round posts for the State Roads Commission. I asked what they paid for such posts, and then went to see the boss. The year following my grubbing-up that acre, I sold nearly one thousand dollars' worth of locust posts to the State Roads Commission and three farmers, and the lap-wood sawed in stove lengths paid for all of the cost of cutting and hauling both. I am exchanging some of the stove-wood with the School Board for transportation of the two children in high school, and after I have finished fencing all of my farms, I shall have more posts for sale, but I grub only in orchards now.

Along with all of these trials and tribulations, I find entries such as "Ate first peas to-day," "Raspberries are going fine," "Chicks ready to eat," and ready early, for I soon found that a farmer who farms cannot fool with a setting hen. There are too many other aggravations which have to be endured, to fool with getting chickens in that fashion. I had a small brooder-house built, swapped some fancy sugar-corn seed for a brooder, exchanged fancy eggs for day-old chicks, and the children come pretty near taking care of them for me. We have fried chicken oftener and earlier than in the old-fashioned way, and I cannot see that I lose any more chicks.

I persuaded my second son to buy a cow, for which he paid fifty dollars. She has provided us with milk about the whole year round, for during the summer we sell the surplus, and the winter we purchase about the same amount. The boy now has a cow worth one hundred and fifty dollars, has sold a calf for twenty dollars each year, and has a surplus milk-account also. He has a few hives of bees, on which we hope to learn how to grow honey profitably. At present we simply have a mighty fine dish of honey and waffles whenever we feel like it.

Along with the tractor, the power sprayer, the windmill, and everything I can do, including the hail insurance, I still have not found any way in which I can either control the weather or work while it rains. During the blossoming period no fruit will set if the rain falls steadily for three days while they are in full bloom. (My diary shows many "migrating" worms!) When it rains I have less help to cook for and more time for bookkeeping, or it might mean that this record will be valuable some day in preparing for a rain insurance. The rainfall here in Maryland has washed away in the spring hundreds of bushels of pears which could not "set." Then during the summer the lack of rain has kept the fruit small, and thus I lost hundreds of bushels of pears. California has a dry spell when fruit is ready for pollination, and then irrigates before picking. "So they say."

The man going to college gets a degree and a diploma and goes to his lifework. The man or woman on a farm studies year after year, practises year after year, and never does learn enough about his work to say that he is ready for a diploma. What works this year may not work next year, but there is always a thrill about sticking the plough into the ground the first time each year. Nothing can beat it. The first furrow ploughed with the new Fordson made me feel as if I was going to win out. But the birds ate up most of that early, first-ploughed piece of corn, and I had a debt instead of a profit. But before the debt, I had visions of early corn, carefully cultivated and sold at a high figure.

Friends in other States send me the best they have in the way of encouragement, information, and general goodwill. Some of them I've met, and some I know only by this old, second-hand typewriter. I do not hesitate to stop in any county, in any State, and ask a question of a farmer about his work, and I get a friendly response every time. The advice I get is so contradictory that I want to stay on the farm and find out for myself what can be done.

I can see more than was possible twenty-three years ago when first I came to the farm. I traveled a good bit on horseback, and used my feet for many a weary mile over the land (the tracks of a woman's shoe are easily followed in worked ground). Once in a while, during the first year alone, when so many men were doing what a few can do now, I would go to the top of the observation tower on the government property and look out in the orchard with the glasses and see—men resting on the end of the row, and loafing generally. And it made me feel badly, so I have learned now not to see many things, or—if I do—to forget them as quickly as I can. I can stand on the porch and listen for the tractor, and know that the orchards are being worked

or splayed, and that is a comfort. In the first days I could see but one field at a time, horseback or walking, but up in an airplane with my son a few weeks ago I could see the whole farm at one time. A square mile of farm and woods and marsh just by going "up in the air" a little. I did not see many things which are only visible when a person is right down on the same level, but I was happy to see nearly two hundred acres in bloom, of pink and white in square blocks, interspersed with the soft velvety green of growing wheat and with the deep brown of the ploughed fields it made a picture which I shall not soon forget. I took pleasure in the thought that my first ride in an airplane was with my oldest son as pilot, and over our own farms. I thought, while riding along so smoothly over a small negro settlement, of life as we are living it. I knew very well that down on the ground there was disorder and filth and badness, but up in the air the little town looked just like a Christmas-tree garden, with tiny houses and trees and a white strip of road (which I knew was filled with deep ruts and mud-holes). Everything looked all right. And I just wondered if the Providence which watches over us in all kinds of weather and conditions saw only the beautiful side. I just wondered if He was so high up above us that He could not see the mean, petty, dirty, bad things which we of earth know is down here because we are on the same level with it.

And then I thought of spraying or dusting with an airplane, as a commercial practice, in an orchard. I know it is being done by the government in forest projects, but think of the time saved if it could be done on the farms also. I could see, in my mind, the little horse-drawn wagon with which I had started to spray, and the long, long wait for repairs. We are in a hurry to live and in a hurry to die, it would seem from the fatal accidents in the cities daily.

But down here on the farm Nature can't be hurried much. We are sprouting acorns which we are going to plant, and there is not much chance of hurrying them into oak-trees; we are planting walnut seedlings for logs fifty years hence; we are planting pears which must grow for fifteen years before there is much profit in them, but we'd like to care for the work in the fastest form of locomotion known—at the present time. And we are going to drop in on some California pear-grower some day and watch him work, without losing too much time from my own orchard.

My method has changed completely during the past five years. We used to grow acres of corn, and had the stable enlarged for the horses necessary for its cultivation. This year I have had installed on a convenient corner a tank holding more than one thousand gallons of gasoline, and in a few minutes John D. Rockefeller's man can fill it for me. That saves me many hours of corn-growing and many dollars in housing both corn and horses. Machinery attracts my boys more than horses do. They know something of the upkeep and repair work on both engines and tractors. One boy with a tractor and plough can do the same amount of work in the orchard that four men did with eight horses in a month (by that I mean the days in the month which were fit to work the ploughs). One round trip between the trees with a double disk, and the ground is worked in a short time.

Farming in the old way was not profitable, interesting, nor adventurous. Farming in the new way gives something of the spirit of adventure, and that had to be considered if the children were to be interested (and myself, too). Interest and excitement of some sort must be furnished, and on seven hundred and fifty acres, employing at times as many as sixty men, both are available. Interest and interest money, too, for as I started farming with no capital at all, some one had to have interest in either the farms, the prospects, or myself, to lend me money. I borrowed on all three, and to safeguard them placed a very large life insurance policy on myself and eldest son; increased the fire insurance and now carry hail insurance also. But I cannot do much with the weather problem. It is the only thing I really fear. From a mouse to a mortgage, and from a politician to the President, I fear none, and can hold my own with a smile and plead my case.

The story of farming is tied up with debt and discouragement many times, but if the children can grow a little pep-corn and pop it by the open fireplace fed by locust chunks in the living-room, why worry about steam-heat and the miners' strike? If they can sharpen their skates and try out the ice just outside the kitchen window, before a friendly game of pitch and a half-bushel of apples, why worry about the movies or the talkies or the ice-cream cone? Hundreds of successful men had their

weekly baths in a basin or wash-tub before the kitchen-fire, and is there any reason to suppose that new ones cannot thus be bathed?

The eldest boy has chosen aviation and as he has had one crash and is wearing a pivot-tooth, he has gained experience. The eldest girl is majoring in physical training, and the farm has helped her. The other children are not yet old enough for a decision.

A woman can farm successfully without a husband or a gentleman manager, but a man can also do without a cook and housekeeper. Neither is often done, for the intimate, close companionship of a farm needs two to express. The plans are more effective if talked over and picked to pieces several times before being used. It is difficult to be in more than one place at a time, and in many instances during the day it would seem that three places need my attention at once—the orchard, the brooder-house, and the kitchen.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow." And then he showed them to me, more than twenty years ago. I have the sons and daughters of the horses, hogs, and chickens. I feel as if I had married the farm as well as the farmer, and am convinced that nothing but "non-support" would ever make me consider a divorce.

Lutheran Church News

HUGH J. RHYNE, Pastor

The Lutheran Synod of Virginia is meeting this week in Roanoke. The pastor, and the delegate, Prof. B. E. Copenhaver are in Roanoke attending that meeting. All of the Wednesday services have been canceled because of the meeting.

Sunday, January 1.
9:45 Sunday School
11:00 Morning Service, Sermon:
"The Contest of Faith"
6:45 Luther League
7:30 Evening Service, sermon:
"The Problem of Prayer"

Mrs. A. W. Marion Monday returned to her home in W. Va., on a business trip.

WANTED: Farm anywhere, best any size, at any price, per year, or address, 2te n d Jan

and one Vic- condition. See I. Sechler, Chilhowie, Va.

Sheep Killing Dogs Must Go On The Spot

It's this way. Cecil Wolfe, out at Adwolfe, keeps sheep. He says he began keeping sheep about twenty-five years ago but that he had so many killed by dogs he quit. He laid off sheep raising for fifteen years and then he began again.

Then recently the dogs began again. Cecil has had seven killed. He got miles Newman out and they watched and they caught two dogs. The dogs belonged to a neighbor, Tom Roland. They were caught dead to rights.

The two men didn't want to make any trouble and Tom was ready to have the dogs killed but they were fine dogs and he did want to lock them up and see if he couldn't get a little of fine hound pups.

Nice little innocent pups with no stain on their good names. The two men came up to town and put it up to Squire Farris and Buchanan but the Squires say the law is the law. A sheep killing dog has to die.

So it looks as though they would have to be put on the spot. That is how it was left by the Squires. It wasn't a trial. Tom Roland was ready to do what he had to do. The two men just came to the Squires to get it right. They had been good neighbors and did not want to have any fuss.

Mr. R. G. Witt spent the latter part of the week in Bristol on a business trip.

For Stealing Meat

Henry Harris of Rich Valley was brought over to jail Monday by Constable Lamie Harris. It is claimed broke into the smoke-house of Mr. H. H. Cook, attorney Geo. Cook's father, and made away with six big pieces of meat. He will await a hearing before the grand jury.

Miss Grace Buchanan left Marion, Tuesday for Roanoke, where she will attend the Synod meeting which is being held there by the United Lutheran Church.

Mr. Chester D. Palmer returned to Marion the latter part of the week after spending several weeks traveling in the western States on a business trip. He will leave in a few days for New York where he will attend the furniture show.

Dr. Lambert Now Endorses Sargon

"I was spending the winter in San Antonio, Texas, when I first heard of Sargon. The treatment appeared to me because of its thorough



DR. GILBERT S. LAMBERT

scientific background. I decided to try it for a very bad form of chronic constipation, which I was entirely unable to correct with ordinary laxatives and purgatives used in general practice.

"I was also subject to severe bilious attacks. My complexion had become yellow as though I had jaundice. My appetite was below normal. My food did not digest or assimilate, causing gas and indigestion. Three bottles of Sargon and one bottle of the Pills relieved me entirely of these troubles and I no longer have any liver or biliary symptoms. In fact, I am in better physical tone than in years. "Sargon undoubtedly represents a real advance in the field of medicine." Dr. Gilbert S. Lambert, San Francisco. Sold by Marion Drug Co., and all leading druggist.—Adv.

Save Money on Your Treated Tobacco Seed.

Our tobacco seed is grown by one of the worlds largest producers of tobacco seed.

We have Judys Pride, White Burley and Kelly's Stand Up Burley.

Write for our catalogue giving prices on these and other seeds, plants, shrubs and evergreens.

Chilhowie Drug Co.
CHILHOWIE, VA.

Dr. Chas. B. Baughman
Elizabethton, Tenn.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
will be in his Marion office every Saturday until further notice

BENNY BURRITT'S

Coming Out Party!

Coming Out From an Alley Onto Main Street !

I am coming out of an alley and onto Main street as the successor to the Gwyn Motor Company. In that location I will maintain the same high standard of shoe repairing that I have for the past fifteen years and I will sell CHRYSLER and PLYMOUTH automobiles and also used cars. Every used car will be reconditioned and put in first class shape and I don't mean maybe.

GRAND OPENING!
This Saturday, January 31st, from 2:30 to 8 P. M.

FREE PRIZES!
Everybody who comes will have a chance at a number of free prizes which will be given away, no strings attached, both afternoon and night. These prizes will be worth your while.

SPEECH AND STRING BAND!
I will make a speech on Main street at 4 P. M. and again at 8 P. M. They will be HOT speeches. I am going to shoot the works. I am going to make it HOT in these speeches. With me there will be a string band for your entertainment, absolutely free. Be there for the speeches at 4 and 8 P. M.

FREE PARKING!
To my old customers and to my new customers: when you want shoe repairing just drive right in the building. I have free parking for you while your work is done. Use the private drive way.

REPAIRING!
In addition to the above business, Crewey & Rouse conduct in the same building at the rear a first class automobile general repair shop. Top building, body repairing and painting, by skilled labor, specialties.

COME TO MY COMING OUT PARTY!

Benny Burritt's

"LIVE AND LET LIVE SHOE REPAIR AND AUTO SALES BUSINESS."

Atkins Items

Rev. M. L. Burris, filled his regular appointment at Davis Memorial Methodist Church, Sunday the 25th.

The Atkins League met the 15th for the purpose of reorganizing, and the following officers were elected: Mr. I. W. Hutton, President; Mr. G. C. Musser, Vice President; Mr. Frank E. Hash, Secretary and Mr. F. L. Hicks, Treasurer.

Mr. J. E. Vogt, of Davy, W. Va., was called home the 18th on account of the illness of his wife. He returned the 21st after Mrs. Vogt's condition was much improved.

Miss Elizabeth Pedigo, spent the week-end with her parents at Blacksburg.

Mr. E. V. Hutton, and Mrs. D. W. Beare Jr., were called to Roanoke, Va., the 24th on account of the illness of their sister, Mrs. C. B. Spillian. They returned the 26th reporting Mrs. Spillian condition much improved.

The following B. Y. P. U's met with Cedar Bluff, Sunday the 25th, Marion, Wytheville, South Fork, and Attoway. A delightful program was rendered by the Wytheville group, which was enjoyed by everyone who was there.

Ridgedale Items

Our school has recently installed a new book case. We have also added 121 new volumes to our library. Many people of our community as well as the pupils are enjoying reading our new books.

Mary Ruth Hoover, Ovella and Mildred DeBord spent, Monday night with their teacher, Miss Ethel Oakes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Webb and daughter Buelah spent Sunday with Mr. H. H. Carters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stephenson and children, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wilson spent Sunday with Mr. T. B. Maloyeds.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Buchanan were calling on Mrs. N. J. Maloyed, Sunday 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rutherford and others were visiting Mr. Mark Webbs Sunday 26th.

Miss Virginia Oakes spent Sunday with Miss Nannie DeBord.

Mrs. M. T. Pratt is very ill.

Mr. Frasers Burketts infant child was buried at the Ridge cemetery, Tuesday 27th.

Miss Gay Anderson was visiting her brother, Berlie at Broadford last week.

Mr. James Hoover is almost well again after a severe case of pneumonia.

Mr. Sam Pratt and Dr. Coe of Jenkins, Ky., spent Wednesday with Mr. C. E. Pratt.

MARION LODGE NO. 31
A. F. & A. M.
MASONIC TEMPLE
MARION, VA.
State Communication Third Monday evening of each month 7:30 o'clock
Visiting brethren welcome.
W. A. WOLFE,
Mar 18 1926 Secretary.

Dr. B. P. SANDERS,
Eye Specialist
Dr. B. P. Sanders, Eye Specialist will be at Marion (Dr. E. M. Copenhaver office) on the first and 3rd Saturday of each month. Rural Retreat, 1st Friday; and Saltville 1st Tuesday each month.

PENCILED NOTES

about changes he planned to make in his bequests were found attached to the will of a wealthy business man who died recently in New York. The will had been made some years prior to his death.

The wishes expressed in those notes could not be carried out because they were not a valid part of the will.

Does your will need to be brought up to date? Don't put off making needed changes. Remember, too, that the modern Executor and Trustee, the corporate fiduciary such as this bank, has many advantages of permanence, experience and training over the individual executor. We invite inquiries about our trust services.

Marion National Bank
Marion, Va.

What-Is-It Screaming In The Mountains

It was heard five nights last week around Round Top and Walker's Creek, we were told Saturday by Mrs. Mollie Goodman, who dropped in at the print shop to renew her paper.

The first night was Monday, the 19th, at about seven o'clock at night. Mrs. Goodman didn't know what it was, nobody knew what it was. It sounded like someone is dreadful agony, perhaps being killed in the woods.

It moved around. It was heard on Mr. Ed Goodman's place, too. Every night it was heard. On Friday men, boys and hounds from around Seven Mile Ford gathered to investigate but the hounds wouldn't go after the What-Is-It.

We understand other attempts are being made to capture the maker of the wild, strange noises. Some who have heard it think it is something like a panther or a cougar, others think it might be a wolf. None are known of in this country.

Whatever the thing is all who have heard it agree that it's very unpleasant to hear moving and yelling on a dark, cold winter night.

A FIFTY DOLLAR QUILT

On Thursday night January the 15th in the well appointed auditorium of the Atkins High School, a large audience assembled, eager to learn who would get the quilt. Tickets had been sold which amounted to fifty dollars. Mrs. D. W. Beare Sr., had the lucky number.

Mrs. F. L. Hicks, Mrs. D. W. Beare Jr., and Mrs. E. B. Fuller, made the quilt and presented it to the school with the understanding that the proceeds be applied to the payment on the chairs which had recently been placed in the auditorium.

Within the short period of four months, a well equipped laboratory, a library of seven hundred volumes window shades, over two hundred walnut stained chairs, Funk and Wagnall's new standard dictionary, a large beautiful bound Bible, and a United States Flag have been added to the school. For the last two items the school is indebted to the Junior Order of American Mechanics.

A live faculty, abetted by an appreciative patronage and genuine friends have made these things possible in spite of hard times.

Our next objective is further improvements of the grounds.

Thus we go forward!

Speedy Relief For Sore Throat

This Doctor's Prescription Requires No Gargling

No longer is it necessary to gargle and choke with nasty tasting medicines to relieve sore throat. Now you can get almost instant relief with one swallow of a doctor's famous prescription. This prescription was refilled so often that the druggist who originally filled it decided to put it up under the name "Thoxine" and make it available to everyone.

The remarkable thing about Thoxine is that it relieves almost instantly, yet contains nothing harmful. It is pleasant tasting, and safe for the whole family, and guaranteed to relieve sore throat or coughs in 15 minutes or money back. Put up ready for use in 35c, 60c, and \$1.00 bottles. Sold by Marion Drug Company and all other drug stores.—Adv.

DEEDS

Deeds admitted to the Clerk's Office for the week ending January 24, 1931.

H. W. Umbarger to Ollie Gustava and Phil Powell, 112 a. 80 poles, consideration \$5.00 and other consideration, situated near Atkins.

H. B. Staley et al to W. R. Beaver, 1 lot, consideration \$3200.00, situated in Staley-Rhea Court.

Walter J. Vernon et al to Robert H. Vernon et al, 44 acres, consideration \$500.00 and other consideration, situated near Marion.

Mary C. Shanklin et al to Carrie B. Gwyn et al, 1 lot, consideration \$20,000.00, situated in Marion.

J. W. Testerman et al to Clvin Testerman 1-4 acre, consideration \$725.00.

Susie Seals et als to Jno. Testerman 1-4 acre, consideration \$500.

James R. Shanklin et als to Marion Orange Crush Bottling Co., Inc., 1 lot, consideration \$5.00 and other consideration, situated in Marion.

Robert M. Houston to William J. Daly, 45 7-10 acres, consideration \$1,000.00, situated on South Fork.

Nancy Robins to C. W. Lamie, 178 acres, consideration \$700.00, situated in McCready's Gap.

Robt. M. Houston to C. N. Pugh, 27.07, consideration \$1,000.00, situated in St. Clair District.

S. T. Crowe et al to Earl G. Arnold et al 1 lot, consideration \$700.00 situated near Atkins.

Tom Berry to Arline Berry, 3 lots, consideration \$2,000.00, situated in Clilhowie.

R. C. Hash et al to S. J. Slemp, 6 acres, consideration \$450 00, situated on Cress' Creek.

J. L. Miller to Mary Miller, 1 lot, consideration \$2950.00, situated in Clilhowie.

Brack Catron et al to J. H. Buchanan et als, 1 tract of land, consideration \$30.00, situated near Olympia.

C. T. and B. A. Martin to J. H. Martin, interest in 60 acres, consideration \$150.00, situated near Thomas Bridge.

T. W. Buchanan and wife to S. T. and G. S. Buchanan, 5 tracts of land, consideration \$30,192.02, situated in Rich Valley.

George F. and M. I. Pierce to Q. A. Calhoun, 2 lots, consideration \$1,000.00, situated in Staley-Rhea Court.

CHESTERFIELD THOMAS

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Chesterfield Thomas, who died at his home near Chilhowie Sunday. The services were conducted by Rev. W. A. McCormack, of the Chilhowie Methodist church, at Tate Chapel. The Order of Moose will have charge of the burial service at Sulphur Springs cemetery.

Marion Girls Win

The Marion High School Girl's Basket Ball team won its first game of the season by trimming Radford at Radford, 20 to 10, Saturday night.

At every stage of the game Marion was in the lead and had little difficulty in taking the victory.

Those playing were, Shugart, Witt, Miles, Lincoln, Umbarger and Linkous.

The following is the schedule for the season:

Marion 1, Rural Retreat 0, Dec. 19 here.

Marion 31, Wytheville 40, Jan. 9, here.

Marion 9, Pulaski 22, January 18, here.

Chest Clinic

Col. David Townsend, M. D. will conduct free chest examinations here next Monday. It will be held Monday, February 2nd, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. at the Marion courthouse.

"Tuberculosis is curable if discovered early." Have you had a case of tuberculosis in your home or been in close contact with someone suffering with the disease? Are you easily tired? Do you have loss of strength? Do you sometimes cough up blood? Have you a cough which has lasted two weeks or longer? Have you had pleurisy? If so, come to the chest clinic Monday, You regularly overhaul your

automobile, are you less valuable? This clinic is one of a series and is under the auspices of the Virginia State Board of Health cooperating with the Smyth County Board of Health and the Smyth County Tuberculosis Association.

Mrs. B. M. WINNIE,
State Field Nurse,
Tuberculosis Out-Patient Service.

IN MEMORY

Howard Rudolph Lusk, infant son of Mrs. Helen Hubble Lusk, born January 17, 1931; died January 19, 1931. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. W. H. Carter.

ORANGES
AND
Tangerines
1c.
EACH!

Come to car in Marion on Broadway, opposite Scott's Store all this week.

REMEMBER--ONLY

1c. Each

ODDS and ENDS!

Some New -- Some Used -- Every Single Item Absolutely Re Worth More Than We Ask For It

WE PAY AS YOU USE

This is Your Week of Values.

<p>Heaters—Oil Stoves (Room Heaters)</p> <p>Hot blast heaters—chunk burners</p> <p>AT HALF PRICE AND LESS</p>	<p>Lane Cedar Chests (Selected)</p> <p>Half-Price will apply to any genuine Lane Red Cedar Chest while they last.</p> <p>Large Roomy size \$27.50</p> <p>Special price \$13.75</p> <p>Never before sold at such price.</p>	<p>Kindergarten Chairs \$1.00</p> <p>We have about 100 of these fine chairs that would ordinary cost as much as \$3.50. If you know of a Sunday School or church that needs them, don't miss this opportunity.</p>	
<p>REVOLVING OFFICE CHAIRS</p> <p>Very Fine Quality while they last \$3.95</p> <p>Regular \$15.00 Value</p> <p>Other splendid bargains</p>	<p>COLONIAL WROUGHT IRON LAMPS</p> <p>69c</p> <p>Complete with shade.</p> <p>You'll want to buy two</p>	<p>BLANKETS AND COMFORTS</p> <p>\$2.95 Double Cotton \$1.45</p> <p>\$4.85 Double mixed \$1.95</p> <p>COMFORTS AT HALF PRICE</p>	<p>EXTENSION CURTAIN RODS</p> <p>Regular 25c Gould quality</p> <p>3 cents each</p> <p>No limit to customer</p>
<p>Used Dressers— Beds—Springs</p> <p>CABINETS — DAVENPORTS — FIBRE SUITES—ROCKERS AND CHAIRS—</p> <p>Almost your own price. Plenty of good service too.</p>	<p>American Oak Saddle Seat Rockers</p> <p>Big and roomy—the kind mother used to have.</p> <p>\$6.95 to \$9.75</p> <p>WE GUARANTEE THESE PRICES TO REPRESENT SAVINGS</p>	<p>Parchment Maple Bed Room Suite</p> <p>Poster Bed, Colonial Vanity, Low boy chest —Just a lucky purchase. Made to sell for \$150.</p> <p>Special (two suites) \$79.50</p>	
<p>SIX PHONOGRAPHS COLUMBIA STOCK</p> <p>\$15.00 to \$49.75</p> <p>See these values</p>	<p>MIRRORS OF EVERY KIND</p> <p>Not old, but overstocked—On numbers where we have duplicates you will find them at half price.</p> <p>Consoles—buffets—hall type</p>	<p>END TABLES</p> <p>\$1.45</p> <p>Not a close out—just a real bargain—in walnut—in mahogany. One to a customer.</p>	<p>CONSOLE TABLES</p> <p>\$2.95</p> <p>One to a customer only. In walnut or mahogany. Regular merchandise</p>
<p>23 Piece Imported Tea Sets</p> <p>Just a few left from several hundred that we sold for \$3.45.</p> <p>Special at \$2.45</p> <p>GET YOURS QUICK.</p>	<p>FINE CHAIRS ARM CHAIRS</p> <p>In Walnut and Mahogany, Leather and Tapestry, Upholsteries</p> <p>\$2.49</p>	<p>5 PIECE BREAKFAST SETS. ASSORTED COLORS</p> <p>\$10.75 to \$29.75</p> <p>Your Chance To Save More Than Your chance to save more than half.</p>	
<p>IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO LIST EVEN A SMALL PART OF THE WONDERFUL BARGAINS WE HAVE FOR YOU— ENOUGH TO SAY THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HERE YOU NEED. WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL FIND IT A VALUE. BUY WHILE YOU CAN—THESE PRICES ARE UNUSUAL.</p>		<p>SPECIAL FOR THE GUEST ROOM</p> <p>A fine Continental Bed room Suite</p> <p>Chest, bed, hanging mirror, night table, Simmon's Coil Spring</p> <p>Good cotton mattress, 1 pair blankets, two pillows all for</p> <p>\$69.75</p> <p>JUST ASK TO SEE IT</p>	<p>FINE ODD DINING ROOM SUITES</p> <p>9 fine pieces—Buffet, table, china, arm chair, six side chairs, all from quality suites in lovely designs and finishes.</p> <p>\$89.75</p> <p>ONLY FOUR TO SELL</p>

Boggs-Rice Company
Marion, Virginia.

RHAPSODY

BY A. Funk

(By Wireless)

So Sam Dillard had to go to Florida to get a man. He told me about it. "What?" I said, "to them golden strands?" So I got him to take me with him.

Boys it's great, it's glorious. We are down here, Sam and I, on a little neck of land. Well, not so little either. We got our hair in the Atlantic Ocean and our feet in the Gulf of Mexico. That's our situation just now. I am sending this by wireless. I thought I'd tell you. I got the Mike fastened on my chin. My hair is in the Atlantic Ocean and my feet in the Gulf of Mexico but my chin ain't in anything. I'm bone dry down here and at home too. So's Sam. You tell the boys at the back of the drug store that. You tell Emmett Thomas and George Cook and George Collins and all of them.

We are under an orange tree. O, how fragrant it is. The oranges are ripe too. Now and then one of them drops. What do we care. Let em drop.

I just caught one in my mouth. Sam caught two. We just let them absorb into our systems, then we spit out the seed. It's great. You don't have to pay any board.

Sam just caught a fish. It was a big one. It grabbed Sam's big toe, sticking out about a half mile into the Gulf, and Sam kicked it over seven orange trees. It was what they call down there a Jack. It was a little one. It will only weigh about eight pounds.

Well, so here we are boys, in the land of milk and honey, in the land of song and story, in the land of flowers and oranges.

It's great. Hello there. I say it's great. O boy.

Two Old Papers

Mrs. Ada G. Judkins of North Holston has just sent us two very interesting old newspapers. One is the Abingdon Virginian of Friday, February 11, 1868, and the other is the Southwestern News of Marion, for August 12, 1892.

The Abingdon Virginian, published then by Coale & Barr, contains, among other things, a long editorial communication on "How the people of Southwest Virginia Can Get Rich." Even in those days there was plenty of hope, although the war between the states was just ended and conditions in the south were at their worst.

The Southwestern News was a Republican paper and was at that time boosting Benjamin Harrison for president. Among the advertiser's were Weiler's with a reduction on men's suits; C. M. Wolfe, with a nice line of gold rings; U. M. Wolfe, with a fresh shipment of California prunes; a phonograph entertainment for which everyone was urged to turn out and hear the new machine; the Mt. Carmel Roller Mills, which had recently put in "new sharp rollers;" W. C. Seaver & Sons, "manufacturers and dealers in furniture and undertaking a specialty;" W. F. Heptinstall & Co., "leaders in hardware, family groceries, etc.;" W. E. & W. F. Leonard, "ladies dress goods, hardware and groceries;" Geo. A. Pruner, maker of harness, saddles, bridles, etc., who took "beef hides, green or dry, in exchange for work;" J. H. Musselwhite, watchmaker; H. S. Colley, watchmaker; Venable & Co.; the Marion High School, D. C. Miller, principle; David Malley, house painter and paper hanger; E. Reeves & Co., with a new stock of "spring and summer goods;" Sinclair's Bottom Roller Mills, with "new rolls." A. Rouse and A. P. Cole, proprietors; the following attorneys, John P. Sheffey, J. D. Perkins, A. M. Dickenson, James Henry Kelly, D. C. Miller; Dickey Bros., manufacturers of all kinds of brooms; Central Hotel, R. C. Ashworth, proprietor; Jno. J. Fowler & Sons, barbers and hair dressers; Robt. Blackwell and E. M. Copenhaver, dentists, Philip R. Francis, "practical plumber;" and there was a whole raft of ads of patent medicines and "wines, liquors and beer," sold by Bristol firms.

Kiwanis Are Well Talked To

(Continued From Page One)

boy of ten," he said. He talked about religion, politics, South Carolina rice, about making moonshine in Arkansas, over-production, farm relief, welfare work, in fact, we can't think of anything he didn't talk of. But everything he said was good and Mr. Greer, who is very stingy with the time, allowed Rev. Taylor two minutes more than he was supposed to have.

Next week, Doctor Sclater will have charge of the program.

PERSONAL NOTES

Dr. Dick Hutton is preparing for a week-end trip business trip to Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Emma Wright is reported confined to her home by throat trouble.

Mrs. Joe Russell has returned from Abingdon hospital but is reported quite seriously ill at her home on West Main street.

Mr. Ed Heneger, who has been critically ill at his home on Pearl avenue, is reported improved this week.

Beattie Gwyn is developing a very handsome moustache. He claims it is his boost for prosperity. "It don't look like no over production, anyway," says Kenneth Snider.

Mr. Max Weiler has left for Northern markets to purchase a large new stock of clothing for the Weiler Dept. Store Co., Inc.

Mr. Harry Hankla, Jr., left Marion Tuesday for Norfolk, after spending several weeks in Marion as the guest of his parents.

Mr. Graham Hull returned to Marion, Saturday after spending the greater portion of the week out of Marion on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker, former residents of Marion, spent a short time Sunday in Marion as the guests of Mrs. Louise Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayter Robinson and family of Norton, spent Sunday in Marion as the guests of their parents.

Rev. Hugh Rhyne left Marion the early part of the week for Roanoke where he will spend the greater portion of the week attending the Synod meetings.

Mr. Kenneth Killinger and Superintendent B. E. Copenhaver left Tuesday for Roanoke, where they will spend the week attending the Lutheran Synod in session there.

Mrs. R. L. Simpson, of South Western State Hospital, who has been seriously ill, is rapidly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Talley and family, of Edwin, Tenn., Mrs. J. N. Scott and son of Johnson City, Tenn., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. White Sunday.

Mr. Ernest Snider, who was ill for about a week, is up and about again.

Mr. Haynes Wolfe and Mr. Charley Robinson and Mr. Boss Griffiths have returned from a week's motor trip to points in the southwest.

George Finley, colored janitor at the Methodist and Baptist churches and Hotel Marion, is bad off at his home. He has had the hiccoughs for more than a week and his condition is reported as very, very serious. The doctors have been working over him every day but haven't been able to stop it.

Hit And Run Case

Mr. A. M. Jones, who stays with his father-in-law, Mr. James W. Sheffey on West Main Street, had his Chevrolet parked on the left side of the road in front of Mr. Sheffey's house Saturday night.

About 11:30 a car going west struck the Chevrolet, bounded off, swerved to the right and cut down a telephone post in front of the colored church even with the ground. The car that did the hitting was not damaged enough to keep it from going on down the road.

It must have been a stout car. Mr. Jones' car suffered a bent front fender, a broken wheel and a twisted axle. Some men, who were passing by right after the wreck occurred, said that the car was a Ford roadster and only one man, the driver, was in it.

Mrs. C. W. Cassell, left Marion, Sunday after spending several days of the past week as the guest of her sister, Miss Grace Buchanan.

FITOGRAM—The only objection I hear to the kind of clothes Siebler makes and I sell—and I hear it often—is: "I like a NEW suit occasionally, yours last too long." If that is an objection, I plead "guilty" for I would like to sell my customers' oftener than they need to buy.

Are your clothing wise? H. G. PEERY, Jr.

We sincerely believe that never before in the history of Marion has a sale of such money-saving values been offered, as in our store-wide sale beginning Thursday, January 29, at 8:30 A. M. Every article in our store is offered at a reduction and some we are actually selling below cost. Zimmerman's Boston Department Store. 1 t n d Jan 27

FIRST JOBS

"I lived over in Tazewell county. I got a job hauling traughs down off Rich Mountain for J. E. Buchanan. I did the hauling with a pair of oxen. Mr. Buchanan gave me a quarter."

E. H. HIGGINBOTHAM.

"Until I got a job keeping jail for J. B. Richardson, then Sheriff, I had worked on my father's farm without pay."

GORD SNAVELY.

"My first job was thinning corn for Mr. Paddy Buchanan. He gave my father, Stephen Moore, and me a bushel of wheat for our days work. Our crowd of workmen was composed of Grundy Buchanan, Hick Buchanan, Dare Neal, Paddy Buchanan and Charlie Cahill. At noon my father and Grundy played their fiddles and Mr. Paddy danced. We boys played marbles. At four o'clock we had a jumping contest of which Dare Neal was usually the winner."

ANDY W. MOORE.

"I sold bluing from house to house in my home town, Harrisonburg, Pa. I got a watch for selling the bluing but it was a bum watch. It wouldn't run. Then I clerked in my father's store."

WALTER L. STERN.

"I was born in 1870 in Grayson county. I started working for Mr. John Dickey, father of Mrs. C. C. Lincoln, Sr. I worked for him three years for \$10 a month and just lost 11 days of work in that time."

W. O. ELLIOTT.

"When I was a boy fifteen years old, just over from near Warsaw, Poland, I got a job as a shipping clerk in New York. But I want to tell you I did plenty besides acting as shipping clerk. I swept the floor, and made two fires every morning—I got three dollars per week."

MAX LENOWITZ.

"I grubbed an acre field for a widow lady over in North Carolina. It took me about two weeks and she game me five years of brown jean cloth, worth two dollars and a half. I had a suit of clothes made of this cloth. This cloth was made by taking homespun and dyeing it with white walnut bark. The field I grubbed was a huckleberry field for less than..."

T. E. ...

"I thinned corn on my farm. I got twenty-five cents per diem."

J. R. SHANKLIN.

"I worked on a farm getting \$3 a week first. Then I got a job on a bridge crew with the Norfolk and Western. That was thirty years ago. I got 30 cents an hour then, or as much in a day as I used to get in a week. Three dollars a day was mighty big money thirty years ago."

J. S. WOLFORD.

FOR RENT

Nice ten room house, near courthouse. Has steam heat.

H. B. STALEY,

Marion Wins

The Marion groundhogs managed to trim Rural Retreat in the basket ball game played at Marion Junior College gym on Saturday evening but it wasn't so easy. A small crowd turned out, in fact the crowd consisted largely of college girls who nevertheless did a lot of cheering. Dick Rouse refereed the game.

Two or three of the Marion team were missing and Marion had to start the game with substitutes. It was a fast loosely played game and the two teams were so evenly matched that the half found the score 17 to 17 and when the game was finished it was still tied at 25 to 25. There was another five minutes of play and Bryant, who had not come into the game until the second half did some star work. He got three baskets and a free throw while Rural Retreat was getting one basket and the game ended 32 to 27 in Marion's favor.

Bladder Weakness

If Getting Up Nights, Backache, Frequent day calls, Leg Pains, Nervousness, or Burning, due to functional Bladder Irritation, in acid conditions, makes you feel tired, depressed and discouraged, try the Cystex Test. Works fast, starts circulating thru the system in 15 minutes. Praised by thousands for rapid and positive action. Don't give up. Try Cystex (Pronounced Siss-tex) today, under the Iron-Clad Guarantee. Must quickly relieve these conditions, improve restful sleep and energy, or money back. Only 60c at...

Cystex sold by City Drug Store (Opposite Court House)

MRS. NANCY JANE WILLIAMS

Mrs. Nancy Jane Williams died January 21, 1931. She was 77 years, 9 months and 7 days of age. Her death was not unexpected as she had been in ill health for ten months.

Surviving are the following children: Mrs. Ada Woods, Marion; Mrs. Hannah Gross, East Gulf, W. Va.; Mrs. Belle Murray, Marion; Miss Lillie Williams, Marion; Miss Maggie West, Marion; seventeen grandchildren and two great grand children. She professed faith in Christ about 35 years ago and was a member of the Cleghorn Valley Baptist church. She was laid to rest in Mt. Zion cemetery close by her father's and ister's grave, Mr. John Ellis and Mrs. Fannie Lawrence.

She has gone but is not forgotten. Funeral services were held at her home, Friday, January 23, 1931.

She told her children not to grieve after her that she was going home to Jesus, that she was ready and willing to go when the Lord called her.

Her Daughter, MRS. W. F. WEST.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for the kindness and sympathy shown us during the sickness and death of our beloved mother, and especially the neighbors who were so thoughtful and generous to us.

Mrs. W. F. WEST and sisters.

HOW ONE WOMAN LOST 20 LBS. OF FAT

LOST HER DOUBLE CHIN LOST HER PROMINENT HIPS LOST HER SLUGGISHNESS Gained Physical Vigor Gained in Vivaciousness Gained a Shapely Figure

I'm fat—first remove the...

one half teaspoonful of KRUCHEM SALTS in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning out pastry and fatty go light on potatoes, butter, and sugar—in 3 weeks get scales and note how many fat have vanished. Also that you have gained—your skin is clearer—sparkle with glorious feel younger in body—KRUCHEM will help you remove surplus...

... (two weeks). If even it doesn't convince you the easiest, safest and surest to lose fat—if you don't feel improvement in health—so energetic—vigorously alive money gladly returned. Mame Carey of Buffalo, N. Y. writes—"Since I began taking Kruchen Salts I have lost 20 pounds and I feel as if I had lost 50 pounds. I feel so good and the best part of it all is that I eat anything I like."—Adv.

MEMORIAL

In loving memory of our dear son and brother, Edward Whiteley, who died Jan. 23rd, 1930, being 35 years, 10 months and 8 days old.

Eddie was one of the best, a loving son and brother; and a loyal friend. No one went to him in vain for help. He was a veteran of the World War; fought in the great battle of the Argon Woods.

His absence has brought sadness to his home and we know he is greatly missed in his community but in spite of all, we know that God doeth all things well.

Mr. Charles Abbott of Fremont, Neb., is visiting in town for a few days, having joined Mrs. Abbott at Hotel Lincoln.

ROTARY ENJOYS MUSIC

The Rotary, at its luncheon Thursday, was entertained with a musical program given by Mrs. Ike Huff, violinist, and Mr. Bonham Pruner, accompanist.

A number of fine numbers were given. The guest of honor was Mr. R. H. Giles, V. P. I. Extension worker.

Next meeting the club will be addressed by the Hon. L. P. Collins.

NOTICE

The Marion Woman's Club will hold its annual banquet at the Hotel Marion, January 30th at 7:30 P. M.

George G. Killinger of Marion, student at University of N. C., Chapel Hill, N. C., made a talk before the musical fraternity there, Friday, January 23.

LOST

A suit of clothes with extra pants somewhere between S. H. Hutton's a mile east of Mt. Carmel, and Deck Musser's Filling Station beyond Atkins, Sunday, January 25 sometime around three or four o'clock in the afternoon. The box has a store address of Kewanee, Illinois. Finder please notify Print Shop and receive reward. 1 t n d Jan 27 *

A GOD-SEND FOR POOR YOUNG LOVERS

(Continued From Page One)

went to the halter. I sent the usual congratulatory letter, the present, etc., but from him came no letter of thanks. I wrote another letter.

I was afraid that, for some reason unknown to me, his brotherly love for me had died. He had before told me all things. Why was he now keeping silence?

I finally got an answer the 15th of January, 1931. Hidden away in an obscure part was the sentence: "My finances are in a pretty bad way now, as the Matrimonial Endowment went fluey and I lost \$400." About the same time I saw a story in the newspapers of the failure of the association. How something like \$150,000 was lost by young lovers, who like my friend had put their bottom dollar in it.

I'm not writing this to rub in my friend's loss, but to warn any gullible bachelor reader who might jump at such a proposition if for no other reason than to get 50 per cent interest on his money.

A READER, Wytheville, Va.

FOR RENT Four room house on Lincoln Hill. Moderate rent. Apply Weiler Dept. Store Co., Inc. n d Jan 20

PIANO FOR SALE

We have in storage in Marion a small upright piano which we will sell at bargain price to avoid additional storage charges and expense of re-shipment to Cincinnati.

Will arrange to carry time paper if at least \$25.00 is paid cash. Full particulars on request.

The Baldwin Piano Company, 142 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jan 22 1 t n d

RUPTURE

E. J. MEINHARDI, of Chicago

Expert on the Meinhardt Rupture Shield, is coming here again. He will personally be at the Bristol Hotel, Bristol, Va., on Wednesday only, February 4th, from 10:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M.

Special Notice—all customers that he has fitted here during the last ten years are invited to call for inspection. All others are invited to call and investigate. There is no charge for demonstration. Come in and talk with these former customers regarding their experience with this Appliance. This visit is for men only.

Mr. Meinhardt says: Thousands of satisfied customers report that this Appliance retains the rupture perfectly and quickly contracts the opening regardless of the size or location of the rupture.

The "Meinhardt Rupture Shield" has no understraps. It is perfectly sanitary, practically indestructible, and may be worn while bathing. Rupture often causes Stomach Trouble, Backache, Constipation, Nervousness, and other ailments. Thousands of deaths from rupture can be avoided.

Caution: Protect yourself against imitators of this notice—remember the name MEINHARDI.

Please note the above dates and office hours carefully, as he will not visit any other city in this section at this time. (This visit is for white people only.) E. J. Meinhardt, Home Office, 1551 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago.—Adv.) n d 1 t e Jan 27 *

Miss Jane Allen of Wytheville is visiting Mrs. Thomas Ewald this week.

Mr. J. B. Francis is out again after being confined to his home for exactly one month. He's looking fine and says he doesn't know when he's felt better.



Offers opportunities to the man with ample SAVINGS

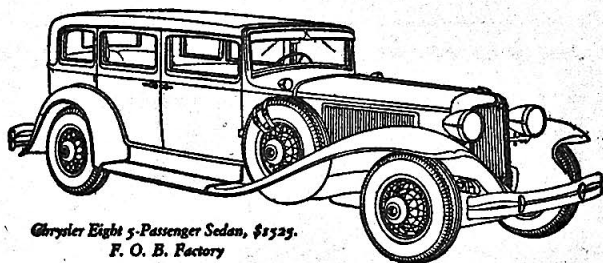
WITHIN the next year, you will see such values, in clothing, home furnishings, et cetera, as you have never seen before. Will you be able to take advantage? Start saving today

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

THE BANK OF MARION

We Pay 4% Interest.

CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHTS



Chrysler Eight 5-Passenger Sedan, \$1235. F. O. B. Factory

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING

You're missing a lot of pleasure and satisfaction without a Chrysler Straight Eight.

You're missing, above everything else, the thrilling results of Dual High gears... Two distinctly different high gears for distinctly different uses—one "high" for sprinting ahead of everything in traffic and for quiet, easy speed up any hill; another "high" for the open road.

You're missing the innumerable driving advantages of the exclusive Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission, with its quiet, quiet gear shift.

You're missing the pride of ownership inspired by a car that is invincible in getaway; that is incomparably faster in picking up speed; that is infinitely smoother and more flexible at all speeds.

After you discover what you are missing, nothing on wheels will satisfy you but a Chrysler Straight Eight.

CHRYSLER EIGHT—Five Body Styles—\$1495 to \$1665. CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—Four Body Styles—\$2745 to \$3145. All prices f.o.b. factory.

GWYN MOTOR COMPANY (COURTESY and CHRYSLER) Marion, Virginia.