

# The Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XXVII

BOONE WATAUGA COUNTY, THURSDAY MARCH 2, 1916.

NO. 29.

## The Philippines and Their Destiny.

Greensboro News.

If there is any one thing on which the people of the United States are of one mind it is their absolute certainty that they do not want the Philippine islands as a permanent investment. Everybody says we must turn them loose as soon as there is any possibility of their taking care of themselves. The senate has passed a resolution setting four years as the time limit, and forthwith numerous and vociferous critics began roundly denouncing the senate.

We find it rather difficult to follow the logic of the critics. It may be the senate was thinking more of a campaign pledge than of the Filipinos when it passed the measure, but at that it was a good campaign pledge. It may be that something may happen within the next four years to prevent the carrying out of the plan, but in such a case the worst charge that could be brought against the senate would be that of passing a useless bill—as charges go, a light one. It has been said that the senate ought not raise the Filipinos' hopes only to dash them. But this senate means what it says; if another senate reverses this one, that is not the fault of a dead-and-gone.

We, for one, are getting exceedingly weary of endless reiteration of this country's "duty" toward the Filipinos. Unfortunately we did butt in on the destiny of the islands, and destroy their governmental system as then established. Therefore we clearly owed it to them to set up a substitute system as good as the one we had knocked down; beyond that we cannot see where this government has any duty toward, or owes any obligation to the Filipinos. We have set up a system of government certainly not inferior to Spanish tyranny. Our duty is done. Then for heaven's sake let us get out. If the senate is to be criticised it is for making the term four years instead of four months.

We have no illusion about the Filipino's fitness for self-government. Unless Uncle Sam stands over the islands with a bayonet within five years after the Stars and Stripes are hauled down from over Manila bay, the Rising Sun will go up. But you can't learn to swim without going near the water. You can't learn to govern yourself without trying. If we let the Philippines go there is hope that within four or five centuries they may learn the art of self-government. True, it took the Anglo-Saxon more than a thousand years to acquire that working knowledge of the subject that he has now, but the Filipino will have the advantage of better instruction.

The world is pretty generally generally agreed that George Dewey might have sailed all the Seven Seas and looked in vain for a more utterly useless mess of junk to wish on his beloved country. The sand bars dignified by the name of islands are exceedingly barren, exceedingly unhealthy in most cases, and extremely hot in all. Moreover they are extremely far from any legitimate trade interest of the United States and their population represents the other extreme of the human race in its origin and ideals.

The Yellow Peril may be quite as perilous as California imagines, but all the same we could see the Japanese flag flying over the Philippines without any loss of sleep. In fact, we could view with perfect equanimity a proposition to hand the islands to the Mikado with fifty cents in money.

## Mrs. Wilson's Tour.

Winston Salem Journal.

We have heard much of the President's tour of the country in the interest of his preparedness program. But little has been said about the trip made by the President's wife at the same time. Mrs. Wilson toured the county also, and those who were with them say that she received quite as much attention and applause as her husband. It was her first trip since she became the mistress of the White House and the people were even more eager to see her than they were to hear the President. Newspaper men who accompanied the couple are yet in doubt as to which made the better impression with the masses, the President or the President's wife.

Samuel M. Williams, the star political reporter of the New York Evening World, who accompanied the President on this tour, tells the Editor and publisher that, in the eyes of many thousands of men of the West, and nearly as many men, the most important person was Mrs. Wilson. He says that seldom indeed, has it fallen to the lot of a lady to have showered upon her such adulation, such compliment, such approval, even from her own critical sex, as was displayed in the surging, applauding, curious crowds that greeted her in every city. Answering the question, "How did she conduct herself?" which he is sure every woman who was not present at the meetings is asking, Mr. Williams says:

"My personal opinion, being that of a mere man, is that she made a tremendous hit with all classes. When you give a pretty woman a wonderful smile that simply disarms and captivates at a glance, who is there that can withstand her charms? Then when you add cleverness in manner, poise in public and stuning costumes what is there left of compliment to bestow on the new mistress of the White House?"

"At every public meeting Mrs. Wilson was beside the President on the platform, sitting quietly, modestly, refraining from even a whispered word while he was speaking, never applauding and apparently unconscious of the attention she was dividing with her husband. As the tour reached regions west of the Mississippi where the people are more friendly and demonstrative than in the East, they clamored insistent demands for the lady of the White House to appear on the rear platform of the train, or in the balconies of city hotels, so that the waiting throngs could see her and cheer her. They cried compliments to her beauty, sometimes crudely but so honest as to bring the flush of unalloyed joy to her cheeks. What bride could have a more wonderful wedding journey?"

## For A Billious Attack.

When you have a severe headache, accompanied by a coated tongue, loathing of food, constipation, torpid liver, vomiting of partly digested food and then bile, you may know that you have a severe bilious attack. While you may be quite such there is much consolation in knowing that relief may be had by taking three of Chamberlain's Tablets. They are prompt and effectual. Obtainable everywhere.

So far as has been reported, there is not a military expert in the world who agrees with Chairman Hay on how the army should be reorganized, but that does not phase Mr. Hay in the least.—Indianapolis Star.

## Bryan And Wilson.

Charlotte Observer.

In a center piece on the first page of The Commoner for February, Colonel Bryan makes a statement in which he sets forth that the differences between himself and President Wilson are not personal. "For the benefit of those who seem unable to understand disagreements about principle," he says, "I venture to bring down to date the personal relations between the President and myself. The letters that passed between us at the time of my resignation ought to be accepted by friend of both as sufficient proof that there were no personal differences between us at that time. No personal differences have arisen since. The President is doing his duty as he sees it. Acting under the responsibility of a citizen and under a sense of obligation to those who have trusted me I am doing my duty as I see it. I am opposing the plan to increase the appropriations for the Army and Navy, just as I would expect the President to do if our positions were reversed and he looked upon the subject as I do." That certainly reads fair, but in the leading editorial page we find Colonel Bryan arraigning Wilson for seeking his counsel from corrupt sources and not from the "masses." Col. Bryan charges that the President did not consult the Senators and Representatives in Congress, nor did he consult the people, but that his only sources of information were "a metropolitan press, subservient to big business; and navy leagues, defense leagues and security leagues officered by representatives of big business." Is Col. Bryan sure that President Wilson relied on these sources for his information? If he did, then he is a venal man and the differences between himself and Col. Bryan must be far more than merely personal. The disclaimer and the arraignment do not harmonize. Facing one way, Col. Bryan calls Wilson his beloved personal friend, facing about he holds him up to the people of the country as a man who has betrayed their interests to the "Mercenary friends who flock around him." It would have been in better taste if the center piece of The Commoner had been omitted.

## Methuselah.

Methuselah, that grand old gent, saw centuries pass by; the generations came and went, and he refused to die. No doubt among the ancient ranks the faddists drew their breath, and he was told by health board cranks just how to sidestep death. I seem to see them at his side, and hear them give advice. "Eat predigested hay," they cried, "that has been kept on ice. Sleep out of doors, in rain or gale, or you'll be on the blink; boil all the air that you inhale, and fry the things you drink. Eat less than half of what you wish, put sawdust in your bread; if you are fond of beef or fish, eat liverwurst instead." The faddists sprung their spiels and died; Methuselah shed tears, but would not take them as a guide—and lived nine hundred years. His voice across the distance calls a cheering word to me: "I ate ice cream and codfish balls, and was from sickness free. I filled myself with scrambled eggs, and steaks from slaughtered steers, and pranced around on active legs for near a thousand years.—Walt Mason in Winston Salem Journal.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## G. A. HARSTIN.

One by one the old veterans are being called to answer the last roll call up yonder.

The subject of this sketch was born in Caldwell county, North Carolina, on April the 6th, 1837, and was at the time of his death, 87 years, 10 months and 9 days old. He married a Miss Bradford, and from the union were born three children, one son and two daughters. The eldest daughter married Mr. A. J. Shull, now residing on Middle Fork, the other daughter marrying Mr. Todd Montgomery, of Lenoir. The son, Mr. Robert Harstin, lives in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Harstin served 4 years in the Confederate army. He had lived in this county for a number of years, and was well known and esteemed in the communities in which he lived. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in distress; ever ready to speak a kind word to all and to cheer the unfortunate. He was a member of the M. E. church, having joined in his youth and remained in full fellowship until the time of his death. When the end came he was living with his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Shull. He had been in feeble health for some time but almost at once he gave way and only lived a few days.

Brother Harstin seemed to have a fore-knowledge of his death, as he said he would only live a short time, giving instructions concerning his burial, expressing his readiness and willingness to depart and be at rest with his companions who had preceded him to the glory land.

Just before he breathed his last he called his daughter to his bedside, and when asked what he wanted, whispered, higher, home, and within a short time he was gone. Yes, gone where death never comes; where no more storm clouds rise dark o'er the way. Then why should children and friends mourn his departure, for he has gone to live in a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

Wm. ELROD, Blowing Rock, N. C.

## Second Letter From Mrs. Stone to Mr. Savage Regarding Spreads.

"I am so sorry but I simply cannot take a single spread now. I am just loaded down and the women writing me every day to take more. I cannot make the spreads sell, of course; they are expensive and only a few want to or rather can afford to buy them. We do not sell one in a day, and yet I get fifteen to twenty letters a day begging me to take some. One woman offers me twelve. I do not want any more now. I must have nearly one hundred here and I intend to sell of what I have before getting any more unless I want something special when I will send for it. I never have had any spreads with lace. They sell just as well with fringe as without. That does not make so much difference as the way the work is done and the neatness of it. Please tell them all I do not want any more spreads just now, but will take them as soon as I can." Washington, D. C. Feb. 16.

## This May Interest You.

If you suffer with pains in your back or side, stiff and sore muscles or joints, or rheumatic aches or have symptoms of kidney trouble such as puffy swellings under the eyes or sleep disturbing bladder ailments, you should know that Foley Kidney Pills have benefited thousands in like condition. For sale by M. B. Blackburn.

## The Democrat.

The Democrat is good and true, A cleaner sheet don't come to you, It stands for truth and all that's right, You'll find it thus both day and night.

The Editor does all he can, To make his neighbors better men, While in some cases he may fail, You never hear him raise a wail.

The most of men who's working hard, To bless the world and serve the Lord, Will sometimes get what we call "blues," Which tears their socks and rends their shoes.

And then they'll raise a hue and cry, And make you think they're going to die, Unless you knew it was not so, Right in to spasms you would go.

All of this, and more too, The Democrat explains to you, In ways so simple, I can't see, Why a "Croaker" there should be.

It goes to earth's remotest bounds, To kings and queens, whose heads are crowned, To bear the news of this good land, And tell the world for truth to stand.

D. P. WATERS.

## A Devoted Christian Lady Dead.

The writer of this sketch received a letter from Mrs. Walter Hayes, of St. John Washington, bearing the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Lizzie Hagaman, of that section which occurred on Feb. 15.

Mrs. Hagaman's maiden name was Miss Lizzie Crocker, who was born and reared in Lincoln county, N. C. She was married to Mr. James R. Hagaman, of Watauga county, about thirty five years ago. They located near Vilas, in this county, where they made their home for quite a long time. Later they moved to Tacoma City, Washington, but did not remain there long until they returned to North Carolina; then some fifteen years ago they went west again, settling near St. John, Washington, where they have since made their home.

Sister Hagaman was a devoted christian lady, with a lovable and genial disposition, always extending a heart of sympathy and a hand of kindness to those in distress. Her many friends always met with a hearty welcome at her home.

The news of her death will cause much sorrow among her many relatives and friends throughout Western North Carolina, as her many sterling traits of character and lovely disposition endeared her to the heart of all who knew her. She will be sadly missed in her newly adopted community, as she was a tireless christian worker, and her place in the church and Sunday school will be hard indeed to fill. She was a member of Brushy Fork Baptist church while she remained in Watauga.

She leaves a devoted husband and four daughters, Lucy, Bessie, Hattie and Tacoma, together with a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

We extend to Brother Hagaman and the four daughters our deepest sympathy in their great bereavement, and would point them to our Heavenly Father who doeth all things well, and has a balm for every broken heart.

J. L. HAYES.

Vilas, N. C.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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