

Jackson County Journal.

VOL. I NO. 7

SYLVA, N. C., APRIL 16 1915,

\$1.00 THE YEAR IN ADVANCE

JACKSON MAN KILLED IN TEXAS

We learn that John Bryson formerly of Cullowhee, this County, was shot and killed Saturday at Comanche Texas. At this time we are unable to learn any of the particulars of Mr. Bryson's death.

Mr. Bryson went from this county to Texas a number of years ago and was one of the leading citizens of Comanche county where he had large interests, owning several cattle ranches and being the president of a bank as well as engaging in other enterprises. He was married and leaves ten children. Mr. Bryson was prominently connected in Jackson county and was a brother of Mrs. R. M. Keller of Cullowhee.

STORE BROKEN INTO

W. F. Holden of Glenville, was in town Tuesday and informed us that some person, or persons, entered his store Saturday night, April 10th. Mr. Holden said he did not miss very many goods.

This is the second store in Glenville which has been broken into and robbed within the past six months. Sometime last winter the store of W. M. Fowler was entered and a few goods stolen.

Mr. Holden offers a reward of \$25.00 for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons who broke into his store.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT CLYDE.

The Girls' Home of the Haywood Institute at Clyde, together with the wearing apparel, books and a large portion of the furniture, was destroyed by fire last Sunday afternoon. The building was a 14 room structure and was valued at about \$3,000 with insurance amounting to \$2,000.

The problem of caring for the 22 girl students was solved by the young men giving the boys' dormitory and moving to the Dr. F. M. Davis house, a summer hotel nearby. The personal losses sustained by the girls will be keenly felt as they had prepared their commencement dresses, all of which were lost except what they were wearing that day. But the people of Clyde and community have contributed liberally of money and clothing for the relief of the losers.

It is announced that a modern brick building will be erected before the opening of the fall term of the school, to take the place of the wooden one, the work is to start soon after the commencement exercises which will be held the first of May—Canton Observer.

TO THE FARMERS

The present number of the Farmers' Market Bulletin contains articles of interest to farmers who have cotton, corn, potatoes, butter, or eggs to market.

The work of the North Carolina Division of Markets is outlined in a special report which was written for the Department of Agriculture of the State of Missouri. This report shows how farmers, merchants, bankers, and railroads may cooperate with a State Division of Markets. The co-operation of all is especially needed at this time to develop a market for North Carolina product when the State is in some measure shifting from the production of cotton to that of food and feed crop.

"THE OLD MAN."

The correspondent who styles himself "The Old Man", but whom I shall prefer to call the "Old Gentleman," in this article, has created no little curiosity and has set the tongue of conjecture awag in Jackson. There is only one thing more curious and enquiring than a turkey and that is a man. Not a woman but a MAN. If you wish your young Johnnie Bright to break into your cupboard at all hazzard you just casually hint him you have something in there for Sunday dinner you don't wish molested. After that with Johnnie its pie or die. Tatting is curiosity run mad. Inquisitiveness within bounds is a virtue. Its the key to knowledge.

No one will fault the people of Jackson for being itchy to know who the Old Gentleman of the Journal is, but they need not be imposed on by a native.

Numbers of my friends have charged me with the authorship of this series of letters. To which charge I beg to plead "not guilty. I wish I could give evidence of my characteristic modesty in the face of the honorable impeachment. But I can't do it. I am innocence at home if ever there were such.

But my venerable friend, you are being excruciatingly analysed here in your nativity among the laurel and the ivy and the honeysuckle glens.

I say friend at the least, for if you are a nonagenarian Jacksonian you are doubtless akin to one or the other of my grandpaps or grannies. You certainly ought to know a whole lot about old Jim Conley who settled Conley's Creek, and Polly Serrill his wife; and old B. N. Allison who settled near the Fork of the River, whose wife was a Miss Wood; and old Billy Cathey who settled on Caney Fork and who married Elizabeth Bryson; and old Billy Cochran who settled near Wilmot and whose wife was a Jennings.

Narrate to us something of Squire John Love and his tribe; the old Fishers, Dillses, Ensleys, Minguses and Cowans; the Halls and Stallcups. Some anecdotes about Wilse Tritt and Levy Love, old Bobby Bryson, Daniel Bryson; the Cogdills and Marrs on Scotts Creek; the Allens and Corn Jim Queen. Tell us about old Abraham Enloe and his clan. And the Hyatts, Sherrills, Conleys, Farleys, Gibsons, Rabys, Gibbes, Keevers. By the way you know, of course, that the Gibbs family are the only people of purely English decent who ever lived in Jackson. Everybody else are Scotch and Irish with a little German and Dutch, here and there, for example, the Minguses, Wikes and Bumgarners.

Oh, by the way, we boast one Welsh—American Citizen in Jackson. Tell us your recollections of him. He antedates Dr. Tompkins by nearly a half century as a citizen of Jackson.

Well, my dear old Gentleman, if you are ninety eight you were born in 1817. You were born in what is now Jackson, then Haywood. You were eleven years old when Macon county was erected. You have lived through a period which has witnessed the organization of six mountain counties west of the Balsam, namely, Macon, Cherokee, Jackson, Swain, Clay, and Graham. You were, doubtless, at the organization of Jackson in 1851.

From what your daddy told you,

and the men of his generation, you remember many anecdotes of Andy Jackson and John C. Calhoun who once came through this section looking out an inter-state turn-pike. You remember the horse race between old Col. Love and old Hickory in which Jackson rode his own horse. You remember also hearing your daddy talk of the duel between Sam Car on and Dr. Vance, and the duel between Thomas L. Clingman and Wm. L. Yancy, as well as that between Mark Erwin and John Baxter.

You were familiar, doubtless, with the western Carolina, or mountain Bar before the Civil War—the Henrys, the Woodfins, forbears of Henry Woodfin Grady from whom the brilliant Southron inherited his oratory, the Baxters, the Gaithers, the Franceses and Davidsons.

You remember the famous visit of the matchless Whig leader and the best-loved man the United States has yet produced, Henry Clay, to North Carolina and his great speech from the East portico of the Capitol at Raleigh. Recount these events.

Tell us about the old Zacharys who settled Cashiers; the old Wilsons, Hendersons, Watsons and Mosses who settled Hamburg; the old Browns and Brysons and Rogers who settled Cullowhee; old Billy Shelton and "Boone" Hooper who pioneered Canada township.

This old "Boone" Hooper made a trip west in the days of Daniel Boone, or soon after, and reported he followed the Missouri river to more nearly its source than Boone himself had done. Your daddy, of course told you much about this adventurous old cuss.

Tell us about the old Cowards and Queens of Caney Fork. Tell us about old John R. Queen and Jimmie Naie Bryson who in the latter part of the last century fought with many of their compeers the honest fisticuff after the true Irish fashion.

Tell us about the old musters with life and drum. Tell us about old Bobby Brown, the daddy of all the Browns and a big Irishman, who, when he was ready to ride at the races, would call out to his man: "help me on um Geor-r-ger."

Tell us about old John Davis a natural wit and the father of Douglass and Bill Davis, and genial Woodford Zachary; tell us a whole heap about Jack Allison once sheriff of Haywood, and the inimitable practical Joker Joseph Keener. Tell us about the old MacMahones, Messers and Turpins and whether the latter are descendants of old Dick Turpin the English Rob Roy. Old Sam Johnson—Boswells' Bear—said our Colonial sires were "a race of convicts and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging."

That was old Sam's private opinion of our grandsires publicly expressed. It was a fine thing for old Sam's hide that there rolled the "deep and dark blue" Atlantic between him and old John R. Queen when he blurted that out of his old Popocatepetl.

But old Johnson was never out of that provincial wide place in the road known as "London." He was once as far as the Hebrides and he adventured across the channel to a place called Paris, the only time he was ever out of smelling distance of old Miss Williams' teapot.

I am satisfied if one were to search diligently enough one would find where, in some tonguey tournament he allowed, with the sarcasm of Swift and the thunder of Jupiter

(Continued on page 8)

TOM FRIZZELL AND "THE OLD BOY".

Beta, N. C. April 12.

Journal—Well "Old Boy" you are a pretty hard one to read. You seem to be one of the Bible sort of names—"Without beginning of days or end of time". You say you left Webster about the time Henderson was hung. At that time I lived at Webster and was acquainted with every man, woman and child that lived around there; and of course the "Old Boy knew me—you did did you not? Did you and I not attend a Federal Court together at Asheville, before there was any Rail Road there when people had to walk to court? And did we not have in our crowd, old uncle Bill Buchanan who gave out with rheumatism about Turn Pike? And you got down from an iron gray mule and let uncle Bill ride through to court—and you had to limp along as you also had a crippled knee. Now "Old Boy" if I am not guessing right, tell in your next letter a whole lot more of your Webster experience, and let me guess again.

Our neighbor Mr. Thad Beard is very sick, but we all hope he will soon be well again.

The farmers are hurrying their work to be ready to plant corn. Mr. Dillard Bryson has finished up his new home; and since Mr. Clark has done his part they have made a dandy out of it.

Good luck to the Journal and all its readers.

Respectfully
Tom Frizell

"ESTHER WAKE" AT WEBSTER.

A play of unusual interest is to be given by the high school pupils at Webster School auditorium on the evening of Tuesday, April 20.

This play deals with colonial North Carolina and the first armed resistance to British oppression. It portrays real characters of history, enlivened by the glamor of romance. Admission 35 cts., children 20 cts.

THE CULLOWHEE-WEAVER COLLEGE DEBATE—WON BY CULLOWHEE.

The representatives of Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School, Messrs. Bird and Wood, acquitted themselves admirably at Waynesville on last Saturday evening. They delivered their speeches in an excellent manner and were the recipients of many congratulations. They won by a vote of 2 to 1.

The Weaver College boys also did excellent work. They had fine speeches and presented them well. Waynesville gave the boys a cordial reception. Prof. Everett, of the Waynesville City Schools, acted as Chairman of the meeting and the orchestra of the Waynesville High School furnished delightful and inspiring music.

Rev. O. V. Joyner, Rev. O. P. Aders and others showed the debaters special courtesy.

STOCK RAISERS MET

Monday of last week the stock raisers of Haywood county met at the court house and organized a Stock Raisers Association. There was a large crowd in attendance.

JAVAN LONG DIED SUNDAY.

Special to the Journal, Baker Ore.

At the Lorenz rooming house on First street Sunday evening occurred the death of Javan Long, a resident of this city for the past eight years, a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Long. The deceased had been in poor health for some time and had for three weeks preceding his death had failed rapidly. Besides his parents, he is survived by a wife and one son four years old. Mrs. C. D. Zachary of the Humboldt mine is a cousin.

The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Welch and Company chapel, Rev. Geo. T. Ellis officiating.

JAMES WILCOX TO SERVE SENTENCE.

Raleigh, April 12.—The cry of a mother's heart, the heart that is always constant, is the only voice raised against a pardon for James Wilcox, convicted murderer of Nell Cropsey at Elizabeth City, but that mother's cry is allied with justice and Wilcox will not be pardoned, according to a decision reached by Governor Craig today.

In explanation of his refusal to issue a pardon for this man, convicted of one of the most tragic crimes that ever shocked the state, the governor has issued an eight page statement, reviewing in detail the circumstances of the association of Wilcox and Nell Cropsey as lovers, the lively and attractive personality of the ill-fated girl and the events of the fatal evening at the Cropsey home. The governor also reviews the circumstances surrounding the disappearance of the girl and the conduct of Wilcox, together with features of the trial and the final disposition of the case by the Supreme court, after it had been brought before that body on appeal, and which decided that Wilcox must serve the thirty year's sentence imposed by the lower court.

GOVERNOR CRAIG'S VIEWS.

The governor says among other things: "To release the defendant would, in my opinion, tend to lessen the confidence in our courts to do justice and would not be in accordance with the well considered judgement of this state as expressed by statute and judicial precedent. "Wilcox has been dealt sternly with, but not inconsiderately. He has been defended by the ablest and most skillful lawyers. He has been tried before just and impartial judges, with every advantage in selection of a jury. Two juries have pronounced him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. The Supreme court set aside the first verdict on the ground that it was influenced by the feeling of a community outraged by a horrible murder. After a careful and most deliberate consideration of the last trial, the Supreme court affirmed the judgement.—Asheville Citizen.

A SLUGGISH LIVER NEED ATTENTION.

Let your Liver get torpid and you are in for a spell of misery. Everybody gets an attack now and then. Thousands of people keep their Livers active and healthy by using Dr. King's New Life Pills. Fine for the Stomach, too. Stop the Dizziness, Constipation, Biliouness Indigestion. Clear the blood. Only 25c. at your Druggist.