

TOWNS COUNTY ADVERTISER

Established 1922

YOUNG HARRIS, GEORGIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 6 1922

\$1.00 Per Year In Advance

Towns County Fair To Be Held Friday And Saturday

Big list of Prizes to be given on all exhibitions

The annual Towns County Fair will be held at Hiawasse on Friday and Saturday, October 6th, and 7th.

Dr. J. A. Sharpe, of Young Harris, Dr. A. E. Brown, of Ashville, Dr. F. C. McConnell, of Atlanta and Prof. Phil Campbell of Athens, will be speakers of the occasion.

Every school in the county with their pupils will attend this fair. There is a handsome list of

prizes that will be awarded the citizens who place articles, shown in the list, on exhibition. Every citizen in this county should attend our county fair. The roads are good, and the people of Hiawasse are working hard to make the fair a great success. Mrs. J. M. Berrong, County Economics Agent, deserves much credit for her efforts in getting up this fair, and she should have the co-operation of our people in making this fair a big success.

Jim Rogers Killed Near Hiawasse

Jim Rogers of near Hiawasse was killed in a fight between he and John Arnold, this week. It seems that there has been trouble for sometime between these men over certain lands, and the old trouble was renewed a few days ago over a pocket book, which Rogers claimed that Arnold had taken money from.

It is rumored that both men were under the influence of whiskey, and they met in a certain road about three miles from Hiawasse, and began a quarrel. Arnold struck Rogers over the head several times with a stick, fracturing his skull, and he died suddenly.

Arnold came to his home and went to bed, the sheriff and his posse made a search for him extending as far as Murphy and Hayesville, thinking he was making an effort to get out of the state, but he was later discovered at his home asleep, and after being told that he was being searched for by the sheriff, he made an attempt to escape, but was caught a short distance from Hiawasse, and placed, in jail.

Arnold was a blacksmith near Hiawasse, and Rogers lived on a farm a few miles north of Hiawasse.

W. E. Matheson

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Make Our Store, Your Store

Store at Blairsville, Ga. Rt. 2 Store at Young Harris, Ga.
Address all communications to Young Harris, Ga.

Nation Wide Campaign to Elect First Woman Senator.

Mrs. Charles S. Phillipsbury, member of the well known milling family of Minnesota, has been elected chairman of the First Woman-for-Senator Finance Committee, an organization of women created to bring about the election of Mrs. Anna D. Olesen, the first woman to be nominated for the United States Senate by either of the major political parties.

In the membership of the First-Woman-for-Senator Committee are women from various states, and of Democratic, Republican, independent affiliations. They have undertaken to give Mrs. Olesen their help by making a nation-wide drive for funds to be used in her campaign. Mrs. Olesen's opponent in the Minnesota Senatorial race is Senator Kellogg, one of the reactionaries of the Republican Senate. Already many contributions to Mrs. Olesen's campaign fund have been received by the finance committee. Mrs. Phillipsbury is doing effective work and is enlisting other prominent women in Mrs. Olesen's cause.

News of Mrs. Phillipsbury's election to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee of the First-Woman-for-Senator organization was brought to Washington by Mrs. Pattie Ruffner Jacobs of Birmingham, Ala., who reported that Mrs. Olesen is a vigorous and successful campaign in all parts of the state.

Rube Town News. By Alcohol Dick.

Everybody met the train yesterday, except Seph Salls. He's still in jail.

Jim Spriggs is not with the contracting company any longer they told Jim they didn't need him any longer, and he got mad and quit.

Ed Huggs put several new shingles on his barn last month.

Cal Steppes spent Tuesday and forty cents, in town last week.

Josh Spikes has a new horse-shoer. The last one drank wood alcohol.

Business is pickidg up in Rubetown. Two new drummers came in last week.

Bill Futch bought stock in the Easter oil mine of Texas. Doc thought it was a good investment as Bill needs a lot of Easter oil.

The whole town of Ruberry was destroyed by fire last Friday, both houses were completely burned.

Rubetown is fast becoming a manufacturing center in spite of the revenue officers.

John Smith was kicked by a horse last Monday. The doctor says the horse will no doubt lose his foot.

Another one of old man Browns girls got married last week. He always was lucky.

Some of the general store loafers are complaining about the white pine that the boxes are made of now is not as good as the old ones were. Zeb Byars says it's not that, they are too lazy to sharpen their knives.

H. G. TANNER
Attorney at Law,
YOUNG HARRIS, GA.

Phi Chi To Give Public Debate.

The Phi Chi debating society will give its first public debate Saturday evening, and the public is invited. The society has arranged a very interesting program for this occasion. Several musical numbers by very talented students, together with good arguments by the speakers. The subject that will be discussed is. Resolved: That the moral standard of a nation cannot be judged by its observance of international laws. The affirmative will be discussed by W. A. Lanier, and S. P. Clary the negative.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

DO YOU LIKE TO TALK?

FRANKLY ask yourself the question: "Do you like to talk?" And if you have to admit that you do then bear in mind that certain pitfalls of bad manners lie in your path that do not beset the person who has no such fondness for the sound of his own voice.

Very often the person who likes to talk is the person who actually does talk cleverly. He likes to talk because he can see that people are interested by what he says and their show of interest is gratifying to his vanity. It is very pleasant to see a group of keenly interested faces around you when you are letting your tongue wag and when you tell a droll story it is gratifying, indeed, to hear the peals of hearty laughter. The person who sees readily that his listeners are bored can get no pleasure from talking. And usually, though not always, people who talk too much are persons who have naturally a gift in that direction. But they are wise if they do not abuse it.

The hostess especially should never monopolize the conversation. She should remember even if her women guests are extremely poor conversationalists, even if they are young and shy and timid, that good breeding demands that she bring them out and give them a chance to express their view and tell their funny anecdotes rather than that she should seize every opportunity to show her own wit and fluency.

Don't make the mistake of thinking so intently about what you are going to say when you can get a loophole in the conversation that you do not know what the others are talking about. Do not expect to gain their attention if you do not give them your attention when they are talking.

(Copyright.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I don't care what the future brings
Or what advantages I lack;
I'm so in love with life today
That thrills are running down my back!



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She—Oh, I don't know. I never miss you when you are here.

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Man Dies In Burton Lake

CLARKSVILLE, Ga., Mr. Reid Asbury, suffered what is believed to have been a heart attack, and died while swimming at Lake Burton, near here, Friday afternoon. The water was only about 4 ft. deep at the spot where Mr. Asbury became ill. He was taken from the water at once, but efforts to resuscitate him failed.

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ISSUED ON THE 1st

MoToR BOATING

"The National Magazine of Motor Boating"
ISSUED ON THE 1st

W. E. Mathewson
Young Harris, Ga.

Towns County Advertiser

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YOUNG HARRIS GEORGIA

W. J. WELLBORN Editor.

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One thing to feel thankful for; You don't owe as much money as Germany.

The right of way maintained is sometime the way to the hospital.

One of the greatest enemies of art are the banks. They will not let a man ovedraw,

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the poor dying editor shouted: You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country.

"I wish I was a little rock, A-sitting on a hill, Doing nothing all day long. But just a-sitting still. 'I wouldn't eat; I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't even wash, But sit and sit a thousand years, And rest my self, py gosh.

Politicians and ditch diggers almost have the same trade. Most of their job is mud slinging

No matter what the fashions may do, you can always figure where the expense lies.

When long dresses become stylish again, the modern fashion will not have a leg left to cling to

A lot of henpecked men don't know wheather to take of give poison.

It takes both cold and coal to make the public realise who pays the cost of the strike.

A human being can overlook a hoot owl or a howlin cat, but not a midnight phonograph musician.

The only thing some people ever do in their life worth telling is their newspaper funeral notice.

Loud advertising may not pay but count the number of people at the next free for all dog fight.

Ireland may not be in heaven but it seems quite a recruiting station.

Spend Your Money At Home

Money is a purchasing agent, means 100 cents to the dollar. But the greatest spending value of money is what it will buy judiciously. Money value and economy are often mistaken for the same thing. A wooden house cost about two thirds of the price of a brick one, but it is economy to put more money in the more substantial building.

The same is true with the purchase of the commodities of every day use. A shoe with a hole in it will destroy more hose than a new pair, or a half sole would cost. So it is an economy to spend money for new shoes.

Our local merchants carry two or three grades of almost every staple article, and the close observer can easily see that the best value for your money lies not in the price, but in service.

The practice of sending money away from home for articles to save what may seem a substantial reduction from the local merchants price, is often a waste of money. Our merchants offer you a choice of several grades, and almost inevitably stands ready to adjust any shortcomings the articles may later be found to have. His success depends not upon your first purchase, but upon your future patronage. Our merchants use their established business as an asset. The mail order house does not care about their past performance, for some often change their names every year.

If all the members employed in the building trades in this section send their money off for goods that they could buy at home, how long would they be able to find remunerative employment? By patronizing local merchants and home industries you are using the only method of keeping prosperity in our community. The economy of money value lies in the good you receive not only directly but indirectly from what you spend.

You would be afraid to eat steak that some man was selling for 10 cents a pound when you knew every other market in town had to charge 25 cents a pound to make a living profit.

Think it over. Every dollar you spend at home gives you a golden opportunity to get that same dollar back again.

It seems that country picnics are held mostly where the crop of frying size chickens are the thickest,

LOCAL COLUMN

Miss Georgia Haley, member of the faculty here, was married to her home this week, at Elberton Ga, on account of the illness of her mother.

Miss Sallie Silvey, who has been sick for some time will go to Atlanta next week for an operation, she will be accompanied by Dr. Coleman.

Col. H. G. Tanner of Young Harris is attending Union County Superior Court at Blairsville this week.

LUMBER for SALE. All kinds All sizes.

E. G. Firkins, Woodsgrove, Ga.

Mr. L. Garlan of Young Harris will leave next week for Eastonllie Ga. where he will teach this year.

Carl Heigler of Yonng Harris, is spending a few days at Hellen.

Mrs. Kate Binson, of Conyers is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Allen of this place

Mr. J. W. Ray returned from Macon Saturday, where he spent a few days on business. He will leave the first of the year for Indiansprings Ga., where he will make his home, having excepted a position there

See the Advertiser for any kind of printing. We have a complete stock of stationery, and we guarantee our work be satisfactory.

A large crowd of students both boys and girls, accompanied by several members of the faculty, camped on the Bald Mountain Saturday night. This trip affords beautiful scenery and is quite interesting to those who do not live in the mountains. The "Bald" is the highest mountain in the state, and gives a wonderful view from her top.

If you want any of the popular magazines. Call at W. E. Mathewson's.

A number of fisherman from Young Harris spent Sunday night and Monday on lake Burton, in Rabun county. This bunch relieved the lake of a good many bass, turtles, chiggers, etc. The road into Rabun county, and across the mountain, is practically completed, and it is now a very pleasant trip. Only a few weeks will see this road completed from Hiawassee to Clayton only a short space remains rough some rock which have to be moved, and the road bed leveled and scraped and you have a completed highway. The road between Young Harris and Hiawassee which Mr. J. H. Barns has charge of the maintainance of, is in excellent condition. The portion of this road between the Union county line and Young Harris, is in rather bad condition and we are informed that Mr. Barns will put this road in good condition next week.

Mother

By Cyclone Bill

What a world of memories cluster around that word. How we each begin to think of our own dear mothers, our recollections go back to childhood, when we first become acquainted with that dear sweet face. About the first thing we can remember of her, is as we knelt down at her side and said the prayers she had taught us, then she would lift us up so tenderly and put us to bed, and tuck us in, then give us a good hug and a good night kiss. When we were sick, how she would stand over us with that anxious look, never weary, never tired, and when we would go to sleep and awake mother was always there, wide awake. Indeed we often used to wonder in our childhood innocence when mother did sleep. The first face we shall look for when we get to Heaven, and the first one we expect to see will be mother's, and we expect her sweet gentle voice to be the first sound that will break with rapture on our ears. When she was sick we would steal into the room on tip toe, with a great fear in our heart. A dread of, we did not know what, and a choking at the throat. We didn't intend to speak to her, but mother heard us, no matter how softly we stepped, and turned her dear face over and we climbed up on a chair for a kiss.

But the time rolled on and we grew up to be a large boy. We came to the conclusion that mothers were excellent, when we were little, but somewhat troublesome when a boy was trying to be a man. How horrified she was when she first smelt tobacco smoke on us, and can we ever forget how the look of anxiety turned to real anguish when she detected liquor on our breath. At that time came when she could only pray. She would pour out her soul in prayer to Him who bore all our sorrows. What a blessed thing there is a place where mothers can go, when her very heart seems to be breaking in agony. Before we got to so careless and hardened we sometimes had moments of remorse, and our conscience would prick us for causing our dear mother so much sorrow, and then how quickly she forgave us, and with her arms around us kissed us with the old confidence restored. But, Alas! these spells would be of short duration, and rum had already begun to do its work. Then the lines would begin to grow deep on that face that was so peaceful, and tear stains were often found there. All this time we loved our mother, and we knew she was the best friend we had on earth; but the deadly poisonous serpent we were taking stilled the voice of our mother, as well as all other holy things. "At last when we came home late one night someone met us at the door. It wasn't mother, it

DR. E. C. WELLBORN

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was some kind friend, and we are told 'mother is dead'. 'What, mother dead?' The first face we ever saw pale and cold. The first voice we ever heard hushed in the awful stillness of death. It must be a mistake; but at the same time something in the very stillness told us she was dead. We thought as we approached the house a few moments ago that we would not have her to see us for anything; but now we would our whole life should be laid bare if she could only speak to us once more and bid us good-bye, ere she took that eternal sleep. 'Will you go to see her now?' was asked. 'yes,' we would go, we did not know what else to say. We followed along to the chamber of death. Oh! dear, could that be mother! That rigid form with a white sheet so carefully laid over it. They lifted the cloth off, and we saw it was her indeed. It was no horrid dream, as we had hoped. Then we looked so easeley, to see if we could find any traces of anger or reproof or displeasure; for it was then we knew it would be for us; but it was not there. Before her soul had taken its flight she had been permitted mayhap to catch a glimpse of the Eternal City beyond, and it wore a peaceful, sweet look. Did she say any thing about me? Did she leave me any word? We asked with choking voice. 'Oh, yes! she told us to tell you that she had prayed for you, so many times, and she knew God would bring in her dear wandering boy, and he must meet her in heaven.

"Yes, indeed, we would! Ah, Yes! We almost wished we could die then, and go to her. And as we stood there in awe looking upon the work that had wrought, we remember the song we had learned in childhood:

"Mother, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air in evening,
When it floats among the trees.

"In after years when sin and vice, and rum had, us firmly in their toils, we would sometimes call to mind that dear dead face and remember those prayers of mother's, and then we would go and drink deeper, and try, though in vain, to drown out these thoughts. But a mother's prayer will never dye. The fervent agonising prayer of a true Christian mother will go up to God, and it will be answered some day in God's own time. It will never fall to the ground. We know God heard it, in our behalf."

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

JUNE

THE lovely name of June is as suggestively sweet and fragrant as the month which it honors. Of course, there are two explanations of the existence of June and its fortunate possessor may take her choice.

For those who prefer to establish a direct classical connection, June may be said to be bestowed in honor of the goddess Juno, wife of the mighty Zeus, father of the gods. Not only was Juno the feminine ruler of the mythological kingdom on Mount Olympus—and more than often the ruler of Zeus as well—but her splendid physical proportions have set her aside as an ideal of feminine womanhood. Her modern namesakes have a standard of beauty almost unattainable.

However appealing the classical legend may be, the simpler explanation for the bestowal of the name to day points to the sixth month of the year. June is generally given to girls born in the "month of roses," though its adaptability to romance has given it tremendous vogue among the fanciful names.

June is, of course, purely English. It has no derivatives or contractions and no translations into other languages which may be said to preserve its identity. Junius, meaning "of Juno," is the only masculine form.

The agate is June's talismanic stone. It is said to give its wearer courage to guard her from danger and to bring her heart's desires. Monday is her lucky day and two her lucky number. The wild rose is her flower.

(Copyright)



IN PUDLOVILLE.

Miss Frog (cooly): Suppose I refuse you?
Mr. Frog (desperately): Then there is nothing left for me to do but "croak."

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Children like THACHER'S, because it does not taste like a medicine. It is "as pleasant as maple syrup," and makes them well in "no time."

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DR. THACHER'S WORM SYRUP

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VERTISER

BIG BIRDS AND FUN MAKERS



One of the big features of the Southeastern Fair is it's Ostrich Farm which is now located on the midway and is open all the summer and during the fair October 12th to 21st. The miniature steed who has comfortably seated himself on his driver is one of the many laughmakers that will delight the fair visitors in front of the grandstands each afternoon and night of the fair.

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Let us do your job printing. Special attention given all orders. We work hard to please our costomers. We appreciate your business.