

# The Randolph Bulletin.

A RANDOLPH COUNTY PAPER FOR RANDOLPH COUNTY PEOPLE.

VOL. 6. NO. 22.

ASHEBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## "Ransom" County

HIGH POINT HOLDS MASS MEETING IN INTEREST OF NEW COUNTY.

[Greensboro Daily News]

High Point, Nov. 26.—There is no doubt but that High Point is going after that new county with zeal and determination. At a meeting here today two sessions were held, there being nearly a thousand people present at the morning session, which adjourned at 1 o'clock and assembled again at 2 p. m.

Prominent among those present were Messrs. W. G. Brokaw, George Gould and Mr. Fleet, wealthy northern men, who own hunting lodges in Guilford, Davidson and Randolph, and they were enthusiastic for the new county.

Mr. Brokaw pledged \$1,000 towards building the new courthouse and Mr. Gould intimated that he would give \$5,000 for this object should it become necessary. The Thomasville delegation had presented an ultimatum that unless High Point would agree to build the courthouse and jail, that portion of Davidson sought to be taken in the new county would fight the proposition.

Major Tate called the meeting to order and extended a cordial welcome to the large number of visitors, and at the close of his address called F. S. Lambeth to the chair, who was received with applause. Mr. Lambeth said that he felt highly honored to preside over the first meeting of what would be one of the best counties in the state.

O. E. Mendenhall was elected secretary.

On motion a committee of five on permanent organization was appointed.

While the committee was out there were many excellent speeches on the new county pro and con, Dr. Peacock leading off with a most excellent speech covering the entire proposition.

The speech-making was general throughout the meeting and touched almost every phase of the new county. Among those taking part were Mayor Tate, F. S. Lambeth, A. E. Tate, D. Dred Peacock, J. Elwood Cox, John Lambeth, W. P. Ragan, Homer Ragan, Col. D. H. Milton, W. O. Burgin, Dr. Frazier, P. W. Williard, Joe Smith, A. B. Coltrane, R. A. Wheeler, J. J. Farris, Wescott Roberson, T. J. Gold, Dr. J. B. Richardson.

After the adoption of the report the committee on permanent organization the question of a name for the new county came up and after a few remarks by the chairman, J. Elwood Cox, Wescott Roberson, T. J. Gold and J. J. Farris, the name of Ransom was voted unanimously.

At the afternoon session the committee of 45 organized by electing J. J. Farris as chairman. Statistics were read by A. E. Tate showing that the new county would be 15 miles long and 22 miles wide, with High Point nearly in the center. It embraces all of High Point and part of Jamestown and Deep River townships, in Guilford county; all of Trinity and part of New Market townships, in Randolph, and all of Abbott's Creek and part of Thomasville townships, in Davidson. The taxable assessed property is something over \$6,500,000, with 24 miles of railroad and 24 miles of telegraph lines. The population is 25,000, and the number of voters 5,000, very nearly equally divided

## SOME SCHOOL TALK.

To The Patrons of the Public School.

Next week is court week in Asheboro and we school folks are already dreading it. We are not afraid of coming within the jurisdiction of Judge Allen but we are fearing that our attendance will be cut down. Usually about one fifth of our students stay out either all or a part of the first week of court which of course seriously effects the progress of school work. The students, for the most part, who stay out are the ones who by all means should stay in school. Now can't we arrange to have them do so? Certainly this is the patron's business. We want to urge you to carefully look after it. We are doing business every day at the school building and we want your child to help us along with it. If your boy or girl must stay out let the time be as short as possible and if he has no particular business out send him to school. We will turn out soon enough for all to see what is going on.

We want the little folks to come right on too. Arrangements will be made to pilot them through the crowds.

The superintendent will meet all those coming from the northern part of town each morning at 8:30 in front of Mr. C. C. Cranford's residence and see them to the school building. Some one will see them back that for. Should it be necessary other meeting points will be designated.

The court and the school can do business at the same time if we can get the children. You help us get them.

O. V. WOODSLEY, Supt.

## A BOY THAT WILL MAKE GOOD.

There is a boy in Anson county who farmed on his own account this year, renting a small farm from his father. He did his own work and did not spend nights in drinking and carousing around the community but got some wholesome pleasure at watching the results of his labor. He studied and followed the best and most up to date methods of farming and we have it on reliable information that he will clear not a cent less than five hundred dollars on the crops raised by himself after rent and all other expenses are paid. He began during the first of the year and now has a few months to spend at another business where he will clear a few dollars every week. The man who thinks and works is making money, the man who lofes and dissipates ought to starve.—Wadesboro Ansonian

## Eczema

Is considered hard to cure. Try Dr Bell's Antiseptic Salve and you will change your mind. You will see an improvement from the first application.

among the two parties.

The estimates given were that the county, without increasing the rate of taxation a penny, would have a yearly revenue from the beginning of \$24,000, amply sufficient to run the county, and it was stated that with a proper salary bill for the new county officers, these could be provided at an expense not exceeding \$7,000 per annum.

The whole meeting was permeated with enthusiasm, and from the method adopted for prosecuting the campaign for a new county, it is evident that they are going after it with a determination to win.

## Down In The Southwest.

First of A Series of Letters from the Odd Places of New Mexico.

(By M. J. Brown, Editor Little Valley, N. Y., Hub)

I hadn't been in Las Vegas an hour before a reporter had his semaphore against me and wanted to know what I thought of the city. I suppose he knew I was a stranger because I wore a black hat and smoked white cigarettes. I told him it was the best town I had seen since Trinidad. He didn't seem pleased, and I asked where I left the trail. But I had said it too soon and there was no use trying to square it. The hotel clerk told me what the bad brake was. He said between Trinidad and Las Vegas was a few sand towns, Wagon Mound, Shoemaker and Arriba, and the comparison was not flattering. One must have an open season mind readers' license to please these rival town patriots. I took a street car as far as it went then jumped into a Mexican cart and rode several miles into the country. And when I had climbed a sand butte overlooking Las Vegas, I found another traveler had beat me to it. He was an old German from Iowa. We watched a gang of Mexicans and a dredge cutting irrigation ditch down from the mountains, and the old fellow remarked: "Up in Iowa we pay big money for ditches to carry the water away; down here they spend millions for ditches to bring it in."

The people are land crazy and water crazy. There are irrigating companies, land companies, development companies, co-operative companies—all kinds of companies; some on the square to develop and reclaim the land, others to separate a man from his money.

It seems to me that nature was more wise than man where years ago this part of the country was heaved up to cool off, and wait for land agents and Missourians. From Pueblo south for hundreds of miles there lay millions of acres, as level as a floor and fair to the eye—waiting for a time when crowding men shall devise a means to make them produce. And there these acres lay, wanting but water to make the deep rich soil produce anything and everything. And when our elbows begin to touch and necessity demands more room and more produce, then will the means be forthcoming.

"All this country needs is water," is the observation you will hear everywhere, and coming from the east end of this dump of a country, where the rain falls on the just and unjust every ten days, I can't help but come back at them with the old retort that that is all hell needs.

Men come here in hundreds from the east and middle west, attracted by the cheap lands and the Santa Fe's pictorial folders. They come here with a little money to try "dry farming" and they go back with a prairie schooner and sad experience. For over three hundred days in the year the sun beats down, with never a cloud, with never a drop of rainfall.

But I didn't come here to write you of land values and rainfall statistics.

I left the train here to get the cramps out of a pair of eastern legs and get away from Harvey eating houses for twenty-four hours—a day off to get my appreciation to working for the wonders and ruins of the wierd

old places that I will soon visit. But odd spots and strange people may be found anywhere in New Mexico and Arizona.

Last winter, from the mountain Mexican hamlets south of Toas, I wrote an article of the Penitents, that strange band of self-scourging Flagellants of whom we Americans know so little. For days I was snow bound in the canyons, and I saw them at their pagan rites—and I drank the poison that was intended to stop my investigations.

I had supposed and learned that only in the remote mountain hamlets were these Mexicans allowed to practice their wonderful fanaticism—the most wonderful and awful in the civilized world—but I find that right here in Las Vegas, almost in sight of the big brick blocks of American capitalists, this relic of barbarism of the Middle Ages is still practiced, and men who are American citizens, men who serve as jurors and try white men, men who will soon be recognized under a new state as a part of our Union—these men still scourge themselves, flog their naked backs with quirts until the blood drips from their heels; carry loads of cactus and crosses, lie on cactus beds and perform these self-tortures that are incredible and almost unbelievable.

And less than a dozen miles outside of Las Vegas these Mexicans practice their self-scourging today. Out here in the foothills are communities of this strange religious sect, which during the forty days of Lent, perform their barbarities, scourging themselves, running half-crazy through the mountain paths, calling on the people to repent until overcome with pain and exhaustion.

The authorities have long since stopped the crucifixions that were once a part of the rites of these fanatics, but they do not interfere with their little annual tortures, so long as they keep them out where the newspapers can't feature them, and there they exist today.

All of these mountain towns, big enough to have decent hotels, are filled with men and women who come here for what money can't buy at home—health. They come in the first stages of tisis and the third degree of tuberculosis; for cigarette throats and asthma; for hard colds and dissipation. Some come because a fashionable physician has sent them here to sober up and get to eating; some because a specialist has heard this country was a good nerve factory; and some because the white plague has forced them to the ropes and is about ready to count. Of the last class eight out of ten have waited too long. They come here for the last chance, and the chance is gone. The towns force them out into mountain camps, and they die.

But enough of this. Tomorrow I leave for the mountain regions and the Cliff Dwellers ruins up the Rio Grande and Santa Clara, where a people and a civilization lived and perished without ever having seen a white man, leaving behind monuments more wonderful, mysterious and interesting than anywhere else in our country. I will spend days and days hunting out these remote ruins

## Hon Jas. G. Camp to Lecture.

Friday night Dec. 2 is the time for the second Lyceum attraction at the school auditorium the entertainment this time will be given by Hon. Jas. G. Camp of Georgia, who is one of those wonderful orators which the South sends forth every few years. Gordon and Graves have charmed the continent for the last ten years, and now Mr. Camp comes with an imperial oratory that has never been surpassed. His splendid, graceful periods are interspersed with enough humor to prevent a surfeit of beauty. Mr. Camp has just completed eight seasons of Lyceum lecturing. He has delivered nearly 1300 lectures in that time and we have never had one word of criticism. His endorsements are from the leading men of his state—ex-Governor Northen, Senator Clay, ex-Governor Atkinson, Senator Bacon, Gen. John B. Gordon, Hon. Clark Howell (editor Atlanta Constitution) and Dr. J. B. Hawthorne. The South has no higher authority, and we unhesitatingly commend him to our patrons. Mr. Camp's subject for Friday night is The Daughters of Eve. Tickets on sale at the Standard and Asheboro Drug Stores.

## A SUCCESSFUL BOY FARMER.

Jerry Moore, of Florence county, South Carolina, made 228½ bushels of corn on one acre. Jerry is a 15 year-old boy, the son of a Methodist preacher. He entered the boy's corn growing contest in South Carolina and he made a wonderful success. The land he used was just ordinary poor land. It had been improved from year to year and built up to a high state of fertility and probably under ordinary cultivation would not have produced more than 10 or 15 bushels of corn, but Jerry did things differently and succeeded. It is worthy of note here that he bought his seed from J. F. Batts, of Wake, who last year broke the record with a yield of 226 bushels. The boy, however, with Mr. Batts' own corn, went him one better and beat his record. There is inspiration here for the southern farmer. What this 15 year-old boy has done they can all do if they only will. Well perhaps not that, but if one acre can be made to produce more than 200 bushels surely the average acre could be made to produce 50 bushels. And what a wonderful harvest that would be if every acre of corn in the south produce 50 bushel. And what a wonderful south it would be and how we all would prosper and thrive and grow.—Raleigh Times.

## Playing Safe.

Johnny," said the teacher, "this is the third time I have had to punish you this week. why are you so naughty?" "Because," answered the incorrigible youngster, "grandpa says the good die young, and I aint takin' any chances."—Chicago News.

far back from the railroads, and I hope and expect to make the following articles of much interest to we second Americans who know so little of our country's wonderful museums hidden down here in the dry land.

## GIRLS CAUGHT IN FIRE.

In Need Rush For Safety, Many Are Killed.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 26—Trapped in an inferno of flame, four hundred men and girls fought for their lives when the six story manufacturing building at High and Orange streets were destroyed by fire today. The blaze is believed to have been started when a live cigarette stub was thrown among waste paper on the first floor, occupied by the Newark Paper Box Factory.

By noon fifteen bodies had been recovered, 30 were missing and 75 victims, many of them believed to be mortally wounded, lay in the two chief hospitals of the city.

Many of the thirty missing are believed to have lost their lives when the upper floors crashed through to the basement.

At the height of the fire three Roman Catholic priests fought their way past the police into the burning structure and while the flames roared about them and falling glass and timbers crashed on every side, administered the last rites to the dying.

The destroyed building was a veritable fire trap, being of frame construction with only one fire escape.

Upon this the frenzied girls, and several men, flung themselves. Most of those whose bodies have been recovered were hurled from the fire escape by the struggling crowds and were crushed to death on the pavements.

Chief Astley declared that a rigid investigation, to be followed by arrests would be made. "Why that building was permitted to stand is a mystery to me," said the chief. "My men were powerless. Those poor girls were killed and maimed in a fire trap."

## Make Up Your Own Mind

When in the need of a cough medicine. If you buy Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar Honey we guarantee you get the best.

## Parks X Roads.

Sawmilling is all the go in this section.

D. A. Cox and daughter visited at B. F. Craven's Thanksgiving Sunday evening.

E. C. Craven and L. B. Gardner visited at D. E. Highfill's Sunday evening.

Miss Pearl Mann visited at W. S. Gardner's Sunday.

Cleve Dorsett and W. E. Burgess visited W. S. Gardner last Sunday night.

Miss Sallie Coward and Mrs. Paola Coward visited at B. F. Craven's Wednesday.

The democrats are all elected for the next two years and are hoping for the president in 1912 and I hope they will get him so they will have plenty of soup.

## Wants To Help Some One.

For thirty years J. F. Boyer, of Fertile, Mo., needed help and couldn't find it. That's why he wants to help some one now. Suffering so long himself he feels for all distress from Backache Nervousness. Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and Kidney Disorders. He shows that Electric Bitters work wonders for such trouble. "Five bottles" he writes "wholly cured me and now I am well and hearty". It's also positively guaranteed for Liver Trouble, Dyspepsia, Blood Disorders, Female Complaints and Malaria. Try them. 50c at J. T. Underwood's. Next door to Bank of Randolph