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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Eli Whitney.

Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin was born 145 years ago Thursday (December 8th) at Westborough, Worcester County, Massachusetts.

On this anniversary, the south for whom he solved the problem that has enabled it to develop one of the greatest industries of modern times paid silent and reverent tribute to the memory of the modest and resourceful New England school teacher who pointed the way to market cotton profitably.

No single American has done more to make his country commercially eminent and prosperous. In civilizing influences, no achievement wrought by the ingenuity of man through all the ages has been marked by such useful results to the world he enriched by his discovery of the country to whose fame his genius has given enduring prestige. More wonderful than the wizardry of an alchemist or the sorcery of a master of legerdemain is the story of the evolution of the cotton industry, to which Whitney gave life and vitality. Up to 1793 when Whitney evolved his gin, so little cotton was raised in the states south of Mason and Dixon's line that the British Customs officials, thinking they were being deceived by false invoices, seized the first eight bales of it entering Liverpool from this country in 1784 on the ground that such a quantity could not have been raised here in a single year.

In the 117 years since, \$16,000,000,000 worth of cotton has been exported from this country. In the face of this it is difficult to conceive that there was a time when we grew so little of that now indispensable staple that its appearance in a foreign market excited suspicion. But for cotton the United States would be a debtor instead of a creditor nation. To Whitney and his gin it owes the fact it has had \$7,000,000,000 the best of it in the international balance of trade in the last 100 years.

All that Uncle Sam now needs to complete his absolute domination of the textile field of the world is control of the linen industry, which he has set about wresting from England. Although the largest producer of flax, paradoxical as it may seem, the United States, up to some years ago, used not a pound of it to make linen. Millions of tons of the straw after yielding its seeds have been burned up as waste on the farms of the west as they used to do with cotton before Whitney conceived his gin. As Whitney showed the way for the commercial utilization of cotton with his gin, so did Mudge with his Oxford processes make available for manufacture of American linen the once valueless flax straw. In what these two ingenious Americans have accomplished in their respective spheres there is a striking analogy. With his gin, Whitney performed the work of a thousand men; with his secret processes Mudge made it possible to accomplish here in two days what required from twenty to thirty weeks to effect abroad. Both men were revolutionists in that they set at naught the traditions of the field in which they worked and laid the foundation for new native industries, for which their country and posterity must ever be their debtor.

FINLEY IS OPTIMISTIC

Declares Outlook For Retail Business In South Is Excellent.

Columba, S. C., Dec. 12.—Pres. Finley, of the Southern Railway company, who has been in the south for the past two weeks, in speaking of the business outlook in this section, said:

"Internal business conditions in the southeastern states are excellent. Fundamentally, this is due to the generally prosperous year that our farmers have had. Taking all things into consideration, I doubt whether southern farmers as a whole have ever had a better year than that now drawing to a close. Cotton, the most important crop of the south, is moving at prices which yield to the grower a generous margin of profit. The southern apple crop is large and profitable. The southern corn crop has far surpassed all previous yields and is having a far-reaching effect on business conditions. Heretofore the planter has drawn on the proceeds of his cotton crop to buy corn for his stock. This year he will buy much less corn, and at the same time, will have more home-grown meat. He is, therefore, in a much stronger financial position and is able to spend more money on buildings and other improvements on his farm, to buy farm implements and to make larger purchases of general merchandise.

"As a result of the good agricultural situation the outlook for retail business in the south is almost uniformly excellent. Dealers in dry goods, clothing, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware and stoves, and merchants generally report a good volume of business with encouraging prospects.

"Manufacturers of vehicles and agricultural implements, and other manufacturers who sell principally to the southern trade, anticipate good spring business.

"The fertilizer business of the south is one of large importance, and it is predicted that this season's movement, which will begin in January, will be substantially larger than that of last year."

Speaking of industries manufacturing for the general trade, Mr. Finley said:

"Furniture manufacturers are now filling moderate orders and are looking forward to larger sales after their new styles have been displayed at the January expositions in Cincinnati, Chicago and Grand Rapids. The southern cotton mill situation is uneven. The long-delayed readjustment of the prices of mill products to the higher price level of the same raw material has not yet fully taken place. There is, however, an active demand for some special lines of goods. Jobbers are reported to have relatively small stocks. The situation is, therefore, promising for an active business as soon as sellers and buyers can get together on prices. Leading cotton manufacturers believe it is not unlikely that such a situation may be reached not later than the early spring.

"The demand for iron and steel is not active. Lumber has also been rather inactive, but mills in many localities are now reporting a brisk demand and largely increased sales.

"The financial situation in the south is strong. Money is easier, and especially in localities where the farmers have marketed a large proportion of their cotton, bank deposits are increasing. Collections are generally good except in some localities where cotton is being held."

The Musty and Distant Past.

Puzzles of Mystery and Ruins Left for the White Man to Solve in The Puye Canyon.

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

For more than a mile the white cliff homes of our first American rise up from the level to a height of from 200 to 600 feet, and so close together are they but a thin space of the soft rock separate them.

It is a sight for we foreigners—we Columbus Americans—who don't know our country.

Hundreds of years ago, no doubt thousands of years ago, these cliffs stood perpendicular, but time and erosion of wind and rain have crumbled and broken down the rocks, and where four and five stories of human homes were once chiseled, now in many places but two and three stories stand, the crumbling rock and the wash of accumulations from above having buried the lower or ground floor rooms.

When these cliff homes were dug there was no iron in New Mexico. They were scooped out by hand by these pre-hispanic people, carved out by pieces of volcanic glass that they traveled many miles to the Jemez (pronounce it Hamez) mountains to find.

From the wash at the foot of the cliff I picked up several fine specimens of these glass tools, thick and as hard as a beer bottle, and as surely glass as if blown in Pittsburgh. With these fragments that the mountains vomited up, these little cliff men burrowed out their homes.

The formation of the rock is soft—well, simply ashes—and I took a knife blade and soon made an excavation that would hold my fist. But these men did not have knives or any metallic substances, and I do not wonder their homes were not made larger when they had only these fragments of glass to dig them with.

I commenced on the ground level (what is now the ground) and went down the line, crawling into almost every home, and I will never forget the impressions of awe and mystery they gave me.

The first room, the living room, of almost every cliff home is the same, and inside they vary only in the number of additions carved out, and I suppose these were regulated by the size of the family and the amount of glass on hand. Almost every room has one excavation leading from it, but very few of them are high enough for one to stand erect or long enough to lie down. The Indian farmer, who has custody over the Puye cliffs, said that one common side room seems to have been a grave, and when member of the family died he was put in this little round room, in a sitting position, and then the room walled up and plastered over.

He said that excavations in many of the rooms had proved this and many skeletons had been found, not mummies, ether in a sitting position on the floor, with back to the rock, or in many cases, forward on the floor of the cave, face down.

So I take it that these second rooms, chiseled out, plastered and 1 ft open, were graves waiting for some one to die, and when they died, the corpse was walled in, and another grave dug—to be in ready, that the funeral ceremonies might not hitch. And yet as I will tell you later, there is a great burial ground on the mesa where hundreds of

skeletons lie.

Every home is plastered, covered with cement, and some have many coatings. That is they are plastered about half way up the walls, and you can plainly see where the plaster ends, and where the smoke commences. You can hardly stand erect in the highest part of the oval rooms, so it seems that the walls were plastered only so high up as would dirty a shirt waist when Mrs. Cliff Dweller was sitting on the floor with her back to the wall. In one room I took my knife and cut through seven layers of plaster, one laid over the other, and each strata clearly distinguishable. Whether these layers were put on once a year or once in a hundred years I can only guess.

On every side of these oval rooms are various sizes of niches, cut into the walls and plastered. Some are high up some on the floor level—all shapes and sizes. We can only wonder at their uses but no doubt they were the sideboards of those days, and receptacles for the family necessities. One in particular was just the size for a baby's bed, and perhaps it was.

In one room, plainly discernible, was what was once the opening of one of the larger rooms, mentioned above, and an oval seam on the plaster showed the opening had been closed long after the rest of the room had had its coat. Mr. Hoag, the custodian, said that no doubt a skeleton was sitting just the other side of the wall. Oh, for a pick and thirty minutes, when the guard wasn't there! I would have dug out this fellow, rattled his bones and asked him, what it was all about.

One house, just about the middle of the long cliff, and where a stone stairway ascends to the mesa, was different from all the rest. It was a double home or rather where a home had once been built and then another added, making one room, double the size of nearly all of the other hundreds of rooms of the city.

Let me explain that every house is built alike, about 6x10, every one has a door opening, just big enough to crawl through on hands and knees and that every house has an opening just above the door, about 12 inches round, for a smoke hole.

And from the inside of this house could be as plainly seen as if it were done yesterday, where one door and smoke hole had been walled up. Small stones were laid up in the wall and plaster spread between, and when the work had been completed the cement was joined to the older plaster on the wall.

And here I saw a mark I will never forget—the print of a human hand on the plaster, the imprint of the Cliff Dweller who did the job. How long it, had been there none can tell.

And now let me tell you something about some relics that I dug from the floor of a cliff home—priceless relics to me of an unknown age and civilization.

At noon the custodian had to return to his tent to meet some forest rangers for the little Indian uprising had caused some excitement. The distance was four miles. The driver had laid down for a nap. I watched the man disappear down the canyon. I remembered a cave that had

particularly interested me as having the walled opening and as having so many more small rooms cut from it. I took an empty pear can from where we had lunched, battered the opened end down like a wedge, and then I went up the ladder to this ruin like a squirrel. And there in the dust of ages blown in from the desert, brought in by the rock squirrels and birds, I dug, dug frantically for some relic, while the powder dust filled my eyes and ears.

And I found a treasure trove. There I uncovered small, wizened bits of corn cob, nearly mummified by this dryest air on earth, and there I found a part of an ear of corn with the kernels on, and just as plain corn as if I had taken it from a New York state feed store. It is as black as a coal, both the kernels and cob, and the kernels are as brittle as coffee berries, and black all the way through. From the quarts of dust I carried out to a better light, I found a dozen or more separate kernels, which I gathered and treasured like diamonds.

For an hour I frantically dug to the rock floor almost every inch of the space, but only in this one corner did I find anything but broken bits of pottery—nada I found many of these fragments.

Beside the one perfect section of a corn ear I found the tapering up to another ear, with the small kernels at the end, and five small pieces of cob wizened to the size of your finger.

I noted that as soon as exposed to the light and air the kernels on the corn could be easily rattled off, and how to save my treasures was the question. I climbed down from the cliffs, shook off the dust, and put the relics in my hat, and got back to the wagon just in time to meet Mr. Hoag on his return.

Later, as I sat talking with him, and forgetting my treasures I pushed up my hat, and two or three ancient kernels of corn fell down over my modern forehead. I believe I was scared pale, not so much because I had been forbidden to dig, but because I was afraid of losing my treasures. But he did not notice the leak. I have the relics now safely packed in cotton, in ten boxes in my suit case, and when I get home I will plant some of the kernels and see if I can't raise a crop of Before Columbus corn.

I have exhausted my space and I haven't told you half. I have yet to tell you of the stairways, the trails, the kiva and what a sight met my New York eyes when we had climbed the stone stairway to the table land above the cliff homes.

Now if the Indians will only be good one more day and let me get out with my tin box of relics, then they may have this dried up and deserted land, and the spirits and ravens may guard the graves of these little old men of long ago.

BARN BURNED.

About two o'clock Saturday afternoon a large barn owned by J. H. Kearns at Farmer caught fire from some unknown cause and was burned to the ground. The barn and contents, valued at \$800, were a total loss, with only a small amount of insurance in the Farmers Mutual. The origin of the fire is a mystery as it was first discovered in some shucks in the hay bin overhead. Mr. Kearns was away from home when the fire occurred.

THE DEMOCRATIC PIE BRIG

A Washington dispatch of November 16th says that hungry Democratic office seekers are flocking to Washington City like unto Coxey's army. Let us quote.

Democrats all over the country are manifesting a decided taste for government pie, according to advices that have been received in Washington since the election of November 8. It has been so long since the Democrats have had anything but scraps that the thought of eating at the first table has already started many hundreds of them to Washington in the hope that the general distribution of positions to be handed out when the Republicans retire from control of the House on March 4th, 1911, will afford them the relief that they have long yearned for. They have eaten corn bread and bacon so long that the sight of genuine pie has made them begin the march in this direction. It is true that not for 16 years has there been such an opportunity for the Democrats of the country—North and South alike—to come into their own as the present opportunity affords.

May they enjoy the feast and leave a few of the crumbs for the Republicans who march to their relief in the next go-around, for their tug at Uncle Sam's purse strings will be hard, to be sure, but brief.—Union Republican.

HOW TO TEACH GOSSIPING

If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from church, a visit or any place to which you do not accompany them to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did, and if you find anything in all this to censure always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will by this time render a spirit of curiosity—which is early visible in children and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief which shall serve only to narrow them.—Ex.

ADVICE TO FARMERS

But even in the South the winter is at times more or less severe and the long night and bad days give a great opportunity for study and planning. The farmer in this day who has not a fairly good supply of books on his profession, and who does not take and read farm papers, is going to be left in the wave of progress that is sweeping over the South. Study your business and get all the help you can from the experience of other men who have put it on record for you, and plan the work of the coming season so that when spring opens you can go ahead without a hitch.—Progressive Farmer.

Many people make the path of life unnecessarily hard to travel because they persist in imagining difficulties that do not exist.