

SPEECH OF HON. LOCKE CRAIG To Randolph Democracy Septem- ber 7th.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I wish to thank my friend for the words that he has said about me to this audience of Democrats. I will say Democrats because I suppose you are all Democrats; but if I had known what kind of reputation I had in this community, or if he had correctly defined that reputation I believe I would have stayed away, would not have come here.

I shall never live long enough to discharge the obligation that I owe to my friends here in the good old county of Randolph for the great and loyal endeavor that they made four years ago to make me the governor of North Carolina. I shall ever cherish it as one of my priceless possessions; I shall never live long enough either to discharge the obligation I owe to all Democrats, regardless of differences of opinion, regardless of all previous tests—I shall never live long enough to discharge the obligation under which I am to the Democratic party of North Carolina for a unanimous nomination for the exalted office of governor. I know that I am all unworthy of this great honor and I tremble when I think of its great responsibilities, because while the governor of North Carolina is not clothed with some of the constitutional powers that some of the governors of other commonwealths have, yet, nevertheless, he is clothed with great and extraordinary powers, for he cannot only recommend and criticize legislation to General Assemblies, but, representing as he does all the people of a great commonwealth, he can, backed by the sentiment of the people and with the prestige of his great office, be a great instrumentality for good and for the upbuilding of his state and for the development of the people morally, intellectually and industrially.

My friends, I say I almost tremble when I am about to assume the responsibilities of this great position, because I think, as Mr. Page said, I am inclined to think from the present indications of the times that I will be elected, and elected perhaps by an unprecedented majority; and if I shall be elected and return to you four years from now, unless I have measured up in some degree to the responsibilities of the place in which you have put me, unless I have done something for the welfare of the people that have trusted me and that have honored me, I say when I shall return to you four years from now, unless I shall have at least done my duty and done all my duty, I too shall deserve the condemnation that was visited upon the unfaithful servant that took his talent and hid it in a napkin. You too, have delivered to me a great talent, and it is my obligation, it is my necessity to improve it. You have conferred upon me a great honor. But no place in itself can be an opportunity for service; and this place is an honor to me in that it is an opportunity for the privilege of great service to the state that I love and to the people among whom I was born; and unless I discharge the duties of that place and render that service in a manner that shall be approved by the justice of the people of North Carolina, the place will be no honor, but a dishonor to me.

There is much to be done by the Governor of North Carolina and by all the people of North Carolina aided by the governor as the first official of the state. We have behind us in North Carolina a great grand heroic past, but our inheritance is not all of the conquests, the achievements and the glories of the past, but our great inheritance is the responsibility and the opportunity of the present—this great present in which we live, for the poet has truthfully said that we are the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, and our inheritance.

I say, is the great opportunity of this great day in which we live. North Carolina has always accomplished much, but I believe that she is in the morning of the day of her greatest achievements. We rejoice in the prosperity of our cities and towns, in the growth of our manufacturing and commercial enterprises, but North Carolina is essentially an agricultural state. We have two million five hundred thousand people in this commonwealth, and 80 per cent of them live in the country. Eighty per cent of the destiny of this commonwealth must be based upon the farms of North Carolina. In the old days of the state the principal part of the highest life of the commonwealth existed in the country. The old southern home was a synonym of culture, of patriotism, of noble men and women. I believe that the time is coming, it ought to come, when the southern country home again should be the home of the highest development and of finest life and finest opportunity. The country boy and the country girl are not subject to the temptations of the town boy and the town girl, and all the country people need an equal opportunity or the opportunity for the development of that sturdy manhood and womanhood that compose the citizenship of North Carolina; and one essential thing for the development of the country districts of North Carolina—one absolutely necessary thing for the development of the farm life of North Carolina, is the establishment and improvement of our public highways. We cannot get along without it. We could get along without it in the days that have gone, but we cannot get along without it now. You take a country boy to a remote place of

he looks; I have seen them, not in this county but in my county,—the country boy, with the roof of his hat knocked out and the top wisps of hair waving like the plume of Heryn of Navarre—one gallus or, sometime no gallus on because he has no use for a gallus, nothing for the gallus to hold up,—I have seen that boy from the country, and implanted within the bosom of that boy is just as high and noble an ambition as in the boy of better opportunities, the town boy, if you please. And when you place that boy in the remote and accessible place and put him to driving an ox cart along an old road of mud, covered with roots and stones, when he comes to town and sees the town boy coming along, not driving an ox cart but driving maybe a great machine with the speed and with the power of 50 horses in its engine, hears the town way, and he has to get out of the way, and he has to get out of the way or he is run over,—I tell you I don't blame him for being dissatisfied with his condition; you cannot expect otherwise than for the talented young womanhood, with the most exalted ideals by nature and the most exalted aspirations, you cannot expect otherwise than that they will be dissatisfied when excluded from participation in the great current of modern life and the great opportunities of our modern civilization.

I will tell you what, if you will carry a great improved highway to the homes of North Carolina you will have a better citizenship; it will put music in the home; it will make four ears of corn grow on the stalk that used to support one ear. I heard a fellow say the other day that he had 20 acres of corn and that the sorriest stalk in his field had five ears on it. I thought that was a pretty big corn stalk, I don't know whether it was so or not; but I do know that such crop of corn as that grew otherwise than on a finely improved public highway. I will tell you what, it will give that boy a new aspiration and a new ambition and a new satisfaction in his home, and a finer culture in his mind.

My friends, in old days we did not know how to build public roads; we didn't care anything about it. Did you ever read Mark Twain's description of the intelligence of the ant? You know the ant will load up with provisions, a whole wagon load of provisions, two or three times as big as he is, and he will come to a pine tree, and that ant, instead of going around the pine tree, will climb right straight up on one side and down on the other. That is the way he lays out a public road, and we need to lay out our public roads in the same way; we didn't lay them out at all, we went just along the trail that the old cow made when she came up to be milked and then the man went that path and then the wagon went that path and then we built what we call the public road, along that very same old trail.

The time has come when it is essential, when it is absolutely necessary for the people, if they would attain to anything like their possibilities; if they would anything like keep pace with the great march of progress, they must improve their highways. You can't do it for nothing; you have to pay for it when you get it. If you get it without paying for it, it will be no account, you would have had it long ago. I don't believe in steam rollers much; in fact I don't know anything about steam rollers. We in the Democratic party know nothing about steam rollers except the steamrollers of the public highway. We want to not only develop roads but develop country life.

My friends, North Carolina is in the morning of her greatest and most glorious day, and I do not care how much you build the public road; I do not care how intelligent, how economically you may conduct your farm, just government is essential to prosperity. If one man sows and another reaps, the curse is upon him that sows as well as him that reaps; and as long as we are satisfied to live in a land of unjust law, to live in a land whose government is so manipulated that some concern or some man that does not earn a part of my money takes a greater part of it. I say I do not care how good the roads are, how good the farming is, we cannot realize our possibility as a people. One great thing is, it is what this Democratic convention means today; it is what this great militant Democracy is contending for from Maine to Texas. It is what the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson means—it means that hereafter the people who do the work and earn the money shall have a larger proportion of what they earn; shall have Democratic justice in this land. And when that day comes and the people of North Carolina are aroused as they will be, encouraged as they will be by justice, which is grander than benevolence and more august than charity, I will tell you the Old North State will rise up in her career as I have seen the mountain eagle rise straight forward from its perch upon the crag, with pinions wide spread, bathed in golden beams in the sunlight of the morning, scream his welcome to the sun in his coming. I hail to the coming of that day in North Carolina, and if I can be some humble instrument in helping to bring it about, then more than ever I shall feel everlastingly grateful to you for giving me the opportunity.

We live in the greatest age of the world's history—the great day of trusts and combines; the great day when the public conscience is becoming awakened, though I suppose you are all Democrats here today; all look like Democrats. I see some old Democratic faces here today that I saw here four years ago. I want you to understand that I have not been canvassing North Carolina as long as Mr. Page said I had. He said I'd been canvassing it as long as he could recollect. I thought his memory had always been good, and I thought he had been canvassing it as long as I could recollect. My friends, I want to say this to you in the good old county of Randolph. I say it because I know it is so. There never lived a race of sturdier manhood in this state, there never came from her loins a breed of finer men than the fit sons of old man Frank Page, who lived in the county of Wake and who went forth to the state and to this nation great scholars and men who moved the thought of the world through the distinguished statesman who represents in Congress the Seventh Congressional district and the county of Randolph. I have seen his prophetic day after day in the newspapers and I always look at with care his diagnosis of a political situation, and I have never known him to be wrong yet; when he predicted Democratic victory today I know that he is right. He stands four sides to every wind of heaven a Democrat, safe, trustworthy, upon the Democratic platform. He has been a member of that great Congress that has brought harmony to the great Democracy of this nation and given it hope and encouragement and the assurance of victory. It was Robert N. Page that was one of the leaders; it was he that helped to build, not to declare in convention, but helped to build day by day the platform upon which the Democratic party stands today and the platform upon which it cannot be shaken, because it is a platform of justice and light.

Democrat Proud of Their Party. Every Democrat in North Carolina knows where he is today. He rejoices today that he belongs to the old party. This old party has seen the rise and fall of all the political parties that have been born in this Republic. The old Democratic ship has weathered the storm. Her keel was laid by Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of human rights, and Andrew Jackson and James Monroe and Zebulon Vance and Wm. J. Bryan and Woodrow Wilson are her great builders. She has witnessed the destruction of all of the parties; she has stood the upheaval of this Republic in the morning of its existence; she has stood the storm of civil war and the defeat for forty years, and she comes out today purified and glorified and ennobled by her defeat. Any other party in Randolph County today except the Democratic party? I heard Charles A. Webb, the chairman of the Democratic executive committee, do some time ago up in my country a pretty rash thing: had a great concourse of people there, larger than this, in a Republican community out of doors and he held a ten dollar bill in his hand and he would give that ten dollar bill to any Republican in that great crowd that would get up and claim that he expected the election of either Taft or Roosevelt. And, my friends, if he had made such a proposition as that ten years ago every Republican in the crowd would have got up and claimed it whether he thought it or not; he would have said he thought it.

The Republicans in my country are improving. In fact there is no Republican party up there. I will tell you that you couldn't find the supporters of President Taft in my country by the naked eye. The destruction of the Republican party reminds me of that old colored preacher up in my country. He couldn't read, but he preached that he could read, and he heard a white preacher on a Sunday morning read the scripture and then at night he would get up in his church and read, but had to do it from memory, and he did it pretty well, but sometimes he got it mixed. He got up on this Sunday morning and read: "And as Paul preached in the temple at Ephesus, behold a woman Jesabel sat upon the window sill of that temple, and as she sat there she nodded and slept, and while she slept in her sleep she fell upon the stones of the pavement below and was dashed into ten thousand pieces, and the dogs came and licked up her sores, and they picked up of the fragments that were left twelve baskets full; and now, my friends, the great question is, whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?"

My friends, where shall this Republican party be? Where is it now, because there is not going to be any resurrection? In this great day the destruction of the Republican party is no accident. The destruction of the Republican party is because it was founded upon injustice and wrong. What was once, yes, what two years ago was the great victorious Republican party has gone to pieces today until you couldn't get twelve baskets full of the fragments. Why, in this great day of trusts and combines it did not stand for the people. Talk about protective tariff. That is what they have talked about, and prosperity to the people. My friends, every part of entry in this great nation was guarded not against the hostile fleets and armies, because none were approaching, but every part of entry of this government was guarded by a custom house, backed by the republic and all the forces of this government, not to keep out the foreign enemy but to keep out the merchant vessels of the world who wished to come here, not for the destruction of our legitimate industries, but who wished to

come here to sell to the people of this land the necessities of life at a reasonable price. In reasonable competition. But these merchant vessels of the world were kept out because if allowed to come in they would lessen to some extent the legitimate profits of the great robber combines of this country. They wouldn't come in at all anyway, but if they were allowed to come in, if the tariff was put low enough so they could come in, the trusts and the combines of this country would be forced to sell the necessities of life—farming utensils and clothes and everything, at something like a reasonable price to the American citizen. When we buy any of the necessities of life, there is no mutuality of contract; there is no bargain about it. The price has already been made by a board of directors, who sit around the table in the office of some combine that was organized in defiance of law and in violation of common right. They fix it all, and we have to pay it. It is just the power of monopoly.

There was an old fellow up in my country who was washing some greens in his cool spring by the roadside and a man from New York came along and said: "My friend, what are you going to do with those greens?" And he said he was going to sell them in Asheville. And he asked him what he expected to get for them and he told him. He says: "You ought to have better sense than to sell those nice greens at that price; if you had those greens in New York you could get such and such a price for them." The old fellow looked up and says: "Yes, my friend, that is all so, and if I had this spring in hell I could get a million dollars for it."

Dives, in torment, would give all his millions for one drop of water out of that spring. It is the power of monopoly. When the monopolist has it to sell and I have it to buy, he can charge what price he pleases and I must pay it. The individual can't protect himself against the power of monopoly. How could you start at it now? Now the price of everything is already printed on the article. Competition used to protect us in the old days, but there is no competition now; it is all controlled by a trust; and the government ought to protect its citizens. It is the great, high obligation of this government to protect the individual against the criminal concerns of this country, but it has not only failed to do that, but by Republican tariff laws it has protected the trusts against the legitimate course of legitimate business. This great American eagle that we boast about and make great patriotic speeches about, hovers aloft on the Fourth of July in mid air, not to protect the liberties of the American people but under the dominion and control of the Republican party, for the protection of the great flock of vultures that prey upon the vitals of the American people. They have got what we have made. The American people are the most industrious people in the world. I know you think now about some lazy fellow that lives in your neighborhood, but as a race they are the most industrious people in the world. They make more than any other people in the world. This American people is the most intelligent people in all this earth, and they create more wealth; and claim to be the freest people in the world. But, my friends, I say this, that the American people enjoy and have for themselves a smaller part of what they make by their labor than any other people that ever existed under any other government on this earth, under the operation of this Republican government; a larger per cent of what they make and what they earn have been taken from them by unjust law than from any other people under any other despotism of the world.

You may consider that day when there went forth the decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed and when publicans and sinners gathered the tax, and the publicans and sinners have been gathering just such a tax ever since. You may consider the time when the provinces were overrun by the savage armies of the North and the exactions of war that were levied up on them. You may consider any despotism in the world, any great tax that was levied upon the people of the earth, and it is all paltry, it is small, it is almost insignificant compared with the enormous money that is taken by unjust extortion from the industry, from the earnings of ninety millions of American freemen and we boast of our freedom. And every Fourth of July we march and we blow tin horns and wave flags and burst firecrackers in honor of the time when our fathers went to war before they would pay tax on tea and horse-shoe nails. My friends, we pay more tax on the tin horns and the flags and the firecrackers than our fathers went to war about. No wonder that this country got tired of it; that a free people, when they came to the realization of it, got tired of it and determined to have no more of it, as they have determined.

Did you ever hear of that man who waked up one morning and found himself the fortunate father of two fine, bouncing boys, and he went down town and his friends and acquaintances gathered around him and laughed and shook hands with him and congratulated him; and he said it was mighty fine to have twin boys. They told him how lucky he was and how prosperous he was, he took their congratulations and they asked him what he was going to name those boys. Well, he said he thought he would name one time rolled away again and lo and behold, here came to that household two beautiful little baby girls all at once; and he went down town again and his friends and acquaintances gathered around him and shook hands with him and laughed and

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Senator F. M. Simmons will speak on the political issues of the day at the court house in Asheboro at 8 o'clock on Saturday night, Sept. 21st, 1912.

We believe there has been no man who has done more for the moral and material upbuilding of North Carolina than Senator Simmons. His public life is clean, his private life is above reproach. He was the leader in the white supremacy campaign, and in the Senate he has worked impartially alike for the business interests, the farmer and the workingman, and his labors for each have brought material results.

Come out to hear him.

- (SIGNED:)
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| D. B. McCrary, | J. M. Betts, |
| W. H. Moring, | E. O. Pearce, |
| W. J. Armfield, Jr., | E. L. Auman, |
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| W. A. Underwood, | W. J. Moore, |
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| W. W. Jones, | R. C. Kelly, |
| R. C. Johnson, | W. D. Spoon, |
| A. C. McAllister, | M. S. Ridge, |
| | W. W. Parrish, |
| | Henry T. Caviness |

laughed the best he could, but it was a sort of a dry grin that time but he enjoyed it all he could and said he was lucky and prosperous. They asked him what he was going to name them. Well, he says, I have decided to name one of them Kate and the other Duplicate. And the time rolled on and, lo and behold, one morning was a great big boy and a great big girl all at once; and he went down town, he took the back street this time, tried to get to his place of business without anybody seeing him, but the news had gone ahead and they got around him and shook hands with him and congratulated him on his prosperity and good luck. He grinned as best he could. They asked him what he was going to name them. Well, he said he was going to name one Max and the other Climax. And the time rolled away, and, lo and behold, he was another great big girl and another girl together, and the old fellow tore out of his house without a hat, down street, and said he didn't want any more congratulations; that they had come again and he had named one More and the other No More.

Republican injustice "No More" We have enough of it. The Democratic party has always stood in a measure for equal justice among men, special privilege to none; but this time more than ever it has come out of its convention purified of all suspicion of special privilege and beyond any suspicion of government by bosses or domination by those who represent any special interest in the world. All glory to this Democratic day, when a Democratic victory means a Democratic victory, and the election of Woodrow Wilson means the beginning of a Democratic justice in this world. Why the old state of Vermont, the old rock-riddled Republican state that never failed to elect a Republican governor until this year, it has failed; they have seen the light among the remote, benighted hills of Vermont. My friends, the kingdom of China that was Republican for three thousand years has gone Democratic. I know that the county of Randolph will go Democratic and that the state of North Carolina will go Democratic, especially when one of the Republican candidates stands for Roosevelt and what he represents, and the platform of the other Republican candidates

(Continued on page 7.)