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THE LATE SAMUEL SPENCER.

Atlanta, Ga., May 21.—In the presence of a large assemblage, including a great number of employees and officials of the Southern Railway of every rank and from every branch of the service, the heroic bronze statue of Samuel Spencer, first president of the company, was unveiled this afternoon at 2 o'clock, being presented to the State of Georgia and the city of Atlanta as the gift of 30,000 employees of the railway system which is the fruit of his genius. The statue which shows Mr. Spencer in a sitting posture, set upon a pedestal of Tennessee marble, rests on the plaza of the Atlanta Terminal Station, facing the great passenger terminal the construction of which engaged his attention as did few other enterprises. The statue is the work of Daniel Chester French, one of the most famous sculptors, and is said to be one of his masterpieces.

The cords which held the veil were unrolled by Mr. Spencer's 4-year-old granddaughter, Violet Spencer, the daughter of his son, Henry B. Spencer.

The presentation of this memorial to the great railroad builder by the contributions of such a large number of men who had worked under his direction, to the state which gave him birth and to its capital city was accompanied by exercises fitting the occasion. J. W. Connelly of Washington, D. C., chairman of the general committee of employees which raised the funds for the monument, after prayer by Rev. Cleveland Kinloch Nelson, Bishop of Georgia, opened the exercises by introducing J. S. B. Thompson, assistant to the president, as the presiding officer. Mr. Connelly told of the movement among the company's employees for the erection of the monument and in his address Mr. Thompson on behalf of the employees of the system presented the monument to the State of Georgia and the City of Atlanta. Mr. Finley said in part:

"This monument testifies not only to the high esteem in which President Spencer was held by his associates but also to the loyalty of the band of employees which he organized and which his genius directed in building up and operating one of the greatest railway systems in the south. It symbolizes the ideal relation between the manager of a railway system and those who serve under him, each one in his particular sphere giving to the property the best service of which he is capable and co-operating with fellow employees to secure the best general results. The management of the company appreciates at its full worth the spirit of co-operative loyalty that pervades our organization and makes it one that any man might be proud to lead. It is an organization which, man for man, I do not believe has its superior on any railway in the United States. It is an organization in which men are constantly showing high capacity and in which vacancies occurring in the service, including the more responsible posts, are being filled by promotion from the ranks.

"Mr. Spencer was essentially an organizer and a builder. His high ambition was the development of the Southern Railway into a more efficient transportation system, thus making it a still more important factor in the upbuilding and prosperity of the South. It was to this problem that Mr. Spencer was constantly devoting the best energies of his constructive mind and as we, his successors, carry forward the great work he had planned, I believe that the people of the South will recognize, even more fully than they do today, the inestimable value to our entire section of the crowning work of his life."

Governor Joseph M. Brown, on behalf of the state, and Mayor Robert F. Maddox, speaking for the city, accepted the monument, both gentlemen paying high tribute to Mr. Spencer as a man and a constructive factor in the work of developing the South.

The principal address was delivered by Judge Alex P. Humphrey, general counsel for the Southern Railway Co., at Louisville, Ky., his subject being "The Life and Character of Samuel Spencer." Judge Humphrey's long and intimate association with Mr. Spencer dating from their student days at the University of Virginia, made it peculiarly proper for him to deliver this address.

After paying a high tribute to Mr. Spencer as a man, Judge Humphrey reviewed his career as a soldier of the Confederacy, going from the college to the campaign and after the

surrender back to college halls to complete his education, and told of his rise in the railroad world. His steadfast convictions in matters touching the relation of railways and the public were based on the idea that railways should give and receive exact justice and realizing the great part to be played in the development of the southern states by the railways, he sought to impress the fact that exactly like other business enterprises, they could not expect to attract money from investors except upon the promise of adequate return. Summing up the organization of the Southern Railway and the development of the system as the crowning work of Mr. Spencer's life, Judge Humphrey said: "In 1894, came the final call. This was to become the first president of the Southern Railway. It was a task no less grateful than difficult. With an eye that could look through the veil of the future, Samuel Spencer saw that this was but a beginning, and that there was in this, his native state, and these other states of the South, a promise and a potency of industrial development undreamed of in the olden days. The need of the hour was the creation of a strong, compact and coherent system of transportation which should bind together every state of the Potomac and the Ohio, from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Mississippi, in a confederacy of commerce, industry and peace."

"The materials to his hand were numerous short lines of railroad, bankrupt in credit and of whose rack and equipment it could only be said that they were fitly mated. There was also to be met and satisfied the diverse claims of disappointed holders of conflicting securities and the jealous and not always reasonable demands of rival communities. The task, I repeat, was a grateful one to him. It called into play every faculty of his mind and character. Imagination, will, courage, tact, justice, perseverance, patience. What an inspiring thing it is to see a strong man put forth his strength—his many-sided strength of imagination, of will, to bend others to it; of courage, to be afraid of no man; of tact, to yield where gentleness demands; of justice, to regard the rights of others; or perseverance, to push on against every obstacle; of patience, to challenge the verdict of time."

"The twelve years that elapsed from 1894 to 1906 were strenuous years, no one without its peculiar difficulty to be encountered, or obstacle to be overcome. In the accomplishment of this great work his fame is secure. For it is a work that holds not alone upon the present day, upon a future of broad expanse. It belongs to few men to have such an opportunity, and to only a handful to meet and fulfill its every demand."

The exercises were closed with the benediction by Rev. John E. White, pastor of the Second Baptist church of Atlanta.

Negro Hosiery Mill Proves a Great Success.

Durham, May 23.—Having started up under most promising conditions the Durham Textile Mills, the only negro hosiery mill in North Carolina, has met with such success that it has doubled its capital and work. The factory is owned solely by negroes of Durham and the management comes from the textile schools of the country. It is the purpose of the company to make Durham the center of negro hosiery mills in the South.

Don't Go West.

We believe the assertion that a large number of the people who go west leave North Carolina because they are too trifling to take advantage of the opportunities which surround them, and do their level best here, as many of them do when they go west—because they have to do it. Many money and little work to some minds may be enjoyed in the glorious western country, when as a matter of fact the people make the money there have to hustle for it just as they do anywhere else. Dollars do not grow like apples on the trees in the west. True the west has many advantages over this section, but go where you will, the proposition of living resolves itself into a simple question of labor and these Tar Heels who are turning their backs on one of the best and most rapidly growing sections of the union will find that even in the wonderful west the man who eats must get down to business and stick to it.

CIRCUS TENT DESTROYED.

Tent of Circus Burns Over Heads of 15,000 and Not a Soul is Hurt—Spectators Fled Out Like Drilled School Children With Canvases Blazing.

Schenectady, N. Y., May 21.—Barnum and Bailey's "big top," the main tent of the circus, caught fire here this afternoon from a cigar stump and burned like an overturned hot air balloon. Fifteen thousand people who filled the seats to overflowing fled out like school children at drill. It was an admirable display of discipline and coolness. Manager Bailey, in commenting on the conduct of the crowd, said, to-night:

"I consider the attitude of the people something marvelous. In all my experience of circus life I have never seen anything like it. At least ten thousand of the crowd were women and children and they all fled out like veteran soldiers. Well, perhaps a few of the women did faint and perhaps a few of the children whimpered, but they were taken care of by others; the crowd never lost its head. There was no danger for one moment of a stampede."

The management attributes the fire to the obstinacy of a careless smoker. Spectators first smelt the smoke and quickly discovering the fire began to beat at it with their coats. The fire reached above their heads quickly and the next effort to conquer it came from the circus employees who began tearing out huge patches of canvases. Their efforts met with no better success for the fire, eating upward had soon worked its way to the topmost peak.

Not a soul was hurt, not an animal was injured. The damage is estimated at \$10,000.

How to Make a Hen Set.

If a hen won't set, and you want her to, just make her, says Wilmer Moore, of Georgia. It seems that young Moore had been told by a farmer that he had made a hen care for chickens that had never been known to set long enough to hatch a brood. The way he did it, as was told to young Moore, was to whirl the hen around in the air until she was too dizzy to stand. Then he put her in this comatose condition in a lockup coop with the young chickens. The feathered matron recovered and, thinking she was the mother of the brood, started clucking. And this stepmother acted like a real mother, and raised the whole bunch until they were old enough to scratch for their own living.

Wilmer's domineer was a good hen, but she was a suffragette. She cackled all the time, and would lay an egg occasionally, maybe, but she never showed any inclination to raise a family. In other words, she wouldn't set. Young Moore then thought over what the farmer had told him, and decided he would try the same system. He believes that chickens, as well as others, should carry out the Roosevelt policy. So he nabbed her one day when she wasn't looking, grabbed her firmly by both feet and let her loop the loop several times around his head. When he set her on the ground she was so drunk she couldn't stand.

In fact her condition was so maudlin that when she was placed on a setting of eggs, she didn't know whether she was in a hen's nest or a ballot box and she sat and has been for over two weeks.

Of course, everybody knows who has ever tried to raise chickens, that the best way to break a hen of setting is to give her a good ducking of water. This cure has been tried with success for years. But to make a hen set, when she don't want to, was left to young Moore to discover.

So the new rule in the poultry guide is: If you want to get a hen to set, make her drunk; and vice versa if you want to break a hen of setting, give her the water cure, which will cure man, beast or fowl of the drink habit.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

Epidemic of Card Playing in Yadkin

In the Baltimore section of this county it is said that card playing and gambling is becoming a menace to society. Most of the participants are young men. Parents cannot find their boys on Sunday without going to the games, of which there are many, and players come in from a radius of five to six miles. Practically all the playing is done on Sunday and it is nothing strange to see them using as many as half dozen decks at one place.—Yadkinville Ripper.

Praying is a wasteful act when it stops at wishing.—Henry F. Cope.

Content never achieved a reform.

GIFT FROM MRS. HARRIMAN

In Accordance With Late Husband's Wishes Offers State of New York 19,000 Acres of Land and \$10,000,000 for a State Park—Governor Hughes Recommends Its Acceptance.

Albany, N. Y., May 22.—Governor Hughes announced to the legislature early in January that Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, in accordance with the wishes of her late husband, had offered the State a 19,000 acre tract of land at Arden for a State park and \$1,000,000 with which to acquire and improve adjacent land so that the park might have a river frontage. Five months have passed, however, and the final week of the session finds the legislators still undecided as to the acceptance of the gift.

Coinciding with the announcement of the Harriman gift the Governor made public offers of other gifts, designed to enable the state to establish a park along the Hudson river readily accessible to those living in the congested quarters of New York City. These offers from John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Russell Sage, Helen Gould, William K. Vanderbilt, E. H. Gary and others totalling \$7,823,000 were secured through activities of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission and were contingent upon the State appropriating \$2,500,000 for building of roads and the abandonment of the Bear Mountain site for the new state prison.

Governor Hughes recommended the acceptance of the Harriman gift and he also recommended the bond issue.

Gov. Glenn Fights Tigers in Alabama

Montgomery, Ala., May 23.—"You know and I know that 'blind tigers' are run in this city," declared ex-Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, at a local church last night. "It is useless to say that the officers are trying to enforce the law."

He made a plea for Alabama never to allow prohibition to lapse.

Mission Board of Methodists Holds Meeting.

Asheville, May 23.—The board of missions of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, composed of the college of bishops, ten ministers, ten laymen and ten women met in the Central Methodist church this morning, the senior bishop, A. W. Wilson presiding. The report of the joint educational commission was read and accepted. Rev. E. F. Cook was elected secretary of the foreign mission department; Rev. J. M. Moore, secretary of the home department and Rev. E. H. Rawlings, secretary of the educational department. J. D. Hamilton was elected treasurer. Mrs. J. B. Cobb, Mrs. R. W. McDonald, Miss Mable Head and Mrs. A. L. Marshall were elected to positions under the new order of the merger of the missionary societies.

The board of directors of the Methodist training school in Nashville, Tenn., were elected and Rev. J. E. McCulloch was re-elected superintendent. The salary of the general secretaries was fixed at \$3,600 and other secretaries at \$2,000. Some discussion followed the subject of special collections for special objects. It was thought best that all money should come into the general treasury of the church.

The salaries of the secretaries of the woman's council were fixed at \$1,800 for foreign and home secretaries and \$1,400 for home educational and editorial secretaries.

Dr. J. W. Tarbox, a missionary from Brazil, stated that the future of Methodism in Brazil depended upon the schools in Brazil. It was announced that Benjamin Duke, of Durham, had subscribed \$10,000 for missionary work in Brazil. Dr. W. F. McMurray, secretary of church extension, will accompany Bishop Lambuth to Brazil at the request of the mission board. It was decided to assess the annual conferences \$50,000 for home department work.

Immediately after the adjournment of the board of missions the college of bishops met. Bishop Hoss resigned from the committee on ecumenical conference on account of his work in foreign fields. Bishop James Atkins was elected to fill the vacancy. The following commission was appointed to codify the discipline of the church: Bishop Collins Denny, Dr. Gross Alexander and Hon. W. H. Talbot, of Maryland. The following were appointed by the bishop as members of the education committee: J. O. Willson, J. L. Weber, Thomas Carter, R. E. Blackwell, Andrew Blood, H. N. Snyder, S. M. Hosmer, R. S. Hyar and J. A. Sharp. The delegates to the ecumenical conference in Canada have been elected, but their acceptance must be secured before their names can be announced.

UNCLE TOBEY'S LECTURE.

Your Uncle Tobey was once a boy; he couldn't help it; he was born that way. It might have been different; then there would have been no Uncle Tobey. So probably it is but it happened the way it did. I don't remember the event of my being born but there can be no doubt of it, as there, unimpeachable witnesses present. I was present, too, so they told me afterwards, but I don't remember.

The first thing I do remember that I was trying to saw wood with one of those old buck saws. The buck was so high that when I put my foot on the stick of wood to hold it down and drew the saw towards me the whole thing, buck included, would come tumbling down upon me. You see I was below the center of gravity and much to one side of it.

I was about two years old then and later on I mastered the art of sawing wood on a buck under the careful supervision of my father. In those days when I had to saw wood I was in the habit of saying something, but I have since learned that it's best just to "saw wood and say nothing."

I was a contractor at a very early age; that is I contracted all the diseases to which children are subject. The measles caught me before I could walk; I caught everything else myself. The measles got hold of me when I was only sixteen months old, and they almost killed me. A boy of that age seldom gets "a square deal" from the measles. I beat the scarlet fever in a tussle at the age of seven, the whooping cough at nine the chicken pox at ten, and the mumps at twelve. Aside from these diseases, which are hard to dodge for a boy who follows a boy's business and does the usual amount of running around, I usually carried about my person a stubbed toe. At the age of 12 I was pronounced proof against green apples and drowning.

I was a healthy boy. In fact there weren't many sick boys in those days. Just the thought of the medicine which the doctors gave them kept many a boy from being sick. They never gave you less than a tablespoonful, and it was always black and sudsy looking. I am sure now that the medicine us boys didn't take saved many of our lives. We just couldn't bear the thought of taking the nasty medicine, got out of doors and got well without it. When I was a boy the doctors were not in such a big hurry to get a patient to the graveyard as they are now. They waited until you got sick before they gave you any medicine, then they gave you enough to cure or kill you. Now they give you the medicine and you get sick afterwards. In those days a doctor who didn't carry pills bags that would hold from a peck to a half bushel of medicine couldn't get much practice.

They didn't fix up the medicine to take like they do now, in capsules and sugar coated pills and pellets. When I was a boy we would suffer a whole heap of belly ache, and now let the old folks know it rather than take the big tablespoonful of nasty, black sudsy looking medicine. Now then fix it up so you can't taste the medicine, and make some of the children think it's candy. When I was a boy the parent's didn't lie to their children except about Santa Claus. They just gave us that tablespoonful of old black nasty stuff and in an hour we didn't know which end of us was the sickest. The medicine in those days was mighty quick on trigger.

When I was a boy there were many doctors, and they were mostly honest. People didn't eat much medicine like they do now and there wasn't much sickness. So far as your Uncle Tobey knows there wasn't much sickness nowhere until people got to having livers and kidneys and appendices and such things as that. Just as soon as anybody knows that he has all kinds of machinery on his insides and that it has all got to be kept in proper condition he feels a little hurt here and a little hurting there, and he begins to take some kind of

Comet Causes Two Sudden Deaths in Alabama Town.

Talladega, Ala., May 22.—The appearance of the comet this evening caused intense excitement here. Congregations of several churches left their pews and hundreds of persons stood excited in the square and gazed at the celestial visitor.

Miss Ruth Jordan, daughter of a farmer living two miles from here, was called to the door of her home to see the comet, and immediately fell dead physicians assigning heart failure as the cause. An unknown negro on the depot platform was shown the comet and instantly dropped dead.

Bear Kills Nine Hogs.

Linnville Falls, N. C., May 19.—A very hungry black bear wandering into the woods on the north slope of Hawksbill mountain this week and killed nine hogs for Uncle Ben Aid, ridge. Some of the bear hunters turned out their hounds and chased the marauder many miles, as far as the head of Paddy's creek, where they lost him. It is not often that a bear makes such a killing as this in the mountains, and it is surmised that it must have been a mother looking for food for her cubs.

dope. The kind of dope that loosens one wheel, clogs up two or three others and then comes and gives medicine for the liver and then the kidneys won't pay, and the bladder becomes "blocked up" in the meantime the patient, not being able to live on blue-mas alone, eats some thing he lodges in his appendix and a surgeon is called in to cut him open and cut his appendix to feed to the cat. If the patient gets well after all this he might as well have died, for it will take all he has to pay his doctor bill and he'll starve to death.

When I was a boy just the sight of a pair of medicine bags made me sicker than a half dozen calomel tablets do now. In those days doctors bombarded the disease with artillery now they shoot at it with shot. If the artillery failed to kill a man he got well.

When I was a boy taking medicine never became a habit. The medicine was too nasty and too "draggy" in its effects. But nearly everybody nowadays has the pellet and tablet habit.

When I was a boy I was very healthy and thus escaped death at the doctors' hands, although I had several narrow escapes. Besides this, however, I had opportunities of being killed, but hoping that better ones would come later on I did not embrace any of them. I was in a wagon when the team ran away with it. They made a sudden turn, upset the wagon, turning it completely over, and running off with the broken tongue left me under the overturned bed I crawled out before the wheels stopped running around and wondered why the other part of the wagon wasn't moving, too. I hadn't a scratch on me, but the horses were pretty badly "scratched up." I was also exposed to the comet before the Civil war, but it never hurt me.

A cough in fooling with the tongue of an empty wagon started it towards a steep precipice, but it caught on a tree, at the very edge, and my life was saved. These little occurrences happening at so early an age made me a hero, but I don't think I appreciated it as much then as I should now.

I do not regret having had these opportunities to get myself killed at an early age offered to me. They had no temptation for me, while other boys might have yielded and left a bright future behind them. I can not forget these incidents. Other boys feel around me. One was bitten by a mad dog within a few hundred yards of my home. He died with hydrophobia. Who knows but what that dog was intended for me and that if I had been present I might have saved the boy's life.

At any rate my uncle killed the dog, and, when I was a boy, I did what I could to avert what might have been calamities to other boys.—Uncle Tobey in Home and Farm.

Girl Plays Detective and Lands Her Former Finance.

Chicago, May 22.—Miss Mamie Ryerson played detective so successfully that today she was able to hand over her former fiance, Walter Kutroch, to the police when he arrived here from San Francisco. Both are 21 and their homes are in Milwaukee. Miss Ryerson accused Kutroch of obtaining \$300 from her a year ago by false pretenses. She learned of his whereabouts recently and wrote him, offering forgiveness and asking him to return. She met him at the depot today in company with Detective Gorman of Milwaukee who placed him under arrest and returned with him to Milwaukee tonight.

PARENTS TO BLAME.

How Half the Sin and Misery of the World Could be Avoided.

Nearly everybody in America knows the spectacular history of "Tennessee Calf," now Lady Cook, if you please, of London, Eng. She was recently in this country in the interest of the suffrage movement, but it is not that which has caused her to be widely discussed on this side of the water, as well as in her adopted land. No Lady Cook has, engaged the "literary business," and has given publication to some real sound thought, original, and in a measure daring, "Tennessee Calf," that was, said that half the sin and shame of the world might be avoided if mothers would act sensibly and bring up their daughters in the full wisdom and experience of life. The same applies to fathers, too, who neglect to be frank and open with their sons' Sissy Lady Cook.

Parents are deeply to blame for a large portion of the miseries enumerated. If fathers encouraged their sons to be frank and trustful with them as they would be with their youthful friends, their experience and advice would prepare their children to beware of the strange woman whose steps led down to hell. Vice exposed and robbed of its mystery would disgust rather than charm; they would recognize the scientific truth of St. Paul's teaching that our bodies are the temples of the living God when preserved in purity. And if mothers would only learn to win the confidence of their daughters, and teach them all they ought to know of themselves, thus guarding them from dangers and instructing them in sacred duties and responsibilities, how many a girl would have been saved who is now lost through sheer ignorance, and from the foolish and misplaced modesty of the only one who could have properly enlightened her.—Asheville Citizen.

INCENSED AT COLLIER PICTURE.

Cover Page of Collier's Weekly Causes Indignation.

Cordele, Ga., May 21.—Many expressions of indignation against Collier's Weekly were heard on the streets here today on account of the cover design of the issue of May 21, entitled "Spot Lights," which represents a black negro man with his hand on the shoulder of a young white girl in short-skirts and bare arms dancing at Coney Island. The vulgar intimacy suggested by this picture is revolting to the sentiment of the south and of every section of the country that disapproves of social equality between the races. Whether burned cork is supposed to be employed in this picture or not, the effect is the same in stirring up the indignation of the public of the south that is not pleased at the sight of a white girl in company with a negro thus represented.

No Loss if Both are Killed.

There is to be a prize fight some time this summer between a big beefy white man named Jeffries, with lots of strength in his muscles and but little in his brains, and a big burly negro named Johnson. Neither of them has been worth anything to the world since they entered the prize ring and the world would not lose anything if each should break the other's neck in the fight. Choice seats for the Jeffries-Johnson bout are selling at \$100 per seat and it is feared by the managers that there will not be seats enough for all. What a lot of fools there are in this old world!—Elkin Times.

A North Carolinian Killed Far From Home.

Tacoma, Wash., May 22.—The decapitated and mangled body of A. A. Icard of Hudson, N. C., was found on the track of the Northern-Pacific Railway near Lester, Wash., yesterday. He had been drinking and it is supposed lay down on this track and went to sleep. A. A. Icard was 21 years old and came from North Carolina about a year ago, it is said, and was employed as a logger. A cousin, George Icard, took charge of the body and will send it to Hudson for interment.

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