

# THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor and Publisher.

PUBLISHED TWICE A WEEK.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907.

NUMBER 22

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**MR. CONE'S APPLE ORCHARD.**  
Prof. J. N. Ingram in Charlotte News.

I have lived in the fruit regions of California, the Arkansas Ozarks and fruit belts of other countries. Fruit culture has been a feature of my life's study. The history of orchard growth on the mountains of my native State has an unusual interest.

In 1895 Cone—made a millionaire by cotton factories—erected a summer mansion on the heights above Blowing rock, and bought 4,000 surrounding acres. He began setting out fruit trees on the lower slopes and continued adding yearly to his collection until he had covered his slopes with a mammoth orchard of 35,000 trees. The trees on the lower declivities produced fruit, but the higher lands were not set with varieties suited to climatic adaptation of their elevations; they have not yielded fruit. The early frost last autumn killed a number of trees and the late freeze in April—when three inches of snow fell on the mountains—destroyed blooms and not a bushel of apples is now seen on the great orchard. Mr. Cone found the Blue Ridge climate has changed in later years; he did not know its temperature fluctuations, and failed to select trees adapted to the weather varieties of this elevation. The great body of his orchard is, therefore, barren. Much of his land has 3,000 feet elevation, is considerably above the altitude of the mountain timber twig apples, and is too high for the fruit selected. He regards the orchard an apple grove to ornament his estate.

The agricultural department at Washington has no fruit experimental station of this elevation; it cannot, therefore, give authentic data on apple varieties adapted to this altitude. The men delegated to the national capital from North Carolina have not had any experimental stations established in this State, although Oklahoma Territory secured one 12 years, with an annual appropriation of \$30,000.

When I go to Congress North Carolina will receive an experiment station, and several other necessities it has long required.

The development of fruit industry in Western North Carolina interests every resident in the State; its promotion is a benefit to all its people. Much of our wild and mountain lands are suited to selected orchard culture. The state should be a large exporter of choice fruit and berries. Some enterprising benefactor is needed to test and discover the varieties adapted to the elevations, soil conditions and meteorological eccentricities of the Blue Ridge slopes, whose large and fertile areas are yet covered with a wilderness, and whose productive lands could be turned into fruitful orchards to supply our tables and increase our revenues.

I suggested to Mr. Cone that circumstances seem to have appointed him the State's fruit promoter. Cotton growers have little leisure for orchard experiments, but appreciate good fruit and plenty of it. They will grow cotton for the mills if he will furnish apples.

Much lower Carolina country is unsuited to fruit growing; the higher and dryer mountain section yields apples of superior quality.

Fungus soil formation, atmospheric dampness, fickle winds and climatic variations render fruit culture on the higher piedmont elevations problems yet unsolved.

To develop his orchard, preserve his property values and promote fruit production throughout the Appalachian region I suggested that he delegate an expert pomologist to the Californian fruit orchards on the Sierra Nevada mountains and to similar altitudes on the Ozark apple region of Spain, Switzerland and Italy and select fruit varieties suited to Blowing Rock elevations. The Ozarks and Sierra Nevadas are famous fruit regions and have similar elevations and parallel latitudes to the higher Alleghany, and would furnish instructive lessons in Blue Ridge fruit culture and selection.

Grass Valley, California, at 3,000

feet elevation, produces great quantity of fine fruit. Dutch Flat, Cal., 4,000 feet, grows superior apples. Nevada City, Cal., 5,000 feet, yields splendid fruit. Salt Lake City, Utah, 5,600 feet, and many Utah and Idaho towns produce quantities of excellent fruit. Sante Fee, 6,000 feet, grows some of the world's finest apples—the trees are prolific producers of large size fruit.

The mountains of many countries grow nuts similar to the Blue Ridge chestnuts and chinquapins; many no doubt would flourish on North Carolina ranges. Much valuable mountain land is annually denuded of its splendid timber by lumber mills; the vacant territory grows up with underbrush. Our mountain slopes might be covered with nut bearing trees and the State become prominent in the nut supplying trade, and increase public prosperity.

An expedition is needed to show the mountaineers the foreign nuts suited to our mountain soil, climate and altitude.

The oftentimes fruitless orchards give Mr. Cone great pleasure with their floral display. When the apple trees are in bloom they are things of beauty. Botanists never rob the world with fairer glory. The trees radiate with many hues and exhale the sweetest perfume. Gorgeous tints charm the mind and fascinate the senses with ravishing odors. April buds put forth snowy petals and burst into a carnival of color. Mountains rise like blooming bouquets and the trees breathe from the fragrant lips of a million blossoms. The orchards become a fairland of flowers and glew like a Floridian bower, torn by a passing gale from some palmetto glade, and lodged on the Alleghany peaks.

This scented paradise wastes its sweetness on the mountain air; birds bathe their wings in perfumed dews, and build their nests in wreaths of flowers.

I thought that this wave of aroma might be used for education. A perfume factory could be established here; the apple blossoms converted into extract, sold and devoted to benevolence.

The Asheville Industrial and Normal Institute has expended from the Northern Presbyterian Mission Board \$100,000 on the education of the poor youth from the North Carolina mountain counties. Many lettered girls are received from the cabins of the hills and the hovels of the woods, and trained and developed into polished womanhood, given knowledge of books, equipped for the work of life and returned to the ranges to adorn humble homes, enlighten the wilderness, act as teachers, nurses, house-keepers and emissaries of civilization and education throughout the mountain region. Many untutored lassies can be taken from rural wilds and returned cultivated queens. The Institute's capacity should be doubled.

Barium Springs Orphanage, in Iredell county, under South Presbyterian auspices, a retreat and school for homeless children, where 100 homeless waifs find refuge from storms and winter snows, and receive education, needs water works, seats for a chapel and an additional building. Its cots are crowded and its resources limited. Many destitute orphans, who seek shelter under its roof, are daily turned from its doors. It has ample room for an Apple Blossom Dormitory, and is a worthy subject for financial remembrance. It could wisely use part of the extract revenues.

Somehow it is in the atmosphere that the next Legislature meeting in Raleigh will pass a prohibition act for the whole State. The Raleigh Christian Advocate last week said: "Rev. B. L. Davis, State organizer for the Anti-Saloon League, is very certain about North Carolina's going dry when the next Legislature meets. He thinks the next Legislature will pass the measure that will dry North Carolina from end to end. He says that he has talked to the Quakers, the Methodists and other church bodies, ministers and laymen, and all are in favor of a State law such as was passed by Georgia the other day."

**ZEKE BILKINS' LETTER.**  
Raleigh Enterprise.

I got a letter from a feller in Wake county yesterday, givin' me fits fer not startin' on my trip around the world on a mule. He said that he subscribed for the Raleigh Enterprise a-purpose ter read my letters, an' that he wanted the perseshum ter begin ter move.

I hain't acquainted with my friend. But I wanter say that I expect he iz like a lot of other folks in this world—he thinks that a feller kin git everything ready for a trip around the world in about fifteen minutes by the watch. Apt as any way he thinks that the trip kin be made in about three days an' a half. Hit takes lots of time ter git the legal papers an' other things fixed up, awl the kings an' emperors, an' dukes in Europe an' in Russia an' China hev ter hev time ter git the house cleaned up an' git new tailor-made suits of clothes so they kin be ready ter receive me, fer, no doubt, they think I am sum great big man sent over by the President, an' they air rite much excited over hit. I got a letter from the King of the Sandwich Islands statin' that he wanted me ter spend at least a month with him, an' he didn't make any bones erbout sayin' out that he wanted plenty of time ter git ready ter receive me an' that he hoped he'd hev time enuff ter get a suit of clothes made an' order a barrel of flour from Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A., so they could hev some appricot pie fer me. He said that they had not bought any flour in sixteen years, an' I gathered from his letter that he hadn't bought a new suit of clothes since he wuz elected king more than twenty years ago. Hit seems that the climate iz so hot here that kings don't wear much but dignity, an' the common folks don't dress up in anything.

I can't keep frum lookin' at the ocean an' think erbout what a time Uncle Noah had when he wuz buildin' the ark an' drivin' up two or each kind of cattle an' other things an' loadin' them in the ark for a sail thin mite last forty years fer awl he knowed. Uncle Noah wuz a mity brave man ter git awl them lions, tigers, elephants an' things in the ark and start out fer a trip that mite last a life time an' make him seasick every day in the year. An' I can't help thinkin' erbout Jonah when he took the sail a-ridin' in the stomach of the whale. We think we hev a heap of ups an' downs, but our grate, great-granddaddies erway back yonder thousands of years ago did hev trouble. Hit iz a wonder that they managed ter live frum the cradle ter the grave.

When I git ter Washington I wanter discuss the R. F. D. mail service an' the boll weevil with the Preser-dent an' see what kin be done ter remedy things. If they ain't sumthin' done the forty years fer awl he purty quick, I understand that the Postmaster General iz goin' ter send sum postoffice detectives down into North Carolina before long an' see whether the R. F. D. service is a joke or not.

I am praacktisn' up a little on etty-king before I start up through Virginy so I kin pass by the homes of the first families without gettin' shot at ter travel through the country without havin' on a high churn hat an' a peddygree. I hear that the first families of Virginy air powerful perticular erbout such things.

I see by the papers that you air havin' lots of candydates for Governor an' like down in good ole North Carolina. I can't make out who sum ov them air frum this distance. If I wuz at home I could search the directories an' the registrarshun books an' sorter locate sum ov them.

Yours truly,  
ZEKE BILKINS.

**EQUAL LAWS FOR ALL: SPECIAL IMMUNITY FOR NONE.**  
Charlotte Observer.

A week ago a negro passenger on a Norfolk & Western train went into the white coach near Martinsburg, Va., and was accosted by two or three young white men who had been drinking and asked what he wanted. He replied that he was looking for a white gentleman. "You get out of here," said one. "We don't allow coons in here." "Pull down on him," said another. A pistol was discharged and the negro fell, with a bullet in his head. The last news of him, two days later, was that he "was still alive this morning." Of course nobody fired the shot. There were no arrests. This recital is one to make a just white man's blood boil. A short time before this occurrence a white man, without provocation, from the newspaper reports of the incident, shot a negro dead in the streets of Winston. He was apprehended and we are wondering what will be done with him. Self-defense? It is not worth while, in the sight of God, for press and public to rail against the courts when they set free a white man and condone by silence the murder without any justification of a negro by a white man who goes without arrest or is upon trial acquitted. If white men expect from negroes respect of the law they must themselves respect and obey it. A weak and ignorant race is necessarily influenced by the example of the stronger and superior, and wicked, unprovoked bloodshed by the latter naturally inspires lawlessness in turn by the former. Punish the negro for his sins, but punish the white man for his. The people who believe that the degree of crime varies with the color or class of the victim need to be reminded otherwise and to be bidden remember that if there is escape here from its consequences there will come a time when judgment will be laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet.

**Loathesome Methods.**  
Everything.

Because John D. Rockefeller has been in the time-light recently in connection with the heavy fine imposed by Judge Landis against the Standard Oil Company, the New York World has gone the limit. It has sent some of its scavengers and ghouls out in the world for the purpose of finding the father of John D. It paints him as an old man, a drunkard and a gambler; a bigamist and "cancer doctor" and tries to show that old man Rockefeller was the worst sort of a character.

Suppose he was. Suppose he was the lowest worm in human form that ever crawled upon the earth. Suppose he was wicked and low and vile and despicable. If he were all these things, he would not be as craven as the publisher who would send his human jackals on his trail to hound him and seek him in an oblivion where he had forced himself. Were the elder Rockefeller all and more than the World has painted him, then he were a saint compared to the fiendish ghoul who would go into the family closet and bring forth a skeleton and hang it in front of a son who has been decent and respectable as a citizen. John D. is a temperance man; he uses no profanity; he has no bad habits; he gives large sums of his money to charity; he is law-abiding—and if it happened that his father was all the World has painted him, then John D. World has painted him, then John D. World has painted him, then John D. World has painted him.

But in these days when the people love to feed and fatten on the sorrows of others, it seems that such scavengers as the World are necessary to furnish the buzzard meal.

Ex-Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee, will be one of the speakers at Charlotte's Fall Festival in October. W. J. Bryan, Champ Clark and John Sharp Williams are also on the program.

**SLEEP.**  
Youth's Companion.

One of the strangest things in life is sleep—that recurring period of unconsciousness, so like death, yet without which the continuance of life is impossible.

We think of it as a time of perfect rest for all the organs, yet it is one of great activity in the body. The scavengers are then hard at work removing the broken-down cells and the poisonous waste products, and the building up of new cells goes on apace. The damaged nerves and muscles are patched up and repaired so well as sometimes to be even larger and better than they were before.

This work goes on all the time, but chiefly during sleep, for then there is an arrest in the destruction of the body tissues, and the reconstructor forces can work to better advantage.

What causes sleep, why we should lose consciousness, and why and how we ever come back again to conscious existence are puzzles of which the physiologists and the metaphysicians have long sought a solution, but have not yet discovered it.

It is believed that during healthy sleep the brain is almost bloodless, or at least that it contains less blood than during the waking hours. We know that sleep comes with difficulty to one in a state of mental excitement, when the brain is filled with blood, and the arteries in the temples stand out full and pulsating. It is on this supposition that most of our endeavors to woo the drowsy god are based.

We should do no severe mental labor in the evening, but if we are forced to write or study at night, we should always and absolutely put aside our work at least an hour before bedtime, and spend the time in easy conversation, in light reading, or in playing a quiet game of some sort. A simple, amusing game is one of the best of means to pull the mind away from the absorbing thoughts which have possessed it, than to cause an equalization of the blood circulation throughout the body.

An apple or a cracker and a glass of milk may be taken a few moments before bedtime with the effect of drawing the blood from the brain, but a hearty meal at this time may prevent sleep by exciting the digestive processes to disturbing activity.

An abundance of fresh air in the sleeping apartment is a necessity to sound and really refreshing sleep.

The amount of sleep which is needed is different with different individuals, and depends somewhat upon the activity of the reconstruction powers. For the average adult seven hours should be enough, but children need ten, and the very aged all these can get.

**COURTING OVER THE PHONE.**  
Washon Enterprise.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Rock Hill Herald, has come to the conclusion that there is entirely too much spooning and courting by telephone in that town, and says that as a result many subscribers to the local system are greatly inconvenienced by a lot of sweet talk over the wires. This nuisance (for such it is beyond a doubt) is certainly not confined to Rock Hill alone, but seems to be epidemic all over the country. There is enough love-making over the telephone in this community to make a brass monkey blush. And what is worse, it is carried on at the expense of business and the inconvenience of people who are in the habit of using the telephone for business purposes to register a united protest and demand a reasonably time-limit to all conversations over the telephone be strictly enforced. This they have a perfectly legitimate right to do. We shall not stop just here to discuss the girl who engages in spooning and love-making and talking sweet talk over the telephone further than to remark that her main reason for registering this expedient is that she wants a sweetheart and wants one awful bad, and it may be that she allows young man the privilege of making love to her over the telephone because they seldom call at her home for that purpose. Every man knows that the young man who entertains that high regard for a young lady that would lead him to be serious with her would hardly be willing to commit his messages of love to so public a thing as the telephone.

**Monkey's Awful Attack.**  
A Wilmington, N. C., dispatch says while slumbering one day last week, and supposedly safe in its parent's home, the infant daughter of Newton Rowan, an operative at the cotton mills at Delgado village, near that city, was attacked by a monkey. The child's face was terribly gashed by the animal's sharp teeth and her little hands which instinctively, no doubt, went up to protect herself against the onslaught were terribly lacerated. Her loud outcries brought aid from an adjoining room just in time to save her life. The ape, which had been treated as a pet, scampered away, but was hunted down and killed in the swamp nearby several hours later.

The general offices of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, now located at Portsmouth, Va., will be moved to Atlanta within a year.

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