

THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

Established 1899

HICKORY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

Democrat and Press, Consolidated 1905

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This is a very popular farm journal published by The Simmons Publishing Company of Springfield Ohio.

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Try an Ad. in The Democrat.

VETERANS' REUNION.

A Large Crowd and an Enjoyable Time.

(Contributed.)

We had the pleasure of attending the yearly pic-nic and free dinner for the old veterans by the citizens of Catawba county, in the city of Newton, Thursday, Aug. 12th. We had a friend and good team. We went one road down there, and come back another. We are an ex-farmer. We never saw better crops of corn and cotton growing. Autumn will surely be crowned with plenty.

The veterans were entertained on the court green. Hon. R. Z. Liney, the speaker, was introduced by Mr. Witherspoon to assembled veterans and wives, and quite a number of other ladies and gentlemen, old and young, in the court room. The speaker paid tribute to the memory of Judge McCorkle, Judge Armfield, and others, eminent in the legal profession, contemporary with himself, true and tried officers and private soldiers, during four years of bloody conflict, and with sadness in his voice, said there are but one or two of us that survive. Recovering himself from the emotional he threw a bouquet to himself, by declaring in a modest way, that he was the only private soldier that ever reached the halls of Congress, from either the Rebel or Yankee army, during all the active years of the blue and gray, when heroism meant so much pull for political aspirants. After recounting brave deeds of Rebel against Yankee through many hard fought battles where the arms of the South prevailed, he paid special tribute to Catawba veterans in particular, and North Carolinians in general. The inscription on the Confederate monument, shows ten full companies of officers and men, sent out from Catawba, besides the many who volunteered with companies in the adjoining counties which are not credited on the monument. The speaker spread himself at this point. He did the fabled octopus act. He reached back fifty years with one feeler, with another took hold of the present. With herculean effort he drew to a consummation by saying that Jefferson Davis, Yancey, Toombs, and other great Statesmen of the South, differed with Webster, Wade, and other leaders beyond their peers in Statesmanship, patriotism and honesty about constitutional rights as to States, that both sides were right from their view point, and environment; that the efficacy of the prayers of the righteous in the South fell down, for he knew that fervent prayers went up day and night from thousands of Christian men and women, through all the years of the strife, that defeat was the inevitable; that in the economy of the great Ruler of the universe, it was all necessary for the development of our great nation. He charged the old veterans that they need not repent nor reproach themselves, that generations yet unborn would rise up and call them blessed, because they fought and bled and died, for a vital principle, which underlies all of our governmental institutions; that time would demonstrate the fact, and true history would record it.

Mrs. L.M. Williams has wrought well in the organizing a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy. True to the soldierly qualities of her father, she will succeed in her efforts to establish the truth of history, and to give joy and material comfort to the poor old Confederate soldiers in their last days. We think she did a wise thing in christening her organization as the A. A. Shuford Chapter of Daughters of the Confed-

eracy. We know no bigger hearted, nobler a man than our modest Major Shuford. We had four hundred and fifty to five hundred free dinners for the veterans and wives, full dinners, more than we could eat, with fine red-hearted watermelons, and ice water. The Catawba Dutch are proverbial. They know how to do things. We never saw one rude act within the court yard, nor out of it. The High Shoals Brass Band of twelve pieces, discorded good music and the members were beardless boys. We must congratulate them on their success. Their organization is just one year old. Everybody who came brought their babies, and the crowd was estimated at 3,500 to 4,000. Grown young ladies, nicely dressed, old ladies, nursing mothers, misses, little girl tots. Well, we were not specially interested in old men, bucks and knee breeched boys; we have never learned to admire maculine beauty.

It occurred to us that if our late President, Mr. Roosevelt had been there he would have made a long apology for ever entertaining a thought on the question of race suicide, especially in Catawba county, N. C.

Can we pay tribute with our pen To all the South held dear, And praise the feeble veteran, And not provoke a tear?

To write of camp or battle field, Of frost and snow and heat— We must not say he had to yield Or ever did retreat.

We must not say he was wrong— Or was not in the right; If we do, he's young, he's strong, And banter us to fight.

Yes, more, in thought we must go slow— He's earthy, brittle clay— Old veterans cling to life you know, On earth he wants to stay.

But we must speak, and not be dumb— And truth most plainly state; He must go down, he must succumb And pass death's iron gate.

Soon he must go to the unknown, Beyond the polar star; The last old "vet" will soon be gone That fought the civil war.

On fames eternal camping ground He'll pitch his lasting tent, When endless ages have rolled 'round He need not then repent.

He fought for what he knew was right, His God will make it plain; His cause, though lost, in mortal fight, Lake truth will rise again.

The Parade.

Too much cannot be said of the Haag Railroad Shows parade which takes place daily on the public streets free for everybody, and is one mile in length, and introducing features never attempted by any other show for their street pagement. No parade is complete without a caliope, and Mr. Haag has spared no pains or expense in this everlasting feature of the parade. Not only have the Haag Shows one of the finest caliopes in the world, but have been fortunate enough to secure the service of the Signor Lamont, who is considered the premier of caliope players and will not only gladden the hearts of the children, but everybody as well, with his up-to-date selections. Hickory, Aug. 21st.

Mary and Her Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb; its fleece was white as snow. Would Mary ever sell the lamb? Why, what a question! No! She kept the lamb in luxury for many, many years, and every now and then she'd go and clip it with the shears, then sell the fleece and take the cash and put it in the bank, until she had a fortune of the topmost rank. While Mary was a wise young girl, her father had a pull, and through his lobbying he kept the tariff upon wool.—Chicago Evening Post.

AN EDITOR'S VIEWS.

How Hickory and Vicinity Are Seen by a Visitor.

"The editor of the Charlotte Chronicle has recently been visiting this section and records his views in his paper as follows:

On October 1st, another entire modern hotel will be added to North Carolina's rapidly growing list. It will be the successor to the Hickory Inn. The new hotel is built on the block to the south of the depot in Hickory. As the westbound trains now stop, the Pullmans are at the door of the hotel. The embankment is to be terraced and a beautiful lawn has been laid out by a Charlotte landscape architect. A covered platform will be built, so that it will be but a few steps from the cars to the hotel. The hotel itself is quite an imposing piece of architecture, finished in red brick and tile. It costs \$50,000. The building contains 60 rooms, hot and cold water and baths in every room. Some of the rooms are en suite, fitted up to please the most fastidious of the tourist travel. It is steam-heated, has tiled floors and the best kitchen appliances that are known. The Chronicle's alert correspondent, at Hickory, patented the name for the hotel, but blest if it hasn't slipped our memory.

The Southern and the S. & N. W., railroads have just completed the concrete work for a very expensive sub-way on Fourteenth street in Hickory, which is going to be one of the finest pieces of municipal improvements in the State. By the time the railroads get through with that, the town will set upon them for a union depot, and Hickory may count on our aid when the time comes.

The railroads are making great improvements in schedules. It used to be a matter of four to six hours to get from Hickory to Charlotte by any of the various routes—via Statesville, Salisbury, Lincolnton or Gastonia. Now one can leave Hickory at 2:55 p. m., through Lincolnton and reach Charlotte at 5:15 p. m.—only two hours and twenty minutes.

It has been a long time since trains stopped at Iron Station for twenty minutes for dinner. But the old eating house is now resplendent in a new coat of paint and with no suggestion of the purpose it once served. A smart man kept the eating house there in times gone by. The people raided his table unmercifully for fried chicken, and one day when the supply was dwindling to necks and wings, he whispered to one of his customers loud enough for all to hear: "Yes, chickens are getting scarce about here. Cholera is killing so many of them, it is hard for me to get any to cook." For a time after that there was always a supply of chicken left on his table.

A big shower was pouring as the train left Hickory and the rain continued to Lincolnton and thence to Stanley. Between the latter places, the rainfall was so heavy as to entirely obliterate the view from the car windows. The crops all along this particular line are in splendid condition. The Catawba county crop is corn and sweet potatoes in preference to cotton, but some fine fields of cotton are seen in that county. The stiff red clay of Lincoln never fails to produce a good crop and can defy a drought when occasion offers.

Seared With A Hot Iron,

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Feyer sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c at C. M. Shuford, W. S. Martin and W. L. Boatright.

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