

THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

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Democrat and Press, Consolidated 1905

Spelling Bee Drew Big Crowd.

Four Men Stood By The Guns Till 10:30 O'clock.

AN ORTHOEPIC DOG FALL

Mr. M. H. Yount and His Relatives of Old Sweethearts— Neat Sum For Park Improvement.

A fine audience was out Friday evening to see Prof. Chas. M. Staley play ninepins with Hickory's crack spellers. Prof. Staley would put the force of a perfect pronunciation and enunciation behind words out of Webster's Blue Back and send them bowling across the "alley" of the Academy of Music stage, and sad was the havoc they played.

The spelling bee followed a delightful program arranged by the Civic League for the benefit of park improvement. A neat sum must have been realized for this purpose for the audience about filled the Academy.

Mr. J. D. Elliott and Ex-Sheriff Blackwelder tossed up and chose sides. Then the bowling began. It was a long way beyond "Baker" before the first orthoepic ninepin tumbled, but finally Prof. Staley sent "acquittat" spinning down the alley and it floored Mr. Chas. Bost. He left one "t" out.

There was a laugh when Mr. J. W. Shuford drew "coffin" and also when a little later he spelled "monument." Prof. Staley also gave him "garment" and the audience wondered why he didn't make it "shroud." Mr. Shuford, however, made a grave mistake when he tackled "fascination." That "sc" towards the front of the word bothered him and down he went.

"Lynchpin" was the ninepin that knocked down Mr. W. A. Self. He spelt it with a "y." Who could expect a lawyer to spell "lynch" with an "i"?

Dr. W. B. Ramsay spelled his pastor out of the "bee" on "unskillful" and then lost out himself on "sapphire," forgetting for the moment that the word was spelt a good deal like the name of Ananias' wife. Her bad name, coming down through the centuries, has prevented millions of girls from being named "Sapphire." It's a pretty name, and, presumably, means "blue gem," which only a black lump of coal has inherited as a name.

Mr. John Cilley's orthography was "impaired."

Mr. Geo. Hutton's "apetite" failed him.

Mr. Frank Ingold didn't "embellish" his word with enough "is." And so on.

Mr. Banks seemed to have created a sensation by pronouncing his words fore and aft—and all the way through. Thus: "Incomprehensibility"—I-n, in; c-o-m, com, in; p-r-e, pre, incomp; h-e-n, hen, incomp; s-i, si, incomp; b-i-l, bil, incomp; i-ey, incomp; b-i-i, bii, incomp; t-y, ty, incomp; s-i-b-i-l-i-t-y, incomp; s-i-b-i-l-i-t-y, incomp.

At 10:30 o'clock Prof. Staley got tired of bowling, as there were four nine pins which rather obstinately refused to go down—Rev. J. S. Moody and Mr. J. A. Bowles on Mr. Blackwelder's side and President R. L. Fritz and Mr. Howard A. Banks on Mr. Elliott's side.

Previous to the spelling bee "His Old Sweethearts" was pulled off with Mr. M. H. Yount as the hero of the stunt. Apollo would not have been in it with Mr. Yount if the latter had lived on Olympus. The scene showed him, handsomer than Gov. Kitchen, looking over his letters of congratulation on the eve of his wedding day. In a ruminative mood he recalls memories of ten old sweethearts. As he did so, each beauty appeared on the stage and framed herself in a golden mirror on the centre of the stage.

Elizabeth was No. 4—a Portia-like creature in the school girl's mortar cap and gown. Yount said she had tried to make a D. D. out of him, and Lizzie couldn't keep a straight face as he said it.

Mildred was a staid and stately creature dressed in crimson with fur trimmings. Clara was a symphony in white, toting jonquils in one hand and a spotless parachute in t'other under which she had just descended from a snowstorm in the clouds. Clara couldn't keep a straight face, eye-ther, and showed a row of pearls when Adonis said something funny about being engaged to a girl at Newton.

Jeannette galloped into the hero's heart on a Kentucky thoroughbred, he said. She was there in the frame in riding habit and hat, with whip in hand.

Helen was No. 8 in society's best bib and tucker. "Life was one long cotillion to her," Mr. Yount said, and she was a frequenter of pink teas.

Beatrice was an artist whom he met sketching "Grandfather" up about Blowing Rock. She was an artist who would have tested an artist's skill to reproduce, too.

Majorie floated into the living picture frame on a strain of soft music. She was a Hallelujah Chorus incarnate but Marsh lost her, he said. She ran off and married a tenor.

Ah, but Mary! She was last, but not least. Superbly beautiful, she floated in bridal veil and garb into the frame, a vision of glory, while the music softly suggested the wedding march.

There could be no change of heart after this! The ten young ladies were as follows: Misses Mary Burnside, Little Bettie; Lucile Shuford, Kate; Nina Ramsey, Blanche; Marguerite Link, Elizabeth; Margaret Bost, Mildred; Frankie Self, Clara; Helen Chadwick, Jeannette; Grace Abernethy, Helen; Ethel Hemley, Beatrice; Hazel Elliott, Marjorie, and Mrs. Cooper, Mary.

The musical part of the program was delightfully contributed to by Miss Margeret Bost and Mrs. A. L. Shuford in instrumental duet; Miss A. L. Abernethy and Mr. D'Aana in vocal duet; also a solo by Mrs. J. L. Murphy and Sig. S. D'Anna.

The recitations all showed remarkable talent and were by Miss Hazel Elliott, "The Innocent Drummer;" Miss Heller, "How Uncle Wash Played Santa Claus;" and Miss Margaret Bost, "The Boy in the Dime Museum."

Lieut. Gov. W. C. Newland passed through the city last week on his way to Hot Springs, Ark., to take treatment for rheumatism.

Rev. F. W. Bradley and Mr. B. G. Bradley of Gaston county, were here last week attending the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Caroline Hanna.

The Democrat staff acknowledges an invitation to attend the opening of the American Trust Company's elegant new banking house in Charlotte on December 15th from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Mr. George Stephens is president and Mr. W. H. Wood secretary and treasurer of the company.

Street Foreman T. A. Wilson and a force of hands after grading the sidewalk for cement just above the Methodist church turned their attention to repairing the 12th street sidewalks near Mr. R. F. Huffman's store.

Mr. Lark H. Robinson brought to the city yesterday several full blown cotton blossoms which he plucked on his farm in lower Providence township. While a trifle small, the blossoms were well matured and perfectly formed.

For That Dull Feeling After Eating. I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating.—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a sample at W. S. Martin's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

How Indians Get Strange Names

Rev. Dr. J. L. Murphy Tells Interesting Story.

GILLEY A STRATEGIST.

The Late J. C. Abernethy's Horror of Holding Live News—Catawba Boys' Success.

Did you ever wonder how "Rain-in-the-face," "Corn-Tassel," "Man-Afraid-of-his-Ponies," "Big Foot," "Red Cloud," "Horse Head," and all those Indian chiefs that we have read about in books and newspapers happened to get their strange names?

Rev. Dr. J. L. Murphy, pastor of the Reformed church threw a light on this question which has puzzled us from ancient times. "I am told," said Mr. Murphy, "by a gentleman who lived for some years amongst the Cherokees in the western part of North Carolina, that the Indian mothers soon after the birth of their little ones go out into the woods or fields, and the first thing they see which touches their hearts, impressionable as they are, and attuned so delicately to the harmonies of nature, is that which gives name to the dainty little pappoose in the wigwam."

Thus one can imagine the mother going out in the early morning and as the bridal veil clouds fall gracefully upon the shoulders of the blue hills she will call her tiny redskin darling, "Mist-on-the-top-of-the-Mountains." Or if the new-comer is a girl pappoose and she should see a winged little miner digging gold from the heart of a flower she might call the new baby, "Hummingbird-in-the-heart-of-the-honeysuckle."

One of the most brilliant newspaper men in the city of Philadelphia, where it takes a man of parts to make a name for himself, is Mr. Gordon H. Cilley, whom Hickory gave to journalism. The editor of the Democrat and Mr. Cilley were happily associated together in their early careers on the Charlotte Observer.

Then their paths swung far apart while but curved round together once more when they again became colleagues on the staff of the Philadelphia Record, which the former left to become city editor of the Charlotte News while Mr. Cilley still remains with the staunchest Democratic champion in all the Northern press.

That Mr. Cilley is considered a star man is evidenced by the fact that his paper delegated him to report the Thaw trial in New York. This is only one of scores of important assignments he has been given, one other being an interview with the late president Cleveland.

Cilley did a neat but hazardous piece of journalistic work during the Russo-Japanese war, and one which has always commanded the enthusiastic admiration of this writer. Gordon is a soldier by heredity and natural inclination. He threw away great prospects in an offer he had received on a Northern paper in order to volunteer for the Spanish-American war as a member of the Hornet's Nest Riflemen of Charlotte. He had learned by experience something of forced marches, and he had made a study of the science of warfare. When the war between Russia and Japan broke out Cilley was given the Associated Press war dispatches to handle for The Record. All the A. P. stuff is rewritten on the Record and Cilley used to do some brilliant work in handling the battles and campaigns.

When Gen. Nogi captured Port Arthur he was ordered to go at once to reinforce Gen. Kuroki, who by brilliant flank movements, was shoving Gen. Kuroki back north through the deep Manchurian snows. Cilley got all the maps he could secure of the country through which Gen. Nogi would proceed. He studied the topography carefully. He noted where the valleys lay and where the victor of Gen. Stoessel would have to cross Korean mountains. He knew the speedy record the Japanese troops had made in forced marches when they marched with

the allied troops to the relief of the legations at Peking. Taking all these things into consideration, the young war expert on the Record calculated how long it ought to take Nogi to join forces with Kuroki.

On a certain day the Philadelphia Record announced in its "lead" to the war story that Gen. Nogi had added his army to that of the forces already driving the Russians in Manchuria. The news was a "beat" not only on every paper in Philadelphia but on every paper in the United States. Cilley had figured out that Nogi ought to be there by that time and thus anticipated the Associated Press by a day. The day after his statement that Nogi was there all the other papers of the country printed the story, cabled from the Far East. Then Cilley went to Harry Baldwin, the news editor, and told him what he had done.

"It was taking big risk," was Baldwin's only comment, without looking up from his desk, where a batch of A. P. copy lay which he was sorting out and hanging on about 17 "hooks" to divide amongst the various men in the news room to be handled that night.

"The Breed and the Pasture" is the title of a charming little serial sketch which is running in the Sunday Charlotte Observer at the present time. Its author is Mr. J. Lenoir Chambers, a leading business man of Charlotte, who learned to handle the pen years ago when serving upon the staff of the old Charlotte Observer. The beauty of the style of this story may be noted from the following bit of description of the old Western North Carolina town which the author is visiting after years of absence:

"A noonday stillness had settled upon everything except the restless aspens overhead which were kissing their thousands of little green hands to the breezes from my blue mountains—breezes and mountains that I had come there to feel and see again from this old porch. God bless and keep them both for the rest and the strength and the hope they bring to such as I, for the velvet pink and brown to so many cheeks of the youth of Evanston, for the power they have given to the nerves and brains of men and women who have gone out from these foot-hills to fill the falling ranks of those who, in cities and factories and counting rooms, are giving their lives to the building up of this greatest of all Republics."

The following paragraph "spots" the town as being almost next door neighbor to Hickory and in a county adjoining Catawba:

"Harbin's and that other hotel were however alike in one particular—a certain architectural appendage in the way of a row of one-story 'offices,' more or less extended according to the patronage of the hostelry, with a narrow balcony running the full length of the building. The almost universal existence of this appendage to all taverns in old towns in the South is proof of the fact that the tavern depended, in the older days, almost entirely upon the patronage of lawyers who followed the Court as it moved from county to county. In those rooms, accessible to the street, counsel and client could meet, and hence they are to this day referred to as offices. Some of them that housed Andrew Jackson may be yet standing, for it was in this section where the impetuous, headstrong young lawyer began the practice of his profession and in this very town of Evanston lived another distinguished lawyer with whom he fought his first duel—or rather went out to the field of honor to redress a fancied wrong, for there was no fight. His opponent, an older and more self-contained character, discharged his pistol in the air, and then turned upon Jackson and read him a lecture on his high temper and uncontrollable behavior."

The first subscriber to the Democrat under present proprietorship came voluntarily from a former Catawba county man now in Charlotte—Mr. Zeb G. Shelton. He and the editor of the Democrat virtually began life together and lived in the same house in Charlotte nearly 20 years ago. Mr. Shelton makes good at whatever he turns his hand to—business, farming or anything else. He is now in charge of the children's de-

Mr. Gilbert C. White in Town.

Durham Engineer Who Has Street Contract Here.

WAITING ON ALDERMEN.

Many Streets Already Surveyed and Others Yet to be—Tar for Top Coating.

Mr. Gilbert C. White, of Durham, who has the contract for the engineering work in connection with the putting down of the new streets in the city, was at the Hotel Huffry Thursday and spoke freely of his plans to a representative of the Democrat.

Mr. Gilbert is now awaiting specific directions from the Board of Aldermen. Surveys, he says, have been made all over the town, including 9th avenue, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 17th streets and 13th avenue and Union Square of course, and still further surveys will be made. The plans contemplate putting down 10,000 square yards of cement sidewalks and some form of improved pavement on the square or at the Subway.

Macadam or some form of paving will be used. Mr. White recommends trying tar on the macadam. It is sprinkled on the surface and rolled in. It is used in the North, he says, in the larger cities and in the parks and in Massachusetts on the country roads. Tarvia is such a preparation. It is said that tests have shown its life to be 8 years.

State News.

Maj. T. B. Young, of McDowell died on the 3rd inst. at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Z. Page.

The Franklin Press, of Macon county, is supporting Wm. J. Cooke for Congress in the 10th district.

Mrs. Chas. M. Hawkins, a bride of a few weeks, says the Marion Progress, tried to commit suicide on the night of the 6th by drinking laudanum, but was prevented. She wanted to join her husband in Richmond and he would not allow it, asking her to wait till he could perfect his plans to reach Marion.

Hoyle Eddleman Martin, the 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Martin, of the Arlington Cotton Mill in Gastonia, had both legs cut off by a freight train and died three hours later.

partment in the mammoth store in Charlotte of which his brother, Thomas M. Shelton, is the able head, the Ed. Melon Co.

There passed away near Huntersville recently a fine old man at the age of 81 years, Mr. W. M. Munday. He came originally from Rock Springs, Catawba county. He was a carpenter by trade and helped to build the main building at Davidson College before the war. After the war he became manager of the big Caldwell plantation in Hopewell, Mecklenburg county, which was inherited by Mrs. Sarah Caldwell White, of Charlotte. Mr. Munday was for 46 years or more the trusted and honored manager of this farm. He never married but devoted his life to training two nephews, the Barkley boys, one now of North Wilkesboro and the other of Huntersville, R. F. D.

The editor of the Democrat and the late Mr. James C. Abernethy, of Newton, worked together, shoulder to shoulder, some years ago on the staff of the Charlotte Observer. Abernethy was a splendid workman and loved the rush and excitement of a morning newspaper. He was a true "soldier of the day and night," as Henry Waterson calls the journalist. "Jim," I said to him one midnight, as the linotypes were clicking out copy into metal lines, "let's buy us a weekly paper somewhere and be independent." "What!" he exclaimed in horror, "get a live piece of news and have to hold it six days before printing it? Excuse me!"

And yet that is what the editor of the Democrat is now doing. It does come a little bit hard at first. H. A. B.

A Bullish Census Report.

The census bureau on Wednesday reported that there were 8,878,277 running bales of cotton ginned from the growth of 1909 to December 1, as compared with 11,008,661 for 1908.

The total crop for 1908 was 13,089,005, and for 1907 is 11,757,822. The corrected statistics of the quantity of cotton ginned this season to November 14 are 8,112,199 bales.

By States the cotton ginned from the 1909 growth to December 1, follows:

Alabama, 919,575; Arkansas, 613,871; Florida, 55,958; Georgia, 1,677,232; Louisiana, 237,553; Mississippi, 866,950; North Carolina, 536,163; Oklahoma, 504,826; South Carolina, 998,340; Tennessee, 206,357; Texas, 2,212,319. All other States, 49,133.

The report excited the market and May cotton sold up 17 points that day, to 15.39.

Always a Bird.

From the Charlotte Observer.

A constant reader handed The Observer the following dispatch from Lebanon, O., under date of November 6, as a contribution, presumably, to the science of ornithology:

"Having four different surnames in her brief time and all those the names of birds is the unique distinction held by Mrs. Elizabeth Martin of Paris, Ky., who is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Eugene Hartsook, near Lebanon. She began as Elizabeth Bird in Harrison county, Ky., and first ventured from the home nest when she married Bud Martin. When Mr. Martin died she married Edward Crow, a farmer. When the time came to change nests she allied herself with William Robin and lived happily until the matrimonial season of Mrs. Robin again rolled around. Then David Buzzard, a widower, more attractive personally and socially than his name would indicate, appeared and Mrs. Robin became Mrs. Buzzard.

"Into the Buzzard roost Mrs. Martin carried one little Martin, two little Crows and one little Robin. One little Buzzard was already there to welcome the other birds."

THE MINES IN 1908.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, and Zinc in the Eastern States.

An advance chapter of the Geological Survey's report on "Mineral resources of the United States, calendar year 1908," gives a brief review of the gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc mining industries in the Eastern States in 1908, prepared by H. D. McCaskey. The States considered are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

The total production reported is \$5,152,007, representing the output of 105 mines, of which 58 are gold placers. The gold produced was valued at \$259,143, the silver at \$35,070, an increase of \$19,241 in gold and a decrease of \$21,466 in silver from 1907. The value of the copper mined was \$2,624,278, as against \$4,061,436 in 1907; of lead \$3,200, as against \$7,451; and of zinc \$2,230,316, as against \$1,364,673. These States therefore show gains in the value of the production of gold and zinc and losses in the value of the production of silver, copper and lead.

Gold was produced chiefly in North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia; silver chiefly in Tennessee, where the well-known mines at Ducktown furnish silver from ores that are mined principally for their content of copper, 98 per cent of the total product of copper in 1908 in the States covered by this report having been derived from these mines.

Mr. McCaskey's report, which may be obtained without charge from the Director of the Survey at Washington, gives statistics showing in detail the production of these metals in the Eastern States and reviews by States the conditions and the output in 1908.

Two flat car loads of white oak saw logs en route to Norfolk, probably for transportation across the ocean, passed through the city Friday. Some of the logs were 4 feet in diameter.

His Penmanship Is Remarkable.

Rev. P. C. Wike Puts 239 Words Under a Dime.

WON A PIANO FOR PRIZE.

Mr. P. C. Setzer, of Hickory, Gets An Interesting Letter from His Cousin in Orange, N. J.

Rev. P. C. Wike, of Orange, N. J., has sent as a Christmas souvenir to his cousin in this city, Mr. P. C. Setzer, a remarkable piece of penmanship. In the space the size of a dime he has written with a fine pointed pen 239 words. They cannot be read at all without the aid of a magnifying glass. He says that he has written the Lord's Prayer in this same space three times with 41 additional words.

Mr. Wike has just won a \$300 piano in a contest in Orange. Of this contest he writes Mr. Setzer as follows:

"Hollet & Davis, large piano dealers, got up a contest. They offered a \$300 piano to the one who would write Hollet & Davis the ofttest in a space of three by four inches. I entered to win and I won. I wrote that firm's name 1057 times in the given space. I was over 300 times ahead of the next highest. * * * Now a fine Kimball graces our parlor."

Mr. Wike did the work mostly after his day's labors were done. He was raised in this county near Balls Creek campmeeting ground, went to school at Conover, entered the ministry of the Lutheran church in this county and later went to Indiana. He is at present a field missionary with headquarters at Orange. He visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Wike, at the old home in Catawba county about 18 months ago.

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