

THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

Established 1899

HICKORY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909.

Democrat and Press, Consolidated 1905

He Threw Roses And Not Rocks

How Robt. Pardee Matheson Did
His Pelting Through Life.

LINNEY'S FINE TRIBUTE

An Aged Friend's Eulogy of a
Friend—Twenty Young
Men Are Named
For Him.

The Hon. Romulus Z. Linney laid a fine tribute to his friend, the late Robert Pardee Matheson, of Alexander, in the last issue of the Taylorsville Scout. The following are extracts:

"To arrange all the distinguishing intellectual characteristics of our lamented friend in a terse form, so that they may be preserved for generations to come, as well as for the living, would be a work worthy of the efforts of the greatest and best who knew him. There was a beautiful blending of infinite patience, with will power and gentleness for details, added to these few men possessed a greater power to adjust and compromise differences between his fellow citizens. He was pre-eminently a man of small pretensions, but of wonderful performances. He knew and practised, the exalted virtues of silence, and might appropriately be classed with Carlyle's inarticulate great men. Courage, superb courage, and charity, even to the point of forgiving those who tried to injure him, made him a great character, apart from the general excellence of his life."

"It was impossible, for Robert Pardee Matheson to resist an appeal of any man in distress. The records of our courts show that he became surety for the appearance of more men in trouble than any our citizens."

On one occasion he met the unjust accusation of a dangerous foe. He triumphed over his enemy and rather than allow his antagonist to suffer in an iron cage, for failure to pay the cost, he stood his security and had the cost to pay himself. Secular history furnishes no case of forgiveness and God-like charity like this. This man's heart was so great, that under provocations of the character, he came fully up to the highest standard of our holy religion. "Do good to those who disputefully use you." * * *

"I saw him in one street fight. Passing from the court house to his place of business, our attention was directed to the outcries of a personal friend of the deceased. "Don't let him kill me," the yoor fellow exclaimed. He was then murderously assaulted by two intoxicated men with stones. We rushed to the rescue. The men turned up on us. Pardee was excited and angered, but the nearest approach he made to profanity was this, "I'll be hanged if you shall kill him." And the assailants were driven away and his friend's life saved, though he was badly wounded."

Such was the confidence that his country reposed in him that party lines were often broken, by the suffragans in an election in which he was a candidate. He held various positions by election but rarely did he seek nomination. His countrymen sought him. His life's department was a standing proclamation of the gentleman and the Christian."

When I first knew him, just at the close of the late civil war between the States, he was an officer in the Presbyterian church, and he lived and died holding that exalted post. He met all the demands, not only of his church, but those imposed by philanthropy. He was more liberal than most men. In an unostentatious way he exemplified the truths of Wadsworth's words. "That best portion of a good man's life is his little nameless, unremembered, acts of kindness and of love." Yet such was the intelligence, diligence and vigilance, during his entire life, that he responded to all the demands of the church and charity, raised a large family of children educated them, and accumulated a very pretty estate.

He married at an early age, the only daughter of the late lamented Rev. Alfred Carson. This union was blessed with seven children, four sons and three daughters; Walter C., Wil-

liam H., Mary, Ida, Emma Loretta, Robert C., Chas. P., and Edith E., of whom only four survive him, three sons and one daughter.

"In his early life and in a quiet way, Pardee threw roses in the pathway of his friends. No gloom or shadow thereof ever hung about his soul. But with a man at three-score and ten, the world grows lonely. Through wildernesses almost desolate, the stream of life glides darkly toward the eternal gulf. The associations of early existence are, to a large extent, gone. Robert P. Matheson, at the advanced age of 77, appeared to be as a rule, cheerful and enjoyed life, and especially the presence of his friends. One of the most enjoyable occasions of his life, was the celebration of his Golden Wedding at his beautiful home, in the little village of Taylorsville, on the 15th day of September last.

Throughout the entire period of 77 years, not one sentence can be found in which he traduced the honor and sincerity of any human being. He was in no sense a 'mud slinger,' but always preferred to help his fellow countrymen keep their garments clean. The tender regard in which Robert Pardee Matheson, and his efforts, were regarded, by his countrymen is strongly shown, in the fact, that there are 26 young men named Pardee, sons of the countrymen who delighted to support him and honor him by assisting him in official positions. The study of this man's life painted in exact truth, with no blur or wrinkle left out, is a great legacy to those who survive him. Those who emulate his virtues cannot fail to succeed in all the manly efforts of life."

Eugene Field's Description of America

Eugene Field's first visit to Europe was made soon after he had come into a considerable sum of money and while he was still a resident of St. Joseph, Mo. He had been a reporter on the St. Joseph Gazette a number of years and was becoming known on account of his verses. The legacy that had been left to him by a relative looked so large to him that he did not believe he would ever have to do newspaper paper work again. Little did he think that when he returned from Europe, he would not have a dollar of it left, although such proved to be the case.

Field's fame had not extended to Europe at that time, but when he reached London he met friends there who introduced him in good society. He was invited to a number of receptions and met many people of note. On every occasion he was called upon to tell something about his native land, and the tales he told would have put Munchausen to shame. At one of the gatherings the subject of lynchings in America was being discussed.

"I suppose it is not unusual to see one or more lynchings every day," remarked an Englishman.

"Not at all uncommon," replied Field. "In fact, we are so accustomed to seeing people lynched that we pay little attention to hangings of that character."

"And you have seen people lynched?" inquired a horrified lady sitting beside the American poet.

"Many of them," Field answered in a tone so assuring that it would have done credit to a liar of twice his age and experience. "The last lynching I witnessed," he continued "was just before I sailed. I was with some friends at a dinner in a cafe in New York. The waiter had brought us pudding that had salt in it instead of sugar. We tasted it, and then with one accord arose and strung the waiter up to the chandelier."

"Did you participate in it?" asked the awe-stricken lady in wide-eyed surprise.

"Well, no," replied Field. "I did not exactly have a part in it, for at the moment he was strung up I was down in the kitchen shooting the chef!"--Lippincott's

Enforce the Law Against Air Guns

Rev. J. G. Garth Appeals to
Parents to Aid Police

SEASON OF DANGER HERE

Presbyterian Church Filled
During Funeral of Winston
Morton—Covenanters Fol-
low Coffin to the Grave

At the funeral on Thursday in the Presbyterian church of Master Winston Morton, the 14-year-old lad who died as the result of being shot in the eye by an air gun, Rev. J. G. Garth, his pastor, referred to the city ordinance against the use of "air cartridges," etc.

Mr. Garth read the ordinance, which declares that any persons who shall discharge any gun or pistol or fire crackers, or air cartridge, except officers of duty, etc., shall be fined for each and every offense \$25.00.

"This law has been laxly observed," said Mr. Garth. "I have noted air guns and other guns in the hands of men and boys, and the sound of fire crackers and other fire-works have been heard even this far before Christmas."

"I believe in a strict observance of the law. If there is one lesson to be learned from this sad event it is a strict enforcement of the law; and a personal application of the law to each violation through the effort of every parent who notes its violation. I am intensely interested in this matter. Every father and mother here is interested in it."

"I do not, of course, refer to the past. A sad accident has resulted in the loss of a precious human life. This is a time for plain speech. Let us not be lax in our duty. Let us stand by our city government and police officers, and see that they have public opinion behind them in enforcing these laws, or else next week let us take them from the statute books."

Mr. Garth was very much in earnest and yet very factious in every thing he said. The sorrowful silence in the church, filled with a sympathetic congregation, seemed to deepen as he spoke. Many in the city who heard of his utterance afterward heartily commended it.

There were many tearful faces in the church during the funeral services. Mr. Garth did not trust himself to speak at length about the little boy's life and work but read a sketch of his little career. He referred to the brave spirit of the little fellow when his father came back and found the sight of a beautiful eye gone. As the parent broke down and cried the little boy said: "Never mind, papa; it's God's will."

Nothing happens by chance. Everything is directed by the divine hand, said the speaker, and the taking away of the little boy is no accident.

"We rejoice," said the pastor, "that this little book was opened yesterday though it closed today. The brief opening of its little pages has been a blessing to us all."

The Covenanters of the church, a large band of little boys, each wearing a white flower on the lapel of his coat, followed the casket to the church and afterward to the cemetery.

Like North Pole Journalism

From the Taylorsville Scout.

We regret very much that our last few issues have been a little behind time and wish to state that the fault lies altogether, at the door of the Press and not with us. We brave the frost and cold winds, however much it may hurt our feelings to do so, and get everything ready for print when Mr. Press balks and says: "Its too cold for me to work today," so there we are, for no amount of persuasion on our part will move him. After so long a time, we succeed in getting a fairly good print on the paper and feel much encouraged, when he must fail to deliver properly.

King Leopold of Belgium died Thursday morning. His last words were: "I am suffocating."

MR. R. EAMES KILLED

Prominent Salisbury Engineer
a Victim of Reedy Fork
Wreck

One of the saddest deaths caused by the wreck of No. 11, southbound passenger of the Southern Railway, on the 14th; inst., reported in last weeks Democrat, was that of Mr. Richard Eames, of Salisbury. He was a civil and mining engineer of international repute. He was 52 years old and his wife was a daughter of the late James M. McCorkle. He left two sons and a daughter.

His father, the venerable and exceedingly popular Dr. R. M. Eam s, mother, three sisters, Misses Mary and Minnie Eames and Mrs. Theodore Guernbaum, also survive.

The funeral was conducted Friday at Salisbury by Rev. T. A. Cheatham.

The Corporation Commission investigated the wreck in a body but refused to give out any statement previous to making their formal report.

The coroners jury reported the accident to be due to a defective cross-tie. The Norfolk and Richmond sleepers were so badly demolished that their debris was burned on the spot.

The total list of the dead was 12.

Another Gain For Cotton.

Washington Dispatch.

Secretary of War Dickinson today promised to act favorably on a recommendation of importance to the entire cotton industry of the United States, from grower to millman.

It means that after the recommendation is made, the War Department will use cotton in preference to gunny, or jute, for the sacks in which its supplies are transported. The number of sacks used for such purposes amounts to hundreds of thousands in a year.

The present regulation for sacks specifies "either cotton or jute." For some time the National Farmers' Union, particularly the Farmer's Union of North-east Texas, has been working to have the regulations modified to give cotton preference.

Today, R. D. Bowman, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Texas union, with several Congressmen from the South, urged the Secretary's inorsement of cotton, and the Secretary gave his assurances that he is in favor of cotton, strictly an American product, over jute, which comes largely from India.

Noted Teachers to be at Charlotte.

The next meeting of the Southern Educational Association will be held at Charlotte, N. C., on December 28, 29 and 30.

Among the leading educators of the country who have already accepted place on the general program may be mentioned the following: Ex-President Eliot of Harvard University, President Jordan of Leland Stanford University, President Judson of the University of Chicago, President Dabney of the University of Cincinnati, Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt University, President Hill of the University of Missouri, President Mezes of the University of Texas, President Denney of Washington and Lee University, President Venable of the University of North Carolina, President Abercrombie of the University of Alabama, President Kincannon of the University of Mississippi, President Mitchell of the University of South Carolina, Prof. P. P. Caxton of the University of Tennessee, Congressman Chas. R. Davis, the United States commissioner of education; one or two European ambassadors, United States Senator Overman of North Carolina and a number of others.

The most useful publication to every citizen of the State for the year 1910 is the old reliable "Turner-Ennis N. C. Almanac." There is no other to compare with it for accuracy of calculations and reliable information. Get the best by buying the state standard. It has stood the test for over seventy-three years. Price 10 cents. Ennis Publishing Co., Raleigh, N. C.

Willis' Cafe, the neatest, cleanest place in the city. We are here to serve you right. Come and see us.

Looking for 12345 On A Box Car.

Failing to Find it, the Fellow
Went to Morganton.

A LANTERN AT NIGHT.

Mr. L. Blalock Says Ex-Sheriff George Pritchard is Ailing Since coming Back from Oklahoma.

The Hon. Jake Newell, of Charlotte, one of the Republican leaders in Mecklenburg county, while on the wrong side of politics is a good fellow and a congenial companion. He tells a good story and keeps an ear open for a new one to add to his list.

Jake's latest yarn is to the effect that he was riding on a Southern train in Western North Carolina a short while ago, when he fell into conversation with a gentleman who had taken a friend to the State Hospital at Morganton. It seems that the peculiar mental trouble of this unfortunate was not "brain-storm" nor "confusional insanity" but a failure after years of search to find just what he had set his heart upon. The victim's mind rather ran to mathematics. He was said to be pretty good at cyphering on his slate when he was at school. As he grew older he began to juggle with numbers and he held a job for a while, at a railroad station.

He began to watch the numbers on freight cars. He was interested in the combination of these numbers and finally it flashed into his mind that he had never seen the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 in this regular succession on the side of a box car. He made up his mind to find this combination. He searched far and wide. His heart leaped one day several years ago when he found the figures 1234, on the side of a box car.

But this was one short of the ideal. This was a drink of cold water but it was not a quaff from the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, so to speak. He searched on.

The days and months and even years flew by. He found that life was growing short. He remembered Diognes and got a lantern. The former hunted for an honest man but this gentleman looked for 12345 on the side of a box car. He would go down to the railroad yards in the town where he lived at night, after supper, and hold the light up that it might cast its glow upon the side of the car and perchance reveal the magic numerals—12345. It is said that he found 54321, 13245, 15243, 51423 and 42351, but never 12345. Jake made an estimate on the cars the fellow had counted during the six and a half years of his search and figured it out 123,451,234,512,345.

Jake says they have put the man in a room in the hospital next to the Western North Carolina railroad and furnished him with a small spy glass.

If the spy glass does its duty, the fellow will be sane again some day.

* * *

The Democrat's editor saw a big man on a big gray horse on the side of the railroad the other day, waiting for a passenger train to get out of the way, so he could get over into town. As both of us were waiting to get over the tracks we passed the time of day together, and took acquaintance.

"My name is Blalock," said the big man on the big gray horse.

"Lum? Columbus? Christopher Columbus Blalock? Is this Mr. Lum Blalock?" asked the newspaper man in delightful surprise.

"That's my name."

"But is this the Lum Blalock that helped Sheriff George Pritchard to kill Monroe Garland up in the mountains?"

"The same. I thought my best friend was killed that time," said Mr. Blalock. "I laid him out for dead and then went down the side of the mountain and looked at Garland. He was dead, and I stretched him out. When I went back to Pritchard, though, I found him coming to."

"Has Mr. Pritchard come back from Indian Territory where he was U. S. Marshall?" Mr. Blalock was asked.

"Yes," answered Mr. Blalock, "but he is not at all well. His leg is giving him trouble. It looks like he will never be entirely well from the effects of that fight on the top of the mountain when Monroe Garland gave him such a close call."

Mr. Blalock and Mr. D. W. Jones are two of the nerviest men who ever broke up a still or captured a moonshiner. The Democrat hopes to have some good stories from both of them before very long.

Does Old Santa Claus Exist?

Reply of The Sun's Editor to
Little Virginia O'Hanlon.

LITTLE FRIENDS WRONG?

The Most Real Things in the World are Those Which Neither Children Nor Men Can See.

Several years ago the editor of the New York Sun received a letter from a little girl asking him if there is a Santa Claus. His answer at once became a Christmas classic, and thousands of requests are made each year for its reproduction, which follows:

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear editor: I am eight years old.

"Some of my little friends say that there is no Santa Claus. "Papa says if you see it in the Sun it's so.

"Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?"

"Virginia O'Hanlon.

"115 West Ninety-fifth St."

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe unless they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge."

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then; no poetry; no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished."

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch all your chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not. But that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are until seen and until sensible in the world."

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding."

Next Door to Catawba

Miss Mary Henkel, of Lenoir, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at the Long Sanatorium in Statesville.

Rev. E. L. Blair, pastor of Trinity church, Charlotte, has been appointed presiding elder of the Statesville District succeeding the late Rev. J. N. Huggins, Rev. A. W. Plyler takes Trinity church.

Buy your Christmas cakes from Willis. They are always the best.

The next time one of the children catch cold, give it something that will promptly and freely but gently move the bowels. In that way the cold will at once be driven out of the system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels promptly and freely, yet gently, and at the same time heals irritation and stops the cough. It is especially good for children. Sold by C. M. Shuford and W. S. Martin.

If you don't know where to find what you want to get your friend for a Christmas present, look over the ads in The Democrat and you will find it.

The next time one of the children catch cold, give it something that will promptly and freely but gently move the bowels. In that way the cold will at once be driven out of the system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels promptly and freely, yet gently, and at the same time heals irritation and stops the cough. It is especially good for children. Sold by C. M. Shuford and W. S. Martin.