

THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

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Building of a New Pike Road

Farmers Learned a Lesson in Good Roads

AN IMMENSE BENEFIT

Interesting Story Called Forth By Reading Mr. Shuford's Prize Article on Good Roads

The following is an appreciation of R. L. Shuford's article which won the prize offered by the Shuford National Bank of Newton, and which the Democrat recently reprinted. The article fell under the eye of one of the Democrat's readers out West who writes this about it:

An article in the Democrat interested me greatly. It was about "good roads." It was very sensible and well put. A few years ago this county boasted of nothing but mud roads and a plank road. The building of "pikes" was being agitated by the town people and opposed by the farmers, all of whom said that to be taxed for pike building would break them up. But at last it was agreed to build a pike from this city to New Knoxville—5 miles.

The pike was built. The farmers when they balanced accounts discovered that instead of sacrificing their farm they had really made money in furnishing teams to haul gravel at so much per day. That opened their eyes and their neighbor's eyes. Today there is not a public road in the entire county that is not graveled, and now the most important roads are being macadamized with crushed stone.

Before the days of pikes it would take a farmer all day and into the night to come to town and market. It was hard on them, hard on their horses, wagons and harness. The same farmers today—and at any time or day of the year—can start from home after dinner, come to town and bring twice in amount to market and return home for an early supper. The result is that we no longer see a team of poor broken-down horses or mud-covered, creaky wagons. The town people stood their share of paying pike taxes, as a pike was taxed so much one-half mile on each side, which brought the town in for its share on every pike that entered or came within one-half mile of the town.

It is a sight here any Saturday afternoon to see the number of wagons, carriages and buggies hitched in the farmers' park—a vacant space of three or four acres with lines of posts connected with chains throughout, made exclusively for farmers' teams.

There are hundreds of them, and most of them come during the afternoon, some of them from homes 10 miles away. Any of them can start from town after supper and reach their homes easily by bed time. That is some of the "good blessings" good roads have done for our farmers, and what it has done for them here, it will do for others anywhere.

Lincoln County Dirt Moving.

The Lincoln Insurance and Realty Co., purchased recently 322 acres of land known as the Hoke tract on Dallas road from R. D. Smith, the land is valuable and the company show by their purchase of this large tract their faith in Lincoln county dirt.

It sold to R. A. Long, of Iron Station, (shortly after the purchase of the above) 172 acres of the same body of land here referred to.

As agent for Summey Alexander, of Lincoln, this company sold his residence on Water street to Otto Bumgarner.

These transfers all took place during the past week.

Mrs. Rufus Self died Feb. 27 near old Salem church.

HICKORY PRODUCE MARKET.

Corrected weekly by Whitener & Martin.

Hens, per lb.	11c
Turkeys, per lb.	12 1/2c
Eggs, per doz.	15c
Butter per lb.	15 to 25
Apples, eating.	2 50 a bu
Sweet Potatoes.	40c to 50c
Irish Potatoes.	\$1.00 a bu
Cabbage, per lb.	2 1/4c

An Idyll of the King.

ORIGIN OF A SACRED ODE

BY REV. J. G. GARTH

The Twenty-Third Psalm, breathes with the fragrance of fields. It is a Hebrew poem composed by Israel's greatest king, who rose from a shepherd's crook to a monarch's crown. His spiritual life is embalmed in its imagery which conveys the tender, reverent feelings of an ardent nature. David's life was checked by many experiences, calling into play every chord in the gamut of the human heart, from the sonnets of youth mixed with ambition's dreams, through the minor strains of contrition and grief, to the majestic symphonies of a life enriched with success. His songs are full of penitence, prayer and praise; religion is ever the theme of their melody. As true as the vane of the breeze before the breath of the lyric muse, and from what quarter the breeze may come, its fragrance betrays that its journey has been over heavenly fields.

David's psalms crystallize into verse his experiences in life. In this one the royal minstrel becomes reminiscent. I imagine its composition was something like this: One night, after a day weighted with the duties of statecraft, the king is awakened. As he lies on his bed, memory carries him back to the days of long ago. He recalls his eventful career. Hairbreadth escapes from secret foes, perilous battles with hostile armies, with constant victory and deliverance, pass in a panorama before him. The daily provisions of his needs in adversity, the wonderful guidance in days of darkness seem each a revelation, as he now calmly meditates on them. Wilful, thoughtless acts of sin pass like dark birds across his mind and cast their shadows. He remembers Bathsheba and Uriah, but at last the gloom gives way to the light of God's love and pardon. The days of grief and loss come, the sin and death of Amnon, the rebellion of Absalom, and he shudders at the memory of the cloud and the valley of darkness and death yet his soul fills with peace, as he reflects how God's presence cheered him, and even in the midst of his enemies, the Lord prepared a table before him, richly laden with supplies of grace. On memory flies, back to the days in the court of Saul, his battle with Goliath, back to his anointing by the prophet Samuel and at last it rests on the quiet scenes beneath the starry sky of Bethlehem, the peaceful flocks and his early tasks of a shepherd's life.

And then, in the midst of his reminiscence, this poem comes, a song in the night. David rises, and taking his harp into his hands, for it was ever near, he sweeps his practiced fingers across the strings, and a spontaneous melody floats into the darkness:

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

And thus, in a moment of inspiration this product of divine light and human genius is given to the world, born of the heart, the womb of the poet's soul, and begotten there by life's stern need, with a pledge and gift of the love of heaven. Had David's pen never wandered again in lyric fields this song would entitle him to be known as "The sweet singer of Israel."

General News

John P. Cudahy, a rich packer of Kansas City, Mo., tied Banker Jere F. Lillis with a rope and carved him up unmercifully when he found the banker in his home at night.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Bob Shuford's Good Roads Spiel

Commenting on and quoting from R. L. Shuford's article which took the Newton Shuford National Bank prize, the Asheville Gazette-News says:

"The Hickory Democrat recently published an article by R. L. Shuford, of Catawba county, on the subject, 'Why Catawba Should Build Good Roads.' This article was awarded a prize at the Catawba county fair, and is one of the best summaries of good roads argument, from a practical standpoint that we have seen. One thing the writer says is that good roads would bring about a better understanding between the county and town people. That is quite true, and would be of great mutual advantage. With understanding comes sympathy and co-operation. * * * * *

"It is hard to see how there can be any argument at present against the building of good roads, as a general principle, but there is. An Asheville man said he started the hottest sort of a discussion in a village store in this county the other day by remarking that he thought anyone who had to use the roads around there would immediately become an ardent good roads advocate."

Wealth of the Counties

From the Newton Enterprise.

Somehow or other people generally have come to think of Mecklenburg, Wake, Guilford, Edgecombe and other large cotton producing and cotton manufacturing counties in the State as the richest counties. But the tax assessments of 1909 give to Buncombe, way up in the mountains, the banner as the richest county, on the basis of real estate valuation. Buncombe county returns real estate for taxation to the value of the thirteen million dollars. Mecklenburg is second with twelve million dollars. And in some of the other leading schedules, personal property, live stock, etc., Buncombe comes not lower than second. Ashe leads in cattle and Forsyth in personal property. The aggregate wealth of Mecklenburg, that is all schedules added together, stands first in the list and Buncombe second.

Methodist Children's Home

From the Statesville Landmark

Rev. J. P. Rodgers, field agent of the Methodist Children's Home at Winston—the orphanage of the Western North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church, South—has raised \$32,081.28 for that institution. Up to the meeting of Conference last fall he had secured \$25,000, and the balance has been raised since then. It is the purpose to raise \$100,000 for the institution. The Methodist orphanage at Raleigh—the orphanage of the North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church, South—has recently received a bequest of \$2,000, and the total amount of the bequests made to the orphanage since its establishment a few years ago approximates \$20,000. Funds are now being raised for a laundry for the institution which will cost \$5,000 to \$8,000.

Production of Petroleum in 1909

The United States Geological Survey furnishes the following estimate of the production of petroleum in the United States in 1909, by oil fields. The production is given also for comparison:

Field.	1909	1908
Appalachian	27,000,000	24,945,517
Lima-Indiana	8,300,000	10,034,305
Illinois	23,200,000	33,985,106
Mid-Continent	43,300,000	48,231,810
Gulf	13,200,000	17,318,330
Cal. & Rocky Mt. States	58,000,000	45,267,411
	178,000,000	179,572,479

Sears & Roebuck not to Blame

From the Catawba County News

We have heard of business men who complain that their home people send their money to Sears & Roebuck, but when a business man sits down and whines instead of advertising his goods and his business, he ought not to complain because the mail order house is doing business in his territory. Sears & Roebuck use printers ink. They have something to sell and they tell the people what they have and what it is worth.

Our home merchants can give our home people better bargains and better goods than the mail order house, but how are the home people to know it unless the home merchant tells them so.

1,000,000 Pair of Stockings a Year

66 Machines in Hickory Hosiery Mill Sing a Song of Comfort

MR. J. A. CLINE'S SUCCESS

Alexander County Man Has Become Expert in This Line of Manufacturing—History of the Mill

Like a bright little girl in a red frock playing under the shadow of the dome of Lenoir College, and watching the trains spin by, is a little red building just beyond the incorporated limits in northeast Hickory. It is the home of the Hickory Hosiery Mill, one of the best managed and most successful industries in the city.

Hither a Democrat man made his way a few days ago and asked the genial and clever secretary-treasurer and manager, Mr. J. A. Cline, to tell him a story about his plant. This Mr. Cline kindly consented to do.

A visit to a knitting mill is well worth while. It is wonderful what machinery can be made to do nowadays. Knitting mill



HICKORY HOSIERY MILLS

machinery has mind, and brains; and it thinks, like folks. At least it seemed to do so as a newspaper man watched it. It is delicate machinery, too, and a rather surprising fact to the lay mind was learned when Mr. Cline said that before a stocking is ready for use it has to go through 52 different processes, and if there is a mislick in any one of them the stocking becomes a "second," and has to be sold at a loss. It is this, for one thing, that makes the management of a knitting mill difficult, and requires an expert and the finest skill to make it a success. While many of the knitting mills of the country have been "up against it" recently, Mr. Cline has had the most gratifying success with his. This is due to the fact that he has mastered every one of the many details of the business and keeps in close touch with every phase of the work.

The intelligent faces and neatness of attire of the girls and young women at work in the mill threw further light on the causes of the success of the mill. Most of the help comes from the farm, and is plentiful. There are more applications than there is accommodation for, which shows the possibilities for other industries in this city. The record was broken on the day on which Mr. Cline had 15 applications for work.

The Hickory Hosiery Mills turn out 3,600 pairs of stockings a day or a little more than 1,000,000 pairs a year. The mill started with 27 knitting machines and now has 65. As they hum their tune of comfort—of shelter against the cold—one person can hardly hear another speak in this busy hive of industry. It would be useless to try to describe the machinery—the double feed ribbers and the single-feed ribbers. There is a Geo. D. Mayo new model, a machine which runs on two speeds—off the toe and on to the leg again. Yonder is a little wetting machine which makes 3,000 stitches to the minute. Then there are looping machines for closing up the toe, and all the like of that.

Just as interesting is the process of wetting the goods, dyeing them, drying them again, shaping them on boards, and boxing them for the trade.

The cases in which the goods are shipped from Hickory are made by Hutton & Bourbonnais. In all kinds of pretty colors—black, blue green, ox-blood red, tan, etc., are the stockings tucked in boxes and the boxes into the cases. Quite a job is "mating" the stockings, and as high as 225 pairs a day by one girl are mated at the factory.

The hosiery mill is capitalized

at \$20,500. Its promoters were Mr. J. A. Cline, his brother-in-law, Mr. C. F. James, of Eaton, Ga., and Rev. W. P. Cline, the latter serving as secretary-treasurer for some time and then retiring from the enterprise. Mr. J. A. Cline succeeded him in the latter capacity. It is due to the careful watching of every detail by him that the mill has become one of the most successful in the South.

It is surely evident that this state and section do not have to go far away from home to secure men to manage their industries. The boys and girls of the counties all about us have the possibilities in them of mastering any calling or profession. Mr. Cline is a product of Alexander county, "little Aleck," where they make the finest apples, minerals and men in North Carolina. He was born on a farm eight miles from Taylorsville, and on a farm he worked until he was 18 years of age. Then he turned to the tanner's trade and mastered that, after which he got in three years of schooling, part of the time at Concordia. Serving a period in the cotton mill at Maiden, he was attracted by the larger field offered by Charlotte, where there are so many cotton mills, and in the latter city he worked at various times in the Ada, Victor and Alpha mills, was superintendent of the cordage factory, and was later

still in the employ of the Charlotte Supply Company. He tried his hand at the grocery business, first working with W. J. Fite and then running a store of his own at the corner of Caldwell and 42nd streets in Charlotte.

From Charlotte Mr. Cline came here, six years ago. He ran a merchandise business in the store near Lenoir College, and then organized the Hosiery Knitting Mill, about three years ago, which under his skillful direction has become one of the most valuable industrial properties in the city.

Mr. Cline is backed in his management by the following strong directorate: K. C. Menzies, president; C. C. Bost, vice president, and directors J. L. Riddle and R. M. Bumgarner.

Granite Falls Ships \$25,000 of Eggs Annually

Charlotte Observer

The town of Granite Falls, numbering less than five hundred inhabitants, is perhaps, one of the State's best contributors to the markets of other places. It is estimated, by figures secured at our shipping office, that the annual shipment of chickens and eggs, by local merchants, will reach up to something like \$25,000. The average weekly shipment of eggs is about 35 crates, with a corresponding shipment of chickens. Much of this produce goes out of the State.

Evangelist Bradshaw of Hickory is holding a revival at the Baptist Church here.

State News

The Henkel Live Stock Co. has purchased the Gibson lands in Concord township, for \$2,875.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson was recently the guest of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter in Washington, where she was so overwhelmed with hospitality that she had to decline invitations to many receptions. President and Mrs. Taft were very cordial.

Married in Burke

Married in Icard Township, Burke county, on the eve of March 5th at the home of Squire Adams, Mr. Grover Evans to Miss Lizzie Berry. About sixty were present and congratulations were extended them. Both are of Burke county. Squire Adams officiated.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Week in the Women's Clubs.

Mrs. W. G. Fox entertained the Round Dozen Book Club on the 2nd, a round dozen in attendance. The book for discussion was "The Winning Chance," by Elizabeth DeJean. Many items of current news were given and the club adjourned to meet next with Mrs. Blackwelder. A delicious supper was served in the dining-room.

Mr. Stine's Lessons.

There are only a few more Sundays in which Mr. N. A. Stine, the Bible teacher, will be in this city. He is at the Presbyterian church every Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The class is interdenominational and teachers in the various Sabbath schools of the city churches and any others interested in the study of the Bible are cordially invited to hear Mr. Stine, whose exposition is deeply spiritual. The Sunday School lessons are studied. All who have heard him have been profited by his teaching. Mr. Stine leaves for his home in Altoona on the first of next month.

It is hoped that he may be able to come South every winter and continue this work. It is unfortunate that Hickory could not get a better hour for the class than Monday afternoon, as so few men are able to get away from work at that hour. It was impossible to arrange a different hour, however, as Mr. Stine has to go to Statesville Monday night, and from there on succeeding days to Salisbury, Concord and Charlotte, in the class circuit.

Ed. Travis and Paul Kitchin Shot

Approaching ex-State Senator E. L. Travis on the streets of Scotland Neck, and asking him why he did not answer a letter, the contents of which are a mystery, E. E. Powell, a prominent old man 70 years old, shot down Travis and also Paul Kitchin and Deputy Sheriff Dunn last Friday afternoon. Kitchin is a brother of the Governor, and was shot in the face. Travis' tongue was split and several teeth knocked out. Dunn was wounded in the side. Dunn died and was buried Sunday. Travis and Kitchin will recover. Powell was taken to Raleigh for safe-keeping.

Powell got a shot gun and locked himself up at home with his invalid wife but surrendered that night and was taken to Halifax jail. Travis and Kitchin had been counsel for Powell's son in some court trial. Travis is the most astute politician in eastern North Carolina and the shooting caused a great sensation.

Ex-Senator Platt Dead

Thomas Collier Platt, ex-United States Senator, died Saturday in New York City, a New York dispatch says.

Twice in his life Platt was the center of the national stage—once when he resigned with Roscoe Conkling from the United States Senate and was instantly nicknamed "Me Too" Platt, and once when he induced Theodore Roosevelt to run for Vice President with McKinley, very much against Roosevelt's better judgment and in the face of his repeated declarations that nothing could induce him to accept the nomination. There could not be a better instance of Platt's skill in persuasion and manipulation or of the irony that mocked his ripest wisdom. McKinley was shot, Roosevelt became President and the days of Platt's dominion in the State lapsed into senility.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

No. 21 going West	4:45 p. m.
" 11 "	11:30 a. m.
" 35 "	11:21 p. m.
" 12 "	5:30 p. m.
" 22 "	10:57 a. m.
" 36 "	9:54 a. m.

C. & N. W. RAILWAY

No. 10 going North	11:55 a. m.
" 9 "	South 2:55 p. m.
Mixed train going North	8:35 p. m.
" "	South 8:40 a. m.

Endorsed by highest medical experts and observant Druggists as the most valuable discovery of the age, Vick's Croup and Pneumonia Salve. Take no substitute for this old reliable. 25, 50 and \$1.00. All Druggists.

Marching Thro' Georgia Tabooed

Can't Be Sung in the Philadelphia Hickory Grove

MISS BEECH ASTOUNDED

Daddy Hickory Sternly Commands Silence at the Piano When an old Familiar Yankee Tune was Struck up

"And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea, While we were marching through Georgia!"

It isn't just the sort of sentiment, nor yet the merry air, that you'd expect to be thrilling the treeps in the Grove where the Hickory Sprouts flourish—is it? But there it was. A soprano voice was intoning it at the piano, and the notes were penetrating to every nook and cranny of the transplanted Hickory Grove.

Meanwhile Photography was proceeding apace through another stage in Daddy Hickory's dark-room, and he was just explaining to one of the dear little Sprouts aforesaid:

"No, child, you can't develop or bring up the picture in a negative in the light. That's why we must have it dark in here."

There! What was that? Yes, sure enough! it was the strain of all others that he most disliked; and the unmistakable notes, from throat and piano, were echoing toward even the sequestered dark-room from the doors of his own parlor:

"While we were marching through Georgia!"

"Stop that singing and playing! Stop at once! You know I never allow that song to be sung or played in my house!"

And the voice and the piano were stilled, as per command, as if there had ceased to be a parlor or a singer in the Grove, or as if only the dark-room and the Sprout and Daddy remained. Presently the photographic negative was developed, and Daddy Hickory and little Miss Sprout wended their way curiously from the dark-room to the parlor, to see what all the invasion was about. There, beside the piano, on the sofa next to Mrs. Hickory, sat a newly-arrived guest, Miss Beech, a pianist—from Boston, of course—and there were two inquiring pairs of eyes to greet the pilgrims from pictureland.

New England guests sometimes have such queer notions when they get into Hickory Groves; and Beeches and Hickories aren't so very similar anyway.

There were explanations and apologies; but the proposition was repeated by the chief apologist, perhaps a little gentler this time.

"You see I never allow that song to be sung in my house."

Why is it that "Dixie," sung either North or South, never loses its magnetism?

Why does the transatlantic air, "America" ("God Save the King") never raise a pang in the human breast?

Why must some things live on, or be galvanized into life anew when they have died, sharply pricking themselves to death?

The Beech-nut is jagged, three-cornered and prickly, of course; the Hickory smooth, sound and solid, and their trees—well, the wind sounds so differently singing in the Hickory branches or screeching among the Beeches!

N. B. H.

Baltimore Sun Almanac.

The Baltimore Sun Almanac for 1910 is on the Democrat's table, and is sent complimentary to all subscribers to this excellent Southern daily. It is full of all kinds of handy reference information, such as the officials of the various states, summaries of the progress of the country, and of the South, etc., etc.

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