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THE HICKORY DEMOCRAT

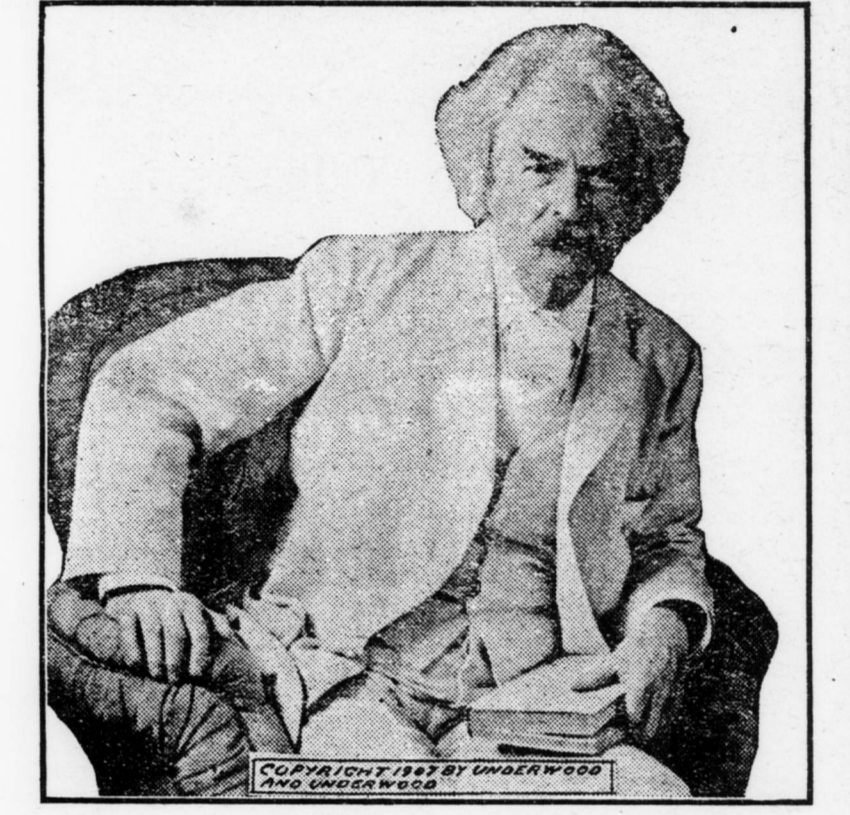
The Democrat
Gives the news of Hickory and the Catawba Valley in full. The news of the world in brief.

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MARK TWAIN, KING OF HUMOR

Comprehensive Estimate of America's Late Literary Genius, Whose Pen Swayed the Heart of the World.
Tribute Paid to the Ability, Kindly Philosophy, Droll Fun and Pathos of the Man Whose Optimism Cheered Millions.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.
MARK TWAIN is dead! The king is dead—long live the king! But there is no heir, either apparent or presumptive. The throne of humor, whose kingdom was the world, is empty. The scepter that swayed the universal heart—the pen—lies idle at last. The empire of laughter and also of tears which this king of the writing craft founded and which he fostered for nearly fifty years is become as whirling dust in the abyss of the things that were. Only there remains the heritage of the dead ruler's kindly philosophy, rather be the author of "Tom Sawyer" than all of his own works.



THE LATE MARK TWAIN. (Samuel L. Clemens.)

With no school learning save such as he gained from a few years' attendance at the village school in Hannibal, Mo., his scholastic titles were earned by literary work which the whole world accepted.

He Was Intensely Democratic.

Mark Twain was intensely democratic. He was easily approachable, and he never emitted any bear's growl or lion's roar. Even the humblest person was made to feel at ease in his presence. Shrinking reporters sent to interview him quit their shrinking and puffed up when they found him as easy to interview as the aspiring author of the poem published in the lower corner of the town weekly. He could talk on any topic, even the weather, and glorify it with his humor. If the assistant attention bestowed upon him was distasteful to him he did not permit the fact to be known. Mark Twain was one of the politest men I ever knew. He was considerate of the feelings of others,

Of Most Striking Appearance.

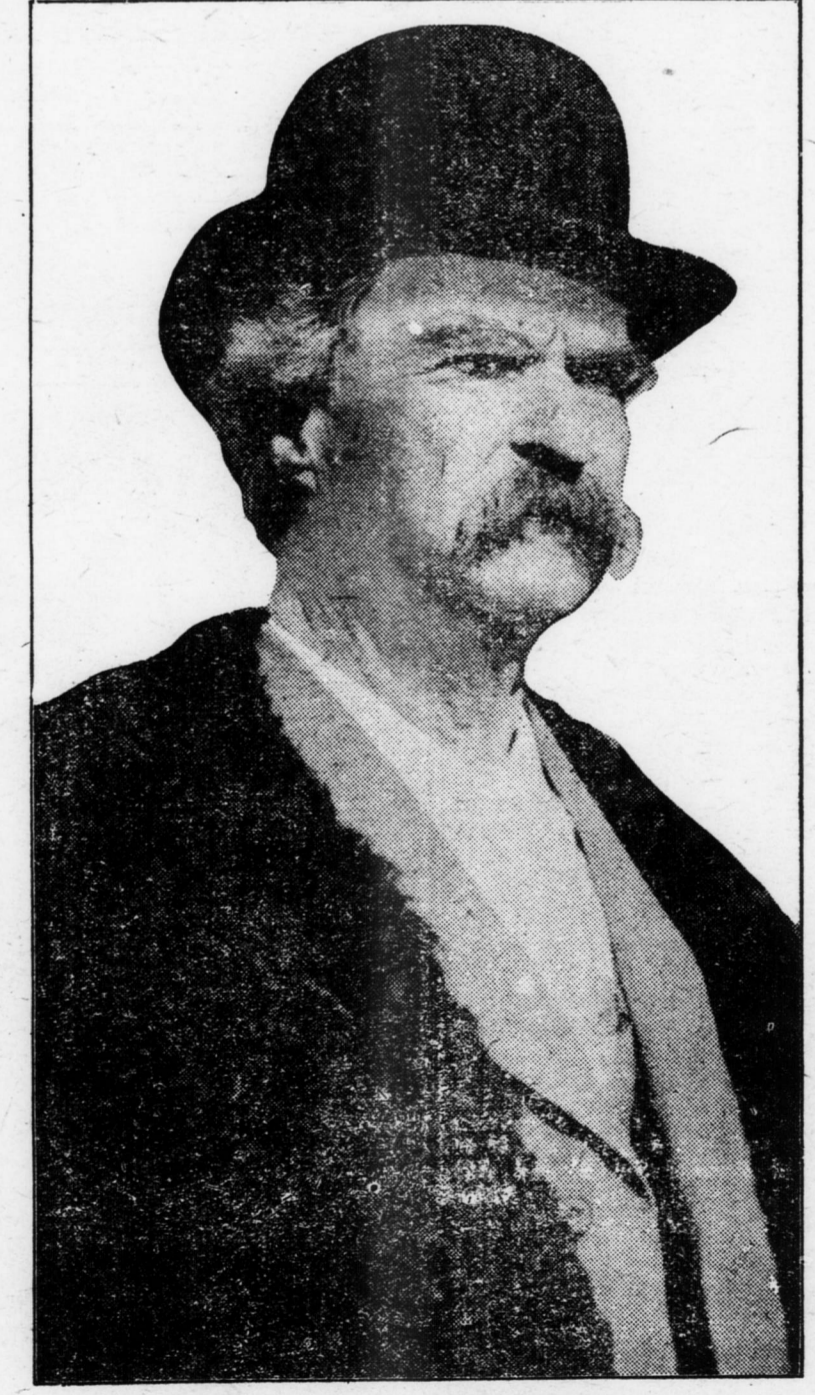
He was a man of most striking appearance—the kind that attracts attention anywhere in a crowd and causes others to take a second look. In his later years his shock—no, his crown—of hair, perfectly white and glossy like fine spun silk, became his trademark of recognition by strangers wherever he went. I have seen a woman who never before saw Mark Twain pick him out without opera glasses, though she sat in the top gallery of Carnegie hall and he occupied a lower box near the stage, and the great house was crowded. He had no doubles as to personal appearance—there was only one of him.

And there was only one of Mark Twain as a literary syndicate. It has become the fashion to describe him as the great American humorist. This undoubtedly he was, but he was more. His appreciation of Joan of Arc, first published anonymously, is accepted by critics of acumen as one of the most refined works in the serious literature of the nineteenth century. The book won its way before Mark Twain admitted its paternity. While he was writing the Joan classic he worked, time and time about, on that amazing funny masterpiece, "Pudd'nhead Wilson." He simply couldn't be serious altogether for a stated period.

Never Altogether Funny.

Nor must we take it for granted that Mark Twain, summing up his career as a writer, ever was altogether funny. He never was. He was one of the closest observers of human nature and institutions, places and things, that ever lived. Even in his most humorous books we find that he has made accurate transcripts of the things which impressed him. Though he exaggerated, a privilege belonging to his profession, one can read between the lines the inhering truth. He was an inveterate foe to shams of every sort, and apparently knew his highest happiness when with droll sarcasm he punctured a popular fraud with his pen.

But Mark Twain often wrote books just because he had the story to tell. The tale of "Tom Sawyer" is one of these, and the "Huckleberry Finn" book is another. Each of these is true to life—to boy life. Rudyard Kipling is said to have remarked that he would



MARK TWAIN'S LATEST PICTURE.

The Passing of Hon. R. Z. Linney

How He Gave the *June Bug* to the A. T. & O. R. R. HIS CAREER IN CONGRESS

What he said when they Made Him Apologize for Unparliamentary Language—"A Whetstone to Intellectuality"

AN APPRECIATION.

Rarer than the diamond, more priceless than the white stone of Golconda, North Carolina furnishes a gem of purest ray serene which has never been found elsewhere in all the hidden wealth of a wide world. Authorities on the aristocracy of jewels assert the kinship of this gem to the noble family of the Emerald. Under the purple shadows of the Brushies, the nervy little picket line of the giant army of the Blue Ridge; where the modest mountain sweet briar unfolds its pink petals, there in Alexander County, the Hiddenite makes its bed in the rock.

The world reckons that the Hiddenite stone is the richest gift of "Little Aleck" to the race. But the world reasons recklessly. In so far as a man is of more value than a stone, in the proportion that the thinking of an intellect is higher than the iridescent scintillations of a jewel, by so much more was Romulus Z. Linney the richest and rarest gift of "Little Aleck" to the world. The stone was a mere symbol of the man—a priceless treasure in an unlooked for quarter; a jeweled shadow of an incarnate reality.

Linney was "Little Aleck's" and North Carolina's human Hiddenite. He died on the doorstep. Fumbling at the keyhole, stumbling upon the threshold of his law office in Taylorsville,—the unpretentious little smithy where he had forged his court room thunderbolts—the sudden summons came. There is a sort of pathos in the picture of his death. There is an awful loneliness in the death-moment and the friendliness of the inside of his workshop might have lessened it.

With the passing of Linney the last of a remarkable coterie of great mountain and piedmont lawyers disappears. "And there were giants in those days." Geo. N. Folk, of Lenoir; Clinton A. Cillely of Hickory; David Schenck of Lincolnton; C. M. McCorkle, of Newton, and their contemporaries—tall timber of the law any one of whom would have graced the Supreme Court or the Attorney Generalship of the United States.

Romulus Z. Linney could hold his own with any of them. The radius of the circle of his practice was as wide as that of any lawyer in the State. And Linney had Blackstone and Coke at the tip of his tongue as glib as any of them. His mingled knowledge of the law and human nature made him well nigh invincible before a mountain jury.

Linney's genius had no more appreciative admirer than the distinguished editor of the Charlotte Observer, Mr. J. P. Caldwell, yet he could not conceal his annoyance over one quality—and the only discounting quality—of Linney's oratory, his exaggeration, his hyperbole. Linney always overshoot the mark in his eulogies, except the time when he declared that the mountaineer preacher, Rev. Parks Gwaltney, who by the way conducted the deceased's notable funeral last Tuesday a week—was a greater preacher than Talmage.

Linney could write an exquisite "In Memoriam." The Taylorsville Scout, Mr. Linney's home paper, recently printed a fine piece of this kind of work from his pen—his tribute to the late Pardee Matheson of Alexander. But he could never approach the exact shade of dejection attained by the Hon. Risdin Tyler Bennett, of Wadesboro in similar writing. As for instance, when he paid the last adieu to the late Sam Fort, who fell from his chair at 3 a. m. and expired, and of whom Judge Bennett said: "In the hour of the night when men are not courageous, he blundered upon death."

The explanation of Linney's hyperbole may lie in the fact that he saw "mute inglorious Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA"

Miltons' or "Cromwells" guiltless of their country's blood"

in his countrymen who just fell short of great opportunity. Linney's education was interrupted by the Civil War through which he fought. He made up for the lack by omnivorous reading, and was easily familiar with the great figures of history. He saw resemblances in character and in little achievements on the part of his friends to world notabilities, and naturally to the general reader these comparisons seemed like gross exaggerations.

The mountain men voted Linney into Congress as a Republican and here this diamond in the rough scintillated as never before. The appreciation by the "Honorable" of his genius, his originality, his repartee, his unconventional inspiration, so that he excited himself and adorned his State, Jerry Simpson failed to squelch him. Tom Reed cultivated him, probably for the same reason as a brilliant North Carolina woman to whom Mr. Linney paid court in the days of his widowhood. Mr. Linney told me the story.

"If you will not marry me," he quoted himself as saying, "why do you evidently care so much for my company?" "I took it as a quite a compliment," Mr. Linney continued, "when she replied, 'Because you are a whetstone to my intellectuality.'"

Linney loved to look back upon his congressional experience. He told me in an interview of the time they made him apologize for unparliamentary language. "It was in a contested election case," he said, "and I had in the heat of debate said that the Democrats 'stole votes.' It was declared by the Democratic leaders that I had been guilty of unparliamentary language and ought to retract.

"I told the House," continued Mr. Linney, "that I was sorry that in the heat of debate I had been betrayed into using the language I did. I therewith withdrew the words and begged leave to offer in lieu thereof my views in the form of an illustration.

"Down in my section of North Carolina many years ago, I went on to say, there had been a quarrel in the church and a judicial committee consisting of old man Doughton, of Alleghany; Dr. Todd, of Ashe, and a man named Smith, of Wilkes, had been appointed to meet and settle the trouble. They lived far apart and across mountains; but on the day appointed Doughton and Todd were on hand, having ridden over snowy roads distances of 25 miles or more to come to the meeting. Smith had not shown up, and the other two were indignant that he should fail to be on hand.

"They were about to separate when Smith appeared and when taxed about his tardiness, he excused himself that he could not get away from a fox hunt in time.

"He said he had a dog named Truman, famed as the best fox hound in North Carolina. That the dog had been running the foxes in the mountains and just as Smith was about to start for the meeting, he saw the hound was in distress from being run down. Now Smith had invented a wonderful liniment that would put new life and power into man and beast. He went after the hound, picked him up, warmed him by the fire and rubbed the liniment in his joints. Soon he began to squirm like a young pup. Smith rubbed on and in a little bit the hound had broken loose and was running the fox over Nigger Mountain, and from there on to Old Baldy. In a little bit Smith caught sight of him. 'Brethren,' said he to the judicial church court, 'I'll be hanged if old Truman wasn't three miles ahead of the fox so powerfully had my new liniment worked on him.'"

"Now the Democrats have been using this same liniment, and I want to say that in their arguments and evidence in this election case, they are 15 miles south of truth and only two miles this side of the gates of Hell!"

he came to christen it by that name. "I had proposed in the North Carolina legislature," said Mr. Linney, "to take the money from the sale of the state's interest in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad and put it in the extension of the Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio railroad from Charlotte to Taylorsville. The northern terminus of the road was then Statesville.

"My friend Cy Watson, of Forsyth, was leading the fight against me, his proposition being to make the northern terminus of the road Danbury. He exhibited on the day he made his main speech in the state senate, a map which he had gotten up, making it appear that the route I proposed was without any streams of water while his line was well watered and fertile. Furthermore he made a strenuous argument that his line would open up coal fields and deposits of iron ore, while Iredell and Alexander counties, through which my route lay, were, he held, practically without any mineral wealth.

"I slept on his speech that night and the next day I had my line of defense well in hand. I had studied geography some myself in the meantime and had a map on hand, too, to show the many streams that flowed through the section from Statesville to Taylorsville.

"As to minerals, I said that coal and iron were so common upon our way that they were lying around loose; and furthermore, we had in our section what no other spot on earth could boast of—the Hiddenite stone. I added: 'A well wintered June-bug can carry away \$1,000 worth of this valuable gem, which rivals the diamond in sparkling beauty, tied to its hind-leg!'

"When the vote came to be taken almost the first senator on the roll, said: 'I vote for the June-bug road!'

"And a majority in both houses voted for the June-bug road, and June-bug it remains to this day." Howard A. Banks.

Monroe Shuford.

Written for The Democrat. Monroe Shuford was the oldest son of Uncle Eli R. Shuford and wife. He was born in Catawba county. After leaving the county, he made his home in Wood county, Texas. He left the county of Catawba when a young man. He was about the age of Hon. Leroy Whitener of Catawba county. He and others will be glad to hear from him. My brother A. A. Shuford will remember him well. Monroe Shuford died at Little Rock, Ark., in 1862. The cause of his death was measles. He was with his command on their way east when he took sick. He was a Confederate soldier and belonged to a regiment of cavalry from Texas. His colonel was Lock. Uncle Eli R. Shuford and wife were the parents of six sons; five of these boys were in the Confederate army. One of these boys is yet living, and five of them have answered the last roll call. Their early life was spent in Catawba county. They are a part of the history of Catawba county.

J. H. Shuford.

All Kinds of News. Accusing Geo. Rabish of being a spy on the men at the Avella, Pa., mines of the Pittsburg and Washington Coal Co., a crowd of angry, drinking miners on Friday crucified the man, having first placed a crown of thorns upon his brow. He died soon after he was taken down from his cross by rescuers who were too late.

Fire practically destroyed Lake Charles, La., Saturday night, starting in an opera house. Loss \$4,000,000. Tom Taggart is a candidate for the Democratic endorsement for the Senate in Indiana. Mr. Lutz Gets 4 Out of 5 Prizes. Mr. H. P. Lutz informs the Democrat that the Dutch Dairy Farm has won four of the five prizes totalling \$75 offered by the state department of agriculture for the best dairy products. Mr. Lutz won prize 1, \$25; prize 2, \$20; prize 4, \$10, and prize 5, \$5. The 3rd prize was won by a Charlotte man. There were 30 contestants in all. Mr. Lutz is one of the finest dairymen in the South, and the Democrat congratulates him on his success.

Mr. Elliott Will Be Next Mayor

He and Mr. J. D. Lentz Have a Close Run for Honor TWO BALLOTS TAKEN

In Largest Non-Partisan Primary ever Held in Hickory, Messrs. Setzer, Stroup and Campbell were named for New Aldermen—School Commissioners

After the closest kind of a run in the non-partisan municipal primary convention held in the opera house last Thursday night, Mr. J. D. Elliott was named for mayor over Mr. J. D. Lentz. Mr. Elliott on the first ballot got 82 votes, Mr. Lentz 81 and Dr. W. H. Nicholson 2. Chairman Jones W. Shuford was about to rule that Mr. Elliott had the nomination when the point was raised that no one had received a majority of the 165 votes cast.

A second ballot was then taken resulting in a vote of 91 for Elliott to 78 for Lentz, and Mr. Elliott's nomination was made unanimous. Messrs. P. C. Setzer, W. S. Stroup and J. W. Campbell received the highest votes for aldermen.

For school commissioners, Messrs. J. F. Abner, H. F. Elliott, S. L. Whitener and C. C. Bost were nominated. Owing to the fact that Mr. C. F. Blalock had recently resigned from the board of School trustees, it was decided to take a ballot for four members for this board instead of three as is the usual custom.

Mr. E. B. Cline called the meeting to order and Mr. J. W. Shuford was made chairman. The convention was the largest of its kind ever held in Hickory.

HEFFNER VS. ABBE.

Two Candidates for Mayor in West Hickory—Storks 11th Visit. Correspondence of The Democrat. West Hickory, April 25.—The town of West Hickory has already held two primaries to nominate candidates for the town offices and there is another primary called for next Wednesday evening, April 27. Consequently, everybody is satisfied that there will be plenty of candidates to choose from when election day comes. Mr. W. A. Heffner is heading one of the tickets for mayor and Mr. H. H. Abbe the other ticket, and the people are just waiting to see who next.

The nineteen-months old child of Mr. H. C. Smith of this place, died Saturday morning of measles, and was taken to Morganton Sunday for burial. The rest of the family are sick with measles. Some of the children are very low. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the town. Mr. Jim Abbe is all smiles at present. The Stork visited his home for the eleventh time one day last week, and left him a fine boy this time. It seems that the baseball teams of West Hickory are having unfavorable luck at present. We have two teams in town known as the First and Second nines, and on last Saturday, April 23rd, the First nine went to Newton, crossed bats with the Newton boys, and reported on their return that the score stood 16 to 24 in favor of Newton, and on the same day the Second team went over and played Rhodehiss and they report the score standing 14 to 18 in favor of Rhodehiss. Don't get discouraged boys. Try again! Mr. Dan Wilson and wife were here Sunday visiting their son, Mr. Arthur Wilson. Mr. Mac Travis and wife of Brookford, were here Sunday visiting the family of Mr. Jeff Holler. Mr. W. A. Sherrill, of this place, went over in Caldwell county Saturday to visit his brother. He returned Sunday. Success to The Democrat. Iota.

HICKORY PRODUCE MARKET. Corrected weekly by Whitener & Martin.

Hens, per lb.	12c
Spring Chickens, per lb.	23c
Turkeys, per lb.	12 1/2c
Eggs, per doz.	17c
Butter per lb.	15 to 25
Apples, eating.	2 50 a bu
Sweet Potatoes.	1.60 a cr
Irish Potatoes.	\$1 00 a bu
Cabbage, per lb.	.3 to .4
Strawberries.	.8c a qt