

HOW MAIDEN WAREHOUSE WAS BUILT.

(From Union Farmer.)

Editor of Union Farmer:—As the warehouse subject is one that ought to be agitated and discussed by all Union farmers, and as Mr. Faires, of Kings Mountain, has given the plan on which they built their warehouse at that place I think it advisable to tell the Union farmer readers how we built a farmers' warehouse at Maiden, N. C., last year. And I will say that the Maiden warehouse has a history within itself. Its plans, and the building of it was all done before the Farmers' Union was introduced into this county. Our plan was as follows: A share was \$3 and this share comprised the space one bale took up in the house, and if the man wanted to store 10 bales of cotton he took 10 shares for \$30. So the five bale man, or the 25 bale man, could have the room he paid for, to store his cotton in for all time to come, for that space is his individual property, and all the expense he will have to meet hereafter will be the insurance on his own cotton, and his proportional part to pay the warehouse man, so on the above plan we built a fire proof, brick house, of 550 bale capacity. And I want to say that we have a farmers chartered warehouse, and every shareholder is a farmer, and since we built the house every shareholder has joined the Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union, except one or two. Now, Mr. Editor, I am giving the above plan to the public because it is a practical one, and I think it is a good plan for Local Unions to Co-operate or to store their cotton as any I have heard of.

Will also say that it did not take the full amount of the \$3 share to buy the land and build the Maiden warehouse, and I am satisfied that a house of 1,000 bale capacity could be built at \$2 a bale. And now does it not look like every farmer in the South that grows a bale of cotton, ought to give \$2 or \$3 out of that bale for one year so as to have a house to store his cotton in for all time to come, with but little cost hereafter, whereas, as it now is, the cotton buyers, speculators, and gamblers in futures, who have been making our prices for us on our cotton have been deducting \$3 from the price of every bale of cotton grown in these United States, because many of the cotton growers leave their cotton exposed to rain and bad weather, so they count \$3 off of every bale growing, or about \$36,000,000 each year lost to the farmers of the South because they have no place to store their cotton! Now I want to say that \$36,000,000, the amount that is deducted from the cotton crop each year for damaged cotton, would at \$3 a bale space build warehouses enough to hold 12,000,000 bales of cotton. Now does not that look like economy, when by storing the cotton crop we can save the growers \$36,000,000 each year! So brother cotton farmers, let us get busy and build warehouses to store our cotton in, so as to have it in good condition, for the spinner, and then we can have it ready for delivery as the manufacturer needs it. Then we can relieve the New York cotton exchange of a heavy burden, for they would have no rotten to hedge on and to throw out on their future deliveries. And then it would relieve our congress of the odious duties they have in trying to pass laws to make the gamblers in cotton do an honest business.

Fraternally,
W. W. BIGGERSTAFF.
Route 3, Newton, N. C.

Alpha's Letter.

Iron Station, N. C., R. F. D. 1.,
May 18th, 1908.

Our farmers are now cultivating their corn and cotton. Cotton, especially the late planted, has a poor stand.

The death of Mrs. M. J. Shelton, of Denver, which occurred last Wednesday, cast a gloom over our whole section. Her remains were interred at Bethel cemetery Thursday afternoon in the presence of a very large crowd of sorrowing relatives and friends. Mrs. Shelton was a woman of many admirable virtues, and will be greatly missed. She was a little more than sixty-three years of age.

Mr. Zeb Little is the possessor of a gray mule and a tame pigeon. Several weeks ago the pigeon, seeing Zeb plowing the mule in a field near the house, conceived the idea that it would be nice to ride on the mule's back. Zeb says that the pigeon will now ride for several hours at a stretch and seems to enjoy the office of pilot to the mule very much.

We notice that the earth is still bringing forth candidates. Look here, boys, if this thing is not stopped, there won't be enough of us left to hold the primaries. Well, this is a free country, and one man has just as much right to run for office as another, and we suppose it is alright for just as many men to run as want to, but gentlemen, this scribe has just one request to make of all defeated candidates; we want to see you brave in defeat. Acquit yourselves like men. If the other fellow wins in the primaries just pull off your coat and help elect him. Take for example the "Peerless" Bryan, who the more he is defeated the stronger he grows, and who the late Rev. Sam P. Jones once said was "One of the best runners ever produced in the United States." We hope not to see any whiners or sore-heads in our ranks after the primaries are held. We hope that each and every candidate will be treated with absolute fairness in the primaries. The primaries were instituted to take the place of the old convention plan because it was thought it would come nearer getting at the true will of the people, and if one man or a few men can control the vote of a whole precinct, then we think the primary is a failure. We hope to see every individual voter exercise his own judgement in the selection of our county officers. We are opposed to the use of money in our primary elections, to influence voters either directly or indirectly, and we think that any candidate who adopts this method to thwart the will of the people, ought to be sit down on very hard by all good citizens.

Now we suppose that a communication from this scribe right at this time, would be incomplete without a few thoughts on prohibition. The truth is the result of the election on May the 26th is nearer the writer's heart than politics, or any other subject now agitating the people. We rejoice at the noble work that has been, and is being done by the friends of the noble cause to save the young men of our county. Mr. Clarence Poe's argument is just simply unanswerable, also the argument of Mr. John M. Rhodes was a noble effort. In 1881 the writer only cast one vote for prohibition, this year, God willing, we have good reasons to believe that we can cast four—that is, we have three sons of voting age who will vote for the measure. Now if every living friend of the cause in 1881 has increased his voting capacity at the same ratio, we ought to carry North Carolina for prohibition

with a whoop. The most encouraging sign of success, and one that makes our heart rejoice is the fact that while a few politicians have been trying to make a political issue of the measure, their efforts so far are a signal failure. Most of the citizens of the writer's immediate section, both Democrats and Republicans, will walk up side by side and vote for the noble cause. We may have a few stay-at-home doubting-Thomases who will not go to the election, but the man that says he will go and cast his vote against the measure is yet to be found. We have one man who says whiskey has never hurt him either directly or indirectly, therefore, he is not interested in the fight. Now for the benefit of this gentleman and all others who think as he does, we wish to record this story:

"On one occasion a religious congregation had met at their church to consider the matter of rebuilding or repairing their church. The great majority of the members were in favor of tearing down the old dilapidated building and building a new house of worship, but there was one old stingy member, the most wealthy member of the church, who would agree to nothing but slight repairs. This old gentleman arose in the congregation and said: 'Brethren, I'll give five dollars to repair our church, but not one cent to build a new one.' At this juncture, about five square feet of plastering fell from the overhead ceiling, striking the old gentleman on the head, which stunned him for several minutes. When he had again recovered sufficient strength to arise from his seat he said: 'Brethren, I'll give fifty dollars to build a new church, but not one cent for repairs.' Whereupon one of the deacons prayed in an audible voice: 'Oh Lord, hit him on the head again.' There are a few, we are sorry to say, who, like this old stingy church member, are waiting to be hit directly on the head by strong drink before they can be persuaded to see the old monster in all his hideousness. In 1881 we knew a man who was an ardent anti-prohibitionist, but in less than one year after the election his mind had undergone a complete revolution, two of his sons having in the meantime become addicted to the drink habit. This gentleman had to be hit on the head before he could be convinced of the righteousness of prohibition.

Brethren, the question is not whether or not our own sons are to fall victims to the drink habit, but is it going to be the ruin of our neighbor's children. Would to God that our people could take a broader Christian view of the importance of this question, and get out of this narrow, selfish way of thinking. In as much as you did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me.'"

ALPHA.

Extra Trains on C. & N. W.

General Manager L. T. Nichols, of the C. & N. W. Railroad was in town yesterday on business and stated that a chair car will be added to trains Nos. 9 and 10 on June 1st, and that a special train will be put on, on Saturday's for the accommodation of business men who desire to make a week-end trip to the mountains. The first run of the Business Man's Week-end Special will be made Saturday June 13th. This train runs through from Chester to Edgemont, passing Lincolnton at 7 p. m. and reaching Edgemont before 11 o'clock. Returning, Monday the South bound special will pass Lincolnton about 10:50 a. m. reaching Gastonia in time to make close connection for Charlotte and Atlanta, and reaching Chester in time for lunch.

THE "FATS" WIN.

Hottest Ball Game Ever Seen In Lincolnton. Some Startling Features.

As proof of the fact that "weight will tell," the "Fats" won from the "Leans" on the local diamond Wednesday afternoon by a score of 20 to 18. Despite the heavy rain of the forenoon a good crowd of ladies and gentlemen attended the game and the Daughters of the Confederacy realized quite a neat sum from the gate receipts, which go to the Memorial Hall fund.

The game opened with the "Fats" at the bat, and the performance was about like this: When Adger Fair came to the bat he had his cap on hind part before and no one could tell whether he was agoin or acomin, but he went out in short order. This was the style of his going, viz: He evidently was afraid of the ball for he held his bat at "charge bayonette," and as the pitcher couldn't hit the bat Adger was gracefully retired amid the plaudits of the audience. One lady remarked, "What a fine looking, healthy dissapointment he is." In this connection the reporter recalls a conversation between two ladies concerning the catcher for the "Leans" Joe Boudi—"knot" Johnston. As every one knows, Joe is the champion moon-fixer in this neck of the woods, being 6 ft 8 inches tall and 4 inches in diameter, so he naturally attracted attention. "What a fine head he has," said a lady to her companion, to which the reply was, "Oh that is not ahead, that is a knot in his backbone to keep it from unravelling."

When "Simpy" Wise came to the bat all the ladies felt sorry for him as he looked like a lost child. This sorrow was immediately turned to terror when they saw "Simpy" go into convulsions as if in an epileptic fit, or else as if he was just out of a lunatic assylum and was executing an Indian war dance. The truth of the matter is that "Simpy" was trying to dodge the ball. You must remember that "Simpy" is about 5 feet high and 8 feet in diameter.

One of the most pitifull features of the game was the rank hypocrisy and fraud practiced upon our friend, Steve Herudon. You must remember that Steve has to stand broadwise to cast a shadow and can go edgewise through the rain without getting wet. He is one of the most innocent and unsophisticated men who ever engaged in the business of selling "dope." And yet this innocent child of nature was tolled off of 2nd base and sand-bagged into a mud hole by "Fatty" Harris. Steve never got up until the umpire had counted "time" on him and he was declared out.

Charley Simmons was the hero of the game; he weighs about 18 lbs and you couldn't hit him with a balloon even if you had telescopic sights on your "rifle"; the consequence was that he stole past bases like a ghost in the night and the "fats" were always just in time to be too late. They didn't get "Cholly," and he crossed the plate more frequently than any other of the "Leans."

"Doc" Wright won the handsome prize (a brand new one cent piece) offered by L. B. Wetmore, Esq., for the first and only home run made during the entire game. The sphere seemed to be elusive and the "Doc" split the atmosphere three times with his bat and then started off for first. The ball lost itself in Gus Quickel's hands, who proceeded to execute the dance of the Dervishes until "Doc" reached the 3rd base, when "Gussie" recovered his wits and threw the ball about 20 feet over

the 3rd baseman's head; consequence, "Doc" crossed the home plate without having touched the ball.

Everybody appreciates "Eddie" Love's resemblance to an animated gas bag and it was amusing to hear him puff and blow like John Cobb's automobile going up a steep grade. But, strange to say, "Eddie" (by hook and by crook, mostly crook) crossed the plate three times, but each time he crossed over he went to bed looking like a toy balloon that the baby had stuck a pin in.

The only real baseball player there was in either line up was Labe Lineberger but he was mistaken by the ladies for a professional juggler on account of his dancing a pigeon-toed step in a forward direction, meanwhile keeping the ball bounding in mid air by a series of up pats. Labe finally succeeded in grasping the ball and, as "Doc" Wright was traveling for first base, he got him.

Towards the final wind up the funeral procession came along headed by Willie Quickel, whose affidavit face was sufficient evidence of his "undertaking" propensities, and who was fittingly followed by the living skeleton, Jesse Carter, the sky Pilot for the C. & N. W. railroad.

The entire affair was so pathetic that it inspired the following Shakespearean—Miltotic poem by Lincolnton's "near-poet":

Guy Cline swung his arm like a mighty wind mill
And filled the whole earth with alarm,
But the ball came through the air so silent and still
That no one ever thought of any harm;
The ball kissed the bat on the tip of its nose
And the bat grew red in the face
And at once it stood on the tip of its toes
And said, "For Doc, Wright I'll give you a case."
The ball laughed loud as it struck a big cloud
On its journey way up to the sun;
Doc, Wright looked scared and then grew proud
At the thought of having some fun.
The ball came back with a smile on its face
Although it was wet to the skin,
But it rolled up to Wise with its dangerous case
Because it and Wise are close kin.
Doc, Wise got out his big butcher knife
And whetted it on his shoe;
The ball played "foul" to save its life,
And said to the "Does," don't I know you?"
So the Wise that is Foolish and the Wright that is Wrong
Are now holding each other's hands
And singing a sad and doleful song
As they journey toward unknown lands.

Commencement Invitation.

The Faculty and Students of Davenport College request the honor of your presence at the Fiftieth Annual Commencement Wednesday and Thursday, May 27th and 28th nineteen hundred and eight Lenoir, North Carolina.

PROGRAM

Wednesday, May 27th, 11 a. m. Sermon by Rev. Charles W. Byrd, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.
8 p. m. Exercises by Department of Expression
Thursday, May the 28th, 10 a. m. Graduating Exercises.
11 a. m. Address by Rev. J. W. Lee, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.
8 p. m. Concert.

GRADUATING CLASS—LITERARY DEPT.
Winnie Davis Brittain, Emma Fiataid Carpenter, Louella Fain, Emma Lucile Goode, Lottie Bell Harris, Corrie Honeycutt, Mamie Sue Johnson, Annie Frances Lowrey, Hettie Leola Pitts, Mary Martha Stacy, Addie Dorcas Steels, Maude Weaver, Beulah Olivia Womble.

MUSIC

Lillie May Brittain, Emma Lucile Goode.

EXPRESSION

Mamie Sue Johnson.

Mrs. E. O. Jennings is in Atlanta, Ga., visiting relatives.

Rutherford College Commencement.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of attending the commencement exercises of Rutherford College, which began Saturday, May 9th at 8 p. m., with an interesting debate by the Newtonian Literary Society and ended Wednesday 13th, with a fine dramatic performance.

On Sunday at 8 p. m., Rev. J. H. Weaver, D. D., of Hickory, N. C., preached the annual Y. M. C. A. sermon. Dr. Weaver gave us a plain, practical sermon in his pleasing way, and we feel encouraged by the grand thoughts he gave us.

On Monday, 8 p. m., the Platonian Literary Society gave a debate. This was one of the most interesting debates we have ever heard. The query was: "Resolved, That all Protestant churches should be consolidated into one distinct organization. Mr. Horace Sisk, of Waco, was one of the speakers on the negative, and made a strong speech. The decision of judges was two to one in favor of the negative. All the speakers are to be congratulated on the way they handled the question.

Tuesday at 11 a. m., Rev. E. K. McLarty, of Salisbury, delivered the annual sermon. His theme was, "character" and many valuable suggestions on the formation of habit were given in a very impressive manner.

At 8 p. m. Tuesday the young ladies gave a Recital. This consisted of readings, recitations, essays, songs etc. All of wich were good. Among those deserving special mention for excellency in elocution were Misses Lucy Jones and Mary Kincaid, both of Lincoln county. A breezy original Reading, "Two Letters from Rutherford College," by Miss Alpha Goode also brought loud and continued applause.

Wednesday, 13th at 11 a. m. Rev. J. W. Daniel D. D., of Columbia S. C., delivered the literary address. Dr. Daniel held his audience from the first. His theme was "Training." His eloquent address was full of wit and humor as well as logic. He swayed the audience at his will first to convulsions of laughter then to intense feeling. His graphic descriptions were simply grand. All were impressed with Dr. Daniel as a great orator.

Rev. J. W. Jones, of Mooresville N. C. was to deliver the Alumni address at 3 p. m. but he being sick Dr. Daniel again held the audience for about an hour and a half.

At 8 p. m. the Dramatic Club presented "The Iron Hand." This play was well rendered and "Ikey" the Jew brought down the house on every occasion.

Rutherford College has had a very successful year. While the enrollment was not so large good honest work has been done by all the students and no doubt more has been accomplished than ever before in one Scholastic year. The Same faculty with Prof. W. W. Peele as President has been elected for next year. The Trustees have planned for a new building. These plans will be announced later, and it is hoped that the work will be begun soon. The Carnegie library building has been completed and adds greatly to the looks of the college campus. A fine opening is expected next fall, our best wishes are for Rutherford College and the great work being done there. "An Alumnus."

An Error Corrected.

Capt. C. E. Childs will speak at Zion church next Sunday, May 24th, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon instead of at 8 p. m., as published in the Tuesday issue of the News.