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The Pennsylvania Germans.

Their Social Customs And Religious Peculiarities As Told By One Who Lived Among Them For Several Years.

BY REV. L. L. LOHR.

ARTICLE II

Whatever may be said of the Pennsylvania Germans, their vices and their virtues, and like all men they certainly have their share of both, still it must be admitted that they constitute a distinct and a unique element in our American population. For 150 years they have been adding force and power to the current of our national life. However, it has been their misfortune to be occasionally misjudged and misrepresented by certain superficial writers who with nothing but second-hand information, or information gotten at long range, have jumped at conclusions which the facts in the case would never have sustained. Hence the impression has gotten abroad especially in localities where they are not so well and so favorably known, that they are little else than a muddy adjunct to the composite population of which this country is made up, adding something in quantity, but nothing whatever in quality. It is true that they have their share of weaklings: those who are intellectually blunt, and into whose heads an idea never ventures except through a process of unconscious absorption; those who never go to church except when attending their own funeral, or that of a very near relative; those whose chief concern seems to be that of providing for the bar-keeper, even if their own families go hungry; and those who lounge about the village taverns and lean up against the hitching rails with that air of contentment known only to men who take the world as it comes and part with it as it goes.

But to use these specimens as an argument for determining the character of this people as a whole would be as unwise and unjust as to try to measure the worth and excellence of a family by the thoughtless indiscretion of some wayward son. The English, the Dutch, the Scotch-Irish, the French Huguenots and the Germans, are the principles nationalities which have entered into the make up of our national life. We as a nation owe a great deal to each.

But it is said upon reliable authority that at least one sixth of the white population of the United States and three fifths of the people of Pennsylvania, are of German descent or have German blood in their veins. Prof. Goebel of the Leland Stanford Jr. University claims that for the United States the percentage is as high as one third.

But notwithstanding the influence which they have exerted all these years there have been no disposition on their part to project themselves too prominently before the public and to the exclusion of others who have done equally as well. The spirit of modesty and reserve is always commendable, but in some instances they have carried it a little too far and have kept quiet when they would be justified in standing up and vindicating their rights.

Geo. Bancroft in his history freely admits that they have by no means laid claim to all that is their due.

These statements of course refer only to this people as a whole. They are not intended to cover each individual case. There are notable exceptions. A German is as a rule quite conservative in all he does. He invariably thinks his way to the conclusions which he favors. But if he takes a notion to become eccentric, he is the most eccentric mortal on the face of the earth. He is a man of intense conviction.

But, of course, in some things he is not always right; neither is the man from whom he differs always wrong. It was the good fortune

of the writer to live for a number of years in the very heart of a "Dutch" community, where he had every chance to study at close range, the odd customs, the quaint ways, the strange peculiarities, but with all, the sterling qualities of this people. This community occupies one of the most fertile sections in the state. It is a veritable garden spot, and beautiful for situation. And no better evidence can be given of the judgement and business ability of any people than that of holding and controlling through successive generations land such as this.

The writer will never forget his first visit to this particular locality. He left the seminary with something of that feeling possessed by every theological student who goes out on a prospecting tour. This visit so made with unusual interest and with no small amount of curious anticipation, because it was known that the congregation was one rather to be desired on account of its venerable, solid and substantial make up, and because the locality as a whole was rich in historic association, and so full of tradition, romance and superstition, that these seemed to be suspended from the trees, and to hang from the eaves of the houses, making a scene as weird as that of the moss-covered live oaks of Florida.

But before speaking further about this place and its people, it may be of interest to note some wayside observations. The journey was well under way, when there came into the train at one of the stops, a New Meunonite farmer preacher from some point in Maryland, returning to his home on the Conestoga about 4 miles above the city of Lancaster. This denomination takes all its preachers directly from the farm. The process will be explained later. He at once became a seat fellow, not from choice, but necessity, as the train was crowded. He was a man of fairly good dimensions, with long flowing beard, and hair that almost touched his shoulders, a face indicating reserve and suspicion, and all surmounted by one of those broad brimmed hats which could have been used to good advantage either in rain or sunshine. He pulled himself into about as small a compass on the seat as a man of his size could conveniently occupy, and showed no disposition whatever to talk about any subject until some reference was made to religion. This brought him out in a flow of words that was kept up for the remainder of the way. It seems that his creed forbid him or any of his followers to hear any one other than themselves talk religion, pray or even read the Bible. It is said that some even go so far as to stop their cars. Perhaps he had forgotten his ear-corks. At any rate to avoid hearing the slightest allusion to any theology not suited to his taste, he either had to get up and stand in the aisle, or do all the talking himself. He chose the latter. And strange as it may seem, kept up a continuous conversation on the one subject which he tried to avoid hearing anything about. The parting of the ways came just as the train crossed the Susquehanna. He seemed quite glad when the opportunity arrived to stop talking. He made a hurried departure for another train, but not until he had taken from his grip a pamphlet of his own production, setting forth the absolute certainty of his doctrinal position, the future felicity of those of his belief, and in no uncertain language the warm reception prepared for all dissenters. We never saw him again although two years later one of the most elaborate weddings we ever had, was on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter to a wealthy merchant. It took place at the

home of the grooms partner in business. As the father of the bride, he should have been there to officiate. But neither he nor his wife were present. The wedding could not be held under his roof, neither could he have anything to do with it, because his daughter had apostatized from the faith—married a man of another denomination. In his judgement there could have been for him no greater sin than taking part in such an unholy alliance. The son who acted as best man exclaimed at the height of the festivities, "what would father say if he were here? No doubt, vanity and vexation of spirit." The bride was a lady of culture and refinement and made a good choice in the selection of a husband. She has a comfortable home into which her father has never entered for reasons already stated and because the buff brick and the Queen Anne style of architecture are just a little too much for his sense of propriety. At the last account he was still living on the banks of the Conestoga and more firmly convinced than ever that he and his few adherents are right, and that all the rest of the world is wrong.

MACHEPELAH HAPPENINGS.

The Local Farmer's Union will meet at Machpelah school house Saturday evening, Feb. 13th 1909.

Rev. C. H. Little, pastor of the Machpelah Presbyterian church, has returned from a trip to Cuba.

Mr. Will Barnett and family have returned to Salisbury. They have been visiting relatives and friends at Machpelah.

Mr. E. D. Ballard, and sister, Miss Eunice, attended the teachers association at Lincolnton Saturday.

Miss Ada Goodson, of Iron, visited her sister Mrs. R. H. Ballard, of this place, Monday.

Miss Ethel Ballard, governess in the home of T. H. Womack. Spent Friday and Saturday night with her father, Rev. J. M. Ballard.

Mr. Dave McCorkle made a flying trip to Lincolnton Saturday. Mr. Lattie Gilland was a visitor at Lincolnton Sunday.

Mr. Evert Keever spent Saturday night with Mr. Parris Ballard, of Machpelah.

What is the matter with Alpha, we haven't heard any thing from him in so long! Has he gone to town for him a new derby?

Rev. J. M. Ballard, will preach at Lawings Chapel next Sunday.

VIOLET.

ITEMS FROM R. F. D. NO. 2.

Misses Bessie and Gertie Hedick are teaching at The Brick Schoolhouse this week for Mr. C. C. Hoover.

Mr. Jim McCaslin spent Sunday night with his uncle, Mr. Jas. A. Lore.

Messrs. Kent and Carl Turby fill spent Sunday at home.

Messrs. Pinckney Hoover, Jno. Finger and C. C. Hoover are attending court in Newton this week.

Mrs. Lee Hoover has been on the sick list for the past few days but is better now.

Miss Johnston Lore spent Sunday at home.

Some of our girls have "heart disease." Hope the right "doctor" will come around soon. They are getting desperate.

S. S. S.

The home of Mrs. M. E. Bright, of Rutherford College was totally destroyed by fire several days ago. The greater part of the household goods were saved.

The Secret of Long Long Life.

A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But taken from his grip a pamphlet of his own production, setting forth the absolute certainty of his doctrinal position, the future felicity of those of his belief, and in no uncertain language the warm reception prepared for all dissenters. We never saw him again although two years later one of the most elaborate weddings we ever had, was on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter to a wealthy merchant. It took place at the

"TOWN COW" A PROBLEM IN CIVIC AFFAIRS.

Women of Tennessee Town Begin Active Work of Improvement.

What can be done in the way of civic improvement in the smaller municipalities has been demonstrated by the Civic Improvement Club, of Huntingdon, Tenn. Organized in August, 1906, with thirty members, the club now numbers fifty. Inasmuch as the club's membership is limited to women, that part of the work for a more beautiful city which requires the services of the men is left to the Huntingdon Commercial Club and, in many things, the two organizations cooperate to advantage.

Interest in the work for which the Improvement Club was formed was great from the beginning. Some of the questions to be considered were limiting the range of "the town cow," repairing the streets and sidewalks, the suppression of weeds along the sidewalks and the removal of waste paper and sweepings from the streets.

By the cattle quarantine "the town cow" soon was kept within proper bounds. Councils was moved by public sentiment to repair unsightly sidewalks and cut down the tall weeds. The Club bought a dozen garbage cans and distributed them in various parts of the town so that shopkeepers and householders could put their waste paper and trash in them.

Through the effort of the club the barren square at the railroad station was transformed into a park. The railroad company fenced the park, set out the trees, and furnished the gravel for sidewalks. The Commercial Club paid for the work of grading, graveling the walks, and a supply of grass seed. The women's organization planned the walks and flower beds and superintended the planting. Much of that work was done by members.

Two flower parks were placed in the town square under the sole care of the Civic Improvement Club. These formerly were vacant lots, adorned only by hitching posts, weeds, and a sundry collection of tin cans. All the plants, flower seeds, and shrubbery were supplied by friends of the club.

In addition, the club was active in getting seventy-five trees planted in the highways, and now is urging the planting of 500 more. For the benefit of the boys and girls of the town the club is planning for the establishment of a public library.

Just Wanted the Earth.

"Lawd," prayed the old colored deacon, "send us a bright prospect, but don't let it blaze! Or, if it does blaze, send down a flood to put it out but not enough water ter drown us! Give us good crops, but not too much cotton fer de sheriff ter levy on. Make us thankful fer what we receive, an' keep us receivein'. We're all po' creetur, Lawd, but we won't be po' no longer if you'll only make us rich."—Frank L. Stanton.

The Southern and Bessemer City cotton mills were sold under the hammer at Bessemer City Wednesday by Ceasar Cone, receiver. The Southern mill was bought by George Stephens, of Charlotte, representing a syndicate of creditors, for \$110,500. The Bessemer City mill sold to Gen. John G. Gill, of Baltimore, for \$45,000.

Soldier Balks Death Plot.

It seemed to J. A. Stone, a civil war veteran, of Kemp, Tex., that a plot existed between a desperate lung trouble and the grave to cause his death. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough that to me, in spite of all remedies, for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which restored my health completely. I now weigh 178 pounds." For severe Colds, obstinate Coughs, Hemorrhages, Asthma, and to prevent Pneumonia it's unrivaled, 50 cts. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by K. L. Lawing.

RICHLY MERITED TRIBUTE

The Movement to Honor the Women of the Confederacy as Seen by a Northern Newspaper.

However the people of the country may differ as to the issues involved in the civil war, there can be only one opinion regarding the bill introduced in the Legislature of South Carolina providing for a monument to the women of the Confederacy. Full recognition of the heroism of these women has been unanimously accorded by Northern as well as Southern writers, and it is fitting that future generations should have a visible reminder of the self-sacrifice of that part of the population which did its heroic work during four dark years, not to the inspiring music of the military band or in that excitement of the battlefield which leads to self-forgetfulness, but on the deserted plantation, in the midst of almost inconceivable hardships.

In any war the women are called upon to carry fully as large a share of the burden as the men. It is not they who bear the arms and who hear the whistling of the bullets over the field of battle, gray with smoke, but it is the women's ears that are strained for news from the front, and the women's hearts that ache for those never to return. For them there is none of the inspiration which a united host creates; they must carry not only their own burdens, but in many instances are compelled to pick up those laid down by the men who have gone to the front.

All that the North suffered during the war the South suffered two-fold. The South was drained of its strong men to an extent hardly conceivable in the North. Not only were the women left to carry on almost all the work of their country, year after year, with such assistance as they could secure from the negroes who had remained faithful to them, but they were to a large extent deprived of the means with which to perform the simplest and most necessary tasks. Over and over again the crops they had planted and hoped to harvest were destroyed and their field laid waste. There homes were in many instances pre-empted by their enemies, and many of them spent their days in nursing not only their own soldiers, but also the suffering men in blue. No one will begrudge the women of the South the monument which the men of the South are proposing to erect in their honor. It is one more merited tribute to an example of heroism which has few equals in the history of civilization.

Random Shots.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that I killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore that it killed his cats; and rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot, it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Merchants Journal.

C. C. & O. Completed to Bostic.

Bristol, Tenn., Feb. 4.—With the completion of the steel bridge over the Holston river at Kingsport, Tenn., today the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railway, the new coal carrier, was completed between St. Paul, Va., and Bostic, N. C. The first coal shipment over this road will be carried from the Clinchfield properties in Virginia into the piedmont section of North Carolina this week. This road, built mainly by New York capital, has cost upwards of \$50,000,000. It is now being extended to Spartanburg, S. C.

Don't be "smarty." Real wit is to "smartness" as a five-pound box of marrows to an "all-day sucker."

STATE WIDE

Miss Effie Stewart, a student at Salem Academy, Winston-Salem eloped with Mr. R. E. Wall last week. The young couple went to Blacksburg, S. C., where the ceremony was performed.

The recent cold wave is reported to have destroyed the early peach crops in Scotland county. The trees were nearly in full bloom and it is feared that the trees might have been damaged also.

The wife of Dr. C. Alphous Smith of Chapel Hill, was painfully injured several days ago by falling down stairs and breaking a bone in her ankle. It is thought that the injury will cause no serious results.

The citizens of of Reidsville have organized a law and order league to aid officers in enforcing the prohibition statute. The best citizens of the town are pushing forward the movement and it is thought that the town will be much benefited thereby.

The American schooner Belle O'Neill, bound from Perth Amboy to Savannah was stranded off cape Lookout two miles from shore Wednesday night. Messages say that the vessel had gone to pieces and with the cargo was an entire loss. The crew were rescued by life savers.

Madame Calve visited the State Normal College at Greensboro Thursday morning and sang for the student body. After which she took a walk through the college park, visited the barn and dairy, where she insisted upon drinking some of the fresh milk out of a new tin cup at hand.

Dwight, the 8 year old boy of R. A. Crowell living near Albermarle found a dynamite cap several days ago and thinking it to be an unloaded shell filled with dirt, began to pick it out. The cap exploded, blowing three fingers of the boys left hand, and it is almost a miracle that he was not instantly killed.

Clarendon bridge, a famous old structure spanning the Cape Fear river at Fayetteville, was burned last week. The origin of the fire is unknown but started in a pile of debris left upon it by the August floods, which it stood remarkably well. The bridge was a thousand feet long and was insured for \$25,000.

The public of North Carolina were startled last week by the suicides of two prominent men of the state: That of Charles F. Wadsworth in the Hotel Clegg at Greensboro and Addison F. Cox, at Thomasville. Both men ended their life by shooting through the temple. Ill health is supposed to be the cause in both cases.

While Will Honeycutt of near Mortimer, was being taken to jail last Friday night, for retailing the officers in charge were fired on from ambush by friends of the prisoner. Deputy Garland was painfully though not seriously wounded and the prisoner was killed instantly by a shot from his would be rescuers in their attempt to slay the officers.

Engineer P. D. Roueche, of Salisbury, who was crippled for life in a wreck at Black Mountain four years ago, has brought suit against the Southern railway for \$50,000. Mr. Roueche lay for two years after the wreck in a hospital and is now forced to use an invalids chair. He was the oldest engineer on the road and this was his first serious wreck.

Miss Louise Sowell, whose home is in Rock Hill, S. C. had quite an experience in Charlotte a few days ago. The young lady recently won an automobile in the circulation contest of the Columbia State, and with her parents had made a pleasure trip over to Charlotte. In some way she got her finger fastened in parts of the mechanism about the machine and after attempting for nearly an hour to remove the finger it was necessary to saw away the brass in which it was caught.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Items of Interest From All Parts of The World Condensed For The Benefit of The News' Busy Readers.

Lucy Mitchell a young white woman living near Roanoke, Va., is on trial for the murder of 17-year old Minnie McBryde in the latter's home last summer. The murdered girl was soon to have been married. Her murderer is supposed to be weak minded.

The fifth venire of 500 men each has been drawn in an effort to secure a jury for the trial of the Coopers and only 10 men are in the box at the end of three weeks. Charges were brought against three jurors that had been chosen and they were subsequently dismissed.

Virginia will soon elect her new Governor and already the interest is waxing warm and the candidates continue to come forward and offer their service. State wide prohibition will be one of the issues of the campaign, and all indications point to a hotly contested battle.

President Roosevelt was recently offered \$300,000 by a circus man of Bridgeport, Conn., to do a Rough Rider stunt in connection with the performance. This sum is just six times as much as the President has received as his yearly salary, but he regarded the dignity for which his position calls, more than the price.

The passing of the Johnson bill by the California Assembly, thereby compelling Japanese children to attend separate schools, has caused quite a protest to arise from the Japs here and in their native land. President Roosevelt opposes the action and will test it in the higher courts to find whether or not the bill is constitutional. He further says that the bill is offensive.

Mabel Sturtevant of Brookfield, Mo., has just won the Brown scholarship prize of \$2500 in a competition open to the world. Her mother raised vegetables and took boarders and the daughter had to give three years of her student life to help her mother. She finally finished at the State University and won a trip to Europe where she learned of the world prize she had won.

George Busse, brother of the mayor of Chicago accidentally shot and killed Mrs. Lucis Tucker in her home in that city last week. Busse was showing his revolver to a maid when it exploded, the bullet passing across an arway into the woman's apartments and struck her in the heart. Her little 7-year old son witnessed the tragedy. Busse is nearly overcome with grief and physicians are attending him.

The Helpful World.

Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the Sunlight might fall upon them, but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dew and sunbeams, vines that climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows," blights many a bud of promise. Be it the artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problem, or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.—Opelika Post.

Don't giggle. A merry heart may be a good medicine, but the chronic giggler is like unto the patient nostrums. She should be legislated against.