

# The Davie Record.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS, THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN; UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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## A TALE OF WOE FROM EDITOR OF WEBSTER'S WEEKLY

Governor Kitchin Declared to Have Forgotten His Friends in Overweening Ambition to go to the United States Senate.

Wentworth, May 7.—Webster's Weekly, in its last issue has the saddest editorial an editor can write—a story of betrayed confidence. In plain words the tale is unfolded of why that paper is done with Governor Kitchin. Listen: "The Review would severely criticize our position in reference to Governor Kitchin. To make our position plain, we say that in the days past no man admired Mr. Kitchin more than this humble editor. No man worked harder in an humble way to see him governor of North Carolina, believing that he represented the highest ideals of political life. No man shouted louder at that great Charlotte convention when Mr. Kitchin was nominated, because we felt that a man had been chosen who would stand with the people—who would show no favors to the special interests. But what has happened! No sooner had he taken his seat in the executive office than ambition for greater honors seemed to grapple his soul, and his very will power seemed to hesitate as to the proper course of his actions. He seemed to want to make himself square with the "friends" of the trusts and corporations. He forgot the people. Practically his every appointee was or had been affiliated with trusts or corporations. He upheld the legislature (by speeches and letters to the press) in its broken promise of trust legislation. He urged on the stump and through the press that there was practically no difference between "A" and subsection "F," when virtually every lawyer of importance said that the one would reach the evils of the trusts, while the other was worthless and a humbug."

How the heart of such a Democrat must ache over the governor's change! The very idea of a Democrat changing—Oh, the pity of it! The sadness of it all! Memory weeps o'er buried Hope. A strong, forceful man, fighting for the rights of a great people, forgetting all else, he tramples under foot all the promises of the past, flings from the proud boast of being a "free man," and all at once a cloak of scolded conservatism is thrown around those broad shoulders that once were anxious to bear the people's burdens!

Scarcely has the oath of the great office been administered when the farmers of Rockingham county—a county that has fostered and nourished Governor Kitchin's every ambition—selected their leaders and moved on Raleigh, firmly believing that they had at least one friend at the capital in the person of the newly elected governor.

Finally an ordinance was obtained. His excellency was asked to send a message to the legislature recommending a "trust bill with teeth." The farmers thought that he needed only to be asked. The occasion and the man, they thought, had met. No man in a decade has had such an opportunity. Would he accept it? The result is known by all

Governor Kitchin, after being begged, implored, persuaded and asked, sent a message which, in so many words, said you must carry out the Democratic platform unless you can prove the platform is wrong.

Prove it wrong! Prove it by whom? The trust followers? Sadly the committee of Rockingham composed of farmers like "Ob" Neal, Charlie Dalton and Wilson, returned home, sick at heart, holding the burned out embers of a dead faith in the man who had declared himself the farmers' friend. The platform ignored, friend after friend forsaken. No words can describe the meaning of it all.

An idol is found with feet of clay. The platform of Democracy ignored with the imitation that it is wrong.

Politics in North Carolina contain many sad chapters. More than once have self-styled leaders betrayed the people and sold them in bondage, but when history shall truthfully record the year's events of 1908 and 1909 the saddest, sickening chapter will be the one that contains the political record of William Walter Kitchin and the mad race he is making for the United States Senate, and the words of the Weekly will be used to head the chapter.

"He Forgot the People."—Nana R. Reid in Greensboro News.

### The High Cost of Living.

Increases the price of many necessities without improving the quality. Foley's Honey and Tar maintains its high standard of excellence and its great curative qualities without any increase in cost. It is the best remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. The genuine in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

### Big Ship Launched.

New York, May 12.—Flying the white starred ensign of the United States navy at her stern, the Stars and Stripes at her stern and a string of gay signal pennants along the 620 feet of her deck line, the battleship Florida, the biggest of the American Dreadnaughts built thus far, was successfully launched at the Brooklyn navy yard today in the presence of the vice-president of the United States, the Secretary of the Navy and the naval attaches of all the powers and a crowd of 50,000 enthusiasts whom lowering skies and intermittent rains failed to keep away.

### What Everybody Wants.

Everybody desires good health which is impossible unless the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, and a serious illness may be averted. Foley's Kidney Remedy will restore your kidneys and bladder to their normal state and activity. Sold by all druggists.

Former Governor Bob Glenn of North Carolina is in South Carolina delivering addresses. This is a terrible revenge for the Old North State to wreak upon its sister to the south merely because an expatriated South Carolina journalist denied the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration.—Huston Post.

## SUGGESTIONS HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARMS

A Timely Article by Essex Spurrier on Farm Life—He Gives Personal Experience as His Arguments and Makes Good Points.

Among the many suggestions offered as a means of keeping the boys on the farms, is one that advises keeping the tools sharp. Yesterday while repairing a broken place in a fence, made by a fearful down-pour of rain, I found I needed some poles to help out the lack of fencing materials. There were plenty of long, slim sycamores handy and I tackled one, but discovered I had brought a very dull ax and that the job would be a fearful one to a man that felt as I did; so the fence was just patched up to do until a better ax was available.

Some two weeks ago I took occasion to help a little fellow cut corn stalks. He could have cut them by himself—in fact, has cut a good many this spring by his lone self—but I knew he did not want to go way off down in the bottoms and work with no one in sight, so I had him help me finish a shed I had been pottering with ever since the weather opened up; then I made that an excuse to return the compliment.

The only tool available was one of those old long things, called in this locality a Smith hoe. There was not a half inch of steel on it, but I could not bear the idea of using it when the edge was so blunt it would hardly go into the ground. The little boy said, "grandpa, you'll soon get all the steel off." But I did not care. I would rather have no hoe than no edge.

I once had the honor of working for a man who set such a high value on his Smith hoes (the only kind he used) that he would not allow them sharpened with a file, lest all the steel should disappear. Part of his farm was very gravelly and sometimes the edges were battered up so that they were thicker than the blade. Once during my dispensation he took his hoes to a blacksmith shop and had the edges hammered out—to save the steel.

Steel is very valuable, I know, but not as valuable as manflesh, much less boyflesh. This is more precious than gold dust—yea, or diamonds either. I would rather have worn out hoes scattered all around the place than have one boy so worn out with dull tools that he would want to leave the farm.

I once dropped in on a family where negroes had once been plentiful. There was not a sharp tool on the place. There were three grindstones; only one mounted, and that on two fence rails leaning against a wall. The axes were duffed off until they would balance out of the gash.

I changed things. The steel washed away down the hillside would have made my steel loving friend sick at heart—but it made the chips fly. But the old folks thought I was carrying it to an extreme, and the old lady got off a good joke on me by telling of a boy who could not get his sythe to "hang" right, though his father tried several times and finally told the son to hang it to suit himself.

"Will you let it stay that way if I do?"

"Why, certainly, son."

Whereupon the son hung it up in a peach tree. It is a pity there is not some way of grinding the hoe without grooving the grindstone so that it not find to grind anything else on. If some Yankee would get up an emery or carborundum wheel fixture and make it simple and inexpensive, arranging it so it would

be easy to grind a hoe on, he would make a great hit. I have seen several kinds, but never saw one that I thought was arranged for grinding a hoe.

In the absence of such an implement I made a "discovery" that some fellow farmer might profit by. When the little boy got ready to begin hostilities among the corn stalks, he brought me the hoe he was to use, with an expression on his face that indicated great discouragement. It had been lent out and the edge—well, there wasn't any edge.

The cross cut saw file seemed to work so slow I was tempted to make a short bevel, when he demurred. Thereupon I bethought me of a rasp, a horse-shoeing rasp, which our oldest son used when he sometimes shoes our horses. With the fine side of it I was but a few minutes bringing it down until the bevel was over a half inch up the blade. Then it was finished with the file.

When it came time for my job, I touched up that old Smith hoe until the bevel was nearly an inch. And the way those would clip a cornstalk was interesting, and required hardly a tith of the labor and time of a battered-edge one.

This rasp cost only 40 cents and has paid for itself ten times over since we have had it. In fact, we have two old ones that are worn out, one of them having been made into a cold chisel which we would find it very unhandy to dispense with.

Why any farmer, especially one who is raising boys, would be willing to go through life without a goodly supply of tools, is a mystery to me. It is as natural for a boy to want to use tools as for a girl to want to play with dolls, and both occupations will do much toward making them what the Creator intended them to be.

I knew a man who blessed the world with a good lot of boys who are now all useful men, carrying on the work of life now after he and the mother have gone to the Great Beyond.

He told me that the best thing he ever did for them was to fit up a shop where they were allowed unrestrained privileges. They had spoiled fifty, maybe a hundred dollars worth of tools and materials but received no reproof for it, for the gains far over-balanced all losses; for at the time he was telling me of it they could do anything they chose in wood, iron or steel.

Why anyone will put up with a dull tool is curious. I have seen cast and chilled plow shares so dull the plows had to be run on the point to make them go in the ground at all. I have seen father and son sawing when the gash was just worn across the log; when a good dressing would make it go through three or four times as fast. No wonder such a farmer's son wants to leave the farm.—Essex Spurrier in Home and Farm.

### Commander Julius A. Pratt Post No. 134, Dept. III., G. A. R.

Mr. Isaac Cook, Commander of above Post, Kewanee, Ill., writes: "For a long time I was bothered with backache and pains across my kidneys. About two months ago I started taking Foley Kidney Pills and soon saw they were doing just as claimed. I kept on taking them and now I am free from backache, and the painful bladder misery is all gone. I like Foley Kidney Pills so well that I have told many of my friends and comrades about them and shall recommend them at every opportunity." Sold by all druggists.

The oldest church building now standing in New York is St. Paul's Chapel, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1764.

## LITTLE ITEMS OF NEWS HAPPENING EVERYWHERE

General Happenings of the Week From All Over the Country as Gathered From Our Exchanges—Many Things Told in a Few Words.

Yanceville, May 16.—In the southern part of this county today at 1 p. m. Lut Shaw, a negro, shot and mortally wounded S. C. Hurst a groceryman from Danville, Va. Mr. Hurst's condition is extremely critical.

Dr. Fredrick A. Cook, the discredited polar explorer, is in the United States with his wife, and will issue a statement shortly according to his sister in law, Mrs. William L. Cook.

Washington, May 16.—The jury in the case of State vs. Carl J. Kelly, charged with the murder of Sam Tayole, after deliberating for about forty-eight hours, today returned a verdict charging the defendant with murder in the second degree. The judgement of the court was that he be confined in the State prison for a term of 30 years.

Raleigh, May 16.—News reaches here today of a killing late last night near Garner, this county, in which a negro, Pearl Jones, was cut to death by Herbert Bryant, a well-known young white man. Quite a number of men were returning to Garner from a big fish fry and became involved in a quarrel. Bryants friends claim that Jones was trying to put him out of the buggy when Bryant drew his knife and dealt the fatal cut in the abdomen. No one else was hurt.

### Hon. W. H. Bower Dead.

Hon. William Horton Bower died last Wednesday at his home at Lenoir. He had been in poor health for several years, had grown worse recently and his death was expected. While it occurred Wednesday the fact was not generally known until Friday. Mr. Bower was born in Wilkes county June 6, 1850, and lacked less than a month of being 60 years old. He received an academic education, studied law under Col. G. N. Folk and was licensed to practice in 1870. He moved to California in 1876 and returned to this State in 1880. He represented Caldwell county in the House of the Legislature of 1883 and in the State Senate 1885. This year he was appointed solicitor of his judicial district by Gov. Scales and next year he was elected to that office. In 1892 he was elected to Congress and in 1894 was defeated for reelection by Hon. R. Z. Linney. In 1904 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination, which was his last appearance as a candidate.—Ex.

### Poor Father.

Children hush! for father's resting; he is sitting tired and sore, with his feet upon the table and his hat upon the floor. He is wearied and exhausted by the labors of the day; he has talked about the tariff since the dawn was cold and gray; he has lost eight games of checkers, for

his luck today was mean, and that luck was still against him when he bucked the slot machine; so his nerves are under tension, and his burdens laid upon him seemed too great for him to bear. Stop the clock, for it annoys him; throttle the canary bird; take the baby to the cellar, where it's howling won't be heard; you must speak in whispers, children, for your father's rired and sore and he seems to think the ceiling is some kind of cuspidor. Oh; he's broken down and beaten by the long and busy day; he's been sitting in the feed-store on a bale of prairie hay, telling how the hungry grafters have the country by the throat, how the tariff on dried apples rob the poor man of his coat, how this nasty polar rumpus might be settled once for all—and his feet are on the table and his back's against the wall; let him find his home a quiet and a heart consoling rest, for the father's worn and weary, and his spirit longs for rest.—Ex.

### A Beautiful Thought.

What a day it will be when this mortal puts on immortality! When the barriers are down and time and physical restrictions are no more, when the boundless liberty of God is ours, when frailities of the flesh have vanished as the darkness goes out at the dawn, when sorrow ends, when pain is no more, when there are no final farewells! Is it not worth waiting for? Can we not bear the presene of the night and the faint glimmer of the stars when we know that the peaks of life are already beginning to glow with the glory of the morning? Be not impatient, child of God! There is rest beyond the river, and with every dip of the oars the coast line draws nearer.—Union Presbyterian.

### Politics Nit.

Attention is fixed our approaching active political conflict. I cannot say a word about it as it is strictly against the policy of this paper. The situation is interesting and a whole lot could be said that would add to the hilarity of the occasion but business beckons and says cut it out.

I like politics—it is an interesting and fascinating performance. I hadly know anything as absorbing. I daresay though the country will be saved as of yore. It is tantalising to be a near editor with no one to blue pencil what you write and yet have to take care and let this topic of today severely alone. Everyone I see says something about politics and some things talked would read well but nothing doing.—Ironton News.

### For More Than Three Decades

Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. For infants and children it is the best and safest as it contains no opiates, and no harmful drugs. None genuine but Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow packages. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all druggists.

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