

# The Davie Record.

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## MORE ABOUT GOOD ROADS.

### SOME SUGGESTIONS OFFERED.

An Interesting Letter From One of Our Davie Boys Living in Georgia.—We Can Secure Good Roads if the People Will Work Together.

Please allow me space in your valuable little paper for a short letter and a few suggestions.

Having read "Subscriber's" letter a few weeks ago on the road working bee, I will say that I think it a capital idea. In that way the people would make a good many improvements in the road, and if they only had a few miles of good road for a short time they would then see and appreciate them, and would go to work in earnest to get good roads all over the county. And then another idea, and one of my own, is for the people of Davie county who want good roads to get together and subscribe \$75 or \$100 and put it in some good man's hand to hold, and then offer a premium to the party of road workers that have the best road, say the first of September, for about two months previous to this time the farmer has some leisure and if there was some encouragement he would be willing to come out and help get the road in fix.

Some will ask where that hundred dollars is to come from. I believe I can answer that question. Is there a single man that has to work the road that would not be willing to give fifty cents or a dollar. Then he has a chance to get it back, and if he doesn't get it, he will get the benefit of it in using the roads. How are you going to know who is entitled to the premium, some will ask. That is simple enough. Let three good honest men go over the roads and decide who has the best roads, then award the money to the ones who are entitled to it. Now if the men of dear old Davie county want to improve the roads, I think that the road working bee or the plan I suggested would either one meet with approval. I prefer the latter, for that gives all a chance to help where the former would be limited to the working class of people only. Now altogether, and let us pull for some good roads and a premium next year, say September 1st, 1911.

Well, as my letter is too long already, I will close for this time, hoping to hear from others on the same subject.

A DIXIE BOY.

## Money! Money! Money!

### That's What We're After; Every Last One Of Us. Yes, You and I.

Reports from many sections tell of a cotton crop greatly damaged by the continued heavy rains. State Commissioner Hudson, of Georgia, estimates that there will not be over half a normal crop in that State. Whenever this is the case Mr. All-Cotton Farmer is going to be hit hard. Nearly all our reports, however, tell of good corn crops; and right here is another proof that the doctrine of diversification is right—not haphazard planting of different crops, but a rational system of rotation that provides for a fair acreage of the staple crops each year. No man can foresee the season, but anyman can, by little foresight, insure himself fair returns from his farm in almost any year. The one-crop farmer risks it all on one throw, and such farming is gambling rather than business.

Diversification of crops is the first essential of permanently successful agriculture, and you must practice it if you wish to be sure of making money every year.

The Progressive Farmer and Gazette, The Southern Farm Paper, preaches the doctrine of diversified crops—preaches it, 52 times a year, in every issue. If you wish to make money read The Progressive Farmer and Gazette—paper made for you by Southern men, dealing with Southern conditions only. \$1.00 a year and your money back if you are not pleased. Sample copies sent on request.

The Progressive Farmer and Gazette  
Raleigh, N. C.

## Funny People.

We Americans are funny folks, at least some of us are.

We clamor and cry for "retrenchment and reform" and economy in the administration of government affairs, yet when a man is elected to Congress if he can not secure an appropriation from the Government for his district, for a public building the improvement of some stream or some other project, he is no good and a failure.

We talk about extravagance and spending too much money, buying too many luxuries etc. and that rigid economy should be practised. Yet \$25 boys go on buying \$40 tailors made suits and \$5 heads will be covered by \$25 fashion hats.

We preach and argue and vote prohibition, yet most of us keep a "little of the ardent" on hand to use in emergencies, which often occur with some of us. We talk and "blow" a good deal about what should be done in many things, how towns and counties should be run, the roads worked, the schools managed, yet we do very little personally to put our ideas into execution.

We are a contradictory lot and it is time we were getting down to common sense with ourselves and beginning to practice what we preach so much, or preach less.

We people are ridiculous in many ways and in none more strikingly so, than our inconsistencies.—Lenoir News.

## Just A Question.

The Cleveland Star says in a heading of an article:

"Congressman Yates Webb declares that the high protective Tariff policy should be abandoned, and Manufactures could compete without trouble in the Markets of the World."

Yes, but wouldn't they have to reduce wages to do so, Mr. Webb?

How could congressmen get the increased salaries they voted for, under free trade?

Are you, Mr. Webb, in favor of reducing wages, and taxing these pauper wage earners for the money to pay you \$7,500 a year?—Lincoln Times.

## Way to Build a Town.

Edgefield Chronicle.

Gentlemen, the way to build up Edgefield is for every person in it, who can, to put some money into industries that give the people employment and push the industries to success. Industries that last all the year round are the best; but those that last part of the year are better than none. The most valuable power on earth is human power, and when it is not employed it is not only lost, but it also consumes part of what others earn. Work creates wealth, work sets money in motion; work pays debts; work is the vital power in prosperity, and that town, that community and that nation whose people are idle, are poor, and poor in proportion to the number that work and the time they work. Heaven's greatest earthly blessing to any people is to give them honest remunerative work.

## Better Than Medicine.

Don't live the "soft life," or else you will get knocked out by Father Time. Take plenty of exercise and don't be a hot house plant. Get out into the fresh air, kick up your heels and you won't be morbid and dyspeptic. Live the cheerful life and hustle around unless you want to peg out before your time comes. Men and women and boys and girls should make the most of this life by moving around instead of drying up in the rocking chair.—Washington Star.

## Foley Kidney Pills.

Tonic in quality and action, quick in results. For backache, headache, dizziness, nervousness, urinary irregularities and rheumatism. Sold by all druggists.

## Henry Blunt.

Charlotte News.

When "money talks" it talks cents.

The keeper of an inn is independent.

A beau frequently is a "bore" to his best girl.

A dying echo is unquestionably a sound conversation.

The girl who will wait for her fellow to get able to marry, is worth her weight in gold.

A railroad restaurant reminds us of the desert, because we get sandwiches there.

Yes, Pansy dear, the girl who sits in her lover's lap might be very properly called a Laplander.

No, Pansy, liquor does not give tone and vigor to the voice, but it only makes the breath strong.

All persons, with weak eyes, should visit the Arctic regions, for there they would gain the very best ice sight.

Did you ever note how sad and meditative a person looked in church when the contribution plate was passing?

An observant man declares that a girl may not be warlike by nature, but she knows intuitively how to "fly to arms," and protect breastworks.

When the brilliant Pansy heard that a train had been thrown from the track she said that it must have been a threw train.

We understand that the young fellow who was arrested upon the charge of stealing apples will have his case tried in appellation court.

A girl refused to sit on the knee of her lover for the reason she said it was an on knee-zy seat though some other girl regard it as the "ne plus ultra" of all seats.

A man may style himself "the lord of creation" and may proudly boast of his superiority over the gentle sex, but there are two things a woman can do that he can't do to save his life, and that is to bite a thread in two, and hold a dozen hair pins in his mouth and talk at the same time.

An enquirer asks "if the coming man will use one or two arms." Well, that depends upon the place and the time and the stroundings. Seated in the corner of a porch and bathing in the tranquilizing waves of mellowing moonlight one arm is sufficient, but in the climatic, fare-well ac two arms are absolutely necessary to make the scene impressive.

In this early life, sweet as it is with the storms of sin and evil, there is no permanent peace, no no perfect rest. Even the ocean tears the truth of this assertion, for when the soothing and lulling spirit of Alcyon has smoothed the ranging billows into peaceful calm and restless repose, even then we can see in the ripples of its dimpled bosom, evidence of disturbances and unres down in its depths and we see that only in the harbor of eternity can we find perfect peace and unbroken repose, far removed from time's troubles and its cares and its woes.

## Patriotism.

And they are now claiming that the Hon. Erastus B. Jones, one time Superior Court Judge who resigned because he saw visions and dreamed dreams of greater things, have actually been trading and trafficking with the judgship of his district and it is now claimed that the Honorable Erastus, will receive 41 votes from Rockingham in consideration of delivering the judgship to Rockingham's four year old lawyer. And still they say that Democrats don't scramble but are simply patriotic.—Clinton News-Dispatch.

To keep your health sound: to avoid the ills of advancing years; to conserve your physical forces for a ripe and healthful old age, guard your kidneys by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. Sold by all Druggists.

## Peter Poordevil's Prayer.

Peter Poornevil went to church last Sunday. The preacher's text was, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." As soon as the sermon was over, Peter Poordevil rose up and said: "Let us pray."

When people are in church, the motion to pray is a privileged motion and is not subject to debate. So there was nothing to do but to listen, and Peter prayed as follows: "O Lord, I've got to pray or bust. I know the people here don't want to hear me pray, but I can't help it. The preacher's text has taken the muzzle off of my moue. O Lord I'm getting awful uneasy about this here earth of yours. Lord, I ain't right certain it's yours. That's what's a-bothering of me. I want to know if you still own any property here, and if so, where is it? I want to know if you ever come here on a visit any more? They told me you was here and helped to run the protracted meetin' last winter and did sich a grand and glorious work. But, O Lord, that work has all gone to pieces, and I'm afraid it wasn't yours. What I want to know is, do you guarantee your work not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel? If so, I know you wasn't here last winter. Sallie Perkins has done ravelled, Bill Jones is a-running down at the heel, and a hole lots of others is a-rippin'.

O Lord, I just want to tell you this because I know they are imposing on you in these here diggins. It makes me mad to see it. If there is any real, old fashioned, blue-jeans Christianity here they never put it out where a fellow can see it. O Lord, ain't that kind of Christianity gittin mighty scarce, and what are you going to do about it?

O Lord, if these people about here have got any religion, it has got so many flources and ruffles, ribbons and tucks and gores that you wouldn't know it yourself if you should meet it in the road.

O Lord, one thing more and I'll quit. I want to know if it is Christ-like to make fun of people because they are poor and can't dress fine? Is it Christ-like to back-bite and run down folks in their absence and try to eat 'em up when you meet 'em? You never done that when you was here on earth, did you? Which is right, to go with the crowd or to be on the Lord's side?

Lord, you needn't answer this publicly here to-day, as it might break up the meetin'; but if you feel like answering it in some way I wish you would. AMEN.

## Step-Step-Step.

"Suppose," said the mental speculator, putting down his book and lighting a fresh cigar, "suppose a child's father dies and its mother marries the second time. Then the child has a stepfather, and perhaps a step grandfather. Let us suppose, further, that the step grandfather dies or is divorced and the step grandmother marries again. This gives the child a step step grandfather, doesn't it? Then, we'll say, the child's mother dies and the step father weds again. Now the child has a step-step mother. By following this process of reasoning a few feet further we can equip that child, with a step-step grand step mother and a step grand step-step mother, and a step-step step father and a step-step-step grand step father and a—"

It was at this point that the listener stepped away with a lively step-step-step, leaving the mental speculator still figuring out the problem of what relation the step-uncle of the child's step-step grand step father would be to the adopted child of the step sister of the step-step grand mother.—Ex.

Many a woman has lived to regret the day she discovered her affinity.

## What She Did.

A maiden left her downy couch one morn not long ago. And she put a little powder on her face. She made her toilet slowly, fixing everything just so. Then she put a little powder on her face. She ambled down to breakfast and she dropped into her seat. She passed her plate to papa and she got a piece of meat. She finished up on coffee, cake and predigested wheat. Then she put a little powder on her face.

She took a car to go down town to shop a little bit. Then she put a little powder on her face. At noon she ate a luncheon, paying 15 cents for it. And she put a little powder on her face. That afternoon she spent a dime for ice cream at a store, and when she'd finished eating it she longed for just one more. But, thinking of the dime 'twould cost, she started for the door. Then she put a little powder on her face.

She took a car at half past three back to her home to go. And she put a little powder on her face. She ate her dinner with the folks, then went to call up Joe. Joe came that night and stayed 'till most 1 o'clock 'tis said. When he had gone she went up stairs declaring she was "dead." She tumbled into her downy couch, and as she lay in bed why—she put a little powder on her face.—The Exhaust Pipe.

## The Wiseacres.

You have noticed that the best lawyer have never been admitted to the bar. They stand around on the street corners and argue. The best statesman are the fellows who have never been elected to office, and never will be. They also stand around on the streets and argue their heads off about the tariff and other state questions. They know all about the cotton schedules. They know how Uncle Sam could wipe out the deficit in the postal department. They know everything. The best baseball umpires are always in the grandstand. They howl about and dispute every decision the real umpire makes. But you never hear of them being called upon to officiate in a real game. The greatest financiers sit about on the streets and whittle the corners off the dry goods boxes. They know where this man made a mistake, and where the town banker is going broke. But they cannot take their wisdom to the meat market and trade it for a soup bone.—The Fool Killer.

## Well Expressed.

From the number of deadlocks in Democratic conventions this year, some of the candidates think there is nothing to do but get the nomination and be elected. The boys are rushing to the trough like a lot of hungry pigs after swill.—Greensboro Record.

Had any one been so bold as to predict a dozen years that the Democrats anywhere in this State would have played the fool as they have he would have been bored for the hollow horn. Several conventions have deadlocked, while in the delegation from Rutherford county the other day one man drew his gun and a fight was narrowly averted. They are acting for all the world like a Republican convention in reconstruction days.—Greensboro Record.

## Life On Parana Canal

has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell, of Louisiana, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid. 50c. Guaranteed by C. C. Sanford.

## LITTLE HAPPENINGS FROM EVERYWHERE

### BREEZY BITS WORTH READING.

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

Ringling's circus is billed to appear at Salisbury in October.

A train fell through a burning trestle near Spartanburg, S. C., killing two trainmen and wounding sixteen passengers.

Forsyth and Yadkin counties will go almost solid for Morehead for State Chairman.

A. H. Eller has again been selected as Democratic State Chairman.

Hardy Stallings, of Beaufort county, was killed by lightning last week. John G. Carlisle, former Secretary of the Treasury, is dead.

Dr. O. L. Holler, of Taylorsville, was seriously injured last week, when a small tree was blown over on his head.

Ex. Governor Swanson, of Virginia, has been appointed to succeed the late Senator Daniel.

More than \$1100 was taken in at the Mooresville picnic in the interest of the Barinum orphanage.

About 18 negroes were killed in a Texas race riot recently.

M. M. Angell, of Yadkin county, gathered 175 bushels of potatoes from three-eighths of an acre.

Rains have fallen around Louisville, Ky., every day for about five weeks. Damage to crops and railroad tracks go into millions.

Two of the biggest cotton mills in the South, are at Durham, the other at Concord, have just been completed.

More than 25 deaths were caused by heat in New York City recently.

## The Young Man Testified.

Judge Jas. E. Boyd, holding court in Wilmington, was called upon to dispose of the case of a youth of thirteen years. The Judge has on more than one occasion given his fullest endorsement of the work of reformatories. The Wilmington Star tells this about Judge Boyd:

"Gentlemen, I am a great advocate of reformatories, as you doubtless know by this time," said Judge Boyd, who then told of an incident which he said touched his vanity. A visitor to the Cooleemee Cotton Mills, near Salisbury, was attracted to a well dressed young man, who appeared to be above the average in intelligence. The visitor asked him why he did not get better employment and the young man replied that he would as soon as he could; that the work in the mill was the only position open for him at the time and that he declined to take the work until something better presented itself. The visitor then asked if he had any education.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I am indebted to Judge Boyd for a fairly good education. I was tried before him for illicit distilling and sentenced to a reformatory for two years. I only wish he had made the sentence longer." Judge Boyd said that this was proof positive of the importance of reformatories.

"If I had the money of Carnegie," said Judge Boyd, in speaking further upon the matter, "I would not put my money in books for people who are able to buy them, but I would establish reformatories in the different States for the juvenile criminals.—The Uplift.

Why are the sleeves of the shirts a man buys always too long?

What a noisy world this would be if we all preached what we practice.

Don't try to love the oppressor weak unless you hate the strong oppressor.

A padded cell yawns for the young man who uses perfumed stationery.

Aycock's mocking birds are extremely busy these days at certain Democratic conventions.—Ex.