

THE DAVIE RECORD.

C. FRANK STROUD - Editor.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

Senatorial Convention.

The Republican Senatorial Convention of this, the 29th Senatorial District, composed of the counties of Wilkes, Yadkin and Davie is hereby called to meet at Yadkinville on Monday, Sept. 5, 1910, at 1 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating a Senator to represent this district in the next Senate of North Carolina. The delegates elected to said convention will take notice accordingly. This Aug. 4, '10. F. W. HANES, Chairman, 29th Sen. Rep. Ex. Comm.

The people love John Morehead because Josephus Daniels hates him.

The census figures have not been given out yet, but we believe that Davie county and the town of Mocksville will show a substantial growth.

Politics should have no place in the religious papers throughout the country, but we notice that one of our ney neighbors keeps dabbling with them.

Mocksville has another chance to secure a cotton mill. No town needs factories and mills more than we, and it is to be hoped that our citizens will not let this opportunity pass by unheeded.

We wish to brand the editor of the Coolemees Journal a cowardly, contemptible liar, and defy him to substantiate a single charge he made against us in his sheet last week. We shall give him a chance to prove some of his charges publicly.

Sunday's Observer says some Democratic papers have overdone the thing. In opposing the Morehead-Butler combine, they have helped it. If Democrat papers want Morehead defeated, Republicans should want him elected.—Ex.

As evidence of the fact that prosperity is marked in Thomasville, one bank alone on last Saturday paid out \$4,474.41 for weekly pay rolls for the week ending July 30th.—Lexington Dispatch.

We are indeed shocked to read such glorious news as the above in the Dispatch, a paper that has been howling papic for the past two years. The Coolemees Journal will please copy.

ENDORSES McNINCH.

We see that ex-President Roosevelt in a letter comes out and endorses the candidacy of Hon. S. S. McNinch. Now, what has our townsman who have been opposing Mr. McNinch, got to say?—Lincolnton Times.

Patterson is Defeated.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 4.—Though the returns are meagre, the indication tonight are that the anti-Patterson, on the "free and untrammelled" ticket for the supreme court has been elected by a good majority.

The Patterson ticket for the big court is composed of McAlister and Bell of the present court, Cooke, Barton and Maiden. The "free and untrammelled" ticket is Beard Shields and Neill of the present court, Lausden and Green.

Meeting the People.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Aug. 3.—Theodore Roosevelt traveled for 150 miles today among the mining villages in the Wyoming valley. He mingled with people in all stations of life.

Late tonight he started back to Oyster Bay. The colonel had the same smile for them all. He said his chief delight however, was in meeting the wage-earners.

An incident which was typical of the day's happenings occurred at Wyoming, a mining hamlet, a few miles above Wilkesbarre. An old Irish woman stepped up to him and thrusting out her hand, exclaimed "Hello, Teddy, You're looking fine." The former President grinned with delight, and said he was glad to see her.

"You're looking fine, too," he said "Yes indeed," said she, "I'm strong as you are and you're a fine lump."

The colonel drove away, still smiling.

A Mysterious Affair.

Out on the new Mocksville road about three-fourths of a mile south-east of Oak Forest lives a colored woman named Julia Gaither. People passing by near the woman's house discovered a strong odor of something dead. Buzzards came and perched on trees about the place and these two things attracted so much attention the neighbors suspected something wrong and went to make an investigation and found where something had been dragged from the house to a ravine three or four hundred yards away that was filled with honeysuckle vines. There the trail was lost and nothing could be found. But before the search was made, it is thought, the body that was causing the search had been moved to some unknown spot. In the meantime the woman told about in the neighborhood different stories, she would ask if any one heard the noise at her house one night in the week, and one of the stories she told was to the effect that two men came to her house one night last week and they had gone a short time when she heard a scream that sounded like a wild animal. This woman has a husband who is separated from her and there is a suspicion that he may have come home and these parties she refers to put him out of the way. But so far no evidence of foul play or crime can be found.

A mystery surrounds the whole matter.—Statesville Sentinel.

Letter from Oklahoma.

Nardin, Okla., July 29.—Editor Record:—Having been a reader of The Record for a number of years, and at one time a citizen of Davie, I take this means of letting my old friends know where I am. Oklahoma is a fine country, but we are having exceedingly dry weather this year, no rain to speak of since last January. It is very hot here, and the hot winds have about ruined the crops. Wheat averaged about 12 bushels to the acre. Oats was fairly good, averaging about 25 bushels to the acre.

Times will be very close here for the next year.

With success and best wishes to The Record, I am yours truly,
F. A. CLIFFORD.

We wish to apologize to our correspondents this week for leaving their letters out for lack of space. We promise to do better in the future, and would be glad to receive your letters for next week.

Better Sanitation.

It has come to my ears that there is a sanitary organization in Mocksville for the betterment of the sanitary arrangement of the town and also beautifying the public square, calling itself the Civic League. While I am not a member of that league, I am in sympathy with them. I believe the time has fully come when we should be aroused from our lethargic state of indifference to the full realization of our duty to ourselves and our fellow men, and the highest type of civilization is the clean man, and that town is progressive just in proportion as it makes adequate sanitary arrangements according to up-to-date methods, whether it increases in population or not. The first thing for us to do is to make our town clean, so the traveler who chances to pass our way will not be compelled to hold his nostrils while passing down Main street to prevent inhaling the various odors that float upon the gentle breeze, which odors are not those of violets nor suggestive of the perfumed zephyrs. Possibly the juicy hog that our fathers set so much store by, and that we still delight in, should not be cast into outer darkness, even though seven devils were said to have entered them, but would it be asking too much of those who keep them, (and who of us would not if we could) to use some lime and just a little effort, just a very little, so the wayfaring man, though inured to hardships and not expecting much in this life, might pass by in comparative safety and comfort. And the fly,

the germ laden fly, the death-dealing fly; what shall we say about it. Solemn thoughts come over us when we think of it, and a great sighing sob of sadness wells up in our heart when we think of the number of lives that have been sacrificed to his germ carrying propensities. Born in filth, rocked in the cradle of filth, carries filth wherever he goes, comes to your table uninvented, with his feet loaded with typhoid germs, infects your food so you may have a taste of the deadly disease, and then you wonder where you got it. Know you not that flies come from the premises where some patient is or has been sick with fever, and who either did not know or did not care to properly disinfect. And the mosquito, that has such a pleasant sound at dusky eventide; who has not heard it and felt its gentle touch, and said a word that was not in the Sunday school quarterly. Not you and I, dear reader, but the other fellow. Know ye not that he carries the deadly germ of malaria, and that he does not come from some distant pond on your neighbor's premises, but from an oyster can or tub of stagnated water in your own back yard. Again, let me present to your imagination a fair young girl in the first blush of womanhood—one of the fairest creatures that ever bloomed in an earthly Eden, with the roses of health on her cheeks, with eyes as bright as the morning dew drops. We see her again fading, withering and dying under the malignant influence of some subtle poison. Again we see the broken hearted mother as she takes the last fond lingering farewell of that loved form, trying to be comforted in the faith that it is the Lord's will. Know ye not that it was not the Lord's will, but a tuberculosis germ which found lodgment in her lungs during an hour of momentary depression of her system, inhaled in germ-laden air infected by the dried spitum of some victim of tuberculosis, who did not know or did not care to disinfect. Now, gentle reader, I will tell to you a secret, and you may shout it from the housetop; tell it in Gath. The ladies of Mocksville, always in the forefront of every good movement, are entering upon a crusade against everything that goes to make our town unhealthy, and the edict has gone forth that our little pets, the buzzing fly, and caressing mosquito must have the death-dealing powers curtailed, and while we may miss them very much, especially while trying to take a noonday nap, it foreshadows their doom and marks the hour of their passing. Shall we heed the call of these fair ladies, and with our united efforts, endeavor to make our town one of the most sanitary as well as the most beautiful of any town in the State of its size, or shall we sit by in inglorious ease, in fancied security while death dealing germs are multiplying in geometrical ratio in divers places and floating on every passing breeze. No nation, town or state, has ever become great or ever can, that neglects its sanitation. The man who cares not for cleanliness, who has not an eye for the beautiful, no taste for aesthetics, does not belong to present day civilization. The curtain of yesterday has already rolled down, hiding from his vision the glorious today. I heard a man only a few days ago, who is traveling the State partially in the interest of better sanitation, remark that we had the poorest sanitary arrangements of any town in the State of its size. We should not lie under such imputations as these, but rise up in the full power of our manhood and declare by the eternal it shall be so no longer. To those who are interested in the precise methods of eliminating the preventable diseases, such as typhoid, malaria and tuberculosis by proper sanitary methods, (and I would be loth to believe there is a citizen in Mocksville who is not) can get the necessary information by writing the State Board of Health, or perhaps from the Civic League.

A MOCKSVILLE PHYSICIAN.
(Mocksville Herald Please Copy.)

SMITH GROVE.

We have been having some hot and dry weather.

Misses Lela and Lula Miller, of Lexington, have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Sallie Foster, of this burg.

Mrs. Ann Miller and little son, of Coolemees, have been visiting her brother, J. F. Owen at this place.

Mr. Dewit Cartner's daughters from Winston are visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Miss Sallie Call gave her many friends a delightful ice cream supper last Saturday night, and it was very fine; everybody seemed to enjoy it very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cash, of Winston, is visiting his mother at this place.

We are glad to see our old friend Mr. F. P. Cash at home again preparing some canned fruit for us to eat this winter.

Mr. C. G. Call has traded off his calico mule. Sorry he did this, for we are not up to plowing Sky Ball.

WILD BILL.

Honors Come Thick and Fast.

Some men are born lucky and rich, others have it thrust upon them. The latter is what happened to Hon. John Motley Morehead the popular Congressman from this district last Saturday. He was not only endorsed for Congress, but was endorsed for State chairman also. There is such a thing as overdoing it, but we hope it is not applicable in this instance.—State Dispatch.

Mocksville Produce Market.

Wheat	1.00	Corn	95
Flour	2.50	Meat, fatback	18
Meat, hams	18	Oats	50
Spring chickens	13	Old hens	09
Eggs	13	Butter	15
Beeswax	22	Lard	15
Hides, dry	10	Hides, green	05

The above is the price paid and not the price to consumer.

NORTH CAROLINA } Superior Court,
DAVIE COUNTY. } Spring Term, 1910.

E. E. Hunt, T. L. Kelly and W. C. Denny, "Stockholders of the Mocksville Male and Female Academy," on behalf of themselves and on behalf of all other stockholders of said Academy similarly situated who desire to become parties thereto,

vs.
A. T. Grant, T. B. Bailey, C. C. Sanford, B. C. Clement and Jas. A. Williamson, Trustees of Mocksville Male and Female Academy.

NOTICE OF SALE.
Pursuant to an order made in the above entitled cause by his Honor, J. Crawford Biggs, Judge, at Spring term 1910, of Davie Superior Court, the undersigned Commissioner will sell publicly to the highest bidder, at the court house door of Davie county, on Monday, the 5th day of September, 1910, at twelve o'clock, m., the following tract, lot or parcel of land, situated in the town of Mocksville, N. C., to-wit: Beginning at a stone on the west side of Wilkesboro street, thence with said street North, 5 1-2 degs. E. 2.26 chs. to a stake or stone, thence west north 88o W. 10 chs., thence south 5 1-2o W. 2.26 chs., thence S. 88o E. 10.10 chs. to the beginning containing 2.26.100 acres more or less, the same being known as the Academy lot on Wilkesboro street in the town of Mocksville, N. C. Terms of Sale—Cash. This the 2nd day of August, 1910.
A. T. GRANT, JR., Commissioner.

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red cheeks and round form where there is female weakness.



Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription." Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain envelope. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

IT'S HARD TO TELL

good paint from bad by just looking at a pot of paint. It's only after it has been exposed to the weather for a few months that you can see the effects of poor paints. Then it is too late. If you buy your paints of us you always get good paint—the kind that wears.



"UNEEDUS"
Sink & Fansler

427 Trade St. Winston-Salem.

Preserving Time

Is here, and no better place in town can be found to get the articles needed for this business.

Ball Fruit Jars (1-2 Gal.) 85c. dozen.

" " " (1-4 Gal.) 60c. "

Shure Keep Jar Rubbers 5c. a dozen.

" " Fruit Powders 10c. a package

or 3 packages for 25c.

Granulated Sugar 6c. a pound.

This is a good fruit and vegetable year and you should take advantage of it by canning same.

HUNT'S CASH GROCERY

"QUALITY LINE"

THIS IS IT



"ROCK HILL"

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"ROCK HILL" Buggies are the very best for the money. Don't take anything said to be "just as good."

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