

# The Davie Record.

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

VOLUME XII.

MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1910.

NUMBER 6.

## UNCLE TOBEY'S TALK ON GIRLS.

### AN ARTICLE WORTH READING.

The Summer Girl From the Time of Eve to the Present.—Many of the Bravest and the Fairest.

There is a fascination about the summer girl that makes us want to stay in this old world forever. As much as has been written and said of her, not the half has been told. We may criticise her dress, her manners and her eccentricities, but down in the bottom of our hearts we know that her presence with us is a sweet joy forever.

The summer girl is not a new invention; she's as old as the hills. I don't mean that she's as old in years as the hills, but that we have had her as long as the hills.

And that isn't what I mean either, for we have hills a mile long. What I want to say is that this old world of ours has always had summer girls. She began her career in the Garden of Eden and although it ended rather disastrously, the present summer girl is more or less tinctured with the frailties of Eve and frequently gets herself and others into trouble.

But she is sweet and pretty and seatters a thousand times more happiness than she does sorrow. The summer girl is a study. She is one of the products of Nature which cannot be measured with the plumb, the level and the square. Man has measured the distance to the stars, computed the length of the orbits of planets, and fixed the date of eclipse to a mathematical certainty, but the summer girl remains an unsolved mystery. The only measurement that has ever been taken of her is around her waist, and she want permit a man to use a tape-line in doing that.

Your Uncle Toby has measured several of them that way himself. Why Adam ate the forbidden fruit is no mystery. A man will eat anything a summer girl will give him, even if he knew it would draw him up into a knot that would require a pint of pink pills to untie and why Eve ate it is no less of a mystery than why the modern summer girl will eat ice cream, caramels and bon-bons until her corset strings are strained to a breaking point.

Eve was a summer girl. She is the mother of all summer girls. Your Uncle Toby has often thought it was a pity that they did not wear more clothes in those days. If Eve's wardrobe had been as extensive and her costumes as pretty as that possessed by the modern summer girl, she would never have allowed herself to be out-charmed by a snake. She would no doubt have put on her prettiest dress, taken the fruit in her little dimpled hand offered it to the serpent with one of her sweetest smiles and said: "Here, Mr. Snake, please eat this." And the snake would have done it. Then life would have been "one grand, sweet song."

The age limit of the summer girl like everything else about her except the size of her waist, is unknown. I have seen a sixty-year-old summer girl, dressed in a white waist and gray skirt, with a becoming hat, basking in the smiles of an old summer boy whose age had not smothered the fires of youth, and whose regard for the eternal fitness of things prompted him to seek the ripened fruit rather than to commit the folly of eating the green apples of youth.

The heart of the genuine summer girl never grows old, but flourishes like a green baytree forever. Variety is one of the most harmonious blendings in the economy of Nature. And this variety is not wanting in our summer girls. There are the wise and the foolish; the way-

ward and the watchful; the silly and sagacious. It is not strange that the whole world takes off its hat to the summer girl. Her march through history constituting one grand series of triumphs. Away back in the dim distance of time we see Rebekah, a typical summer girl of that age, going to the well to fetch a pitcher of water, and there meeting Abraham's servant through whom she became betrothed of Isaac.

We see Rachel waiting in her father's house for fourteen long and weary years for the glorious privilege of becoming the wife of Jacob.

We see Dajah tallying with the with the long silken tresses of Simpson's hair, and beguiling from him the secret of his great strength.

We see the scarlet whom letting down the two faithful spies from the walls of Jericho.

We see Esther, captive, with many of her charming manners, eliciting for herself and her people favors from the king.

We see Ruth, the little summer girl widow, gleaning in the fields of Boaz, and filling that old man's heart so full of joy and love that he made her his wife.

We see the Jewish maidens rejoicing in the olive groves and gathering wild flowers from sunny slopes of Judea.

We see one of Judah's fair daughters kneeling before the lowly Nazarene, anointing His feet with oil and wiping them with the soft silken tresses of her hair. We see another kneeling at His feet; accused of sin, we hear Him rebuke her accusers and forgive her sins; later we see her first at his tomb after the crucifixion and resurrection and bearing to the disciples the glorious message that "He is risen."

We see the "Maid of Orleans," Joan of Arc, a simple country shepherd girl, at the head of the armies of France and leading them to glorious victory; later we see her the victim of religious fanaticism burning at the stake. Her heroism, her faith, her virtue and fate as a martyr have come thundering down the ages to soften the hearts of men.

We see Florence Nightingale, the soldiers' summer girl, amidst the scenes of carnage on the battlefield, and flitting from cot to cot and from ward to ward in the hospital, ministering to the wounded and sick with such compassion and tenderness that the soldiers would kiss her shadow as she passed by.

We see our own dear Clara Barton at the head of the Red Cross Society, honored by the heads of every civilized government in the world, and trusted with largesums of money to aid in carrying on her work of relief in the hospitals and camps of the armies of the world.

Oh, the summer girl! Among the tribe are numbered thousands of sweet angels of mercy. Her name may not be recorded in the halls of fame and no sculptor's hand may chisel out a marble statue to perpetuate her memory in this old world of ours; but deeds are written in the Book of Life and a crown of reward rich, rich in precious jewels, awaits her in Glory Land.—Uncle Toby in Home and Farm.

### The Best Hour of Life

is when you do some great deed or discover some wonderful fact. This hour came to J. E. Pitt, of Rocky Mt., N. C., when he was suffering intensely, as he says "from the worst cold I ever had, I then proved to my great satisfaction, what a wonderful Cold and Cough cure Dr. King's New Discoverer is. For after taking one bottle, I was entirely cured. You can't say anything too good of a medicine like that." Its the surest and best remedy for diseased lungs, Hemorrhages, LaGrippe, Asthma, Hay Fever, any Throat or Lung Trouble. 50c. \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by C. C. Sanford.

## CAN'T ANSWER HIS OWN ARGUMENT.

### MR. ERWIN PLACED IN A HOLE.

His Actions Not in Accord With His Talk.—Why Does He Continue to Invest Millions in Cotton Mills?

State Dispatch.

Mr. William A. Erwin, a large and prominent cotton manufacturer, formerly of Burlington, but now of West Durham, is reported to have made the following remarks:

"They talk about Cleveland panics, free soup and other things I want somebody to name this one. I am waiting for it. I do not see how it could possibly be worse, and I see no prospect of an early change."

Several so-called mill men have made somewhat similar statements lately, anent the dull times in the cotton goods trade, but we did not notice them because we thought they were talking for Buncombe. But when men of intelligence, possessed of knowledge of the mill business as Mr. Erwin; makes such reckless statements, it is time that his words were challenged. It is alright to tell a truth about any business, and it may be that the cotton mill business is as bad as Mr. Erwin says it is, but his actions do not bear him out.

In the first place, if the mill business is as bad as Mr. Erwin would have you believe, why has Mr. Erwin invested, and continues to invest millions in the very industry that he says could not possibly be worse, and in which he cannot see any prospect of an early change. Mr. Erwin knows, and when we say he knows, we know what we are talking about, that the conditions of which he complains is no fault of the National administration, or the Republican party.

Mr. Erwin knows that business in all other lines is good and that financial conditions are sound. He knows that the only industry on the drag at this time is the cotton mill business, and that is caused by the short crop of cotton last year which has caused high priced cotton, and that the price of the manufactured product has not advanced in proportion to the raw material. Mr. Erwin knows that there are no soup houses anywhere in the United States, and if there were nobody would patronize them, because the average laboring man has better than soup in his own house. This is the result of Republican prosperity which provides employment to all who want to work. Mr. Erwin knows that everybody else knows, if his big mill was ready to run that times are so good and labor so well employed that he could not get sufficient help to start it in full, and we suspect that this is responsible for his vapors.

If the cotton mill business is done for, as Mr. Erwin would have you believe, why does he continue to build them, and why is he seeking to own and operate a string of mills that will when consummated be greater than the New England combine, which already controls 22 of the best mills in the country. If the business is so bad why does the Dan River mills, of Danville, Va., continue to make full time and give everybody employment that applies for same? Why do the Cone's at Greensboro give their employees a fourth of July picnic costing over \$4,000 and a turkey every Christmas, costing as much more, if the mill business is so bad that ruination is staring them all in the face? Why does the Aurora mills of this city run full time, and has done so nearly all the summer? Are these people just running for fun, or are they seeking a legitimate return upon the capital invested?

It is getting time that these men who have the destiny of so many people in their charge was beginning to realize their position to the country's prosperity and stop their wild vapors and talk business, they are not deceiving any one or bettering their condition in the least. Their employees are on to the game and refuse to be frightened or to accept less wages, they know what all this clamor is for. Instead of the mill men helping their cause they are hurting it. Not only this, but they are causing the thinking and fair minded men to lose confidence in their business ability and their sincerity.

Men who have been placed in mills not for what they know about the mill business, but through family connection, and who do not know the practical side of the business cannot be expected to measure up to men of Mr. Erwin's ability, but men of his calibre and business standing should be careful what they say, especially when their acts do not bear out their words. We hope that Mr. Erwin has been misquoted and that he did not utter a statement so much at variance with the true facts.

### From Sickness to 'Excellent Health.'

So says Mrs. Chas. Lyon, Peoria, Ill.: "I found in your Foley Kidney Pills a prompt and speedy cure for backache and kidney trouble which bothered me for many months. I am now enjoying excellent health which I owe to Foley Kidney Pills." Sold by all Druggists.

### Value of the Cotton Crop.

People outside the Southern states frequently do not realize the importance of the cotton crop of the South to the country nor its value to the growers of the staple. Much has been said about the mistake of the one crop system of the South, and there is a very general impression that to a large number of Southern farmers the growing of cotton has brought poverty. This impression unfortunately, has too much foundation. It is not because cotton is a poor crop, but because the farmers have pursued unwise methods and have failed to grow the other crops for which their lands are suited. This fact has made many people think that the South offered little to farmers from other sections save cotton growing, and cotton growing was not, as a rule, a paying crop. The fact is that it is not only the greatest cash crop of the country, but for the man who will pursue proper methods diversifying enough to keep up the fertility of his land and produce his own forage and food, one of the profitable crops the farmer can grow. One-sixth or one-third of a bale to an acre, raised on soil not especially adapted to cotton, and which should be put to other uses, grown mainly from the fertilizer which the inadequate plowing and cultivation makes necessary, is not a paying crop. But with the proper methods of cultivation one to two bales of cotton to the acre can be grown, and such crops at even 10 cents a pound give returns of \$50 to \$100 an acre and at little more cost, except for picking, than the usual farm crops of the north.

In the whole country the value of last year's cotton crop as estimated by the census bureau was \$812,090,000. In the states of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee it was \$483,600,000. The acreage of the crop in these states was 15,459,133, and the farm value of the crop per acre was over \$52.52. These figures show how important a place the crop pays in American agriculture. That is to play even a more important place in the future, when the cotton grower shall devote a portion of his lands to other crops, and will then prove even much more profitable, is certain.—Southern Field.

### Wisdom of a Woman.

A wise woman once said that there were three follies of men which always amused her. The first was climbing trees to shake the fruit down, when, if they would wait long enough, the fruit would fall itself. The second was going to war to kill each other, when, if they only waited, they would die naturally, and the third was that they should run after women, when if they did not do so, the women would be sure to run after them.—Athenian Globe.

### The Topic Turns Annanias.

Our Saw Mill correspondent says that Mr. D. L. Miller raised 123½ bushels of wheat on an acre of land. This strikes us as being an extraordinary yield for this locality. But the record can be raised and we would like to receive reports from other farmers.—Lenoir Topic.

### Life On Panama 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, weakness 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 Lenoir, 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.

### Saints That Have Soured.

Yellow Jacket.

Did you ever purposely plan to make everybody feel miserable? Did you ever go gadding about among your neighbors, sour mouthed and carrot hearted, finding every gray hair in the young widow's head, scanning the recent wrinkles, rising particular social hot place everywhere you go? There are some people who think it their Christian duty to tell other folks how bad they look. If their throat tickles but the slightest and nature throws off with a sneeze or a cough, the wise one tells you it is that dread disease, consumption. You ought to see a doctor about it at once. If a young man is met who is delicate and heavenly minded, these old social scoundrels whisper about him, peophsy, that is a candidate for the land of wings and haloes and cheer him up with the assurance that he will kick the bucket before the whippoorwill return. They admonish the terrified young dyspeptic not to let death slink upon him with his physical suspenders down and his world hosiery sagging at the heels. There are scores of just such people. We know one who actually killed his wife with insinuating remarks and would have killed the second, but she seized time by the forelock and hit out to the tall timbers with a neighborly farmer before her heart was crushed. Such people are not fit to live with a crocodile. One of them we know of this kind hurried to the home of a young man who had been seized with a slight indisposition. Here's how she "consolated" him:

"Well, my dear boy, there's one consolation in dying young of consumption—you escape yaller fever and smallpox and the gallows. Men of your appetite and temper are safe in the grave. Let this be your consolation and comfort. They can't hang you after you are safely stored away in your grave. God sometimes makes wise provisions, but we can't understand 'em unless some wiser head points 'em out to us." It certainly beats sheol.

### Some Farmer Union Resolutions.

The North Carolina division of the National Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union, at Raleigh, N. C., July 26th, adopted resolutions insisting on a full observance of the state providing agricultural instruction in elementary public schools. It also declared in favor of an appropriation by the next legislature of at least \$50,000 state aid in establishment of county farm life high schools, through appointment of \$2,500 by the state, where the county provides farm building and equipment and equal amount toward maintenance. The union determined to undertake for tobacco farmers the establishment of tobacco dry houses for handling leaf tobacco. Another resolution calls on all the North Carolina delegation in Congress to oppose the reduction of the tax on oleomargarine, colored to deceive people as butter.

### Foley Kidney Pills.

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

### Some Democratic Figuring.

They may have figured out all right but the rest of us do not understand how the Democrats expect to elect two Congressmen in that sixth District.—Durham Herald.

### Struck A Rich Mine.

S. W. Benda, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr King's New Life Pills. For they cured him of Liver and Kidney Trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility. 25 cents at C. C. Sanford's.

## 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.

In a game of crap at Kenton, Tenn., three brothers killed a young white man.

Fifteen dentists have been turned loose in this State. Oh, you tooth-ache.

Believing he was shooting at a burglar, Ivey land, of Albany, Ga., kills his brother.

Charged by drink, Lax Battles, of Andrews, N. C., went into a hotel at Murphy, and shot three men, two of whom are dead and the other seriously wounded.

Brunswick, Ga., suffers a \$50,000 fire, nineteen houses being destroyed. Ten new cotton mills, costing about \$3,000,000, are to be built in South Carolina.

A derrick fell at the new government building which is being erected at Salisbury, and did more than \$1,000 damage to the building.

The Rowan county commissioners have been asked to erect a steel bridge across South River eight miles North of Salisbury connecting Rowan and Davie counties by a span across one of the principal streams running through this section. The merchants of Salisbury are greatly interested in the building of the bridge which it is said will be of untold benefit to all Rowan county and Davie as well.—Spencer Crescent.

### The Batts Corn Crop.

Statesville Landmark.

Mr. J. F. Batts, the Wake county man who made 226½ bushels of corn on an acre last year, has a crop this year that is attracting attention. A Raleigh newspaper correspondent who visited the farm says Batts has 30 acres in one field and the average number of ears to stalk is six. A number of stalks have ten ears and in a seed patch not far away, of perhaps a half acre or more, some stalks have 14 ears. All that in the seed patch comes from a ten-ear stalk and every grain was selected. Only perfect ones were planted. It takes pains to do a thing like this, but it certainly pays. Farmers go from everywhere to see Batts's corn. Corn-field peas are growing well among the corn, which is sandy land, which a few years ago could not produce a quarter of a bale of cotton and only a few bushels of corn, and which had a most trifling value.

### The Farmers.

The Farmer's Union has had a wonderful growth in this state and in the south. In this state alone, while it is only a few years old, it has a membership of 30,000 and has come to be a power for good to the farmer. Its principles are broad and enduring. Its labors for co-operation among the farmers, for organized co-operation, the kind that will achieve results. Its labors for better farming conditions in general, for better farms, for better farm houses, for better roads, for better schools. It eschews politics, and no member of it is allowed to hold political office but there are some laws it wants passed and some it wants repealed and it is laboring to these ends just as other organizations do that is by making its wants known and standing up for them before the men who make the laws. For instance it wants a parcel post law and it wants the New York cotton exchange regulated or abolished and it made these wants known by sending delegations before the congressional committees in Washington. That they were not successful the last time simply means that they will be on hands when congress meets again and that they will not be put off. They know what they want and they know how to get it.

The union is composed of the best farmers, independent, thinking men who know their worth and who stand for something in their community and the State.—Raleigh Times.