

The Davie Record.

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

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That Local Self-Government Plank.

If you see anything's ears sticking from beneath its disguise it is the "local self-government" plank in the Republican state platform adopted at the Greensboro convention. It is a cunning device, but is such a palpable subterfuge that a blind mule could see it and give the masquerader a good imitation of the horse laugh.

People admire bold declarations in a party platform, but they have a contempt for cunning trickery and deception when it is practiced by any party, it matters not which. "Local self government" in the abstract is Republican bancombe and in the concrete it is a delusion and a snare. It is greased lightning designed to strike Democrats who favor local option and is muffled thunder forged so it won't startle prohibition Republicans.

The people know that the Democratic party is the local self-government party, while the Republican party not only ignores local self government, but even destroys states' rights whenever it can.—Wilmington Star.

The above clipping from a Democratic paper is one among many that can be found these days in the columns of the Democratic press in its futile efforts to misconstrue and misrepresent the local self-government plank in the Republican party's platform.

They have labored incessantly, day and night, since the adjournment of the Greensboro convention to explain, twist, distort and tangle up a plain, simple, straightforward proposition.

"Local self government." The Star claims that "the Democratic party is the local self-government party." Can the Star point to any platform utterance along this line? The prohibition law is a child of its party, under the guidance of Ex Governor Bob Glenn. Did it so much as mention it, and pledge the people to stand by it, uphold, defend and enforce it in your platform at Charlotte? Now let's be fair and on the square in discussing this question of local self-government. Who gave to the people the right to vote for and elect their justices of the peace and county commissioners? The Republicans. Who has taken it away from the people in certain counties of the state in order to put Democrats in office? The Democrats. Who denies to the counties the right to elect or appoint their boards of education and their superintendents of schools? The Democrats. Who forced the prohibition bill through the legislature, and left it to a vote of the people of the entire state, when over 80 per cent. of the counties were dry? The Democrats. Are not all these questions above mentioned local self-government, the very quintessence of local self-government?

And has not the Democratic party in every one of these instances destroyed them? Then please tell us where you are rightfully the champions and preservers of a system which you have under one or another guise absolutely destroyed. Now the Republican position is this, nothing more: We believe in allowing the people to pass upon all these questions in each county; that is local self government. Mr. Democrat, do you see the point? Are you blind and so perverse that you rather prefer going on with your attempts to mislead and deceive the people? After the Crusaders' invasion of Palestine under Richard of England, the Saracens, who suffered terribly under Richard's invasion, were in the habit of speaking to their frightened horses thus: "O, foot-don't thou think it's Richard in the bush?" This local self-government plank in our platform must be a Richard in the bush, and every Democratic horse is pricking up its ears, kicking up its heels, snorting and cavorting at an imaginary "Richard in the bush."

The truth of the whole matter is this. Democracy has done so much

to destroy and has wandered so far from one of its ancient landmarks that at the sight, or even a glimpse, of the Republican local self-government plank, the Democratic horse takes fright, kicks up his heels and off he goes at break-neck speed, and the no less frightened rider turns around in the saddle and yells back at the Republicans—"O, it's likker," old corn "likker" is the cause of it all. Now, if the Democratic party leaders could only get far enough away from the bottle and jug to let their sober minds reflect on their ancient version of local self-government, and try for a few lucid moments to sanely and intelligently comprehend the whole significance of the plank, they would realize that whisky is the least important part, but they are so wedded to their own devices and constructions and are so blind to the truth of the matter, that they can't see a thing in the "plank" or on the "plank" but likker! likker! likker! Ephriam (Democracy) is joined to its idols, let him alone. The people are not going to be deceived. Republicans are not going to allow the Democratic contortionists to distort and misconstrue their platform for them. The Democrats who have frequently used whisky in every campaign in this state, and who shipped it to Greensboro in car loads when prohibition Bobbie Glenn was nominated for governor, and repeated the game at Charlotte two years ago when it flowed as free as water and landed Billy Kitchin in the parlor, cannot deceive and fool the people in this year of grace, 1910.

Consistency is a jewel that has never bedecked the crown of the average North Carolina Democratic trust buster, and the great masses are not going to be deceived or misled by this, their latest cry of wolf! wolf! Our Democratic friends have been killing the goose that laid the golden egg for several years. When they began destroying local self-government they had the "nigger" to fall back on, but when they disfranchised the negro they killed one of their standbys. Now they realize that local self-government is rising up to slay them, and they are raising a howl from Currituck to Cherokee in an attempt to deceive the people and make them believe that they are the keepers and preservers of local self-government, a system which they (the Democrats) have destroyed root and branch. You have killed "the geese" and the golden eggs have slipped from your hands and the places that know you now will soon know you no more forever.

As usually treated, a sprained ankle will disable a man for three or four weeks, but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment freely as soon as the injury is received, and observing the directions with each bottle, a cure can be effected in from two to four days. For sale by all dealers.

Waiting for business.

The fellow who went out to the pasture to milk, sat down on a stump in the pasture and waited for the cow to come and back up was the brother to the man who kept a store and wouldn't advertise because he reasoned that the purchasing public would back up to his place of business when it wanted something.

Don't Break Down.

Severe strains on the vital organs, like strains on machinery, cause break-downs. You can't overtax stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or nerves without serious danger to yourself. If you are weak or run-down or under strain of any kind, take Electric Bitters, the matchless, tonic medicine. Mrs. J. E. Van de Sande, of Kirkland, Ill., writes: "That I did not break down, while enduring a most severe strain, for three months, is due wholly to Electric Bitters." Use them and enjoy health and strength. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. 50c. at C. C. Sanford's.

An Editor's Woes.

The editor of today has to get his nose down to the grindstone and keep it there sixteen hours per day and 365 days in the year or he falls by the wayside. There are men who quit work Saturday night and rest until Monday morning. They lay aside business cares at 5 or 6 o'clock every evening and do not resume them until 7 or 8 the next morning. Not so with your editor. He has no elegant leisure. He knows no hours, on Sunday, no night. When he goes to a party or to church or on an alleged pleasure trip it is all in the line of duty. Withal your editor man is a cheerful, long suffering soul, going about doing good in his humble way. He returns good for evil. He writes long puffs of church sociables and in return therefor accepts a chunk of cake that would sink an iron-clad. He notes the arrival of all babies in the neighborhood and eternally perjures his soul in telling how pretty they are. He rejoices with the gay and mourns with the sad. He booms every enterprise which makes his community rich and goes about himself clothed in gunnysack coats and one suspender. He glories over the fortune of his neighbor and meekly eats his own repast of boiled corn cobs and colored labels off tomato cans. He can write a sermon, an account of a prize fight, political speech, an obituary notice, poetry, split wood, wash dishes, preside at a camp meeting, curry horses, quote law or gospel, or anything else at a moment's notice.—Sanford Herald.

Diarrhoea is always more or less prevalent during September. Be prepared for it. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is prompt and effectual. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by all dealers.

Let's See The Difference.

Yes, let's try and see the difference between free trade and protection. Ours is the youngest of all the leading nations of the world. Yet, it is one of the richest. And its citizens are the happiest. The poor classes have homes, or can get them, and command at least a living wage. Why is this? What made it so? There is but one answer to it, and that is our laws protect our manufacturing industries and that gives to the laborers good wages for their labor.

Under Democrat rule, we had soup houses and the country was flooded with tramps. They say we have a panic now which is as bad as the Cleveland panic. Is it well, let's see. Farmers, is it so with you? Now you answer for yourselves and decide which you prefer. Wage earner, is it so with you? Is work as scarce and wages as low now as they were in the Cleveland panic? Do you hear of any soup houses? Think over it for yourselves, and decide which you want. If you want free trade, low wages and soup houses, vote the Democrat ticket. If not, you had better vote the Republican ticket.

The paupers in London fed on soup on Jan. 15 were 125,881. England is a free trade country. As you make it with your vote, the way you will have it. It is a personal question. If you want to sacrifice your interests for party, do so.—Lincoln Times.

The Lash of a Fiend

would have been about as welcome to A. Cooper of Oswego, N. Y., as a merciless lung-racking cough that defied all remedies for years. "It was most troublesome at night," he writes, "nothing helped me till I used Dr. King's New Discovery, which cured me completely. I never cough at night now." Millions know its matchless merit for stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, sore lungs, lagrippe, asthma, hemorrhage, croup, whooping cough, or hay fever. It relieves quickly and never fails to satisfy. A trial convinces. 50c. \$1. Trial bottle free. It's positively guaranteed by C. C. Sanford.

BOYLES BROS CO Clothing and Hats.



419 Trade St. WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Protection, Local and National.

When you want any article of merchandise, buy it of a reputable home dealer, that the profit may remain to enrich the community. Send your money abroad only for what you cannot purchase at home. Home talent, home labor, home industry, home capital, and home pleasures are things to be fostered, encouraged and patronized.—Harrison (Ark.) Times.

That is protection pure and simple. It is as good doctrine for Arkansas as for Rhode Island. It fits every section, every community, large or small. If it is good for Harrison it is good for the whole country. All over the South sensible people are beginning to see it that way.

For bowel complaints in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil. It is certain to effect a cure and when reduced with water and sweetened is pleasant to take. No physician can prescribe a better remedy. For sale by all dealers.

It Falls On All.

The rain it falls upon the just, And also on the unjust fellows; But chiefly on the just, because The unjust have the just's umbrellas. —Ladies Home Journal.

A Reliable Medicine—Not a Narcotic.

Mrs. F. Marti, St. Joe, Mich., says Foley's Honey and Tar saved her little boy's life. She writes: "Our little boy contracted a severe bronchial trouble and as the doctor's medicine did not cure him, I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar in which I have great faith. It cured the cough as well as the choking and gagging spells, and he got well in a short time. Foley's Honey and Tar has many times saved us much trouble and we are never without it in the house." Sold by all Druggists.

Bit of Early History of County of Davie.

Winston Journal. Dr. Ernest M. Griffin of Farmington furnishes The Journal the following account of the first house, the first well and the first mill ever constructed in Davie county:

About one hundred years ago, a man by the name of Sainer, the Christian name of whom I haven't been able to ascertain, is said to have built the first house, dug the first well, and built the first grist mill in the county of Davie.

The house and chimney are still standing. The house mentioned is located two miles north of Advance and is now owned by Mr. E. E. Vogler, but is tenanted by Mr. Ed Smith.

The writer could get but little information as to the nationality and personal history of Mr. Sainer and wife other than they were honest, thrifty and progressive.

The record of these early pioneers is interesting from an historical point of view especially to Davie county, the history of which should be written by an accomplished historian.

The house built by Sainer, was considered a fine one in those days. It was built of huge logs and is a lasting monument to the builder and his "style" of architecture, the sills being great trees from which they were dressed with an ax. It is a weatherboard house with four rooms. I think the broad weather boards were put on with shop nails with a head on only one side. The boards are nailed to four by four's the last mentioned being pegged to the logs with large wooden pins. The boards are lapped at the ends instead of making a square joint.

The large fire place and chimney are interesting to look at. The brick are as hard as stone and seemingly would last forever, showing that the

people of that generation did things well.

It is said that many people from a great distance came in their carriages to see this home and especially the well, or the hole in the ground, as they called it. This worth a pioneer should have a monument to his memory.

The mill mentioned, the first of its kind, in Davie, is still known as the "Old Mud Mill" drew a large patronage from a great distance.

Men of the type of which we are speaking of are true heroes and their fading biography, should be recorded by some one interested in history, and especially in Davie, and give to the public instead of slumbering in oblivion.

A razor, a pistol, a bottle of liquor and a woman were jointly responsible, according to The Thomasville Davidsonian, for a murder in Davidson county. With that quartet of trouble-breeders in active operation, we cannot but feel that the community got out cheaply with one killing.—Charlotte Observer.

Charles Aycock, of mocking bird fame, exhorted the Democrats at Statesville Saturday, but he didn't say anything about crime stalking abroad at noonday under Democratic rule. The boys in Iredell must be on the rug, else why this big gun being carried there to explode. In the words of the Lenoir News on a recent occasion, "not a single vote was changed," and O. H. Cowles will again represent the people of the eighth district.

"I have a world of confidence in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for I have used it with perfect success" writes Mrs. M. I. Basford, Poolsville, Md. For sale by all dealers.