

The Davie Record.

State Librarian

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

VOLUME XII.

MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1910.

NUMBER 14

Parker And Page Meet.

Hons. John J. Parker and Robt. N. Page, Republican and Democratic nominees for Congress from this district, met in joint debate at the court house Tuesday. A large crowd were present, democrats, republicans, socialists and reformers. Mr. Parker was introduced by Mr. A. T. Grant, and led off in an hour's speech. It is impossible for us to reproduce the speeches of the gentlemen in our limited space, even were we capable of doing so. Mr. Parker spent much of his time in discussing the tariff question. He showed that the Republican party had kept their promises to the people by making a downward revision of the tariff, showing that while the tariff had been increased on a few luxuries, it had been lowered on many of the necessities of life, and many articles placed on the free list. He showed that Mr. Page, who has been in Congress for eight years, had done nothing for the people, save secure two small appropriations for public buildings, totaling \$115,000, while Congressman Morehead, the Republican from the adjoining district, had secured in one year's time appropriations for public buildings amounting to more than \$300,000. He showed that Mr. Page did not have as much influence with the administration as a private citizen, citing an instance where Page had failed to secure an appropriation, after which a citizen got busy and secured it. He also showed that Mr. Page had refused to vote for Bryan in 1896. He also showed up Mr. Page as being mightier than the Democratic party, citing instances where Page had voted directly against the policies of the party which he represented, and refusing to vote on many questions of vital importance that came up during his term as Congressman. Mr. Parker showed that during all the time the Democrats were in power they had not prosecuted a single trust, and citing many instances during the past six years where trusts had been prosecuted and dissolved by the Republican party. He showed that the Democratic party was a friend to the trusts, while his party were doing all in their power to put the trusts out of business. In touching on State issues, he showed that the Democratic party had not prosecuted a single trust, saying that the anti-trust law had no teeth and could do no damage. He showed that the American Tobacco Company and the Democratic party were bedfellows, the biggest trust in the State purchasing some time ago a million dollars worth of North Carolina bonds, which could not be sold elsewhere. Mr. Parker was heartily cheered at different intervals of his speech.

Mr. Page was introduced by Mr. G. E. Horn. He is a rapid talker and could doubtless make a good speech if he had any record behind him of great things accomplished during the past eight years spent in Congress during which time he has received about \$50,000 of the people's money. Mr. Page was very nervous during his address, being scarcely able to hold his extracts so he could read them. A number of times he forgot himself so far as to let his glasses slip from his trembling fingers, and the English language was at times treated with disrespect. But Mr. Page did the best he could. Men who own railroads are as liable to make mistakes as any one else. Mr. Page spent much time on the tariff question, substantiating what Mr. Parker had set forth. Of course Mr. Page told the people that the tariff was too high—that he believed in a tariff for revenue only with a little extra thrown in for good measure. Mr. Page admitted that he had done nothing for this section while in Congress,

and called on Democrats and Republicans to substantiate what he said. He said he couldn't do anything, because he was not in sympathy with the administration, and the Democrats cheered. Mr. Page admitted that he bolted Bryan in 1896, and said he did so because Bryan fused with the enemy. He admitted that he voted to suit himself on several occasions, regardless of the wishes of the people who elected him. Mr. Page said that there were no trusts to amount to anything during Cleveland's administration. He also said that the Dukes, who are Republicans, owned the Coolemees Cotton Mill, which was something new to the people in this county, who were under the impression that it was owned by Mr. Erwin, a Democrat, as it is named after him. Mr. Page touched lightly on the trust question in North Carolina, but did ring in Marion Butler for a moment. Mr. Page told his audience that he owned a railroad, the Aberdeen & Asheboro; that he had once worked in a saw mill, had also pulled a locomotive throttle and did various other things. He said he had done more in the last year than Parker had done in his life. He boasted of his wealth, saying that he had enough money to educate his children and keep out of the poor house. He said that he had many old-line Republican friends who would not support Mr. Parker because he had been a Democrat, and that some Republicans were mad about it. Mr. Page said many things that a man of his age and intelligence should not have said. If we have misquoted either of the gentlemen, it is a mistake of the head and not of the heart. We wish to be fair in all matters. The gentlemen had a rejoinder of fifteen minutes each, in which they made things lively. Mr. Parker asked Mr. Page how he stood on the prohibition question. If Mr. Page answered him we failed to hear it. Some Democrats claim he answered by saying he was a State-wide prohibitionist. He was also asked if he believed in electing magistrates and school boards by a direct vote of the people. Mr. Page said he was opposed to the election of the school board by the people, but favored the magistrates being elected by the people. Mr. Page said that Mr. Parker didn't vote the Republican ticket two years ago, but didn't tell why. In justice to Mr. Parker, and owing to the fact that Mr. Page had the last speech, we wish to say that the only reason Mr. Parker did not vote the Republican ticket was that he had not been living in his voting precinct long enough to be entitled to vote. In conclusion, we wish to say that both speeches were on a high plane. There was no mud slinging, and but little "butting-in" from the audience. Both parties seemed to be well pleased with the speech delivered by their candidate. Mr. Parker is only 25 years old, while Mr. Page is said to be about 50, although he does not look more than 40. So far as looks go, Mr. Page was not in it a little bit. We cannot say whether a single vote was made or lost. The 8th day of November will tell the tale. The speakers went from this city to Yadkinville, where they wound up their joint canvass Wednesday.

Forced To Leave Home.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson, of Calamine, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. Its surely the King of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. Its positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Croup—all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at C. C. Sanford.

A Trip to Tennessee.

It was our pleasure to attend the "Press Day" at the Appalachian Exposition on Friday, Sept. 30th. We left Mocksville Thursday evening and journeyed through to Knoxville, arriving there about 7 o'clock Friday morning. At Asheville we fell in with our old friend C. B. Webb, of Statesville, who was on his way to purchase marble at Knoxville. At Morristown, Tenn., we met up with our old friend E. L. Davis, of R. 4, who was headed for the Exposition. On our arrival at Knoxville, we took in the city before going to the Exposition, which is about five miles distant. Knoxville is one of the busiest and liveliest cities to be found anywhere in the South. We have always liked that city, having once lived in the adjoining county of Sevier. On our arrival at the Exposition grounds we were agreeably surprised at the magnitude of the fair. The main building at the fair is a thing of beauty and the various exhibits of fruits, grains, hardwoods and various other exhibits defy description. The various buildings, including the negro building, with their exhibits, were good. The various attractions on the midway were of a high order, and the free attractions were good. The fireworks at night were the grandest sight we have ever seen and beggars description. At 10:30 Friday morning the editors of Tennessee, with their bet-ter halves, daughters and sisters, and a few starrying Tar-Heel editors, met at the auditorium and listened to a number of good speeches, chief among them being the address by W. J. Oliver, the biggest man in Tennessee, and the man who made the Exposition possible, and who is the prime mover in all the great things that happen in East Tennessee. Wm. Rule, editor of the Knoxville Journal and Tribune also made a good speech, along with other editors whose names we cannot recall. Editor Cobb, of the Morganton News Herald, W. C. Martin, of the Lenoir News, Mayor Wakefield, Lenoir, and The Davie Record man, were the North Carolina newspaper men who were present. At 1:30 p. m., a luncheon was served the newspaper fraternity, which consisted of many good things, after which more addresses were made. President Oliver then invited the paper men to make themselves at home, take anything they could get their hands on that they wanted; that the doors were open to them and all the shows and other attractions were theirs without money and without price. At 6:30 p. m., a banquet was served the starving scribes at "The Fernery." We cannot do this dinner justice with a pen, but on the night in question we ate our fool self sick, and haven't fully recovered up to this hour. Mr. Oliver acted as toastmaster, and the wit and humor was equally well enjoyed along with the good things that were devoured. We met our old friend Bill Montgomery, editor of the Sevierville Vindicator, a paper that we once fought, bled and cried for. Bill is the most original and one of the best editors in Tennessee, and no newspaper gathering is complete without him. May he live long and never grow poor. We wish to thank the Tennessee editors and President Oliver for the kind and hospitable manner in which we were treated while in their midst. We shall not soon forget their hospitality. We left Knoxville at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, arriving home Saturday afternoon. It was indeed a fine trip.

Capt. Bogardus Again Hits The Bull's Eye

This world famous rifle shot who holds the championship record of 100 pigeons in 100 consecutive shots is living at Lincoln, Ill. Recently interviewed, he says:—"I suffered a long time with kidney and bladder trouble and used several well known kidney medicines, all of which gave me no relief until I started taking Foley Kidney Pills. Before I used Foley Kidney Pills I had severe backaches and pains in my kidneys with suppression and a cloudy voiding. On arising in the morning I would get dull headaches. Now I have taken three bottles of Foley Kidney Pills and feel 100 per cent better. I am never bothered with my kidneys or bladder and again feel like my own self." Sold by all Druggists.

The Devil on Stilts.

This is the time of year that the politician whets his wind-saw and unhats his dignity to your supreme insignificance. This is the time of year that the candidate mounts the stump and chews up the air alive and spits it into your face like a young cyclone dining on a prairie town. They sweat from trying to portray themselves to you as riding on the dome of the capitol at Washington City, with the Declaration of Independence in their vest pocket and picking their teeth with the forty-foot guns of the navy.

When a man wants to get in office he begins to puff up with gigantic reforms and just gets so full of 'em that they are stickin' out all over him like Spanish needles in a pair of cotton trousers. His very heart bleeds for the struggling poor like sogrum exudin' through an old hemp sack.

But when you have used all your energy, might and main—hollered hurrah for him so loud that the lightning bugs went in their holes to make lightning, and he gobbles up the other fellow's lunch and sails in on a large majority—right then his sympathy and generosity takes a mighty sudden case of the dry swivels. His heart balls up and fails to beat as warmly for the common people as it did. The only thing he cares for then is to draw his breath and his salary. He don't even have time to say his prayers or ask forgiveness for the dirty wrongs he committed in mounting his throne of prominence.

The average politician usually battles with success without consulting his conscience for command. He has no scruples. He woe the devil and stoops to any dirty means to slide in.

The Lash believes in telling the flat-footed truth about things, and there is no dickens if present-day politics ain't the rottenest mess we ever saw. There is no use for one party to throw up things to the other. One is a pot and the others are kettles, and they are all black. And it will never be any better till the American voter wakes up and demands honesty and purity in the man who solicits his vote. Will you wake up, gentlemen, or will you go on snoozin' your lives away and let the slick-tongued rascals play foot-ball with your sacred rights?—Laws Lash.

Mr. D. L. Raymer Postmaster.

Landmark, 4th. Mr. Dewey L. Raymer has been appointed postmaster at Statesville to succeed Mr. J. W. C. Long, who has held the job for more than 13 years. Mr. Raymer received the official notification of his appointment and the blank bond for \$8,000 Saturday. The bond was promptly filled and sent back to Washington and Mr. Raymer's commission as postmaster will be forwarded as soon as the bond is approved; and it is expected that he will take charge as soon as his commission arrives. The office pays \$2,600 a year.

The Printer's Dollar.

"The printer's dollar, where art thou? A dollar here and a dollar there, scattered over numerous small towns all over the country, miles and miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? Come home ye truants to thy father's house—ye are wanted! Come here in single file—by column or platoon—so that the printer may send thee forth again to battle for him and vindicate his credit, Reader, if you see a stray dollar around your premises, send him home tenderly, for he art ours."

Thus the Crawford County Citizen urges its delinquents to pay their subscription.

Good results always follow the use of Foley Kidney Pills. They contain just the ingredients necessary to tone, strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, and to cure backache. Sold by all Druggists.



Boyles Bros.' Co.,
Winston-Salem's Largest Clothiers,
Hatters and Furnishers.

John's Gone to Texas.

Well, John has gone, gone for Texas. He says she robbed his bank of happiness. He has a suit in court for false pretense.

With a farewell hand shake he bid old Cope good by and shouldered his pack to never come back. John has just married and brought home his bride. A graceful and buxom, and beautiful Miss;

When in the alter he stood by her side.

It seemed the last drop in his cupful of bliss.

Indeed she was one of the fairest of creatures.

Her lips were like rubies, her teeth were as pearls;

The rose might have borrowed its hues from her features.

The sunlight was mocked by her beautiful curls.

With feasting and music the bright moments flew,

Fill mid night approached, and the bride and the groom,

After bidding their friends and companions adieu.

Retired together, of course, to their room.

The beautiful wreath and her long silken trail.

On top of a chair, she carefully placed,

And then disconnections were fastly occurring.

Of ribbons and belts that encircled her waist.

John, on seeing those beautiful curls,

Her beautiful tresses of long golden hair,

And the teeth he admired, they were whiter than snow,

All placed in a box that she sat on a chair.

From her cheeks came her plumbers, lest she might swallow,

She placed in her toilet-box there with the rest,

Then swiftly detached the full palpitant bosom.

Her lover so fondly, but blindly had pressed.

And then one by one but he knew not the names.

Of the various garments embroidered and white;

But will ever remember the many surprises,

That hastened to greet him that memorable night.

Then touching a spring that was hidden somewhere,

Her lower limbs parted precisely in halves;

And she laid on the alter, (I mean on the chair,)

Her last artificials, a pair of fat calves.

Her dissection completed, she plunged under cover,

Like a lath might into a rivulet drop.

Then tenderly asked of her motion-

less lover:
"Dear John, how long do you mean to sit up?"
"My dear, I am quite undecided" he said,
What course in the case would he proper and fair,
To follow the fraction that got into bed,
Or stay with the parts that remain in the chair.—Laws Lash.

"It Beats All"

This is quoted from a letter of M. Stockwell, Hannibal Mo. "I recently used Foley's Honey and Tar for the first time. To say I am pleased does not half express my feelings. It beats all the remedies I ever used. I contracted a bad cough and was threatened with pneumonia. The first doses gave great relief and one bottle completely cured me." Contains no opiates. Sold by all Druggists.

In the automobile races in New York Saturday four persons were killed and 20 injured, four of the latter probably fatally.

A Reliable Medicine—Not a Narcotic

Get the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. It is safe and effective. Contains no opiates. Refuse substitutes. Sold by all Druggists.

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