

The Davie Record.

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

VOLUME XIII.

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Some Reflections.

Whittier, in Lincoln Times.
Now, if you all will hold your breath and don't take spasms, I'll whittle you a few off-hand reflections. This is a fast age. It's called the "commercial age." We brag on it as if that was the stuff. In fact, it's the most dangerous age in the world's history. Especially, since Noah entered the Ark.

It's true, there are more professedly good people in the world than ever before. But it's more true that there are three times more heathen and sinners in the world than ever before in any half century. This is what the church says when it wants missions. But when it wants new and larger buildings, finer furnishings and abler pastors, they say, "the world is getting better." But are the Church and Christians better—is the Christian religion getting better? No! Not if measured by the Bible standard.

Earth and heaven are suffering for the lack of more serious, home and office reflections. All some folks think of is money, fame, politics and easy jobs. They think the world owes them a living. That's not true. They are indebted to the world. They owe it a life. Folks can't think of death and hereafter and how to get better and do good. Not got time. They must be worldly and have a good time. Church going is to much a habit for some, preachers as well as the people. So he puts in his time, he thinks he's done his duty. Some, however, try to "feed the flock" on the pure word. But they dare to condemn sin.

In a town once, when Wednesday night came, I was feeling "too hot and tired to go to church." I was at lying on the porch in the cool. When the church bells all began to ring, such "confusion" of sounds I never heard before. I wondered if it indicated "confusion of religious tongues," confusion of religions. Many attended, some to sing in the choir, some to show their new dress, some to see sweethearts some to catch sweethearts and some for one thing and some for another. I wondered what good would come of it.

Next morning, I went among these people. Not a one said anything about what was read, said, felt and done at his respective church. Nobody was converted, nobody got happy. All you could hear was the dry weather, crops and more money for the town. If all these preachers had plead for some politician, that would have been the talk next day. If the fire bell had rung and someone's house had burned, everybody would be telling it. If some one would get burned it would be awful; business would almost close up shops in sadness. But at church, if a dozen were saved from the fires of hell, nobody would be rejoicing—at least only a few of them.

Unnecessary Noises.

The world would indeed be brighter and better, and we would be nearing the dawn of that millennium which looks so universal brotherhood, could we but free humanity from the babel of unnecessary noises. In this one particular we are less considerate of others than we are along any other line.

Take, first, the howling dog whose nightly concerts make good men irreligious and wish that they had never been born. The owner of such a dog has no consideration for his neighbors who vainly seek the slumber which is rightly theirs. Under such circumstances are men tempted to flee the lives of the offending dogs, and while the slayer may perhaps be punished in this world, we see a crown awaiting him in the next. Then there is the phonograph, the cheap phonograph

which plays all day and all night, grinding out the same tunes until in desperation holy men curse under their breath, or seek solace in some distant spot where the maddening strains of "All That I Ask Is Love," "Love Me and the World Is Mine" and kindred rot cannot enter.

Now come we to the auto, the night riding species which speeds through the streets at a perilous pace, unbridled and unmuffled. Added to the shrieking of a raucous horn, the loud whirr of the engines causes men to start from their beds as though pursued by a nightmare.

This list of unnecessary noises wouldn't be complete without that ancient plague of night, the "barbershop quartette," rendering the lates ballads of the day with that soulful interpretation which can be born only of soapbuds. But against such as these suffering humanity can defend itself, for without violating any law it can end the enforced concert with a pitcher of water or a well directed bootjack.

Other night noises there are too numerous to mention, but all inexcusable and uncalled for. We might give the final word, however to the night-crowling rooster, although his standing in the community and his inalienable right to crow when and where he pleases have been clearly defined by a duly constituted court of law. All of these annoyances exist, as we have said, because we have so little consideration for other people's feelings and comfort, and until the end of time it will ever be true that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."—Forsyth News.

A Kentucky Example.

Charlotte Observer.

We take off our hat to the town of Henderson, Ky. The authorities there have considered the dog situation carefully and in consequence have passed a city ordinance which makes us in North Carolina envious. "In the first place," reports The Louisville Courier-Journal, "the ordinance makes it unlawful to keep a dog within the city limits without paying a license fee of \$1. As evidence that the fee has been paid the dog must wear a substantial collar with the license tag attached. One section provides that it shall be unlawful to keep any dog which by barking annoys the neighbors or the police. Another prohibits dogs from running at large. The mayor declares that dog killers will be appointed with instructions to kill all dogs running at large without a license tag and 'all that howl or bark or run after teams on the streets or that are in any way a nuisance to the public, whether with or without a tag.'"

It is this last clause which we desire particularly to commend. The rest of the ordinance may be duplicated—to a greater or less extent—in many cities in which the dog is still a problem. But if dog killers—not dog-catchers be it noted—perform their office upon all curs which habitually make day as well as night hideous with their noise, not only will the community enjoy a needed season of quiet but there is every reason to believe that the Pasteur institutes will become much less busy—a consummation which few will deny is devoutly to be wished.

Dick Morse Finds Washington a Bad Place—He is "Cussed Out."
Washington Correspondence Charlotte Chronicle.

Rev. Dick Morse, well known in Charlotte and throughout the State is in Washington. The Rev. Mr. Morse thinks Washington is the worst place, morally, that he has ever seen. He says that the men smoke and drink all day Sunday and that when he tells these erring Washingtonians about their sins he is cussed out.

"I got up here yesterday," said

he, "and started out to give out some tracts which my good friend, John Pullian, of Raleigh, sent me. I offered one to a man who promptly told me that he had no use for such stuff except to light his pipe. I told him that he needed John Pullian's tracts more than he needed that dirty pipe he was smoking. Then he gave me a sounding cussing."

"Then I came up here to the capitol where I found men taking ice out of a wagon and carrying it into a barroom, and again I was cussed out. Then I went back up the street to the Union Mission and as I was going in I found a boy turning three drunken men out of the side door of a hotel. A little further down I saw a policeman take another drunk from a hotel and cart him off to the police station."

"In the Union Mission I found four or five drunken sots. Then I went out to the Industrial School and asked the superintendent to allow me to address the school, but instead he allowed a priest to talk to those children."

A Good Motto.

In a window of a Columbus store is this motto, "Come in without knocking, and remain on the same terms."

That is good enough for every body to follow in all places. It is a good slogan for a city to adopt, and every man who follows it will make a good citizen. The man who moves into a town with the determination to see nothing good in it, needs to take that slogan to heart and ponder it well. Knocking a town harms everybody and does more to retard progress than any other one thing.

It is a good slogan for the home. The man of the house may have had cares throughout the day; business may have been disappointing; customers may have been irritating, and he has perhaps been in the habit of taking out his ill humor on the family. In that case, he can remember the slogan: "Come in without knocking, and remain on the same terms."

Come to think of it, there does not seem to be any place where the slogan may not be used to advantage, so let's all adopt it.

Largest Baby in the World.

Mt. Airy, Ga., Dispatch, 26th.
In James Adolph Cody two years and three months old. Mt. Airy boasts the biggest baby in the world. James Adolph now weighs 122 pounds, and is growing every day.

With the first indication of the abnormal growth, his parents consulted a physician, and James Adolph was put under his care. All efforts to keep the baby on a diet suitable for one of his age proved unsuccessful to keep him normal.

Baby sleeps well and is perfectly healthy and strong. His appetite is like that of a grown person. For breakfast he will eat three and four large biscuits, with bacon gravy, butter and syrup; two glasses of buttermilk and two cups of coffee.

Between breakfast and dinner he will eat two more biscuits with butter and syrup.

For dinner he can eat a large plate of greens or any kind of vegetables, with boiled bacon, corn bread biscuit and a whole pie, if he can get it, with two glasses of buttermilk.

Baby eats again between dinner and supper, and his supper is in keeping with breakfast and dinner!

The devil was asleep when man was made, but he awoke before woman was completed.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers.

Shame on 'Em.

The whole fabric of society is honey-combed with corruption and reeking with rotteness. Scandal and scads, rascality and riches, go hand in hand, and they are the only things that can open the gilded doors of society to a man or woman. If you want to stand in with the 400 foolish fops of garrulous Gotham or any other center of snobdom you have got to be financially sound and morally rotten. Society never enquires how you got your dough or how you lost your decency, so long as your pocket book sags heavily and you are willing to go the gait. Maudling matrimony, promiscuous paramours and doodlebug divorcees constitute the sum of life in swelldom.

Oh for a law that would compel the kid-glove kangaroos to get out of their gilded dens and follow a burly Buckeye Binder in the blistering sun! And, oh, for another law that would lift the be-jeweled and be-alimoned female fops out of their sealskin slippers and put them to plying a pair of greasy overalls across the corrugated bosom of a washboard!—Pool Killer.

Listen Young Men.

Boys, when you speak of your father don't call him "the old man." Of course you are older now than when you were taught to call him father. You are much smarter than you were then, you are much more manly looking, your clothes fit you better, your hat has a modern shape and your hair is combed differently in short "flyer" than you were then. Your father has a year's coat, a two-year-old hat and a vest of still older pattern. He can't write such an elegant note as you can and all that but don't call him "the old man." Call him father. For years he has been rustling around to get things together, he has been held to the thorny path of uphill industry, and the brightest half of life has gone from him forever. But he loves you though he goes along without saying much about it, therefore be not so ungrateful.—Ex.

Not Sincere.

If the democratic party does not believe in tariff for protection but simply for revenue, will some democrat tell us why they propose to put a 20 per cent tariff on raw wool and a higher tariff on woolen clothes and at the same time put food stuffs on the free list. Why not levy a uniform tariff on all articles of a like nature if the idea is simply to create revenue?

The truth is every Democratic congressman fights low tariff on the products of his own district but is for a low tariff on the products of the other fellow's products—they are protectionists in spots, but try to fool the people by saying tariff is robbery.

Every tariff levied is protective according as the rate is high or low. Republicans say all industries should be protected in all sections of the country.—Lincoln Times.

After the Wheels of Fortune in the Drug Stores.

A surprise was sprung by the grand jury at Guilford Superior court last week when it returned true bills against a number of owners of drug and cigar stores here conducting lotteries, or "wheels of fortune" as they were called.

Under a recent ruling of the Attorney General the wheels so often seen in drug stores in which money is dropped and the buyer always gets one drink or cigar for his nickel and some times more, are lotteries. All candy schemes and prize offers where a man does not know definitely what he is getting for his money are under the ban.

A successful grafter is one who is still considered a good business man.

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J. A. Conover, formerly in charge of the dairy department of the State Department of Agriculture, has bought an orchard farm in Wilkes.

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