

The Davie Record.

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

VOLUME XIII. MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31 1912. NUMBER 30

"Western Fever:" Its Causes and Cure.

Charlotte Observer.

By the New York State Agricultural Society a communication has been addressed to the press of the State which has almost an equal bearing upon conditions there and here. The letter deals with the proneness of farmers in the Eastern half of the country to let themselves be lured off after the much inferior advantages now offered by the West, seductive literature by the ton contributing to this end. "They go," it says of the victims, "to raise crops thousands of miles away from their markets. They go to buy land at staggering prices, to pay \$1,500 an acre for orange lands, while oranges in Los Angeles may be selling at five cents a dozen. To buy apple lands in Colorado at \$3,000 an acre, when New York State grows more and better apples than all the Western States together. To buy lands the value of which is dependent upon water they may never get, or the titles to the rights of which are involved." The letter, advertising to loud Western boasts about water power, mentions the fact that New York State has more actually developed water power than the whole Western aggregation combined and an equal amount which has not been developed yet. It is similarly shown that in producing such commodities as potatoes, hay, buckwheat, butter, eggs and poultry no Western State can remotely compare with New York. Lastly, that the New York farmer has enormous markets at hand, while the Western farmer is separated by continental distances and high freight rates from his.

A comparatively exhibit more or less like this might be made by almost any of the Atlantic or Southern States, the Southern States most particularly. There is a great deal in the undoubted fact, first of all, that if people who go West had only worked half as hard at home as they find themselves compelled to work under Western conditions they would have fared twice as well. But those people very seldom did anything of the kind. The very plenty and abundance of natural opportunity at home militated against such exertions. Moreover there was, and unfortunately to some extent still is, a deterrent from conventional considerations one side which did not exist on the other. Many a young man who at home had never done any heavy manual labor in his life and would not do so even after a Western experience, went out West to toil under desert suns and in winter blizzards with irrigation problems and other difficulties which might after much hardship permit him to raise apples or beans. In the West he takes as a matter of course exertions beyond any he would dream of making in the South or East. Occasionally some of his number still go West. Why will he not devote his efforts to the far better endowed farming at home? Why, for that matter, will not the discontented Southern farmer expand at home some part of the energy and intelligence which he knows or should know will have to be expended, on the root-hog-or-die principle when he goes out West?

The West, its really attractive openings now quite pre-empted, benefits enormously beyond its deserving by circumstances like these. Its advertising energies, which originated in the days when it had genuine attractions to offer, have multiplied in proportion as those attractions have declined. No wonder, therefore, that a considerable tide still sets from States whose actual resources are far less developed than are the resources of most Western States. But, over and beyond all such special considerations, we incline to believe that mankind's ancient impulse Westward is the most powerful factor of all. Man migrated from Asia into Europe and from Europe across the seas. Since he migrated into America there has ever been in him the impulse to push farther West, not from West to East; and this instinct is naturally strongest when he seeks land for cultivation or grazing, as his forefathers did. His course has always been toward the setting sun. Generally speaking, he bettered his condition when he moved, that is so long as there was a frontier to be pushed farther ahead. The point we would make is that a frontier no longer exists, that East and West have met on the borders of the Pacific, that because of the continuing impulse Westward the West not only has been highly developed in proportion to its resources but developed intensively at the East's expense. An instinct originally sound and justified by experience has outlived, after the manner of all instincts, the conditions which brought it about. This, therefore, is our fundamental handicap in relation to the West. Our people get "Western fever," just as they get "Spring fever." It is a call of the wild, often prevailing upon them not only irrespective of reason and information but even against reasonable dictates of the plainest kind. "Western fever," exploited by Western railroads and land agents for all it is worth, should be combated by the people of the South like any other disease. The published comparison made by the New York State Agricultural Society indicates one method whereby this can be done.

A Story Worth Reading.

Dick Naylor, in Home and Farm.

It's awful tough, and that's no joke. It's terribly rough, and that's no hoax. Here I am hiding out in a remote corner of J— county in order to keep out of the grasp of Dallas peace officers! Oh, it's bad, and that's no dream. Indeed it's sad, their cruel scheme! I never realized before how hard it is nowadays to get out of reach of railroad, telegraph and telephone lines. It's a difficult thing to do, let me tell you. Just try to escape once from the searchlight of the constabulary if you don't believe it.

Even away up here in this semi-mountainous dark corner of Texas I can faintly hear the scream of the locomotive over on the Push and Rush railroad eight miles a way. It gives me the cold creeps whenever it blows its harsh, strident whistle. Oh, how it grates upon my overwrought nerves! It seems to be tattling to the officers, telling them where I'm hiding. The old farmer and his wife with whom I am temporarily living under the pretext of spending my vacation in "a lodge in some vast wilderness far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," seem to be growing suspicious of me. I accidentally overheard the old man—Uncle Jim, I call him, because every boy around here calls him Uncle Jim—say to the old lady—Aunt Lindy, I call her, because everybody else says Aunt Lindy—says Uncle Jim to Aunt Lindy:

"Say, Lindy, hev you noticed anything peccoliar about our new boarder?"

"N-o," says Aunt Lindy, sorter slow like, "I haven't noticed anything peccoliar about him in per tickler, 'cept he has a way o' sorter mumblin to hisself like a feller talkin' in his sleep. I 'lowed maybe he was one o' them theater actors an' was jest repeatin' his part o' some play or nuther. Hev you seed anything strange about him, old man?"

"Well, you jest bet yer wool stockin's, I hev."

"What on airth was it? He aint got smallpox nor dydryfoby, I hope."

"He may hev 'em both, fer all I know, an' that new-fangled disease I hear 'em talkin' erbout—I b'leve they calls it pilegrify—thrown in fer good measure. W'y, when he's off by hisself he's all the time a singin' the foolishlest little ole song you ever heerd tell uv. I was listenin' to him jest tiddy when he didn't know anybody was erbout, an' I kinder caught on to the song. It goes like this, as fer as I could ketch it:

"I drapt the baby in the dirt, I axed the baby did it hurt, An' then the little baby said: A-wow! A-wow! A-wow!"

"Fer the land's sake, old man! What do you know about that?" exclaimed Aunt Lindy.

"I don't know nothin' a tall erbout it more'n I've done told you. Ef there's any more verses to his song I didn't ketch 'em. He jest kept on singin' them words over an' over sorter like he was in a dream."

"What the creation ails ther feller, ole man, do you reckon?"

"Sarch me, Lindy, I swan I dunno."

Kind reader, I will not keep you in suspense any longer. I'll frankly tell you all about my "peccoliar ailment," as my good old host and hostess call it.

Last May my wife and little daughter, Helvetia, went on a visit to the wilds of Arkansas.

While at Stephens with their relatives, the Tysons, Helvetia learned a ditty from her little cousins, Jessie May and Vivian Glenn Tyson. It was the same simple, silly little ditty that Uncle Jim told Aunt Lindy about:

"I dropped the baby in the dirt, I asked the baby did it hurt, And then the little baby said: A-wow! A-wow! A-wow!"

Well, when Helvetia came home she sang that silly little song to us. As utterly idiotic as it is, there seemed to be something infectious about it, for our next door neighbors, the Stones became infected that same evening.

Little Martha Stone caught it first, and we could hear her childish voice, keyed up to its highest pitch, singing:

"I dropped the baby in the dirt."

Ruby Stone, John Stone, Papa Stone and Mamma Stone succumbed in rapid succession to the insidious little song just imported from the jungles of Arkansas, and way up into the night we could hear the silly strains floating out upon the summer air. The following day was Sunday and Papa Stone didn't have to go to work; so he proceeded bright and early to torture his neighbors by bellying in his deep bass voice:

"I dropped the baby in the dirt."

As nobody within two blocks could possibly sleep when big old fat Papa Stone's calliope voice is in action, the whole Stone family were soon out of bed assisting the old man in tormenting his neighbors with the story of the unfortunate baby. Not satisfied with their vocal torture, the old man opened the piano and improvised a one-finger accompaniment as a sort of finishing touch to the cruelty. Oh, it was fierce!

Horrible as the situation was, myself and family were drawn into the vocal disturbance and we found ourselves involuntary accessories as it were, to Stone's strenuous efforts at disturbing the peace; for we too began to howl:

"I dropped the baby in the dirt."

Very soon we could hear the disturbing sounds floating serenely out from all the other houses in the neighborhood.

In sheer desperation I grabbed my hat and told the family I had an important engagement down at the office. I boarded the next street car. As I dropped a nickel into the conductor's palm it recalled dropping the baby in the dirt, and before the impulse could be checked I began singing the silly words of the Arkansas jingle.

As I took my seat several ladies changed theirs to the other side of the car, and a man on the platform asked the conductor: "What ails old Dick this morning?"

"Booze!" was the laconic, but wholly erroneous reply. Although struggling hard to keep quiet the irresistible impulse to entertain the other passengers with the story of the baby's fall overmastered me, and before alighting from the car two policemen warned me to either go back home and go to bed or they'd put me where my vocal music wouldn't disturb the public.

Returning quickly home, I hastily packed a grip and fled. So here I am up in this remote corner

of J— county momentarily expecting to see a sheriff and constable ride up to Uncle Jim's gate and call for me. If they do I shall be compelled to sing them:

"I dropt the baby in the dirt, I asked the baby did it hurt, And then the little baby said: A-wow! A-wow! A-wow!"

A Mail Order Deal.

We have been an instant believer in trading with home merchants. You can see what you buy, get what you want, and cause a larger circulation of your money at home. One of the most striking and pointed illustrations of the advantage of buying at home is given in the following, copied from the Sample Case. It is an interesting story:

Down in Oklahoma the other day a man went into a store to buy a saw. He saw the kind he wanted and asked the price. It was \$1.65 the dealer said.

"Good gracious," said the man. "I can buy the same thing at Sears, Roebuck and company for \$1.35."

"That's less than it cost me," said the dealer, "but I'll sell it on the same terms as the mail order house just the same."

"Allright," said the customer. "You can send it along and charge it to my account."

"Not on your life," the dealer said. "No charge accounts. You can't do business with the mail order house that way. Fork over the cash."

The customer complied.

"Now 2 cents postage and 5 cents for a money order."

"What—"

"Certainly, you have to send a letter and money order to a mail order house, you know."

The customer inwardly raving, kept to his agreement and paid the nickel.

"Now, 25 cents for expressage."

"Well, I'll be—," he said, but paid it saying: "Now hand me that saw and I'll take it home myself and be rid of this foolery."

"Hand it to you? Where do you think you are? You're in Oklahoma and I'm in Chicago, and you will have to wait two weeks for that saw."

Whereupon the dealer hung the saw on the peg and put the money in his drawer.

"That makes \$1.67," he said. "It has cost you 2 cents more and taken you two weeks longer to get it than if you had paid my price in the first place."

Of Course.

Wadesboro Ansonian.

There was a man from our town, Who thought he's wondrous wise. And swore by all the living gods, He'd never advertise.

At last one day an ad appeared And thereby hands a tale; 'Twas set in solid nonpareil. And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

Bills to reduce letter postage to one cent have been introduced in both houses of Congress.

CRANFORD'S

MID-WINTER CLEARANCE SALE!

Started off Saturday With a Rush.

50 33 1-3 and 20 Per Cent Discount on All Goods

Except "Carhartt Overalls," Which are Net.

This Sale includes all our new excellent, high-grade Clothing for Men, Boys and Children—nothing reserved.

THE REDUCTION IS SWEEPING.

THE REASON: We want to convert the remainder of our winter stock into cash. It's good, level-headed business to do so, even though it means a loss to us. Not a garment has been disturbed. The mark-down price on the price tags tells its own story, or just take off 20 per cent. from the original price.

THE PROOF: Seeing is believing—therefore the only thing to do is to come and see. If we cannot make good our claims, say "Good-day" and walk out. We mean business—put us to the test.

Here Are a Few of Our Price Inducements Plainly Put:

37 MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS AT HALF PRICE.	
\$ 5.00 Suits, Now	\$ 2.50
8.50 " " "	4.25
10.00 " " "	5.00
12.50 " " "	6.25
15.00 " " "	7.50

68 MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS AT ONE-THIRD OFF.

\$ 7.50 Suits, Now	\$ 5.00
10.00 " " "	7.00
12.50 " " "	8.50
15.00 " " "	10.00
18.50 " " "	12.50
20.00 " " "	13.50

The balance of our Regular Stock of Men's and Young Men's Suits, which are the Best Clothing ever offered in Winston-Salem for the money, we now put on sale at 20 Per Cent. Discount.

Men's and Young Men's Suits.		Boys Knee Pants Suits.	
\$ 5.00 Suits, Now	\$ 4.00	\$ 2.00 Suits, Now	\$ 1.60
8.50 " " "	6.80	3.00 " " "	2.40
10.00 " " "	8.00	3.50 " " "	2.80
12.50 " " "	10.00	4.00 " " "	3.20
15.00 " " "	12.00	5.00 " " "	4.00
18.50 " " "	14.80	6.00 " " "	4.80
20.00 " " "	16.00	7.50 " " "	6.00

Shirts, Underwear, Sox, Ties, Collars, in fact everything must go at 20 per cent. Discount—except "Carhartt Overalls" (which are net). All goods market in plain figures—just take off 20 per cent. and you have the selling price. When we hold Clearance Sales we make things hum. We want room—we want to clear out each season's stock before the next arrives. We don't mind the loss—we want the money and not the goods. Sale Closes February 24th.

N. L. Cranford & Co.,

One Price Clothiers.

WINSTON-SALEM, - - N. C.

We Will Make It Pay You Well

To Sell The Balance of Your Crop of Tobacco

At PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE, WINSTON.

We know how to sell it for the highest dollar possible and we will sell yours that way. Bring it to PIEDMONT first or second sale. Your Friends,

M. W. NORFLEET & CO.

First Sale Days For January:---Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.