

The Davie Record.

State Librarian

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VOLUME XIII.

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NUMBER 33

FROM THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

A Davie Wanderer Tells Many Things of Sunny Florida That is Well Worth Reading.
Hermit Crab Bungalow.
St. Lucie, Fla.

Mr. Editor:—This has been the roughest day I ever saw in Florida. There has been a cold northwest wind blowing all day, with lots of rain. I'm out here more than a hundred yards from shore in this beautiful bungalow, built right over the river, in which my nephew and niece Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Dunham live, and around which the waves are playing hide and seek to beat the band. While you folks up home in the old Tarheel State have been wrestling with the blizzards nearly all the winter, we have been basking in the warm sunshine, going in surf-bathing every day we cared to, eating these sub-tropical fruits, tomatoes, beans, strawberries and other garden sass to a stand still. But from the looks of things tonight, maybe the tide has changed, and if it clears up before the sun rises tomorrow morning it's goodbye to my little melon vines. I planted a hundred hills three weeks ago or more; yesterday I worked them out and they are looking fine, and to say I'm proud of them don't half-way express it. But if it frosts tonight! Dreadful thought! Mr. Editor, just write on the slab that covers these bones—"died of a broken heart."

Have been having some grand sport fishing for the last few weeks. Bought myself and nephew, E. L. Jr., a nice little sail boat, and the way we rope them would make you stand by and take note. But as I promised you and my friends before I left home not to tell any fish stories while down here, I'll stand to that promise if it was a bad one. Just want to say to my friends that I am getting on fairly well. Haven't had to take but one dose of medicine or missed but one meal since I've been down here, and believe I'd be fat if it wasn't for these little pesky sand flies and mosquitos. But Ed L. Jr., can tell it better than I can. A few evenings ago there was an auto party stuck in the sand near the house. Ed and I went out to render any assistance we could. The ladies in the auto were complaining terribly about the sand flies and mosquitos, when Ed said: "Ladies, they ar bite bad here, but aint half as bad as they ar back thar at that shack. Said I was gist a making a fire smudg when you folks got stalled and had a pint cup in my hand that I'de brought some carosene oil in to start my smudg fire with, when the pests got so thick around and on my naik that I just made a swing with that cup, and caught a whole quart," and added: "Now, ladies if you don't believe it I can prove it by Uncle Ed." But Uncle Ed had business down on the river right then. Now, Mr. Editor, if my old friend, Squire Williams should wonder down this way, I'm going to have him qualify the young man and send it to you for publication, darned if I don't.

The wanderer from Davie,
E. L. DAVIS.

January Was Coldest.

Now that January is gone, it may be safe to talk about her. Wherefore, let it be recorded that the particular month which has finally taken a welcome departure was the coldest of her name in 17 years and the second coldest in 34 trips of the earth around the sun. Consider that the phenomena unraveled included a genuine cold wave, two snowstorms, three sleetstorms, the second heaviest snowfall and the lowest mark in temperature in thirteen years. This do, and thank your stars that you weathered all this weather as successfully as you did, even if maybe you were laid low by the designing grip germ or if you are still in the grip of a cold that is undeniably bad.—Charlotte Observer.

First Building and Loan Reports Good Business.

A fine increase in business and an excellent rate of profit was shown in the report of Dr. L. Harrill, secretary of the First Building and Loan Association, read before the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Association Saturday night.

quarter a century ago and during these 25 years it has aided in the building of 600 homes, a number of business houses and several churches of the city, the total disbursements aggregating \$1,183,172.98. The present president, vice president and attorney have served ever since the organization of the association and Dr. Harrill has been secretary and treasurer and in active charge of the business for 23 years. A number of the present stockholders have been carrying shares ever since the first series opened. The new series, which opened Saturday, promises to add many new shareholders to the ever-increasing number. Nearly 400 shares in the series were subscribed the first day.—Statesville Journal.

A building and loan association is one of Mocksville's crying needs. What one of these organizations has done for Statesville and other towns it can do for Mocksville. Let's get busy and organize one.

Some Biblical Matters.

The greatest apostle that ever lived said he was the least of all the apostles because he persecuted the Christians. It was that apostle who was thrown to the earth by the Lord in order that he might become an ambassador for the King of Kings, and for him to make a record, which would prove advantageous to the interest of millions of human beings yet unborn, and that his record would be read to all the civilized nations upon the earth until the earth shall be destroyed by the Son of God. It was that apostle who said that Melchisedec lived during the time of Abraham, who was greater than Abraham, and the apostle said that Melchisedec was a priest of the most high God, and that he was king of Salem, which meant King of Peace. It was that apostle who said Melchisedec had neither father nor mother, neither beginning of days nor end of life, and that God had taken an oath that his Son should be forever a priest after the order of Melchisedec, and not after the order of either Aaron or Levi—yet there was a great difference between Melchisedec and that of the Son of God as priests, which has reference to the duration of time. It is a well known fact, and has never been questioned by the intelligent that the priesthood of the Son of God is unchangeable, because he is a part of the God-head and it is presumed that the God-head has no beginning, and that it will continue to everlasting eternity. Thus it is not known but what his existence as a priest will never terminate. Not so with Melchisedec, as he was a priest during the days of Abraham, today he is not a priest unless a priest in heaven, which is not the case, because he was human and professed no part of the God-head, and it required purer blood than ever passed through his veins to be a priest in heaven, advantageous to the interest of the children of men living in the world upon which we reside requiring the purity of blood like that of the Son of God. The difference between the two, principally as priests in reference to the duration of time. Aaron and Levi were priests and when they died their sons succeeded them as priests, and so it continued in that genealogy until 445 years prior to the coming of the true Messiah, then the Aronic and Levitical priesthood terminated—not so with Melchisedec, as he had no predecessor in his father's family as a priest, and no successor as a priest in his own family. So it was with the Son of God, who had no one that either preceded or succeeded him as a priest in his own family, therefore he was a priest after the order of Melchisedec. The apostle Paul had reference to the priesthood of Melchisedec, when he said that he had neither father nor mother, as his parents represented his priesthood, and he had no predecessor or successor as a priest in his father's family. It was Melchisedec as a priest alone. J. R. WILLIAMS.

Delightful Birthday Dinner.

A birthday dinner was given Mrs. H. J. Walker, at the home of her son, F. F. Walker, on Feb. 13th. About forty-eight friends and relatives were present, and the dinner was grand, consisting of chicken, ham, beef, pickles, pies and cakes of various kinds, and many other good things. All seemed to enjoy the dinner. This was Mrs. Walker's eighty-first birthday and she is unusually well-preserved for one of her age. She was just as happy as any of the younger ones and seemed to enjoy the dinner as well. Mrs. Walker is noted for her kindness and loving disposition toward every one, and we hope for her many more such joyful occasions. We were all sorry the editor could not be present and he never will realize what he missed. Up to this writing we have not heard of any one losing their toe nails.

Fire at Advance.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock last Tuesday morning the store of J. H. Ratledge, and the office of Dr. T. T. Watkins, at Advance were destroyed by fire. It is thought that the store was broken into and set on fire by some unknown person or persons, as the back door had been busted open. Nothing was saved out of the store. Mr. Ratledge had over \$4,000 worth of goods and only \$2,000 insurance. The loss to Dr. Watkins is about \$200. Some of his medicines was saved. The buildings belonged to W. A. Bailey, and there was no insurance on them. The loss falls heavy on Mr. Ratledge. He had just purchased the interest of Mr. Carter in the business a few weeks ago. It is hoped that the fiends who did the burning, will be captured, and given the extreme penalty of the law.

Poor Myrtle Hawkins.

Interest in the Myrtle Hawkins tragedy, which was at its height last September, following the finding of the girl's body in a state of putrefaction, floating on Lake Oseeo, near Hendersonville, and which has been dormant now for some time, has been aroused again lately and though no new developments have been made in the case there has been considerable speculation as to the real murderer of the girl from the facts which were obtained in the inquest which lasted for about ten days.

The latest item of interest in the case came out a few days since when a five column article appeared in the Asheville Citizen which written by former United States District Judge H. G. Ewart, of Hendersonville, who was an attorney in the case while the inquest was going on. There are no new points of evidence brought out in this article but it is quite interesting as it is a complete review of the case and is written by an able lawyer and a man intimate with every point that developed since the body of the dead girl was found.

It will be recalled that the theory on suicide was first advanced in this case and Judge Ewart says in the prelude to this article that one of his objects in writing it is to disprove this theory. He goes about this in a scientific manner and his arguments seem to be rather conclusive although flaws of a minor nature might be picked in his arguments.

He states further that in some sections of the State, especially in the Eastern, the idea has become fixed that the people of the dead girl and the officials did not perform their duty properly in trying to run the guilty party to earth.

He then devotes a part of his article to the disproving of this idea, saying that the action of the family in making inquiries before the girl's disappearance was officially reported was only natural and that the officers of the law did everything in their power considering that none of them were experienced in the ways of criminology. He strengthens this position by the assertion that a trained detective from one of the large cities worked on the case and was unable to make anything out of it.

His only conclusions which he drew were that the girl was murdered by a married man and a woman when attempting to perform an illegal operation; that the woman immediately left the town; and that the man is still in Hendersonville. He calls no names but his article seems to defend the man Bradley, who was suspected at one time and suggests that the man was seen with her the day before she disappeared.—Union Republican.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the 

Snakes in January.

Snakes alive! So reports Mr. W. H. Spease, of Pfafftown, this county, who killed a black snake, 4 feet long one day last week while en route home from this city. The snake has evidently thawed out between the freezes as it had good use of itself. Snakes alive and no old time remedy as a safeguard or an antidote—and the spring time will soon be here, Gentle Annie.—Winston Republican.

It's not much for a man to say he never had an enemy. You could write that over a cabbage head. It would be appropriate in an essay on mush or panegoric on putty. It makes a first class epitaph above an ox. If you never did anything to make anybody mad at you, you have been called a man through courtesy. You should apply for a place as dummy in a window in a clothing store.—Ex.

May-Day Fete at The State Normal College at Greensboro.

As a part of the Commencement exercises, the students in the College and the children in the Training School are to celebrate May day. To the ancestors of every North Carolinian—Teuton, Celt, or Anglo-Saxon—the very word May day was eloquent with meaning. Because this was right, these youthful citizens are going to do their best toward reviving the May-day customs by reproducing the Day itself.

From the dim and shadowy period of paganism, through many centuries, all European peoples performed certain semi-religious, semi-poetic rites in May. Romans instinctively wore garlands and carried newly budded branches in honor of Flora and Zephyr, who were supposed to strew the earth with flowers, Goths and Swedes fought a mock battle between Winter and Summer, Summer always winning. Irish, Scotch Highlanders, and Scandinavians kindled "bone-fires" on their hill-tops, and danced, sang and feasted in honor of the sun. In the Christian era the old customs were continued as wholesome recreation for the people. Not only the masses, but lords and ladies kings and queens reveled in the woods and "brought the summer home." In "The Death of King Arthur" we read: "Then it befell in lusty May that Queen Guenever called unto her her knights of the round table and gave them warning that early in the morning she should ride on Maying into the fields beside Westminster." In the earliest English lyric poetry May-day is spoken of as the time "when everything living recovers virtue, beauty and force, and the hearts of all people rise up and glad themselves."

Hear and heed wise Chaucer: "Forth goeth al the courte, both most and leste, To fetch the flowers fresh and branche and blome; And then rejoyse in their grete delight, Eek eche at other throw the floures bryghte."

Hard is his heart that loveth naught In May when al this mirth is wrought Next week we shall tell you of four famous May-Poles.

Can't Recognize It.

This seems to be an age of "high falutin'" church music. The old time soul-stirring songs have about passed into oblivion. Especially is this true in the cities. Some of the modern so-called up-to-date music that is warbled out by "cultivated" voices would make a screech owl's notes sound almost like music from Paradise. And we are reminded right here of an old Methodist minister who was once sent to a city charge where they used the "high falutin'" music. He had always served in the country where they sang songs of Zion in audible tones, and when the city choir "loomed out" with their cultivated voices the preacher was thoroughly disgusted and bewildered and this is the prayer he offered. "Lord, bless this people; bless the songs they sang; Thou knowest what they said, although I myself couldn't understand a word."—Off-

LAST CALL

---TO---

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OUR GREAT Mid-Winter Sale positively closes next Saturday night, February 24th. After then, it will be too late to take advantage of the great bargains we are now offering.

50, 33¹/₃ AND 20% DISCOUNT

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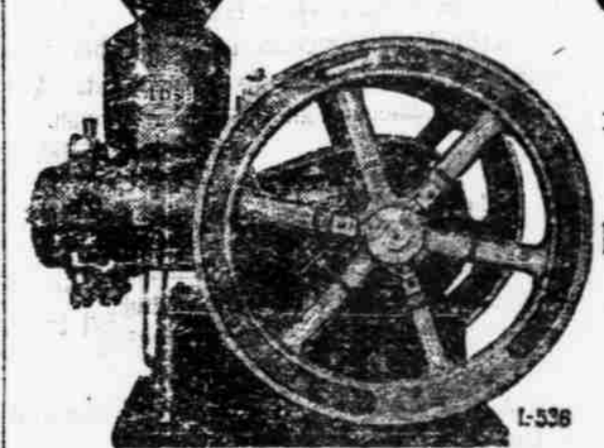
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Yours to please.

Planters' Warehouse

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Albert Matlock will be on hand.
Very Truly,
W. H. McELWEE,
Statesville, N. C.

DR. ROBT. ANDERSON,

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