

# The Davie Record.

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## Who Struck Billy Patterson.

Dick Naylor in Home and Farm.

The high cost of living continues to be a much cussed and discussed topic. The latest solution I have seen is that given by the Cincinnati Housewives' Co-Operative League, through its president, Mrs. J. Ellms. The crystallized answer to the question as to who is to blame for the present greatly increased cost of living is thus given by the league for the benefit of the Department of Agriculture:

"Trusts, selfish greed and hunger for big profits. Speculation—prices fixed by gamblers, rather than by cost of production. Husbands—not as helpful in home management as they should be. Lame laws—refusing to grant women the right to vote."

No doubt the Buckeye housewives are more or less right in each of their counts as to who is guilty. Evidently more than one miscreant has assaulted the long-suffering Billy Patterson—the common people.

It does seem hard, however, that the poor husbands, who have the bills to pay, should be arraigned before the bar of feminine indignation as particeps criminis in the matter. "Half of them," the report proceeds to say, "don't know the price of sugar."

That may be true, Mrs. Ellms, but you'll be safe in betting that more than half of them can tell you the prices of cigars, smoking tobacco of different brands, also the prices of different brands of certain liquids. Why should husbands be required to keep track of fluctuations of groceries any more than the wives should be expected to keep tab on cigars, oyster suppers and other masculine trifles?

It seems to me, however, that Capt. John C. Edgar, in his article on page 19 of Home and Farm, January 15, comes much nearer solving the problem than do the good ladies of the Cincinnati Housewives' Co-Operative League. Capt. Edgar takes a broad and comprehensive view of the trouble (as, indeed, he does all matters), attributing the prevailing high prices to many causes, the principal ones being an increased demand against a decreased supply.

"The whole secret of the high price of butcher meat," he says, "is increased population and decreased supply of meat animals," which he goes on to explain are due to our 16,000,000 more population during the last decade, and the passing of the big Western ranges into the possession of "the man with the hoe."

Meat animals, however, are not the only food supply that is dear. Every article, as even the poor, henpecked husbands of those Cincinnati dames have, by this time, found out, no doubt, has ascended to altitudinous heights. The lowly but toothsome spud, particularly, occupies a high financial seat.

"Uncle" Frank Jackson, a pioneer farmer of Carrollton, Dallas county, submitted the following explanation as to the high prices of potatoes to the Dallas Morning News:

"I read an article in the Friday News by Mrs. M. A. Gale, asking the Mayor to devise some plan to make living in Dallas cheaper, especially as to the cost of potatoes. I wonder if Mrs. Gale knows that all the boys who used to dig potatoes have gone to the cities. If Mrs. Gale has any boys that want to dig potatoes they can get a job digging near Carrollton. I have raised six boys on the farm Dallas county, but they have all gone to the city, and are engaged in boosting corner lots and are not in the potato business any more, and I have about twenty-five nephews that are either lawyers, doctors or preachers, none digging potatoes, and it is only a question of

a little time before Uncle Samuel will have to get his living from some other part of the world if the move to the city keeps on. We who are left think things are entirely too cheap for the price we have to pay for what we get done, and we are trying in every way to get more for what we raise. No, Mrs. Gale, if you think the potatoes are too high, come out and go into the potato business.—Frank Jackson."

It is unfortunate, but true, that many of our best young men are attracted by the glare and glamor of the city, and, like moths about a candle, they swarm to the dazzling and dangerous allurements of the metropolis, only to learn too late that they have made a fatal error.

Here is an extract from a letter I got last fall from a good, honest, intelligent boy who lives upon a farm on Red river:

"I don't know whether I will farm next year or not. Do you think I could get employment in Dallas? Do you think I could get work with the street car company?"

This boy's idea was to get work that would enable him to make enough money to pay his board and give opportunity to attend a night school. He has a most worthy ambition to get an education, but a wholly impracticable idea of city life.

I wrote him that all cities are filled to overflowing with unemployed people. As for working for a street-car company, he would have to work a month for nothing, then for an indefinite period as an "extra," getting in only a part of the time as his services might be needed.

When he finally got on as a "regular" he would have to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day, getting from \$2.40 to \$2.60 a day for the first two or three years. While this sum may look like "good wages" to many country youths, when they "get up" against the high cost of living in the city they quickly learn that the quiet, steady, comfortable and economical life he knew "down on the farm" is far more satisfying in the end than the strenuous, exciting and expensive life of the city.

As to the schooling, I explained to my young friend that he would have much more chance to attend a country school or to take a home course of study than he would be likely to have attending a night school in the city. In fact, after a hard day of twelve to fourteen hours labor, he would be in no condition to attend school anyway. Furthermore, after one or two years of such sleevish work, he would, in all probability, lose all ambition for an education, and become contented to live the hard, monotonous life of a common corporation drudge.

If the fine, stalwart, intelligent boys on the farms of this country could only get a true knowledge of the stunted, narrow lines of the average working boys in the city, they would not want to swap places. If they only realized the great opportunity now open for the progressive, intensive, up-to-date, alert American farmer, they would never think of leaving the farm for the city.

Don't leave the farms, boys, to swell the mongrel multitude of mediocre men in the crowded cities, depending upon their daily labor for some company or corporation for a meager existence. Stay on the farm, and let the city fellows buy your pork, peas and potatoes at good paying prices to you. Don't desert the good old farm for the untried and uncertain life of the city. Don't do it!

Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by all dealers.

## Wound Up the Wrong One.

Jones was just putting on his overcoat, when he casually remarked to Mrs. Jones that he would be working overtime that night.

"Don't wait for me dear," he said. "I may be rather later than usual. But there it can't be helped."

At breakfast next morning she was stonily silent, and the stillness of the room was not even broken by the tick tick of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Mary, dear," remarked Jones presently, "there is something wrong with the clock. I wound it up last night too."

"Oh, no, you didn't!" said Mrs. Jones, icily. "What you did wind up was Teddy's musical box, and when you came to bed this morning it was playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'—Chicago Journal.

"My little son had a very severe cold. I was recommended to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and before a small bottle was finished he was as well as ever," writes Mrs. H. Silks, 29 Dowling Street, Sydney, Australia. This remedy is for sale by all dealers.

## Two Kinds of Girls.

From The Gastonia Gazette.

Deliver us from the modern girl if she is the kind that is always seen on the streets, who, if turned loose in a kitchen, would not know the difference between a skillet and a sauce-pan, who knows not the difference between "salt rising" and any other kind of bread. Woe unto the man who is so unfortunate as to get one of these "creatures" for a helpmate. For should the cook fail to turn up—a most likely happening—on any one of these frosty mornings, he must go breakfastless to his work or else suffer the pangs and horrors of indigestion caused either by his wife's leaden biscuits or the fare from some down-town restaurant. Give us the old-fashioned sunbonnet girl who knows how to prepare a meal which shall really satisfy the inner man.

## The Danger After Grip

lies often in a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the glorious tonic, blood purifier and regulator of stomach, liver and kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50 cents. Sold and perfect satisfaction guaranteed by all druggists.

## One Good Turn.

A practical joke that has far more humor and far less sting than most of its dubious class is recorded in Cornhill. According to a contributor to the magazine, gold has not infrequently been found buried in the neighborhood of Carrara, in Italy, and many stories are still circulated in that locality concerning hidden treasure.

A most curious experience was that of a quarryman who in one of his rambles stumbled on an old deserted quarry, within which, half-buried in grass and brambles, lay an enormous block of heavy marble. On examining it, he found a number of letters rudely cut, and half-hidden under a crust of dirt. With some difficulty he managed to spell out the words:

"Blessed is he who shall turn me over."

The man at once jumped to the conclusion that he had stumbled on hidden treasure, and that his fortune was made. He rushed home and collected some of his friends to aid him in the recovery of the concealed gold. After much hard labor, they succeeded in turning the hoary giant over. Another rude inscription met their eager eyes:

"Thanks, my friends. I am weary of reposing so long in one position."

You will look a good while before you find a better medicine for coughs and colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It not only gives relief—it cures. Try it when you have a cough or cold, and you are certain to be pleased with the prompt cure which it will effect. For sale by all dealers.

## The Language of Letters.

Or Postage Stamp flirtation revised.

Writing the address in alleged poetry or rhyme is an evidence of feeble mindedness that should never be displayed in public.

A postage stamp upon the upper left hand corner of an envelope means, "I am not right bright," in the estimation of postal employees.

The address at top of envelope on a line with the stamp, indicates that it is liable to be obliterated by a cancelling machine, and the letter go to the Dead Letter office for re-surrender.

Stamp on the reverse side of envelope means that the letter may be thrown aside in the rush of making up a mail before the freak is discovered, and delayed from one to twenty-four hours, as a result of such nonsense.

Writing "In haste" or similar inscriptions upon a letter is a sign of great danger. No doubt many serious wrecks have been occasioned by fast running of trains when the engineer knew that such a letter was in the mail car. Don't do it any more. Some mail clerk is liable to hurt himself laughing at your silliness. Mail matter is always sent by the quickest possible route after being deposited in the post office, frequently going hundreds of miles around to gain a few minutes over a shorter direct route on which connections are not so good. Nothing but a special delivery stamp will hurry anything by mail, and that only after it has reached the office of destination, where it will be specially delivered.

## Puts End to Bad Habit.

Things never look bright to one with "the blues." Ten to one the trouble is a sluggish liver, filling the system with bilious poison, that Dr. King's New Life Pills would expel. Try them. Let the joy of better feelings end "the blues." Best for stomach, liver and kidneys. 25c. at all druggists.

## A Beautiful Picture.

Did you ever notice how really beautiful gum chewing makes a girl appear? Take her de facto, and gazing steadily, one can not find a more ideal picture. With a sharp click! clack! her teeth, so white and pearly, are clashing together as, with cowish glee, she masticates her cud. Then, too, one can note her health tinted, wall-rounded cheeks as they grow a little more rotund, through the material assistance of a big "hunk" of gum. And really, who can imagine a fairer spectacle than that of her dainty upturned nose, as it gently rises and falls in wave like undulations over the abysmal depths revealed at each pressure against the mass. Oh, how deliciously tempting that rosetbud mouth is as the maiden fills it with a soft, pliable chunk, and champ like a festive goat reveling in the luxuries of the succulent tomato can, she greets you in tones husky with gum.—Gaffney Ledger.

## MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES

ANY SIZE—ANY SHAPE—ANY COLOR.

Call on us, Phone us, or Write us for Designs and Prices.

MILLER-REINS COMPANY,

NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

WE HAVE opened up a good line of meachandise, and our prices are right. We also carry a line of Furniture. My son, one of the firm, being Superintendent of a factory, enables us to buy our Furniture at a price that we can save you from \$2 to \$3 on a dresser or bed, and we guarantee the quality to be better than you can get elsewhere for same money. Come to Cana when you need Furniture, and let us show you how much we can save you. There is a good Roller Mill here; you can come to mill and kill two birds with one stone.

We buy country produce and pay the highest market price. Come to see us and you will come again. Yours to serve,

J. M. BAILEY & SONS,  
Cana, : : North Carolina.

## HEADQUARTERS

For all Kinds of Hardware.

When in need of anything in the Hardware line. Call on or phone E. E. Hunt. He is also headquarters for everything in the undertaking line a full line of

Caskets, Coffins,  
Robes and Slippers

always on hand. He has had 35 years experience in this line and will fill your orders day or night. Price as low as is consistent with good material and workmanship. With many thanks for past favors he begs to remain.

Yours to please.

E. E. HUNT.

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of W. L. Merrell, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate of said deceased to present the same for payment to the undersigned on or before the 14th day of February, 1912, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate of said deceased will please call on the undersigned and make immediate settlement. This Feb. 14, 1912.

K. WOOD, Executor of W. L. Merrell, Deceased.

DR. A. Z. TAYLOR

DENTIST

Office over Baity's store.  
Good work—low prices.

## Planters' Warehouse

STATESVILLE, N. C.

We are beginning on our fourth year and are in our usual position to make your tobacco bring the highest market price. Have the same buyers and feel that those of our friends who have been with us in the past have done fully as well if not better than elsewhere, we work harder and look after the farmers interest better than any warehouse in the business. We want all our friends to come back and those who haven't been here to come. When you are ready head this way.

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

## Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

THE FORD'S  
BLACK-DRAUGHT  
Liver Medicine

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not imitate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.

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# Are You a Woman?

TAKE

# CARDUI

# The Woman's Tonic

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