

# The Davie Record.

State Librarian

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## OLD NORTH STATE

### GARDEN SPOT OF THE WORD.

The State of Rare Opportunity Favored in Every Natural Resource.

Southern Field.

The 48,580 square miles comprising the area of the State of North Carolina form a prosperous and growing section of vast present wealth and even greater possibilities for the future. No region in all this country is able to hold forth greater or more varied opportunities along so many lines as this old established commonwealth familiarly called the "Old North State."

North Carolina has rich soils, great wealth of minerals, large resources of timber, tremendous undeveloped water power, a mild and healthful climate, many and rapidly growing cities, and a record for one of the greatest industrial advances witnessed during the past decade. Out of a total area of over 30,000,000 acres, there were in 1910 about 10,000 acres in improved farms, hardly 35 per cent. of the entire area. Population, according to the last census, was 2,206,287, giving a density of 45 persons to the square mile. North Carolina has over 3,000,000 spindles in textile mills, using nearly 350,000,000 pounds of cotton annually; an annual lumber cut of nearly 2,250,000,000 feet; a corn production of over 60,000,000 bushels annually; an output of minerals reaching \$2,000,000 in value each year; a railroad mileage of 5,300; estimated value of all property, \$1,120,000,000, and an annual production of staple crops, exclusive of truck, fruit and live stock, reaching to \$110,000,000.

Like its neighbor, Virginia, the State of North Carolina is divided into three great sections: the Coastal Plain, a wide and level stretch of country, with light gray sandy soils, extending back from the Atlantic to the more elevated and rolling Piedmont Section, which occupies about one-third of the entire area of the State and is the foremost region in agricultural and industrial development, and the Mountain Region, a lofty and rugged stretch of country, with peaks ranging up to 6,000 feet and over in elevation. The soils of the Piedmont region are rich and varied and produce the finest crops of corn, tobacco, cotton, grains and grasses. This country is well watered and has many excellent fruit-growing soils. Stock thrive on its fertile uplands. The Mountain section is also a fruit-growing country—in fact it is here that the great Western North Carolina orchard development has taken place. Practically every agricultural activity can be suitably located on North Carolina soils. The State has numerous rivers, which afford good drainage and have marked beneficial effects on the climate.

The mean annual temperature for the State is 58.9 degrees. The lowest monthly average is 40 degrees in January and the highest, 77 in July. These figures indicate a marked absence of extremes of temperature in North Carolina. The annual rainfall in North Carolina is fifty inches, well distributed. The greatest amount is in August, when an average of six inches falls, and the least in October and November. Farmers should note that this is a most advantageous distribution for growing and harvesting periods. Killing frosts occur between the latter part of October and the middle of April.

North Carolina has several great staple crops. Cotton occupies a most prominent place and is very profitable. It thrives best in the Piedmont and Coastal sections.

During the season of 1911 the State produced over one million bales of the staple. Cotton is very profitable to the farmer if properly grown. In one year a North Carolina grower made a profit of \$38 per acre from a large field—a figure by no means uncommonly reached. As high as three bales to the acre have been the record made by several Carolina growers. Yields of tobacco in the tier of counties on the northern border of the State run very high and the best grades sell at from fifteen to forty cents per pound. Many tobacco men receive \$200 an acre for their crop. In 1911 the tobacco crop was worth nearly \$15,000,000 to North Carolina farmers. The State produces from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels of corn annually and is steadily growing in output. Few States have made larger yields per acre. The record for the State is 226 bushels to the acre, while hundreds of farmers have reported yields of over 100 bushels on large fields. One corn grower made a profit of \$62 per acre from an eighty acre field in corn. Wheat, oats, rye, buckwheat, barley and other grains are successfully grown in North Carolina. Yields of fifty bushels and over of wheat are often made on the red lands of the Piedmont, while oats give forty and even sixty bushels under proper cultivation. Rice is produced in the eastern part of the State to a small extent and is very profitable. North Carolina stands second in production of buckwheat.

Potatoes are grown to the amount of 7,000,000 bushels annually, yielding from 100 to 200 bushels to the acre and commanding a high price on account of good quality. In the light soils of the Piedmont and Coastal Plain early potatoes are grown, while in the western part of the State potatoes and cabbage form a combination largely produced. Profits of \$200 to the acre in cabbage have been noted. Sweet potatoes will yield several hundred bushels to the acre in North Carolina, and shipments of over 10,000 barrels from stations along the Southern Railway are made. Tomatoes grow well all over the State and are most profitable in the western region. A thousand bushels of cucumbers has been made on an acre by a trucker. Lettuce is grown for March and November markets, while all varieties of onions are grown. Great crops of kale and spinach are taken off the fields in January and February for Northern markets, and asparagus, celery, beans, peas, cauliflower, melons, cantaloupes and many other profitable truck crops add to the profits of the Carolina growers.

There are no better fruit regions in the country than the slopes of the Piedmont section. North Carolina apples are of the finest quality and grow the greatest crops under proper methods. In the Horticultural Show at St. Joseph, Mo., in 1911, North Carolina fruit took over twenty first prizes, several sweepstakes, and the grand prize for the finest box of apples grown in the East. There are five peach orchards in many parts of North Carolina. Grape-growing has reached considerable proportions also, and at Tryon, Valdese and other points in the western section fine yields of Catawbas, Delaware and Niagaras are made. Berries of all kinds, cherries, quinces, pears and plums flourish on the soils and are largely grown.

North Carolina is one of the finest stock regions. There is also in North Carolina an immense amount of the most valuable timber, sufficient for many years to come. Lands suitable for grazing and for most crops may be secured in some places as low as \$5 an acre; in the apple districts \$10 and up.

## BUILDING & LOAN.

### A GREAT HELP TO THE TOWN.

Three Houses Out of Four in Charlotte's Great Record—Such an Organization is Needed in Mocksville. Charlotte Observer.

"Of the 34,000 people living in Charlotte, 25,500 of them occupy homes erected through the agency of the building and loan associations."

This fact was developed as the result of an investigation made by The Observer several weeks ago among the four local associations, the Mechanics' Perpetual, Mutual, Charlotte and Mecklenburg.

It transpired that three out of every four houses constructed in Charlotte were built with funds secured from the building and loan associations and that in other cities included in the investigation, notably Chester, Edgefield and Concord, they reported similar experiences. It also developed that although the four local associations had handled millions of dollars since their organization, the oldest thirty and the youngest four years ago, that not one penny had ever been lost.

A review of these facts, which were given in detail in The Observer, led a Charlotte gentleman who is conversant with the subject and familiar with operations in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other States, to make the statement that the building and loan, in his estimation, had not yet attained its highest usefulness. Said he:

"The beneficent local building and loan association is just beginning to recover from the doings of the interstate swindlers who imitated them through a long period to the disaster of many people. The local building and loan has been constantly relieving itself of circumscribing handicapping conditions. Years and years ago it abolished charging premiums for loans. Later it provided to lighten the fines of those who did not pay on time. Most local associations now start two to four series in a year.

"In Ohio, they don't have any series at all. The Ohio system has been called the 'Dayton plan,' and a person may go in and start shares at any time. It is just as feasible to keep an account with an individual stockholder in a building and loan association as it is to keep an account in a savings bank with an individual depositor. The profit of course is prorated and requires a little more book-keeping. But that is nothing as compared with the benefits that accrue to the people.

"Neither is there a reason why the term of loan should be 6½ years. It might as well be made any number of years to suit the subscribing stockholder. For example, if the payment of a 6½ years is too great for the convenience of the borrower, the period might be made 10, 15 or even 20 years.

### Taking to The Tall Timbers.

"Sister and bretheren," exhorted Uncle Abraham, a recent promotion from the plow to the pulpit, "on de one side er dis here meetin' house is a road leadin' to destruction; on de udder is a road leadin' to destruction; on de udder is a road gwine to damnation. Which you gwine pursue? Dar is the internal question: Which is you gwine pursue?"

"Law, Br'er Aberham," spoke Sister Eliza, from the back pew, "I speak I'm er gwine home throo' de woods!"

Many of us go through life Digging like a mole; No matter how we work and dig, We're always "in a hole!"

### Pay The Printer.

Noah Lutz, in Times-Mercury. Text—"If ye are honest, honorable men, go ye and pay the printer."

"My dear friends:—The debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal, provided he has one, is the debt due the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

"Oh, you ungrateful sinners! If you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation who has not settled his account with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold up your heads in society like a giraffe, be respected by the wise and good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of lawyers, which is about one and the same thing. If you are honorable and honest men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer.

"You will not wait for tomorrow, because there is no tomorrow; it is but a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises—an addled egg in the great nest of the future; the debtor's hope the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to lose, no character to sustain, no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you, my friends that if you don't do it, your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns, you will have to gather your daily food from brambles; your children will die of dysentery, and yourselves will never enjoy the blessings of health.

"I once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker. He said he thought he had squared up. I inquired if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied yes. I then asked him if he had paid his printer. He hesitated a moment, and then said he believed he owed him about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bade goodbye to the world. His desires were immediately gratified, and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience, his God, and the whole world. Let him be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer, take his paper and pay for it in advance, and your days will be long upon the earth and overflowing with the honey of happiness."

### Mr. Bryan's Attitude.

Mr. Bryan has at last explained his preference among the presidential candidates. He is opposed to Harmon or Underwood but will support Wilson, Clark or any progressive. In the States where Wilson is opposed by Harmon or Underwood he supports Wilson; where Clark is in the lead he supports Clark.—Statesville Land mark.

"But why do you advertise that you want to sell this car because you are going to leave the city? You know that isn't so."

"Yes it is. If I ever sell this car for what I ask for it I'll have to leave the city."—Ex.

Look over this issue of The Record, and if you like it, send us 50 cents for a year's subscription.

## GET RICH QUICK.

### OPPORTUNITIES I HAVE MISSED.

For Want of a Little Capital a Fellow Often Misses Great Honor and Untold Riches.

Dick Naylor, in Home and Farm.

When one reads what are called the "classified ad columns" of the newspapers, one is deeply impressed with the absolute importance of having at command a good supply of "filthy lucre," in order to be able to avail himself of the opportunity they present. These little three or four line ads often cause pangs of regret that one's crop of the "long green" is too short to permit of investing in some of the alluring schemes they offer. For example:

Under the heading, "Business Chances," I read this morning of an "up-to-date, thoroughly equipped modern five-story hotel" in a health resort town for sale for \$100,000. Unfortunately, I lack some \$99,000 of having the necessary sum to purchase the hotel and become a smiling Boniface of a fashionable, money-making hostelry.

There is a silver lining, however to the cloud of inability to buy a \$100,000 hotel. If I had \$100,000 I would have no earthly use for a hotel anyway; so it is not so bad after all, not to be able to invest in one.

Another advertiser desires to borrow \$500, offering as collateral a nineteen-foot boa constrictor, which he firmly declares is worth \$1,500. The snakeman offers a liberal rate of interest, and it seems to be an inviting opportunity, which I would perhaps eagerly grasp, but for one thing: I haven't the requisite \$500.

There is a consoling thought, however, that soothes my disappointment, and it is this: Should, by some unforeseen misfortune, the snakeman be unable to repay the \$500, and I should be forced to foreclose my chattel mortgage, I would find myself the unwilling proprietor of an enormous, squirming reptile of which I should stand in mortal terror. That would be worse than being the owner of a white elephant, no doubt, as the elephant would not at least try to swallow his master, while the snake might not only attempt such a feat, but succeed in it. So I am consoled at not being able to invest in the snake by the thought that, later on, the snake might inuest in me.

One advertiser wants to sell a "suburban grocery, well located on a prominent street, doing a paying business. He says further that the rent is cheap, and that the stock will invoice \$4,000.

It has always been a dream of mine to be the proud proprietor of a grocery store. There is something fascinating in the idea of being surrounded at all times with good things to eat. Just think of being able to eat a banana, an apple, orange or a bunch of grapes at any old time you feel like it, without going down into your pocket and fishing out a nickel, a dime or a quarter to pay for them. Pleasing thought, eh? Think of the pleasure, too, of "sampling" the many toothsome things that should come into my store! A slice of nice, fresh cream, Swiss or even Limburger cheese, with a handful of crisp crackers, are dainties worth while to a hungry man, and I am perennially hungry. Then, for a change, just think of lurching upon dried herring, sardines or pickled pig's feet! What a royal time I could have if I only had the necessary \$4,000 to buy that grocery store! And think how economically we could live at home, and how much could be

saved on the monthly family expense account during these times of high cost of living. We could utilize much of the overripe fruit and vegetables at home, and what we couldn't use ourselves we could feed to a flock of hens and thus get a big supply of eggs at a trifling cost. Is not the idea of running a suburban grocery store a fascinating one? Rather Utopian, in fact. Alas, for the lack of that paltry \$4,000, I must pass this golden opportunity up to a more fortunate man.

So many fine business opportunities have been lost to me that I feel like the poor poet felt when he woefully sang:

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour.

I've seen my fondest hopes dispel; There's sure to come a soaking shower.

When I hain't got no umbrel." With me the golden opportunity always comes when I am flat broke.

### SPRING.

Law's Lash.

Oh, when spring cometh for sure, and Hiram with much compression and profused grunts, filleth to their utmost, a pair of new-style summer trousers, and elevateth his chin to a great elevation with a stand-alone collar so high he can with much difficulty see Lucy only when he mounteth upon his tip-toes or climbeth upon a stump. To Lucy, the fuzz on Hiram's top lip is a poem and his fried shirt covereth a multitude of sins. And Lucy, ah, sweet thing! she findeth in the first bustling violet a longing for an Easter bonnet, and hosiery like unto a multitude of twin augerholes. Every time the blue bird stutthereth, she singeth, "Under the Old Apple Tree," and not a wave of trouble rolls across her peaceful breast. To her all nature is heaven, and all life is wrapped in the beautiful all-over lace dress she's having engineered by the seamstress. And behold in the balmy days of spring, she flirteth with much fleetness, and tangleth her wings in the webs of Hiram's heart, and ere the last rose of summer has faded, they consolidate their energies and study the multiplication table and become familiar with mathematics, even the single rule of three. Gradually the sun passeth the meridian, and happy dreams ripen, and spring fades into summer. The happy couple that once walked upon the pink beds as Peter of old walked upon the waters, now stroll in life's garden amid the onions, lettuce and turnip greens. Hiram flirteth between the plow handles and cooeth to a red and restless steer in the new made furrow, breathing the sweet aroma of fresh plowed ground, dreaming of corn dodgers and pumpkin pie by autumn's glowing fire. Hiram, in life's spring time had red hair and white teeth, and now he hath white hair and no teeth. Lucy possessed blue eyes and red lips, now she hath blue lips and red eyes. She hangeth her all-over lace on a nail in the solitary old closet and bendeth over the washtub on the back porch and violently scrubeth his studless and collarless shirt as she sings:

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed— How sweet the memory still!"

### Big Factory For Granite Falls.

The E. A. Smith Manufacturing company has let the contract for a 15,000 spindle cotton mill to be located one mile from Granite Falls on the Catawba river opposite the present Rhodhiss mill. The cost of the mill will be something near \$500,000. The agreement calls for the work to be completed within six months.—Ex.

Some one has said that the darkest shadows of life are those that a man makes when he stands in his own light.