

The Davie Record.

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

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"The Tragedy of the Farmer's Wife."

Progressive Farmer.
It seems to be characteristic of some people to judge country life its worst features, and city life by its best. The truth is that the very poor family in the country lives a very great deal better than the very poor family in the city.

Any man who has seen something of the conditions surrounding the tenement dwellers and the poorer factory workers knows this to be a fact. The city has its big bankers and big manufacturers, but so has the country its big plantation owners and ranchmen. The poor we have always with us, both in town and country, but rural suffering never reaches so acute a point as urban suffering.

It is our conviction, therefore, that the magazines have seriously over drawn their pictures of "the tragedy of the farmer's wife." Certainly the writer does not recognize these haggard, despairing, and mistreated women as typical of the farmers' wives he has known, who were of his kindred, and among whom he was reared. These farm women whom he knew, and loved and honored, these folk of whom Stevenson wrote:

"In the highlands, in the country places,

Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens quiet eyes"

they indeed, like the virtuous woman praised by King Lemuel, ate not the bread of idleness and worked with their hands, but like her they worked "willingly," and they were, to our mind, far finer types of women and far happier in their love-inspired toil, hard as it was, than the idle society woman of the city who wastes her life in a round of meaningless card parties and social frivolities, petty jealousies, and in that extravagant dressing against which her unpaid merchants' bills and dressmakers' bills often cry out with Banquo like insistence. Away down in their hearts there is not one of these fashionable parasites but feels the emptiness of it all, not one but has a vague and gnawing consciousness that life was given for some higher purpose—that it was meant to count for something, as theirs do not.

Hence, the "unrest" of which one hears so much, the ennuis which vents itself in unwholesome outbreaks and runs distractedly after strange new gods, "the nervous distress which has become universal," as an eminent medical authority was quoted as saying in *The Progressive Farmer* a week or two ago, and which he declared threatens the physical stamina and even the permanence of our race.

The country woman has her hardships—more of them than she ought to have, as we shall point out later—but it should not be forgotten that the normal and wholesome aspirations of a woman's heart are more atune with the ideals of the country than with those of our fashion-mad cities. If the country woman works hard, it is for those she loves. Her heart makes music that strengthens her hands. No unceasing boss watches her all day, standing beside some counter or some factory machine while she wears her life out at tasks done only for the money that they bring.

The clothes she sews on are to be worn by her own rosy cheeked boys and girls, not sold for so much silver to men and women who will not even know of her existence. Knowing that the food she cooks will nourish the bodies of those who love her, makes it an entirely different operation from that it would be if love for those it served did not lighten the drudgery. And if nightfall finds her weary, or sickness or age rob her of strength, there is regard from those in whose

service she has spent herself, instead of the indifference with which the business world treats all machines, human and mechanical, when their efficiency fails. Such compensations in the life of the farmer's wife are not to be lightly considered.

Nevertheless, while protesting as we do against the pathetic caricatures of the country woman, we do wish to urge as strongly as we know that the average farmer does not yet provide as many of the conveniences and as many labor saving tools for his wife as he uses in his own farm work.

This is a reform we must now bring about. If the farm woman for her part measures up to the high ideals of industry and faithfulness set forth by King Lemuel, she is also entitled to the reward which that ancient sage ascribes to her:

"Her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her. . . . Give her of the fruit of her hands."

Certainly, the husband's praise must be hollow indeed, a mere mockery, if he fails to find expression in furnishing the comforts that will lighten her tasks and her heart. "Give her of the fruits of her hands." She has earned jointly with her husband the property that the family owns; she is entitled to part of it to buy such helps as she needs.

That these conveniences are not already provided on a great number of farms, is partly due, we believe to the fact that these labor-saving appliances for the women on the farm have not been so well advertised and exploited as the labor-saving implements and machinery used by men on the farm. This is one reason why every State should have institutes for farm women as well as farmers' institutes—institutes in which not only do speakers, women and men, give instruction in the scientific principles and practical problems involved in housekeeping, cooking, or sanitation, but where the most improved modern conveniences are exhibited and explained.

Meanwhile, however, the women of the farms should themselves begin agitating for the improved appliances they need, and urge their importance upon the men of their households. In every case, of course, strength considered, there should be an equal distribution between husband and wife of the burdens that each ought to bear, and also an equal distribution of the comforts they are able to purchase. In short the housekeeper's work as well as the farmer's can be made easier and more effective, and it is the duty of the farmer and his wife to work together in bringing this about, and thus to relieve country life much unnecessary hardship.

Will He Run?

Greensboro Record.

Bryan has been acting in such a way for the past month to give rise to the belief that he is seeking the nomination for President. Certainly in all his years in public life he has never been guilty of anything savoring of sharp practices or double dealing. This year he has said things and done things that have puzzled his friends and his actions are hard to explain.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch has this to say about him:

Is William Jennings Bryan a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination? Is he seeking another second consecutive defeat at the hands of the American people? Is he devising a way at once dignified and effective to knock Wilson, Clark, Harmon and Underwood into a cocked hat and wrest the standard from them for himself? Will he at the Baltimore convention slug the present candi-

dates over the ropes and bring the bacon back to the Fairview, Nebraska, for the fourth time?

Out in Ohio this week, Harmon is telling the people that the reason of Bryan's aggressive antagonism to him is that the Nebraskan wishes to capture the nomination himself and that he is playing safe with Wilson and Clark to that end and at the same time is trying to force out Underwood and Harmon. What assurance is there that Bryan will not permit his name to go before the Baltimore convention? Who can affirm that Bryan is in reality campaigning for some other person than William Jennings Bryan?

Bryan has said that he would not be a candidate. Roosevelt said the same thing, and said it when President of the United States, a temptation which Bryan has never been in. Today Roosevelt is the most active, aggressive and vicious aspirant for the presidency that the nation ever knew. Who can say that six weeks from today Bryan will not be running down the Democratic nomination as relentlessly as Roosevelt is chasing the Republican nomination?

What does the Bryan campaign against Harmon mean except that Bryan aspires to be the candidate? What does the Bryan campaign against Underwood mean except that Bryan hopes to be the candidate? What other construction can reasonably be placed upon Bryan's clever efforts to play Clark against Wilson and Wilson against Clark?

What secret reason is there for Bryan's long and bitter war on Harmon? What has Harmon done if he is unfit to be the Democratic nominee, in Bryan's opinion, why does not Bryan state his reasons for that opinion? The Nebraskan still enjoys a great degree of the confidence of the Democrats of the country, but he shoots far wide of the mark, if he thinks his "oh, just because" will prevent the nomination of Harmon. The unforgivable sin of Underwood is that he dared to differ with Bryan on a national question, although the Democrats of the Congress agreed with Underwood's position.

The present drift of the Democratic current is not toward the shore of success. Clark leads the race, and yet his nomination by the Democrats in this hour of their supreme opportunity to regain dominance would be suicidal. Even Bryan would be a better candidate than Clark, but wisdom bars both. Bryan has three times appealed to the judgment of the people and three times has been defeated by them; Champ Clark has been laughed at all over the country. The Democratic party will have nobody but itself to blame if it flies in the face of the recorded verdicts of the country and gets defeated.

Seems that his hat is in the ring but it may be kicked out. He can hardly secure the nomination if he makes the attempt, but should he land, who believes he could be elected? He has run until his candidacy is a joke. Suppose Roosevelt should be the choice of the Republican party, could Bryan defeat him? Hardly.

Mr. Bryan, Again.

Mr. Bryan persists in charging Mr. Underwood with being the candidate of Wall Street for President, and suggests that "those who are urging Underwood as a Southern man ought to know that it will hurt the South to have its candidate defeated as he will be if he is a Wall Street man." "Why not ask Wall Street?" says Mr. Bryan. Why not, rather, ask Mr. Underwood? He has said that he is not and nobody believes that he is, that is to say, nobody who would give Mr. Underwood a square deal.

"There are many available can-

didates in the South," says Mr. Bryan, "Hoke Smith, Ollie James and Senator Culberson, for instance. Why not one of these?" Why not any one of a thousand other equally good men in the South? Ollie James would not have the nomination if he could get it, Hoke Smith is impossible and Senator Culberson could not get it when he was spoken of for President in 1908 when Mr. Bryan thought that he could get it himself. Why not Bryan? Wall Street would doubtless welcome him and be willing to put up a good deal of money to boost his candidacy. Why doesn't Mr. Bryan give the party a chance? Hasn't he had enough?

Miser Aids Children.

Vienna's charitable institutions are to be increased by a new children's hospital, bequeathed by Josef Spitzer, who died recently at the age of 88 years. His fortune was accumulated by a life of hard work, accompanied by theseverest self-privation.

Spitzer was for many years head cashier of a large flour milling concern in Austria. He seems to have been born thrifty, for at a very early age he gave up taking sugar in his coffee, and persuaded his parents to give him the few pennies saved in this way to put in his savings bank. And as he began, so he continued throughout his long life contenting himself with the barest necessities. Every penny he could save went into the bank.

For many years he lived in a small, miserable room in a poor street in the suburbs of Vienna. The room had neither stove nor light. To keep warm when he was not at business Spitzer visited the museums and art galleries, and to save expense of light he went to bed when it grew dark. He mended his own clothes and his whole wardrobe consisted of one shirt. During his last years he lived literally on dry bread, and tea made fresh only once a week. He drank this decoction without sugar.

Spitzer was a frequent visitor on the bourse, and made a good deal of money in lucky speculations. He was interested in public affairs, but never bought a newspaper. — Vienna Dispatch, May 10.

Democratic Harmony.

Woodrow Wilson's campaign manager, Mr. McCombs, has announced that if Champ Clark receives the democratic nomination for the presidency, he, along with thousands of other democrats will bolt the ticket and support the republican nominee. Mr. Bryan, in a speech last week in Ohio publicly charged that Gov. Harmon's supporters and Wall Street friends in 1908 tried to buy delegates who had been instructed for him (Bryan) to vote for Harmon. Mr. Bryan challenged Harmon to deny the charge in writing. These are only two samples of present democratic harmony.—Lincoln Times.

An eastern clergyman declares that God sank the Titanic in order to get rid of John Jacob Astor. No wonder infidelity is growing like a jimson weed in a heap of compost when such preachers as that are pounding the pulpits. Imagine the marksmanship of a God that had to destroy fifteen hundred people in order to get rid of one bloated millionaire, and then pass the hat.—Yellow Jacket.

Richeson Goes to the Electric Chair.

Boston, May 21.—Clarence V. T. Richeson was electrocuted at 12:17 a. m. this morning. The former Baptist clergyman, confessed-poisoner of Avis Linnell of Hayannis, was outwardly calm when he entered the death chamber and he maintained his composure while the straps and electrodes were being adjusted as he sat in the electric chair.

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