

The Davie Record.

State Librarian

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VOLUME XIII.

MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1912.

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RESOLUTIONS OF CONTEMPT.

Adopted By The Ancient and Honorable Order of Chronic Kickers. Hickory Times Mercury.

At the annual meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Chronic Kickers recently held in this city the writer was made press agent with instructions to prepare and cause to be published the following resolutions:

Whereas, we, the assembled body of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Chronic Kickers, regarding ourselves as real benefactors of the race, and recognizing the largeness of all those who have so far refused to join our honorable order, do see that the future of our town is fraught with danger, Therefore, be it resolved:

1st. That it is the sense of this meeting that the city of Hickory, while providing comfortable seats in the park for our accommodation, should at the same time furnish a suitable number of cuspidors to relieve us of the necessity of rising from our seats to expectorate.

2nd. That we view with indignant scorn and contempt, not unmixed with utter detestation and loathing abhorrence" (this expression was borrowed from my friend Dickens) the unexcusable habit of our fellow townsmen in being constantly employed. The strenuous life they are living can but result in the physical deterioration of the race.

3rd. That we denounce and condemn in the most scathing terms the brutal efforts of Prof. Staley and others to inflict upon the people of this town that most damnable of all institutions—the public schools. Our present system of education inspires our boys and girls with an abnormal energy leading them to the expenditure of such force and efforts that they are deprived of the real joys of life.

4th. That we cannot too strongly disapprove the pernicious efforts of Secretary Joy and his Chamber of Commerce to bring new industries to town. New enterprises mean more work, thus leading our boys to depart from the path their fathers trod, and can result in nothing beneficial to mankind.

5th. That we deprecate the wilful and malicious activity of Mayor Lentz and his board of Aldermen in extending the street improvement work in Hickory, thus increasing the taxes of these of us who are so unfortunate as to own property in town and destroying the ancient landmarks that have stood against the storms of time since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

6th. That in the progressive policies of our newspapers we see the downfall of our Republic and the destruction of our civilization. Our forefathers, the untutored savages, had no literature, yet with the women doing the work, their life was an acme of usefulness and happiness.

7th. That, finally, in pursuing our way across this mundane sphere, we pledge ourselves to make as many obnoxious statements as possible about those who do not view conditions as we view them and that we will have but little regard for facts in any statements that we make, that all our philanthropy shall be so nearly animosity that the closest observer will not be able to determine the difference. And, if "after exhausting all the resources of fraud and falsehood, during years upon years; after exhibiting a combination of dastardly meanness with unsuspected daring, such as the world has not often witnessed," (my friend Dickens must have credit for this quotation, also, we should fail to arouse our fellow-men, we will shake the dust of our feet as a testimony against them and will declare to the world

that the blood of our town is not to be required at our hands.

THE SECRETARY. P. S. Mr. Editor, if it doesn't cost anything, you may send a copy of your paper to each of our members.

Truths in a Nut Shell.

When women get the ballot and the running for office bug, if they throw any hats in the ring, let it be herewith understood that it must be last year's lid.

It was a long time in coming, but summer's here. Now get out your old ice cream froster and show the worthies of your lodge how to be happy in the heat.

Be a booster. Everybody loves a booster. He's the only kind of force that can push fourteen different ways at once. Even dynamite can't do that. Boost!

Don't be frightened when someone tells you that you are going to do something to hurt yourself. Have more confidence in yourself than in some pessimism. You're all right.

The real secret of happiness in life is to sow the seeds of cheerfulness early; so that the harvest when gathered may bring serene happiness in old age.

Yes, this would be a pretty long-some world if it were not for the boys, even though they do get in the way once in a while and have a fashion of messing things up. They will get over these habits soon enough, so give them all the encouragement they deserve.

I must not be afraid to live in line with my ideals; I must not gauge the powers of the universe by what I can see; see I must fearlessly plunge onward into life's infinite ocean; and my courage shall be a pledge of my insured attainment.

A real man is one who responds nobly to circumstances. The harder the knocks and the more discouraging the situation the brighter he shines.

A real man never talks about what the world owes him, the happiness he deserves, the chance he ought to have, and all that. All he claims is the right to live and play the man.

There is lots of agitation, these days, in politics, concerning the great question: Have the people really enough brains to govern themselves? And every time the people have kicked the basement out of the doubters. Then they grin. It's a way the people have.

He who overlooks a small occasion will have lost his eyesight when a great one comes. Never wait for a chance to do good, never seek for some great thing, but improve each small opportunity as it comes to you, and some day you will be surprised to find that the truly great occasion of your life would have been overlooked had you not been keeping track of the small things.—Ex.

Useless Pondering.

Some one has said: "Don't waste any of your time figuring out why a black hen lays a white egg—get the egg!" And when this author was, he certainly had the business situation of today sized up correctly. It is the age of specialists, and if an employer hires a man to make drawings, run a lathe or superintend the erection of a building, that—and that only—is what the employer wants that man to do.

Yet hundreds of thousands of young men are wasting hours and hours of their spare time in solving questions just about as important as why a black hen lays a white egg, or which of the professional baseball players will have the best batting average.

It never occurs to these fellows that athletes are after "the egg" rather than anything else. Neither

does the fact sink very deeply in to Mr. Dopester's head that it would be more profitable to spend his time in gathering knowledge that would make him a specialist—and thereby help him get "the egg." Oh, no, his ability is not appreciated—what ability the Lord only knows—by the boss.

Let the hen take care of herself and you take care of your future by securing the knowledge that will make you a specialist. Get "the egg."—Ambition.

Population of The World.

The total population of the world is now estimated at 1,700,000,000. This is based upon the most recent estimates which all civilized countries now take of the number of inhabitants of uncivilized lands. The proportion of the sexes is known for 1,038,000,000 of these the ratio being 1,000 males to 990 females. The ratio varies considerably in different places. In Europe there are 1,000 men to 1,027 women; in Africa 1,000 men to 1,045 women; in America 1,000 men to 964 women; in Asia 1,000 men to 961 women; in Australia 1,000 men to 937 women.

The highest proportion of women is found in Uganda where there are 1,467 to every 1,000 men. The lowest proportion is in Alaska and the Malay States, where there are in the latter 389 women to every 1,000 men.

Girls on Kissing.

The art of kissing in all its phases is the subject of a special issue of the Chaparral, Stanford's comic paper. Editorially, L. D. Summerfield, chairman of the Board of Editors, dedicates the number to "a much needed reform in the University, hoping that it will prove an incentive in bringing the men and women of Stanford closer together."

Here is the way one of the articles characterizes the art of kissing: A kiss is an idealized bite.

Practically speaking, a kiss is nothing more than a contact between labial appendages of one and the person of another, but from the standpoint of esthetics it often baffles description.

It has been said that kisses are like olives in a bottle—after the first one is obtained the rest come easy. It would be more accurate to say that after the second kiss is gotten the rest follow rapidly. Any man can get the first one if he watches the time and grabs the opportunity and the girl. But it takes a good man to bridge the gap so created and obtain a mate to the first.

It is a disputed point whether it is more blessed to give than to receive kisses. In our opinion the best thing is to alternate.

Girls like to be kissed, but they hate to begin; consequently they save their supply in a mental hope chest and then give them away on hardly more than a third beat.

Men like to be the first one to kiss a girl, but girls prefer kissing a man who has had some experience. If the man is inexperienced the girl hasn't the satisfaction of thinking that she got him away from some other girl.

The best way to kiss is often. If kisses left scars most of your best friends would be going around with their faces in bandages.

A girl who has never been kissed doesn't go to many dances and is a good student.

The "soul kiss" is a new fangled brand which combines the ordinary osculatory pleasures with those of suffocation.

Kisses are said to be unhealthy—and truly so, for they tend to cause softness of the brain, absent-mindedness and blindness to a certain person's faults.

Judging from what we have seen, it seems that babies like to be kissed about as well as they like rare beefsteak.

Like oil and water, kisses and onions don't mix.

Where Was That Hat?

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Three friends, who had all been operated on for about the same period, met for the first time since their sufferings and began comparing notes.

"Yes," said No. 1; "I had beastly luck! The doctor had to operate again, because he found he had left a sponge inside the first time."

No. 2 promptly capped this. "That's nothing," he said. "My doctor left a pair of forceps inside me!"

No. 3 rose to his feet. He was pallid and trembling as he rushed toward the door in frantic haste.

"What's wrong?" asked his friend.

"N-n-nothing," he stammered, only I've just remembered that as I came round my doctor said something about having mislaid his hat!"

Little Woman Who Married Some.

Some years ago there was a girl in this county whose name was Pollie Wilkins. She was small of stature and said to be good looking. She married a man named Norris, who lived only a short while. She next married Mr. James Rose, of Smithfield township. Living with him only a short time she left him and later married Mr. S. J. Williams, who lives near Wilson. She spent a year and a half with him, and soon after their parting, was married to Mr. Alvin Batten, who lives one and a half miles from Selma. They separated, and on Wednesday, May 15, a suit for divorce was conducted here. All three of her living husbands were here to testify against her. The divorce was granted. It is said that she has been trying to marry again since leaving Mr. Patten, and before the divorce suit was tried. Her other husbands will now sue for divorces. It is said that she was not true to any of her husbands, and that her affections were not confined to them at all.—Smithfield Herald.

Wonderful American Hen.

The cackles of American hens are swelling into a mighty chorus. Sixteen billion times a year these small citizens announce the arrival of a "fresh laid," and the sound of their bragging is loud in the land. According to the last census, there are 233,598,005 chickens of laying age in the United States. These are valued at \$70,000,000, and the eggs they lay, would if divided, allow two hundred and three eggs annually to every per-

son—man, woman and child—in the United States. The value of all the fowls, \$85,800,000, would entitle every person in the country to \$1.12 if they were sold and the proceeds divided. All the weight of the animal products exported, the pork, beef, tallow, ham, bacon and sausage, weight 846,860 tons, while the weight of the eggs laid yearly tips the scales at the amazing total of 970,363 tons.—Technical World.

To Fly Through North Carolina.

The number of bird men who will fly across the central states early next month in conjunction with one of the biggest air meets in the world and the first event of its kind known, today was swelled to 67. The airmen will fly across the states of North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana. Later plans are to be made to have the bird men drop down in Winston-Salem and other towns and be welcomed by a delegation which is to be appointed later by a pathfinder aeroplane which will travel from town to town and make arrangements. The contestants, over one hundred in number, on June 10, will fly in a small circle through the central states.

How to Treat a Lie.

It's pretty hard to know how to treat a lie when it's about yourself. You can't go out of your way to deny it, because that puts you on the defensive; and sending the truth after a lie that's got a running start is like trying to round up a stampeded herd of steers while the scars is on them. Lies are great travelers, and are welcome visitors in a good many homes and no questions asked. Truth travels slowly, has to prove its identity and then a lot of peo-

ple hesitate to turn out an agreeable stranger to make room for it. About the only way I know to kill a lie is to live the truth. When your credit is attacked, don't bother to deny the rumor, but discount your bills. When you are attacked unjustly, avoid the appearance of being good—that is—better than usual. Surmise and suspicion fed on the unusual, and when a man goes about his business along the usual route they soon fade away for lack of nourishment.—Banner Leader.

He Got a Pardon.

A bachelor member of congress, who is not as handsome as Apollo, dropped into Clerk McDowell's office the other day to seek sympathy because the lady on whom he had looked with favor was about to marry another man, says the Washington Post.

"This reminds me," said Mr. McDowell, "of the incident which happened when Governor Dick Oglesby went down to Joliet to inspect the state prison. In one of the cells was a very ugly man.

"What are you in for?" asked Oglesby.

"Abduction," was the reply. "I tried to run off with a girl and they caught me."

"I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the governor. "I don't see how you could expect to get a wife any other way."

The homely bachelor congressman laughed loudly. Then as the application of the story dawned upon him, the smile faded from his face and he walked out of McDowell's office without saying a word.

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