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TAFT'S CAMPAIGN.

HILLES MAY BE CHAIRMAN.

No Victory is Won at Expense of the Abandonment of Principles.

Chicago, June 23.—Charles D. Hilles, secretary to President Taft, probably will be chosen chairman of the Republican national committee when it meets tomorrow morning. No definite announcement that his selection was certain was obtainable today but it was known that he had been endorsed by President Taft and was generally acceptable to others connected with his campaign.

Congressman William B. McKinley of Illinois, who has managed the President's campaign and was mentioned for the chairmanship refused to have his name considered: "As chairman of the congressional committee," he said, "I shall be kept busy during the ensuing months."

Other committee offices will be filled and several committees appointed at the meeting. Few names have been suggested for the offices other than Chairman except that of sergeant at arms. William F. Stone, of Maryland, it is generally believed, will be reappointed.

Mr. McKinley left for Washington late this afternoon. He was in an optimistic mood. When the nomination of Roosevelt was mentioned, he smiled broadly and said:

"A man will do some peculiar things when he is defeated. The Orchestra hall meeting did not excite me. I retired shortly after the convention adjourned and was fast asleep in two minutes. The future looks bright to me. Mr. Taft and Mr. Sherman will be elected by a good majority."

William Barnes, Jr., chairman of the New York Republican State central committee, issued the following statement:

"There should be in the minds of no one the slightest misunderstanding regarding the meaning of the Chicago convention. The Republican party has demonstrated that it has the tenacity to resist what seems to be popular, but which in reality is a temporary aberration of mind caused through the physical excitement of the nervous system of the individual.

"A political party must be fixed in fundamental principles. Its candidates must believe in and be faithful, if elected to office to those principles. A political party which does not do that is no party at all; has no consistency; no character and must become the prey of the loudest promiser.

"The Roosevelt followers disclosed in the convention with perfect ingenuousness that they believe a political party exists for no other purpose than to seize upon any idea which may be converted into votes, heedless that such a might be a violation of the reason for the party's existence.

"No victory is real which is won at the expense of the abandonment of these principles of government which however old they may be, must be everlastingly alive. To deny this is to deny that the foundation of a structure has become unimportant because it is invisible."

Hard on the Jilted Lover.

An Atlanta girl eloped in an automobile given her as a betrothal present by another man, whom she jilted. Such is life.—Asheville Gazette News.

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

The Country Boy.

The most fortunate boy in the State is he who has not caught the fever that is in the air, but is following his patient mule up and down the long corn rows and grumbling because he cannot have the fun the town boys enjoy. All honor to the father who, seeing what is invisible to putty headed parents, holds his boy down to hard work and gives him Saturday afternoon for recreation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a saying that has been considerably overdone. All play and no work makes Jack a spendthrift and a dead beat. And that is what is the matter with the present generation. The boys are sporting on what their fathers earn. They wear the best clothes their fathers can buy, ride in automobiles bought on credit, and play tennis for a living. The chap who is making a crop under the blazing June sun is the one who in after years will furnish employment to the dapper fellows who are now smoking cigarettes and changing their linen every day. It is impossible to make a man out of a boy who never did an honest day's work in his life. It requires hard knocks to develop the manly qualities in a boys nature. It takes nerve to stand against the temptations that beset a boys pathway in these degenerate days. He must practice self denial in his youth if he would resist evil in his manhood's prime. Few sons of rich men are ever able to wear the mantle of their fathers. The reason is the rich man learned to say "no" to his desires in his youth, and his boy failed to learn that vital lesson. The farmers' boy has the best chance in the world to build the ladder by which he must rise. He cannot see the point now, but he will see it by and by. Our captains of industry must come from the country if they come at all. A dude never yet developed into a man. The shy and awkward country boy who is better acquainted with a grubbing hoe than he is with a base ball bat is the fellow who in future years will direct from his desk in his office the polished young gents who now laugh at his awkward manners.

Sand and Clay for Roads.

Lexington Dispatch.

After a road has been thrown up to the desired grade and drainage provided for the surface, which must resist wear, it still calls for attention.

Sand will not pack by itself and work loose in every dry spell. Clay is good as a rule in dry weather, except for the cracks and ruts caused by the previous wet period, when it was slippery and almost impassable. The roughness can be largely obviated by the use of the road scraper as soon as the road is half dry and the center will be kept up so it drains better; but clay, by itself, is a slippery material, even after showers, for both horses and autos.

A combination of sand and clay gives a good wearing material, which will stand as much wear and be in as good condition as any dirt road material, and often these two are found close together, though distinct, either in pockets or different soil strata. Indeed, on some roads the sand is merely surface drift, and grading will bring up a sufficient quantity of clay.

It is necessary to thoroughly mix these materials when brought together, as they have a natural tendency to stratify, which, however, is overcome by wheel traffic and the use of the road scraper. Coarse sand is best and in a proper proportion, every sand particle will touch its neighbor, yet be filled around with clay.

The proportions are more easily seen by wetting the material and

squeezing it in the hand, or we may do as with concrete, fill a vessel with the sand then pour in water, and the amount of water will represent the amount of clay needed to fill the spaces.

Where a road traverses deep sand a clay bed should be first laid down six to eight inches at the center and three to four inches at the sides. Sand the top and mix thoroughly by plowing or preferably with the disk if the plow is used. Harrow thoroughly with long toothed harrow, and the admixture of sand brought up will increase thickness of foundation by a couple or more inches.

It is better to wet the foundation and if this cannot be done, rolling or running a wagon over it will compact it, unless both materials are very dry. Running wagons over it has some disadvantages, which, however, are more apparent than real, and which disappear if the harrow and scraper be kept at work and the wagons travel the center. In this case, the roadbed will be subject to stress in those parts which must afterward bear the greatest weight, weak places will be detected and can be reinforced.

The surface of the road can be well sanded, as it is rather an excess of clay than of sand which is to be avoided on the wearing surface.

Where clay is to be sanded instead of sand clayed, first plow the road and pulverize, when about eight inches of sand should be added and the road thoroughly worked. It will sometimes pay to haul sand in winter or other slack season and apply when the roads are wet from the heaps distributed at intervals, but in this case the road will be more lumpy than where even distribution has been made.

Did you ever pass a graveyard at night when you felt like you would be glad when you were by it? People claim that they are not afraid of ghosts, that they don't believe in haunts and ghosts, but when it comes to the 'show down,' nearly everybody is possessed of just a little of that old New England witchcraft idea. Maybe you don't like to begin a piece of work on Friday, or when you forget something and turn around to start back you will make a mark and spit at it. Perhaps you feel uneasy when a rabbit crosses the road in front of you, or your liver seems out of order when you happen to be the thirteenth number of a party. All these things are merely revivals of the old New England witchcraft, and intelligent folks should no longer pay any attention to them, but its the hardest matter in the world to get rid of such ideas. We half way believe in them because we have heard so much about such things. And we believe in ghosts because we have heard so many ghost stories. But why shouldn't we reason about this matter just a little? When a man dies and goes to heaven, doesn't it stand to reason that he's not likely to have any desire to return to this old world of trials, tribulations and troubles? And when one goes in the opposite direction, he can't come back. So, what's the use to trouble about haunts and ghost-spirits of the dead—anyway.

Twain and the Office Boy.

Mark Twain did not cherish a fondness for the average office boy. He had an idea that the genus was insufferable, and invariably when the humorist sallied forth into some business there was immediate armed hostility between him and the boy. One day Mark went to see a friend at his office and the office boy, on his guard, in icy tones, said: "Whom do you wish to see?" Mark mentioned his friend's name. "What do you want to see him about?" came next from the boy. Mark Twain immediately froze up and then, with a genial smile, he said: "Tell him, please, I want to ask his hand in holy matrimony."

Bryan on Darwinism.

Did you read that latest thing from the great soul of William Jennings Bryan, delivered in New York?

"Let no man bring to my death bed for consolation Darwin's 'Descent of Man.' Rather, let my friends read to me the twenty-third Psalm: 'The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want.'"

To all people who think for themselves, there comes, at some time in life, this proposition:

Either I am descended from a soulless, stomachless, brainless, spineless germ, as science declares, or I am from God.

The study of the scientific side of this proposition is fascinating, the argument full of logic. The end arrived at is a blank wall, with no hope, no consolation. We're simply soulless brutes of high degree and life is but a contemptible joke on the spermatozoa. We go down in Titanics and that's the last of us, so far as our widows, orphans and loved friends are concerned. Disbelief, hopelessness, despair!

But when a man has reached Bryan's age, he sees that all the happiness possible in this life does not suffice with Death and Eternity knocking at the door; that all the force of reason, all the deductions of logic of what thinking men must have.

Face to face with Forever, man turns from the deep hole which logic has dug downward and turns his face upward to catch the blessed satisfying rays of faith from on high. The picture of his child's cold corpse knocking about with the cadavers in the Titanic coffin, down there in the sea, gives place to a picture of a child, happy, safe at peace on the breast of God the Father.

Let science gnaw her husks. The Lord is the shepherd of those weve "loved and lost awhile" and His rod and His staff shall comfort us.—Cincinnati Post.

Age of the Several Presidential Candidates.

It is interesting to know that every one of the seven candidates, even including Roosevelt, has been admitted to the bar, and five of them have had successful careers in the law, says the American magazine. Two have been judges. No one of them is a business man, and no one, save Mr. Harmon, has had any considerable experience with business affairs, either large or small. No one of them is a rich man and though several of them, by virtue of their high talents have been able at times to earn large incomes, they have all been hard

workers. Two or three of them have been relatively poor men and are devoting themselves unreservedly to public work.

All of the candidates, save Wilson, have had long experience in public office, and in dealings with public men and public questions. While most of them can be called able politicians, no one of them belongs to that extreme type known as a machine politician; a boss. There is to the credit of every one of them not a little sound public service.

All of the seven, save possibly Harmon, are at the very prime of life for national leadership. These are their ages:

Underwood, 50 years old.

Roosevelt, 54 years old.

Taft, 55 years old.

Wilson, 56 years old.

LaFollette, 57 years old.

Clark, 62 years old.

Harmon, 66 years old.

It is also of curious rather than of important interest that most of the seven were born in states which have long been fertile in the production of presidents and presidential candidates. Wilson was born in Virginia, Clark and Underwood in Kentucky, Taft and Harmon in Ohio, and Roosevelt in New York. Only one candidate, LaFollette, comes from what may be called a new presidential state.—Ex.

A Fashion Item.

A Boston preacher says women are over dressed. Hope this will not move some of the metropolitan smart set leaders to take anything more off.—Salisbury Post.

Give a girl a pair of silk stockings, a lace petticoat, and—she won't care which way the wind blows.—London Tattler.

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