

The Davie Record.

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Uncle Toby's Lecture on the Summer Picnic.

Home and Farm.
The summer picnic is a very old invention; no one knows how old. If there was ever any patent taken out on it, there is no record left of it. It is one of the things that has been handed down to us just as it was thousands of years ago. There has been no improvement on it. It is the same old thing; no better or no worse.

I said there was no improvement. Perhaps that statement is a little too rash. There has been some changes in the way of amusements. In the old times there were not so many fakirs as there are now, nor so many kinds of amusements. But the change has been more in quantity than in quality.

The picnic is still a social gathering. We go there to enjoy ourselves. We let go of the serious things of life, jump in the "shoot the chute" boat and yell, "Let 'er go, Gallagher!" We derive a great deal of pleasure in thinking about the picnic before the day comes for it, thinking of the good time we will have when the time does come.

Sometimes we get more pleasure out of it in this way than we do at the picnic. The young people go to the picnic to have a good time, and the older ones try to convince themselves that they go to rest. Why they think this about it I can't tell, as there is not a case on record where anybody ever rested at a picnic.

It is harder work to go to a picnic and sit and stand around all day than it is to plow new ground with a raw team of oxen. But it makes no difference how tired we get—we are ready to go to another in a week. In selecting the grounds for a picnic, the committee should see that it is located within at least 100 yards of a yellow jacket's nest.

No picnic was ever a complete success unless it was within convenient distance of one of these nests. The committee should also see to it that those who sell lemonade, pain ed candies, rubber balls, balloons, canes and other worthless trinkets should be sufficiently taxed for the privilege of swindling the innocents who have more dimes and nickels than gump-tion. You can buy more of nothing at a summer picnic than any other place except at a bargain store. The committee is perfectly justifiable in robbing the fakirs who seek for privileges to thus impose upon the innocent public. Such useful amusements as the merry go-round and the game of throwing three balls at a "nigger's" head for a nickle should be taxed reasonably.

Innocent amusements should be encouraged, for they promote marriages and marriages perpetuate the race. Picnics afford splendid opportunities for courtship. That is why they are so popular with the young people. The speaking at a picnic is a very interesting feature—when you don't have to listen to it. For those who do prefer to listen to the speeches, soft boards should be supplied for them to sit on. A speaker's stand warranted to fall down some time during the program, should also be erected.

These can be paid for out of the money extorted from the fakirs. If there is no spring or creek nearby, great care should be taken that the water supply gives out about noon. This helps the fellows who are selling so called lemonade.

The speaking should be conducted in an orderly manner and not allowed to interfere with the other amusements. The poorest speakers should be allowed to speak first while the audience is fresh. If at any time the audience seems to be growing tired, the speaking should be stopped and the brass band ordered to play.

If there is no brass band, then the audience should adjourn and go over to the dancing floor and listen to the fiddle. All speakers should be given the fullest opportunity to exhibit their crankiness even if it is a little hard on the audience.

If the picnic is held on the Fourth of July, the Declaration of Independence should be read by the young man who is studying law and who wears his hair parted in the middle and a loud necktie.
The old document is out of date

and its spirit has fled to the "mountains of Hepsidam," but it ought to be read for old times' sake. Before reading, however it should be carefully explained to the audience that it is not a political platform.

This year the candidates are trying to break up the picnics by perpetrating tariff speeches upon the helpless people. There ought to be a law prohibiting the making of tariff speeches at a summer picnic. A man who will deliberately, premeditatedly and maliciously persist in making a tariff speech at a summer picnic ought to be arrested and imprisoned for disturbing the peace. No man who shows symptoms of tariff mania should be permitted to run at large.

To make a picnic a howling success there should be a good drenching rain at seventeen minutes past 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This gives plenty of time for everybody to get full of chicken, pies and cakes, with the shortening, in the long way, of doughnuts, dumplings, cold biscuits, poison candy, rotten peanuts and pink lemonade.

Each person will have by this time accumulated his or her share of ticks and chiggers, which are usually an adjunct to a summer picnic. A rain at this time also helps to head off the chronic spouter who persists in boring the audience with his blather and who has, up to this time, been held back by main force until the other speakers have exploded their eloquence. A rain just at dinner-time is very inopportune.

I think the meanest trick I ever knew the weather man to be guilty of was to let it rain on a dinner just as it had been placed on a long table which had been prepared for that purpose. It was when I was a boy, and there was an immense crowd at the picnic. I don't think I ever saw so much heroism at one time. Nearly everybody stuck to the dinner.

It was one of these gully-washing rains and lasted for a half hour. Everybody was soaked to the skin. Their clothes stuck to them "closer than a brother." I never knew till then how many funny-shaped people there are in the world. I learned more about the anatomy of the human body than I ever knew before.

But everybody enjoyed it, and everybody laughed at everybody else. Even the dogs got soaking wet and looked lank and lean and hungry, although they had just enjoyed the greatest feast of their lives, for most of the soaked victuals that was left was thrown away.

Endless Chain For Taft.

Dollar contributions from seventy five thousand American women by "endless chain" letter system for the Taft campaign fund is a new plan now launched to help elect Taft president.

Miss Boardman, national director of the American Red Cross and a close friend of Mr. Taft is to manage the "endless chain" letter scheme as an individual and not as a Red Cross official. Miss Boardman recently refused to appear actively as a Taft booster, because of her connection with the Red Cross. She stated that she did not wish to compromise that society by taking an active part in partisan politics.

While claims and counter claims are in the air, it is just as well to remember that it takes 266 electoral votes to elect a president this year. The most sanguine Democrat finds himself puzzled when he tries to figure exactly where Gov. Wilson is to pick up that many votes. Take a list of the states and look them over.—Ex.

Would See.

Sunday School Teacher—Don't you want to go to heaven, Mamie?
Mamie (the advertisers daughter)—Maybe, I'll send for their free illustrated booklet first before I do anything.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

What Hurts Davie.

Six days out of every seven there are between 50 and 200 loads of lumber hauled into Mocksville and unloaded. Most of this lumber is shipped out of town, instead of being worked up here. This lumber is sold for about \$1 per hundred, and in a few months we buy it back at about \$50 per hundred after it has been worked up into tables, bedsteads, cabinets, desks, wagons and buggies and various other articles too tedious to mention. Davie furnishes the lumber which makes other towns and counties rich. So long as we continue this practice, just so long will we lag behind and amount to but very little. What we need is factories to work up our raw material, and thus put a stop to this heavy drain on our county. The matter rests with our monied men. They can do much toward building up our town and their own interests at the same time. Every load of raw lumber that leaves our town means a loss of between one and five hundred dollars to the town and her citizens. More factories means a larger town, more people, more homes, more money, more business houses, higher land and lower taxes. More factories can be secured if the business men would get together, and with one accord pull for them. What are we going to do about this matter. Why not get together and pull for a safe and table factory. It could be started with a small capital and increased as the business prospered. Think over this matter, gentlemen, and let's get busy and help Mocksville grow.

Why Should Farmers Vote For Wilson?

The Raleigh News and Observer, in a leading editorial, headed "Farmers Should Support Wilson," says:

"The farmers of this country should feel a special concern in the success of Democracy, for it is to Democracy that they must look for legislation, which will treat them fairly and justly, and relieve them of the exactions under which they labor because of antagonistic Republican legislation, a fact which is being recognized by the farmers throughout the country."

Now Mr. Farmer, after you have read the above from the Democratic organ, we suggest that you turn and read Governor Wilson's speech of acceptance and see what he proposes if he is elected, to do for the farmers and wealth-producers. Governor Wilson, in discussing the high cost of living, proposed as a remedy that such legislation should be enacted as would cause the dollar to buy more than it will buy now.

Every millionaire and coupon clipper in the United States is in favor of that policy. The class of people who do not create wealth, but who have a great deal of money, desire to make each dollar buy as much as possible of the products of the laborer and the farmer.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding about Governor Wilson's position, we quote his exact words.

"It is not as easy for us to live as it used to be. Our money will not buy as much. Higher wages, even when we get them, yield us no great comfort. We used to be better off with less, because the dollar could buy so much more."

There you have Prof. Wilson's remedy in a nut shell.

No, if you want the dollar to buy more of your labor and products, then vote for Prof. Wilson and let us have another Democratic administration. Our people will remember that that was exactly condition we had under the Grover Cleveland administration.

At that time, one dollar would buy twenty five pounds of cotton, which made cotton sell, when it sold at all, at four cents a pound. Everything was cheap then, but nobody except the rich could buy even the necessities of life, no matter how cheap they were. The Democratic program as we had it under Grover Cleveland and as squarely declared for by Prof. Wilson, is for a dear dollar and a cheap man.

Those who want that condition should vote the Democratic Ticket.—Caucasian.

Train Makes Record.

The Twentieth Century limited on the New York Central hung up a new record Tuesday. The run from Clinton-st, Buffalo, to E. 105th st, Cleveland, 178 miles, was made in 2 hours and 23 minutes. This is the fastest this distance was ever run by a railroad train. Thomas Sankey drove the engine.

Particularly Pointed.

And they have Woodrow Wilson explaining already.

Those who like soup can vote for Governor Wilson, but for our part we want something more substantial.—What say you, Uncle Sam? Simmons and Kitchin are running the big show. Its true Judge Clark and Locke Craig are trying to run a little side show of their own, free of charge, but it seems that they can't get the people to go in and take a peep.

No, sir, we don't believe that the American people will ever allow the Democratic party to get in control of this government again. They remember too well what it did for the country the last time it went to the bat.

If that little New Jersey school teacher should happen to be elected President of the United States, he will teach the country another school of experience. But you have often heard of the kind people who will learn in no other.—Yes, it will be like the one taught by Grover in the days of Cleveland; it will be sad and soupy.

Of course the trusts prospered more during Col. Roosevelt's administration than they did during that of Cleveland. So did every individual. Times were so good that they could not help prospering. But during Cleveland's administration almost everything went "busted" except the trusts, and that soup house panic came pretty near getting them.

The Democrat party is opposed to the "high cost of living", which is the only thing that causes the farmers to get good prices for what they have to sell. So of course the farmers will vote for Wilson, and reduce the price of their corn, cotton, peas, potatoes, meat, chickens and eggs. For our Democratic friends say the high cost of living must be required.—Clinton News Dispatch.

A Warmed-Over Corpse.

Apropos of the recent resolution of the Bible Students' Convention in Washington, repudiating the doctrine of a literal "hell fire," Dr. Philip Hale Curtin, of Wheeling, said to a reporter:

"Hell fire is rarely mentioned any more except in jest—except, for example, as in the body snatching story.

"A doctor according to this story saw, late one night, a fine automobile halted outside a cemetery. He hid behind a tree, for he suspected that body snatchers were at work; and sure enough, in a few minutes he saw two body snatchers stagger from the cemetery carrying a body. They placed it upright in the automobile, as though it were alive, propping it securely in the back seat, and then they hurried back to the cemetery to fill the violated grave again.

"The doctor in their absence, lifted the body out of the automobile, hid it under a hedge, and took its place himself.

"Soon the scoundrels returned. One seated himself at the wheel and the other seated himself in the back seat beside the body, so as to support it. Then in the darkness they glided off.

"After a while the man in the rear seat said in a rather awed tone:

"This body seems mighty warm for a corpse."

"The chauffeur reached back his hand and touched it.

"Don't it though!" he muttered between perplexity and fear.

"Then the corpse, in deep, sepulchral tones, exclaimed:

"Warm? Of course I'm warm! And if you had been where I've been for the last two days you'd be warm too!"

"With loud yells of horror the body snatchers leaped from the automobile and fled. The doctor seized the wheel and drove it home. He has it, they say, still."

WE'VE GOT IT.

When you are buying your Patent Medicines, Drugs, Toilet Articles, don't take chances, but buy it where you get the best.

MOCKSVILLE DRUG CO.

GEO. F. TYSON, MANAGER.

The Bull Moose Movement.

Roosevelt, in glancing over his lieutenants must realize that he is not equipped with the best of tools with which to bewilder the American people into giving him their votes, but he is probably confident that he is perfectly capable of remedying any deficiency his benches may display. He will rely mainly on the spirit of unrest that he has been principally responsible for creating; and in his campaign he will promise relief to the imaginary weary and heavily laden of all parties. But history will repeat itself, and the great Moose, or Progressive, party will soon occupy another grave in the great burying ground of unattained hopes and ambitions.—Exchange.

Advice With a String to It.

Two young men, of short acquaintance, were talking together when George, the older of the two, became suddenly very confidential. "I am much bothered," he said. "I can marry a wealthy whom I don't love or a poor girl that I do love intensely. What shall I do?" "Listen to your heart," advised his companion. "and marry the one you love."

"You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl."

"Then can you give me the widow's address?"—Judge.

September's Promise.

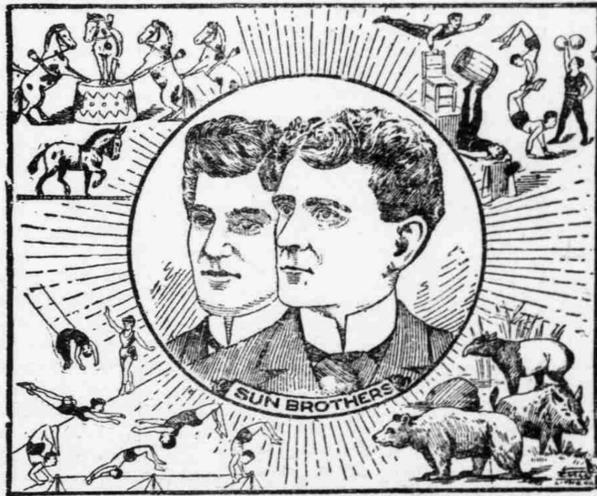
Walt Mason.
Old Summer, with its brazen skies, is failing now and dwindling soon man may cease to swat the flies, and lay in coal and kindling. And soon again we'll dream our dreams before the grate and ember while frost upon the pumpkin gleams—You promise this, September!

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AT MOCKSVILLE.

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