

The Davie Record.

State Librarian

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

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WHERE THE CASH IS COMING FROM

Women Work at Night to Finance Roosevelt Campaign.

AWFUL FACTORY CONDITIONS.

New York State Investigating Committee Found Pale, Worn Women Working in Twine Manufacturing Concern Owned by the International Harvester Company.

Awful conditions have been found by the state factory investigating committee of New York in the mills of the Osborne Twine company, No. 3, at Auburn, N. Y., owned by the International Harvester company, of which George W. Perkins, chief financial backer of Theodore Roosevelt in his scheme to ruin the Republican party, is a director.

"The appearance of the women workers in this plant," said a member of the committee, "was very disheartening. They were worn and pale and their clothes, faces and hands were covered with oil and hemp cloth. Many of these women, so called, are only children in age and they have to lug huge piles of hemp, weighing 50 pounds each, across the floor, the load in some cases being bigger than the women themselves. In the spinning room, where women are employed alone, to the exclusion of men, who would have to receive higher wages, the clatter of machinery is so frightful that a voice below a shriek cannot be heard. The rooms are dark, though for no necessary cause, and no attempt is made to remove the dust, which is kept in constant motion by the blue shavings despite the requirements of the law. This dust is breathed continuously by the women, many of whom complain of chronic coughs and colds. The dust and dirt are so thick upon the clothes of the girls that at the noon hour—which in many cases consists of but a few minutes—and at the close of the day's night's labor, the girls have to sweep each other clean with brooms." It is further stated that the custom of working the women all night is permanent, married women being selected for night work, their hours being from sundown until 6:30 o'clock in the morning. Of 400 women employed in the mills, 200 work all night.

When George W. Perkins was asked by a New York Times reporter for an explanation of the conditions in an establishment of which he is one of the directors, he made, in part, the following remarkable reply: "This night work has been rendered necessary largely because of the government's perfectly unreasonable attitude toward large corporations, which has made it impossible for managers of large concerns to know whether they were on foot or horseback, whether they could expand their plans to keep up with increasing demands or not."

The late Mark Twain in his brightest moments never uttered anything more grimly humorous than the foregoing explanation by George W. Perkins of why the company of which he is a director is working women all night under the frightful conditions disclosed by the New York state factory investigating committee.

Meantime it ought to be of interest to millions of Republicans throughout the United States to know where the money comes from to finance Theodore Roosevelt in his campaign of "rule or ruin."

The Wilson Fall Frost. The free trade Evening Post publishes a lot of figures to show what would happen if all the states voted the same as Vermont in November.

A two-and-three-makes-five school-boy could tell the free trade Evening Post that if all the states should vote in November the same way Vermont has voted Taft would have the whole electoral college.

It came early, but it came with a bite to it—the Wilson fall frost. Bryan and Parker were both elected in August and buried under a snowstorm of ballots in November, and Wilson is hurrying to the same snow pile.

The Siamese Twins.

The Charlotte Observer's "side table" man clips from the Carolina Pythian an interesting story. The Observer says:

Some times one comes across a piece of home-spun history that beats the conventional article. This is the case with the story of Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, as given in The Carolina Pythian, by Major James G. Baird, who spent two months this summer in Surry county, where the twins grew up

and were married. The facts as dug up by Major Baird are arranged in readable shape. The twins were born in Siam in 1811 and on their travels in this country with Old John Robinson's circus, reached the town of Salisbury. There a native of Surry county 'got stuck' on them and they accepted an invitation to go to his home on the Fish and Ararat rivers, in the county mentioned. They were so pleased with the country that they decided to make it their home. We let the Major tell the rest:

Eng invested all his money in negroes and Chang invested his in lands. They were unusually interesting in every undertaking. But the war took away the slaves, and an equitable division was made of the lands. They built a comfortable home on the left bank of the Fish river, which they occupied until some time just prior to the Civil war, when Chang conceived the idea of getting married. They were great hunters, and in their wanderings, they had gone over into Wilkes where Chang saw the girl for whom he had been longing. He served notice on Eng of his intention and gave the command to come and let us visit the home of the Yates. There was nothing for Eng to do but to obey. Chang's story of love fell upon a listening ear, and in due time a union was formed between him and Miss Yates. The household was now made to number three.

A year passed and Eng began to think. The smiles that played up on the face of Chang were too much for Eng. He too must go and tell his story. The family of three had doubtless attracted much attention. "Who is to be the wife of Eng?" It did not take Eng long to decide. Another of the Yates girls was left. The good qualities embodied in the one must be inherent in the other. So Eng said to Chang, "Come, let me go a courting too." How many visits Eng made before he accomplished his purpose, we are not told, but a little thought would suggest that they were not many. For the second time Eng and Chang stood in the Yates home before the parson. The family was now made four. "But two women, though they be sisters, in one house is one too many. Another home must be built." A beautiful site was on the other side of the stream. Another home was built there for Eng.

The question then came, "How shall we divide time between these two homes?" A knotty question, but satisfactorily settled. Every Monday morning there was a shift from the one to the other rain or shine. Alternate weeks there was a home on the banks of the Fish without Eng and Chang. The passing years brought children into those homes. Eng was the father in one, and Chang was the father in the other. How the discipline of the one accorded with the ideas of the other we have not been able to learn. Doubtless each father controlled his own home, for it is known that each had a will of his own. Nine children came into either home. These have all grown up, and are now living in the bounds of Surry county. Among them are some of the most substantial men of the county. The wife of Chang is still living at the old old homestead, in good health, with promise of many years.

Major Baird learned that the matter of cutting the binding that held them together received consideration from the best talent of America and Europe. It was the opinion of all physicians consulted that they could not be cut apart and live. The connection was vital. So they passed through life. They were men of very different temperaments. Each had a will that never failed to assert itself. It was a common thing for them to get into very animated discussions, agree-

ing very frequently to disagree. Blows were sometimes passed. A magistrate is still living in the county who had one arrested at the request of the other and tried for assault. A fine was imposed with the result that they went for days without speaking.

The blood of the foreigners is distinct in every one of the children. Black hair, dark eyes, brown complexion, typical of their Eastern birth. They lived to rather an old age. They died in the year 1874. One was often sick without materially affecting the other. They were distinct personalities. Each had his own favorite diet. Both enjoyed comparatively good health. Occasions for a doctor was rare. The immediate cause of death is not stated. They retired early as was their habit. Before the clear dawn of day Eng awoke and found Chang dead. A doctor from Mount Airy was summoned in all possible haste. When he came he found the blood from the dead man had coursed its way into the living one. Death was inevitable. So it was decided not to separate them. "Let them die as they have lived—joined together." Their bodies were taken to Philadelphia, but were afterwards recovered by one of the sons and brought back to Surry where they are buried.

Coughs, Colds, Watery Eyes Cured in a Day

by taking Cheeneys Expectorant—also cures consumption, whooping cough, droopings from the nose, and throat, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Cheeneys Expectorant a liquid preparation, tested for 50 years. Thousands of cures made where all else failed. Try it. Safe, sure and satisfactory. Druggists 25c and 50c.

A NEW KIND OF POLITICS.

That is Not Politics at all, but that will be the Economic Regeneration of the South.

An inquisitive subscriber asked Agricultural Editor Nivan of Atlanta the question: "What are your politics?" Orange Judd Southern Farming frankly replies in words that should make every farmer in this state sit up and take notice:

1. To make three bales of cotton grow where one grows now.
2. To make forage crops, grasses and pasture five times as good and 10 times as profitable as at present.
3. To make tobacco, fruits, vegetables and other crops better in quantity, quality and profit.
4. To enable the South to make more and better corn, wheat, oats and other grain.
5. To promote improved live stock until the South exports to the rest of the United States and to foreign countries a vast surplus of meats, butter, cheese, eggs, and manufactures therefrom.
6. To reform distribution, banking and currency, so as to make universal more economic methods of marketing the products of Southern farms and factories, forests and mines, and in supplying our people's consuming needs.
7. To wisely utilize the South's natural resources so that they yield handsome profits at present and yet be conserved for future generations.
8. To improve the South's highways and railroads, rivers and harbors, until they are adequate to the needs of a mighty people.
9. To improve our schools until every young person in country or town may be trained in efficiency, health and character and imbued with that wisdom which is knowledge and the capacity to use it.
10. To link more closely school and home, farm and factory, so that the one may more benefit the other.
11. To aid, in these and other ways, the South to have fourfold its present population, each of whom shall enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!"
12. Thus to make for a Greater

Nation through a Great South.

This is not needed. Each plank speaks for itself. But you won't find any of our planks in the platform of any political party.

Yet how much more important is the Southern Farming's platform. Just think a bit, and you will see how true is our statement. For all the candidates for office might miraculously disappear, congress and legislatures might not meet for a couple of years, yet the United States and the world would go right along with scarcely a ripple. But let Southern farmers for a single season fail to produce a surplus, or to make a cotton crop, and the economic fabric of the whole occident would be upset!

Soil and seas, mine and forest, support the world. Better farming means better living and better times for all—and this means, also, that people shall "get into gear with nature," or in tune with the Infinite, and enjoy the harmony of body, mind and soul that is the real test in this life.

So we reckon pretty much all our folks down here will say amen to Southern Farming's platform. Now let's all pitch in to work it out, for god helps those who help themselves!

"SPEAK OUT! SPEAK OUT!"

Democratic Stomachs Revolt Against Wilson-Marshall Mash.

"Speak out! Speak out!" is the almost desperate cry of the New York World, the newspaper chiefly responsible for the nomination of Woodrow Wilson in 1912, as it was for the nomination of Alton B. Parker in 1904. Day after day, it seems, the World has been waiting with ears to the windward for some point, some virile, vital expression from its latest presidential jack out of the box on questions of the hour, some solid positive utterance by the candidate, which it could grab and lay about with as a campaign shillelagh. It has waited in vain. Round periods of dreary drivel, pedagogical commonplaces that might have come out of a third reader and which had about as much relation to issues of the campaign as "it is a sin to steal a pin" has to Metropolitan opera, have been fed to curious crowds and to editors waiting with whetted pens for red hot meteors of inspiration.

Disappointment and disgust are not confined to the World office. "We asked you for bread and you gave us a stone" is paraphrased in Democratic sentiment by "We asked you for meat and you gave us mush." Nauseated with Wilson they turned to Marshall only to find him as aperient of vacuous platitudes as his coadjutor. It's a hopeless appeal. As well try to seize the elusive tail of a greased pig at a county fair as expect to get anything definite out of Wilson. He was definite enough when he said in his "History of the American People" that "the Chinese are more to be desired as workmen, if not as citizens," than "the coarse crew crowding in at eastern ports"—that is, immigrants from Europe. He was definite enough in saying in the same book that congress had "dealt very harshly" in passing the law excluding Chinese from the United States. He was definite enough in denouncing immigrants from Poland, Hungary and Italy.

Evidently Wilson can speak out if he wants to, and the inference is that he is afraid to. On the issue of a navy powerful enough to defend the interests and uphold the honor of the United States he is silent for fear of offending the Democratic majority in congress opposed to strengthening the navy. On the tariff he is, to quote an old comparison, "neither a man, nor a mouse, nor a long tailed rat," but more like one of those ancient Egyptian monstrosities carved on the mummy cases, with heads looking contrarily. On one point he is definite—he wants to be president, and he doesn't care much how he gets there. He is willing to sash through a sea of bosh to the White House, and now that he has the nomination he counts upon the world and the rest of the "whangdoodles" to follow, whether they like his style or not.

Perhaps they will, notwithstanding grimaces of disgust and protesting cries to speak out. But the people—they want a man for president.

Fortunes In Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune," but its never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all, and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them 25 cents at all druggists.

THINK OF US

WHEN IN NEED OF DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

Or anything kept in a First-Class Drug Store. Our stock is fresh, clean and pure. Our prices are as low as first-class goods can be sold. Your patronage appreciated.

MOCKVILLE DRUG CO.

GEORGE F. TYSON, Manager.

A Nudge at Democratic Boasting.

Mr. Josephus Daniels, of the publicity department of the Democratic national committee, figures it out that at the rate of gain in Vermont "Wilson and Marshall will carry practically every state in the Union in November." But no such ratio of gain is going to be maintained. The bottom fell out of Maine, only Monday. Claims of that sort will be simply laughed at by the country, as they ought to be.—Charlotte Observer.

They Make You Feel Good.

The pleasant purgative effect produced by Chamberlain's Tablets and the healthy condition of body and mind which they create make one feel joyful. For sale by all dealers.

Delivery for Smaller Cities.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Postmaster General Hitchcock today announced that he was preparing to establish limited free delivery service for post offices of the second and third class. The experiment will effect nearly thirty million people, and is in accordance with an appropriation of \$100,000 made by Congress for experimental free delivery in small communities.

Saves Leg of Boy.

"It seemed that my 14-year old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. "All remedies and doctors treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box." Cures burns, boils skin eruptions, piles. 25c at all druggists.

"Remember, my son, that beauty is only skin deep" warned the sage.

"That's deep enough for me," replied the young man. "I'm no cannibal."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Is This You?

What is a home without a paper? A home without a newspaper is no home at all. It is a kind of dreary den—a rendezvous of bedbugs and fleas, where the inhabitants live in blissful ignorance of what the world is doing. It is inhabited by a class who do not know who is president or what he is president of—who never find out that a thing has happened until long after everyone else has forgotten it. The children grow up in rags and dirt, while the wife generally finds consolation in darning socks and lugging a pipe loaded with long, green tobacco and the man generally lives because he can't die and he is too lazy to kill himself. He goes out on election days, and does not know who he is voting for, but just takes the ticket bearing the name his great grandfather voted for.—Ex.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

Hard Worked.

"I think I will take my phonograph along when I take my vacation," said Mr. Homely.

"That's a good idea," assented Mr. Nextdoor. "It certainly needs a vacation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Log on the Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Heshmeier of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50 cents at all druggists.

The new paper money which the Treasury Department is planning to print will have the face of Geo. Washington on the \$1 bill, Thomas Jefferson on the \$2 bills, that of Abraham Lincoln on the \$5 bills, Grover Cleveland's portrait on the \$10 bills. Andrew Jackson's face adorn the \$20 bills. Franklin's the \$100 bills, and the face of Alexander Hamilton the \$1,000 bills.

Very few editors will get acquainted with any of the portraits above that of Geo. Washington.—Ex.

Pistols and Cigarettes.

It is the violation of the law for a man or child to carry a pistol about with him, but it is not a violation for a man to sell him a pistol. That is one queer case. But the case against cigarettes is queerer. It is a violation of the law for a dealer to sell cigarettes to minors but it is not against the law for minors to smoke them. In the first case the dealer helps to create law-breakers by displaying in his windows firearms which the child or man is prohibited from carrying around with him. In the second case, it is the purchaser that helps to create law breakers by being permitted to buy with impunity what the storekeeper cannot sell without violating the law.

Do you know that it is not unusual for boys twelve and fourteen years of age to carry pistols to school? And of course you know that boys of this age can buy cigarettes. In every transaction, if it is wrong for one party to enter into it, it should be wrong for both parties.—North Carolina Education.

Saved By His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs. R. J. Flint, Braintree, Vt., is of that kind. "She insisted on my using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak my friends all thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds, it's the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—croup, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, tonsillitis, hemorrhages. A trial will convince you. 50c. and \$1.00. Guaranteed by all druggists.