

The Davie Record.

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

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HOME.

It is said that the three sweetest words in the English language are "Mother, Home and Heaven." I will write just a little on the word home. What is a home without a mother; a heaven without a redeemed soul. I will say that ninety-nine persons out of one hundred have a home of some sort in this world. And as that blessed old hymn says, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." I tell you if God was ever in the composing of a hymn He surely was in this. Just think of it. A man said to be blind and without a home in this world, to compose a hymn that will be sung through endless ages. You know that in this world there are all sorts of homes; you will find them from the log cabin to the palace; and you will find in these homes all sorts of people, from the vilest sinner to the purest Christian of today. You will find in them the most humble to the proudest and vain of mankind. Oh how sad when we see in these palace homes the vainglory of man. When we remember that he must soon become earth and worms, just the same as his poor neighbor that has lived in a hovel. While you will find in these homes the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, you will only find one kind of flesh and blood. If I was called upon to go out into the world to find in these homes the purest and best Christians I would never think of going into these palace homes, but I would go into the more humble homes to find them. While I will not say that a man cannot be a Christian that lives in these palace homes. Just think of it that the King of Kings and Lord of Lords without a home, without a place to lay his head. If it had been the divine will of the Father He would have been born in a mansion instead of a manger, such a mansion as no eye has ever seen or ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. But He made himself of no reputation, but took upon himself the form of a servant. There is only one sort of folks in the grave; the folks that have lived in log cabins are equal with the folks that have lived in palaces. And there will be only one sort of folks in that home in heaven—the pure and good that are redeemed and perfected and made glorious in the likeness of Him who said "I am the truth, the life and the way." The bible tells us of a home in heaven and a home in hell. In that home in heaven a place of love, joy and rest. In that home in hell, a place of anguish, grief and misery. I know we do not know what is beyond this life, but we have the promise of a life beyond the grave. We see through a glass darkly, and we cannot understand why things are so and so. It was not intended for us to know of these things. If we had foreknowledge of these things, our lives would be miserable here in this world. Why, because we would often be doing something that would give us trouble. Nearly every day we would be seeing some loved one for the last time, bidding farewell with some one for the last time; eating the last supper with some one for the last time. And all these things would give us trouble. I believe that we should enjoy this world and not abuse it. God did not intend for us to go through this world cast down and in grief and sorrow all the days of our lives, but to rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep. He says, "Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God, believe also in me." I know that nearly all earthly scenes are tinged with sadness, and that all skies have clouds, but Christ offers us a home in heaven. But the final end of all below are the robe, the shroud, The final in heaven will be a robe of righteousness on our bodies, that crown of glory on our heads, that palm of victory in our hands.

F. Smith Grove, N. C.

The High Cost of Living.

To The Editor:—The cause or the causes of the high prices of the things that constitute what we live on seem to be hard to find. One of the causes, so the wise men tell us, is the increased production of gold, the basis of the medium of exchange for the nations who do the business of the world. Gold is cheap, ergo, other things are high; but can't other things be produced proportionately as plentifully as gold, so as to keep the balance even—produce a lot of gold then produce a lot of other things, too, to match it? When the wise men put the nation's exchange on a gold basis they thought that things had been settled; but not so it seems, and the wise men who are laying on the tariff all the ills of which we suffer will find that tariff reform will not affect the high cost of living. It will go on until society realizes—becomes conscious—of the patent, outstanding fact that as long as the things on which people live and progress are produced and distributed for private profit that there can be no fair exchange of commodities. As long as everything by which society lives and moves is weighed down with all sorts of profits living will be high.

Take fire insurance. We pay about six hundred millions of dollars yearly to protect ourselves against three hundred million dollar yearly fire losses. It would be better were we to levy a tax and pay the loss than to pay the one hundred per cent more than the loss to be protected against it. So, too, we could better afford to hand-somely pension the beneficiaries of profit system.

It is highly probable that the profit in school books in North Carolina will reach half a million dollars annually. Why not let the people, collectively, make their own books and sell them at cost to themselves? Why not? Because we are dominated by the profit-takers. The business man—the profit taker—we think indispensable, and bow down and worship him. The biggest profit-taker is usually the most influential citizen. The fellow who takes more than he gets back is the fellow that makes the successful business man possible, and is the same fellow that is hard hit by the high cost of living, and is usually the fellow who has nothing to exchange for his salary and wages but his brain and brawn. His brain and brawn must produce more for the profit takers than his wages and salary will exchange for. So the cost of living is always high to him.

J. P. TAYLOR.
Winston Salem, N. C.

Paying Freak Election Bets.

Correspondents all over the country report that the crop of freak election bettors is more flourishing this year than ever before. Corroborative evidence is furnished with each report. For instance: A Chicago broker who bet his wife that Taft would win has discharged his beautiful blonde stenographer and hired one who has red hair, freckles and wears spectacles. Washington is full of pentinent freak bettors. One fried an egg on the steps of the national capitol. Another tried to carry an egg on a fork up the steps of the Washington monument. He dropped it half way up and a guard made him clean the steps.

A third Washington bettor, who believed in Taft, donned knee breeches and rode a boy's velocipede to the White House entrance, shouting through a megaphone: "I'm glad Wilson won!"

Now, By Jings.

Women as a whole are generally regarded as staunch supporters of prohibition and enemies of the

whiskey traffic in any form. It is a notable fact, however, that the prohibition amendment in Colorado was defeated recently, largely because of the stand taken by the women against it. The following dispatch is from the Denver Republican: "While hundreds of men in the city and throughout the state worked against the amendment, it was mainly due to the efforts of the women that it was defeated. No better workers than the women were at the command of the Anti-Prohibition League. All day pretty and handsomely gowned members of the fair sex stood at the polls coaxing and cajoling voters to cast their ballot for a "wet" state and local option, and their efforts in countless cases met with success. In addition the women themselves made it a point to vote against prohibition."—Winston Sentinel.

Mr. McCoy, His Farm Work and His Mule.

The Huntersville correspondent of the Charlotte Observer is responsible for the following: Mr. L. C. McCoy at the age of 83 years is one of the spryest farmers of this section. He has just finished plowing in 10 bushels of oats and gathering his corn. He did the plowing with a bull-tongue plow and his faithful old mule that has never been traded.

"Of this mule the old gentleman is very fond and has taught him many things that a mule is not supposed to know. When Pete is told to die, he immediately stretches himself out flat on the ground and looks dead enough to satisfy the sexton. His master then sits on him. It has often been predicted that Pete would come to life to soon some time for his master, but this so far has not happened.

"In the town Mr. McCoy has several vacant lots and entertains himself with their cultivation. His farm methods are not altogether book learned; but he makes his little crops pay and after all he sometimes gets ahead of some of his more up-to-date neighbors who farm."

The Place Hunters.

And now the merry riff raff are upon the Democratic green engaged in Morris dances and circling in expectation the May pole, which will come conveniently after the fourth of March to cause an air of festivity to invest them in their sportive performances. Falstaff never gathered together a more motley crew than those who under insignia of pure citizenship are dancing to the measures of their own fond hopes. From aspirants for cabinet places to the would-be fillers of the places of the lowly, the hosts of volunteers are in a mad state of egoism, feeling that each and every one has a certified promise of a place in the administration of the good and great and gracious man whose languorous limbs are folded in a pose of contemplative satisfaction.

Woodrow Wilson is the lauder. He alone thus far has assurance of the job with the exception of the man who will fan the flies from the rostrum of the Senate chamber and those pellucid statesmen who, by virtue of the votes of their fellows, have been consigned to the chamber of American horrors—the lower house. Who cares now for Carnegie pension, who cares even to revive recollection of impecuniosity in the breadth and the benevolence of the biggest job an American citizen can achieve?

And the we-did-it crowd of hereditary job seekers, following a party success, are indulging the roseate hopes that circle about them in the light of good fortune to the man whose adage has ever been spare the rod and spoil the child. Illinois will pass away and the gentle horde of place hunters will still be on the job, only passively, seeking ever seeking, until the last syllable of recorded time. For many are called and few chosen.—Baltimore American.

The army that was marching to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" may have been on the right road, but was going the wrong way.

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