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Stanly County's Farmer.

The Stanly County Farmer has numerous friends in the county who are as wise on many things as he is, but there is one thing the majority of them don't seem to catch on to, and that is the question of how to make a cow stop bawling after her calf has been taken away to the butcher. I'll explain.

Friends did you ever stop to think why a cow makes such extraordinary effort to exercise her bellows when she loses her calf? Well she does it because her heart breaks in two and one piece of it sticks up in her throat and rattles when she breathes. The thing to do is to remove that half heart before she swallows it again, which she generally takes a week or two. Stand your cow under the crab apple tree and press her in the region of the heart with a clothes pin. If she kicks you over the dog house and sprains your left ear it is a sign that her heart has been badly broken and you can go at her with real confidence.

After your wife picks you up at the other side of the dog house you will also be in a better frame of mind for revenge purposes and your work will progress more rapidly, brush the dust from the seat of your pants and get a step ladder. Tie the front legs of the cow together with a log chain and pry her jaws open with a fence rail until they are far enough apart for you to go down her throat unnoted. When you have the jaws in that position stand three pieces of cord wood in them so that it won't go shut when you are on the inside, which is liable to press the arch out of your bosom. After you have made certain that every thing is safe get a rope and a candle in your hand. Climb up the ladder, hang one end on a limb and lead this to your wife when you are on top of the ladder give her the signal to lower you down the cow's throat, gently strike the match on the cow's teeth, light your candle and keep your eye fixed. When you are down about three feet look straight ahead and feel for the heart with your left hand.

On discovering it hold tight so that will let your wife know that you are ready for day light. You can pull easier by wiggling from side to side like a stopper in a bottle. When you are nearly out hold your hat tight, or the air suction which rushes to fill the vacuum left by you is apt to blow your hat down to the place where you found the half heart. The loss of the hat might make you and the cow bawl at the same time which would be more than twice as bad if only the cow had bawled. Therefore I say hold your hat tight. After you are safe on earth again take a deep breath and smile. Remove the cord wood from the cows jaws and untie her legs.

You know the cow will only have half a heart left but that won't help to shorten her life. The real thing is that after such an operation the cow will be next to a heartless creature and you never saw a heartless creature get tears in its eyes and bawl did you? Consequently when her heart is reduced to the half in size you can take any calves away from her in one day and she won't say boo. Easy to realize isn't it?

The reason I advise you to use your wife to manipulate the rope while you are driving around in the cow's throat, is because naturally she would exercise more care than the hired man. The hired man is apt to release the rope at the wrong moment and allow you to go down too far. When this is the case the whisksers on your chin will tickle the cow's epiglottis and make her cough. If she does and your coat tail stands up like a ship

sail, look out! You may land in Stanly county and you may land in England. There is no established rule to that. If you could happen to be a single man either get married before you tackle the job or measure the animal's throat with a steam boat pole and then hold the pole against yourself. Get some red paint and make a mark on your pants to signify the danger line. When you are so far down the cow's throat that the mark on your pants is just about to pass the cow's lips kick your warning to the hired man and he will pull the rope. Never shave off your whiskers; if you do you can't make the cow cough when you get too deep and she will swallow you. This would spoil her milk and also might make trouble in your family. —The Chronicle.

The Republican Party.

The Washington Star flouts the idea that the Republican party is dead and cites the successful rehabilitation of the Democratic party to prove that a big party cannot be obliterated. It says:

The Republican party dead? The wish is father to the thought, especially as respects such Democrats as are harboring and expressing the opinion. It might be better for them to proceed upon the opposite opinion, and tread warily, lest a reckless or hastily calculated course deliver them into the hands of their old enemy, sobered by the recent experience and in fertile again.

What a hardy organization the Democratic party has shown itself to be! In the past half century what punishment it has taken! How quickly it has recovered from drubbings which at the moment seemed finishers!

Although through a split the party had appeared to go to pieces in 1860, four years later it was strong enough to threaten seriously the re election of Mr. Lincoln. The full power of that masterful politician was necessary to guide the Republican party to success.

Although McClellan's defeat had been so signal in 1864, the Democracy was strong enough four years later to command the leadership of Horatio Seymour, one of the most accomplished men of the day, and force the Republicans to nominate the military hero of the civil war.

Seymour was defeated, but four years later the Democracy's prospects were bright until a so-called independent movement, composed in part of disgruntled Republicans and amateur Democratic politicians dished them by the nomination of Mr. Greeley. And four years later not withstanding that flamboyant fiasco, as able a man as Samuel J. Tilden was found to lead the party and he came within one election vote of the prize.

And was ever a party in more demoralized plight than the Democracy in the spring of 1896, just prior to the nomination of Mr. Bryan? Mr. Cleveland had made an unprecedented mess of things, and the party seemed adrift and sinking. But Mr. Bryan, an inexperienced skipper, took command, and steered the craft to port.

These who remained true through all that dark time held firmly to the old name and to the traditions. They remembered their patron saints, and still called on Jefferson and Jackson.

Have the Republicans no great names or traditions? Take Lincoln—a greater than either Jefferson or Jackson—and men like Oliver P. Morton, John A. Andrew, Edwin Morgan, and Seward, Stanton, Fessenden, Wade, Stevens and others, who held up his hands during the four years of the civil war. And as for a record, what other party matches it for the "arduous greatness of things done?" They can be named by the score.

The party of Lincoln not able to "Come back?" It will ride out the present storm and be a mighty tight and fit craft for years to come. —N. Y. Witness.

Growing Cotton In Burke.

Morganton Messenger.

Heretofore very little cotton has been raised in Burke, while in our neighborhood counties, Catawba, Cleveland and Rutherford, it is one of the principal crops. But some of our farmers are now raising cotton, and at a profit, and next year will no doubt see increased acreage in the staple. The Alpine Cotton Mills has a cotton gin and Mr. Ernest Erwin, the secretary and treasurer, tells us that he has already ginned about 50 bales of this year's Burke county cotton. He also tells us that the farmers who have tried cotton this year are so well pleased they will increase the acreage next year.

Rockefeller Invests In North Carolina Sand Hills.

Charlotte Observer.

The Thomasville Davidsonian thinks the recent purchase of 27,000 acres of sand hill land near Hoffman, on the Seaboard Air Line, by John D. Rockefeller, means about as much for North Carolina as Flagler's first purchase in Florida meant for that State. However that may be. The Observer feels sure that it spells something good in the way of development in the Tar Heel State. The Davidsonian welcomes Rockefeller in the proper spirit. He has it in his power to make the dreary waste between Hamlet and Sanford "blossom as the rose," and that is no doubt his idea. There are a few natural born carpens in every community—there were some in Charlotte who wanted to keep out the Dukes—but on the whole, Mr. Rockefeller will find North Carolina a State of Hospitality.

Bishop Warns Preachers Against Debt, Over-Eating, Etc.

In his remarks to the preachers applying for admission into the Conference at Fayetteville, Bishop Denny emphasized the importance of the life separated from the world upon the part of ministry, of purity, of language, freedom from debt, temperance in eating and the avoidance of idleness and of employment that is not beneficial.

Speaking of debt, Bishop Denny said that a preacher had far better sell everything he owns and pay his debts than leave debts in any community he has served. He said he had sold his bookcase and sofa on one of his appointments in order to avoid leaving a debt. "The most sensitive nerve in the body politic," he said, "passes through the pocketbook."

The bishop said further that when he was a very young man he resolved he would never allow any man to make his ear a sewer-pipe for filthy language and that he had held to his resolve. He said he wished such a revival of purity of speech would come that every word men uttered would be suitable to be spoken in the presence of an angel. Speaking of abstinence, Bishop Denny said he did not know much about dietetics and had never seen any man who did; but that he was certain that what a man does not eat never will hurt him and there is much more danger from over eating than under eating. —Fx.

Tell a lie to save a friend and he will never be so grateful as to forget that you are a liar.

Isn't it queer that when a man addresses you by saying "Say!" he wants you to keep still so that he can say something himself.

"Did you see the diamond engagement ring George gave me?" "Did I see it? I'm the first girl that wore it."

Let us remember the poor today and also let us give things worthy of causing them to remember us.

Busy Right After the Election.

"Well, no, Mr. Slickum," said the landlord of the Skeedee Tavern addressing the encyclopedia agent according to The Kansas City Star. "I am afraid you can't do much business here, just at this time. The people who might be expected to appreciate your books are all otherwise engaged. Pip maudlin has set out to roll a peanut eight miles with a toothpick and won't be back for some time. Claud Fidd will commence in a few minutes to parade solemnly up and down all day with a portrait of Taft displayed wrong side up on his back. Judge Ramsbottom is heading a procession of 28 consecutive wheelbarrows, each with a successful patriot in it and an unsuccessful one pushing it, or vicy vercy—for no body knows who gets the worst of it in a wheelbarrow ride—25 or 30 gentlemen are now buying the same quantity of hats for an equal number of ether gentlemen, and practically all the rest of the voters are either sleeping off their triumph or disappointment or planning how they can get the postoffice. So, as the people who ordinarily would be interested in your valuable works are mixed up in the usual after election pursuits, I don't s'pose you can get their undivided attention."

The Way to Make Your Paper Better.

This notice to subscribers from the Gastonia Progress might be said by other papers as well:

When you die this paper will be expected to say something good about you, at least your family and loved ones will be mighty glad to see good things in the paper about you. When your children get married this paper is expected and does say good things about them and you.

You might help the cause by bringing or sending us a dollar on subscription. We need the money. You need the paper and in this way you will not only be doing yourself and family a favor, but will be helping the community. We must work together for great things. Will you help.

Good Name Not to Be Trifled With.

Dan Briggs, a convict on the Buncombe county chain gang, "broke away" a few days ago and after an absence of a day returned. He had not removed the shackles from his legs and explained his absence by saying he had simply stepped aside to trash a man who was talking about him. Good for Mr. Briggs. Notwithstanding the involuntary servitude for some slight indiscretion, he wanted it understood that his good name must be handled with care.

Negro Shot on Captain Morrisons Train Sunday Night.

Mooreville Enterprise, Nov. 28th.

Shortly after Captain Morrison's train pulled out of Derita, headed for Charlotte, Sunday night, one Frances Alexander, a negro woman who lives in Charlotte, opened up a fusillade with a pistol, her aim and object being the perforating the body of one Prof. I. D. L. Torrence, a negro teacher in Biddle University. Torrence was struck in the neck and body four or five times, but is not seriously hurt, the weapon used being of small calibre. The woman was probably doped on cocaine or some other drug, and jealously is said to be the cause of the trouble. She is in custody in Charlotte.

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