

The Davie Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1913.

NUMBER 27

MYSTERY SOLVED

KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.

Stanley Farmer Tells How to Manage The Farmers' Boys.

Albemarle Chronicle.

There is one other question that is now bothering the farmers of the United States, and that is how to keep the boys on the farm. The Stanly County Farmer has seen all kind of receipts on this, but I'm told that they won't cure. Just as soon as the boys get big enough to light a fence rail or burst their suspender buttons, they want some thing lighter and aim to go to the city to get a job shoveling tooth-picks or some other featherweight article. Last week I got a letter which states: "My boy is seven-teen years old and inclined to be a little fast. What would you advise?"

The first thing to do with the lad, friend, is to shoe him with long toe calks and tighten his suspenders. This will tend to curb the speed and also tend materially to regulate his ambition.

A young man when first turned loose in the world is like a bull yearling in fly time, inclined to be speedy and promiscuous. Put a pair of wooden shoes on him and let him pull cuckleburs. If he has a desire for recreation, take him to his grandmother's grave. Don't trammel him as to company—have him attend the undertakers convention and teach him to be an embalmer. This will make him sociable and give him a cheerful disposition.

A boy must have perfect freedom. Let him dig post holes and clean out hog pens while you go to town with the top buggy. Many a boy has been spoiled by compelling him to ride behind a pair of horses in a carriage. It is not natural for a boy to pull on the reins.

Get yourself a new automobile, and bore a two inch hole through the door of the shed so the boy can look through and see the machine. He will spend hours in this way, and while he is doing this he will not spend the time in riotous living.

Don't be stingy with your boy. Give him a dime every six months and tell him how to spend it. So much money is wasted by foolish spending. Then, too, many a boy has gone wrong from worrying over how to spend his money when he has so much given him while on the farm.

Should a circus come to town be sure to have your boy see the street parade. The contaminating influences of a circus are all on the inside. You should see these your self and tell your boy about them. If you are afraid to show him the animals in the show let him climb a tree or look through a fence crack at a distance. He will then come away and go to the barn whistling band music to the rats.

Don't ask your boy to wear wooden shoes to the church. Get him a nice pair of cowhide boots with red tops and thick soles. He might meet a snake and want to kill it. Also do not ask your boy to wear stiff high collars, or he would have to jump up or get on a stump to spit over it, or break his neck when he looks up to see the catterpillar waltz down the lightning rod.

You should pick out an old maid with a farm and a bank account for your son to marry, and teach him the frivolity of ribbons and bright colors. Build him a log house on the farm and let him spend his Sundays after preaching closing up the worm holes in the logs. This will cultivate his patience and make him more obedient to his wife. Tell his wife to

wear blue aprons, so that when he looks at her he thinks he is gazing at the sky, and seeing angels. His actions will cause the wife to make molasses taffy and paint her cheeks with pokeberries, thus improving her sweetness and appearance. If you can get the boy to work all night once in a while it will tend to shorten his gait, and by changing teams on him twice a day for a spell when harrowing soft ground you will soon get him so that he will not step so high. If this won't cure his high stepping make him gather frog eggs in a pond for persimmon pudding.

A young lady in this county has a canary bird that always picks at the diamond on her finger ring when she hands him his food, and she wants me to tell her how she can stop the bird from this. Now there are a lot of ways to break his taste for diamonds, but this is the best way: Just before you go to feed the birds make your ring red hot, put it on as usual and let him take a peck at it. One time will scorch his tongue enough to teach him better. If your finger gets blisters from the heat, spank the bird.

The Worthless Cur.

A. L. French, in Progressive Farmer. Sometime ago, I was traveling from the western end of our State toward Richmond, Va. Sitting in a seat just behind me was a lady and a little boy. A strange look in the lady's eyes attracted my attention. I have seen the same look in the eyes of good motherly cows when they believe their offspring to be in terrible danger. It is simply the breaking mother heart showing thru the "window of soul." I asked the lady to tell me of her trouble, if she would, as I could see it had something to do with the little lad who was sitting by her side. It seemed that 20 days before, a strange cur dog, passing across their farm had bitten the little fellow—not enough to hurt him any, and nothing was thought of the matter, as it was supposed that the boy had been teasing the dog. That morning, 20 days after the child had been bitten, news came that the dog was mad. The mother, of course, snatched up her little lad and drove as fast as horses could carry them, ten miles to the station, and you that know anything about mothers, know that she was praying every moment that the train would get them to the institute in time to save the little fellow from one of the most horrible deaths that we have knowledge of. He was a fine lad. My State raises thousands of such, and it is certainly a pity that their lives should be menaced, at all times, in order that our gentlemen of leisure, both white and black, may have an abundance of "coon dogs."

Of course, in our State, there are only about 200 people bitten each year, but this totals quite a tidy little budget of heartache, and an anguish of spirit. And you that are of a mercenary turn of mind can figure out quite a money loss also, as the cost of treating such cases runs from \$50 to \$250 each.

I could, of course, drift off and tell also of the hundreds of thousands of eggs that the cur dogs of the State suck annually, and that should have gone to nourish the poor children of the State. Of course, too, a good many valuable sheep—that our State can ill afford to lose—are killed annually. Then getting back to the mad dog matter, it is a well known fact that whenever a mad dog passes thru a section, many valuable domestic animals are bitten and have to be destroyed. But I musn't say that North Carolina—and every other Southern State—needs a dog law, that will rid the State of the worthless curs that nobody owns, and others that nobody feeds, and oth-

ers that nobody keeps at home—where such livestock belongs, for if I should advocate such a law, some gentleman would rise up and ask, "Hada'n't I ever read Senator Vest's tribute to the dog?"

However, I believe I will hazard it anyway, and say that I do believe our people are ready for a law that will do away with this curse of curs, by taxing every dog in the State, creating a fund at each county seat from which funds may be drawn to pay for damage done by dogs. First, let the expense of treating the mad dog cases in the county be borne by the dogs. Then when animals are bitten, let the dog fund pay that. Then let the dog fund pay for all animals or poultry destroyed or injured by dogs, and finally, if anything is left, let it go to the school fund, and thus will the dogs help to educate our children while they are biting them.

Minnesota Man Claims a Record for Fasting.

What is believed to be the longest food fast ever undertaken in the west has reached its one hundred and fifth day by Gustavus Forsman, of Bovey, Minn., who has started the long privation test in an effort to recover his health.

Forsman is a working man and small merchant of Bovey. He was advised to seek a cure for bright's disease on the coast, where it was believed his life would be prolonged. On arrival in Portland he held several consultations and was offered no encouraging remedies and undertook the fast practically of his own volition. At a sanatorium

he explained his disease and arranged to make his test.

For sixty-six days Forsman took only water. He lost more than twenty five pounds in that time and was very weak.

He then took a small amount of grape juice and began the second lap of his fast, which has reached its thirty-ninth day. Within a day or two he will begin to take nourishment and attempt to recover his health.

He says he has lost all trace of the disease from which he suffered although he will not know how successful his test is until he begins to eat again. He tells how clear his mind was after the twentieth fast day until he became physically too weak to exert it. He has lost his dropsical appearance entirely. He will return to Bovey as soon as he regains strength.

A real unselfish man is one who gets busy moving things out of the way of the one who is rapidly getting things to the front.

Prosperity seems to cause more discontent than does hard times—the more there is to get the more folks imagine they aren't getting their share.

We suppose the reason women wear the hats that come down about their ears is so that they can't hear the mean things men say about them.

Statistics state that twelve billion telephone messages were sent in the United States during 1911. There must be an error somewhere—we found the line busy more times than that.



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