

The Davie Record.

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

VOLUME XXIII.

MOCKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1921.

NUMBER 6.

Just One Thing After Another.

Mr. Editor:—The litter has not been cleared up from July 19th, battle of ballots before the announcement of another for September 6th. "Jones" the people pay the freight. How any man or set of men can think the present a good time to attempt to float a \$45,000.00 dollar bond issue, is beyond my reasoning capacity. The state, other counties and towns are failing to get decent bids for bonds, and how we can expect to do better than that is the question. I am not opposed to enlargement of our school building sufficiently to accommodate the needs of the children, and it is my opinion that this necessity could be tidied over, until prices and times had a chance to reach normal, when we could go ahead and erect a building adequate to our needs for much less money, than at this time, when so many of the factors entering the cost have not reached normal prices. But the die is cast, we are on the banks of the Rubicon, be the results what they may. There is another matter I wish to call to the attention of our town authorities; to-wit: the size of the piping for sewers; nearly every one I have heard express themselves is of the opinion that a 6 inch pipe is too small, we are not building I hope, with any other idea in view, and that later, when we can afford it the water and sewer system are to be extended, so that more if not all the people who pay taxes for same will have the benefits resulting from their tax monies, without which they will be taxed for the benefits of a few without receiving any direct good themselves, which in my opinion is wrong. Then why not put in a larger sized pipe that will be adequate for future needs? I make the prediction that inside of six months after it is installed, we are going to have trouble and great expense with the 6 inch pipe, but I hope if it is used, I may be mistaken; I know I was right about the depot street out-let, it was a botch, and has cost the town not less than one thousand dollars for the fine management behind it, we could have put in a concrete culvert before the street was graded for one third of the present cost to do it now, nothing truer than the old saying; "A stitch in time saves nine" but "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." Another thing; I have been trying for months to exercise a legal right given under the laws of North Carolina to every citizen and tax-payer of the town to-wit: to have a look at the books and examine the town budget, I have called on legal custodian repeatedly; and up to this good hour I have failed to get a look at it. Now gentlemen, I am going to see that budget, or know the reason why. We have been raised up in this country to believe that we are living in the "land of the free, in the home of brave," yet a citizen and taxpayer of the "trememjus" town of Mocksville is denied a legal and constitutional privilege under our laws without rhyme or reason. You must come across gentlemen, or I shall take the necessary steps to see the books and budget. I have no desire to put the taxpayers of the town to the expense of employing a "Lawyer" just for his especial benefit, but I must see the books. Its up to you.
E. H. MORRIS.

Selling Out.

The National Democratic Club in New York a few days ago authorized its ways and means committee to sell its Fifth avenue club house, bought for \$175,000 about 25 years ago. The club had previously refused an offer for as much as \$1,000,000.

No Respector of Persons.

William Jennings Bryan had delivered a lecture of Delaven, Wis., and was making a fast automobile jump to Waukegan, a Chicago suburb, where a Chautauqua audience awaited him. His driver had been doing a little better than fifty miles an hour when he slowed down for a curve at Antioch and made the acquaintance of J. B. Congdon, marshal.
"Where are you going, and who are you, anyway?" was the introduction.
"I'm going to Waukegan. I'm William Jennings Bryan, and I must deliver a lecture in Waukegan in just a few minutes."
"Live in Waukegan, what's your business?" As the little notebook appeared.
"I'm a writer on subjects of political economy. I've been in politics fortyone years. I have been a candidate for President on several occasions and have served as Secretary of State. In Lincoln, Neb., where I live, I am fairly well known as a law-abiding citizen."
"That may go in Lincoln. But I never heard of you, Mr. O'Brien. You will have to tell the Judge about it."
At the village hall, a Democratic policeman recognized the Commoner immediately, and after apologies Bryan sped on his way.
There was no further adventure until Zion City was reached, where a motorcycle drove the machine to curb.
"I'm William Jennings Bryan" said Mr. Bryan, to request for his name.
"Glad to know you," said the motorcycle policeman. "I'm woodrow Wilson and that man in uniform across the street is Robert E. Lee. Christopher Columbus is out shooting craps with Queen Elizabeth."
The commoner, for once in his life, had no answer ready and the party proceeded to Police Headquarters. The police chief took one look and said: "Let me shake the hand that raised grapejuice to its present high state."
Mr. Bryan complied and sped on to Waukegan.—Exchange.

Boys, Page Gabriel.

Noting that the electric lighting company at Kinsley, Kan., has made its second reduction in rates because of the decline in operating expenses, the Kansas City Star calls out: "Boy, page the Angel Gabriel: he has overlooked the millenium dawn." Local public utilities concerns please note.—Chattanooga Times.

A Kansas Killjoy.

Many a man who was the life of the party lost his job the next day because he was lifeless at his work. No man—old or young—can keep late hours and do justice to his work. Many men smarter than you have tried it and failed.—Atchison Globe.

Roberson County Bars Carnival And Circuses.

Carnival companies and showers of like kind will pass Roberson county by perforce, henceforth, unless the county commissioners experience a change of heart and rescind an order passed at their last meeting directing the sheriff to refuse to issue license for such shows to exhibit in this country. Good business. Many people will rejoice at this riddance, among the rejoicers no doubt being many who just naturally can't resisted the temptation to visit such shows when they are within easy reach. Carnival shows are a delusion and snare anyway. Good-by: No tears.—Lumberton Robesonian.

Don't worry—subscribe for The Record. Only 2c. per week.

Small Vs Big City.

For years it has been a favorite amusement of the large city dailies to refer to the local news content in the country press as "small town stuff."
It pleases the city dweller to read it at his breakfast table.
It emphasizes the superiority of "metropolitan wisdom."
And we of the country press are content to let it go at that with a passing word or two of comment.
The "small town stuff" which furnishes so much amusement to our city friends may be homefurnishes in its phrasology—it may be unimportant as compared to the vital affairs of the world—but it possesses the merit of being the truth.
The average country publisher does not resort to misrepresentation and sensationalism in the columns of his paper. His news articles and items are composed of facts as he finds them, and they are not doctored or colored for the purpose of pleading any class or faction, or for the building up of a huge subscription list.
When he takes a stand editorially on any public question, be it local or national, he has in view the welfare of the people as a whole, and not the interest of some political faction or mechina.
His columns may not contain an overplus of news, but such as there is may be read with perfect safety by the growing children of the community without parental fears of instilling perfect safety by the growing charltonal thoughts and desires in their budding minds.
His paper may be small, and provincial, but it is clean.
The reader is never at a loss to know whether or not a statement made by the editor is based on fact, or whether it is composed principally of what is commonly known as "newspaper bunk."
The publisher of any big city daily who can legitimately and truthfully say as much for his own paper is at liberty to amuse himself at our expense to his heart's content.
It will be viewed by us in a spirit of fellowship and brotherly love.—Exchange.

Trade At Home.

[Verbal (Utah) Express.]

The mail order house never has a bargain—not for you anyway. If there are bargains occasionally, the thousand of employees of the mail order concerns get them, they or their friends. Trade at home.

Your own home town merchant frequently has bargains and tells you about them through the pypyer you read.

The mail order house that receives your order doesn't know you from Adam and doesn't care.

The home town merchant knows you as a neighbor and he cares. He cares enough for you and your trade that he goes to the trouble and expense of telling you about his goods and his bargains. He cares enough to carefully show you his goods. He gives you a choice among many; if you don't like one article, he shows you another until you are pleased.

Trade at home and you get service, choice quality, and as good prices. Trade at home and your money helps your town—which is only another word for saying that that you help better your own job.

Shipping Claims Board.

A claims board has been organized by Chairman Lasker of Government aggregating almost half a billion dollars. The disputes are the outgrowth of cancelled contracts and construction and operation controversies. The settlement will be a long step toward putting the Federal merchant marine on a sound business basis.

The Primrose Path.

Road maintenance is even a greater problem than road construction. The only road that remains smooth and inviting without maintenance is the broad road to perdition, every mile of which may be coasted.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Thing After Another.

The price of overalls is more interesting just now than was the price of silk shirts in the day not in the far distant past.
Every old sinner of us who lengthens his face and says that the styles are shocking is perfectly willing to be a shock absorber.
The philosophe gentleman of Greece who was forced to take his draught of hemlock is not one bit "deader" than is the American fool who of his own free will tackled a drink of wood alcohol.
Some scientific gentleman put out the word that eagar ashes were good for carpets and rugs. Bet you four dollars that the fellow who said that is married and that he knew he was telling a lie when he said it.
Wealth! We all want it and we think of wealth as an accumulation of money or other property. But after all money is only surface wealth; A sound body and good health, that is real wealth. Health is what counts. If you have good health you are rich.
A lot of this complaint about housing conditions and the cry that houses can't be found for those who want to live in them is largely bosh. Nine times out of ten the fellow who is putting up a cry about being unable to find a vacant house in the town or city is the very same man who left a home vacant somewhere in the country. There are many vacant houses, nearly all of them in the country.

The Dignity of Labor.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow, or edit a paper, ring an auction bell or write funny things, you must work.

If you look around you, you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their lives without work are the men who work hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m. and don't get home until 2 a. m. It is the interval that kills you, my son.

The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not even know their names. It simply speaks of them as "so and so's boys." Nobody likes them. The great busy world does not know that they are there.

So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and do it. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will all the world be with you.—Robert J. Burdette.

A Brand New Question.

From a dodger picked up by a friend at Williamston. The Raleigh Times learns that Rev. R. H. Dick, of Edenton, "better known as the Black Sam Jones," and Rev. J. H. Hunter, of Bethel, staged a debate at the Brick Waterhouse at Williamston Tuesday night on "Resolved, That the negroes will retain their same color in heaven." What we want The Times to do now is to go back and bring to an expectant public the out come of the debate. The public is surely interested in the verdict of the jury on so momentous a question as that which was under discussion?—Charlotte Observer.

Democratic Kickers.

The Democratic politicians who complain bitterly because the Republicans have not been able in five months to reconstruct what they took eight years to destroy, remind one of the fellow who put an egg under a setting hen before breakfast and expected to go to the nest and get a spring chicken for dinner.—National Republican.

A feminine writer says baldheaded men make the best husbands. It will be remembered that Samson was meek when he was shorn of his locks.

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Our Little Dog Says—

"The wearing of short skirts don't seem to hurt anybody except a man now and then killed by an auto while looking back the second time.—Yadenville Riople.

Not Missed.

Some folks figguhs dey's hurtin' de church when day gits mad and quits, but de dey's wrong 'bout dat—hit don't nuvh hurt de tree fur de rotten apples t' fall off.

You Know

How It Is With Cows

when they get in the road of your roadster---you just have to wait until they move along.

Now then---this kind of weather is going to take its good elegant time in crossing your path and instead of fretting and stewing you'll be miles ahead in happiness if you will stop now and take advantage of the uncostly cooling system this store offers.

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