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The Davie Record.

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GOLDEN SANDS.

A Duck Farm That Didn't Pay—A Gold Mine in Davie That Washed Away.

Sam H. Farabee, in Greensboro News

Duncan Wallace dropped into the office late one night to talk things over, he said. He had been in the habit of talking things over, a fair interpretation of which meant that his financial and business deals had not approximated his expectations.

"How are the ducks?" I asked as I prepared to accompany him to a restaurant for a midnight lunch.

"It's golden sands now, man," he answered. "I'll tell you all about it."

"Let me get the ducks in a row first. You know you were going to make a fortune with a duck ranch on dutchman creek."

"That reminds me of an interesting story," Wallace said.

We had given our orders at the restaurant and were waiting for his steak to be served when he began the story of his experiences.

Well, we will take ducks first," He selected a piece of bacon from my plate and continued: "The ducks didn't turn out well. As I recall, I got none too good a hatch from the incubator and the 200 eggs I ordered from Wisconsin netted me about 40 little fellows. I observed that the time they were a week old they developed astonishing appetites.

"They disappeared with every rain, too, but those that stayed with me seemed to require as much feed as the whole flock. I found out that they did not have sense enough to come off the little creek that ran through my place and every time a little hard rain came up, the creek was flooded off on the tide.

"Finally I was left with only six ducks and reaching ceased to be profitable. They had reached the corn-eating stage and never got enough. I determined to test their capacity and shelled out a half bushel of corn and placed it on the ground before them. I watched them eat every grain; then I picked the little rascals up and put 'em all in that half bushel. I abandoned the duck raising business then and there."

The waiter placed a large steak, lanked with potatoes and decorated with asparagus fern, in front of Wallace and he was occupied for the next 15 minutes. That finished his eye caught a "Watermelon 15c" sign on a mirror and he ordered a slice.

"Gosh how bitter," Wallace observed, pushing the melon off from him. "There's quinine in it."

"Quinine nothing," I replied. "There's moonshine in you."

Wallace tasted it again and grimaced. I tried it too. There was a slight bitter taste, I admitted.

"That's from a quinine bush," Wallace informed me. "In south Georgia there's still plenty of malaria and you've heard all your life haven't you, that watermelons carry malaria? Of course you have, and it's so. Folks got so they wouldn't buy many Georgia melons and a scientist a scientist at the Georgia Agricultural college, who had been experimenting with the chincona plant from South America conceived the idea of planting the seeds in watermelon hills. It was a fine idea, and the plants shot up about as high as a ragged robin and furnished a little shade for the melon vines, too. The blooms were a deep red and reminded me of the poppy flower.

"The Georgia professor eliminated the malaria, but he couldn't keep the quinine from getting into the bloom of the melon vine, and the result was that about one in every ten millions has that bitter taste you just noted."

Wallace permitted me to settle

for the lunch and we return to the office where I had a few proofs to read before winding the night's work.

"There was a fellow down our way a few months ago with a gold mine," Wallace remarked, after I had indicated that I was ready to hear his story.

"You know there's considerable gold in Rowan, Montgomery and other counties, and there's no reason why there should not be gold in Davie county. Just below my extinct duck ranch on Dutchman's creek, the South Fork of the Yadkin enters what they call in South Carolina the Great Pee Dee river, and along the hillsides there is considerable mica of a sorry sort—you probably call it isinglass—and a kind of soil that appears to glisten with gold. A long time ago it was tested and found no good, but folks are always looking for oil wells and gold deposits.

"Well, this fellow, Cook—W. S. Cook, of Maine—came, down here and norated it around that there was gold in some of this land. He told me first, I believe, and I went to my old friend Charlie Stroud, put him wise, and borrowed \$1,000 on my farm after I had subscribed for the best paper in Davie county, and bought up a strip of land that was hardly worth the taxes on it.

"Mr. Cook and I were going partners and we were going to sell some bonds and make a killing. As careful a business man as I am, I confess that Mr. Cook had me hippo-

py for a while, and I didn't need any tests, but Mr. Cook figured that some of the hard-headed farmers in the neighborhood and a few preachers in town would have to be shown, and so we proceeded to have the dirt analyzed.

"There was an old darkey that stayed on my place and Mr. Cook cultivated him. They became fast friends.

"When we gathered up the precious soil, the old darkey did most of the work, putting his spade where Mr. Cook indicated.

"Right dar?' the old would ask, plastering the ground with tobacco juice.

"Just as well try that," Cook would spit again.

"So the soil was carefully packed and sent to Washington by messenger for analysis. In the meantime we wait for news. Mr. Cook said if it turned out good we would sell some first mortgage bonds, put in some machinery and proceed to lay up a little circus money.

"It seemed to me that it was a long time before our messenger returned, and I became impatient for action: Finally the messenger, a retired business man of Winston-Salem, came back with the news that the gold was there in large quantities. We decided to keep it a secret.

"Mr. Cook had intimated the facts to a few fellows about the country and our messenger also carried the news to a few special friends, I learned afterwards, and Mr. Cook sold them a few thousand dollars in bonds without consulting me. He informed me that he was going to Richmond to have the bonds prepared, and he lost his way coming back.

"Yes, I'll take another cigar. Thanks. I told you that when it rained my ducks marched off down the creek on the crest of the flood. Well, it seems that the water rises on other streams, and particularly on the South Fork. The river cut a channel square through my place, buried my gold mine under 30 feet of sand and left me and Charlie Stroud high and dry, you might say. Only Charlie has the best paper in Davie county to fall back on.

"Now, here's where you come in, Wallace confided, as I put the "Confessions of a Wife," on the

copy book. "I want you to see Henry Miller and have him order the Southern put a two-mile siding to my sand pile and as you come back from Atlanta stop over in Raleigh and see Frank Page and get him to buy the best road building sand in North Carolina."

"That's the golden sands you've been talking about?" I asked.

"You said it, pardner," Wallace said, grasping my hand. "You see Mr. Cook and that old darkey played a trick on me. That fool nigger had mixed gold dust in with his tobacco, and that's how I lost money."

Hickory, N. C.

Left Him Haughtily.

There were two men named Brown in a certain village. One lost his wife and the other a boat at the same time.

The vicar's wife called, as she supposed on the bereaved Mr. Brown.

"I am so sorry to hear of your great loss," she said sympathetically.

"O, it ain't much matter," was the reply, "she wasn't up to much."

"Indeed," said the surprised woman.

"Yes," continued Brown, "she was a rickling old thing. I offered her to my brother, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

With that outraged woman she fled.—Chicago Tribune.

It Up To Us Christian People.

Over Pulaski why, the city "dad," the preachers, papers and people, are "a-wrangling" mightily with the question of closing business houses on Sunday. We are in a position to prophesy, from sad experience that when the smoke of battle has cleared away, the drinking houses of the interesting city with the Polish cognomen, will be plythely serving the pious thirsty with drinks and dopes and smokes and sweets, on the Sabbath day at so much per serve, just as in the days gone by. Oh yes, they may pass an ordinance that only certain things at certain hours are to be sold, but what's an ordinance more or less between church brethren and sisterin? Quite well indeed we are aware that any curtailment of Sunday privileges and profits is opposed by the ungodly, but what this gentry wants, don't count very much with the city councils and courts. It's what the church folks want that goes. And we must confess that we church folks a queer creatures. We will loudly demand Sunday closing laws, and get mad as heck, and withdraw our patronage from the poor druggist or caterer who refuses to sell to us our Sunday drink or smoke. And the dealer, who is doing business on Sunday, not because he likes to do so, but for the profits he expects to make, will not refuse to sell us what we call for, laws or no law. He knows that it is much safer to violate the law than to refuse us our demands. Whenever our professed Christians really want the Sunday laws observed, and will themselves cease to violate and cause others to violate them, then we will have Sabbath observance in Pulaski and Lawrenceburg and not before.

The writer and Judge Williams and a preacher or two once tried to have the state and city laws for a closed Sunday enforced and observed in this town, and got neatly and thoroughly licked to a fare you well by the pious people who sit in amen corners and sing in choirs.

Church people rule this country, but until professed Christians square their practices with their preachments, it will not be a Christians ruled land.—Lawrence Democrat.

"Women will never be men's equals until they bear arms," said the grouch. "And men will never be women's equal until they bear children," replied the bright wife.

"There nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream, and nothing half so sour as walking out of it.

Stop the Leaks.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young lawyer in Illinois he received a letter of inquiry from an eastern merchant regarding the responsibility and character of a fellow townsman. Lincoln's reply contained one of the best sermons ever preached on thrift. It was as follows:

"Dear Sir: Yours of the tenth received. I am well acquainted with the gentleman named, and know his characteristic. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Then he has an office, in which there is a table which is worth \$150, and three chairs worth, say \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a rat hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully, Abraham Lincoln."

Stop the leaks. No man should allow even insignificant sources of waste to exist in his business or in the management of his personal affairs. It was this thought that Lincoln had in mind when he called attention to the rat hole.

No doubt the man in question considered that he was quite successful and that such reverses as he had experienced were due to "bad luck." If anyone had criticized him for the existence of the rat hole he would have felt that a great deal of censure was being applied over a seemingly worthless matter. But the existence of the rat hole was a key to his character. He was slipshod. Money slipped through his fingers. He neglected opportunities. He kept no account of his income and expenditure. He was neglectful of the thousand and one little things that mean progress and upbuilding.

Without being tightfisted or avaricious, put a stop to the little leaks. No form of waste is so small that it should not be eliminated.

Those who fail in life not as a rule do so because of some great mistake but they allow their characters to be undermined by constantly yielding to petty impulses.

If there are any figurative rat holes around you stop them up at once.—Gastonia Gazette.

Getting Results.

People get out of a country town what they put into it. Those who find fault because rural life is dull have probably never taken hold themselves and tried to do something worth while.

Meanwhile those who are willing to get up entertainments, organize social life, put themselves in all movements for the betterment of their community, and put their whole souls into church work, and the organizations to which they belong, find that they had not expected. They meet bright people in their home town, and from outside, and form friendships that are inspiration. There is not a greater incentive than meeting folks and touching elbows. They earn that there are some very clever folks within their own square mile if they get acquainted with them and find out what they can do.—Lenoir News Topic.

J. C.

Several weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Perry made a trip to Asheville, a few nights after their return J. C. was awakened from his sleep to find his wife weeping.

"My darling," he said in distress, "what is the matter?"

"A dream," she pushed I have had such a terrible dream."

He begged her to tell it to him so that he might comfort her.

After much persuasion she was induced to say this:

"I thought I was walking down Haywood and in a store window was a large placard, Husbands for Sale. You could get beautiful ones for \$1,500 or even \$1,200 and very nice looking ones for a hundred." J. C. asked innocently, "Did you see any that looked like me?"

The sobs became strangling. "Dozens of them," gasped the wife "done up in bundles like bananas and sold for 10 cents a bunch."—Valdese Enterprise.

You won't have to worry about what you are going to do in the hereafter if you are careful about what you do in the here-present.

It's His Money That's Popular.

Henry Ford appeals to the people of the county to elect him president but announces that he will not cut his money bags. Evidently Henry doesn't even want to start. His causa without money his money isn't a cause at all. It is simply a big joke. By putting up liberally, of course, he can induce many men to accept his employment and these can induce others to start screaming for the prize boob. But without opening the flood gates to his lake of wealth, Ford would be a desolate a girl without legs at a fox trot—Ft. Wayne (Ind.) News-Sentinel.

Sets Date for End of the World.

A special from Baltimore says: Maybe in 1925, as some claims, but beyond doubt by 1949, Christ will return to earth in a cloud, and the elect immediately will take on immortality in this planet. A. M. MacMillan, general manager of the International Bible Student's Association, of New York, told an audience recently at the Garden Theater.

A curious feature of the coming of the kingdom will be the process of growing young again, according to Mr. McMillan's policy. If you are 80 years old at the time of the coming of Christ, you will not at once become young. Year after year you will shed your wrinkles and sprout new hair, just as during the year before you put the wrinkles on and became gradually bald.

During this process you will reverse all your misdeeds, giving back whatever you will reach youth and rectitude at the same time.

Mr. McMillan's forecast of the second coming is based on prophecies in the Apocalypse, the four Gospels and the books of the Old Testament. Advertisements of the lecture mentioned the announcement of Dr. George T. Harding, Jr., brother of president Harding, of Worthington, Ohio, who is quoted as predicting that the end of the world will come soon, possibly even before the President departs from the White House.

Your neighbor takes The Record

Record till after the election.

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