

THE SPENCER CRESCENT

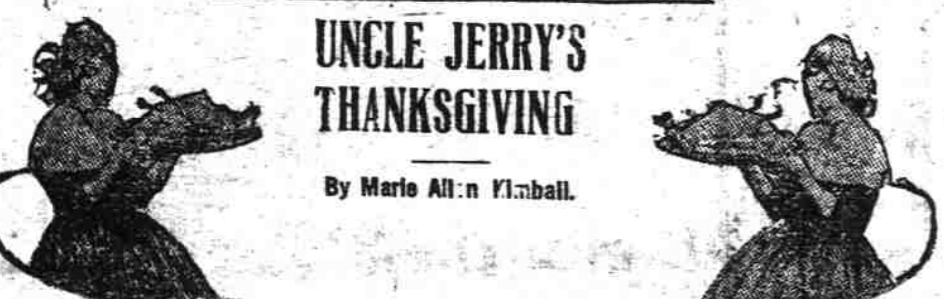
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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION



UNCLE JERRY WILSON opened the gate and the milch cows straggled out into the lane. The old man went into the barn, and taking down a saddle, tried to lift it to the back of a pony. A sudden rheumatic twinge struck through his back and arms, and it fell short, grazing the horse's right side and dropping to the straw-littered ground.

He tried again and again, but with no better success. "It's no use," he groaned; "the misery has got me again, and this is the end."

He leaned his head against the horse's warm shoulder and something like a dry sob came. The pony rubbed his nose against the man's down-hanging hand. "You know, Dick, don't you? I can't get on the saddle, boy. Old Jerry's working days are done."

He dragged the saddle out of the way, and followed the line of cows afoot down the lane. "Well, I declare," said Martha Simms, looking out of the kitchen window. "If there don't go Uncle Jerry limping down the road after them cows, and a saddle horse in the barn cawing his head off; I wonder if he wants to get sick again, and me with all that company coming for Thanksgiving! I've no time to be heating fannels and fussing with him. It seems as if the older men grow the less sense they get."

The gows were cropping the scanty grass along the roadside and wondering in a slow boggle why the gate to the tulle pasture was so long in opening. Uncle Jerry leaned against the fence and watched them feeding. He knew every cow in the herd; they had all fed from his hand.

He loved the long stretch of tulle, the farms among the oak trees; he could tell when every one was settled, and the mark of each year's back water. He knew where the ducks liked to feed, and the geese came swooping on the sprouting grain. As he stood there he thought of the long summer days when he watched the sheep feeding far out on the tulle, of the mirage low in the sky, the scurrying of rabbits and the flight of blackbirds. Then of winter nights, when the green tulle was a raging sea, and the safety of the crops of the year hung on the strength of the levee and the vigilance of the watchers. This had been his life, and now he had come to the end of the lane.

As he tottered painfully back a team seemed to be the sitting room, too. Half a dozen convalescents were huddled round the stove, and from a distant corner distressed breathing told of a very sick man.

It was a poor place; there were no nurses; old men loafing there through the winter on pleas of illness helped wait on the helpless patients; the others did for one another. Uncle Jerry was very homesick. He was seldom out of pain, and it hurt him to see how little chance to get well the poor fellows had. The doctor's orders were often disregarded, or carelessly fulfilled.

One young boy was very sick with the pneumonia in the bed next to him. Uncle Jerry took to nursing him. "The poor lad," he thought; "he's too young to lose his chance of life."

He began to do things for the others, to keep account of the hours for medicine, and pin it to each rough headboard. He made: gruel, heated milk and fixed the fire. The doctor began to depend on him. "I'm good for something, after all," the old man would say, "and perhaps the Lord sent the rheumatism to just get me here."

The day before Thanksgiving there was a sound of strong steps on the porch, and the door flew breezily open. A big six-footer stood there, his presence seeming to fill the dingy space.

"Here you are, Uncle Jerry," he called, "but you needn't think Johnny Simms is going to let you stay in an old place like this. I've just got home, and I tell you I made things hot on the ranch. Where's your traps? I'm going to take you home for Thanksgiving."

And carried his possessions out into the ditch by the roadside. "Going to town, Henry?" "Why, yes, Uncle Jerry, in an hour or so."

"Going to have a load?" "Nothing at all—going to fetch out fence wire."

The old man was clinging to the lad's hand, his face shining with joy. "I say, Uncle Jerry," the other went on, "I've rented the Bruce place and you're going to live with me. It's first-rate quarters—big fireplace to keep you warm and nothing to do but company me, for I've got a China cook. The man that nursed me through the smallpox sha'n't stay in such a hole as this," and he looked scornfully around.

"You're real kind, Johnny, and I'd like to bide with you; but I shouldn't be no 'count to you, laddie, just setting round, though I know I'd be welcome to my bite and sup. But, boy, there's something I can do here—these poor fellows don't have anybody that knows how to look after them. I can remember medicines and fix them comfortable and now and then say a word that helps 'em to die easier. It's a great comfort to be of some use, even if I am all crippled up. The pain isn't so bad, for it's warm here, and I get plenty to eat—plenty, boy. Don't you see, Johnny, boy, I'm having a Thanksgiving all the time?"

"O, Uncle Jerry," cried the young man, "I want to do something for you."

"You can, Johnny, boy; you can do lots for me here. I'd like some papers to read and a bit of a duck or a chicken now and then to fix up for a poor appetite. Then I'd like just to see you, when you come up to town, and know about your work. O, tuer's lots you can do; but, boy, I want to keep my Thanksgiving here, doing some good in God's world."—Christian Advocate.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I'm thankful that the years are long—
However long they be,
They still are laborers glad and strong,
That ever work for me.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.
(Reproduced From an Old and Rare Print.)

A THANKSGIVING.

"So many gifts to thank Him for," I said,
His life and His arising from the dead,
The days of sun and calm accorded me,
And, best of all, the hope of life to be.
So fair and smooth the way that I have come,
I ain't no more than glad and dumb,
Then all at once the outdoor stillness
A childish voice beneath my window spoke:
I saw November snowflakes flash and shine
Upon a small, wan face upturned to mine.

THANKSGIVING.

Thank the Lord, sing His praises,
Bow in adoration;
We are blest, we are favored,
As no other nation.

THANKSGIVING.

Open the heart, raise the spirit,
Pray with earnest feeling;
Show the wounds, tell the sorrows—
He will do the healing.



THANKSGIVING ANTICIPATIONS.

Of course we'll have a turkey,
A great big husky feller,
'N' vegetables of every kind—
Peppers, white and yellow;
Turnips, 'n' squash, 'n' onions, too—
'N' 'tuffin', that the best of all,
Fixed up with savory.

NOVEMBER.

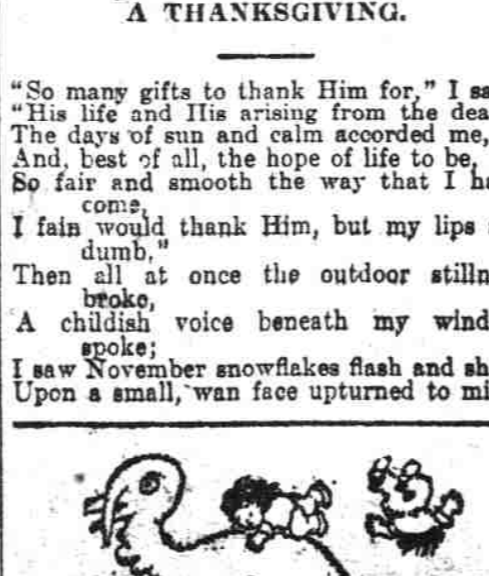
Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays,
And these grow slant and slender.

CHAUFEUR KILLED IN AUTO CRASH.

Washington, Special.—Noble Davis a chauffeur, was killed and several others were injured by the overturning of an automobile near Hyattsville, Md. The automobile was owned by Joseph Strasburger, a merchant of this city, and Davis, who was his chauffeur, had taken out a party of his friends in the machine.

FAMOUS FEDERAL SCOUT DIES AT MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Special.—Col. John C. Babcock, who was one of the principal scouts for the army of the Potomac during the Civil war, died at his home here. Colonel Babcock was 72 years of age. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted at Chicago in the Sturgis Rifles. He was later assigned to the secret service of the army under Major Allen, and it was he who discovered General Lee's forward movement which ended at Gettysburg.



GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA WILL OPEN COTTON CONVENTION.

Lake City, Fla., Special.—The cotton convention here November 25th received a message from Governor Broward that he would be on hand to open the convention. Senators Taliaferro and Fletcher, together with many merchants and bankers of prominence will be present and every phase of the cotton business will be discussed.



Atlanta Negro Murders His Wife.

Atlanta, Ga., Special.—Using a razor with which he covered the carotid artery and jugular vein, Sam Jones, a negro, Sunday killed his wife and left her dead body in a pool of blood in a house in the rear of 177 West Mitchell street. Jones made his escape. He is described as a low, heavy-set negro, very black and weighs about 140 pounds.

PALACE TO COTTAGE

Mayor Tom L. Johnston Goes Into Bankruptcy

HE WAS ONCE VERY WEALTHY

Cleveland, O., Special.—Mayor Tom L. Johnston, who for years has been accredited with possessing a very large fortune announced that he had lost everything and would be compelled to give up his beautiful home on Euclid avenue and move into smaller and less expensive quarters. The mayor also stated that he would give up his automobiles and other luxuries, as he could no longer afford to keep them. His fortune was wrecked, the mayor declared, by his devotion to affairs of the estate of his dead brother, Albert, who was heavily interested in traction property in the East.

After Albert's death a question was put up to him whether he should resign his office as mayor and take up the management of Albert's estate. "I decided that I would not. I had entered the fight in this city with certain ideals before me. I wanted to fight privilege and special interest, and I had already decided to give up working for dollars. So I concluded to stay right here and do what I could to help my brother's children at long distance.

"Why did I choose the course I did? I'll tell you. I wanted happiness and nothing else when I closed up my business affairs and took up civic activity. "And I've been happy, too. "I'm going to be happy yet, too. We may have to go back to a cottage, but that's the way we started, and we can look upon life just as joyfully there as we did in the big house on Euclid avenue.

"They tell me my enemies are planning to bring financial trouble upon me. I've been expecting it. "My enemies are capable of doing that. One may expect nothing else from special privilege. Let them make any sort of attack upon me that they choose. I'll never give up and they'll always find me at the front.

"If I had been a coward—if I had run away from this fight for the people of Cleveland—I could have saved my fortune and built it up. But I had chosen my course. I haven't been laboring as mayor with the expectation of being rewarded by the gratitude of the people. One cannot count on that. It's pleasure in doing work that I like that has kept me in the fight.

"I have never made a single penny out of the street railways since I became mayor. I don't feel discouraged. I'm a free man, and that means a great deal to me. Don't you suppose it will be worth something to me to have my friends realize that I entered the mayor's office rich and left it poor?"

Many Dies in Explosion.

New York, Special.—Twenty-five persons are believed to have lost their lives in an explosion of gas which tore a great section of Gold street, Brooklyn. It is definitely known that fifteen persons were buried under the hundreds of tons of earth and timber that were thrown into the air by the explosion, and ten more persons are reported as missing. The exact number of dead cannot be determined.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS OF REPUBLICAN PARTY

J. Pierpont Morgan Has Second Place
—Andrew Carnegie and Whitelaw Reid, However, Also in \$25,000 Class—President \$1,000.

New York dispatch, 21st. When the report of George S. Shelton, Republican national treasurer, as filed with the State Auditor of New York at Albany it will be found it is said that the Republican campaign which elected William H. Taft was conducted with a fund of about \$1,700,000.

Charles P. Taft was the heaviest contributor having added \$160,000 to the fund. The following is the list of leading contributors who gave over \$25,000:

Charles P. Taft	\$160,000
J. Pierpont Morgan	25,000
Andrew Carnegie	25,000
Whitelaw Reid	25,000
William Nelson Cromwell	25,000
D. O. Mills	5,000
Adolphus Busch	5,000
A. C. Kerens	5,000
W. C. Dickey	5,000
William Barrett Ridgely	1,200
President Roosevelt	1,000
Frank B. Kellogg	1,000
C. A. Severance	1,000
E. N. Saunders	1,000
Thomas F. Cole	1,000
Edward R. Stettinius	1,000
Marvin Hughitt	1,000
N. W. Harris	1,000
H. K. Conebraun	1,000
Charles H. Crane	1,000
Samuel Insull	1,000
John C. Wharton	1,000
Charles Page Bryan	1,000
W. H. Berdell	1,000
James A. Patton	1,000
Robert T. Lincoln	1,000
E. P. Frazier	1,000
John G. Ehead	1,000
Joy Morton	1,000
E. A. W. Kieckhefer	1,000

Gave Less Than \$1,000.	
William Kent	800
F. H. Smith	800
A. S. Littlefield	625
John Milton Oliver	500
Walter Burroughs	500
Clayton Mark	500
C. A. Smith	500
W. K. Bixby	500
O. B. Gorin	500
A. W. Goodrich	500
W. H. Evans	500
C. B. Borland	500
C. S. Jobs	500
F. J. Grimes	500
F. W. Smith	500
T. B. Jones	500
E. E. Sunny	500
John A. Speer	500
Samuel Cupples	500
R. S. Brookings	500
Julius Rosenwald	500
A. A. McKay	500
John S. Ruppella	500
W. F. Comstock	500
William McLaughlin	500
J. A. Holmes	500
Spencer Otis	500
E. B. Price	500
William T. Joyce	500

And These Gave \$500.	
J. C. Shaffer	500
George F. Griffin	500
D. A. Campbell	500
E. F. Swinney	500
D. M. Houser	500
Edward B. Butler	500
H. W. Coe	500
J. H. Etoung	500
Stewart Spalding	500
E. J. Buffington	500
A. H. Mulliken	500
David B. Jones	500
W. W. Sears	500
Mark S. Willing	500
John Dupree	400
F. J. Dewes	400
J. C. Ames	300
Warren Nichols	300
Henry Hart	300
J. F. Downing	300
E. E. Morgan	300
Charles Pies	300
T. B. Lyon	300
H. P. Knapp	300
E. V. Price	300
Francis Beidler	300
Calvin Durand	300
E. J. Lehmann	300
Alexander Robertson	300

And These Gave \$250.

The following gave \$250 each: Charles J. Singer, R. Ortman, R. A. Keyes, John P. Wilson, Levy Meyer, George J. Cooke, G. M. Reynolds, C. L. Willey, A. C. Bartlett, J. D. Bacon, H. Woodland, F. S. Winston, Henry G. Hart, W. H. Whiteside, J. B. Tarbell, H. M. Vlylesby, R. L. W. Bowers, William Butterworth, W. V. Kelley, P. J. Bennett, M. J. Spiegel, A. B. Conover, M. A. Ryerson, D. H. Burnham, C. H. Hurlburt, Metz Boyden Fisher, E. L. Ryerson, Eugene S. Pike, D. N. Barker, Graham H. Harris, J. S. Field, D. M. Cummings, Joseph B. Field, F. H. Rawson, O. W. Norton, A. M. Barnhart, W. Stone, Kenneth Clark, T. A. Schulze, John I. H. Field, C. K. Sharrod, John R. Mitchell, Gebhard Bohn, A. H. Linde, C. W. Gordon, E. H. Bailey, F. B. Wells, F. C. Vann Dusen, W. Deering, Byron L. Smith and E. H. Porter.

FOR REVENUE ONLY

Andrew Carnegie Comes Out For Tariff Revision

SAYS PROTECTION NOT NEEDED

Iron Master, in a notable article in December issue of a Magazine, Will Declare That Duties on Manufactured Articles Should be Reduced or Abolished, and That Only the Luxuries Used by the Rich Should Bear a Duty.

New York, Special.—A notable article from Andrew Carnegie, dealing with the tariff, will appear in the forthcoming December number of The Century Magazine, in which the iron master takes the position that "infant industries" no longer need protection; that the steel and other industries have now grown beyond the need of tariff protection; that duties on luxuries used by the rich should be maintained, but that those on manufactured articles should be reduced greatly, or abolished entirely when no longer needed.

Mr. Carnegie's article is entitled "My Experience With and Views Upon the Tariff."

Mr. Carnegie says: "We have already become by far the greatest of all manufacturing nations. While the tariff as a whole even today has ceased to be primarily beneficial as a measure of protection, it has become of vast importance from the standpoint of revenue, and it is to this feature I bespeak the special attention of readers of all parties, for duties upon imports, not for protection, but for needed revenue, should not become a party question. Reasonable men of all parties may be expected to approve this plan of obtaining revenue."