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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR THE UPLIFT OF CHATHAM COUNTY

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SILER CITY, N. C., JULY 8, 1914.

NO. 9.

WHO IS WHO NOW

VOTED FOR HIM TWICE ON SAME DAY

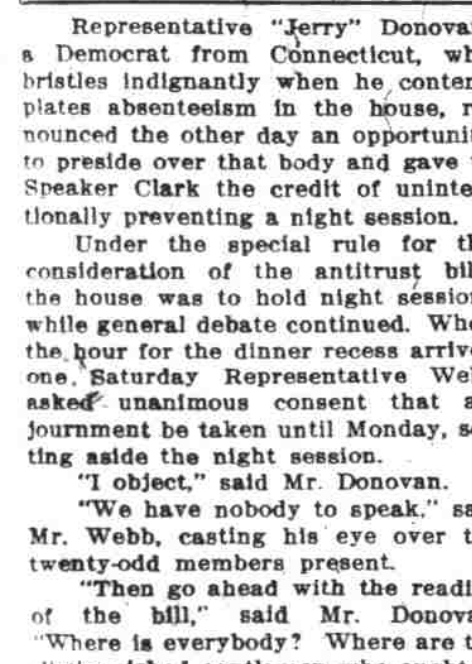


Representative Michael Donohoe of Philadelphia, who, his friends boast and his enemies admit, won his election less upon political issues than his attractive personality, takes but a small part in practical politics.

"This meant nothing to me, ignorant of political metes and bounds, so I again asked:

"What ward do you live in?" "Kelly's ward," he replied. "Kelly's ward?" I queried, for I did know enough to identify a well-known local leader. "Why Kelly's ward isn't in my district at all!" "Sure, an' it isn't at all, at all," exclaimed the sly rogue, with delightful coolness. "But I voted for yez, Misther Donohoe," he added with a chuckle—"twice!"

"JERRY" DONOVAN'S CHANGE OF HEART



Representative "Jerry" Donovan, a Democrat from Connecticut, who bristles indignantly when he contemplates absenteeism in the house, renounced the other day an opportunity to preside over that body and gave to Speaker Clark the credit of unintentionally preventing a night session.

"We have nobody to speak," said Mr. Webb, casting his eye over the twenty-odd members present.

"Where are the Democrats?" interjected a voice from the Republican side.

"Well, I'm tired of all this debate," said Mr. Donovan. "You must meet tonight unless the gentleman in charge of the bill agrees to knock off five hours from the time."

Mr. Webb said he couldn't think of doing this. Both Republicans and Democrats crowded around the Connecticut member to beg him not to force a night session. He shook his head.

"The chair names the gentleman from Connecticut to preside at the night session," said Speaker Clark.

Mr. Donovan became thoughtful.

"Rather than preside over this body," said Mr. Donovan, who is serving his first term, "I will withdraw my objection."

The house adjourned until Monday.

WINGO TELLS ONE ON HIMSELF



Representative Ollie Wingo of Arkansas looks more like the southern congressman imaged in the popular mind than any man in the capital's public life. In Prince Albert coat, black slouch hat and black string tie falling over a capacious expanse of white shirt front, as he walks sedately down the corridor, he seems to have stepped bodily from the pages of some political novel.

And Mr. Wingo knows it; also he is proud of it. Hence, when he told the following little story on himself it was only upon the solemn oath of his auditor that not a word of it should appear in print.

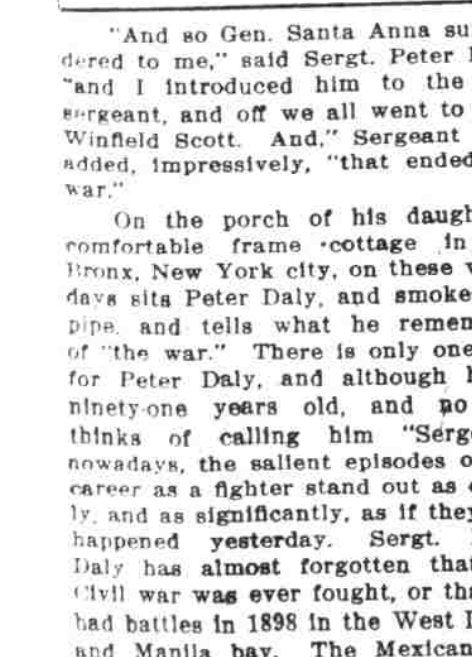
It seems that Mr. Wingo, having in tow a visiting constituent whom he wished to impress with his political magnitude, was standing waiting at the door of an elevator in the House office building. Mr. Wingo rang the bell, but to his disgust the descending elevator swept airily by

"Why didn't you stop for me on your way down just now?" queried Mr. Wingo sourly as they were descending on the next trip.

"Couldn't stop for you," replied the elevator boy with lofty finality. "Had a congressman on board."

"And this," ejaculated Mr. Wingo, as he told the story, "before that constituent!"

MAN WHO CAPTURED SANTA ANNA



"And so Gen. Santa Anna surrendered to me," said Sergt. Peter Daly, "and I introduced him to the line sergeant, and off we all went to Gen. Winfield Scott. And," Sergeant Daly added, impressively, "that ended the war."

On the porch of his daughter's comfortable frame cottage in the Bronx, New York city, on these warm days sits Peter Daly, and smokes his pipe and tells what he remembers of the war. There is only one war for Peter Daly, and although he is fifty-one years old, and no one thinks of calling him "Sergeant" nowadays, the salient episodes of his career as a fighter stand out as clearly, and as significantly, as if they had happened yesterday.

Sergt. Peter Daly has almost forgotten that the Civil war was ever fought, or that he had battled in 1858 in the West Indies and Manila Bay. The Mexican war was his general, and Winfield Scott was his general. And he, Peter Daly, was the man to whom the Mexican commander surrendered.

"It wasn't any of my doing," he explains, lest pride in his good fortune be mistaken for a false self-esteem. "I just happened to be on the end of the line. That was how it was I took charge of him."

"I was a cavalryman in the Seventh New York, and I was on guard duty at the east end of the division line. It was a long front, about a mile, and I was on the very end of it. And I saw a man coming toward the line, all alone, with a white handkerchief."

"Well, I didn't know who it was at first. And then I saw it was Santa Anna. Yes, sir. It was Santa Anna himself, comin' to surrender. And he surrendered to me. I was on post where he came, so I took him in charge."

ULSTERMEN DRILLING WITH CONTRABAND ARMS



In anticipation of the trouble that is certain to follow the enforcement of the home rule bill, Ulstermen in every hamlet of the county are drilling, generally with rifles that were smuggled into Belfast.

STORIES OF U. S. FLEET ON DUTY AT THE PORT OF VERA CRUZ

Vera Cruz, Mexico.—Months before the landing of the American naval forces at Vera Cruz and the capture of the Mexican port plans had been worked out for the occupation of the city. They contemplated resistance by the Mexicans and were not merely plans for peaceful patrolling of streets and administration of civil duties.

Five months ago the battleship New Jersey was sent to Vera Cruz and her officers were detailed immediately for a military survey of the city. Outwardly the groups of young officers who were ashore daily were merely sightseeing, riding or walking through the quaint old city and having the best of times. Actually, the city was as carefully charted as if it were a coast of dangerous reefs and shoals. The spots along its waterfront were selected where the men of the sea should land whenever hostilities might arise. The straight streets which might be swept by the deadly hail of bullets from machine guns were marked.

Streets Very Crooked. In a seventeenth century Spanish city such as this straight streets are the exception. Many streets are curved and more have jogs every few blocks, so that the street appears to end abruptly until the end is reached, when it is seen to continue a hundred feet or so to the right or left.

The buildings whose commanding roofs would sweep these streets were the dozen or more high parapetted stone and plaster towers which overlooked various parts of the city were known even to the location of the streets. The straight streets, which might be swept by the deadly hail of bullets from machine guns were marked.

Each sailor boy looked straight ahead. Thoughts flew to homes far away as war's realities were realized. The lesson had been learned.

Tension at Snapping Point. In the weeks the fleet was assembling at Vera Cruz awaiting word from Washington or a chance which might unloose the flood of war, tension was at the snapping point. It was the vigilance of a stranger in the enemy's country. The island prison-fortress, San Juan del Ulu, lay grim and menacing. The Americans knew four torpedo tubes opened from the sides. Each night the harbor was dragged for mines or wires. Every moment the tubes were watched. The Maine disaster had not been forgotten.

One night in December, across the moonlit waters came the steady thump of the air compressors working in the forts' torpedo magazines. On the sea about land whenever hostilities might arise. The straight streets, which might be swept by the deadly hail of bullets from machine guns were marked.

During the fighting the cruiser Prairie, lying outside the breakwater, was directly in front of one of the torpedo tubes. While her guns on the shore side were turned on the naval academy one of her eight-inch pieces on the fort side was trained on the torpedo tubes. The fort commandant had been warned that his first move to open the torpedo sluice gates would be the signal to fire a deadly full-minute shell into the ancient fort. The line to raise the sluice gate hung slack.

A picturesque grove of six coconut palms stands on the sea promontory of the same fort. Coming into the harbor their waving tops were clear against the colorless sky. As the ship's launches came closer a gibbet—a single upright with a projecting arm, from which a now unused noose still dangles—also shows against the sky.

Serve in Army or Be Hung. Back of the gibbet is a rectangular structure into this open air "bull pen" under the broiling sun of two hundred prisoners. Some were army deserters, others prisoners of war and more were conscripts picked up in the streets and suburbs. All were invited to enlist in the federal army. To impress them with the merits of the invitation each morning, one who had obstinately refused it was elevated on the gibbet. In the evening he was tossed over the sea wall to the sharks. The argument is said to have been effective in convincing most of the prisoners that their patriotic duty was to join Huerta's army.

Everything seemed quiet one night along one of the streets being patrolled by marines from the New Jersey, when suddenly a black form with arms waving shot across the narrow roadway. The machine gun crew down the street saw it and let loose with a roar and the bullets hummed down the street. A minute later it shot back with the same defiant waving of arms. The excited machine gun crew let loose again, but apparently with the same futile result.

Lieut. C. D. Barrett, with a couple of his marines, stole down the street. If the uncanny apparition dodging back and forth through the hail of bullets was human it was the strongest man they had ever seen.

"It's only a coat," concluded the lieutenant. "And it's on a rope and a man is working it back and forth across the street."

A minute later the coat started to flap across the street again. The machine gun two blocks away barked at it in vain. The arm appeared for half an inch. Half a dozen marines let go with their rifles. That was the troublesome coat's last trip. No traces of blood were found, but the woodwork of the door was bored as if by sugars.

Devon show. Mrs. McLean had left her box for a stroll. At the end of the board walk she continued walking on the sand covered portion of the track. The necklace fell from her throat. Unable herself to find it, she sent for the bodyguard who accompanied her little son on all occasions. The boy came with him. With a number of her friends the search was continued. When hope of recovering the treasure had almost been given up, Vincent uttered a childish cry, "Here it is," and fished from the sand the

string of gems. Mrs. McLean was overjoyed.

Policewoman is Afraid. Chicago.—Mrs. Mary C. O'Connell, a policewoman, is afraid to go home in the dark, and when she is forced to work late has a policeman to escort her home.

Truth. Truth is as impossible to be spoiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Gets Mother's \$16,000 Gems. "Million Dollar Baby" Fishes Necklace Out of Sand After Others Give Up Hope.

Philadelphia.—Vincent Earl Walsh McLellan—the "hundred million dollar baby"—son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLellan of Washington, demonstrated that he was a better shuler than a dozen or more society folk, when he recovered for his mother a \$16,000 necklace which she lost at the

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

This Farmer Man Knew Something About Crows

WASHINGTON.—Consider crows:

A farmer man was going along a business street up Georgetown way when, above the clash of traffic, he heard a sound that caused him to look upward.

And there on a chimney ledge perched a crow shrilling out: "Caw, caw, caw."

While the farmer man was craning his neck, another man, in passing, paused to inquire fraternally:

"Pet of yours got away?" "The answer went off like an explosion."

"What in thunder do you suppose a farmer wants with a crow except to shoot him? I'm plagued to death every year of my life with the darn things wabstlin' my ooftn hills from the fence rails, and the first thing I hear when I get to town is this infernal cawin'."

What do you reckon that rascal up yonder means by wasting his time here where there are no crops to rob, huh?"

"Oh, we've got a rookery of 40,000 crows near Arlington, and I've watched their goings and comings for forty years. You could time a clock by their movements. Every morning in the early gray they fly down the Potomac to their feeding grounds."

"That's where they get me, blank 'em!" The farmer man made his objection good and strong—no, not good, just strong!

"Live along the eastern shore!" "No, sir; I'm from old Charles county, God bless her—"

"You don't say! I've got relatives down in that section—fine people, too—and at dusk you ought to see those crows come truffling home in a long, black line, high up in the sky, in clear weather and sailing low in storms. Oh, you can't put me against crows, friend. I've watched them too long."

"That's how I got my opinion—by watchin' 'em, with a shot gun. The rascals are so sharp, though, these days, doggone 'em, that it's hard work getting a pop at them. And you can't frighten 'em with scarecrows any more. Blank it, sir, they light on 'em, right before your eyes."

"Caw, caw, caw," shrilled the crow.

Not So Bad as Cynics Would Have Us Believe

A MAN was limping through Lafayette square. It was so early a Sunday morning that the grounds were empty except for the man and a lone person who was coming down a path toward him, and the same primarial stillness lay over the streets outside, not counting the iconoclast rattle of passing cars.

The man limped because of a stiff leg that had to be helped out with a cane, and it was a slow limp because, again, his architecturally inspired, bay-window front incompatible with high speed. He carried a newspaper and was lumbering toward a tree-shaded bench, when—

Something in the grass caught his eye. It must have been an important find, for stiff and stout as he was, he made an elaborate effort to reach down to it—and failed.

Then he straightened up, gave a jiu-jitsu twist to his body and tried to stoop sideways. He failed again.

Nobody wants to be officious, but the lone person who had come along and was about to pass thought it might be a case of dropped specs, or something vital like that, and volunteered first aid.

"Thank you, madam. I would very much like to have one of these white clovers if I might tax your kindness."

The lone person picked exactly one clover from the white powdered grass, and handed it to him. The man accepted it with a bubble of confidence due the occasion.

"These little blooms take me back a half century to the farm that was my home when I was a boy."

The woman smiled appreciative recognition of the sentiment as she passed on; the man lumbered over to his bench and—well, that was really all there was to it except—

When a stiff, stout man, over fifty, can carry about with him enough honest boyhood to prize a clover top for the sake of its associations, the world can't be half so bad as the cynics would have us believe.

Thing That Thrills Some Visitors to the Capital

ONE thing about the small town visitor that thrills is the neatness he prescribes in eating. If a continued habit of one of Washington's fashionable restaurants happens to drop a particularly choice bit of meat on the tablecloth he calmly and unhurriedly retrieves it. He is not nervous about it. He is not even nervous if the waiter looks at him reproachfully.

The waiter saw one huge, bronzed man with a mighty walrus mustache and an appearance which justified the belief that he could face 15 bad men with guns and not wink an eye. The bad man had ordered a veal cutlet.

And one of the best bits of the cutlet escaped the curtain-draped cave that he called his mouth and fell slushily upon the white cloth. The mighty man extended a hamlike hand to pick it up and had almost captured his game when, looking up, he caught the eye of the waiter. His face turned crimson. His colossal hand tapped feebly around, while he pretended to be trying to look at the salt cellar, the sauce—anything. The waiter went toward him icily.

"Anything, sir?" "No-nothing," faltered the big man. "I was—" "Salt, sir," asked the waiter, solicitously.

The big man clutched at the suggestion like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"Yes," he stammered.

The salt was handed him and he spoiled the remainder of his cutlet with it.

And during the rest of the dreary meal he ate solemnly, sadly, hopelessly, while the waiter stood guard and the fallen piece of meat gleamed wickedly from the tablecloth. Occasionally he would look reproachfully at the waiter. Then he would bow his head mournfully over his food.

This Congressman Comes From a Land of Plenty

"COME," said Representative Holland of the Norfolk, Va., district—and there was a world of pride in his tones—"I come from that land famed the world over for its good things to eat. A land the fair renown of whose oysters and terrapin and hams is sung throughout the length and breadth of the nation in eloquent, harked back to valedictorian days—from where the icy waters of the Atlantic beat upon the bleak crags of Maine to where the placid waters of the blue Pacific kiss the golden—"

"It's a fact, sir, a fact," concluded Mr. Holland, when reminded that these stories must be limited to 400 words. "I'm right about it; dead right!"

And Mr. Holland is right about it; dead right. Just listen to this luscious litany of the succulent, savory things hailing from the district that calls him representative—a litany he chants with reverent ecstasy.

Lynnhaven oysters, canvas-back duck, diamond-back terrapin, Crisfield crabs, Norfolk spots, Chesapeake shad, sora, reedbirds, Smithfield hams, March strawberries, April green peas—

Here, waiter, quick! What's tariffs to terrapin, or currency bills to canvas-backs! And don't forget the peanut!

When the Cuckoo Arrives. Sussex along 64 English counties has one fixed and unalterable day for the arrival of the cuckoo. This is April 14, the date of the "Cuckoo fair," at Heathfield, where an old lady who has charge of all the cuckoos lets them loose from her basket.

The old dame is said to be of very tractable disposition, and allows only one or two cuckoos to escape if anything has happened to ruffle her temper. Whatever truth there may be in the story, Heathfield, though now partly spoiled

by prosaic, "natural gas" works, still possesses a park, whose romantic hidden ravines and wealth of foliage would furnish an ideal retreat for the "wandering voice" of Wordsworth.—London Chronicle.

Porter Personal. Our porter got mad at an innocent question.

"What was that?" "I asked him if there were any train robbers left in this part of the West."—Kansas City Journal.

Reparation. I think, William, I'll ask those new people next door to take dinner with us tonight. "What for?" "Well, the butcher, by mistake, left their meat order here, and it seems only fair."—Life.

HOME TOWN HELPS

CONTRAST IN BACK YARDS

They Are Side by Side and of the Same Size. But What a Difference!

From a seventh story window we looked down on two back yards. They lie behind houses of the same character; they are of one size; they are bounded by the same tight board fences. There the likeness ends, says the Milwaukee Journal.

One yard is bare and brown, with patches of mud here and there. At the back are two or three sheds not yet actually under repair, but evidently having their life in them. Against them is piled rubbish that has overflowed the original attempt to provide containers. The yard is a patch of ugliness, a waste of the space.

The other yard is carpeted with the bright green grass of the season, through which runs a neat walk to orderly shades that show no signs of decaying from neglect. Two little trees give promise that some day there will be cool shade on warm summer afternoons, a breathing space in the midst of the downtown district.

It isn't difficult to argue from the difference in these yards the difference in the people who occupy the houses. It means a difference in habits of living, in ideas of cleanliness and thrift, and even beauty. Sometimes children play in the grassy yard, but the neighboring alley is more attractive than the muddy yard. And yet one might be made as attractive as the other, not in a moment, for neglect has gone too far, but with a little care and attention, which could be found as readily by the dweller in one house as the dweller in the other.

PLAN LIGHTING WITH CARE

System Means Much More to City Than Seems to Be the General Impression.

The city beautiful represents co-operative effort on the part of individuals. The merchant who tries to make his establishment attractive and different from the commonplace thrives and prospers, and cities which have done the same have attained their success through the consistent co-operation of such citizens.

Merchants' associations and similar organizations should consider the special problems of their communities exhaustively before deciding upon lighting which may prove to be more of a hindrance than a help to the progress of the city.

The plan is an excellent one. It suggests, to make the back yard as ornamental and well kept as the front yard. Health and beauty lie in that direction.

If the child can be given an intelligent interest in gardening his life will take on a fresh, an inspiring and a broadening quality.

The idea is valuable, also, as inculcating habits of industry and love for the soil.

The little money and time spent in the innovation would return dividends out of all proportion to the negligible investment.—Atlanta Constitution.

Beauty and Utility. Why not combine beauty and utility by growing a few globe artichokes along the back fence. Surely the plants are as ornate and as graceful as any century plant, aloe, yucca, etc., found in local gardens and the buds are considered by many as an excellent superior to asparagus. If the common green globe sort does not appeal to your artistic taste, there is a variety bearing buds of purple that really make the plant attractive. Give these and other economic plants a chance to demonstrate their value, and you will find many have a double claim to space in the garden.

Value of Beauty to Towns. Many towns have increased their taxable property by the simple and inexpensive expedient of cleaning out unsightly buildings around the railroad station, and planting trees and shrubbery. Thus beauty has its distinct commercial value. A street with trees and flowers makes every house more salable at higher prices. Other things being equal, prospective residents will pay more money to live in a town where a consistent attempt is made toward beautifying the place.—Newcastle Courier.

The Microbe Age. The old-fashioned boy who used to eat red ants spread on his bread but now has a son who won't touch butter knife until he knows that it has been properly sterilized.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



George J. Gould.

Helen Gould are co-trustees in charge of the estate.

At one time George J. Gould, with the aid of the estate's funds, loaned the Missouri Pacific high as \$20,000,000 to hold of receivership. This was in 1894. Since that date the estates funds have saved various properties time and again.

Under Management of George J. Father's Holdings Have Been Increased Doubled.

New York.—Under the management of George J. Gould the estate of the late Jay Gould is said to have been more than doubled in value since the death of the widow of the late. Personal fortunes of the Goulds have increased proportionately.

Criticism directed to previous Gould management of their railroads find no basis for repetition against George J. Gould. Edwin Howard and

upon the white cloth. The mighty man extended a hamlike hand to pick it up and had almost captured his game when, looking up, he caught the eye of the waiter. His face turned crimson. His colossal hand tapped feebly around, while he pretended to be trying to look at the salt cellar, the sauce—anything. The waiter went toward him icily.

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