

The Davidsonian

VOLUME 1.

THOMASVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1910.

NUMBER 9

Yet Again Chief Hilton Busts Up the Game.

Cute Scheme Brings Veteran Blind Tiger to His Waterloo.

A capture that the police have been unsuccessfully endeavoring to bring about for some time was made Saturday afternoon when Chief Hilton arrested Jess Morris for retailing. The evidence had been on hand for a day or so, but owing to Jess' coyness when a representative of the law hove in sight the officers had been unable to lay their hands on him. The Cramer Furniture Co., where Morris held a job paid off Saturday afternoon, and as paymaster Jennings was returning with the cash from the bank he was met by the Chief who offered to relieve him of the heavy bag of silver. The offer was gratefully accepted and the two walked on together. It is said that Morris saw them coming but the fact that the policeman was carrying the bag of money completely disarmed his suspicions and he followed them into the office to get his time, as he intended to leave that night. Before Mr. Jennings could make out the envelope, or either of them had realized what had happened the officer was reading the warrant. Morris was tried Saturday night before Squire J. C. Green and bound over.

After writing the above we learn that Morris has been re-arrested on a similar charge arraigned in the Mayor's court and required to give bond of \$50 for his appearance in the second case. Up to the present time (Thursday morning) he has been unable to do this and is still in jail.

The Excursion to the Thomasville Orphanage.

The Baptist Sunday-school picnic excursion to the Thomasville Orphanage Friday was a success in every particular. The day was an ideal one for the outing and a crowd which filled the five coaches of the train enjoyed it. The train left Statesville at 8 o'clock and arrived on the Orphanage siding at Thomasville, a distance of 53 miles, at 10. Returning it left Thomasville at 5:30 and arrived in Statesville about 8. While the larger portion of the excursionists spent the entire day on the Orphanage grounds, many of them "took in" the town of Thomasville. The Orphanage plant is one of the largest and most modern in the South and it was a pleasure to visit the numerous buildings, get acquainted with the excellent manner in which the 400 children are cared for, and to see and mingle with the children.

Immediately after dinner, which was served on the lawn, the excursionists were called together under the large assembly arbor, where an address of welcome was delivered by the General Manager Mr. M. L. Kesler, of the orphanage, who also gave much valuable information about the orphanage plant, its work, etc. Following Mr. Kesler's remarks there were entertaining exercises by the children and short talks by the ministers and Sunday school superintendents in the picnic party. —Statesville Landmark.

Republican County Convention.

By a resolution of the Republican County Executive Committee, a Convention of the Republicans of Davidson County will be held in the Courthouse at Lexington on Saturday, Aug. 6th, 1910 at 11 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of nominating candidates for the County and Legislative Offices. Also for the purpose of electing delegates to the State, Congressional, Judicial, and Senatorial Conventions to be held later. The Republican voters of the various precincts will meet at the accustomed places unless otherwise directed by the Precinct Executive Committee, on Saturday July 30th, 1910 at one o'clock P. M. Each Township shall select one delegate for every twenty-five Republican votes or fractional part thereof cast in the Precinct at the previous election for the Republican Candidate for Governor. At the same time they will elect their Precinct Executive Committee of three and report the same to the County Convention.

Dated This July 14th, 1910.
J. R. McCRAW, Chairman,
Republican County Ex. Com.
J. H. ALEXANDER, Secretary. j123 3t
Great hearts can only be made by great trials.

Picnic in Blairtown.

It Was Intended For The Benefit Of The Church But Turned Out To Be For The Benefit Of The Town.

The Mayor's Court was unusually crowded Monday night, because the Rev. Green Myers the well-known pastor of the Methodist church, colored, conceived the unlucky idea of having a combination picnic, baseball game and entertainment for the benefit of his church Saturday. The affair was pulled off in great style, the socially most prominent ladies and gentlemen of color in the city, lending the dignity of their presence to the occasion. The World was there, represented by the belles and beaux aforesaid; the Church was there, represented by the Rev. Green, whose soul was gladdened by the music of the shakels tinkling into the church treasury; and where the World and the Church are together be sure that the devil is not far away. His Satanic Majesty was on the spot, and thereby hangs this tale. His representatives in this case were certain vendors of vinous, malt, or spirituous liquors and they were zealous and efficient. Several of the brethren consorted with these messengers of evil, and the result was that they became highly exhilarated, not to say exalted in mind. Fletcher Henderson seems to have been the first to be overcome by the might of John Barleycorn; and being *en tete-a-tete* with the lady of his choice, one Mary Adderton, a lover's quarrel broke loose and he administered a love-tap with such a good will that his dusky Fair instantly prostrated herself in the dust at his feet. This roused the indignation of Jasper Adderton, uncle to Mary, and he told Fletcher his exact opinion of him not pausing to choose his words, and thereby causing great scandal to the ladies present.

About this time ten gentlemen on the other side of the grounds began to feel the effect of their potatoes and grew valiant exceedingly. The Reverend Green was in the position of Hercules battling with the Hydra; scarcely had he cut off one head by making peace between the uncle and the bellicose lover than ten others sprang up in this general row. He rushed over and quelled it, as he thought, but as soon as his back was turned a free-for-all broke forth. Green was a man of action; he didn't stand around and orate, "Cry Havoc, and let loose the dogs of war," but he let 'em loose all right by hurrying to a telephone and sending in a riot call for the police.

And that put an end to the frolic! Monday night Mayor Myers sobered them up with the following prescriptions: Fletcher Henderson, for assault, \$8.75. Jasper Adderton, for cursing, \$8.97. Ronald Davis, drunk, \$7.47. John Eller, drunk and disorderly, \$8.97. Burgess Lewis, cursing, \$8.97. Oscar Wright, though he protested that he "didn't do a thing but say 'hell' twice" found little sympathy in the Mayor and was fined \$4.00. Royal Hedrick drunk and disorderly, \$7.47. Sylvester Davis, drunk, \$7.47. Four of the scrappers, when they saw the officers coming did a tall hike for the forest primeval and have not yet been captured, but the town is \$48.38 richer by reason of the picnic, nevertheless.

The "Pomato."

Somewhere we have read that Burbank the wizard out in California who can gather figs of thistles and make dollars grow like apples on the trees, has perfected a plant he calls the "pomato," a combination of the tomato and Irish potato that produces potatoes underground and tomatoes on top. Last week we saw such a combination, but Burbank had nothing to do with it. Mr. W. B. Hunt, of Tyro, fetched a bunch of potato tops to town clinging to which were small, green balls that looked like young tomatoes and which, when cut open, revealed an array of seeds just like a tomato. The plants produced Irish potatoes in the ordinary way. Mr. Hunt plants the "Copper Eve" potatoes, and says that after several seasons the seeds will "run out" that is the type of potato changes from spotted to all white or all blue tubers. Last spring he planted new seed but did not have quite enough to finish out a row so he planted some of the potatoes he had raised last year. Last year he had tomatoes near the potatoes; but none this year. In the part of the row where he planted the home-raised tubers these tops grew which produced the tomatoes. —The Lexington Dispatch.

Composition on Dogs

Some dogs are worth killing and others are not. Some dogs have short tails and others have none. Some dogs are called bulldogs, while others are called hounds. In some towns (away out in Alaska) dogs are allowed special privileges. In fact, they are allowed on the streets at night until the curfew bells ring, and go home with the little boys. I have known of one town in which they were actually allowed on the streets during the day, and sometime permitted to run after horses. But these privileges allowed in other towns do not concern us. We are not bothered with dogs. Thomasville has no dogs. We have a dog law, and it is rigidly enforced. The following law explains why it is that you never see a dog on our streets:

Section 13, Town Ordinance: That any owner or keeper of dogs who shall permit the same to run at large shall be fined \$5 for each offense. That all dogs found running at large shall be immediately impounded and unless claimed by the owner within three days shall be put to death and destroyed. The owner of dogs so impounded may redeem the same upon a payment of 50 cents a day for each dog impounded.

Section 9: That all dogs, both male and female, running at large in the town of Thomasville are declared nuisances.

Section 12: That Bulldogs running at large in the streets, or other public places in the town of Thomasville are hereby declared a nuisance and any owner or agent of such owner, who allows his Bulldog, male or female, to run at large in the corporate limits of the town, shall be fined \$5 for each offense.

Selah!

400 Dogs Fall In Warfare.

Order Issued by State Authorities Against Unmuzzled Canines.

Uniontown, Pa. July 23.—The crack of rifles and revolvers was heard in every section of the county yesterday, and at almost every shot a dog fell. Reports from all sections show that 400 dogs "bit the dust." In Georges Township alone Constable A. Cooley and Tax Collector E. B. Swaney killed 201 dogs. The warfare will continue until all unlicensed or unmuzzled canines are exterminated.

The drastic order was issued because of the failure of dog owners to observe a quarantine declared recently by the State health officers when an epidemic of rabies broke out. —Exchange.

THE FIVE LOOPHOLES.

On September 17, 1905, the boy, Alvin Forbes, waked unusually early, with a strange roaring sound in his ears, and sat up in bed. At the first glance out of his window he gave a cry of alarm—and no wonder!

For the evening before a glance out of that same window showed the beach on the right hand, with the restless, but innocent Atlantic waves rolling up and breaking upon it in spray and foam; on the left hand, half a mile away, lay the quiet waters of the Sound, over which a reliable trestle carried the trolley cars, thus keeping the cottagers on the beach in touch with the world of men and things.

But now, as Alvin Forbes sat up in bed and looked out, he found the breakers sweeping clear across the beach to the Sound, and even dashing high up against the mainland, nearly two miles distant! At that moment he heard his mother's voice, quiet, as it ever was, but with a grave note in it that gave the boy a solemn thrill. "Get up, son," she said, "and dress as quickly as possible; the trolley is still running, and I hope we may get away on the next trip; see, there it goes!"

Alvin ran to the window, which was being shaken like a watchman's rattle in the tornado of wind, and gazed across at the red car, running slowly and uncertainly on what looked like an angry sea, but what Alvin knew to be the submerged trestle.

Hardly had he turned away from the window when a sharp cry of distress from his mother brought him back; the trestle had given away, and its timbers were being tossed about like straws on the rushing waves.

"Oh, mother—the car!" cried Alvin turning white.

"It is safe, thank God!" said his mother; "I saw it reach the mainland."

"But what shall we do?" said Alvin, in a tone of sick despair, sinking down on his bed.

"Dress at once, my boy, and be ready to do whatever offers; we are in God's hands, don't forget that."

"Mother," said the boy with a hard, set look on his face, "that doesn't comfort me a bit; weren't you just telling me the other day about the sweet singer, P. P. Bliss, being killed in a dreadful railroad accident? A man that was a saint, and spent all his time serving God. It seems to me that God doesn't pay much attention to our danger."

"You take hold of the promises by the wrong end," said the mother's quiet, earnest voice. "I did not say that God would keep our heads above water. He has not said so any more than he promised this dear servant, Philip Bliss, to keep his car on the track, but he does promise that if we are his children, trusting and serving him, we will not be taken from earth one minute before the best time, or in any but the best way. Elijah was a well-beloved servant of God, but he went to heaven in a chariot of fire. Do you suppose he felt the flames? Stephen sank under the cruel stones, but looking up he saw heaven opening for him, and his Savior ready to receive him. Put your life in the hands of your loving Father, my boy, and be at peace."

"Let me tell you what our great Southern preacher, Dr. R. L. Dabney, said about that," answered the mother, helping Alvin to put on his clothes and collect his belongings: "Once there was a prisoner—this was Dr. Dabney's allegory—who lived in a high-walled tower for three score years and ten. The tower had five loopholes through which the prisoner looked out on the fair world around him. These loopholes were his greatest pleasure. 'And what,' said he, 'will I do without my loopholes?' But one fine morning he awoke, and lo, the walls of his prison were flat with the ground! He was free to gaze upon the wide, wide world, and to go forth into it. Do you suppose he missed his loopholes?"

"Yes, and it isn't that we are going to lose the power of seeing and hearing, but our spirits will see and hear and enjoy without the narrow limits of the loopholes. Trust God who made us for that."

Alvin lifted up his head with the sense of joyous relief from a burden. "Some fine day" he murmured to himself.

No lives were lost at that part of the beach in the great September storm. The fury of the wind was spent by noon, and immediately the surf boats began the work of rescuing the cottagers on the beach, and by five o'clock every soul was on the mainland; but one lad had learned a precious lesson in the storm, and as long as he remains in his prison with the loopholes he will look forward with quietness to "the some fine day" when the walls will no longer shut him out. S. S. Times.

STATE NEWS.

Willie Nichols a 15-year-old Durham boy was killed Monday by the accidental discharge of an "unloaded gun" in the hands of a playmate.

Three white men were found guilty by the Wilmington Recorder Monday of selling near-beer without a license and were fined \$30 each. They appealed to the Superior court.

Charlotte, was chosen as the place, and the week of May 20th 1911, as the time of the next Firemen's Tournament. James D. McNeill was elected president for the seventeenth time. Seventy-six companies were present at the Newbern Tournament.

New Bern is raising Cain this week celebrating her 200th birthday. Great historical pageants were pulled off Monday and Tuesday, and the rest of the week has been given to the State Firemen's Tournament. The celebration ends Saturday.

The Thomasville board of aldermen are one and all alive to the importance of promptness, as was evidenced by a recent election of four members of the school board, investigation establishing the fact that there were at the time only two vacancies to be filled. —Charlotte Observer.

It is said in Raleigh that this year's wheat crop will be 20 per cent larger than that of 1908. It is estimated that this year's crop will average 12 bushels to the acre as against 9.5 last year. On this basis the 1910 yield is 8,206,000 as compared with 5,415,000 last year. The 1910 crop is the best in quality as well as in quantity that North Carolina has ever produced.

We cannot understand why Charlotte and Greensboro have lost all interest in the census. It is announced that the big cities will be out in a few days, yet we have heard of no bulletin boards being made ready for the glorious returns. Stand up, boys; it is better to have claimed and lost, than never to have claimed at all, although you may not look the same. —Raleigh Times.

The Burghaw company, a corporation engaged in the construction of an electric railway between Haw River and Burlington, went into the hands of a receiver Monday. The trouble was caused by certain sub-contracts and the amount involved is about \$100,000. The line is three-fourths completed and it is believed in Haw River that the matter will soon be adjusted and the company on its feet again.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has declined the invitation extended him by the Greater Charlotte Club to stop off and speak in their city when he goes down to the Uncle Remus Day Memorial exercises in Atlanta, Ga.

Aprespos to the Charlotte invitation, a writer in The New York World, Monday compiled the following:

Theodore Roosevelt yesterday afternoon received the 2,034th invitation to deliver an address that has been urged upon him since his return to the United States on June 18th.

"If he made one speech each calendar day, beginning tonight, it would take him 5 years and 208 days to make 2,034 of them, or until February 16, 1916.

If he made one speech each week-day, beginning tonight it would take him 6 years and 153 days, or until Jan. 28, 1917.

Roosevelt speaks averages about an hour in length. Two thousand and thirty four of them, delivered continuously, would consume 84 days and 18 hours; or 254 days and 3 hours if he is observed the eight-hour day of the Public Speaker's Union.

"Talking at the rate of 75 words a minute which is the Roosevelt average, 2,034 speeches would embrace 9,123,000 words.

To print these; 9,153,000 words would take 9,153 columns of the World as its news matter is set on inside pages.

"These 9,153 columns of words would make 1,144 pages, with one column over."

During target practice at Fort Munroe, Va. July 21, a safety device on one of the big guns failed to work and the charge of powder exploded before the breech could be closed. Eleven soldiers were killed and another fatally injured.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Owing to the approach of the season when gulf storms are most frequent the weather bureau is making elaborate preparations for signaling the approach of hurricanes from the stations along the Gulf coast.

A few days ago the news was sent out that Ira. G. Rawn, president of the Monon railroad, had been shot and killed by a burglar in his summer home near Chicago. An investigation disclosed a case of suicide, it being alleged that Rawn was about to be exposed for crooked railroad deals.

Trapped in bed with her week old baby, Mrs. Grace Wilson was burned to death in a fire which destroyed a block at Grand Rapids, Mich., Thursday. A nurse, Mrs. Amelia Keoney, who heroically tried to rescue mother and babe, received burns which proved fatal an hour later, and the baby also died.

Mrs. Mary E. Miller, a woman lawyer, won a verdict for an attorney fee of \$32,000 in a Chicago court a few days ago. This is said to be the largest fee ever granted a woman lawyer in this country. Mrs. Miller presented a bill for \$30,000, which her clients refused to pay. She brought suit and recovered the amount named.

New Orleans must raise \$7,500,000 if she expects to get the great Panama Canal Exposition. Every employee of every manufacturing concern in Louisiana has been asked to set aside ten cents a week for this purpose and a great many of them are doing it. The officials in charge say that there is no doubt of the amount being raised.

The government has filed suit against sixteen manufacturers of enamel ware charging them with violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in that they combined to advance prices and compelled jobbers to sign contracts to handle only the combination's goods. It is said that the concerns involved control 85 per cent of the output of wash bowls, drinking fountains, bath tubs, and other sanitary enameled ironware.

A dispatch from Tours, France, says a ragpicker name Joseph has confessed to the assassination April 21, 1901, of five children of a farmer named Briere, in the vicinity of Charles. The father of the children was found guilty of the murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. He died in prison. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence and during the trial stoutly maintained his innocence. —Statesville Landmark.

In the Texas primaries held July 24th Oscar B. Colquitt, an anti-prohibitionist, was nominated for Governor by a majority of over 60,000. At the same time the plank in the platform requiring the prohibition question to be submitted to a popular vote was adopted by a majority of over 20,000. This strange result was caused by the splitting of the prohibition ticket, there being two prohibition men in the field against one anti. The votes of the two "dry" men ran nearly together there being a difference of less than 1000.

When Theodore Roosevelt had a chance to dive below the sea in a submarine he jumped at it: now he has an invitation to skim the earth in an aeroplane. Clifford B. Harmon, the wealthy amateur who makes daily practice flights at Mineola, L. I., said Saturday that Mr. Roosevelt is expected, at Mineola on August 10 to lay a cornerstone, that it was generally understood he would motor to Hempstead Heights to watch the flying and that he was sure of an invitation to go up, if he wished to try the sensation.

The mayor of Columbia went out last Thursday, the 21st, and with a view to testing the efficiency of the two departments sent in, first, a riot call for the police and afterward a general fire alarm. Five policemen showed up just five minutes and forty seconds after the call, and three others a minute later. The fire engines from the station nearest the box where the alarm was turned in arrived in one minute and thirty seconds, and the engine from the most distant station in the city in three minutes. In ten minutes such a stream of water was turned on that the firemen had to be stopped because the street was being damaged by the flood.