

The Davidsonian

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FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1910.

HERE'S A TOWN RIGHT.

"The town of Roxboro has voted \$25,000 in bonds for the improvement of the water system and the streets. Out of a registered vote of 143, the vote stood 110 for bonds, 11 against bonds and 22 not voting. The overwhelming majority is a conclusive expression of how our people feel on the subject of municipal improvements. These bonds bear 5 per cent and run for thirty years. The bonded indebtedness of the town as present is about \$30,000, this being \$10,000 for water and \$20,000 for the graded schools."

The above clipping from Saturday's *Charlotte Observer* ought to make us ashamed. Roxboro is a town of about 2,000 people. Thomasville has 4,000. Roxboro is tucked away up in Person county on a little jerkwater road that runs up from Durham away from anywhere. Thomasville is located on the main line of the Southern with a hundred trains a day. And yet Roxboro has electric lights, paved streets and waterworks. Thanks to the progressiveness and energy of less than half-a-dozen citizens Thomasville has electric lights—and nothing else. Rox is growing and will continue to grow she should to. Thomasville has been growing too, but unless she wakes up and introduces some, at least, of the necessities of modern life her growth cannot continue much longer. Lexington on one side, and High Point on the other saw this need long ago, and acted. Given the choice of three towns in the same section, how long will people continue to choose the one without any conveniences, even though, as in this case, it is slightly better located than either of the others? We must act or fall behind in the march of progress. Other towns will draw capital, industries and citizens that Thomasville might secure if she had chosen to exert herself. And don't blame this fatal inertia on other people. If you are a citizen of Thomasville, you are to blame, and if you choose, you can bring about a change for the better. If every citizen expressed his advocacy of a progressive policy, how long do you think it would take the Board of Aldermen to pass a bond issue for improvements as they have a legal right to do? They are willing if only the voters will say the word. "Under which flag Bezonian? Speak or die!"

We are extremely gratified to observe that the courts of law of the State of North Carolina have again proved to the world that there is still justice for the lowly in the Old North State. That magistrate at Asheville who upheld the inalienable right of a rooster to crow whenever, wherever, and in whatever manner he is minded to relieve his surcharged breast, so long as he refrains from trespassing on other people's property, has covered himself with glory.

Noting the action of Wise county, Virginia, in instituting a good-roads agitation the *Charlotte Observer* prophesies that Wise will become the Mecklenburg county of Virginia. As that state is already seized and possessed of a Mecklenburg, we expect to hear a mighty howl presently from the neighborhood of Clarksville and Buffalo Lithia Springs.

BUTLER.

We have always been astonished that the Republican party of North Carolina will tolerate for a moment a demagogue like Marion Butler. A slick and artful political trickster, he has profited by the ruin he has wrought. He led the populist party to its speedy downfall but on its scattered fragments he rose to opulence. Now he issues his orders from Washington to the Republican party in North Carolina and instead of being lifted out of the organization and set down with his baggage in the middle of the road, he has a considerable following, and is received at the conventions and allowed to participate in the counsels of the party the same as if he loved the State he betrayed and left.

Mr. Robt. G. White, a business man of Greensboro, and a consistent Republican, received one of Butler's circular letters he sends out occasionally from his office in Washington, in which he usually abuses his betters and undertakes to dictate to the party the policy it ought to pursue. Mr. White took the time and trouble to reply to this letter. It is red hot stuff. It tells the plain and honest truth on this man that would blister his hide if it were not so tough. We quote one paragraph that is a fair sample of this virile document: "As a politician you stand discredited and repudiated, not because of the convictions you now profess, but because of the parties you have betrayed, and the principles you have deserted in the past. You have tried all parties, and to none have you remained true. During your short career in the Republican party, we find you in one campaign living up and fighting for those you are now pleased to term the 'ring bosses,' and in the next campaign we find you assuming leadership in the ranks of the insurgents."

We have no suggestions to offer to Hon. John Motley Morehead of the Fifth district as to what course he should or should not pursue in the conduct of his campaign, but we agree with Mr. White that if he shoulders Marion Butler, he will stagger under a load that will require the strength of a giant to bear.

No party can prosper anywhere that accepts the leadership of Marion Butler. He is a Jonah, and the ship that carries him must put him overboard or go to the bottom of the sea. However, he differs from Jonah in that the fish was not made that can swallow him, but on the other hand he jumps astride the fish and rides safely to shore!

He is smart as a steel trap. The man who takes him for a fool is clean off the track. He is one of the most adroit politicians in this country, but he is out for the swag, and the good of the country cuts no more ice with him than it does with a jaybird.

The steady rise of Marion Butler to fame and fortune is a study. He mounts on the ladder made by the people, and when he scales the top throws the ladder away.

That midsummer is a hard time on the newspapers is clearly shown by the fact that the dailies have carried scare-heads for three days because a gentleman from Ohio sprained his ankle. Of course the gentleman's name is Taft, and that explains part of the uproar, but the dearth of other news is more responsible.

When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war, but when Scot meets Scot then war itself—a la Sherman. Notice the sixth district.

THE BILL NYE MONUMENT.

Our readers are no doubt familiar with the movement, set on foot by the North Carolina Press Association to erect a building at the Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord to cost not less than \$5000 as a memorial to Bill Nye the great humorist who made his home in Western North Carolina, and now sleeps in her soil.

We heartily commend this proposition which will serve a double purpose. The building is greatly needed at the Training School for there are scores of wayward boys knocking at the doors for admittance and there is no room for them; and it will serve to perpetuate the memory of a man who let the sunshine into many a darkened life.

If within the circumscribed limits of the circulation of the *DAVIDSONIAN* there be those who feel like making a contribution to this worthy object, we will take pleasure in sending it forward to treasurer John M. Julian of the Salisbury Post, free of cost to the giver. It would be a graceful thing for Thomasville, known far and wide for her public spirit as well as for her generosity, to help this great enterprise along by a liberal contribution.

Probably by this time Jess Morris is as firmly convinced as Saint Paul that the love of money is the root of all evil.

St. Peter, (to applicant): What was your business when on earth?
Applicant: Editor of a newspaper.
St. Peter: Big circulation of course!

Applicant: No, small; smallest in the country.

St. Peter: Pick out your harp.

Mayor's Court.

Mayor Myers disposed of the following cases Monday night: Clarence Culbert, drunk and disorderly, fined \$0.10. This one was rearrested in High Point. Neck Farris, a Syrian, assault, fined \$3.00; Brown Grubb, drunk, fined \$3.05; These besides the picnickers whose cases are reported elsewhere.

A Mother's Trials.

Mrs. J. H. Herry, of Wilmington, died last week following a stroke of paralysis. She was the mother of I. C. Hancock, who is serving five years for the embezzlement of the Lamb-Fish Box Company's funds at Winston. Although old and feeble, she was in Winston to greet her wayward son when he was brought back from San Francisco. All through his trial she stood by him, fighting for him. He was released on a bond of \$1,500 which she furnished. On his conviction he had hardly got to prison before she began effort to get him pardoned. The intense strain the poor old soul passed through for the last two years proved too much for her, and she finally gave way under it; but to the last she was the loving old mother, battling for her son, worthless and dishonest though he is.

And how do you suppose he feels with his shaven head and his locked step and his striped clothes, when he knows she is dead and that he brought her gray hairs down to her grave in sorrow?—*Exchange.*

BOYS AND BOYS.

One day a poor woman drove into town in a rickety spring wagon. She tied her horse to a post near a schoolhouse. It was about as bad looking an old horse as you ever saw. The woman hobbled away with feeble steps to sell a few eggs which she had in a basket. Just as she was out of sight the bell rang for the noon hour, and a crowd of jolly, noisy boys rushed out of the schoolhouse. The air in a moment was full of their shouts and laughter.

"Halloo! See that horse!"
"Ho! ho! ho! Who ever saw such a looking old thing!"
"As thin as a rail."
"You can count his ribs."
"He look as if he hasn't spirit to hold his head up."

"Looks half starved. Say, bonny, is there enough left of you to scare?"
Two or three boys squealed in the ears of the horse, and gave him small pokes, others jumped up before him to try to frighten.

"Let's lead him 'round to the back of the building and tie him there, so that when the folks he belongs

to come they'll think he's run away."

"Say, boys," put in one boy, who loved all animals, "there's no fun in tormenting such a poor fellow. He does look half starved—yes, more than half, I should say. And we all know it isn't good to feel that way since the day we got lost in the woods."

Have you ever noticed how easily boys and men, too, for that matter, are led either into kindness or cruelty? One word in either direction and all follow like a flock of sheep. Wouldn't it be good for boys to remember this, and to reflect upon how far they may be called on to answer for the influence they may exert over others?

The boys stopped their teasing and began to look at the horse with different eyes, while one of them brushed the flies off him.

"Let's tie him under that tree," proposed a second; "the sun's too hot here."

"Look here, boys, I wish we could give him something to eat while he's standing."

"Can't we?"
"A real bang up good dinner, such as he hasn't had for a century, by the looks of him."

"Let's do it. I've got a nickel."
"I've got two cents."

"I'll give another nickel if you'll come over to father's feed store."
More cents came in. The man at the feed store contributed a nearly worn-out bag, and in a few moments the poor old horse was enjoying a good meal of oats.

By the time he had finished it the old woman came back, her basket filled with groceries, for which she had exchanged her eggs. The cord of sympathy and kindness once touched in the careless yet well-meaning hearts continued to vibrate. We all know how one taste of a kind act makes us long to taste more. "I'll lift your basket in," said one respectfully.

"See? here's a lot of oats left. We'll put 'em in the wagon."

"She looks pretty near as starved as the horse," came in a suggestive whisper.

A few small contributions from lunch baskets were hastily wrapped in a piece of paper and laid on top of the basket.

"Now I'll untie."

The old woman was helped as if she had been a queen. And every boy's heart glowed as the quaver-voice and dim eyes bore a burden of warm thanks as she drove away.

Those were every-day schoolboys. There are millions and millions like them, only they do not quite realize what a spirit of loving kindness dwells in our hearts. Let it out, boys and girls; for it is you who are to lift this whole world into an atmosphere higher, sweeter, and brighter than it has been in before.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

A Cemetery for Suicides.

There is in the world a cemetery exclusively for suicides—just one, so far as the writer knows. And it is just where one would naturally expect it to be, viz, right beside the greatest gambling rendezvous on earth. Thousands go, have been going through the years, to Monte Carlo, on the French Riviera, carrying

with them their belongings, to stake all, and win or lose, on the roulette tables. As in every gambling game, many lose, and, with loss of fortune goes loss of hope. Despair follows, and often, the tragically often suicide results. And so they have a cemetery at Monte Carlo for those who, having "lost," commit suicide, each grave being marked only with a number on a little board. That number tells its silent story of the life that has "lost"—the life that is lost. The wages of sin is death.—*Christian Sun.*

About 36 members of the Baptist Sunday-school spent the day picnicking about a mile from Lake. They report a large time.

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