

The Davidsonian

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WITH THE EDITORS

Tuesday and Wednesday of this week Winston-Salem had the pleasure of entertaining the North Carolina Press Association, and the editors had the honor of enjoying the royal hospitality of the Twin City.

The attendance was small, but among those present were some of the brainiest editors of the State. One of the most intelligent men in the business remarked that the discussions on shop matters does not amount to much—that no matter what the Association advises the editors are going to do as they please anyhow. He remarked further that the benefit he derived from the meeting was the strong inspiration he received to do more for the moral uplift of the State.

This gentleman is right. The press association always sounds the note of moral as well as material progress, and the unanimity of the editors in the interest of everything that tends to upbuild old North Carolina is refreshing and heartening.

The social feature of the meeting this week was especially delightful. Winston-Salem laid herself out for the pleasure of her guests, and the very best she had was at their disposal. The address of Hon. Locke Craig on "North Carolina" was the crowning feature of the meeting. It was a masterpiece of oratory, and added to the already wide reputation of this gifted speaker.

The association threw its influence behind the Jackson Training School, the movement in the interest of the public health, and other measures claiming the public sympathy and interest.

The trip to Charleston which had been planned was abandoned on account of the condition of the Southbound railroad track between Whitney and Wadesboro.

Among the Democrats things look harmonious in Washington. Champ Clark favors the appointment of the Chairmen of important committees by a Committee of the House, which robs the speaker of most of his power. In view of the fact that Mr. Clark is to be the next Speaker, this is a fine spirit. At one time it looked like a row between Pou and Claude Kitchin was at hand, but Mr. Pou in the interest of party harmony withdrew from the contest and thus sacrificed his own personal interest. For one time the Democrats appear to be willing to surrender their personal ambition for the benefit of unity in their ranks, and if they continue in this course they will sweep the country in 1912.

Editor H. B. Varner has joined the church, and we sincerely hope and believe he will become as useful a factor in the religious realm as he already is in civic life. Cutting out the liquor ads from the Dispatch at a sacrifice of thousands of dollars looks like he means business.

An alley in Statesville has been named "Landmark Place" and the town is proceeding to give it a coat of macadam. Who knows but that in the years to come there will be in "Landmark Place" a bronze figure of Judge Clark, the fearless editor who gave the place its name?

THE INTER-URBAN

The electric line from Greenville to Durham is going to be built. It has behind it the men who do things and they have the money with which to do it. The doubting Thomas need doubt no more. The thing is coming.

Here is our duty: Let us leave no stone unturned to bring this line to this town. We are right on the way. We ought to put ourselves in friendly attitude and show a helpful spirit. Right at this point many a town in this and other States have thrown away the finest opportunity that ever came, or that ever will come their way.

There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; and this is exactly true in the affairs of a town. Thomasville, like all other towns, has some croakers. If they are allowed to influence our public sentiment, we are gone.

The inter-urban line does not have to come our way. Remember that. They are in no sense dependent upon Thomasville. If we are churlish and inhospitable they will simply give us the go by. They are not compelled to have a right of way through our town.

But we are bound to bring the line to us. They can get along without us but we cannot get along without them. We ought to make it easy for the Company as far as our influence extends. We must not block their progress by our greed. We must meet them more than half way or get left.

What are we going to do about it? It is time for us to get busy. The bringing of this great highway of traffic through the town will mean more to us than any one thing now before us; if it deflects either to the right or left leaving us a couple of miles on its way to High Point, we will be a pretty set of ganders to be sure.

Let our bright business men go to work, and show our people the vital value of cultivating the friendship of the Inter-urban people.

The very delightful entertainment given to the editors last Wednesday afternoon by the famous old Salem Academy was not only one of the most beautiful and enjoyable of the many social functions given in honor of the Press Association but it was a revelation to many of the scribes. The splendid plant of this great institution, the throngs of fine girls who are attending it, and the evident thoroughness of the instruction was most pleasing to these patriotic men who find joy in the greatness and glory of the State's institutions.

All that glitters is not gold. The new county people thought they had a soft snap with this Legislature at first, but as time goes on the sentiment against the creation of new counties seems to gather strength. We doubt that even Piedmont will find grace in the eyes of this Legislature, though it stands the best show of any of them because High Point is behind the movement, and High Point is the best fighter in the State.

The community may well thank the Civic League for the splendid entertainments they are giving the community in the Lyceum Course, this season. The two last, one on Thursday and the other on Monday night, were superb.

Neighbors, how do you feel about this Inter-urban line? We must have it somehow, and the best way to begin is to speak a friendly word in its favor.

North Carolina boys are at the head of the procession. Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Moody church, Chicago, has been called to the Spurgeon Tabernacle, London. Dr. Dixon is a native of Cleveland county.

Brother Cates, the Evangelist who feels called upon, because of the dignity of his sacred calling, to pull the leg of the Southern Railway to the tune of a hundred thousand dollars, must think the public has mighty little sense.

Gov. Kitchin wants the fire insurance business investigated, his belief being that they are not totting fair with the people. That is right. Let the light be turned on.

What has become of that Ni-Beer bill introduced by brother Kent that wiped up the earth with the business? We hope it will not get lost in the shuffle.

The Mergenthaler men say the Cade type-setting machine is no good. But that opinion may be taken with several grains of salt.

We are watching and waiting for that predicted tumble in prices of provisions. We have had no tangible evidence of that fact as yet.

We hope also that the Legislature will pay its respects to the clubs that the Supreme Court saved.

HOW LOTTIE CURED HER MOTHER.

Lottie was thinking busily while she was picking flowers to make a bouquet for mamma.

Dear mamma had headache, and the children had been told to keep very quiet. Poor mamma! She looked so pale that it made Lottie feel bad to think of it. It must be very hard, she thought, to have a headache on such a bright, beautiful day.

She never had had a headache. No indeed! Once she had a toothache, and that had been very dreadful, and she had cried a great deal, but mamma had told her that she must be patient. She remembered how kind mamma had been, and how she had stayed at home all one afternoon to amuse her, and how she had made up some beautiful new games. And after a while, she had quite forgotten the pain, and by supper time it was all gone. She wished she could do something to make mamma well.

Of course she couldn't play any games such as mamma had, for it would tire her; then, big folks couldn't be amused the same way that little girls were.

But couldn't she do something? Just then she happened to see some plants that papa had transplanted. They had been almost dead, and he had taken them up and brought them here where the sun would shine upon them.

And now they were all coming up, and the little buds were beginning to show.

It was the sunshine that had done it.

"Sunshine will do everything," she heard him say.

Why wouldn't it cure mamma? She would go and carry some to her. She had been out there so long, she knew she must be full of sunshine, and maybe if she went into the house and sat down quietly where her mamma was, smile, and look happy like the sunshine, it would make mamma feel better.

So she stood quite still for a moment in the full bright sunshine, and drew a great deep breath, and then went back to the house, carrying her flowers with her, crept softly up the stairs, and into the room where her mamma was lying on a couch.

She went in so very quietly that mamma hardly noticed as she drew her little rocking-chair and sat in it, and began a soft little humming to herself, smiling all the time.

Presently mamma looked up. "Why, Lottie," she said "how happy you look. Are you thinking about something nice? What is it, dear?"

She sat up, and looked kindly at Lottie's sweet little round face.

"I love you so much," Lottie said, drawing her chair up close to her mamma, and laying her hands in her lap; "and I thought I'd come in and see if I couldn't make you feel better."

"You dear little girl, you bright happy face, and these lovely blossoms have done me good already. You are just like a ray of sunshine."

Lottie clapped her hands, but very softly, so as not to disturb mamma.

"That's just what I wanted," she cried. "I'm just going to try and smile, look happy all the time, no matter if I don't feel so, for I'm going to be a sunshine doctor."

Mamma kissed her very tenderly. "We need your sunshine, darling," she said. "You will make everybody better and happier if you will always carry the sunshine with you."

"I am going to—I really am!" Lottie said, nestling into mamma's arms. "I am going to be a sunshine doctor all my life!"

And so far she truly has been.—Exchange.

News Wanted.

The various clubs and societies of Thomasville are earnestly requested to furnish us with all the news matter obtainable. Do this. It will help your club and it will help your paper.

Another thing, if you have a visitor, or if you expect to visit out-

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