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SEEN IN NEW YORK

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—THE GREAT CENTRAL PARK—SPLENDID FESTIVITIES CELEBRATING ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY. SUNDAY EVERYBODY'S DAY.

One cannot afford to spend any time in New York City and not see the Metropolitan Museum, in which is found everything in art and curios from every nook and corner of the world. Particularly for the last few years have the eyes of the world been turned toward this great museum since the great collection of J. Pierpont Morgan has been placed on exhibition. Mr. Morgan loaned these wonderful paintings, furniture of every kind and everything in curios with the understanding that a new wing should be built to the museum in which all of the collection could be housed. This addition has not been made and grave fears are now existing that the collection may be removed. The musical instruments in this collection impressed me, as did different styles of furniture, collected from the different countries. In making the study, the wonderful amount of money, time and taste that these treasures represented, I was greatly pleased that Mr. Morgan had not neglected our own country—his patriotism was shown in many ways. Many of the paintings were our own, such as Washington crossing the Delaware, etc. Many of the women among our subscribers would have been especially interested in the collection of cutglass ware, silver and fancy work, all of which were quaint and beautiful. The silver is kept shining like new money all the time. There are guards on duty whose business it is to see that there is no harm done to anything.

Next in size to the Morgan collection is the Altman collection, which is made up more of pictures and statuary, all beautiful beyond description. The Egyptian mummy division was most interesting. The boxes or caskets in which they were buried were elaborately carved with birds, beasts, flowers, foods and scenes. The mummies, in every shape and form, were on exhibition.

An interesting section, too, was where the armored men and horses were stationed. Germany's man of war was heavily armored, also his horse. The hall of sculpture was full of every conceivable shape and size of human and animal.

The great Central Park is a tremendous tract of land set aside by the city for the people and in it one can see all kinds big and little, some sailing through the splendid driveways in all kinds of cars, from the Ford to the handsome limousines, men and women on horseback and driving and many on foot. There are beautiful trees and rocks, lakes and footpaths, summer houses and pavilions. The Zoo is one of the places to see where one finds all kinds of animals; a baby camel has come to land interest in the camel family and the leopard family are arranging for a visit from the park. The botanical gardens within the park are indeed wonderful—every kind of plant and flower is luxuriating within while the minds have stripped the foliage from every plant and tree just outside.

St. Patrick's Day was one full of festivities. For some time before the store windows were decorated in green and on the morning of the 17th nearly everybody joined in the celebration to the extent of wearing a touch of green—grown men stood on the streets—selling tiny shamrock; the florists sold pots of shamrock. One feature of the celebration is the annual parade in which 15,000 sons and daughters of St. Patrick took part. The streets along which the paraders marched were thronged with people. All of the marchers wore their colors, and carried Irish and American flags. One division of the parade which attracted much attention was composed of 125 girls in white dresses wearing green sashes and carrying the two flags. The reviewing stand was at St. Patrick's cathedral, here Cardinal Farley, Mayor Mitchell and the city officials watched the parade. Following the parade, began the dinners, dances, banquets, etc., for the friends of Ireland. The following poem appeared in the afternoon papers, which celebrated by printing on green paper was any need.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The universe is Irish, month of March, day seventeen,
And everybody's wearing just a little bit of green.
Perhaps you hail from Lulland or the depths of Timbuctoo;
But just the same you'll want to wear a bow of greenish hue.
All honor to Old Erin and the pretty Irish maid,
The dictionary of the land don't list the word afraid.
The Shamrock is in evidence and good cheer is its style,
And loyal sons pass in review for mile after mile.
It sets your blood astirring and it sort of makes you feel
You'd like to shake your pedals to a good, old, Irish reel.
The jovial demonstration and the patriotic cheer
Is mingled with the hand clasp and the honest Irish tear.
The band plays "Tipperary"—see the luster to the eyes!
They strike up old "Killarney" to the heartfelt sob and sigh,
But never have I witnessed such a patriotic scene,
When Irishmen are marching to "The Wearing of the Green."

J. J. WHITE DEAD

ONE OF RANDOLPH'S BEST KNOWN CITIZENS PASSES AWAY.

James Julius White, born December 27, 1842, died at his home in Trinity, Friday, March 26, after several days of illness following a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. White was graduated from Trinity College in 1870, and was married to Miss Brown in 1871. The ceremony being performed by Dr. Braxton Craven who was then president of Trinity College.

There were ten children born to this union. Those living are, Mr. James White and Miss Effie White, of Trinity; Mrs. A. C. English and Mr. John White, of Hillsboro; Mr. Spurgeon White, of Greensboro; Mr. David White, of Charlotte, and Mrs. Dr. Campbell, of Philadelphia. His wife died in 1897.

Mr. White several times represented Randolph county in the legislature and has for many years been considered as one of the best citizens. He was active in church work and in every other good cause in his community and was most highly esteemed by every one. He was postmaster at Trinity for a number of years up to last year.

The funeral service in the old college chapel in Trinity Sunday was attended by a thousand people, many visitors coming from a distance. Rev. E. N. Crowder conducted the services and made an appropriate talk in which he emphasized the point that a good man ceases to live, is not in reality dead, but his work goes on.

The interment was in the Trinity cemetery and the burial services were in charge of Trinity Council No. 30, of the Junior Order U. A. M., and were extremely impressive with about a hundred members of the order in line.

The following resolution was adopted by the Junior Order at the regular meeting in Trinity Saturday night:

Whereas it was the will of Almighty God, to take from earth into paradise the soul of J. J. White, who has long been a faithful member of Trinity Council No. 307 of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, and whereas Brother White has shown by his whole life his belief and practice in the cardinal principles of this order—Virtue, Liberty and Patriotism, and his life has at all times in public and private been in the service of his race.

Resolved, that the members of this Council express to the bereaved relatives our profound sympathy and sorrow, and that we as a body shall attend the funeral of the deceased brother and perform the final ceremony at the interment of his mortal remains, in the full faith and hope that his immortal soul has gone to its everlasting home with the God who made and loveth all.

Signed:
BRUCE CRAVEN,
D. C. JOHNSON,
J. R. REDDICK.

HIGH POINT ENTERPRISE SOLD

Mr. J. J. Farris, editor of the High Point Enterprise, has sold the paper to Messrs. W. A. Hildebrand, E. R. Jeffries, A. L. Stockton and J. P. Rawley, of the Greensboro Daily News. Many improvements are to be made in the paper.

It's hats off to the natives of the little Emerald Isle—
It's hats off to the fair colleen that charms you with her smile.
The loyal sons of Erin are real fighters to a man;
They fought for love of freedom since the nation first began.
The land of Moore and Emmett and the comely, gray colleen,
Is the land whose sons are loyal to the ancient flag of green.
The world is celebrating and the crowds are free and gay,
It's "Ireland Forever," for today's St. Patrick's day.
So wear your little shamrock, necktie, bow or bit of green—
The universe is Irish, month of March, day seventeen.

RAY L. HOPPMAN.

Sunday is everybody's day in the city and one is obliged to notice that there is very little consistency among the citizenship; for instance, within a stone's throw from 5th Ave. one finds the keepers of a cafe observing the Sabbath by closing the doors of their business while at the same distance in another direction, one of the theaters in advertising "Evelyn Nesbit Thaw as a special Sunday attraction." Sunday is the day for the world and his wife to be seen on the streets, walking or riding; and one does not fail to see the people in all shapes and sizes. The styles either are disregarding the styles and making are things both in millinery and making, of their own choosing or madam fashion has given a large list from which to choose. There are hats and clothes of all kinds and prices; even the Woolworth and Kress 5 and 10 cent stores are attempting dress and millinery stunts. Most of the hats are very small and give one a "Happy Hooligan" look. The coats are short skirts short and collars high. Shirts are wider in many of them being 3 yards in width. As to styles for men, nothing has seemed beyond the ordinary, but I am no criterion, would be glad to take observation if there was any need, mild than should not make investigation.

HEED DANGER SIGNALS

STORY OF YOUNG WOMAN WHO FAILED TO TAKE ACCOUNT OF FIRST SYMPTOMS OF TUBERCULOSIS.

Samuel Hopkins Adams in Ladies' Home Journal.

"Why didn't we know in time?" The man whose sister lay dying of tuberculosis leaned across the table toward me, his hopeless young face tending a haggard force to the query.
"You are an expert on health matters. You write articles advising people how to avoid disease. The anti-tuberculosis societies and other organizations like that, that you belong to, spend thousands of dollars yearly to educate the public. Why haven't some of you told me and my sister what we needed to know? Why has my sister got to die?"

It was an accusation leveled at our whole system of anti-tuberculosis campaigning; an accusation pointed by the tragic figures of two hundred thousand Americans dead every year from a scourge which knowledge—knowledge in time—would have enabled certainly more than half, probably more than three-fourths of them to escape.

"Everything to live for," he continued. "She had found her place, new work in the world, and was happy in it. She had a host of friends. Whatsoever money could buy, within reason, was hers for the asking. She was an athlete, an outdoor girl, leading the very life which, they tell us, insures against tuberculosis, except for one short space of time, and because of that little while, because we didn't understand the first danger signals, I've got to lose her. What are you going to do about that, you anti-tuberculosis societies?"

I shook my head.
"No, you don't know," he continued. "How many other men's sisters and daughters and wives in this country are going the same path, for the same reason, do you suppose?"

"Hundreds of thousands perhaps."
"Yes; hundreds of thousands," he repeated. "Doomed by ignorance. Oh, the pity of it! And nothing to be done about it. Yes, there's one thing you can do." His eyes lighted up with the fire that almost divine sorrow which thinks for others. "Tell them about my sister. I've lost her; but perhaps I can help save some of the others."

That is how this article comes to be written. Be sure, whoever you may be, that reads it, that somewhere within the circle of your friends, is not closer to you, a tragedy paralleling that which I have to set down here in its progress now.

There is no beside, however, defended, but that the Great White Plague strikes somewhere at the group down about it.

The man whose sister lies dying—it is hardly possible that she will live by the time these words get in print—is one of the most brilliantly successful of the younger American artists. His illustrations are read by all migratory readers. His sister, six years his junior, is a beautiful girl of twenty-two, possessing in another phase the artistic talent which distinguishes the family. On the death of the father, six years ago, she assumed responsibility for his sister's support. "I brought her up like a boy," he told me.

He taught her to shoot and fish; to handle a canoe; to tramp with a pack on her strong young shoulders. At least of woodland life was too severe for her. So she grew into womanhood, full-blooded, enduring, lithic, powerful, brimming with vitality. She hadn't known a day of sickness since childhood. Her mind kept pace with her body. Eager to make her own life, she took up costume designing, at first in an amateurish way, until a big Fifth Avenue firm, seeing some of her work, offered her a position at a salary which amazed her. She accepted, with the reservation that she should have a few months to herself before starting in.

Those months she spent in a Southern city, visiting. From the first her beauty and cleverness made her a favorite. In the morning, noon and night she was on the go. Her splendid physique rendered her at first immune to fatigue. Presently, however, she began to feel tired. Nature was trying to call a halt. The girl did not heed. Trained to endure the healthy weariness of the open she summoned her oft-tested "nerve" and kept on, bringing up when too far spent, not on cocktails, as do so many of the over-dressed slaves of society, but on strong tea and coffee, either of which, though free of the perils of alcoholic stimulus, is none too safe a spur in such cases. She came back home, worn out—and ten pounds underweight.

That was the first warning.
Soon her brother noticed that her appetite was waning. Taxed with this, she strove to allay his anxiety by insisting that he was wrong. To appease his alarm she forced herself to eat. But it was always accomplished with an effort, and little by little she cut down the amount she ate.

That was the second warning.
Always, now, she was tired. She wouldn't admit it. In fact she was ashamed of it. Then, too, her enthusiasm for the work which she had now entered upon kept her up to concert pitch. Nevertheless the brother's eye noticed that she had lost something of her resiliency; of that precious quality of youth which athletes call the "come back" after strain.
That was the third warning.
One day the family doctor saw her.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

ITEMS OF LIVE NEWS GATHERED FROM OUR EXCHANGES AND CONDENSED IN BRIEF FORM FOR BUSY READERS.

The price of cotton on the great markets of the country is gradually rising.

Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, representing President Wilson, formally dedicated the Panama-Pacific exposition, at San Francisco, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. York and children, formerly of this city, but now of Raleigh, are spending a day or two in the city with relatives and friends.—Greensboro Daily Record.

Mrs. Luzena Honey, who died at the Montgomery county home last week, at the age of 87 years, was a Miss Millikan before marriage. She leaves several relatives at Randleman.

The funeral of Mr. William D. Kirkman, who died at his home near Greensboro, last week, was conducted at Tabernacle, Monday, by Rev. T. M. Johnson and Rev. T. B. Terrill.

Willis Brickhouse, Clerk of the Court of Tyrrell county, who died last week, was probably the largest man in North Carolina. He weighed four hundred pounds.

Damage estimated at \$25,000, including forty-three horses that perished, was the result of the burning of the Chambers and Weaver Livery Stables, in Asheville, one day last week.

Mrs. Martha Parnell died at her home near Troy, one day last week, at the age of 82 years. Mrs. Parnell was a sister of the Rev. James Jordan, a well known minister of Montgomery county.

A financial report issued from London, by the American Commission for relief in Belgium, shows that \$20,000,000 worth of foodstuffs have been delivered in Belgium since the commission began work.

According to the incomplete returns, the indications are that fifty schools will compete for the Aycock Memorial cup at Chapel Hill, on April 9, these schools having won both sides of the question in the State-wide debates last Friday.

James R. Cobie, a prominent citizen of Guilford county, died at his home in Greensboro, last week, in the 70th year of his age. Mr. Cobie is survived by his wife and seven children. Mrs. C. H. Harding, of Julian, is one of the surviving daughters.

Ben Bridges and W. L. Massey, two white men, were put in jail at Charlotte, last Saturday, on the charge of holding up H. N. McNeil, of Monroe, at the point of a pistol, and robbing him of \$18.29. The incident occurred on North Brevard street, in Charlotte.

Mr. William G. Seigler, of Baldwin township, Chatham county, died suddenly in the 44th year of his age. He had been married and for many years had lived almost the life of a hermit, seldom going out. He was noted for his industry, says the Chatham Record.

Dean W. P. Lawrence, of Elton College, who has been ill at St. Luke's Hospital, Greensboro, for some time, is reported to be in an alarming condition. Dr. Lawrence has been at the head of the department of English at Elton College for 21 years, and was made dean of the men's department two years ago.

According to Mr. Cassie Cope, of the White Oak and Pennsylvania Mills, Greensboro, the majority of the cotton mills in North Carolina will have to close down next year (July 1), on account of lack of dyestuffs, which have been coming from Europe, unless there is an unforeseen relaxation of the market on these goods.

Mrs. Andrews, of the firm of Lewis & Andrews, milliners, of Greensboro, while going down a Bellemont Avenue last Monday night, was attacked by an unknown man, and robbed of a hand bag containing a five dollar gold piece, a check, and several small articles. Mrs. Andrews was accompanied by two other ladies, but they were all too frightened to even know whether the man was white or black.

Miss Mary Mitchell Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain of Raleigh, and a granddaughter of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, who lost his life in scientific research on Mt. Mitchell, in 1857, is one of the ten members who made the highest honors at Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and has been awarded a special scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania.

Alarming reports of atrocities, including the hanging of sixty men taken from the French mission and five from the American mission at Gupashan, Persia, stirred the State Department last Friday to further efforts to obtain protection for American missionaries and refugees in the vicinity of Urumiah, Persia, where an uprising threatens a general Christian massacre. The Turkish government has promised aid in the matter.

"Something wrong," he told the brother. "I'm afraid that's here." He tapped his chest. "Have a specialist see her."
(To be continued.)

GREENSBORO BOOSTERS

FRIENDLY VISIT OF CITIZENS FROM NEIGHBORING CITY ON LAST FRIDAY.

About twenty-five or thirty of the leading business men of Greensboro arrived in Asheboro last Friday and spent several hours in getting acquainted with the people of this town and learning of its resources.

The party was welcomed at the railway station by a large delegation of Asheboro citizens led by Mayor C. C. Cranford, and then taken in autos to the courthouse, where brief addresses of welcome were made by Rev. J. E. Thompson, Dr. E. L. Moffitt, and Mr. D. B. McCrary. Mr. J. M. Hendrix, president of the Greensboro merchants' association, and director of the chamber of commerce, responded in fitting words, stressing the idea of trading at home whenever possible, at Greensboro next, and at other cities in North Carolina rather than in other states.

At the invitation of Col. A. C. McAllister, the party then visited the graded school. Superintendent Teague had the children assembled in the auditorium, and welcomed his guests in appropriate words. The children then sang "Carolina," the visitors joining in; after this, assistant District Attorney Thomas Beall briefly addressed the school, thus closing the formal entertainment.

The visitors were then taken for an auto ride out into the country, over the new Franklinville road. After returning, the party had dinner at the Ashlyn, and were later taken by auto to Randleman, where they spent an hour or two inspecting the cotton mills, and then boarded the train for Greensboro.

MRS. C. A. MARSH DEAD

Former Randolph Woman Dies at Morganton.

Mrs. Carrie Marsh died on March 25 at Morganton at the age of 76 years after a long illness. Mrs. Marsh had held the position of matron of the State Hospital for the past 30 years. She was elected by the first board of trustees and had held the position continuously until a year ago, when her health gave way. Mrs. Marsh was a remarkable woman and much beloved by every one who knew her. She had endeavored herself to the members of the hospital, employees and patients, as well as her large circle of friends, by her kindness and beautiful traits of character.

Mrs. Marsh was the wife of James A. Marsh, son of Alfred Marsh, who owned the home of Mrs. Annie Rouse; it was then and for long thereafter called the Marsh place. Mr. and Mrs. James Marsh resided at the old home place. Mrs. Marsh was formerly Miss Rous, of Bladen county. Their children were born a daughter, Adelaide, who married Mr. Rountree and lived for a number of years in Raleigh. There were two sons, Messrs. George and Alfred Marsh. The latter is connected with the electric supply, etc. of Atlanta, Georgia.

The body of Mrs. Marsh was laid to rest in the Morganton cemetery. Many of the older citizens of the town and county will remember Mrs. Marsh, but in their sorrow, will be grateful for her life which was so full of usefulness to her fellow men. She was educated at Edgeworth Seminary in Greensboro and married James Marsh, who died in Raleigh in 1882. Just after her death she was appointed matron of the Morganton Hospital.

BIG DAY FOR RANDOLPH

County Schools Commencement.—Dr. Clarence Poe the Director of the Day, Randolph county, welcomes Dr. Clarence H. Poe, editor of the Progressive Journal. He will address the people of the county, at the County Commencement at the Asheboro graded school auditorium, Friday at 11:30 a. m. Mr. Poe is an interesting speaker, a fine man and one who is interested in all the people, particularly the farmers of the country. It is an opportunity for the people to meet Mr. Poe and hear his address.

Order of Procession.
10:15 a. m.—Procession assembles on graded school grounds.
10:30 a. m.—Procession led by Rouseur Band, moves on Fayetteville St. to Salisbury St., to Church St., to Depot St., to Fayetteville St., back to graded school auditorium.

R. F. BEATTY, OF MT. OLIVE, SHOT BY NEGRO

Mr. R. F. Beatty, of Mt. Olive, was shot by a negro at six o'clock on the morning of the 18th, at a lumber plant where both men were employed. There had been some disagreement on the previous day concerning the running of a planer; the superintendent had removed the negro and put Mr. Beatty in charge. Nothing more was heard until the following day when the negro appeared with his shot gun and fired on Beatty at short range. The entire load lodged below the heart and the victim died instantly. A wife and one small child survive.

JUDGE L. S. ROAN, OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, DEAD

Judge L. S. Roan died at a Hospital in New York City this week. Judge Roan tried and sentenced Leo M. Frank for the murder of Mary Phagan, who worked in the pencil factory of which Frank was secretary and treasurer.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON

WIDOW OF GREAT CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAIN PASSED AWAY AT HER HOME IN CHARLOTTE—WAS BURIED BY SIDE OF HER HUSBAND IN LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson, of the Confederacy, died at her home in Charlotte, on Wednesday of last week. Pneumonia was the immediate cause of her death, although she had been in failing health since last August, and her life was despaired of last December. Although she was 83 years of age, Mrs. Jackson had a strong constitution and remarkable vitality and her family had hoped that she would live several months; but when pneumonia developed, it was soon evident that her case was hopeless.

At the bedside when the end came, were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston, a sister; Rev. D. H. Rolston, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte; and the family physician, Dr. William A. Graham, a relative of the distinguished patriot.

The funeral was conducted at the First Presbyterian church, in Charlotte, Thursday afternoon, by Dr. Rolston, assisted by Dr. J. R. Bridges, and was the most notable occasion of the kind in the history of the city, the churchyard and the streets for several blocks being packed with crowds estimated at from ten to twelve thousand.

Two hundred veterans were in line, while military and civic and patriotic bodies, with a large faculty connection, formed the funeral procession. The Confederate veterans, U. D. C., and Children of the Confederacy wore Confederate badges. Flags in the city were at half mast and bells tolled during the funeral hour. There were many notable floral designs from Confederate bodies. Charlotte was decorated with Confederate flags. Stacked guns were tied with red and white bunting, festoons of red and white bunting, tall palms.

In the pulpit were 11 Presbyterian ministers of the city, also Rev. Dr. J. Martin, president of Davidson College, the latter founded by Mrs. Jackson's father. Business was suspended and the whole city paused to honor the memory of the wife of the great Confederate chieftain.

The news of Mrs. Jackson's death was a source of grief to the entire South, which has never ceased to honor the helpmeet of him who was the idol of the Southern soldiery.

Mrs. Jackson was born in Mecklenburg county, July 21, 1831, and was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Tull Morrison, founder of Davidson College. She was educated at Salem Academy and College, finishing in 1849. At that time, however, diplomas were not awarded, but at the commencement of Salem College last year, she was awarded a diploma with the graduating class of the year.

Mrs. Jackson was married July 10, 1857, to General Jackson, who was at that time Provisional Governor of the Virginia Military Institute of Lexington, Va., the building being placed at the Morrison ancestral home in Lexington county. She was General Jackson's second wife. To them were born two daughters, Miss Graham, who died in infancy, and Miss Julia, who grew to womanhood and married William E. Johnston. In 1862 Mr. Johnston died, leaving his wife and two small children. They were Julia Johnston Christian and Jackson Christian. Julia Johnston Christian married E. R. Preston, a well known attorney at law in Greensboro. Miss Johnston Christian graduated from West Point several years ago and is now serving in the United States army in the Philippines.

The final rest at Lexington, Virginia, finding by the side of the distinguished husband in the churchyard.

The funeral party was in charge of Division Inspector Agent H. H. DeBatts. The casket was in a special car in the rear of the Pullman. It was placed in the center of the car which was hanked with flowers. The military guard was from the fifth coast guard with Lieut. Hudson Miller in command.

Accompanying the remains were Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Preston, the latter a granddaughter of Mrs. Jackson; Mrs. Robert H. Morrison, a sister-in-law; Miss Violet Alexander, a cousin; Rev. D. H. Rolston, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte, of which Mrs. Jackson had been a member for 50 years; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McDowell, Mrs. J. P. Caldwell, Gen. A. L. Smith, Bedford Brown, a nephew of Mrs. Jackson; Baxter Davidson, Shalespeare Harris, representing Mecklenburg county, U. C. V.; J. O. Walker, also Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham; Chief Justice Walter Clark and Colonel Benham Cameron.

NEWS OF THE WAR

There have been no important developments in the European war since the fall of Przemyel several days ago. Upwards of 150 people lost their lives in the sinking by German submarines of the two English passenger steamers, Falaba and Agulla. The Falaba, bound for the coast of Africa from Liverpool, was torpedoed in St. George's Channel, last Sunday, and the Agulla was destroyed by shell fire from a German submarine, off Pembrokeshire, Saturday night.

The \$200,000 road bonds election in Yadkin county was lost by a very small majority last week.