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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1922

BORROWED BRIEFS.

As the coal shortage continues, it becomes increasingly evident that Mr. Daugherty will be compelled to forbid a severe winter.—Pasadena Post.

The fact that the Mahometans are prohibitionists adds another horror to the prospect of a Turkish invasion of Europe.—New York Tribune.

Well, we see we Republicans have already cut down the number of government employes from 438,057 at the end of the last fiscal year before we entered the war to 560,868 at present. —Ohio State Journal.

Manuel, exiled king of Portugal, says he is a democrat at heart and in practice. He must confess, though the practice was forced on him.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

The Harvard astronomers who have located a new universe six hundred thousand trillion miles from the earth will be needed later to figure the total issues of marks and rubles.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The three R's of the American school of diplomacy seem to be rescue, relieve and relinquish.—Sacramento Bee.

PARAGRAPHICS.

The Champion jury sent the defendant, a woman, up for 20 years for shooting a man. Champion is right, as applied to that jury.

We quite agree with Public Prosecutor Mott, who is handling the New Jersey case, that he is one of the best little walters in the business.

The weather: Light clouds, sun hazily obscured much of the day. Cooler, following a night warmer than usual. Variable southerly winds.

But the essential nobility of the weather of a day like yesterday somehow escapes the notice of dealers in overcoats and winter furs.

Mr. Baldwin, chancellor of the British exchequer, declares that his first duty will be to pay Britain's debt to the United States. Agreed. But will he discharge his duty?

Three days too late it has suddenly rushed upon the consciousness of ye paragrapher that he was hopelessly swindled, after all, when the circus came to town. We saw the lion, but where was the wild kangaroo? Alackaday! We may get over the loss, but we shall never recover from the blow of not having thought about it in time to kick.

The Jefferson Standard builders, we are pleased to note, are now well above the street level. This indicates gratifying progress with the building, but it also relieves materially the strain on the voluntary inspectors, so that the work henceforth can go forward with much more comfort to the spectators than when they were compelled to jostle and crowd each other uncomfortably in order to see into the hole.

There are people who know exactly where the money goes that the householder pays for his coal, but they are not numerous. Perhaps the general public will be able to answer the question after the coal commission shall have made its report. There is no great difficulty in finding out what the owner of the coal land gets per ton, what the miners who take it out get, what the capital invested in machinery and lease gets, and what the railroad gets for hauling it—to Greensboro, for instance. Distributors have frequently disclosed that what they get is cost of capital and hauling—they handle it to keep their ice teams employed during winter, and maintain their organization for distribution of ice in the months of heavy demand; to get that stated in terms of dollars and cents per ton ought not to present any heavy difficulties, either.

With something more than his usual stupidity the paragrapher yesterday morning referred to the Greensboro-Winston-Salem football game as an event scheduled for "today," i. e., the afternoon immediately following publication. Ever get your days of the week mixed, a mental scramble from which it requires two or three days to emerge? We know a man who shaves every other day. If he awakens on what he believes to be Saturday morning, feels of his chin and finds only a 24-hour growth, whereas he can prove he shaved Tuesday, and it follows that he next shaved on Thursday, he resolves at once to dismiss the whole business from his mind, until he can get his morning paper. Then he reflects that the label will probably be pasted on the name of the day of the week on the front page; and he is in worse fix than ever.

ALEXANDER MARTIN AND NATHANAEL GREENE.

The erection of a tablet to the memory of Alexander Martin, framer of the constitution, United States senator, and six times governor of North Carolina, is an act of communal piety that should have been performed long years ago. But better late than never; Guilford county owes a debt of gratitude to the High Point members of the D. A. R. who have finally placed a memorial to Martin in the county's temple of justice.

Incidentally, the High Point women rather put Greensboro to shame in thus erecting a memorial to the man from whom Alexander Martin chapter of the D. A. R. takes its name. The city of Greensboro never has done as much for the man from whom the city takes its name. There is no monument here to Nathanael Greene, although the possession of such a godfather is a thing which any American city should be proud to proclaim to the world.

Some day the Daily News hopes to see before the north portal of the courthouse a replica of the equestrian statue of General Greene that now stands on the Battleground. We do not, as a rule, think much of such memorials; but this statue is really good, and furthermore there is room for it on that plaza. The extension of Library place through to Bellemeade street will furnish a fine sweep in front, and the building behind is sufficiently massive not to be dwarfed even by that great bronze. We think that the erection of such a monument by the citizens of Greensboro would be particularly graceful, since Greene came from Rhode Island and has, so far as we know, not a single descendant in the state of North Carolina; so that there would not be the faintest suspicion that any contributor to the monumental fund was actuated by personal or family pride.

But Nathanael Greene standing guard over Guilford courthouse would be a visual lesson in history that no child in the city of Greensboro could overlook or forget. It would be an inspiration to all succeeding generations, proof that in spite of its traditional ungratefulness the republic does not always forget the men who have served it well.

The original monument cost the government, if our memory serves, about $30,000. Greensboro could well afford a similar expenditure to perpetuate the memory of the man who gave the city its name.

WOMEN WHO ARE BOTH HONEST AND DISCREET HAVE A RULE.

When a woman goes automobiling with a man at night and comes back with a story of outrage, she should be compelled to prove her allegations beyond the least shadow of doubt before punishment is inflicted on the man. If any other policy is adopted, every strumpet in the country will be living in luxury off of blackmail. The courts will no longer be the engines of justice but will be converted into the instruments whereby pimps and street-walkers will grow rich; and judges may suffer the unspeakable degradation of becoming bill-collectors for prostitutes.

For when a woman goes automobiling with a man at night, she is gambling with her reputation, and she knows it. Women who are both honest and discreet don't do it, for discretion implies intelligence. Even when they know the man thoroughly, and have no doubt whatever that he is honorable, they remember that not all the world knows him, and that a great part of it, ignorant of his character, may draw unfavorable and unjustified conclusions. And as for going out alone with comparative strangers—well, when a woman does that for fun, she has no kick coming if people immediately classify her with the sort of women who do not go out with comparative strangers, or others, for fun.

Condemn the double moral standard as much as you please, the fact remains that it is not the man who profits financially by commercialized vice, and it is good law and good sense to regard with suspicion the credibility of the witness who will profit if his testimony is true. When a woman deliberately puts herself in a compromising position and then brings an action against the man in the case, the probabilities are heavily in favor of its being a venture in blackmail, and the jury is entirely justified in refusing to accept her unsupported word on which to base a verdict.

Girls should be taught that when they go automobiling with men alone at night, they are thereby destroying the value of their own testimony in a court and consequently making it difficult, if not impossible, for the law to avenge them if they suffer for their rashness.

SEVEN WOMEN ON THE JURY.

In Cleveland, O., Thursday one of our numerous cute little murderesses got 20 years for her indulgence in target practice with a human target. The jury that found her guilty of manslaughter was composed of seven women and five men.

We thought so. A woman can put over pretty much anything on a collection of 12 sentimental males; but when women constitute a majority of the jurors there isn't a thing doing. We don't know whether or not Mrs. Champion is pretty; but probably she is, or she would never have attracted the attention of the man whom she murdered later. At any rate, she will have a couple of decades in which to meditate on the error of risking a trial for murder in a country which is able to draw women for jurors.

In the Bergen case a husband who killed his wife's lover was acquitted by a jury headed by a woman; but it was conclusively proved that the fellow was killed in a fair fight, so whatever else might have been the verdict, it could not have been murder in the first degree.

We shall watch with interest the outcome of the other cases in which women are on trial for killings when there are women on the jury. Our belief is that they will display a tendency to disregard everything but the cold facts in the case, and that the popular feminine diversion of shooting up people whom they don't like will be checked sharply.

The adoption of the suffrage amendment was a sad blow to women with a taste for murder.

GOOD ROADS AND LAND VALUES.

A little less than six miles of state highway 77, the Guilford-Forsyth section of which will be concreted within a few days, passes through what until a few years ago was a corner of Davidson county; following rather closely the location of the historical plank road. When it was proposed that this road should be regraded and relocated as a federal aid project—looking to eventual placing of hard surface—Davidson county took the view that it meant nothing to Davidson. So far as that county was concerned, the road led from nowhere to nowhere; moreover, the corner it cut across was, and is, poor soil for the most part, and as dreary, forsaken-looking a locality as one will find in a summer day's journey. Forsyth and Guilford wished a road built; without the participation of Davidson in the expense—a county and federal treasury project—nothing could be done, except to put that land in another county. To this Davidson, as is recalled, made no strenuous objection, evidently considering that an improved road away over there in the corner would be a county liability rather than an asset. So that land was annexed to Forsyth.

The grading was done as contemplated, and the counties paid their portion of it; but if Davidson could have been gifted with two or three years advance vision, which nobody else was, would that land have been surrendered without a struggle?

What was to happen included not only the embarking of North Carolina into the building of real roads, but a political exigency which, as Governor Morrison felt, practically forced him to appoint J. Elwood Cox on the highway commission as a representative of those Awful Radicals. The first thing Mr. Cox did was to make a list of the roads running into High Point, and among these was the old plank road. Maybe the joke, if there is any discernible, is on Forsyth; maybe it is on Davidson. Chances are that with the fine concrete road completed, notwithstanding the present poverty of the section transferred, it will become in a short time thickly populated and highly desirable as a revenue producer. This locality will afford, it seems, a particularly illuminating object-lesson as to the accretion of land values as a result of the construction of first-class roads.

Another exceedingly interesting experiment of the same sort in this district is found in the territory lying between Biscoe and Carthage, which is now about nine-tenths forest land, along the fine gravel road the state has lately constructed, where before there were no roads worthy of the name. The engineer who made the preliminary survey there says that he never followed the same route twice, as he was not using a compass and could hardly have done so otherwise. It was *terra incognito* to modern traffic—and now hundreds of cars traverse it daily. This road follows, in a general way, the northerly limit of the sandhills country, prehistoric ocean beach that is one of the state's wonderlands.

CONE PARK AND FOOTBALL.

While the establishment of Greensboro on the college football map is under consideration some of that may profitably be given to the circumstances that Cone park, while an excellent place for playing a football game, does not afford satisfactory opportunity for seeing one. The spectator must view the conflict from the end of the field where the lines of play foreshorten most, or if he would view it from a point of real vantage, must view it standing.

It may be that the remedy lies in changing the shape of the field so that it will be equally adapted to presentation of football and baseball as a spectacle, or that it lies in the provision of an auxiliary seating arrangement for the football matches. In any event, neither great ingenuity nor great expense will be necessary to effect an arrangement whereby football games may be seen to better advantage; and assurance that this will be worked out between seasons might have its weight in the invitations that are going to Trinity and Davidson and other colleges to send their teams here next fall.

Well, here is Henry Ford's Presidential campaign formally launched again, with the abolition of poverty as one of its attractions. It looks like a platform plank like that ought to be a sure winner, but when we remember the poor headway made by Brother Israel, of Henderson county, with that fascinating slogan of "equal property, one hour's work a day and no hell" we feel cautious about backing Henry as strongly as his platform really deserves to be backed.

PUBLIC PULSE

HONESTY AND CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Editor of the Daily News:

In the main, "Methodist," in your issue of today, seems to me to be right. When a man, lay or preacher, finds himself out of harmony with the church, he ought to "get out." Honesty can be satisfied with nothing less.

Getting out is not altogether easy. There may be some unpleasant publicity, and it is hard for many to believe that a man who deliberately quits his church can still be a good man, a Christian; bu this should cause no hesitaion. One is not required to avoid criticism; but he is required to be intellectually and spiritually honest.

There is no merit per se in being a member of a church, just as there is no demerit in not being a member. It all depends upon the character of the individual. A church is a society to be joined or quit as one wishes; and, certainly, one ought not to pretend to believe what is not believed. It would be an excellent thing if all those in the different churches who do not accept the beliefs, as taught, would withdraw, excellent for all.

W. H. SWIFT.

Greensboro, Nov. 3, '22.

THE REV. Mr. BOCHME AND BLACK MOUNTAIN FOLK.

Editor of The Daily News:

The man who catches the public ear during this period of overproduction in the varied fields of literature, on the hustings or on the lecture platform, must possess, at least, two rare gifts: fluency of speech coupled with a vivid imagination. For example, we would cite a late work of Conan Doyle's, entitled "The Lost World." Everyone familiar with this volume will recall the thrills experienced while reading this highly colored product of this master mind. So vivid is the portrayal that the reader can actually see the giant pterodactyl, with its 30-foot spread of leathery wings, cleaving the air in its droning flight; and then looking down into the stagnant lake, behold the scaly ichthyosaurus and stegosaurus insinuating their repulsive and mountain-like bodies through its turbid waters. Here, also, those venturesome Englishmen found and were held captive for sometime by a band of red monkeys, which were so nearly human as to supply the long sought for "missing link" in the Darwinian chain. This whole narrative grips you and is wonderful in its realism; yet, should the whole world start out to seek this wonderful plateau in South America, the alleged home of these prehistoric marvels, the record of the future historian in describing this quest, would be a parallel to that of Ponce de Leon, who, broken in health and fortune, spent his declining years in search of the fabled fountain of youth. Great and exceedingly rare are the gifts of the man who can show us things and make us shudder at their inordinate ugliness, only to have those things recede like the rainbow's end and dissolve into thin air when we seek personal contact with them.

The reading public has become some what calloused from the records of four years of world war and the daily happenings of the subsequent turbulent period through which we are now passing. Yet someone occasionally gives us a real thrill. The creators of "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Lost World" do not hold an absolute monopoly. A copy of the News has the following caption: "Folks live as in 18th century, says pastor; Rev. Harry Bochme, of Black Mountain, portrays conditions as pathetic." I immediately began reading this article; stopped, rubbed my eyes, readjusted my glasses and sought a better light and with varying thrills of emotion followed this hair-raising narrative to the end. The burden of this lecture and subsequent interview in the lobby of the O. Henry hotel presumes to be a description of the life, habits and environments of the people living in the Black Mountain section referred to as the "backwoodsmen."

Here are some of the high lights and salient points in this intensely interesting narrative:

"The only songs they know are the old English folk-lore ditties handed down from the time of Chaucer.

"Hardly a house in that part of the country has more than one window.

"They make splendid baskets. [Thanks.]

"They have no social life at all.

"If Christianized, they would make good citizens.

"They subsist, for the main part, upon the beasts of the fields and the fishes of the streams."

Now, Mr. Editor, it is neither our nature nor disposition to rush into a controversy, but such a fearful indictment as this, even by a "gentleman of the cloth," cannot go unchallenged.

Your correspondent is a 100 per cent. native born and reared mountaineer—proud of it and has no apologies to make. First saw the light in a mountain cabin within 10 miles of the present town of Black Mountain.

Heard his first steam whistle at the age of 14. Has been a life long resident of the immediate section. Is neither a professional nor business man. Just one of the plain common people. These qualifications, I think, entitle me to tell what the Black Mountain section is and who its people are.

The town of Black Mountain is centrally located in the township which bears its name, and is near the head of the great ellipse formed where the two mountain chains swing out north and south, just east of Swannanoa and bear around in a great circle of some 40 miles, forming this great ellipse at the very head of the Swannanoa valley. A formation unique, perhaps, in the valleys of the world. The major portion of the town's population are the former product of the surrounding country.

This little town has concrete streets and sidewalks, electric lights, telephone exchange, its own gravity water system. Has a high school plant worth at least $150,000, where 15 teachers are employed. Aside from the 11 grades in this school, a teacher is provided for vocal and instrumental music and another for domestic science department; 556 pupils were enrolled last year. A large and well equipped school bus passes twice during each school day through the entire length of the township carrying the children to and from school. There are five churches in town.

Black Mountain also has a $15,000 fire department equipped with a large Seagrave fire truck and every modern fire fighting equipment. This department is unique, in that the firemen own the building, grounds and equipment exclusively. Such is the efficiency and accomplishments of this organization, composed, for the most part, of boys who came in from the surrounding country, that cuts of this building and the history of this department are known in every state in the union.

Please note further, that Black Mountain is the pioneer or first township in North Carolina to issue local township bonds for the building of hard surfaced roads within the township.

The Central highway passes east and west through the entire township also through the town of Black Mountain and no finer drive nor wider thoroughfare can be found south of the Mason-Dixon line.

The record of the Black Mountain section's response to the three liberty loan drives, when reckoned from a per capita of wealth standpoint, was exceeded by no other place in the land that we have been able to get a record from. And the most gratifying feature was, no driving, coaxing nor persuading had to be done.

At the mill sites, in the outlying districts, where the products of the forests are manufactured into lumber, and where by the very nature of things nothing but temporary dwellings can exist, where one must locate this year and move again next year, you will find conditions and living just like you will find it over the entire world where this line of work obtains. And, in this connection I wish to say that with charity for all and malice toward none, I would respectfully suggest that if he, whose heart is burdened with such extreme solicitude for the benighted "back woodsman," would make even a casual visit to the crowded tenements and slums of the great cities of his native state, he would find more vice, degradation, insanitation and pollution there, in 30 minutes than he would find in a lifetime of travel among the "back woodsmen" of western North Carolina. What a limitless field there for breaking the shackles of vice and "Christianizing." How this reminds us of the most scathing arraignment of the ages; when the venerable prophet Naaman sought audience with King David and told him of the rich man whose flocks covered a thousand hills, had passed them by and seized upon a poor ewe lamb, the only earthly possession of a very poor man. Said David, "As the Lord liveth he shall die." Said the prophet Naaman, "Thou art the man." Consistency! what a rare jewel thou art.

This mountain people are more than 99 per cent descendants of their revolutionary forebears, and while the writer has not the pleasure of acquaintance with the respective heads of your county and city government, the men who hold the positions of trust and responsibility, he will venture the assumption that a careful check will show that a majority of these came from away back in the "sticks" of old Guilford; but sad to relate, the city bred and reared sons of these men seldom warm the seats that their fathers filled so many years with dignity and honor.

Close observation, for 40 years, of the ever increasing tide that flows from the rural districts to the towns and cities has furnished unmistakable proof that the country population is the great reservoir upon which the towns and cities must depend for their very life blood and but for this continuous infusion, could not very long exist.

"They would make good citizens if Christianized."

To the many thousands who visit this section each year, this declaration is too ridiculous to make even a clumsy joke, and would put Black Mountain and surroundings almost in a class with Timbuctu in darkest Africa, where no one would care to venture save such stout and heroic hearts as Livingstone, Stanley and Roosevelt.

This "back woodsman" above all things has an abiding and unshaken faith in the "Old Book," from Genesis to Revelation. High criticism, free thought and the teachings of Payne, Voltaire and Ingersoll have made no inroads on this abiding faith; and, if the engrafting of these modern and seemingly popular interpretations mean "Christianizing" him, we say with all reverence, may the good Lord long shield him from this process.

Having passed the meridian of the span of time allotted to man I carry with me, on the screen of memory, one picture that will never tarnish nor grow old, and that is my recollection of the stalwart old mountaineer with character as unassailable as the rock of Gibraltar and a heart of gold. I can yet feel the touch of the calloused hand that was laid upon my head, and hear again the words of encouragement and the benediction of good wishes for the barefoot boy. To these influences I owe all that I am; all that I hope to be. Then, to fail to defend them and the great mountain commonwealth whose foundations they laid by unbroken toil, hardships and sacrifice would prove us recreant to a most sacred trust.

C. C. Boone.

Black Mountain, Oct. 29, 22.

In Literary Boston.

Edward Bok said at a dinner party: "When I was a boy people visited New England to see Longfellow and Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. Today, however—"

Mr. Bok smiled:

"A sight-seeing automobile," he went on, "was trundling through the streets of Boston. The man with the megaphone was about to put the instrument to his lips when a young woman in a very short skirt twitched his coat tail and said impatiently:

"'Say, guide, let up on that heavy stuff. We've all heard a lot about the splendid Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Can't you show us inside a few of them for a change?'"—Boston Globe.

Pertinent.

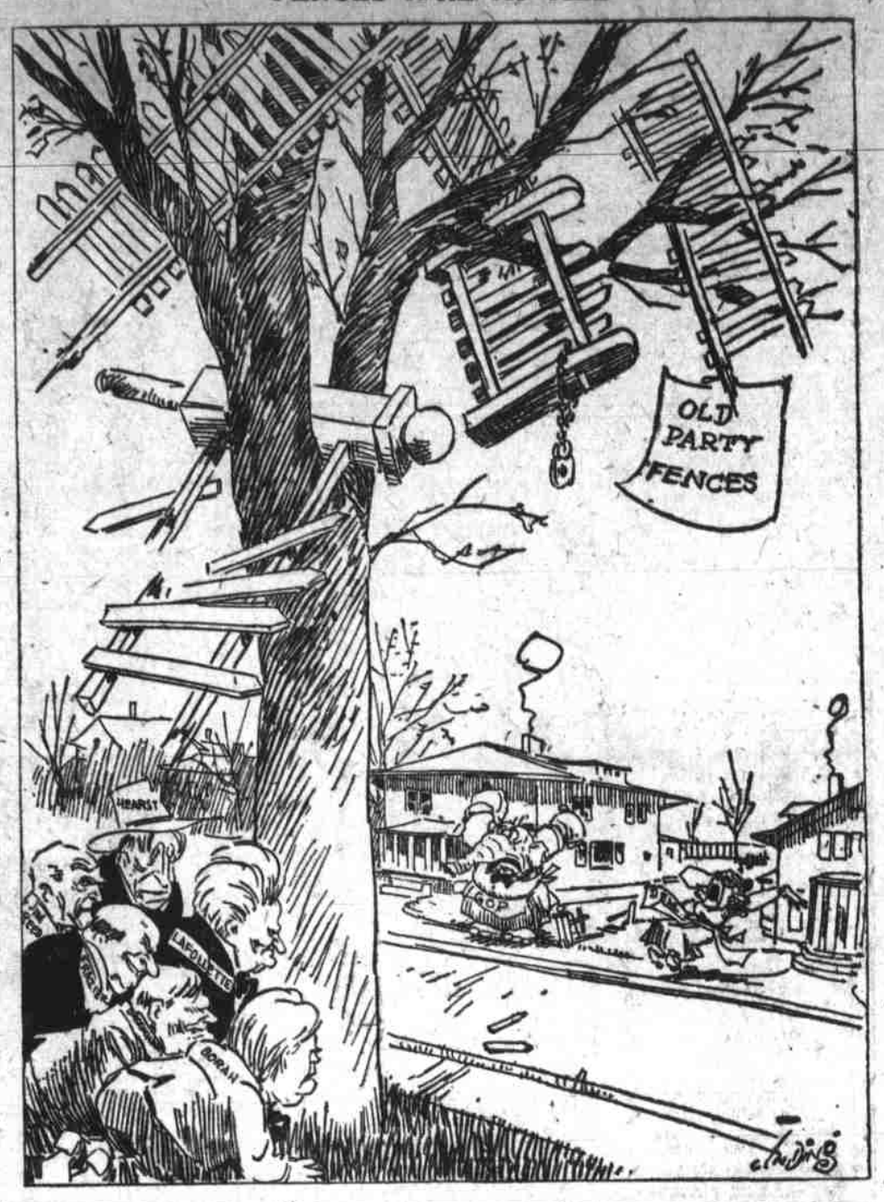
Mother: "Don't ask so many questions, Katie. Don't you know that curiosity once killed a cat?"

Katie: "What did the cat want to know, mother?"—Chicago Post.

The Shortest Story of All.

Chapter One—Maid One.
Chapter Two—Maid Won.
Chapter Three—Made One.
—London Daily News.

IF THIS KEEPS UP PEOPLE WON'T KNOW WHERE THEIR FENCES A RE AT ALL



From "The Waste Land."

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
* * * * * * *
What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.
—T. S. Eliot, in the Dial.

White Night.

Only silver and the crickets, and the moon straight up and still,
And a steamer thinking dim across the tide,
And the breathing of the backwash so thinly audible,
And the white night trembling wide.

The latch that holds the dream of a ghost lifts stealthily,
Lifts and stirs and lets a wind slip through;
And now the loosed wind raps a hollow knuckle on the sea,
And the sea stares a frightened blue.

The currents of the water fret against a sullen beach,
Soft phosphorous intrigues the hissing sand;
There is no voice, and yet I hear a strange and shadowy speech;
No hand, and yet I feel a hand!
—Joseph Auslander, New Republic.

Bad Off!

A certain actor who had been known for his matrimonial adventures, one day approached a physician and asked for a thorough physical examination.

"I want to see that I'm fit for a good many years yet, Doc," he said. "You know I'm to be married again soon, for the fifth time."

"M-m," muttered the examiner as he put the stethoscope to the actor's heart. "Of course this fifth lady is the only girl in the world for you, and this is positively your last matrimonial venture?"

"Oh, come, doctor," cried the Thespian, much alarmed. "I'm not as bad off as that, am I?"—Savannah Morning News.

His Square Meal.

The hobo had gone for two days without much to eat when he struck a farm house, where a reluctant housewife at last handed him out a big, square sandwich of hard ham and stale bread. A little while later a companion found him writhing in pain upon a convenient hayrick.

"What's the trouble?" the companion asked.

"De toughest luck ever," wailed the hobo. "I have just had a square meal, and the corners are scratching the life out of me!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A New Kind of Friction.

The insurance adjuster who had been investigating the fire turned to go.

"I came down here to find out the cause of this fire, and I have done so," he remarked.

"That's what I want to know. What caused it?" demanded the house owner.

"It's a plain case of friction?"

"What-ya-mean—friction?"

"The fire was undoubtedly caused by rubbing a three-thousand-dollar insurance policy on a two-thousand-dollar house."—Everybody's Magazine.

Easily Done.

Lil Shaver—"You aren't very strong, are you, Pop?"

Pop—"What makes you think so?"

Lil Shaver—"Why, every morning you try to cut the same strap with your razor and this morning I cut it in half the first try."

CLIFF HAWKINS IS GRANTED NEW TRIAL

Twice Sentenced to Die South Carolina Man Gets Another Chance.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 3.—Granting a new trial to Cliff Hawkins, of Greenville, who has twice had sentence of death passed upon him for the murder of William Morgan in 1920, the Supreme court of South Carolina today handed down a decision making drastic changes in the procedure to be followed in capital cases in the future, with a view to preventing unnecessary delays in executions.

The order provides that, after the state Supreme court has once affirmed a death sentence of the lower courts, the defendant can not obtain the benefit of a motion for a new trial on the ground of after-discovered evidence, the only course then open except with the consent of the Supreme court. If there be no sitting of that court between the day of sentencing and the date set for the electrocution, the defendant must secure from the governor a temporary reprieve to give him opportunity to present his case to the court.

Hawkins was sentenced to die October 1, 1920, for the murder of Morgan. It was alleged Hawkins shot Morgan after accusing him of making a report to officers in connection with the killing a few days earlier of Josey Craig by Hawkins. His attorneys served notice of intent to appeal, which action automatically stayed the execution.

ORGANIZE CHAMBER AT SOUTHERN PINES

Enthusiastic Meeting Held by Citizens of Famous Sandhills Resort.

Plans looking toward the organization of a chamber of commerce at Southern Pines, far famed resort for winter tourists, were enthusiastically discussed at a gathering of citizens of that town held at the mayor's office Thursday night.

C. W. Roberts, secretary of the local chamber of commerce, returned from the popular resort in the Sandhills yesterday, where he attended the big organization meeting and assisted in outlining plans for the establishment of the chamber.

Fifty enthusiastic citizens attended the gathering and it was decided to organize a chamber of commerce, employing a whole-time secretary, at the earliest possible time. An organization committee, composed of Thad Page, chairman, Royal B. Scott and Dr. Milliken, was appointed to complete organization plans. The committee will report on November 14, when officers will be elected, by-laws adopted and a secretary appointed.

COUNTRIES OF EUROPE SHAKEN BY THE TREND OF AFFAIRS IN ITALY

(Continued from Page One.)

when M. Caillaux may show considerable power. M. Caillaux's policy undoubtedly will be that of forgetting the execution of the treaty of Versailles and immediately getting down to sound business relations with Germany.

Germany Is Sullen

Germany is sullen and is likely thinking of mischief for the allies. All she needs is a flow of capital and her great manufacturing organization can shift overnight from engine to cannon and from machine to shell. Meanwhile she is working like mad.

Whereas in some nations reaction comes from the king, in others it is from the proletariat, and while the French spectre is Caillaux, trouble for Germany has been for the world at large. Thus Germany, with her national feeling quite definitely restored, finds now for herself in order that when the time is ripe in the future she may be helpful or menacing as the case outlined by her late enemies then demands.

Even more than the Turk, the German may still be regarded as being the most reactionary possibility in Europe. Therefore, even great powers nowadays often refer to the ancient slogan ahent the "balance of power."

COMMISSION FIGHTS UNREASONABLE RATES

Is Opposed to Schedule as Outlined In Central Association's Memorandum.

Greensboro Daily News Bureau,
No. 9 Woodward Building.

Raleigh, Nov. 3.—Unwilling to accept the revised rates of the carriers from central freight association territory to North Carolina points, the commission today announced that it will continue its "fight against the unreasonable present and proposed rates."

The commission's statement follows:

"The corporation commission has received from the carriers memorandum of revised rates they will propose from Central Freight association territory to North Carolina points. These revised proposals are submitted as result of the corporation commission's attacks upon their former proposals, and will be placed in the record by the carriers at the hearing in Cincinnati on November 9. The revised rates they now propose represent a reduction of 12 cents per hundred pounds from their former proposals to points in zone one from Winston-Salem to Raleigh, with no reduction to points east of Raleigh or south of zone one. The rates they now propose are but little less defensible than their formal proposals, and are in many cases still higher than full combination on Virginia cities. The corporation commission will of course continue its fight against the unreasonable present and proposed rates and for the adjustment which the commission has proposed in this case for reasonable through rates substantially less than the combination of rates on Virginia cities, and for the same adjustment to points east of Durham and Raleigh as to the western end of zone one."

Joseph B. Johnston to Talk to the Men's Class Sunday

Joseph B. Johnston, general manager of Barium Springs orphanage, will address the men's Bible class of the First Presbyterian church tomorrow morning, and all members of the church and others interested are being urged to hear him. Following his address, the class will make its Thanksgiving offering for Barium.

Mr. Johnston is a son of Rev. R. E. Johnston, a minister of the North Carolina synod, and was selected last year to assume the important post of directing the affairs of Barium Springs orphanage. He is a Davidson graduate and a former member of the Davidson football squad. He was a member of the class of '01. He is considered finely equipped for the work he is now doing; in fact has been demonstrating that fact for several months past. His appearance here tomorrow is an occasion of very real interest to all men vitally interested in the future of the orphanage and its work.

NEWS OF NEW BERN.

Rev. J. L. Hodges Returns From a Georgia Revival Meeting.

(Special to Daily News.)

New Bern, Nov. 3.—Rev. J. L. Hodges, pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church here, returned today from Georgia where he has just completed a two-weeks' revival.

Larry Whitford, formerly of this county, now of Silverdale, was the winner of the freshman medal in agriculture offered last year by Alpha Zeta honorary fraternity at State college, it has been learned here. Young Whitford's grades for last year averaged 93 but due to incomplete records his winning was not determined until a few days ago.

The funeral service for Mrs. Alice Miller Norstran, wife of J. W. Norstran, who died at her home here yesterday from heart failure, was conducted from the home this morning and followed by interment in Cedar Grove cemetery.

Eight Craven county precincts will be stumped by Democratic political speakers of this city tomorrow, according to the program announced today by George T. Willis, chairman of the executive committee.