

THE DURHAM RECORDER

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MURRYGRAPHS.

All the cooks may quit; but D. Cook—never.

Speaking of circulation, the Durham Daily Sun has the goods.

A good many lawyers alter cases rather than circumstances.

You didn't expect the oyster trust to say anything about its business, did you?

No; Senator Lorimer is not going to resign. He had too much trouble getting there.

Some have fallen off the water wagon, and they say they always did like to walk anyway.

Everybody is getting the aviation fever. Any number of people are daily flying into a rage.

Poppy gowns are the latest. They are waistless. The old mother Hubbard under a new name.

There are two classes of people who never complain of cold weather. Women with new furs and boys with ice skates.

A writer, speaking of a certain baseball player, says his greatest weakness is low balls. This is better than "high balls."

Over this entire land there are people calling for a square deal; while there are equally as many wanting a square meal.

A way to check the growth of your bills is to pay them with checks. This makes apparent the beauty of the Durham banks.

The year 1911 should be the greatest business year that Durham has ever known. It will be if all hands will pull together and work for it.

A New Jersey justice has declared umbrellas public property. What do you think of that? We'll wager a Lincoln penny that he has been using some one else's all the time.

The dispatches tell us that the failure of the Carnegie Trust company didn't cause a ripple on Wall street. The Wall street fellows were off shearing the lambs.

Skyscrapers in Chicago can go so high and so higher. The limitation is fixed at 200 feet. It is a sad commentary upon a Chicagoan when he can build no higher than two hundred feet. We tremble for his future.

A college professor says the head of the modern woman is stuffed with too many things. No doubt about that, Professor. They are wearing all kinds of hair, and stuffed rolls and puffs, and they do not know where it comes from, either.

The president has announced that he will not take the initiative in bringing together in holy accord the belligerent wings of the republican party known as the stand-patters and the insurgents. He says that he will address himself to the business of the country and leave any peace program to the contending parties.

In Kansas they have found a man living with his brain gone. That's nothing. A Georgia editor announced the other day that a good farmer had bought him a nice lot of backbone and brains—the first he had enjoyed in some time.

J. Milton Johnston, of the Greenville Reflector force, has a decided talent for naming animals. His latest effort is to train an old gander to see-saw, jump through a hoop, and follow him around. This is not the first time a newspaper man has taught an old goose new tricks.

A man will let his barber talk him to death, and get furious with his wife for saying a tenth as much.

THE NATIONAL RELIGIOUS TRAINING SCHOOL.

The negro of the south is solving his own problem. By this we mean those who have a pride of citizenship about them, and wish to be benefactors to their race, and raise a standard of correct, useful living, that will be a standard for the shiftless ones, and a shining example of encouragement to the lower strata in their race. The Durham negroes have risen far above most communities in their high standard of morality and thrift. They have extensive businesses here that are a wonder to the uninitiated. They are uplifting endeavors for the colored man, and are salutary in their influence and results.

Booker Washington, in planning and operating a great school for the mechanical education of the negro, has wrought well, and his work is of national fame. There is in Durham a negro, Dr. James E. Shepard, who has gone a step farther and higher, and evolved a great system for the uplift of his race—the religious training of the religious teachers and religious workers of the negro race, and by this religious culture awaken the sluggish dormant energies of the individual and turn them into channels of usefulness and service. A religious training will tend to the care of the educational and industrial side of life. This is the fundamental idea of the National Religious Training school, an institution, beautifully located near the city of Durham, and where its property now totals over \$40,000. This school is rising as a lasting memorial to the thought and labors of Dr. James E. Shepard, who is one of the foremost men of this race in the south today.

This school, as its name indicates, is national in its field; is interdenominational in character; thorough in intellectual processes, evangelical in doctrine; reverent in spirit; pedagogical in methods and practical in aim. It is unique in its idea and particularly practical in operation. There are already four large, handsome buildings erected on the grounds, and the school is in successful operation with 135 students. The summer school, the past summer, was largely attended, and was visited by some of the most distinguished educators in the United States, white as well as colored.

The needs of the institution now are \$25,000 for buildings; \$5,000 for extension work; \$1,000 for water; \$5,000 for equipment; \$25,000 for the erection of a medical missionary building. All that has been done has been by generous donations here and elsewhere, and these present needs will be supplied when the charitable people learn what this Durham negro and his associates are doing.

Dr. Shepard will soon go out on a mission in behalf of this school to awaken new zeal and interest in his work. Beginning January 15th ex-Gov. R. B. Glenn will go on a two weeks' tour north, making speeches and telling of the work. For one week, beginning January 29th, Judge Jeter C. Pritchard will go to New England for the same purpose. These are significant facts, and show that the southern white man—especially North Carolinians—have faith in Dr. Shepard's work, and are willing to lend him a helping hand.

A DISGRACE TO DURHAM

It is a disgrace to Durham (and nearby towns) that quarantine measures to prevent the spread of disease which the city health officer is unable to handle, and it is a credit to the town that the necessary steps are not taken at once to get out small pox. If the officers did their duty as they should would not be necessary to pass resolutions requiring compulsory vaccination if the condition of the situation is no better by the thirteenth of the month. The passing of these resolutions instead of visiting every home in the city and making a careful inspection is only to be expected in inefficient and incapable men handling the situation. Unsanitary conditions have been allowed to exist in this city, and exist now, and yet no effort is being made to have them removed, and with this confronting them, how can the officers expect to rid Durham of the loathsome disease. In passing the resolutions, it is stated that "compulsory vaccination shall be enforced as a resort for the safe-guarding of the health of the city."

What a farce on the people this is. When was it first used in its fullest sense? Why place the responsibility on the people of every section of the city for a situation that a few men have failed to overcome? Now Mr. 15th Officer if you can not

handle the situation, why if you say so, and let some other men come that have been able in the past cope with the situation. People of Durham do not want it; they want practical demonstration that the men they pay is able to do all the requirements. Why have faith in all if he is not able? It is known that new cases being added to the list daily, yet it is announced from headquarters that the situation is improving, as people have been fooled long enough, now they want facts and shall have them.

IT WAS AWAY

The other day, in Ohio, United States deputy marshals seized 6,200 cans of tomato paste amounting to 124,000 pounds, the paste being used in hotels and restaurants for tomato soup. The marshals found the paste in a box in which it had been shipped in a town in New Jersey. The marshals followed the trail of a libel in district court charged that the paste was putrid, decayed and contained filthy matter. Pure food experts who sample paste after it left the Jersey factory charged that it contained a billion bacteria of unhealthy nature to the cubic centimeter. They say the paste is made of leavings after the pulp has been squeezed dry in the manufacturer's catsup, the dry pulp being mas into powdered form and canned. Now and then the true inwardness of a table delicacy comes to light, think of half a billion unhealthy bacteria to a cubic centimeter of tomato paste! What a risk in tomato soup in Chicago!

AN IMPIAL LYNCHING.

If the Durham police had two desperadoes cored in a house from which they did not escape, it is hardly probable that they would call for the help of the United States army, or of the state militia, in addition to the fire department, in capturing them. That such a performance occurred in London, the tragic end which was the burning of the high quaries alive in the have happened here is almost inconceivable. Why the London fire brigade was ordered to drown out the criminals with copious streams of water is a mystery. That could have been done, probably, in a day. As it was, the "only" things lacking in the greatest battle the empire has seen since the capture of Gene Conje was a 10-inch siege gun action and Winston Churchill riding a white horse, instead of a huge about afoot, on the scene of the stillities. From the American point of view, this London horror was first class imperial lynching.

RICE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Harvard professor says \$20 would be an excessive price for the baby body, but other economists say a baby's value high, the price ranging from \$700 to \$6,000. All this is, however, academic. There exists at present no way of ascertaining what an average baby is worth, says the Birmingham Age-Herald. A supposedly average baby may become a Beethoven or a Lincoln, and there is no way of measuring and appraising its worth while it is small.

The average baby becomes, however, as a rule the average man, and it is the average man that makes the world go round. Leadership is valueless unless the led are intelligent and capable of discipline. The Superman is a doubtful investment, while the average man fills the business of the world. No one knows what an average baby is worth to an imaginary investor or to anyone else except a Harvard professor who deals in academic figures.

WE SUSPECT HIGH LIVING.

With the exception of the death of Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, no event of very great importance has occurred in Washington within the past two weeks. The death of Mr. Elkins makes it certain that there will be two democratic senators from his state. Senator Scott, of West Virginia, will be succeeded by a democrat, and the legislature being democratic will elect a senator of that party to succeed Senator Elkins. The late senator was one of the wealthiest of what has been called, the "American House of Millionaires." His death is generally explained in the press as caused by over work, at the late congressional session, but anyone at all familiar with the facts, will not be slow to attribute his illness to high living. He no doubt had a powerful constitution, but no constitution can forever withstand a perpetual banquet

LAND OF LONG LEAF PINE SOME HOUSEHOLD HINTS

WHERE SPINDLES RUM AND EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES.

Granville has pulled out of the list of pauper counties—that is paying into the state treasury more than she receives.

Two assignments were made in Louisa county recently. J. M. Joyner, a grocer, and the Alston company, general merchandise.

Raleigh has decided to enforce her anti-spitting ordinance. It was put in effect today, but has been on the book for a long time.

C. E. Bradley, a jeweler of Greenville, has made an assignment. W. S. Atkins is made assignee. Assets about \$3,800; with liabilities about \$3,000.

Rockingham county, Saturday, held primaries to discuss road improvement, and elect delegates to a mass meeting to be held on the 14th. They favor a \$500,000 bond issue.

B. O. Stone, a prominent merchant of Wilmington, has acquired the interest of W. J. Moore in the Terry-more hotel at Wrightsville Beach, the consideration being in the neighborhood of \$45,000.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the city schools of Goldsboro, Saturday afternoon, the board suspended school for ten days on account of an epidemic of measles, together with the whooping cough.

Webster's Weekly says the varmint has not been found out that Reidsville is a city. A weasel was seen near the municipal building, a short time ago a possum was caught near a drug store. Came in to learn city tricks, no doubt.

A Dandy Dialogue. In a southern town one morning a colored man called upon a neighbor. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the dialogue ran something like this:

"Kinder cold dis maw'nin'."

"Kinder. Think mebbe it's gwine to rain."

"Mebbe it is. Is Dan in?"

"Shore; he's in."

"Kin I see him?"

"No, sirree."

"But I wants to see him bad."

"I's sorry, but you can't see him. Dan's dead."

"Go 'way. You's jokin'."

"No, I ain't jokin'. He's dead all right."

"He die sudden?"

"He die very sudden."

"Yo' shore 'bout dat?"

"Just as shore as I kin be."

At this point the caller hesitated a moment, and then added:

"He say anything 'bout a bucket of whitewash befo' he died?"—Lippincott's.

Swung His Lantern. A lawyer tells a story of an accident at a railway-cross at night, in which a farmer's cart was struck and demolished and the farmer injured.

"I was counsel for the railway," says the lawyer, "and I won the case for the defense mainly on account of the testimony of an old colored man, who was stationed at the crossing. When asked if he had swung his lantern as a warning the old man swore positively:

"I surely did."

"After I had won the case I called on the old negro," says the lawyer, "and complimented him upon his testimony. He said:

"Thankee, Marse Jawn, I got along all right; but I was awfully scared, 'cause I was 'fraid dat lawyer man was goin' ter ask me was my lantern lit. De oil done got spilled by accident."—Tit-Bits.

Too Smart for a Lawyer. B. Davis Noxon was one of the ablest lawyers in Central New York. A young man entered his office as a student and was given Blackstone to study. At the end of a month he asked Mr. Noxon what he should read next.

"Do you understand Blackstone?"

"Yes," was his answer.

"Read Kent," was the order.

In another month he announced that he had finished Kent and "What next?"

"Have you read Blackstone and Kent?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand them?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Mr. Noxon, "you had better go at some other business; you are too smart to be a lawyer."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stout Woman's Moust. She must—Keep an erect carriage. Keep trim and neat. Be dainty in her table manners. Keep her elbows off the table. Appear dignified. Keep away from excitement. Control her temper. Wear cool appearing colors. Buy no over-ornamental headgear. Not hesitate to laugh. Eat sparingly. Wear long corsets. Buy shoes of stout leather, dull preferred. Comb her hair slightly loose at sides. Above all, no wabble.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Handy to Have Around the House. A fence. A quarter. The snow shovel. Presents left over from last year. A wife who is in most of the day. A husband who isn't out every evening. A whole week's wages when the month's rent is due. A few children to keep yourself from thinking too much about yourself.—Boston Herald.

MY TRUNDLE BED. As I rummaged through the attic listening to the falling rain, As it pattered on the shingles— And against the window-pane— Peeping over chests and boxes, Which with dust were thickly spread, Saw I in the farthest corner What was once my trundle bed. So I drew it from the recess, Where it had remained so long; Hearing all the while the music Of my mother's voice in song. As she sang in sweetest accents, What I since have often heard: "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed." As I listened, recollections Which I thought had been forgot Came with all the gush of memory Rushing, thronging to the spot, And I wandered back to childhood, To the merry days of yore, When I knelt beside my mother, By this bed upon the floor. Then it was with hands so gently Placed upon my infant head That she taught my lips to utter Carefully the words she said. Never can they be forgotten, Deep are they in memory riven; "Hallowed be Thy name, Oh, Father! Father, Thou who are in Heaven." This she taught me, then she told me Of its import great and deep, After which I learned to utter "Now I lay me down to sleep," And it was with hands uplifted And in accents soft and mild, That my mother asked our Father, "Father, do thou bless my child." Years have passed and that dear mother Long has moldered 'neath the sod, But I trust her sainted spirit Revels in the home of God. But that scene at summer twilight Never has from memory fled, And it comes in all its freshness, When I see my trundle bed. The First National Bank DURHAM, N. C. JULIAN S. CARR, President. W. J. HOLLOWAY, Cashier.

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