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All articles sent to the Daily News for publication must be signed by the writer, otherwise they will not be published.

WEDNES, APRIL 23, 1914.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

On April 11 the News criticized the action of the Board of Education in creating the office of assistant supervisor of schools for Beaufort county.

We presume this is the criticism referred to by Superintendent Privette in his article published in today's News, as this is the only public criticism we know of.

We do not quite understand how Supt. Privette can qualify his statement that no new office has been created, he is well aware that this office was not in existence prior to the meeting of the board of April 6. We do not see the difference between a new office and a new position, there may be a distinction without a difference so far as the people's money is concerned.

We are of the opinion that as the superintendent says "the predominant spirit of the people is for progress," but not for the few at the cost of the many.

Taking Mr. Privette's statement to be true, that is to say, "The great majority of our teachers are women and that a lady assistant supervisor will do a work that no superintendent has done or can ever be able to do." Then would it not be a better policy and economy for the board to employ a lady superintendent instead of a man. We submit that if a lady supervisor can control and advise a majority of the teachers in the county in a more advantageous and satisfactory manner than can a man, then the lady is the one to be named as superintendent, and let her assume all the duties of the office without an assistant.

Mr. Privette says: "We must not lose sight of the fact that any system of city schools would be considered incomplete, did not it have its supervising principal, whose duty it is to advise with the teachers and help them with their problems."

This statement coincides with our opinion and we think the duties of the city superintendent and those of the county superintendent are one and the same, to-wit: It is the duty of each to superintend and supervise the schools under their jurisdiction.

There can not be much comparison made of the two positions, because the city superintendent's work extends over a period of eight to nine months each year, while that of the county superintendent is confined to five months of the year, and he has seven months in which to outline his work and perfect his organizations in the various districts. Superintendent Privette's plan might be a feasible one in a community where the schools have reached a higher stage of development than has Beaufort county, but for the present there is other work which should receive the attention and funds of the board before employing an assistant supervisor, who will, as the superintendent says, supervise only about ten schools each year.

Below are some of the things for which we think this money could be spent more wisely:

In Beaufort county there are 74 white schools, only 41 of which have school buildings, which come up to the plans and requirements of the State Board of Education. The County Board might use this money to help these communities build better school houses and in places where the citizens are not able to raise their part of the money, would it not be the part of wisdom to erect the buildings for them and let them repay it as they could?

In the 74 white schools there are probably about 100 teachers and we dare say 90 per cent of them are not paid more than enough to make a bare living with nothing left for which to provide against sickness, accident or old age. Is this policy a sensible one? Could not the money which the board proposes to pay an assistant supervisor be spent in a better cause by increasing the salaries of some of the underpaid teachers?

There are other things which we could suggest that would be worth as much to the cause of education

and more to the communities than will an assistant supervisor.

In his explanation Mr. Privette admits that he has not had sufficient time to familiarize himself with conditions throughout the county, therefore he is not in an impregnable position. He should at least have paid a visit to each of the schools under his supervision before making recommendations which involve, as we see it, the unnecessary expenditure of several hundred dollars of the school funds. He attempts to justify his action by the statement that the expenditure for an assistant will not create a deficit. If the employing of an assistant would not make a deficit then the same amount spent in teachers' salaries or in new school buildings would not create a deficit.

It is gratifying to know that the School Board has more funds than are necessary to conduct the schools for the required length of time. Let's have a six months' school term instead of five.

\$12.50 TO JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Confederate Veterans Reunion

Tickets on sale May 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7; good returning to reach destination prior to midnight May 15, 1914.

Extension may be obtained by deposit of ticket with special agent, 21 E. Forsythe St., Jacksonville, Fla., not later than May 15, 1914, upon payment of fee of 50c.

Stopovers allowed in both directions. Side trips from Jacksonville from Jacksonville at very low rates to all Florida, Georgia and Alabama points by applying Atlantic Coast Line ticket office, 13 W. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla. Tickets on sale May 6 to 10, inclusive, limited to June 2nd, 1914. A splendid chance to visit Florida at unusually low rates.

For any information address S. R. CLARY, Agt ATLANTIC COAST LINE, Standard Railroad of the South, W. J. CRAIG, T. C. WHITE, P. T. M. G. P. A.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS

State of North Carolina, County of Beaufort—In the Superior Court, May term, 1914.

J. S. Shaw vs. Irene Shaw—The Defendant, Irene Shaw will take notice:

That the Plaintiff J. S. Shaw has instituted an action in the Superior Court of this county, for the purpose of obtaining an absolute divorce from the defendant, on the grounds as set forth in the complaint filed in this cause on this date, and the defendant is further notified and required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of Beaufort county, N. C., to which this summons is returnable, beginning on the ninth Monday after the first Monday in March, it being May 4th, 1914, and answer or demur to the complaint now filed in this cause or the relief therein prayed for will be granted.

Witness my hand, this March 24, 1914. GEO. A. PAUL, Clerk Superior Court.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES AT FACTORY PRICES

SAVE FROM 30 TO 60 PER CENT

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All other sizes in stock. Non-skid tires 15 per cent additional. Red tubes ten per cent above gray. All new, clean, fresh, guaranteed tires. Best standard and independent makes. Buy direct from us and save money. 5 per cent discount if payment in full accompanies each order. C. O. D. on 10 per cent deposit.

TIRE FACTORIES SALES CO. Dept. A. Dayton, Ohio.

FOR TREASURER.

To the Democrats of Beaufort County:

I take this method of announcing my candidacy for the office of Treasurer of Beaufort county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries. If nominated and elected I hereby pledge myself unreservedly to the two term policy. I will not be a candidate for, nor will I accept the office after the expiration of my second term. Should I be elected I will administer the duties of the office with promptness and dispatch, using courtesy to all, giving to the people of Beaufort county the same care, zeal and faithfulness I have endeavored to exercise towards them for the last sixteen years, as chairman of the Board of Education.

Respectfully, E. W. AYERS.

GOLDS & LAGRIPPE

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Chills & Fever, Colds & LaGrippe; it acts on the liver better than Colomel and does not sicken or sicken. Price 25c.

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Everything before him, Slade's probable gubernatorial, flashed through her mind like a burning streak of electric fire. With him, with his woman, what a career lay before a woman! Just as suddenly she found herself wondering what sort of a woman had been a mate to this man for so many years. She was conscious of a poignant pang of envy—jealousy almost—against this woman who had the opportunity which was denied her.

"Well, what do you think of your own country, now you're back?" she heard Slade's voice saying. "Seen big to you?"

"Oh, I like Washington," she said, bringing herself back to the conversation with difficulty.

Her father, noticing her abstraction, remarked indignantly: "See-see, Washington, Slade. She likes the East, but she doesn't let it to everybody on account of father's votes. Now, Slade and I love our western city, eh, Slade?"

"Well, with some reluctance, it's a good starting point," Slade admitted. "Ah!" Katherine exclaimed, now thoroughly herself again. "There's a man for you! He's not going to let a town stand in his way. Mr. Slade, this is father's Waterloo. He's been a great disappointment to me. That's the worst of parents. We children never know how they're going to turn out. If father had only listened to me, it would have been Washington for him—Washington for me. But he wouldn't cross the Delaware. He wouldn't leave the West. If there'd only been a drop of Napoleon in father, she concluded with a sudden burst of vehemence.

"Napoleon!" repeated the senator. "Yes, Napoleon. He got what he wanted, and nothing ever stood in his path. I just love the way he rode over poor old Josephine's heart, don't you?"—and she turned to Slade.

"But he was right!" she continued, earnestly, as if she were making a plea for something that lay very close to her own heart. "Why should we let anyone hold us back? I would've. But mother didn't want to leave the West, so father stuck to his town and his friends and his state. Now he stands in the background and boosts other men politically."

"He wants to boost you," she added, suddenly.

"Letting out secrets," her father accused, playfully.

But Katherine was never more serious. "You're his dark horse," she persisted.

"You're a lucky man, senator," Slade broke in, as he watched Katherine admiringly. "You're a lucky man to have a charming young woman behind you in the race."

"That's all we women are for," answered Katherine, bitterly, "standing behind some man and watching him do things."

"Why child alive, you do things yourself," the senator remonstrated. "She makes busts, Slade—heads. Done some big guns in Europe."

Katherine sighed and leaned back wearily in her chair. "Oh, in my feminine way, I model," she admitted. "But if there'd been one drop of Napoleon in father I shouldn't have had to fall back on molding clay. I should have been molding," she hesitated, and then finished daintily, "opinions and people."

CHAPTER III.

Just how much more freely Katherine might have revealed her aims and inspirations, Slade could not know for at that moment the butler appeared and engaged his attention.

As the man withdrew, Slade spread wide his arms and announced grandiloquently:

"The gentleman of the water-front crowd, if you please, Mr. Wesley Merritt, the gentleman who wasn't going to darken my door, is here!"

He broke off with a loud, mirthless laugh. As well as any man who ever lived, he liked to feel the grip of his own power. He had come to the point where it was genuine satisfaction to humble men and conquer things.

"Wesley Merritt!" the senator was almost too surprised for speech. "After his abuse of you in the paper today—And Hunt! How did you do it?"

"This is the sort of thing I like," broke in Katherine, eagerly. "Oh, it's so exciting," she declared, her eyes glowing with eagerness and animation. "Oh, Mr. Slade, how did you make them know-tow?"

Slade's reply was prevented by the brusque, excited entrance of Merritt and Hunt. The pair, angry and beligerent, strode into the room without a word. Merritt, small, wiry, energetic, was in the lead, followed closely by his shadow and echo, Hunt.

"Is it true?" he demanded angrily, before he realized that Slade was not alone. "How do you do, senator—Miss Strickland!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Lovely home you have, Mr. Slade," he added, trying to adjust himself to the scene he had not expected.

"An astonishing rumor has reached us, Mr. Slade," he finally declared, getting down to the business of his invasion. "It concerns you, senator. It concerns every public-spirited man in the city. Is it true, Slade, that you have bought up our entire water-front on which our residences—our old homes—the mansions of the city face, and that you intend building factories there?"

"Why, yes," Slade admitted, with maddening calmness. "What?" Strickland almost shouted, completely astonished.

"But—but it can't be done," Merritt was so excited now that he stammered his words.

"It can't be done," echoed Hunt. He was well paid for living an echo. "Our best people live there," protested Merritt.

"I live there," Hunt added, with so complicated emphasis.

"All of us," Merritt continued, "take pride in the view about the water-front. It's damnable. Why, out of common decency, man—What do you want of factories, anyway?" he demanded, completely angered and out of patience.

Slade's voice was almost a drawl, it was so low-pitched and so provocatively calm. "Why didn't you and your associates protect your holdings?" he inquired.

"How'd you know a man with millions would come along and buy up the whole beach?" Merritt's wrath was getting beyond the control that Katherine's presence demanded.

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"Are we going to be had?" demanded Merritt, "are we going to stand for this?" and he turned abruptly toward the door.

"Don't you think you'd better hang Mr. Slade busy in some other way," Strickland repeated.

"I don't," Merritt flung back over his shoulder as he left the room, following an usual by Hunt.

Merritt's hasty departure was the signal for Katherine to adjust her dress and remark: "We must be late for twelve."

Hayes followed her. "I must see you alone, Katherine. You're still free—there's no foreigners on the scene, to thee, Katherine?"

"Bob," Katherine's voice was sweet but firm. "I don't think I shall ever marry now."

"Oh, nonsense," he protested. "No, even more positively. The more I see of men—but what's the use? There never was but one man I could have got on with, and I didn't happen to live in his time."

"Who was the boy?" Hayes asked, lightly.

"Strange," Katherine replied, pensively. "I've just been talking about him—Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Oh, Lord—that fellow!" Hayes was much relieved. "Can I have tomorrow evening?"

"Yes, if you—yes—tomorrow evening, Bob."

Her voice lingered a bit on the Bob, and with quick impulsiveness Hayes caught her hand and kissed it.

In another minute she had turned to Slade.

"Oh, Mr. Slade, won't you let me make a head of you?"

"A head of me?" Slade repeated in surprise.

"Think it over," Katherine suggested, as she and her father went out, leaving Hayes and Slade watching her proud, graceful figure until it disappeared from view.

Slade looked critically at Hayes for a moment or two after the girl had gone.

"Oh, now I remember," he suddenly exclaimed. "You're the chap she gave up for Paris a long time ago!"

"When she was twenty-one and I was twenty-four and just out one inch of a western lawyer, six feet on the woods. How does Mrs. Slade take to this governorship business?" he finished, abruptly.

"She doesn't take to it," Slade's voice was hard.

"I was afraid she wouldn't."

"Well, nobody's going to stand in my way." A malignant light shined in his eyes.

"In my eye, I'm out to win."

In spite of the fact that he was in full evening attire, he thrust his hands into his pockets and almost strutted about the room. "I outgambled that crowd here tonight. By God, I did! Do you know—" He paused in his walk and looked down on Hayes' six feet sprawled over one of the broad chairs—there's just a little drop of that fellow—Napoleon Bonaparte—in me!"

"Napoleon Bonaparte got on by leaving a woman behind," Hayes returned, seriously refusing to enter into Slade's spirit of self-satisfied good humor.

"You mind your own d—n business, Bob," Slade turned on him, suddenly. "All right—I'm off to the opera. I only meant that Napoleon was a bad boy for you to follow, because he treated his first wife like a dirty dishrag. That's why I'm glad that second little Austrian beauty paid him back. That's all. I love Mrs. Slade. When I was sick with fever in your infirmary camp she was a mother to me."

"Don't forget that I made you," Slade reminded him. "I, and he tapped his chest. "I gave you your chance."

"I don't. All the same I'd hate to see you elected, because of Mrs. Slade. It seems to be the regular thing, becoming universal, for a very successful man to leave home the minute he's on his feet. Good night."

"One minute, Bob. You've given me a lot of good advice. I'll give you some. Are you in love with that girl?"

"Yes," Hayes grinned; "good night. Is that all?"

"No," Slade paused, watching Hayes through narrowed eyelids. "That girl needs a large pile with every one of her fingers in it. Bob, I'm sorry for you. Your pile isn't big enough."

"Well—it's my pile," Slade said, with a slight smile.

"Don't you think you'd better hang Mr. Slade busy in some other way," Strickland repeated.

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Daniel Slade.

"Slade, if you persist in this," he thundered. "I'm going to take off my coat and hit back. My paper has an enormous outside circulation, and I'll bust you once every day. If you propose running for governor, you won't get one vote in your own town. And in one month, or less, you'll find San Francisco has a gorgeous climate."

Slade was unperturbed by Merritt's threats or Merritt's bulldozing. "All right, Merritt," he advised, good-naturedly, "go ahead with your paper, I'll take my chances."

"You will, eh?" Merritt's tone was ominous. "What sort of factories are you going to build?"

"Well," drawled Slade, coolly, "I was thinking of putting up glass factories!"

"Glue!" The one word jumped from everyone's mouth at once. "Glue!" they all repeated, and looked at each other in consternation.

"The h—l you say," then remembering himself. "I beg your pardon, Miss Strickland."

"It can't be done," Merritt went on. "You