

## HEROES OF SIXTIES AGAIN HONORED

### ANOTHER MEMORIAL DAY IN WASHINGTON OBSERVED WITH FITTING CEREMONY

Mr. R. V. Taylor of Mobile, Ala. The Orator Of The Day. Crosses of Honor Bestowed by Children Of The Confederacy. Monuments Dedicated at Oakdale. Veterans Given Dinner at The Armory. Day Delightfully Spent.

Memory's book was again opened today and the deeds of those who followed the destinies of the immortal Lee and gallant "Stonewall" Jackson were told in song and story. The soldier of the Confederacy is beloved today as he was when he lay down his arms on the Appomattox battle field. He was young and active then—now, his hair is whitened with snows of years and time—his cheek has furrowed his cheek deeper, notwithstanding that their life's afternoon greets them and the picket line of heaven is just beyond their healthy and devoted service shall be celebrated in song and story, and shall be borne in loving memory while time shall last.

"Lament them not  
No love can make immortal,  
That span which we call life;  
And never heroes passed to Heaven's portal.

From fields of grander strife.  
Although the elements threatened to interfere with the day's program and while the exercises were in progress at the New Theater the skies frowned and poured forth rain and hail the King of Day soon decreed otherwise and soon all nature smiled. Thus the mounds of those who sleep in the City of the Dead were decorated with spring flowers beneath a canopy of blue, unmarred by cloud and blot and the tombstones nestling from bow on to the graves of the boys of the sixties greeted their living comrades surrounded with all nature dressed in its best robes. This was well, for if there are any whose deeds and valor should be told amid the brightest of environments 'tis those who donned the gray. Beneath the sighing pines, the lullabies of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the Confederate soldier was today exalted in a way befitting and no where in our Southland was the day more beautifully observed than in Washington, where some of the bravest of the brave went forth to war for home and native land. May the tenth of May never fade—may the devotion of those still living increase as the years come and go and when all those who sheathed their swords and stocked their muskets at the mandate of "Marse Bob," shall have all bivouaced for the last time, may their record of heroism be not only engraven in tablets of stone, but forever impressed indelibly in letters ineffaceably upon the hearts of those who follow.

To the good women of Washington, particularly those of the U. D. C., is the success of Memorial day due. With a love for country second only to those who gave their life-blood, they in season and out of season, each year toils day and night to make the last days of the veteran what it should be—one of joy and gladness and on this Memorial day the Daily News would place at their feet a bouquet of choicest flowers. But for their time's finger would have ere this blotted from memory the boys of other years.

New Theater.  
The exercises of the day opened at the New Theater at 10 o'clock and were in keeping with the programs so happily arranged heretofore. Rev. W. H. Call, one of the boys in gray, was master of ceremonies. The stage of the theater was attractively decorated in the Confederate colors and banners. Besides the orator of the day, members of the reception committee, Chief Marshal W. Patrick and others occupied seats on the platform.

After Rev. W. H. Call had made a few preliminary remarks the choir sang that old familiar song composed by the immortal Garton. "Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's Blessings Allend her.

The invocation was made by Rev. R. L. Gay, pastor of the First Baptist church. The next number on the program, always brings forth applause from the veterans. It was a song rendered by the Children of the Confederacy. The roll call of comrades was solemnly called by Rev. W. H. Call.

The speaker of the day, Mr. R. V. Taylor, of Mobile, Ala., was happily presented by Captain John G. Bragaw, one of Washington's esteemed citizens and brave soldiers. Mr. Taylor is a native of the "Old North State," being born in New Bern, but for the major portion of his life has been residing in Alabama. He is vice-president and General of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and has been service with this road for thirty-seven years. Coming back to the state of his nativity was a happy privilege to him and what he had to say to the Confederates was indeed planted in receptive hearts. Mr. Taylor said:

The Address.  
Daughters of Pamlico Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Washington Gray Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, Bryan Grimes Camp of Confederate Veterans, and Ex-Confederate Veterans' Association of Beaufort County, Ladies and Gentlemen:  
A story is told of Henry Clay, who was born in the State of Virginia, but who passed the main and important part of his life in the State of Kentucky, that upon returning to his birthplace, he was called upon to speak to a gathering of his kindred and friends of his early youth. In opening his address he tried to remember a couplet, which for a moment, he had forgotten, and to aid him in doing this, put his hands over his eyes. His audience, thinking that he had been suddenly touched beyond the power of expression, became sympathetic, and, to his surprise, when he looked up he found them all in tears. He was trying to remember the following familiar quotation from Walter Scott's Marmion:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my land, my native land."

I shall make no attempt to play upon your feelings, but I can not refrain from saying that no man was ever more deeply affected than I am in standing for the first time in forty-six years, so close to the place that gave me birth. It was just over yonder, in the city of New Bern, that I first saw the light of day, and in coming back here and being among my kindred and the friends of my early youth, I feel like one who, after many years of separation, has gotten back home. Home, wonderful, beautiful word, it falls upon the ear with bewitching sweetness, follows the wanderer wherever he goes, and lures him back again.

The purpose for which this gathering has been called is one which appeals to the noblest sentiments of the human heart and mind. Respect for the memory of the dead is always present in the hearts of the gentle, the strong, the brave, and the true. Whether it exhibits itself in the tender words of a threnody like that of Walter Savage Lander, who said of his dead love:

"Ah, what avails the scooped grave,  
Ah, what the form divine,  
What every virtue, every grace,  
Rose Ayler, all were thine.

"Rose Ayler, whom these wakel'd eyes  
May weep, but never see;  
A night of memory and sigh  
I consecrate to thee."

Or, as Lord DuRoi expressed it in a tender tribute to his mother, "No matter whether we build the tomb of Mausolus, or whether the tender

hand of Orlando carves the name of Rosalind upon some forest tree in Arden, the common motive is the creation of a permanent memorial to "one we love."

I know a place upon the shores of Mobile Bay, where there is located a small country graveyard, which I often visited in my boyhood days, and I there noticed a piece of granite stone erected at the head of a small grave, upon which the unskilled hand of love had traced a few words of tender remembrance.

If I could at this moment annihilate distance, and carry you at once to the shores of India, I could show you upon the banks of the sacred River Jumna, one of the most beautiful edifices in the world, which an Indian prince, with unlimited power at his command, reared to the memory of his wife. It took more than twenty thousand men, seventeen years to construct this stately pile, which yet remains as one of the architectural wonders of the world. When it was completed, the prince inscribed above its portal these words: "Erected to the memory of an undying love."

Possibly there are no two works of the human hands, which represent so wide a range of difference, as the rude and humble headstone upon the shores of Mobile Bay, and the beautiful Tajmahal. Yet both were prompted by the same irrepressible desire of the human heart to do honor to the memory of the dead.

I believe that no person can be good, and no people can be great, who do not have this characteristic highly developed.



MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

In this monument generations unborn shall hear the voice of a great people testifying to the sublime devotion of the women of South Carolina in their country's need. Their unconquerable spirit strengthened the thin lines of gray. Their tender care was solace to the stricken. The tragedy of the Confederacy may be forgotten, but the fruits of the noble service of the daughters of the south are our perpetual heritage.—William E. Gonzalez.

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That nation of the East, which in the late years, at one great stride, has assumed a strong position in the family of nations, owes its greatness probably as much to the fact that the fundamental basis upon which its religious rests is the worship of the ancestor, as to any of the other causes which have affected its development, and the Japanese people, by honoring and emulating the virtues of the dead, have made a potential use of a sentiment which has always played a great part in the evolutionary development of the world.

Then I say to you, that this labor of love of the good women of this community in doing honor to the memory of the Confederate dead, is

(Continued on Page Four.)

### Gas Boat Lucile Goes to Bottom For Second Time Within Month

The gasboat Lucille has again met with "hard-luck" if sinking twice within a month at the dock here can be called such. Both accidents happened practically the same way, that is to say, the boat filled with water due to the tide falling during the night. The first time Lucille sought a watery grave she was laden with a cargo of soja beans, corn, chickens and turkeys for consignment here; this time she was ready to leave for Lake Landing with a cargo of general merchandise.

Last night the Lucille, under the command of Captain C. C. Silverthorn, docked at the Fowle wharf and took aboard her cargo, the intention of the captain being to leave for Hyde county early this morn-

ing. Due to the wind yesterday the tide was high. About 3 o'clock this morning Captain Silverthorn and his engineer were aroused from their slumber by the in-rushing water. They immediately left their births and endeavored in every way possible to save their boat, but they were too late for she was half full of water and went to the bottom. The Lucille met with a similar experience about a month ago due to the tide falling. The cargo is very much damaged. Captain Silverthorn has the sympathy of the entire community for his loss. When his boat went to the bottom several weeks ago the citizens and business men thoughtfully aided him in a material way and they no doubt will be glad to repeat their act again.

### SUPERVISOR OF COUNTY SCHOOLS.

The County Board of Education has plenty of funds to employ a lady supervisor to teach girls how to raise tomatoes and do other work the county superintendent can not, and it has not the time to do, also to help the members of the board to exploit their business sagacity in the furtherance of their political aggrandizement; by boasting of how many thousand dollars are in the county treasurer's hands to the credit of the school fund, while they deny a just apportionment to Belhaven Graded School.

The county board claims the report of Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Privette is final, but there is a higher authority than they. It is not our disposition to be contrary, but one owes a duty to himself and those whom he represents.—Belhaven Citizen.

### VISITORS TODAY.

Among the welcome visitors to Washington today are Mr. A. B. Pilly, Jessama N. W. Paul, of Pungo, and Samuel Boyd, of Pinetown, N. C.

Children Love Washington Park.

### JURY FOR MILLS CASE COMPLETED

The jury for the trial of Joshua W. Mills, charged with the killing of Benjamin Ormond was completed this morning and after the required number had been secured court adjourned until this afternoon at 3 o'clock, when it was expected that the introduction of evidence would begin.

The jury selected to try the cause was selected from a venire of 250 men and is composed of the following: Jonah Windley, Yeatesville; W. A. Meekins, Jessama; W. H. Linzon, Sidney; James E. Wall, Chocowinity; J. B. Pined, R. F. D. No. 8, Washington; J. W. Clark, Chocowinity; W. R. Hale, Aurora; N. A. Cutler, Jessama; W. B. Poed, Aurora; R. F. D. L. T. Thompson, Aurora; E. J. Edwards, Edward; H. H. Ross, Edward.

### Thirty-one Graduates Receive Their Diplomas

### MISS GIBBS DIES AT THE HOSPITAL

Life is indeed a mystery and time at last sets all things even. Today the flowers bloom, the birds sing, the silvery lining smiles—tomorrow, the clouds hover, the flowers fade. "But somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere the song birds dwell, for God rules and all is well." Not now but in the coming years all of us will understand the Providence of Him who guides the stars, sweetens the bitter waters and gives to each and all the consolation of knowing that "Death is Only a Dream." We kiss the lips of life today; tomorrow, we watch beside the silent tomb and we ask ourself the question, what is the mystery—why, why? When that day for which all others were created comes and all that is mortal passes triumphantly between that narrow vale that lies between the barren peaks of two generations and stands before the Supreme arbiter—then shall we know the mystery of Him who "Spoke as Never Man Spoke."

Last evening at the Fowle Memorial Hospital, where she was operated upon yesterday morning, Miss Eunice Gibbs, fell on sleep. The news of her death came as a thunder bolt, as it were, from a clear sky, and today the entire city mourns her going. Only this week she was attending to her duties as one of the teachers in the Washington Public Schools and but few of the citizens knew that she was dead until the sad fact was chronicled at the Public School building last night just as the program was being completed.

The deceased was 33 years of age, and a daughter of Rev. J. T. Gibbs, D. D., presiding elder of the Washington district of the M. E. church.

For the past three years she has been a resident of Washington and a teacher in the city schools. No member of the faculty was more popular. Her life was an open book. She loved her work and did what she could for the betterment and uplift of those whose lives were committed unto her for training and culture. In her church she was faithful and loyal. Sweet in disposition, attractive in manner, circumspect in walk, her place will be hard indeed to fill.

The remains, accompanied by her aged father, mother, brother and sister, were carried to Fayetteville this morning for interment. May the same hand that has wounded be the same to succor and comfort. Her memory will ever be kept green in the memory of those she mingled with in Washington. Her going has cast a gloom over the city and upon her new made grave all place a wreath of immortelles.

### FUNERAL YESTERDAY.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Harmon Corey took place yesterday afternoon from the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Dugles, on Market street, being conducted by Rev. H. B. Searight. The interment was in Oakdale. The deceased was 70 years of age and only recently was afflicted with paralysis.

### MRS. JACKSON DEAD.

Mrs. Margaret Jackson, one of Washington's oldest citizens, passed away at her home on East Eighth street this morning. She was between 70 and 80 years of age. For years she has been an invalid. The funeral is announced to take place Sunday afternoon from the home at 4 o'clock, conducted by Rev. H. B. Searight.

### It's Restful in Washington Park.

Left Thursday.  
Mrs. E. A. Raynor left Thursday morning for Long Branch, N. J., where she will spend the summer at the home of her mother.

Subscribe to the Daily News.

### Philosophy Of Life Subject Of The Speaker

Dr. Dexter Charmed His Audience. Medals, Prizes and Scholarships Awarded. The Exercises Among Best Ever Held. The School Has Had a Most Prosperous Year.

With a graduating class of thirty-one and four receiving certificates from the business department, with a soul-stirring and inspiring address on the Philosophy of Life by Dr. William Hart Dexter, of the United States Department of Agriculture, the annual commencement exercises for 1914 of the Washington Public Schools came to an end last night at the school auditorium. The graduating class this year is not only the largest in the history of the schools, but is also the largest to receive their diplomas in Eastern North Carolina with the exception of the Wilmington schools.

The finals of the schools were witnessed by a large number, the auditorium being practically filled with students, patrons and visitors and no commencement occasion was more thoroughly and profitably enjoyed. The annual report of the superintendent, Mr. C. M. Campbell, Jr., should be a source of gratification to the city, and when it is published later in pamphlet form, should be carefully read, not only by every parent, but by every citizen as well, for it contained indeed food for serious thought. Last year the enrollment of the schools was 873; this year this has increased to 966. The progress of the schools during the present year has been remarkable along the line of tardies as the superintendent reported 697 less tardies this season than last.

Seated upon the rostrum for the exercises were: Hon. John Small, chairman of the school board; Dr. William Hart Dexter, speaker of the evening; Superintendent C. M. Campbell, Jr.; Principal A. A. McKay; former Superintendent N. C. Newbold; Rev. H. B. Searight, Frank H. Bryan, Miss L. T. Rodman, J. K. Hoyt, G. A. Phillips, E. K. Willis, F. J. Derry and the members of the graduating class.

The exercises of the evening began promptly for the first time in many years and in consequence of this promptness the long program was completed at a reasonable hour.

The first number on the program was a chorus by the High School Glee Club—Welcome Bright and Sunny Spring.

Principal A. A. McKay read the honor roll and honorable mention for the year of the students in the respective grades. This report was an admirable one, and will be given publicity later. Misses Laurie Branch and Eleanor Berry next charmingly rendered an instrumental duet.

Superintendent Campbell at this juncture submitted his annual report which showed progress and growth along all lines of the school work. He makes some timely suggestions to both the trustees and patrons, and if heeded and followed, no doubt will mean greater efficiency in the school workings.

Miss Ruth Butler sang delightfully a vocal solo, "Love in Springtime."

The next on the entertaining program was the introduction of the speaker, Dr. William Hart Dexter, of Washington, D. C. This was ornately and happily performed by John Small. Dr. Dexter before diving fully into an address with a message surely worth while, spoke of his pleasure of being present and how he had wrestled within himself to ascertain what line of thought to pursue in addressing such a large class of young ladies and gentlemen. While he announced no particular theme he said he would present a few thoughts on the Philosophy of Life—what life means—the right philosophy of life. His inspiring message was based mainly on two thoughts first: The "pig-tough" phi-

(Continued on Page Two.)