

RESERVE FLEET TARS LISTEN TO BILLY SUNDAY.

The reserve fleet at the Navy Yard surrendered without firing a shot yesterday afternoon when Billy Sunday and his party appeared at four-thirty o'clock and cleared for action. He wasted no words on the officers and bluejackets who crowded the blacksmith shop to hear him, but told them in no uncertain terms just why he was there and just what he meant to accomplish.

The services were different in more ways than one from any others held by the evangelist since he has been in the city. First, he told the crowd it was too cold for him to take off his hats to God and the flag, and everyone wore his hat except when Billy prayed or when Ackley played "America."

When Billy left the yard it was not until Ma Sunday had hauled the homeward-bound pennant to the masthead, he said he would come back another day and perhaps use one of his wash days as he terms Monday to recruit a crew of gunners to join him and shoot up the battleship booze.

After "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie" and "America" had been sung by the bluejackets, officers' wives and even Captain Smith, Billy announced that he had not come to talk about naval construction.

HIS SERMON.

"You know God must have loved His Son when he sent him to this old world to save us," he said, and from that time the sailors looked as if they belonged to him and he was to do with them as he would. He then reminded them of the words of President Lincoln at Gettysburg and told them they did right to cherish the memories of the great men of the army and navy.

"We never forget the great generals who have served us and their country, but I want to tell you men," here he looked towards the bluejackets, who had climbed to the rafters of the building much as they would have climbed into the rigging of the newest dreadnaught, "that we don't think much of those who leave us only a tombstone and a notice in the newspapers when they die.

"Take that bunch in Chicago, why they said if God gave His Son to the world to have Him die he was a murderer. But I'm through with that bunch. You men don't work for the Government just for the money you get, there is something which urges you on and that's the way it should be with you and God. Make your religion like the man who went to sea in the old days.

"You know many years ago you would meet a man and then some one would say 'I did not think your mother would let you go to sea so young, that was after you had found that same lad was a sailor. And the boy would reply, 'she didn't let me. She sent me.'"

Mr. Sunday then referred to the old battleship Oregon and the run she made around the horn in the Spanish-American War. He told them about the cabinet meeting President McKinley held in Washington the day the Oregon reached the Spanish fleet on the Eastern coast, and of the remark the martyred President was said to have made when he asked his cabinet if they thought Captain Clark would fight.

IF WE DON'T FIGHT.

"Did he fight?" Billy called to the men in the blacksmith shop. "Say, he made old Spain dip her rag and beat it. And we must fight the same way for God. If we were not fighting for God the white and blue of that old flag would all dissolve into red as they would if we had no laws from good old Uncle Sam."

"I'll be back some day," he called as Ma Sunday came to remind him he should not stop to let the photographers take pictures of him as he might catch cold, and the remark that he would be back was called from the door of the automobile just before Ma closed every port hole and ordered full speed ahead for home.—Philadelphia Press.

As there are still several candidates for the presidency of Mexico it means that the treasury is not yet empty.

A FAIR DEAL FOR LACY.

When they go after the official scalp of State Treasurer Lacy, they should go after it in a fair way, openly and above board. They may claim that he has had the office long enough—and that is for the people to say—but he should not come under criticism for having managed the affairs of the treasurer's office strictly and consistently under the requirements of the law governing the care of the State's funds. While the system under which the treasurer is required to conduct the office may be subject to criticism—and the Montcastle-Webb report would indicate that the system is in need of modernization, it is but fair that the treasurer should be absolved from blame for that system. He was placed under it by the State and whatever fault there may be belongs to the State. He has administered the affairs of the State treasurer's office honestly and efficiently, and that is the point that should be kept in mind by those who would give him a fair deal.—Charlotte Observer.

A GOOD RECORD.

The fact that about forty-two per cent. of the students of the A. & M. college are taking the agricultural courses is a point that should not be overlooked. This is primarily an agricultural state, and its prosperity will depend more and more on scientific farming. The time will come when seventy-five per cent. of the students of the institution will be in the agricultural division, and when that time comes, the prosperity of the state will be that much greater. A. & M. college on its record has justified every dollar that has been diverted to it.—Raleigh Times.

COLDS & LA GRIPPE

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

DOUGHTON TALKS.

Says There Will Be A Fight in The State.

Red Buck quotes Congressmen at some length on the political situation in North Carolina, for next year, and concludes the interview by having Mr. Doughton say:

"The Democrats might as well realize now, that they must fight determined Republicans, with plenty of money at their disposal in 1916. The high-tariff advocates of the party are going to be in the saddle, and money will flow freely to North Carolina Republicans.

"I have never seen such Republican activity in North Carolina at an off-season as there is now. The Democratic fences should be kept up in every precinct, and the activities of the Republicans checked by counter-moves."

That is what we have been saying when we have seen the fence destroyers at work. The state-wide primary will cost the Democratic party twenty-five thousand votes. In some districts it will cause an absolute change. All this clap-trap and monkey work indulged in by ambitious leaders; by politicians anxious to exploit themselves, will cost a heavy toll.

The average Democratic politician is too egotistical to see or hear or listen. During the campaign in this county, almost beardless cubs were out telling the old soldiers that they wanted the constitution changed in order to take out the word "rebel."

And the old soldiers, the men who marched with Lee; the men who stood before the fire of shell and flame; the men who walked to the martial music made by the boys in grey and charged the ramparts of the enemy—told these beardless and presuming meddlers that they didn't want it changed—that they were rebels and gloried in it.

So that didn't work. And they tried to put over an amendment that would allow the tax-dodger to keep on dodging—by paying about one third what the honest man had hitherto paid. But that did not work.

Now they are talking state-wide primary, and when the legislature puts it over it furnishes a death blow to the majority in several congressional

districts.

This is just as sure as a gun in iron. Instead of keeping up the Democratic fences, as Mr. Doughton suggests, they are tearing them down day by day.

And perhaps a lesson is needed.—Fairbrother's Everything.

MR. LATHAM ON THE TARIFF.

Retiring President Latham in speaking to the Chamber of Commerce said this concerning the tariff which is worth thinking about:

"Speaking of the tariff, your cotton factories are going to suffer no little for, when this war ends, and the effort is made in Europe to give everybody something to do, these warring countries will quit the war in a desperate and almost poverty-stricken condition, and men and women will be piteously begging for work and wages in these countries will be lower than ever before, and since these nations, for years to come, must economize, their buying and spending power will be reduced, and their greatest hope will be to go after trade not affected by the war. Unless our tariff wall is built higher, we must either have greatly reduced wages in these countries or many of the mills must escape the bankruptcy court."—Fairbrother's Everything.

AND THEY WANTED MORE PAY!

One of the Amendments, swatted, wanted to provide more pay for the legislator. Many thought this a good law. But why? Read this from the Raleigh News and Observer—the Democratic hand-book, the Democratic guide; the Democratic bible, it has been called. This is what the News and Observer said on Tuesday morning:

"Much of the time of the Senate was taken up with playful quips on the part of several Senators directed toward the galleries, attractively decorated during most of the session with young ladies of the colleges and of the city."

Think of taking up the tax-payer's time and charging him good money for indulging in playful quips at the galleries—the same containing young ladies who were to see the show.

Why these men should admit that it is a shame to take the State's money—as little as it now is, and never again ask for an increase in pay.

Much of the time of the Senate taken up—in this way. Think of it, and then again congratulate yourself that you didn't vote to increase the pay of these gallery players.—Fairbrother's Everything.

THE MULE.

From an Exchange.

The mule, he is a funny sight, He's made of ears and dynamite; His heels are full of bricks and springs Tornadoes, battering rams and things. He's fat as any poisoned pup; It's just his meanness swells him up; He always scheming 'round to do The things you most don't want him to.

The mule, he lives on anything; He's got a lovely voice to sing, And when he lets it loose at noon, It sounds like buzz saws out of tune. He stands around with sleepy eye And looks as if he's like to die, But when there's any dying done It ain't the mule, I'll bet a bun. Some folks don't treat mules with respect;

They say they ain't got no intellect; That may be so, but if you've got To go to heaven on the spot, And want a way that doesn't fail, Just pull the tassel on his tail. The mule, he tends to his own biz; He don't look loaded but he is.

"I want to be excused," said the worried-looking jurymen, addressing the judge. "I owe a man \$25 that I borrowed, and he is leaving town today for some years. I want to catch him before he gets to the train and pay him the money."

"You are excused," returned his honor, in icy tones. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."—New York Globe.

If a city manager can give us better service for our money that is the thing we want.

SUNDAY TELLS HOW ONE CAN WIN SOULS.

Billy Sunday's sermon yesterday afternoon was the third of a series on the text: "He That Winneth Souls is Wise."

Do what God wants you to do and you display wisdom. It isn't the wisdom of winning men, it isn't the wisdom of winning money, it isn't the wisdom of winning fame. It's the wisdom of winning souls.

The wise man says there is a God. The fool says there isn't. The wise man believes that God created. The fool believes in evolution. The wise man believes in salvation through repentance. The fool believes in salvation through character. The wise man believes in heaven and hell. He has builded his house upon the rock and the fool has builded his house upon the sand. The wise maketh provision for their soul. You expect to die. Then prepare.

You can't learn how to win souls by attending a convention. When I was playing ball I used to attend college at Northwestern University in the Winter time, and it was my delight to watch the life saving crew practicing down on the shore of Lake Michigan. They used to take the boats out and launch them in the surf and row out to a mast in the lake, planted there by the United States Government. This mast represented the mast of a wrecked ship. The crew left two or three of their number out on this mast and then rowed back to shore and out with their mortar and fired a line out to the mast. To the line was attached a half inch rope and to the half-inch manila rope, and when this was fastened to the mast the breeches buoy was rigged up and the men brought to shore.

I used to think that if there were any fellows out there they would drown before the crew saved them. And so they would, for the crew was just practicing. It was on parade. It was going through the motions. So with the church today. God's plan was for every soul saved to be a soul winner. But the plan is perverted today. When travelers on an eastern desert exhaust their water supply the plan is for all members of the party to spread out each as far from the other as his voice will carry. When one of the party strikes water he cries, "Water, water," at the top of his voice, to the men on each side of him and they to the men next to them and so on. It is said that the angels in heaven rejoice more at the winning of one soul than for ninety-nine souls that don't need saving. It's my desire to keep heaven busy with rejoicing. I'm out to make hell mad and heaven sing. It requires an effort to win men to the church. You need courage. It is hard to save souls because the devil is doing all he can against you. You'll seek excuses. You'll say, "Oh, I'm so un-nerved today. I have been coming down to the tabernacle too much!" It's surprising how many people can lie about it. You know what God said about liars. He said all whoremongers and sorcerers and liars had their place in the lake that burneth with fire. It takes courage to just lead a Christian life. I suppose I read the story of Noah and the ark twenty times before I learned this lesson. Noah worked 120 years on the ark, and when he finished of all the people only his wife and his three sons and their wives believed that the flood was coming. When they crucified Jesus Christ He only had a pastry band of 120 followers. That's the way to-day.—Philadelphia Press.

Some former legislatures have refused to enact needed legislation when there was much less excuse for it.

HERE'S A TANGLE.

How easy it is to mix up the average business man was demonstrated the other day when the son of a local merchant leaned against his father's knee and innocently asked:

"Daddy, is today tomorrow?" "No, my son, of course today isn't tomorrow," answered the father according to the Louisville Times.

"But you said it was," continued the son. "When did I ever say today was tomorrow?"

"Yesterday," answered the son. "Well, it was; today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today, just as yesterday was yesterday, but is yesterday today and tomorrow will be today tomorrow, which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once. Now, run along and play," and the father collapsed into his chair with a sigh of relief.

A FINE DEFENSE.

It must be admitted that the legislators who are either dodging or standing squarely against "tax reform," on the ground that the people turned down by a big majority, the constitutional amendment calling for a change, have a fine defense.—Wilmington Dispatch.

What the Legislature has done could be told in a shorter article than this.

While the legislature has done nothing of importance it may deserve some credit for getting some rather insignificant matters out of the way.

No use to tell the fans that the baseball season will soon be here. They have it out figured.

"TSE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE"

From the song book Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

I see gwine back to Dixie, No more I see gwine to wander; My heart's turned back to Dixie, I can't stay here no longer, I miss the old plantation, My home and my relation, My heart's turned back to Dixie, And I must go.

CHORUS:

I see gwine back to Dixie, I see gwine back to Dixie, I see gwine where the orange blossoms grow; For I hear the children calling, I see their sad tears falling— My heart's turned back to Dixie, And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton, I've worked upon the river, I used to think if I got off I'd go back there—no; never. But time has changed the old man His head is bending low; His heart's turned back to Dixie, And he must go.

I'm traveling back to Dixie; My step is slow and feeble, I pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all evil. And should my strength forsake me, Then, kind friends, come and take me; My heart's turned back to Dixie, And I must go.

It's a long, long way to the end of some of those Senate speeches.

Something for Nothing.

To get started with you we make you the following offer: Send us \$1.50 for 1,000 Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, grown in the open air and will stand freezing; grown from the Celebrated Seed of Bolgina & Son and Thorborn & Co., and I will send you 1,000 Cabbage Plants additional FREE, and you can repeat the order as many times as you like. I will give you special prices on Potato Seed and Potato Plants later. We want the accounts of close buyers, large and small. We can supply all.

ATLANTIC COAST PLANT CO., YOUNGS ISLAND, S. C.

BRING

Those old chairs, beds, tables, dressers etc to BURLINGTON, N. C., at the Corner Davis & Worth Street have them repaired a stitch in time saves nine.

MASK & FISHER

We Do All Kinds Of Job Work

LET US FIGURE WITH YOU UPON YOUR NEXT JOB?

NOTEHEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, CIRCULARS, PHAMLETS, BOOK WORK NEATLY DONE, PRICES REASONABLE, GIVE US A TRIAL, PROMPTLY DELIVERY and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

THE DISPATCH JOB OFFICE

BURLINGTON, N. C.

WORK WILL BE DELIVERED BY PARCEL POST WHEN REQUESTED WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

VICK'S Group and SALVE

POOR P