

COMMENCEMENT AT THE GRADED SCHOOL.

Graduating Exercises Tuesday Night, and Annual Address Last Night.—Term Just Closed a Most Successful One.

The large auditorium at Central graded school was filled Tuesday night the occasion being the annual exercises by the class of 1912. Every available seat was taken and galleries and steps were taxed to accommodate the late comers.

To every Concordian present the exercises afforded a sense of pride for the manner in which each and every representative of the class acquitted himself. The exercises were opened by a song by the class, "Rise Up, Rise Up." The class history was then read in a very charming manner by Miss Jessie Willeford. The history was intensely interesting throughout. It dates from the first year of the class under Miss Mary Lewis Harris on the graduation day, vividly portraying the trials and joys, and happiness in this wide span of their educational career. The history will be published in full in this paper later. The next number of the programme, a duet, was rendered in a most skillful manner by Misses Dessa Phillips and Ethel Lippard.

The recitation contest by three young ladies was then held. A gold medal had been previously offered for the winner. The contestants were Misses Ida Sides, who recited the "One-Legged Goose"; Miss Grace Furr, "Tom"; and Miss Nannie Fisher, "Bobby Shafter." Each young lady performed her task remarkably well and the audience evidenced its appreciation with an avalanche of applause, following each effort. The medal was awarded to Miss Nannie Fisher.

The class gift was presented by Miss Florence Graeber. The gift was a handsome likeness of the late Superintendent J. D. Lentz. When the identity of the gift was known to the audience there followed hearty applause. Prof. A. S. Webb, in a short but most appropriate speech, accepted the gift on behalf of the school. The class poem was then read by Miss Nellie Dry. The poem will be published in full in a later edition. Misses Willie Gillon and Nannie Fisher then rendered a duet.

The annual debate of the Lentz Literary Society was then held. In announcing the debate Principal McLeod stated that when the high school was organized it was determined to pay special attention to debating and declaiming and this led to the organization of a literary society, which was named for the late superintendent of the school, Mr. J. D. Lentz. The question was: "Resolved, That North Carolina should have a compulsory education law." Messrs. C. E. Boger, M. H. Caldwell and Solicitor Wilson acted as judges. The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Watson Smoot, Walter Furr and Joe Hendrix and the negative by Messrs. Palmer Stickle, Ernest Norman and George Harley. For more than an hour the forensic fray was at its height and from the beginning to the end the young men held the undivided attention of their audience. Their efforts reflected a training and skill that was a revelation to the people and showed that their instructors had wrought nobly and well. One public man, who holds a high office in the affairs of this commonwealth, remarked after the exercises that the efforts of the young gentlemen had surpassed any high school debaters he ever heard and equalled those of the college men.

Following the debate a duet was rendered by Misses Jessie Willeford and Willie Gillon and a song by the class. Mr. Watson Smoot read the class prophecy. The prophecy will be published in full.

Solicitor Wilson announced the decision of the judges who decided in favor of the affirmative. The officers of the class this year are as follows: Willie Gillon, president; Palmer Stickle, vice president; Ida Sides, secretary; Ethel Lippard, treasurer; Jessie Willeford, historian; Joe Hendrix, declaimer; Nellie Dry, poet; Watson Smoot, prophet.

THE BRILLIANT SPEECH OF MR. JOHNSON LAST NIGHT.

Diplomas Delivered by Prof. Thompson.—Names of the Prize Winners. Forest Hill Junior Order Council Will Give Medal Each Year to One Making Highest Scholarship.—The Names of Those Winning Scholarships.

With the closing exercises at the graded school last night the school year passed into history. The last task for the session of Prof. Webb and his efficient corps of teachers has been performed and how will they have worked can only be unfolded

through the aeons of time. But if the success of a school year can be measured by commencement exercises, those who guide the destinies of Concord public schools should feel the satisfying consciousness of having performed their task nobly and well. As at the two previous commencement exercises this week the auditorium of the school building was crowded to the limit. On the stage were members of graduating class, speakers, the school board and members of the faculty. The exercises were opened by the school singing "Our Public Schools," which was followed by a prayer by Rev. Dr. J. M. Grier. Prof. Webb then presented Prof. Walter Thompson, who in a few words of wisdom delivered the diplomas to the members of the graduating class. Those who received diplomas were:

English: Misses Nellie Dry, Ethel Lippard, Ida Sides and Mr. Neal Goodson. Classical: Misses Nannie Fisher, Grace Furr, Jessie Willeford, Willie Gillon, Florence Graeber, George Harley, Joe Hendrix, Ernest Norman, Watson Smoot and Palmer Stickle.

Superintendent Webb announced that the parents of one of the members of the class had told him he would offer a prize of \$10 if his child made the highest grade in the class. This offer was not made known to the contestant but when Principal McLeod made up his averages he found that she had won. Mr. Webb then announced that the young lady was Miss Florence Graeber, and she was presented with the gold piece.

Prof. Webb announced that the scholarship to Trinity College had been awarded to Mr. George Harley and the scholarship to the University of North Carolina to Mr. Joe Hendrix.

The medal for the highest grade in spelling was won by Miss Laura Gillon. In announcing the winner of the medal Mr. Webb stated that the Concord public school had not been caught by the wave of newfangled and fancy notions that were sweeping through the school systems in many sections that Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book was still maintained in the course of study. This statement was followed by applause. Prof. C. E. Boger presented the medal to Miss Gillon in a happy speech.

On the previous night Miss Nannie Fisher won the medal offered in the recitation contest. It was presented to her last night by Mr. Morrison H. Caldwell in a neat speech.

Prof. Webb announced that since the exercises had been in progress a note had been received by him from Forest Hill Council J. O. U. A. M., No. 49 stating that the council would give a medal each year to the person making the highest scholarship record in the tenth grade. The offer was perpetual.

Mr. Webb then introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Archibald Johnson, of Thomasville. From the beginning to the end Mr. Johnson held the undivided attention of the audience and his magnificent address was frequently punctuated with applause. Mr. Johnson's great message is as follows:

The Democracy of Knowledge. Light is no respecter of persons. It pours itself out with the same radiance on the noxious weed that it does on the rare flower. It shines on the stagnant pool with the same benignance that it rests upon the sweet, clear stream. When the sun rises and shoots his level beams across the landscape, the rugged "blackjack" and sage brush share the same glory that gilds the rose vine covered with fragrant bloom.

Learning is light. There have been given many definitions of education, but none more comprehensive or accurate than that. It is not the drawing out of one's power and the mastery of one's self that makes education so vitally important as it is that under its influence the shadows pass and the whole being is filled with light.

I heard a very luminous lecture on one occasion that set a train of thought going in my mind. The lecturer asked his audience to mentally answer this question: "What is the master passion of the age?" And he proceeded to say that it is not money. Perhaps nine-tenths of those in the audience, who were at all thoughtful, answered "money." We were all mistaken, as the speaker easily proved. He told us that the master passion of the age is equality. That is what we want with money. The mere possession of wealth brings pleasure to nobody except a miser who hugs his money to his sad heart. The adding of acre to acre, of field to field, the accumulation of stocks and bonds, the building of houses and factories—all forms of wealth lure and charm us because we hope that through the power it brings we shall lift ourselves into a higher realm.

The race, like a great vine, is ever reaching upward. From age to age each generation has gone a little high-

er than the last. It is unnatural and wrong to be content in a lower position than it is possible for us to occupy. Something within us calls us to climb, and this struggle for a loftier level is the watch-word of all our progress. Without that longing to reach upward, our industrial life would stagnate, our institutions of learning would crumble to decay and our civilization would perish.

The mistake we make, however, is in the methods we employ to reach that higher level that is the inspiration of all our effort. The accumulation of wealth does, of itself, bring joy in that it increases our power. It enables us to gratify the desires of our natures that the impecunious may never hope to reach. It carries us into social prominence that we can attain in no other way. It offers us the opportunity to administer to the needs of men that ought to be a source of perennial pleasure. It is a great thing to be in possession of ample means honestly earned, and the spirit that assails the rich man just because he is rich, is the spirit of the anarchist. It is pleasant to note the passing of the prejudice, engendered by selfish demagogues, between the rich and the poor. The common sense is becoming more common and more sensible. The charlatans who fattened on class prejudice that they fanned into a flame are finding their road more rocky and steep than it used to be. The spreading light is losing them business. These foes of the race flourish only in the dark. They fade away in the light.

Let me say in passing that the better conditions that now prevail are due, not only to a better understanding between the two classes usually known as capital and labor, but the attitude of the rich men themselves has wonderfully changed within the past decade. We are in the century of great giving. We learned how to make money in the nineteenth century and in the twentieth we are learning how to spend it. Carnegie's maxim that it is a disgrace to die rich, startled the world, and his lavish gifts to help and bless mankind have shattered the arm of the agitator who profited on the hatred he engendered between man and man. On the 10th of April a man and his wife gave half of all they had to the orphanage I have the honor to represent, instead of clutching it in greedy hands while life lasted to be scattered among thankless and clamorous kinfolks at their death. These glorious benefactions have helped to bridge the chasm between the rich and the poor.

But wealth will not answer the longing of our nature. It can not answer the inward cry for rest and peace. The high table land "toward which the whole creation moves," is not entered through gates of gold. The heights must be scaled on the ladder of learning. The Democracy of Knowledge cannot be bought; it must be won by honest toil.

But it is accessible to all. It knows no caste or rank. While it is the summum bonum of life, it is as common as the light of day that spreads over all the earth from pole to pole. John Bunyan was a poor tinker of Bedford, England, who had none of the trappings of royalty. He had no money, no family prestige and no social standing. Much of his time was spent in jail, but his mind was like one of those rare flowers that flourish best in the darkness. Under suffering, sorrow, injustice and oppression he rose into the realm of the royalty of the ages. Steadily he climbed until at last he reached the top and looked down upon the small men below him, crowned with the glory of that larger realm where only the great of this earth ever dwell.

The old tinker lived the life immortal, and although while he lived he could not enter the homes of the aristocracy, his body sleeps in Westminster Abbey among the illustrious sons of Britain! There is only one road to the bright land of equality which all men seek and few have found, and that is the royal road of Knowledge. It is strange that so many miss the road and try to climb up by some other way only to find that the gate swings open only to those who know.

The real rest and joy of our lives is not a material but a mental condition. It can not be embellished with the gewgaws of wealth nor sweetened with the trophies of power. It is a state of mind; a quiet confidence born of knowledge; a calm content produced by conscious power; a supreme and satisfying joy that comes alone to those who can see further and hear better with the eyes and ears of the soul than it is given to ordinary mortals to experience.

Today North Carolina mourns the untimely death of her mightiest son. What visions of glory burst before his eyes! What music ravished his ears as he looked forward to a State redeemed from the curse of ignorance, and heard the voices of a multitude of happy children that no man can number singing on their way to school! This man lived above the fog that envelops less gifted mortals, and reached that high realm of glorious equality with the master minds of the age. What mattered it that his was a perpetual struggle for his daily bread! He had meat to eat that only those enjoy whom God has greatly blessed! He was a kingly man and he died like a king! When you and I are dead and forgotten accumulated honors will gather round the name of Charles Brantley Aycock!

He had a message and he spoke with authority because he knew; and the world delights to pay its highest tribute of honor to men like these. But let us remember this: The men who have arisen to the Democracy of knowledge are not necessarily college graduates. I have seen some uncommon fools holding diplomas in their hands. Colleges do not furnish brains; they only cultivate them. A man may know without ever seeing a college. Colleges are greatly helpful to those who hunger and thirst after knowledge, but are of small service to those who already know all they desire to know.

So this hunger and thirst is the prime requisite for reaching the democracy of knowledge. This is precisely what this institution stands for. We drink to quench our thirst; we eat to satisfy our hunger. So does the mind. The soul must be stirred and the vision must come before we begin to rise.

Who are the real men of this community, those who shape its sentiment, direct its policy, control its passion and mould its will? They are the men who know. Somebody in this school is going to think for Concord. Some of you boys and girls are going to guide the civic life of this community. Somebody must lead; and it is a thousand fold happier, better and more glorious to lead a community in right thinking and right living than to amass a million!

Let me repeat that this highway to authority and power is confined to no rank or grade. Sometimes it is travelled by the shuffling feet of awkward country boys like Abraham Lincoln, who walked right on until he became the head of the nation, and the mightiest factor in that great civil struggle that called for the highest type of manhood.

And yet in North Carolina, conservative and steady and sensible, the old superstition that knowledge is a curse to those whose lives are lowly found many advocates, and our public school system was a football for politicians and a joke wherever education was appreciated and understood. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" is false as sin. Ignorance is never bliss and cannot be, and no American citizen who is true to the traditions of this great government, can hold a doctrine so cruelly false and dangerous. The sun shines for all, and the light of knowledge brings healing its wings for peasant as well as for prince.

Our next legislature ought to make an appropriation direct from the treasury, of not less than half million dollars for the common school system of North Carolina. Every boy and girl in this good State of ours is entitled to a chance, and we must not stand in their way. If, through blindness or ignorance, we attempt to hold them down to the earth, we put ourselves in a perilous position, for it were better that a millstone were hanged about our neck and that we were drowned in the depths of the sea than that we should offend one of these little ones. It is a crime in the sight of God for any man to throw an obstruction across the pathway of a child.

Aycock's dying cry was for universal education. "I have determined," he said as the earth receded from him, "if such a thing be possible, to open the doors of the school house to every child."

The material aspect of heaven the Bible gives us when it speaks of golden streets and gates of pearl is not the highest and most appealing picture of that bright world. The most charming thing we have in the Scriptures descriptive of the home of the soul is that there shall be no night there. It is a place of universal intelligence. The barriers that separate us here will be swept away there, and mind will meet mind in glorious equality. In the democracy of knowledge, sanctified by religion, the hope of the world rests. The light of knowledge, covering the earth as the waters do the sea, will usher in that glorious day when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and when strife and hatred and heart burning will give place to tranquility and peace. But this happy day is yet far in the future. It is steadily approaching, though, and it is ours as good citizens

to hasten its coming. Some faint signs of it may be seen. In the east the rosy fingers of the morning light are brightening the sky. Let us patiently, earnestly, diligently work and wait, for

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES FRIDAY.

Address to Be Delivered by Hon. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte.

The memorial day exercises of Concord will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the opera house. The exercises will be held under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy and a most interesting programme has been arranged. Mr. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, will deliver the Memorial address. Mr. Preston will be introduced by Mayor C. H. Wagoner. A quartet composed of Messrs. Ed. Sherrill, Lloyd McKay, and Mesdames H. I. Woodhouse and J. B. Womble will render a number of musical selections. The exercises will be opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. J. M. Grier. The benediction will be pronounced by Rev. J. W. Simpson.

All children of the city are requested to bring flowers to the court house to decorate the monument to the Confederate dead of Cabarrus, which will be done after the exercises at the opera house are concluded.

Piano Recital at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Helen Misenheimer will give a piano recital in the auditorium at Mt. Pleasant tomorrow night, May 10, at 8:30 o'clock. The following will be the programme.

- Il Trovatore—Hoffman—Verdi—Miss Misenheimer. May-time—Ricci—Chorus Class. (a) Waltz Op. 64, No. 2—Chopin. (b) To a Wild Rose—MacDowell—Miss Misenheimer. The Catechist—Neidlinger—Misses Yost, Seybt and Brown. Twilight—Friml—Miss Misenheimer. The Rosary—Nevin—Chorus Class. Duo Brillante (from Oberton)—Webber—Czerny. I. Piano, Miss Misenheimer. II. Piano, Miss Stirewalt.

In Honor of Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Claude Ramsaur delightfully entertained at three tables of bridge yesterday morning at her home in Franklin avenue in honor of Mrs. F. O. Rogers. After the game delightful refreshments were served. Mrs. Ramsaur's guests were: Mesdames F. O. Rogers, L. A. Brown, E. T. Cannon, J. A. Cannon, E. H. Brown, M. L. Cannon, C. J. Harris, J. W. Cannon, Jr., and A. Jones Yorke and Misses Marguerite Brown, Kate Means, Ila Thompson, of Salisbury, and Elizabeth Gibson.

Goodman to Begin Court's Sentence.

In the case of State vs. Robert Goodman, who was convicted of killing Sidney Barrier and sentenced to three years on the roads, the defense failed to perfect its appeal to the Supreme Court and the appeal was dismissed. As soon as this action has been certified down to the lower court a capias will be issued for Goodman and he will begin the court's sentence.

Base Ball Gambling.

New York, May 9.—Belated discovery of base ball pools aroused the authorities here, and today steps were taken to end gambling. Pools are as firmly established as the old policy game that robbed the New York poor before it was outlawed. The league president, managers and fans joined in denouncing base ball gambling as dangerous to the games.

Gas Company Starts to Work.

The gas company started work yesterday on Church street. The company has a force of hands at work today unloading a car load of pipe. They will begin work Monday on North Union street. This work will be completed within a week and then the city will begin putting down the asphalt binder.

Postal Savings Deposits, \$16,200,000.

Washington, May 9.—The Postal savings deposits aggregate \$16,200,000 March 31, according to reports of the postoffice department today. Three-fifths of the accounts opened remain current.

Mrs. A. Jones Yorke and Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Jr., will entertain at the home of Mr. Yorke tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock in honor of Mesdames F. O. Rogers and E. H. Brown and Miss Ila Thompson.

THE STATE DOCKET IS COMPLETED.

Hung Jury in the Case of Arthur Furr For Receiving Stolen Goods.— Judgment as to Others Suspended Till August Court.

Bud Hidenhour was indicted for taking a horse from Parnell's stable and using it. The warrant was changed to forcible trespass and he was found guilty. Prayer for judgment was suspended for twelve months. Hidenhour was also indicted for storebreaking but Solicitor Wilson moved that the case be not pressed with leave.

Ola Foll was convicted of larceny and sentenced to four months in jail. Claude Brewer, the young white boy who was caught while robbing a restaurant on West Depot street several weeks ago, plead guilty. He was sentenced to twelve months in the penitentiary. Brewer was sent to the Jackson Training School from the western part of the State and stayed there for some time. He appears to be an incorrigible youth and all efforts to reform him have failed so far.

The criminal docket of the Superior Court was completed Tuesday and the civil docket was taken up on Wednesday morning. In the case of State vs. Bob Ritchie, who plead guilty to storebreaking, prayer for judgment was suspended until the August term of court.

Arthur Furr was found guilty of receiving stolen goods. Prayer for judgment was suspended until the August term of court. Furr was also tried for storebreaking, but the jury failed to agree on a verdict and Judge Lyon ordered a mistrial.

Alias Kizer was found guilty on the charge of selling liquor.

Bud Miller and Adam Holdbrooks plead guilty to larceny. Miller and Holdbrooks stole a cowhide from J. E. Dayvault & Co. They were sentenced to four months on the roads.

The case of D. M. Little vs. Locks Cotton Mill was given to the jury this morning at 10 o'clock but no verdict has been returned. The plaintiff is suing the defendant company for \$10,000 damage he alleges he is due by being injured while working in the cotton mill of the company. Little sustained an injury to his hand while operating a machine several months ago. A rather unusual feature of the case was that a similar machine, a grinder, was erected in the courthouse, in plain view of the jury. The machine, which is of considerable size, not only proved a source of contention for the attorneys but was quite a curiosity for the onlookers attending court. Messrs. T. D. Maness and W. G. Means represented the defendant and Messrs. H. S. Williams and J. L. Crowell the plaintiff.

S. D. Gray was granted a divorce from Lucy Gray.

A NEW COTTON MILL ORGANIZATION.

Louis Manufacturing Co. Will Take Over the Roberts Mill Property on Coddle Creek.

The Louis Manufacturing Company has been organized here and a charter was received this morning. Messrs. J. C. Rankin and S. M. Robinson, of Lowell, and P. M. Keller and Louis A. Brown, of this city, are the stockholders. The capital stock of the company is \$75,000. The company will take over the property and lands of the Roberts Manufacturing Company on Coddle creek, six miles from Concord and will begin next week on building a mill to replace the one destroyed by fire two years ago. The new mill will have 20,000 spindles and will be completed within sixty days. The principal offices will be in Concord with a branch office at the mill. Officers will be elected within a few days.

Valuable Gifts Made to New Gilead Church.

Mount Gilead congregation, Rev. L. D. Miller, pastor, has recently received several valuable gifts, having received an altar and a lectern from Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Lipe, a clock and a large Blymer church bell from Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hahn; two large church lamps from Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lipe and a pulpit Bible from Mr. Clarence Lipe.

On next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock there will be services at Mt. Gilead church and at night at 7 o'clock. On the fourth Sunday of this month the church will be re-dedicated, at 8:30 o'clock. The following attend all these services.

Floyd Allen Will Take Stand in His Own Defense.

Wytheville, Va., May 9.—Floyd Allen will take the stand in his own defense is the only hint given today by his attorneys about the fight to save Allen from the electric chair for Hillsville murders. The prisoner has recovered his spirits.