

Reminiscent.

In this Department the Old Man writes passing fancies—maybe recalling happenings of forty years ago—maybe something of only a few months. All people live either in the past or the future. It is what you did yesterday or what you will do tomorrow. Never what you are doing now.

More Tolerant.

Towns change and customs change with wonderful rapidity. I remember about fifteen years ago I was in Greensboro one Sunday and Dick Morse—now no doubt in glory—was attempting to give a free lecture on prohibition.

A great many people grew indignant. After a few hours in jail he was released. I recall that I went home, to Danville, and gave Greensboro a first-class roast in double leads. To think that a Christian city would jail a man for talking prohibition on the streets on Sunday was to me the limit.

To Cure a Cold.

One night a half dozen years or so ago Deputy Sheriff Joe Phipps and Your Uncle wanted to go fishing. And he it known when a fellow wants to go fishing he wants to go pretty bad. We didn't have a buzz wagon of our own so we laid a proposition before Zeb Conyers who is something of a fisherman himself.

The trouble I have been having to get my paper out because of delayed machinery and finally because of the sickness of Reeves, who runs the linotype—the general confusion, reminds me that Everything has been in trouble before. When I first started in this town, or soon thereafter, the Stone Printing Co. was then doing business in the Beville building, and one night there was a fire.

Every man recalls the nearest he ever came to getting killed. And if you will take notes you will find that most every man has had some hair-breadth escapes—been dangerously near the "all in" line. I have had many experiences, some others of which I will relate from time to time—but the nearest ever came to being accidentally killed was in New York City.

twice the mounted guards in Central Park told him to slow up a bit—but we kept on and were heading for the Navarro hotel and had to cross the street car track on Broadway. Just as we were in the middle of the track we looked up and saw the motorman doing all he could to stop a swiftly advancing car—he was swinging away out on his platform—and he wore a look of terror. King said to the driver: "Why Walter?"—and we both prepared for the crash. For a moment the whole world's history so far as my making it was concerned appeared before me; I thought of a thousand things with wonderful rapidity—I was certain the end had come—and I prepared to meet it. Luckily the car just brushed the top of our car which was down—jolted us a little—but what little hair was on my head refused to be blown until I had reached the hotel. Being up all night we at once retired and soon I was asleep. The trouble was still in my system. All of a sudden I found myself on the floor of the hotel—I had jumped about a foot in the air and fell on the floor. I had dreamed over again what I had experienced in the earlier hours. That was the closest call I ever had in the way of an accident—and one second—sixty ticks of the watch, would have made all the difference in the world. The chances are that I would not be sitting here telling you about it. The city papers would have done that.

But speaking of other close calls I went to Leadville in 1878. There were sixty thousand people there and not a house. Not even a board saved, although there were billions of feet of timber standing in the forest. Civilization hadn't arrived. Everybody lived in tents—and the snow was twenty feet deep. We had no bill boards there—but we had variety, and tall old dames—dames as tall as Gerlie Hoffman, had come along with the adventurers and miners and the crew of floaters which had come up from Deadwood gulch. In one tent there were a dozen dancing girls; there was drinking and gambling to beat the band. Faro was running; three card monte—Canada Bill was in the gang—and if a census had been taken of that congregation it would have revealed a wonderful assortment. The teachers, ministers, college men and highwaymen; everything was there save a virtuous woman. About a hundred ponies were sheltered outside this tent and inside in the fumes of tobacco and whiskey men were fighting and singing and doing all sorts of things. I was talking with a man from Denver, a group of four were standing together when suddenly shooting commenced and the man to whom I was talking fell over a corpse. A gang of horse thieves had come in, and in order to create confusion did some promiscuous shooting and then stampeded the ponies. They had cut a way through the deep snow into the woods where the fall was lighter—and made good their escape. If I had been one foot closer to the other wall it would have been instead of the Denver man I who was planted and left with an unmarked grave. No one knew his name. Several were wounded and the ponies were never found. So if a man goes along and the Fates knock him down now and then, and then give him another footing, he must perforce conclude that he has a message of some kind to deliver; he must accept it as true that he has a mission and a purpose. Else why, if there is a destiny that shapes our ends, are men miraculously grasped from the very jaws of death? Aye, it is true, my brother, God watches over us all.

Among the Exchanges.

It has been quite a while since we looked over the exchanges. When we run the "mag" we didn't have any exchanges because we didn't need 'em, and now when we send out a hurry call for something, to inspire us, the boys come across, for the most part, and some of the faces are familiar, and some are not.

Judge Clark seems to be the same at Statesville. He is still making his landmark one of the neatest and most interesting weeklies printed anywhere. He still hands down his judicial opinions, and is seldom reversed by the higher court of public opinion. The Landmark is a landmark—and it will always be one of the leading papers of the south. If Judge Clark holds out to handle the quill, and he is in good health and happy.

The Henderson Gold Leaf doesn't look like the Gold Leaf we knew when Thad Manning ran it—it is now a quarto, but looks alive and ready as smooth as oil.

The Oxford Public Ledger has put on a new head, changed its form and enlarged itself and prints twice a week, and the name of our old friend and compatriot, John T. Britt still stands as editor. The Ledger is a popular paper and enjoys a good patronage.

The Salisbury Evening Post is a new one for our table, but it seems to be a live one all right. Typographically it is the neatest evening paper coming our way, and it carries the news of the world and handles the local field. The merchants are giving it a good run of business.

The Winston-Salem Journal is thoroughly metropolitan in appearance and every once in a while throws a double number. The Journal is on its feet these days, and is certainly a creditable paper for Winston. It takes the Associated Press dispatches; has a good local force and there is some one behind the pen on the editorial desk who says things worth while.

The Durham Daily Sun came across and is chock full of business, reflecting the commercial life of the Bull City. The Sun has had rows to hoe for a long time, but it "nailed on and on" and seems to be in smooth waters.

The Square Deal comes up from Snow Hill, and Colonel Jones still throws out his hot fire and is giving the people of his little town a better paper than they are entitled to, judging from the patronage in evidence. But finally they will appreciate Jones fully—and hand him some more business. There are others—but next go round will do.

COLONEL W. H. OSBORN,



Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Who Rumor Persistently Insists Must Be a Candidate for Governor.

A PROPHECY.

Another North Carolinian who Will Have Place in Hall of Fame

The movement to put a memorial to William Sidney Porter (O. Henry) in the historical building at Raleigh reminds us that one of these days—we trust a long time in the future—when all of us who are doing things in North Carolina shall have passed away, some one will be starting a similar movement to perpetuate the name of another of the state's most distinguished men of letters—

We refer of course to Dr. Archibald Henderson, of Chapel Hill, who finds time in the midst of his college work to pursue exhaustive literary studies and write criticisms which have attracted the attention of the leading literary scholars both in this country and in Europe. His last work, "European Dramatists" has called forth the most generous praise and brought to the already famous author new laurels and new demands for contributions from his pen.

A recent reviewer has this to say of it: "This brilliant and original work deals with certain of the leading figures in contemporary dramatic literature. The author enjoys an international reputation as a critic. His essays appear in leading magazines in Europe as well as in the United States. They find place in such publications as The North American Review, Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Forum, Bookman, La Societe, Nouvelle, Mercure de France, Deutsche Revue, Illustration, Tidende, Finsk Tidsskrift, T. P.'s Magazine, etc., etc."

"Contemporary life is endowed with certain qualities which prompt people to call it 'modern.' It is those particular features which the author has sought to reveal in the works of Strindberg, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Wilde, Shaw and Barker. This work is notable in considering certain leaders of contemporary drama fundamentally as interpreters of life and of that modern spirit which is a function of the age."

HELP OUT

Let Every Good Citizen Join in This Movement

The Red Cross Seal is a beautiful stamp, designed for Christmas times and is used to seal your packages; also to put on backs of envelopes during the holidays. The stamps will be on sale in Greensboro at several places, and Guilford County will receive 75 per cent of the gross sales. This sum will be used in stamping out tuberculosis in this county. Fifteen per cent goes to the state for the same purpose, and ten per cent to the National fund.



The Red Cross seal is popular all over the world, and those who buy them have contributed to a most worthy cause. Make it a point to buy some—they sell at a cent apiece. Get anywhere from twenty-five to a hundred. Put them on your Christmas packages and use them on your letters. Help out and at the same time accommodate yourself, for the seals are very artistic and beautiful.

—Mt. Airy is looking forward to having a city carrier mail service, the post office receipts and other things putting it in the class entitled to such service. The several hundred stonecutters employed by the granite company—many of them from the old country—runs up the postal receipts of the mountain city besides contributing to its support in many other ways.

THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS

We build with human hands

"The house not made with hands, Eternal in the heavens," Not set on shifting sands of earthly mutability, But with foundation strong Upon the Rock of Ages. Each act of kindness shown To pilgrim who, with bleeding feet And heart o'erburdened, walks alone On life's rough highway, Is fashioned into building stone And by the Master set In mortar indestructible To stand throughout eternity.

The simple, humble deed, Like cup of water cold, That cannot see the way Through clouds of darkness bank'd By earthly sorrows, nor the ray of Light Divine beyond the hills Where stops the thorny path, Shines out, in spirit light, A glittering gem on turret high of mansions, where abide The souls of those who build well.

These are the elect— Those who give while here Of talents, as of substance, loaned For little earthly span. These are the elect— Those who, of time and faith, and love, Give of the portion small Allocated as their share. These are the elect— Those who live while here— No, not for self alone, But for others have a care!

—Mrs. Al Fairbrother.

GRANTED REPRIEVE

Walter Shelton Given Ninety Days Longer to Live

Walter Shelton killed his wife in Reidsville. Shot her three times, and he was tried and convicted. The Supreme Court reviewed his case and found no error. He was to have been electrocuted today—but Governor Craig granted him a ninety day stay.

Of course the last ninety days may be worth something to a felon; worth something to a man who had killed his wife in cold blood—but is it? Shelton had made his preparations to die. He had asked God's forgiveness and felt he had secured that. Wonderful feeling it must be, to know that you can shoot down a helpless woman, one you have sworn to honor and protect—a woman who loves you and who gave you her heart and soul—shoot her down like you would shoot a dog, and then ask God to forgive you, and feel that your prayer is answered. Wonderful we say, and more wonderful—for that is the world.

Shelton wrote letters to his attorney, M. P. W. Glidewell in which he stated that whiskey and bad company caused him to threaten Glidewell's life, to wander from his better nature. Whether Shelton ever excused his terrible crime we are not informed. All the way round we are opposed to capital punishment—we think a life sentence better for all concerned—but if a man will deliberately shoot the one person in the world who is his friend through all conditions—possibly there are times when the world were better by being entirely rid of such natures.

An Interesting Case

It has been decided by the Supreme Court that usury is usury, so matter whether collected as a fee or as straight interest. And the chances are that this is true. Often it happens, however, that a man can afford to give fifty dollars for a thirty day accommodation. It might mean that the fifty was twenty per cent—but when a man needs money badly he is willing to pay for it. However as we are not on the bench we will reserve an opinion in this case until a later day.

James J. Curtis, MANUFACTURER AND JOBBER Storage and Distributing Agent GREENSBORO, N. C.



For Everybody, Everywhere

For workers with hand or brain—for rich and poor—for every kind of people in every walk of life—there's delicious refreshment in a glass of

Coca-Cola



different and better in purity and flavor. The best drink anyone can buy.

Be sure to get the genuine. Ask for it by its full name—to avoid imitations and substitution.

Send for free booklet.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Let this soak in:

MERRIMON, The insurance man wants to do business with you.

Why? Because he can give you any kind of insurance in the world. He can bond you. He can protect you in sickness. See MERRIMON in the Dixie Building, and let him explain. He is General Agent for the Aetna. Let him tell you how he can protect you for a \$10 bill.

Accidents happen when least expected—Sickness comes unawares. See MERRIMON and be happy. Dixie Building

Southern Railway

Premier Carrier of the South Operating Over 7,000 Miles of Railway.

Quick and convenient schedules to all points North, South, East and West. Through Trains between the Principal Cities and Resorts of the South, affording First-Class accommodations in every respect. Elegant Pullman Sleeping Cars on all Through Trains. Dining, Club and Observation Cars.

For Speed, Comfort, Courteous Employees, Travel by the Southern

For rates, schedules or any other information call on your agent or write O. F. YORK, Passenger and Ticket Agent, GREENSBORO, N. C. R. H. DeBUTTS, Division Passenger Agent, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

H. F. CARY, General Passenger Agent Washington, D. C.

S. H. HARDWICK, Passenger Traffic Agent, Washington, D. C.

GOWANS King of Externals

Long enough before the public to pass the experimental stage; several successful years behind it, each witnessing phenomenal increase; endorsed unqualifiedly by thousands of people GOWANS stands without a peer among External applications for all kinds of INFLAMMATION and CONGESTION, such as Pneumonia, Croup, Colds, Pleurisy and kindred ailments. Ethical physicians prescribe it; the people praise it. No home is secure without Gowans Preparation.

Gowans Preparation is a good remedy for more than you claim for it on the bottle. LYNN, MASS., March 7th 1910. We use it for piles, eczema, urtic acid and all skin troubles. It is decidedly the best remedy for everything I have ever tried. Yours respectfully, WALTER C. SAWYER, care Daily Item office.

All Druggists—\$1, 50c., 25c. Take no substitute. Buy To-Day and buy GOWANS