

Reminiscent.

In this Department the Old Man writes passing incidents—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.

Base Ball.

I have stated elsewhere that I wouldn't go across the street to witness a game of base ball. And yet every finger on my hands has been out of place because of base ball, and I make no wild statement in saying that I have consumed a quart of arnica to reduce the swellings on my hands caused by a ball hitting the thumb, for instance. If you never played real base ball you don't know how hard they can come sometimes, and if you happen to let the ball strike the end of your thumb it will take a pint of arnica to help out.

As a kid I was the first baseman. I could catch 'em with one hand and I never missed a ball. I was Captain of our home club, called the "Athletes" and I imagined as a young fellow, about 18 years old I was then, that no man could beat me playing ball. My head was swollen without a ball striking it. Arnica wouldn't reduce that swelling. And we visited neighboring towns and my score was good. I always struck "grounders" as we called 'em—and generally got to second base.

I was living in Nebraska, and had to go to Chicago on some business, and on the way concluded to stop over in Fairfield, Iowa, where I had spent some time as a journeyman printer. There was a hotel man there named Davis who had been a father to me when I boarded with him, and I wanted to see him. Sam Davis! I can see him now—with white whiskers and a benevolent look. He thought I was all right. In this world if you find a man who thinks you are all right you generally conclude he is all right. So I stopped in Fairfield and the Fairfield boys were going to play the Mount Pleasant team, and it so happened that the first baseman of the Fairfield club was ill. I had been telling about my wonderful playing, and Sam "narrated" it that I was his guest, and that I would take the place of the sick man if it was agreeable all around. It was agreeable. And I went to first, and when the umpire said "Play Ball!" I imagined that everybody was pointing me out I was a great player and I would do stunts worth while.

The first play the Mount Pleasant batter sent one to second base on the ground, and the second baseman got it to me—a cannon ball—and I thought I would do a fancy stunt and—I muffed it. And the crowd groaned and yelled and also screamed to "get or to Nebraska." "See Nebraska drop the next one," and all such things until I was completely rattled. I was absolutely lost. Another ball came to me and so determined was I to hold it or die, that I fell down and all over myself. It needed but this for my finish. Again amid screams and yells and gibes and jeers we went to the bat and they were after me. "See Nebraska put it over the fence!" "Watch Nebraska strike out!" and all such talk, until of course I struck out—and then my humiliation was complete. I would have given all that the world owed me, could I have gotten away from there. But I remained through, making a complete failure—and the moment the game was finished, Mount Pleasant beating Fairfield, and I to blame for it all, I went to the hotel and bade Sam Davis good bye forever—and hit the train—and never again have I been in that town. That was over thirty years ago—and since then I have seen three games of ball. Twice with Lindsey Hopkins, once at Charlotte and once at Jacksonville, and one time at Concord with Gowan Dusenbery. That cured me. The fever went down and I recovered. I would enjoy seeing a game now, perhaps, but the bitter memories of that Iowa experience will forever haunt me.

Train Robbers.

I note that a bandit held up a train out of Atlanta the other day and robbed the passengers. It was one time in a stage coach when it was held up going into Deadwood, Dakota. I cheerfully gave up what little I had, and passed it up as a good experience. The man who has nothing much with him enjoys such an experience, but when they take away a family keep-sake; take big rolls of coin and all that I imagine the feeling is different.

One night some six or seven years ago I was coming through Colorado, on my way from California, and had taken the Missouri Pacific and just before we got to the Kansas line I had an experience worth while. Four of us were playing a game of set back in the Pullman, and as it was snowing without I had the curtain raised. The electric light shining on the snow as it curled at the window made a pretty scene, and I was watching it. We had just gotten out of Sugar Hill when the train suddenly stopped, and the conductor said so all could hear, "It is a hold-up."

I had six or seven twenty dollar gold pieces in my pockets; I had a couple of pretty good diamonds—a ring and a stud—and everybody commenced to get busy. I was chewing tobacco and I took the end of tobacco from my mouth and placed my diamond ring in it and tossed it into the cuspidor. The stud I put under the upholstered seat and slipped six of the twenties into my shoes. I figured that one twenty would be what I would hand over

In Memoriam—William Wilson Finley

The Board of Directors of Southern Railway Company having assembled in special meeting this first day of December, 1915, and being advised of the death, at his home in Washington on November 25, 1915, of William Wilson Finley, for the past seven years President of Southern Railway Company, adopts the following minute to be spread on the records of the Company and to be published in the newspapers of the South.

WILLIAM WILSON FINLEY was born at Pass Christian, Mississippi, on September 2, 1858, and entered railway service in New Orleans in 1878. During the succeeding twenty-two years he had a varied experience, earning steady promotion and a growing reputation, in the traffic departments of several railroads and in charge of traffic associations, in the west and southwest. In 1895, soon after the organization of Southern Railway Company, he began, as Third Vice-President in charge of traffic, his service for this Company in which, with an interval of a few months in 1896, he continued until his death eighteen years later.

He became President of this Company in December, 1906, at a moment when the work of gathering in and welding together its lines into a consolidated system had been done. The map had been made. There are no more miles of railroad included in the system today than there were when he became President. His task was, therefore, complementary to the work already done and the history of the development of the property during the past seven years is the history of how he conceived and accomplished that task of conservation and progressive development. During his administration the revenues of the Company increased 20.85 per cent. (comparing 1913 with 1907), but what is even more his achievement, the balance of income available for dividend (but largely put back into the property) increased 209.07 per cent.

This record of material success is in no small measure the result of Mr. Finley's policy and practice of building and strengthening a working organization of the Company so far as concerns personnel. He inaugurated and steadfastly enforced a rule of promotion to fill vacancies within the organization, by recognition of demonstrated merit, with the result that he secured and conserved that loyal identification with the interest of the South and of the Company, and that sense of personal responsibility in all ranks of the service, which is one of the most valuable assets the Company has today.

On the public side of his responsibility Mr. Finley developed largely during the past seven years. Convinced of the duty of accepting the changed conditions in respect of the administration of industry incident to the governmental policy of regulation of the railroads by public authority, he was nevertheless keenly impressed with the apparent lack of understanding on the part of the public of the problems of railway management. He, therefore, devoted much of his time to the discussion of such questions before representative audiences in all parts of the country, but chiefly in the South, and the effect upon public opinion of his

frank, straightforward and manly utterances and patiently iterated doctrine has been long recognized, but was remarkably demonstrated by the expressions which have been received since his death from public bodies throughout the South. He did much in this way to correct a sentiment from which all railway property has suffered in recent years—a sentiment which has found its expression in an erroneous belief that a railway takes from the public more than it gives, and his effort in word and deed was to restore a just balance of understanding of the economic necessity, to every citizen in his daily life, of a well maintained, honestly administered and prosperous transportation system.

In other ways also he gave expression to a broad view of the identity of interest between the welfare of the railways and that of the public. He lent active co-operation to the chief educational, industrial and commercial interests of the South, and a moral support to every movement which is making for the welfare of the South, but perhaps his greatest service of this nature was his successful campaign for the promotion of better agriculture.

Gently born and gently bred, it was Mr. Finley's fortune to be thrown upon his own resources at an early age and without the advantages of a university training and experience usually enjoyed by his associates: it was, therefore, a peculiar satisfaction to him and to his friends that in 1910 he received, with the assurance that it was no mere decoration, a degree of Doctor of Laws from Tulane University at New Orleans, the principal seat of learning in the community where he had spent his youth.

On the personal side, Mr. Finley was essentially a gentleman: he demonstrated on many occasions the combination in his character of those qualities which may be expressed by the words modesty and courage. He was fair and just in all his dealings, courteous to all men, slow to anger, but fierce in his resentment of injustice to others. Partisan in his love for and belief in the South and its future and in the Southern Railway as an important factor in that community, he convinced his associates that he never allowed partisan feeling to color his judgment to such an extent that he could not always see the other side; but a policy once determined he set about its accomplishment with a characteristic belief in the potency of persistence and an unhesitating use of all the power at his command.

He had at all times the confidence, the respect and the good will of this Board and of every member of it, and in his death the Board and every member of it feels the loss of a friend of charming personal qualities as well as an official associate of commanding ability.

The Secretary is directed to express to the surviving members of Mr. Finley's family the respectful sympathy of this Board and to transmit to them a suitably engrossed and attested transcript of this minute.

and let them search for anything else.

Everybody was expectant. There was more excitement in that car than I ever saw anywhere. Finally we were all ready for the masked Man to enter holding a gun and sternly saying: "Hands up—the first one that moves I'll put a bullet through his heart." In fact we could almost see the man. We wondered wherefore he did not come. Finally the conductor returned and said it was a snow slide, we would pull out in about a half hour. We all got our belongings together; we all looked sheepish and were half mad because the Masked Man did not appear. But so far as the intense excitement, the bewilderment, the genuine sensation of an experience with train robbers is concerned, that five or six minutes was the real thing. It all happened except there was no robber. He could have come along as an aftermath and gathered up what he could find—his coming would have added no terror, no fear—for we had all lived that before hand.

Gold Mining.

Did you ever mine for gold? I have. I have tried it in Arizona and in the Frazier river country in British Columbia, but one of the tames gold mining schemes I ever had was in Virginia. Colonel John Speer, the big jewelry man of Danville, was my partner, and we called the Company the Johnspeer Mining Co., and we leased some land of a man named Heap, at Piggs Post office. The vicinity where we were to operate had produced gold before the war, and Heap had found what he called "par tickels" of gold in the sands in a little creek on his place, and Speer and I concluded we would have a gold mine for amusement, and maybe for profit later on. I was running the Daily Bee, a paper I established in Danville, and which is still running and Speer then was in the employ of Otto Salzman. We had a sluice box about a half mile long made; we equipped ourselves with chamolis skin and mercury—we employed farm hands to go to it, and we spent a week out there having a great time. Heap was sure we would find gold. He prepared a tobacco barn for us to sleep in, and the meals he was to furnish. I can see now those golden biscuit—biscuit larger than any I had ever seen—large as the hub of a wagon wheel and as yellow as the gold we sought. We did some "panning" and we found considerable "color"—little fngots of gold as large as a pin head—and we believe, that in those White Oak hills there is a mother lode. The little creek had its rise on this farm; the gold had certainly come down the hill side—there were plenty of auriferous rocks lying around about, and we employed several men to go down and down and then down and find the underlying strata—but after they had dug about a week and uncovered a car load or two of as pretty quartz as you ever looked at, old man Heap got so excited, couldn't sleep, that we went out, made some tests—and I sold out my interests in Danville and moved to Boston—and the Johnspeer Gold Mining Co., went out of business. But never in the world was there a game so fascinating as prospecting for gold. I am like a fish—but I would drop my rod and reel with a bass half way out of the water to go out and look for gold in a gold bearing district. I have spent much time at this and if tomorrow I could choose a chore to last the rest of my life—I would certainly equip and go out to look

for gold. Not that I would care for what I found—but the fascination—there is nothing in the world like it.

THE STUPID, RIGHT.

A Catholic Priest Who Administered Spiritual Comfort.

In Wilmington, Delaware, John Cavanaugh drove his wife and four children out into the cold, because he was drunk, and Rev. John Lynch a priest heard about it, and rushed to the house, and remonstrated with the man. But Cavanaugh was in no mood to listen to reason and proposed to resort to brute force to put the priest out. The clergyman remembered his school days and his athletics, and Cavanaugh found when he got duly sober, that he had a full moon over his left eye and four of his precious ribs were fractured. Wonder what John thought—possibly that a mountain had fallen down on him. But it served him right.

Taft Loses Eighty Pounds.

Professor Taft has lost eighty pounds of flesh within the last year. Now had the Professor taken off this flesh before the election he could have run faster. But it is true that our hind sight is better than our foresight.

A Little Bad.

It is really too bad for us all that the "furrin" nations will not take part in the San Francisco exposition. Many people will want to see California who never saw it, and to have a big international show would have been better. But we don't need them. The United States of America can make a big show if it will undertake it, and the hope is that Uncle Sam will now proceed to give a big appropriation and let the Canal be properly represented. In fact it is up to him to make good. Let the bloomin' furrin' fellows understand that we have the greatest show on earth, and that we are not caring much about their side shows anyway.

Prosperity.

The steel industry of Pittsburgh, is said to be running high speed again, and those who know insist that good times are ahead. Pittsburgh business men say they see every indication of returning prosperity. And this, too, just when the protectionists were predicting calamity to beat the band.

SAD MOTHERS, THESE.

Three North Carolina Mothers Smother Their Babies.

At Wilmington, the two months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar R. King was suffocated by its mother—she accidentally kept the covers too close over it. The same day the infant of Mrs. J. D. Woodie suffered the same fate at Henderson, and the night before, also at Henderson the infant child of Mrs. Sodie Hicks was suffocated.

These mothers were not to blame—but that will not relieve their sufferings.

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