

GUILFORD'S BIG DAY.

County Commencement Day One Long To Be Remembered.

Saturday, April 18, 1914, is a date long to be remembered as a red letter day on the educational calendar of Guilford county and as one from which to reckon future educational events. It was county commencement day—the first of the kind ever held in Guilford—and Greensboro was proud to be hostess to such a large and representative gathering.

The Fair Grounds of the Central Carolina Fair Association presented a most beautiful and inspiring picture, one that will linger long in the memories of the interested and animated thousands who viewed from the grand stand and other points of vantage the groups of bright-eyed and happy-hearted boys and girls who marched in the school parade around the race track carrying their banners with commendable pride.

The parade was led by the seventh grade graduates, followed by pupils above the seventh grade, the boys' corn club, the girls' tomato club, and the schools by townships. The Proximity graded school was awarded the prize for making the best appearance in the parade; Pomona school coming second.

The declaimer's medal was won by Roland Fruit, of Pentress township, Raymond Johnson, of Morehead township receiving honorable mention. The medal for best recitation was won by Miss Myrtle Ward, of High Point township.

In the athletic contest, the 100 yard dash was won by R. Johnson, Morehead township. Following as a close second was A. Johnson, of High Point; third, C. Wyrick, of Gilmer township. Time, 12 2-5 seconds.

Girls' potato race was won by Annie Dameron, of Madison; Georgia P. Newman, of Morehead, second; Flora Mann, of High Point, third. Time, 34 4-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by W. Johnson, High Point; second, J. Gilchrist, Monroe; third, L. Whitt, Gilmer. Time, 28 2-5 seconds.

Standing broad jump—Won by William Johnson, High Point; second, L. Self, Gilmer; third, Sam Bosher, Morehead. Distance, 8 feet and 1 inch.

Running high jump—Won by Edgar Teague, Sumner; second, Avery Johnson, High Point; third, L. Whitt and R. Stafford, tied. Height, 5 feet.

Girls' 300-yard relay—Won by Morehead; second, High Point; third, Monroe. Time, 43 4-5 seconds.

Boys' relay, 880 yards—Won by Morehead; second, Gilmer; third Sumner. Time, 1 minute and 58 2-5 seconds.

Exhibition \$80-yard relay—Won by Y. M. C. A. intermediates, J. McAlister, G. Pruden, W. Alderman, G. Wyrick. Time, 1 minute and 43 4-5 seconds.

One of the most interesting features of the commencement were the exhibits of domestic science, domestic art, manual training, map-drawing, written work, etc., made by several schools. The prizes for written work and map-drawing were awarded to the Pomona school. The Glendale school won the prizes for the best exhibits of domestic science and domestic art. The Bessemer school was awarded the manual training prize.

A grand civic parade, gotten up by the Woman's Club of Greensboro, in which city and county joined and which was a notable feature of a notable day, closed the program, emphasizing the claim of State Superintendent J. Y. Joyner, who said in the course of his splendid address, that the biggest thing in North Carolina was the little North Carolina child, and that educating the hearts and minds of their children is the greatest task confronting North Carolina parents.

THE NURSE QUESTION.

Talk Of Employing Catholic Nurses Raises Discussion.

At the State Tuberculosis Sanitarium there has, since its inception, been much "sand" raised. This perhaps, because it is in a sandy section of the state. To repeat the stories that came from there for a couple of years would be a chapter of shame. Suffice to say that the state board of health finally took it over. Hon. Tyree Glenn, a gentleman capable and deserving, is business manager, and everything seemed to be running smoothly until last week the attending physician intimated that it might be necessary to employ Catholic nurses, and now another war-cloud seems to be brewing.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate for one strenuously objects to any state institution being "Romanized" under the plea of necessity and points out that it is possible to secure nurses who are not Catholics. If Brother Blair knew all the inside of the experience with nurses at that institution in the past he would not talk too loud, lest the story be printed. To print it would be nauseating to say the least, and would in no way add to the glory of Nations.

Just who it is we do not know, but it seems a fact that "the Sisters" generally have made the best nurses—both in war and in peace. We do not see why one must needs be a Catholic to make a superior nurse, and perhaps she need not be. Nor do we see what objection there could be offered to employing Catholic nurses in a state institution if it seemed impossible to get those of another faith. The Roman Catholic church is hit whenever it sticks up its head, and all the time it keeps growing stronger and stronger—and you hardly ever hear of it fighting other denominations—at least, in public.

The institution at Montrose is a big thing if we can get it to going and going right. We have much faith in the present superintendent, and we know that Mr. Tyree Glenn is as good a man in his position as could be found in the whole state. The question of nurses is one that should be left entirely to the superintendent. What he wants is efficiency, and it should not be a matter of politics or religion. The Sanitarium at Montrose can do worlds of good, provided it is not continually under fire.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

Everybody And The Colored Cook Gives Opinions.

Naturally when a great question comes up in America the populace at once decides the real question. Not wishing to be behind on the matter of fresh information we have interviewed several citizens and find that expression is not unanimous at all. However as these gentlemen are free American born citizens we record their views and will later send them, collect, to the war department.

Mr. Tight Wad: "I said to Mrs. Tight Wad last night, that this thing was a mistake, it was going to cost a lot of money. Mr. Knowtall: "If I had been president I would have settled this thing months ago."

Mr. Weak-in-the-Knees: "I don't see how we are insulted, and I think it a serious mistake to invade the soil of a country that we don't recognize."

Mr. Doubtingthomas: "If Japan wants to join in now she might make it interesting for us on the Pacific coast. With all our boats in Mexican waters how could we keep the Yellow Man from taking the far Eastern islands. I doubt the wisdom of the move."

Mr. Don't-care: "I think that all will come out of the wash. I don't worry about things like this. It is none of my funeral—I'm too old to be drafted."

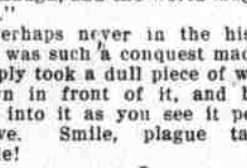
A great many more distinguished citizens handed down opinions similar to the above, but as a grave and careful chronicler of our times we give only a synopsis in order that Old World powers may know how we feel here in Greensboro.

Who Will It Be?

Wanted, a patriot to represent Guilford county in the State Senate.

"Wat" Comes Back.

"Wat" our wood cut artist comes back, and says he has been waiting to get the spirit of the times. He submits this picture and says we can use it to illustrate any article it might suggest. We have looked over the Carnegie Library's well-filled shelves; we have raised the curtain in the vast store house of our mind and can think of nothing unless it would be proper to adorn the never-dying lines written either by Colton Joyce or Elihu Wheeler Wilcox which thrill you as you read:



Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

HUERTA CAME IN.

As Was Expected The Mexican President Said Of Course.

No one was much excited about the war news. The only idea that seemed to prevail was that Old Man Huerta might get very drunk and refuse to take off his hat to Uncle Sam. But when he "saw the smoke 'way up de ribber, whar de Linkum gunboats lay" he got very busy and said, "my dear Alphonso" bending himself practically double.

The little excitement was not enough to cause a thrill. Declaring war against Mexico wouldn't cause the average American to feel that wonderful thrill we all felt when Grover Cleveland read the riot act to England. That was when Old Glory made us all feel that it was worth while.

To invade Mexico, to clean out every Greaser on the Rio Grande; to whip Huerta and his followers and all the other revolutionists in Mexico wouldn't be a hard job—just a long and tedious process of elimination. And to whip those half breeds would reflect no honor on us.

We of course are not caring for the expense of this last demonstration; we are glad that the movement caused the Mexican government to sit up and take notice—but it will only be a few more weeks or months or years until we must repeat the dose. As long as Mexico undertakes to run things there will be a revolution on. Things are sometimes in the blood, and this is one of the things.

And thus our wisdom is knocked into a cocked hat. Since we wisely handed down the above opinion Old Man Huerta refused to salute the flag; he refused everything suggested, and the people who thought he was running a bluff have awakened to the realization that we have a war on our hands.

Last Tuesday in taking Vera Cruz four marines were killed and twenty wounded. It was the first day of fighting—but it was a day of blood. The Senate, up to Wednesday had insisted on discussing the war measure, and in the meantime people have been wondering what is what. The proposition that we are trying to make a government recognize us that we don't recognize is perplexing. The further fact that two thirds of the Mexicans are not included in the insulating class makes it hard to pick out the offenders. A war with Mexico means years of fighting—because they are bushwhackers and will keep coming in. Just what will happen no man knows. Monday the situation looked like we wrote above. Tuesday blood is shed, and by the time this paper is printed something else will happen and by the time it is read another chapter will be on. Therefore we are not going to attempt to print any late war news. We are going to watch and listen and comment as we go along. However we remain steadfast in our original position that no matter what the outcome of this skirmish, the revolution will be always on.

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. A Never what you are doing now. This department is conducted simply to take care of those pleasant things that happened as we walked along the road that is now grass grown and indistinct—the road over which we will never walk again.

In Oregon.

My old friend Barber, erstwhile editor of the Patriot, but now doing stunts in Ashland, Oregon, sends me a marked copy of a paper wherein is told a fish story—where a man whose name we shall not print, because of envy, caught a trout that weighed eighteen pounds, that measured around the fancy vest it wore 36 inches, and which was forty-seven inches long. It was the steelhead variety—one of the gamest fish that swims in western waters. Of course Barber wants to get me excited; it was unlawful to keep the fish and out there the game wardens are on to the job. They arrest a man quicker than you can say Jack Robinson and they pinch him if guilty. Some of us told the old man that the warden was coming. Quicker than you can say Mr. Robinson again, he slipped the trout down his pants leg and started to his home. I can see the old man yet—he was conscientious. But he said the next day that that was one time in his life when he couldn't resist. We figured it out that he was a stranger; that he had come all the way from Illinois to fish—and while he wasn't fishing for steelhead if one was foolish enough to get on his hook he was entitled to it. And I guess that was all right. But if those Ashland, Oregon, steelheads are growing to weigh eighteen pounds I am going to stop off at Ashland one of these days and make Barber snow me the head of that fish.

Hard To Subdue.

The Mexican situation at this writing looks serious enough. It looks like we were in for a long and expensive siege; it means much more than most of us imagine if we really get into a campaign down there. Mexico is a hard country to fight in—it is mountains and valleys and arid plains. I went to Mexico City when they ran the first train over the Mexican Central in there in 1884—and I saw enough of the Mexican treachery and savagery then to last me all my life. The Mexicans shot out the car windows; they would do anything that was mean. They have no regard for human life. They live like Digger Indians—and those people who have passed along the Southern Pacific railway along the Mexican border and seen the huts and shanties in which they live around El Paso have no conception of how much worse off some of them are in the interior. Those hovels around El Paso would put an African's abode to shame—but forty Mexicans will live in one room without a window for ventilation. They are savage and they are almost wild men. To fight them means to hunt them like you would hunt lions in the jungles. Unless something happens and we must really go after them, cleaning up Mexico will be a worse job than putting the Filipino straight. However if we are in we are in, and we all must feel loyal to the flag—we all must either fight or put revenue stamps on our checks without kicking. The cost of the enterprise will be countless millions of dollars. I don't remark right here that I am too old to be drafted, and therefore I talk very bravely.

In Oregon.

I have been wondering what had become of my Old Friend Sam Small—unquestionably the greatest genius the South ever turned out. He dropped out and somebody told me he was running a newspaper in Iowa, but I see that he is talking prohibition in Oregon. Sam Small can put up the strongest temperance speech in the world. But Sam is a remarkable fellow. One time I was associated with him in some publicity stunts in Boston. He had agreed with an Atlanta friend to start a publication in Atlanta and was to pay a certain amount on the furniture by a certain date. He had failed to make good, and his friend wired him. The message came into the office and I signed for it. Sam was out. When he came in I gave him the message. It was a raw, cold morning in Boston—but in the South the birds were singing. Sam opened the message and read it. He threw it down on the floor and remarked: "My wife is the strongest woman in the world. She just wired me to look out for pneumonia."

I thought that was a funny message, so I picked up the original from the floor. It read to the effect that if Sam didn't come across with the payment the furniture of the Atlanta office would be sold. But Sam, with a straight face and wonderful versatility, claimed that his wife had wired him to look out for pneumonia. I always thought that was funny.

Sam has the genius. He has the brains—but he never had the moral stamina. When he was out for prohibition a few years ago in Vermont, he had to ride across the country and he allowed himself to take a quart bottle of the ardent along and drinking it in the cold it didn't hurt. When he got warmed up he was so drunk he couldn't stand alone. Of course his meeting was a frost. He had to be taken off the stage and his friends wanted to send out that he had been stricken with something or other. But Sam gave out a statement, telling the truth. "Tell them I was drunk and am sorry. Don't lie about it." It took a big man and a brave man to do that. But Sam did it. I was in Atlanta at the time, and in Atlanta Sam has hundreds of good friends. They whispered about it; they wondered what effect it was going to have on him—because he was a reformed drinking man. He came home. He came down town to attend a big mass meeting of the citizens. The hall was literally packed and some one called for Small. He came out on the platform and made a speech that was never equalled, even by Grady himself. It was an Atlanta speech by an Atlanta man on the Atlanta spirit—and he thrilled his audience. The papers had to give him the front page; everybody was talking about the remarkable man, and the Vermont incident was forgotten. I have often regretted that Sam never had a manager. He can write wonderful stuff; he is a wonderful man, and being a genius, he drifts from place to place, and therefore the world doesn't get out of him, as a legacy, what it could get. I sincerely hope he is doing well. Despite any of his human frailties he is a great big fellow.

Everything

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Six Sticks.

You can now get six sticks of wood in a dollar bag. Before the high cost of living came around you got seven and a half sticks. But now you pay a dollar for an arm load and people put what's left in the safe at night. Pretty soon and we'll go to burning concrete for fuel.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

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