

BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The General Public Not Much Interested In Politics.

We have had handed to us about a column of pale blue prunes—purple prunes they may be—about a certain candidate for office, with the request that we publish it. We politely returned the manuscript with the information that at political matter except what we want to prepare ourselves and run as our own must be accepted only as political advertising, and plainly marked so—and the charge for such service, to one and all is the modest sum of ten cents per line.

The general public isn't very much interested in the individual fate of Mr. Tom or Mr. Dick or Mr. Henry—because any of these gentlemen running for office will perhaps, if elected, make good. If they do not make good, even if we do not enjoy that heaven-born gift, the initiative, the referendum and recall, we can fire 'em out of office when they fail to do their sworn duty.

CARR FOR GOVERNOR.

Arthur Abernethy Hears The General And Is Charmed.

Editor Everything: I believe it was Everything that made the first announcement of General Julian S. Carr's intention to become a candidate for governor of North Carolina, and I wish you might have been present at Rutherford College on the occasion of General Carr's commencement address, when you would have seen great cause for justification of the popular clamor for this man.

The modesty and traditional reserve of the Rutherford College faculty prevented its exploitation of General Carr's presence as an advertising medium, and thus prevented the publicity that his really great address deserved. It would have been impossible for a man of General Carr's business acumen to have talked an hour and failed to introduce new and practical ideas of enterprise for the young graduates, but he did more. He revealed an honest and sincere interest in the welfare of the people of the state by public utterances which he could not have figured on as being popular with the masses but of great help to the masses. And in this General Carr was a genuine and agreeable surprise to me.

I am not a Democrat—I am an independent in politics as I am in religion—but I confess that after witnessing the presence of General Julian S. Carr among the plain, mountain people, and his unstudied cordiality and chivalrous courtesy, I should feel myself traitor to every sense of appreciation should I not be among those to favor and labor zealously for his election.

I know a political fawner from a publicist. My twelve years' experience as a Philadelphia and New York newspaper editorial writer have trained my vision to scan a heeler and distinguish him from a man who is sincerely in earnest until I can smell a political trickster a mile off. If General Carr is not a liberal, big-souled, honorable, man-loving, gentleman, then they are not made—that's all.

He made himself as thoroughly at home with the poor mountain people—as unstudiedly free and friendly among them—as if it had been his experience to have spent a lifetime among them. One of the most graceful things I ever saw was his cutting his speech short to visit the home of an invalid daughter of an old dead friend of his, while the political seers were crowding around him begging him to accept their hospitality. I saw him sitting on the porch talking with a crowd of working men and their wives and children with his back turned on a gathering of the so-called authorities in the political ranks, and he had no more idea of playing politics in it than he had of finding the committee marked to him that when the committee had invited him they were at a loss as to how to entertain him, knowing him to be a man of great wealth and they being but plain poor folk. His making-himself-as-one-of-them so easily and unostentatiously had completely taken them off their feet. He said:

"Why, that surprises me. I have always been a plain liver and I like the plain life."

One thing is certain: If the babies could vote General Carr would be president. And babies are the best judges of men after all.

Those up this way who were favored with his presence didn't want to let the General leave and it was a sight that touched me to see my own crying after the intrepid old chivalrous hero of the Sixties, as he wended his way from my old home while the baby cried for him as if it had known him all ways.

General Carr is a great man. He measures up more and more to the statue of true manliness and every day heretofore that we need in political and personal life, and I am one who hopes that he will be the next governor, and shall vote for him, though I have not voted for a Democrat for governor in a mighty long time.

Arthur Talmage Abernethy, Rutherford College, N. C., May 19, 1914.

Guilford College Commencement.

Guilford College commencement will begin Sunday, May 31, baccalaureate sermon being preached by Dr. E. M. Poteat, of Greensville, South Carolina; address to the Christian Associations by Dr. E. R. Leyburn, of Durham.

With the conferring of degrees on Tuesday will be an address by Dr. Harvey W. Cox, of the University of Florida.

The occasion is being looked forward to with much interest.

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. 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.

The Durham Post Office.

I see they are having a great time in Durham over the post-office. It looked to me like Jim Robinson should have had it—but Lunsford and others had greater claims the politicians said, on the "party" and several delegations visited Washington. The thing got very warm, and Major Stedman was rather puzzled what to do—but because Victor Bryant dipped in it is said that settled the matter. Victor Bryant was spoken of as a candidate and because he kept out of the fight of course the Major would listen, at least, to his wise counsel.

When I went to Durham some twenty odd years ago Colonel W. A. Albright was postmaster. He was a republican, and a good citizen. He made an efficient officer and when Cleveland came into power there was a hungry horde of office-seekers from everywhere, and Durham was no better in that regard than other towns in the Union.

The post-office fight got to be the attraction. No use now to mention names, but the fight was bitter. And I helped make it more bitter.

Buck Blackwell, then down and out, was a candidate, and he had but few friends. I took a fancy to him and concluded that I could play a card. I accordingly "went after" my old friend Henry Reams and others—wrote an article that curled hair and had my friend Frank Hatton, editor of the Washington Post write a column about the post-office and the danger of a war that might be—quoting the sanguinary Durham Daily Globe. This meant that Old Man Cleveland would see it; it meant that my friend J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture could have an excuse to mention the matter to Cleveland—and it wasn't long until Buck Blackwell was appointed.

I still have the correspondence between J. Sterling Morton and myself—it is very interesting. He was an old man, a smooth politician and he told me how to work the cards. The cards face up—four aces on the show down.

There were few people who ever knew how Old Buck got in—but he got in and made a good post-master. He wrote me a letter thanking me for what I had done; was my friend always, and never ungrateful. But that was one time when a cabinet officer from another state, a cabinet officer who didn't know the man, except by reputation suggested to the President what to do—and he did it. The Frank Hatton editorial secured the interest in Washington—and we put it over.

And the fact that Buck Blackwell had as big a funeral as was ever held in Durham; the fact that he made good as a post-master and the fact that he was pleased because of the recognition after he had lost his fortune and his power made the stunt worth while.

Since the above was put in type—the telegraph says that J. Otho Lunsford has been appointed postmaster at Durham—that Lunsford was the candidate General Carr boosted with persistency.

Well, that doesn't disturb me, any. Otho Lunsford was a kid when I was doing things in black and white in Durham—he was looking at the picture papers when Buck Blackwell was appointed, or, would have been, had there been any picture papers in those days—and his father, Pat Lunsford, held a county office and was one of the best liked men Durham county ever held.

My idea was, however, that Jim Robinson should have had the place. Jim is capable; Jim earned it. There is such a thing as a man earning a reward.

If the little boy is good, his mother will promise him a piece of cake. If he will bring in wood, milk the cow, hoe the garden, kiss his little sister and wash his dirty face, his mother will promise him a lump of sugar or a piece of cake—and that is earning the reward.

And so I figured that if a democrat is always a democrat; if he runs a newspaper for twenty years, and gets nothing out of it but promises to pay and the glory that is not worth over ten cents on the dollar; if he whoops it up in season and out of season for his party—looked to me like he should at least be promised a piece of pie if there was any pie.

Democratic pie hasn't been noticeable in the cupboard for many years. Only three times since I commenced to chew tobacco, and Jim Robinson is getting along in years—the same as you or I—and I thought there was a chance to reward Jim. I didn't go to Washington to see about it; I didn't ask the Major to appoint him—it wasn't any of my kettle of eels they were skinning—but I regret, with perfect satisfaction because Otho Lunsford is appointed—yet I regret that Jim was turned down.

I am also glad the Major appointed a competent man; I am glad that Durham will be satisfied with the result, and I hope that someday or other the Major will try to find something for Jim to do that would give him a vacation from his eternal grind on the newspaper.

ACCORDING TO MR. HODGIN.

Some People Do Not Appreciate Kind Treatment, He Says.

"I don't know whether it pays to be too considerate and too lenient towards people in matters of business," said Mr. Hodgin, of the Guilford Hardware Company, "sometimes I think people do not appreciate real kindness. If a fellow owes me money I don't want to sell his hogs or his mules or put any difficulty in the way of his making a living. I like to believe that all men are honest in their intentions and that they will pay their debts if they can. Sometimes I get fooled, or of course a fellow that I know real well comes along, puts up a hard luck story, pays something on his account and promises to settle in full at an early date. After waiting a reasonable time and seeing that he has failed to make good, I begin to investigate and find that he has put all his property in his wife's name and has forgotten all about me. It is pretty hard not to lose faith," continued Mr. Hodgin, "but I had rather lose a debt occasionally than to have it said that I was hard and grasping. The Guilford Hardware Company has always enjoyed a reputation for treating its customers right, and if they do not treat us right; that is up to them—we try to set the ma good example."

A Horrible Murder.

A Charlotte merchant was brutally murdered one day this week—a young fool beat him over the head with a gas pipe, robbed him, went to a house of ill reputation, and with his hands bloody and about \$400 in money quarreled with the spotted woman. She notified the police—and so quickly the jig was up with the murderer that he will never hardly know how it happened. Strange what men will do for a little money.

To Get Together.

It is now the hope of Chairman Morehead to get the Tatfites and Teddites together in North Carolina and pull off a stunt this fall. The chance of republican success in North Carolina is nothing. Democracy this fall will go through with a wild whoop. The republicans can't get together for this election. Too much bitterness. By 1916 they may heal the wounds.

However it would be refreshing to see the republicans try it. They would be pounded far into the broad earth's surface. They would be planted for fair.

The democratic party in North Carolina is together. The republican party in North Carolina is hopelessly divided. To make believe that the recreant members had kissed and made up would be like a wild cat woman and a wild cat man agreeing to keep the peace in order to save allimony.

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O. W. MONROE

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION.

State Of North Carolina—Department Of State.

To All To Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Automatic Tuffing Machine Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated at No. . . . Street, in the City of Greensboro, County of Guilford, State of North Carolina, J. R. Ostinger being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served, has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, Revision of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now, Therefore, J. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 12th day of May, 1914 file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law. In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh this 12th day of May, A. D., 1914.

J. BRYAN GRIMES, Secretary of State.

Adv. 4t

The Horne Monument.

The Ashley Horne Monument to Confederate women will be unveiled in Raleigh June 10th, and the Confederate Veterans from all over the state will go to Raleigh. Too bad that Colonel Ashley Horne cannot be there; too bad that he died before he saw the monument which he so cheerfully gave to the honor of the Southern women. But it will be there, and all will remember Ashley Horne. Grand old man he was—pure gold.

Mr. Nolan certainly knows how a city should be built to look beautiful and save the curves.

OPIMUM, MORPHINE and all DRUG HABITS, ALCOHOLISM Yield to my treatment. Hundreds successfully treated. Alcoholism \$100. Flat. Drugs \$125. Flat. Everything included. WRITE TODAY. Williams Private Sanatorium B. B. Williams, M. D. Greensboro, N. C.

Greensboro

Is not as progressive as its most progressive citizen nor as slow as its tightest tight wad.

Greensboro is as progressive as its average citizen—no more, no less.

You are either helping or hindering the progress of Greensboro.

If you are hindering get on the other side and help.

Anything worth while costs money and effort, and profits don't come until you have made an investment.

Money and effort spent in better streets, lights, sewers, public buildings, etc., is the best investment taxpayers can make.

These things attract people and people are what make real estate more valuable and every kind of business more prosperous.

What makes Greensboro real estate worth more than \$50.00 per acre? Nothing but the fact that 30,000 people occupy it.

Advocate liberal expenditure for public facilities, and contribute liberally to the support of the Chamber of Commerce that these desirable facilities may be made known to the World, and every one from highest to lowest will reap a rich reward.

How many more people would be added to our population if every citizen who smokes, insisted on having Greensboro made cigars.

How many more store rooms would be occupied and how many more clerks and other employes would be required if all the goods purchased by Greensboro citizens were purchased from Greensboro merchants.

When you purchase goods from merchants in other cities, you are probably paying more for the same grade of goods delivered at your door than you would pay if purchased from Greensboro merchants and are doing your neighbors, friends and yourself a direct injustice.

How much Greensboro home furniture is in Greensboro homes and offices?

Do factories in other cities pay taxes in Greensboro, and thus help to maintain our schools, water works, streets, parks, etc.

Do they furnish employment to your neighbors and friends?

Do their employes buy what you have to sell, or help you maintain your churches or social organizations?

Why not practice enlightened selfishness by helping your neighbors and friends and thereby help yourself?

Be liberal with your own money and time, encourage liberality in the use of public money.

Be loyal to yourself by being loyal to your neighbor and your home City.

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