

MILL MEN INTERESTED.

They Want The Age Limit Of School Law Raised A Year.

The cotton mill men of North Carolina have asked that the age limit for compulsory school attendance be raised from 12 years to 13 years—and this is going the legislature a year better.

Wonder what people will say to this. For manufacturers—those great malefactors of whom we have heard so much—coming in and insisting that the child should be forced to go to school and not allowed to work in mills until after it has reached a certain age—and putting the limit a year ahead of what the law-makers had put it. We had given to understand that these greedy manufacturers who coined the life blood of innocent child-hood into their hoppers; these avaricious and grasping human hyenas and jackals without conscience and without feeling who gave starving and helpless people employment, wanted children of two and three years of age to lift bales of cotton and carry five hundred pound cases of manufactured goods down stairs to save wear and tear on elevators, would not comply with the laws already made; that they bribed officers and murdered them if they undertook to inform against them—these murderers and mercenary manufacturers who think boys and girls are machines made of steel—to read the hot air passing in clouds at times, and we cannot understand why they want the children protected, and demand better protection than the state has already given them. This is their resolution:

"We, the legislative committee, point with pride to the fact that it was through the efforts of this association that the first compulsory education law for North Carolina and probably in the South was enacted. We now recommend that this association ask the General Assembly to amend the law so as to raise the age limit of those required to attend the public schools from 12 to 13 years; that the superintendent of public instruction of each county be not only given the power but be required by law to make or have made by local trust officers rigid inspections for the purpose of the enforcement of this law.

"We, the members of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association, pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to fully cooperate in the enforcement of this law."

This report was submitted by Mr. J. F. Schneck, chairman, and was adopted.

Mr. D. Y. Cooper, of Henderson moved that a committee of 15 be named to draft an address to the citizens of North Carolina setting forth what the mills are doing in welfare work, for the educational and religious training of their employees, to make clear "the actual facts as to the existing relationship. But seriously the manufacturers of North Carolina have given their labor better advantages than most municipalities have given their residents. Not all, but most all—and if you want to see fine schools and fine churches; if you want to see labor respected and protected—go out to the Cone mills near Greensboro here and your eyes will be opened. The mill men of North Carolina are among our most patriotic citizens. They are men with hearts and brains—they are human themselves and are treating their help as it should be treated.

Favors Woman Suffrage.

Ex-Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, called among the sports. Butter milk Charley, and described by his critics as being as cold as an ice berg warms up to the woman suffrage question and remarks that the ballot in the hands of woman has not been a fire-brand, but a steady, wholesome influence.

"By what divine patent do men monopolize politics?" he continued. "The right of women to vote has been recognized in many States; the experiment has not proven disastrous, and orderly progress has been maintained."

All Re-Elected.

The Confederate Veterans of the state re-elected all the old officers at their annual meeting at Raleigh this week. Gen. Julian S. Carr, commander-in-chief; Maj. H. A. London, adjutant general, and the following brigade commanders: First Brigade, Gen. P. C. Carlton, Statesville; Second Brigade, Gen. W. L. London, Pittsboro. Third Brigade, Gen. James I. Metts, Wilmington. Fourth Brigade, Gen. J. M. Ray, Asheville.

Concord To The Front.

Concord is going to have a White Way. The wooden poles on the Main street will be removed; iron ones take their place and four globes on each post one hundred feet apart will illuminate the thoroughfare.

Concord is to the front in many ways, and Concord is growing all the time. One of these fine days and she will be a big city. It is in the air—and when you have live men in a town you can't hold them down.

Mrs. Isaac N. Carr Dead.

Mrs. Isaac N. Carr, wife of Dr. I. N. Carr, of Durham died last Wednesday, after a lingering illness of some four years. Many friends of this estimable family will mourn her untimely taking off.

A New Home.

Editor Varner, of the Lexington Dispatch calls upon his subscribers to come across and put up their subscriptions. He is going to build a \$20,000 building to be the home of the Dispatch and he thinks his family of readers will all cheerfully help out by paying their subscriptions promptly—and in advance. And they ought to hear the call.

If this hot weather keeps up the transparent wearing gear may be essential.

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 that 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 Brutal Pranks.

I see where some rowdies in Georgia overtook a hired man and attempted to make him tell whether or not the man for whom he worked kept any whiskey at home, because the man was a loud talking prohibitionist. The hired man had no information and because he hadn't he was almost killed. Being disappointed, the bullies were made mad and vented their spite on an innocent bystander—as is too often the case in this world of woe.

But this reminds me that when I was just a kid, with another kid, Colonel Joe Easterday, now a practicing lawyer of Tacoma, Washington, one night waylaid a boy named Pillmore. Old Francis Pillmore was a devout churchman; a pretender of many things; the pillar in the Good Templar lodge and everybody doubted his sincerity. He was a hard-headed Englishman, uncompromising, and not very prosperous. He ran a little farm out west of the town and had a few cows and sold milk.

I only relate this incident because it is brought to mind by the above circumstances, as it showed how much meaner, as boys, we were than Pillmore as a man. And it raises the question, Why will some boys be so mean? Pillmore had a son and one Sunday night we waylaid him and told him we wanted to know where the old gentleman got the water he put in his milk, whether from the house pump or the stable well.

After a great many attempts to get away, and after numerous blistering threats on the part of his assailants, the boy confessed that the milk was watered at the house pump. That was the first case of examining and cross-examining Joe ever had—and he conducted it on human nature principles. He assumed that the milk was watered; he brought his witness to the point of thinking that the water at the house was better than the water at the well and so adroitly brought his witness around that he forgot he could deny that water was used; he forgot his own rights, and in his eagerness to make it appear the milk was pure, admitted freely that the water they put in it came from the house pump.

Of course that was a low down piece of business. But we argued that it was not as low down as watering milk. Of course we told the story, but I noticed that the consumers of the milk didn't seem to care, they appeared to know it was watered, and perhaps rejoiced to know that the old man was using the best water obtainable for the purpose. But I often regret that I had taken part in such a proposition. It may have been that we frightened the boy—there being two of us to one of him, and in his fright and in his hope to make his escape easily, simply admitted what he did—knowing, if clothed in honesty, that no one would believe it. I do not intend in these little wayside stories to undertake to tell much about the things I did when a kid—because an average boy is the wildest of all animals. He does things that are not unlawful; not reprehensible—but things that are repulsive to him when he arrives at an age of understanding, and wonders why he did them.

The Press Association.

I get another invitation from the North Carolina Press Association to "jine" and take a day or two off and go to Wrightsville Beach. In the bunch of literature I note the boys are trying to stop the government in its pleasant task of furnishing printed envelopes to merchants and others, and the hope is now to get a law through that will stop this abuse. However, I do not see why Uncle Sam should stop the practice. Uncle Sam prints good envelopes, he furnishes them cheaply, and he certainly has a right to unload as many postage stamps as possible. Uncle Sam understands that if you have five hundred stamped envelopes, printed on hand you will use more than if you didn't have 'em—and he is simply pushing his business. But that is another story. I also notice that the boys are trying to make a law that will allow advertising to be offered in exchange for transportation on the railroads. I really hope that this law will never be passed. I recall that I have squandered more money riding on free passes than the Bank of England has in its vaults this morning. And I recall that I went through the world a marked man. The average person would say: "Oh, it doesn't cost you anything to travel—you have a pass." True, I had transportation on the railroad. But by the time you counted, by the time you paid your Pullman fare; your hotel bills; your tips and what not—every trip taken on a pass cost more than the trip taken without it. Why? Because human nature is human nature. You would say, Well I'm paying no railroad fare, I can do this and do that—and since the law went into effect that you must pay fare I note that my long trips across the continent are made cheaper than when the transportation was furnished.

I remember the first time I ever went up against a passenger agent for a pass—on a strange road. I was from the west and had ridden into Chicago, and wanted to go to Buffalo. I was a kid—just with a few feathers on my face and was connected with a little weekly newspaper. I made bold to get into the offices of the Lake Shore railroad and to see the big office; the many clerks; the whole lay-out gave me the shuck. I trembled and found the man I wanted. I put it up to him, and he saw I was stu-

losed. He undertook to roll me. He asked me a lot of questions that a veteran newspaper man could not have answered off hand—I ascertained afterwards that he was an old editor—and he handled me like a cat handles a mouse for fifteen minutes. I was disgusted. I was rattled, but I felt that I was crushed and that he had wantonly bruised my heart and trampled on my prostate form. I was almost crying and concluded to leave. Finally, however, I got back my nerve and stood up before him, and with considerable scorn for a youngster I told him in a higher pitched tone of voice than he had yet heard from me, that he could go to a hotter climate than the one in which he was then sojourning; that he could take his railroad along with him—that he was a cheap skate or he wouldn't be working for other people—and I was leaving. I never was more angry in my life. When Pride and Vanity have a fall together they lay in an awful heap. But the old fellow—he wasn't old, but looked old to me—got me back, gave me the pass and said he didn't mean to hurt my feelings. And human nature again asserting itself, I took the pass and went to Buffalo and came back on it—and felt miserable all the time. But in after years I learned to know Charley Beason well and rode many times with his compliments. But when a man is a kid-lette, and an editor, and before the law was made prohibiting him from riding on passes—well, I saw much of the world that way—and it never did me any good. I am again the proposed law. I want an editor to pay his way. I want him to be self sustaining and self-respecting. There is no reason why the men who really could make any laws they want to make if they would cut out politics and go in for business should ask any railroad any favor in the world.

A Young Man And A Jug.

We saw a young man well known in Greensboro carrying a gallon jug down the street the other day. He didn't seem to care who saw him. He walked defiantly and looked at the jug without shame. He came on down Gaston street and stopped at our gold plated shack and we asked him what he had in the jug.

"Coal oil," he said. And sure enough he was bringing us a gallon of kerosene which we use to wash the rollers on the press. We mention this, not to show the depravity of Youth but to show that we wash the rollers.

Those Happy Days.

The happiest time in all my life was many years ago. Of course I didn't know it then—how was a man to know? And they would sing the old songs to forty kinds of tunes. And every meal they served to you they passed around the puns.

The Judge Speer Case.

Congress will perhaps dismiss the charges against Judge Speer. While the report will show that the Judge has been indiscreet it will hardly carry charges serious enough to impeach the jurist.

Down Macon way the Judge has some very bitter enemies. They think the Judge is too imperious—too much "stuck on himself" to use a phrase of the street. One of his United States Marshals told him in open court he was the meanest he ever saw who could strut sitting down.

Speer is a man of great ability and it would be a pity to see him impeached—although many men in Macon want to see this done. And they are citizens of character—but they are neighbors who do not like Speer.

Wants It State Wide.

Hurley of the Salisbury Post insists that what we most need is a state wide primary law. We know Hurley thinks he is right—but he will be the worst fooled man in seven states. The game of politics will be not only cut and dried, but curtailed, if we had the wide primary law in North Carolina.

Wonderful—Wonderful.

It is now boldly charged that the road bed between Greensboro and Mount Airy is in such shape that human life is endangered—that it has been in this condition for years, and yet all the steps taken to correct this terrible situation is a threat of the Solicitor of the district that if it isn't repaired before another term of court the grand jury will investigate the matter.

Mount Airy has had on her war paint for the Southern for a long time. Just now the papers up there are going after the railway in column and two column and three column broadsides. But the fact remains that the railroad is most interested in the condition of its track. If the track is rotten the railroad must be the loser if wreck occur. One wreck will cost more than the cross ties used in construction of the road.

The people who think that because a cross tie is rotten the road is not in first-class condition are mistaken. It is a fact that if every third cross tie is sound and the other two are rotten the track is safe. Those who go out to pull spikes out of the rotten ties should understand this. It is on the principle that if a man loses a tooth or two he can still chew bull beef.

GAMBLERS CAUGHT.

Several White Men Are Caught Gambling At Three A. M.

The police caught several white men gambling about three o'clock in the morning one day this week and Judge Brown fined some of them \$25 and some less.

If a man is enjoying a quiet game at a decent hour he might have an excuse that he was working off a fit of nervous head-ache—but when a man is found sitting in a gambling game at three o'clock in the morning he should be promptly sent to the roads. There is no question about the fact that a man doesn't have to gamble. There is no question about the fact that a professional gambler is an undesirable citizen for any community. And while Judge Brown wants to temper justice with mercy we are of opinion that he should not let gamblers off with any light fine. They should be soaked the limit and a road sentence on the side would be perfectly proper.

We are not running Judge Brown's court—but if we were the professional gambler would perhaps not gamble in our jurisdiction.

OPIUM, 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 Sanitarium, H. 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 made 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.

All Together For Greensboro GET IN LINE

Write us for information of any kind.

Chamber of Commerce,

J. E. LATHAM, President. J. C. FORESTER, Secretary



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



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.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

Send for free booklet.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Advertisement for DURHAM Marble Works, Marble and Granite, Tombstones, Limestone and Granite for Any Kind of Buildings. Includes contact information for C. J. HULIN, Proprietor, and LINDSEY HOPKINS, Investment Banker.

Advertisement for Southern Railway, Premier Carrier of the South, Operating Over 7,000 Miles of Railway. Includes details about schedules, services, and contact information for O. F. YORK and R. H. DeBUTTS.

Advertisement for GOWANS King of External, Reduces all forms of Inflammation and Congestion, thus making Gowans an invaluable Household Remedy, as Inflammation is the seat of a half hundred troubles. Includes contact information for JAS. F. SMITH, M. D.

Advertisement for Chero-Cola, COOLING — REFRESHING — STIMULATING. Includes the slogan 'THERE'S NONE SO GOOD' and contact information for Chero-Cola Bottling Co., Greensboro, N.C.