

Guilford County Board of Education



—Photographed by Entler's Studio.

The above is a good looking picture of good men, these being State Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. Y. Joyner, and the Guilford County Board of Education.

The only thing that prevents its being really representative is the absence of women in the group. It is generally understood that it is a strong board as it is, but no one is attempting to say that it would not be stronger with two or three exper-

SALISBURY TO CELEBRATE.

Flag Raising And Unveiling Of Boone Tablet.

There is going to be something doing in Salisbury on July Fourth. There will be a flag raising over the splendid new county court house—one of the finest buildings in the state. Fraternal orders have joined in this undertaking, and Colonel Z. P. Smith, now with the Industrial end of the Southern railway, and formerly editor of the Greensboro Daily News will make the welkin ring. "Zip" as his friends call him, and his friends are everywhere, will pluck about six dozen feathers from the tail of the proud bird of freedom and do oral stunts worth while.

There will also be unveiled that day in the Grubbs building a tablet to the memory of Daniel Boone. It is where the big Grubbs building now stands that the Old Rowan County Court House stood, and it was in this old court house that Daniel Boone planned his expedition into Kentucky.

The speakers of the occasion will be Hon. Locke Craig, Dr. Archibald Henderson, who will make the historical address; Mrs. William N. Reynolds, state regent of the D. A. R.; Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, chairman of the Boone trail committee; Mrs. John Van Landingham, vice-president general D. A. R.; Mrs. Edwin C. Gregory, regent of Elizabeth Maxwell Steele Chapter, and Judge F. I. Osborne, who will make an address on the history of Rowan. Misses Mary Curtis and Elizabeth Henderson, Master Richard Henderson and Lee Overman Gregory will unveil the tablet.

With these two interesting features of a programme containing many other minor entertainments, Salisbury will certainly have a Fourth of July worth while. Reidsville is to have Bryan—and Greensboro is to have the biggest dog at the Battle Ground ever pulled off. In the language of a statesman and patriot long since in Glory—let us exclaim, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July."

Judge Speer Wins.

After all the investigating; after all the talk; after all the expense, it has been decided that all the things Judge Speer did do not constitute high crimes and misdemeanors. The Congressional investigation will end in foam.

In Mason this news will displease many of Judge Speer's neighbors. They do not like the Judge because they say he struts sitting down. But when you come to impeach a man, charge him with unlawful things and send him out in the world marked and branded it is something different than "strut."

"They say" is a dirty old girl—a sore-faced and ugly old hag—a whispering, lying, scandal talking thing that should be suppressed.

"They say" is guilty of more heart-aches than all the other intangible creatures in the world.

"They say" has standing, however, in all places of decency—and "they say" when they didn't say it.

Shoot The Dogs.

Greensboro is going to muzzle the dogs, but they all should be shot at sun-rise. The Anti-Saloon League should get active and pass a bill to kill all the dogs in North Carolina. They are in collusion with Satan and are doubtless employed by the wholesale liquor dealers who get their stuff by moonshine. If you don't believe it, read this news item coming out of Raleigh:

"A faithful pet dog, just an ordinary hound, saved two unknown negro illicit distillers from being captured early yesterday morning by revenue officers and although the still was destroyed they are now at liberty. The hound treed Deputy Collector J. P. Stell, gave several sounds of warning and its master furnished the sequel with a sprint that quickly outdistanced four pursuers. The hound's warning and the negro's speed more than made good. The still was located on a small stream about six miles southeast of Holly Springs and about three-quarters of a mile from the Harnett county line. From evidence it had been in operation several months."

Night Away.

Davis street and Summit avenue will be paved right away. This is good.

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.

Shooting Out The Lights.

I took a little dip into the Third District convention, because it was refreshing. I wrote a letter to the New Bern Journal and asked some questions and got some answers. The Third District Convention was a disgrace to civilization. There is no doubt about that, and the party should not stand for it. But it possibly will. I one time attended a convention in the west and the ballot box was conveniently filled with tickets for the other fellow, and when the vote was announced there were about twenty-seven more votes than people present—and this called for an explanation. In those days the west was rather wild and woolly, and I recall that Jack Collins arose to a question of personal privilege, as he called it, and he recited a few running lines of blank verse interlined with profane specifying adjectives and pulled his gun.

The lights in the court house were shot to pieces; the crowd dispersed and a few fights occurred and the gentleman nominated for the state senate went to the capital and during the session had himself written up, telling how popular he was at home; how much majority he received, and to have read the prunes the penny-a-liner doped out you would have thought him the biggest man in the two counties he misrepresented.

And the Goldsboro affair was shameful. It seems that the crowd was absolutely armed for the occasion and those who went to the hospital expected better treatment. If the republicans do not make some hay in that district it will be because Mr. Thomas is a better patriot than politician.

Kicking The Barrel.

I see where Tom Bost, of the News and Observer, tells how he was too late to get into the death chamber to see Sid Finger electrocuted, and how he hung on to the iron shutters and witnessed the departure from the outside. This was getting the news—but I never want to see a fellow being passed out of the world. I one time saw three horse thieves hanged at Sidney, Nebraska, when that was a cowboy town, and I will never forget how they went about it. There was a yard arm nailed to a telegraph pole and three barrels were put on the ground, and on these barrels the prisoners stood. They had nothing much to say. One of them denied his guilt, the other two confessed and were glad of it—and at a signal from one of them they all kicked the barrels out from under their feet and were dangling in the air. They presented a sight to my eyes that I can see yet—and it is still repulsive. The coolness of these men—instead of waiting for the mob—which was orderly—because Judge Lynch was orderly in those early days to remove the barrels, these dare devils kicked their own barrels and went to glory.

Always Orderly

I attended a court once in Deadwood in the early days presided over by Judge Lynch, and the order, the solemnity of the occasion was worth the study of some of our judges these days. The man chosen to act as Judge Lynch was a conscientious man. He gave the prisoner every opportunity and the jury was painstaking. But they found the prisoner guilty and they hanged him, but it was a scene as solemn as a funeral. No shouting; no burning; no laughter—but quiet, judicial proceedence. There were no courts and the men had to protect themselves—and Judge Lynch, I am here to tell you, kept better order in the wild west than the legalized courts keep today.

But just why Tom Bost wanted to hang on an iron shutter to see a man take his departure for Glory is more than I can understand—unless it was an assignment that he couldn't dodge.

The Primary Plan.

The proposal for a state wide primary means death to popular representative government.

It means that the political tricksters can in May or June put out their men and have a handful of voters go to the primaries and then in the fall when people get ready to take their medicine the "nominees" must be elected. No chance to run any other man; no chance for the people to be heard.

Everything hopes that all its readers will study this scheme and keep away from it. Don't accept what we say but sit down and see how transparent the proposed job is. It is a politicians scheme—the hope for the outs to get in.

THE PRIMARY.

The State Wide Primary A Scheme Of The Politicians.

We have written against the state-wide primary plan and insisted that it was a scheme of the politicians. We still insist, and shall insist, and after it becomes a law, if our people are blind enough to let it become a law, they will see that we were not off the trolley in our caution.

Perhaps the best presentation of the case yet appearing in the state is the following from the Hickory Times-Mercury which plainly and forcefully tells just what will happen. Read this, digest it, think about it, and when you have opportunity vote against the attempt to put a Machine on the people:

"Such a law will suit little scheming politicians; those who can furnish the price and have time to meet in night, secret caucuses and devise plans while honest people, laborers, etc., are asleep, resting from their labors. These schemers will actually run and control primaries. They can and will resort to anything. They will have nothing to fear, as it binds all who vote in the primary to vote for the nominees in the general election, or not vote at all. Besides, it prevents independent candidates from running and applying the initiative and referendum on them.

"Independent candidates and voters are the only weapons of protection the people have against schemers who run primaries and conventions, and to keep them from organizing a political machine and setting up an oligarchy in the nation, State or city—a self perpetuating government.

"We believe in parties, not party. They are necessary. But when they turn to a heartless machine, and try to run rough shod over the will and interests of the people, then we believe that justice should have the right to produce some man with the nerve to run independent so that freemen can vote as their awakened consciences lead.

"This is what the scheming politicians fear. They want an early primary, fixed so that voters before they know the issues, will go and vote in the primary and thus bind themselves soul and body to support the party and take what is handed them, and ask no questions. In short, want the folks to sell their political liberty for the privilege of voting in a primary, the end of which only the devil knows.

"The people better retain what little liberty they have left, that is, to vote as and for whom they please. All governments would be safer and more satisfactory if voters could exercise their better judgment on the eve of, or even on the day of election."

AT LAST.

The People Of Greensboro Happy At Last.

All other troubles have been set at rest. The happiness of Greensboro, is complete. While it is true we owe a million of dollars; while it is true we can't get the streets we ought to have; while we haven't school room for the children; while we are lacking in depot facilities—and, well while many things might be needed to complete the thing—the Commissioners have passed a hurry up ordinance saying that dogs must appear on the streets muzzled, if not with their owners tied to a rope or chain.

A muzzled dog is the dog that is liable to become ill because the muzzled dog cannot drink water. Those who cherish the idea that there is such a thing as hydrophobia will feel better to know that mad dogs cannot bite their children. The fear of hydrophobia is something intense, and yet no one has ever died in this section because of a dog bite.

Funny thing, about how we are so easily taken off our feet. There have been dozens of people killed in Guilford county—murdered. There are burglars prowling night after night and a burglar is supposed to be a murderer. Crazy people appear and cut up and shoot up homes and public places—and we don't muzzle the men or we don't worry. But let a dog with a little almond cream on his face, enough to look like froth or foam go trotting down the street and a dozen men yell mad dog and the town thrills with fear. It catches the dog and sends the head down to Raleigh and a scientific man tells you all about it.

It is to laugh. But we are glad the Commissioners passed this law because it will make Colonel Joe Reece feel much easier.

The Little Bosses.

Editor Beasley is reported in the esteemed News as saying at the Press convention that one can see the big bosses behind the little bosses.

Rats! Beasley wanted to go to Congress. The people didn't want him—he is a single tax advocate—and of course he goes bossed. And yet he goes about telling what should be done as though he thought himself a boss, too. But he isn't.

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