

FOUNDER'S DAY

The State Normal Observes Anniversary.

FOUNDER'S DAY was the very significant occasion at the State Normal College Monday which enabled Greensboro people to enjoy two of the most interesting addresses delivered in the city the past year—these being the address in the forenoon by Dr. Edward K. Graham, president of the North Carolina State University—in the nature of a memorial to the founder and first president of the institution—Dr. Charles Duncan McIver; and the one in the evening, to dedicate the new woman's building, by Judge Walter Clark, Chief Justice of North Carolina. Both of these distinguished speakers were greeted by large and appreciative audiences who returned to their homes with a stronger grasp on educational problems and a renewed confidence in the future manhood and womanhood of the grand old state, which has reached her present intellectual status by the unswerving faith of men and women who, like the indomitable McIver, had a vision—not like Jacob's angels on the dream ladder stretching heavenward, but a vision of real men and women—thinking, working, accomplishing the higher and better things of life—things for which they had been fitted by nature but hampered by environment. To help these, who only lacked opportunity to help themselves, was the mission of those who saw in the higher education of her men and women the only road to greatness of an otherwise great state. And as the observant, thinking world has long since agreed, the only way to educate a nation is to educate the mothers. As pointed out by Judge Clark, an educated man does not always appreciate the necessity nor is he always willing to make sacrifices to educate his son. But the educated mother will deny herself anything—will go any length, to give her children this equality in the business and social world, where nothing counts for so much, and where the lack of it puts one at such a disadvantage in competition with knowledge and efficiency.

Dr. Graham's address was a plea for practical ideals, for personal responsibility and for service to our fellowman. A man or a woman could, he declared, "live a little life in a little time or a big life in a big time"—the present period of the present century being the biggest time in the world's history. He quoted a Yale professor as having said that the happy man was the one who "thought the most interesting thoughts." The speaker's definition of a happy man was "one who lived the most interesting thoughts." Life was worth living, he said, "with men and women worth living with and working for."

That the youthful view is generally the correct view—the true and safest guide in our estimate of people and things—was clearly brought out, faith in ourselves and in our kind being the foundation of all individual and national achievement. He recalled that J. Pierpont Morgan, king of financiers, had given as the basis of all credit "faith in men." If we could always retain the visions and ideals of youth there would be no such thing as old age—as was the opinion of this social philosopher, who recognized in the perpetual springs of good will to men the only real and unending Fountain of Youth.

Dr. Graham surprised some of the gentlemen of the Old School by declaring that the people of North Carolina were not democratic. He said there could be no genuine democracy until the women of the state shared equally all rights and privileges—political as well as educational—now enjoyed by the men. He is an ardent advocate for equal suffrage and presented the question in a way that appeared unanswerable. In using the word "progressive," he said that he did so with some hesitation, remembering the many constructions put upon the term by the several political factions carrying that banner. He summed up the true meaning of "progressive," however, in a verse from the Scriptures: "Now we are the sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be!"

The speaker gave the name of Charles Duncan McIver as that of the most valuable man who had lived in North Carolina during the past fifty years, putting him in a class with Jane Addams, Clara Barton and other great souls who have rendered distinguished service to their country in the conservation of moral and intellectual forces—forces that move the world and which live on after those who put them in motion have passed from the stage of action. He impressed upon the young women—students of the great institution founded by this great North Carolinian—to remember that the road to the end of the world was the road passing their own doors—Opportunity invited. Duty called:

Judge Walter Clark.
The address of Judge Walter Clark at the evening session, while having a somewhat different setting, bore the same message—woman's rightful place in the world, personal responsibility and the woman of the future.

In dedicating the new building on the college campus to the women of the Confederacy, the distinguished jurist paid a beautiful and merited tribute to the mothers and grandmothers who meant as much to North Carolina during those dark days of trial and adversity as the young women who are being sent forth from our splendid educational institutions of today to become leaders in that peaceful army no longer followers of a forlorn hope. The speaker, in reviewing the past—especially as regards the legal status of women now as compared with forty and even three years ago in North Carolina, pointed out many encouraging signs of Twentieth century progress and predicted the perfect political equality of men and women in the not far distant future. Referring to the fact that forty years ago in this state a

husband had a legal right to beat his wife with a stick no larger than his thumb, he expressed sympathy for the Chief Justice in this year of grace who would have the temerity to hand down such a decision. Until three years ago a drunken, trifling, dissolute husband had a right to demand and have turned over to him any money earned by his wife in any way whatsoever; to have damages for injuries sustained by her paid to him, and in short had absolute control of the family exchequer. The statute correcting this shameful status of women was drafted by Judge Clark and passed by the legislature, thus removing one blot from the pages of our statute books—still greatly in need of revision.

In his estimate of men and women, their relative ability and service to the world, Judge Clark insisted that woman was the agency that had transformed man from a savage and a barbarian into a Christian and a gentleman. He wanted to see them given broader fields and better opportunities for proving their ability in every line of useful endeavor.

The program closed with the presentation of a fine portrait of ex-Governor Charles B. Aycock by Miss Mary Tennant on behalf of the class of 1913. The gift was accepted by President Foust, representing the faculty and board of directors, in the absence of State Superintendent Joyner, who could not be present.

Greetings were sent by alumnae from all parts of the state, which were read by President Foust.

General Carr A Friend.
In introducing General Julian S. Carr, who in turn introduced Judge Clark, President Foust explained that it was to General Carr and his good work while a member of the North Carolina legislature several years ago that the building which they were there to dedicate was made possible, since it was through him that the appropriation was secured and his suggestion that it be dedicated to the women of the Confederacy. He could truthfully refer to him as their "good friend"—a friend who had rendered a great service the outcome of which could not be estimated.

General Carr, in a brief but happy response, expressed his pride in the State Normal College for the great things it had accomplished and the greater yet to come. Reverence for the women of the past, with faith in the women of the future, he was glad to have a part in these exercises and to be present on such a happy occasion.

In Memory Of Miss Kirkland.
A beautiful service was held Sunday afternoon in the college auditorium in memory of Miss Sue May Kirkland—for so many years lady principal of the State Normal and so universally loved and admired by students and faculty. A simple musical program was followed by loving tributes led by President Foust, who introduced her pastor, Rev. Melton Clark—the speaker of the occasion. A member of the alumnae who came to attend these services voiced the sentiments of thousands of young women who had enjoyed her friendship and protection, when she said: "I just loved Miss Kirkland."

LABOR LAWS IN VIRGINIA.
About Forty Warrants Drawn In Danville Last Week.

Virginia has a labor law that insists that fire escapes be on all three story buildings; that merchants employing people to work must have ample accommodations for them, and not having an arrest follows. Last week some thirty-six warrants were drawn in Danville against merchants, manufacturers and property owners for violating the state law. The merchants were charged with not having proper sanitary arrangements and with keeping people on third floors without proper fire escapes.

Thirty-six violators are quite a number, and the hope is that other towns will take notice and get busy—p. d. q.

NOT A KICKER.
We Simply Do Not See Things As Some Others Do.

We are against the state wide primary. We want it brought out in a different shape than proposed. We want the legislature to submit us the bill of particulars and let us all vote for its adoption.

We are against the Amendments and the Primary belong to the so-called progressives—the men who called a meeting and who have denounced the so-called machine.

We insist that if the Amendments go through the state wide primary will go through—one at the polls and the other because the legislators will feel that the progressive spirit is dominant.

The state convention refused to put a state wide primary plank in its platform. It said it was in favor of it for some offices—but the county offices were left out of the deal. Why? Because that leaves the leverage in the hands of the politicians.

We have insisted that we already have a good tax law and all we need is enforcement. It is to be regretted that the democrats insist they cannot enforce the law that has obtained in this state for many years.

If the Amendments are defeated the primary will be defeated. If the Amendments are carried and the legislature is to make us tax laws and all other kinds of laws, it will be easy to rush through the primary against the wisdom of the state committee. Of course we need six months of school, and a constitutional amendment on that would carry it submitted by itself as it should be.

We are not knocking. We are sitting here regardless of politics and telling you things the politician will not dare tell you. We are not in politics. We are not seeking office and we are not depending on party spoils for our support. That is why we talk out in meeting and that is why we tell you the truth. And as we see it it is to the interests of every man to vote against the Amendments and in this way defeat the state wide primary law that gags you and blinds you.

Buy a mule!

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 these 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 Trains.

When one gets on a train now to run out to San Francisco and look at the electric sign reading "New Orleans and New York City"—he thinks about the old ways of travel, even by rail, and wonders how it all came about so quickly—came about so you can get through cars. A man can start from Greensboro and go to California most any old way, and escape an actual change of trains. He can go by Kansas City and catch out of Birmingham, without changing trains, a special sleeper going to Colorado Springs, and by changing at Lincoln, or Denver, can go on through to Frisco—just by stepping from one car into another.

I recall how I first came down to North Carolina some twenty six or seven years ago—leaving Lincoln, Nebraska. We had to go to Washington and then down to Richmond and change cars at Weldon, and fool around in a dozen different ways. They would side track you and it seemed like three or four days were taken where now two days will do the trick. The maddest I ever got without trying to whip somebody, was one time I was coming to North Carolina—coming down to live and run a newspaper at Durham. I had been several times to the state, and was coming down from Washington. I had said good bye to the West—had shipped a car load of household goods and later took the train. I was obliged to stop at Weldon for a meal—no dining cars then on the boys out West had made me a present of a beautiful beaver hat—a five one with their names autographed on the silk inside and insisted that I wear it. But that hat showed that pride went to Weldon before a fall. I hung that beaver up on the rack and finished my dinner—and when I went to get my hat some gentleman had exchanged with me. My beaver was a seven and five eighth—I always had a swelled head—and the one left me was too small, and it was old and dingy—and that was all the hat I had. And I had to go on. Imagine a man with a beaver hat two sizes too small for him—I was about to say imagine a man with any kind of a beaver—but that was what I had when I struck Durham—a beaver too small. I wore it fishing a few times. I afterwards traded it for a Grover Cleveland high white hat—and then I took that Cleveland hat and with Dick Whitehurst, now in California, made a big snow man in my front yard at the Yam Farm—but the Cleveland hat on the snow man, and that ended for me, for all time, the idea of ever appearing in a beaver hat again.

Some men look well enough in a beaver hat. Circus men wear them now for the most part, and now and then a nigger "conjure" doctor is seen with one—but you'll never catch me with a beaver hat—not if I retain my ordinary mental balance.

Testing The Hose.
I was interested in seeing them test the hose the other day—seeing if it was rotten as had been supposed. It was all right. I never was a fireman but once. I recall how one time in a little western town I was a printer, and was setting up a tax list—a fat piece of county work that paid the publisher about sixteen hundred dollars that year. There had been a big scrap with the county commissioners to see which one of the loathsome papers of the village would get it—it paid 20 cents a line solid six point, and was worth while. I had undertaken to put it into type and because of running out of sorts, and no type foundry near, I had to make six point sorts out of eight point—and the list was to be locked up on a flat bed press—seven pages of it—four on and three waiting—and I worked until late into the night, night after night. And the list had to appear at a certain time to be legal. And the night before we were to print, a fire broke out in a hardware store and burned three or four buildings and worked down to the print shop and everybody thought the printing office would go. I was asleep in the blooming building, and they finally got me out and I looked around. The building was a one story yellow building—and the paint had commenced to blister. It was getting warm. It meant to loose the tax list—it spelled ruin for the proprietor. I rushed back to the office and found that we had a barrel of water and a big four gallon jar of concentrated lye. This was used to wash the forms. I picked up the jar of lye and rushed out with it and threw it on the building. An old man named Beattie saw me do this—it was hotter than history right around—but he bawled out

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loudly that if we could get water we could save that building which meant to save many others. I ran back and carried out all the water that was in the barrel and threw it on and in the meantime some one had started a bucket brigade from Libby's Livery stable, and bucket after bucket of water was hurled against the side and on the roof—and the building was saved.

It was just that jar of lye that saved the day. It saved the printing office; the tax list and a dozen other small buildings on beyond. I threw on the lye and old man Beattie saw it and directed attention to a lot of people fighting without system. I felt pretty good. But I was worn to a frazzle. I slept late into the day. We got the paper out. All the stores were closed. The bar rooms were open, four or five of them, and in each were a few drunken loafers waiting until the last horn had blown. We carried each one a paper, called their attention to the time—almost midnight, but we wanted them to understand it was circulated before a certain day—and the affidavit of publication was made all right. I was a fireman that night—but other than that I have had no experience. We had no hose—just a lye jar and a bucket brigade.

CERTAINLY A HARDSHIP.

Bankers Are Made Stand Too Much Of Revenue.

The bankers fought hard to escape the tax of \$2 a thousand on bank capital and surplus in the new revenue bill, but the Senate said it had to stand. This means an unnecessary hardship, because there were many other things that should have been taxed. But the men making the laws have authority to go ahead. We have insisted and still insist that there should always be a contingent fund—or means of raising one. There should be a law stating what could be taxed in case of emergency, and time should be given in its preparation. It might be that occasion would never arise to apply it, but if it did arise then the country would know in advance what might happen. The banks have already been hard hit. They have failed to get money as they expected and they have had to borrow money and pay as much as six per cent for its use. And when a bank loans money at six per cent and pays six per cent for it it is losing money. This additional tax is a hardship that should be born in part by other things.

The day of prayer, asking God Almighty to stop the terrible war on in Europe was generally observed throughout the United States last Sunday.

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LAND SALE.
Pursuant to the powers vested in them by a mortgage deed dated 17th March, 1911, and recorded in Book No. 227 on Page 120 in the office of the Register of Deeds for Guilford County, N. C., the undersigned will sell to the last and highest bidder for cash at public auction in front of the Court House door in Greensboro, N. C., on

October 28th, 1914,
at 12 o'clock, M., a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Glimmer township and more particularly described and defined as follows: Beginning at an iron stake on Macadam road, S. W. corner of J. S. Leach lot, and running thence northwardly 445 feet to an iron stake; thence eastwardly 100 feet to an iron stake; thence southwardly 434 feet to an iron stake on Macadam road; thence 100 feet to the point of beginning; being all of lot No. 2 of Mitchell and Adkins plot of land NE of Greensboro; saving and excepting a right of way of 15 feet along rear of lot for purposes of alleyway.
Default having been made in the payment of the note secured by the said mortgage, the undersigned are fully authorized and empowered to make this sale.
This 18th day of September, 1914.
G. H. Mitchell,
E. A. Adkins,
Mortgagees.



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SALISBURY BEATS US.
She Allows A Discount Of Three Per Cent To Our One.

Greensboro proposes to discount the city taxes one per cent if paid in October. Salisbury gives a three per cent discount. In other words if a man owes a hundred dollars for city taxes he can make three dollars by paying them in October. If he lives in Greensboro he gets but one dollar. From this we learn why it is that "Salisbury Is The Place."

Church Celebrates 90th Anniversary.
The First Presbyterian church of Greensboro celebrated its 90th anniversary Sunday. In the congregation were two men who remembered the first pastor—Father Paisley. These were Mr. John C. Wharton, father of Mr. E. P. Wharton, and Mr. Rankin, father of Rev. S. M. Rankin. Fourteen sons of the church have gone into the ministry, and the church records make a most interesting history.

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