

A Partial View Of The Famous Coveland Orchards



COVELAND ORCHARDS, something over four hundred acres of land in Patrick and Carroll counties, Virginia, and owned by enterprising-Greensboro citizens, this year produced something like fifteen thousand barrels of apples—a thousand more than last year. The owners are as follows: J. W. Fry, M. F. Douglas, W. E. Allen and S. L. Trogden, all of Greensboro. Captain J. F. Fry is president; W. E. Allen, vice-president, and S. L. Trogden, secretary and treasurer. There are about a dozen varieties of apples grown in this orchard which is being enlarged each year, and the apples are of the choicest kind. The above picture was taken from a kodak picture taken by Captain J. W. Fry, and indeed presents a beautiful scene. When this company gets all its land in bearing trees the output will be between sixteen and twenty thousand barrels a year—and will be a money maker right.

IN POLITICS.

The Merchants' Association Thinks Politics The Thing.

The merchants of Greensboro have concluded the business man is the fellow who should pay some attention to politics—that is make politics a part of his business. And resolutions have been adopted looking to this end.

Well, why not? If there is any man in the world who should exercise his influence in selecting business men to do business it is the merchant. He is one of the big tax payers, always, and he is the automatic bleeding station. He is compelled to give up to more fool things—to every passing fancy, and not to give up to make him feel that he will be boycotted. The merchants support schools and build roads; they boom the markets; they support programmes of one sort and another—they give liberally to newspapers—expecting of course returns—and when it comes to saying how their city or state should be run they sit down and let the politician do all that and they pay the bills. Or at least some of the bills.

We never could understand why a merchants' association didn't officially drop in the game—stand pat, and say that it did not propose to let this or that go through without a protest. But they don't. They don't seem to care anything about anything that happens except the dollar that might come their way for goods. At least it has been that way. Now that our association has taken the initiative maybe the state association will follow suit, and maybe the merchants thus organized may become a power for good in a civic way. Let us hope.

THE RADDS.

Republicans Meet In Raleigh And Harmony Is Their Motto.

The republicans have met this week in Raleigh, and if there is any blood on the moon we fail to see it. They didn't do much of general interest, but it is understood that if any scapling knives were sharpened they were kept in the belt.

The talk was that Carl Duncan or John T. Morehead would be nominated for Governor, and some thought perhaps Harris would consent to try again.

The republicans are very hopeful for a national success in 1916 and they also have eager eyes on several congressional districts in the Tar Heel State.

It is claimed that the party, if it gets out can cast ordinarily ninety thousand votes, and that this coming year on the tariff it will count a hundred and twenty-five thousand. No doubt but what hundreds of democrats who vote the national tariff ticket will next year be very busy. In this town quite a sprinkling of democrats in state matters say they will nationally hand it to protective tariff.

His Center Of Attraction.

We met Colnel Frank C. Boyles, cashier of the American Exchange National bank, last Tuesday and we said to him:

"What do you think of this preparedness business?" Frank said: "It's a boy." We then asked him if he thought the money market was getting easier, and he again replied: "It's a boy." Just then a great faced little girl came toddling down the street and we suggested that "There is a cute little girl," and Frank said: "It's a boy."

We learned later that mother and child are doing well, and Frank's friends are offering congratulations.

Finally Won.

The democratic candidate for Governor in Kentucky finally won—but, as it is said in the Book of Job, 'twas by the skin of his teeth. Kentucky almost went republican. In fact every state where elections were held the free trade doctrine lost out.

An Awful Case.

W. W. Keermeen who was to hang November 19, was given a three week's reprieve, that the court may have an opportunity to investigate regarding his sanity.—Tempe, Arizona, Daily News.

Certainly. If the court should find that he is not sane he should be hanged.

HOW ABOUT IT WADE?

Wade Harris Thinks Bryan Irrelevant—But Is He?

Colonel Wade Harris must have a care—because there is something to what Bryan said. Bryan said that Roosevelt had classed Christ as a mollycoddle and Colonel Wade objects this way:

"Colonel Bryan is disposed to depreciate President Wilson's biblical quotation because it was selected from the Old Testament. In this part of the country the people have a stubborn sort of a notion that the Bible is the Bible, book for book, chapter for chapter. Colonel Bryan would also make it appear that Roosevelt classed Christ with the mollycoddles—which Roosevelt has never done, so far as we have any evidence. It is the privilege of all Bible students to express admiration for the New Testament to the disparagement of the Old, but to those who entertain sentiments of reverence for the Divine any referable connection with Christ and mollycoddle is of repulsive contemplation."

But the question is, didn't Roosevelt say it? He said all those who were advocating Peace at any price were mollycoddles—whereupon Mr. Bryan relies alone upon the authority of Christ for his preachments. Christ certainly came to this world to bring peace and good will to man—and if he was for Peace why doesn't he come under Teddy's classification. We are asking for information.

THE JITNEY.

Durham Having A Big Fight Over The Franchise.

Durham is always fighting about something—and sometimes winning out. Just now the jitney people want franchises and the new ordinances make the jitney prohibitive. And accordingly the jitney enthusiasts are claiming all kinds of things and the matter will get into the courts and the jitney fad will perhaps have gone glimmering before the question is really settled.

Germany Cut Out.

Postmasters have been notified not to accept any parcels post packages for Germany, Austria or Hungary, because the steamships carrying this mail refuse to accept packages addressed to those countries. Afraid of dynamite and munitions, we suppose.

Thanksgiving.

Following the President's proclamation making Thursday, November 25 a legal holiday, and a day of Thanksgiving, Governor Locke Craig issues his proclamation and calls upon the people of North Carolina to observe the day.

You Might Come Across.

As Everything is starting this week another volume—another year on its journey, if you are in arrears now would be a good time to come across. It doesn't take as much moral force to pay one dollar as it does to pay more—better send in or drop in.

No Danger.

They are sending it out from Washington that friends of the President are going to see to it that Claude Kitchin is not leader of the House. When this rumor first started the President said there was nothing of it. But the alert correspondents have it now that friends of the President propose to put the North Carolina man down a peg or two. It is all right, but somehow it seems funny that a good democrat, like Claude Kitchin or Bryan cannot express honest views without being called traitor. Democracy is divided right now—and the election in 1916 will show it.

Going To Get In.

Wilmington is going to be in the base ball league, so she is organizing a stock company and will join the Virginia League. Nothing like it if the bug has settled on you. And the base ball bug is about as desperate as the doodle bug.

Many Fires Reported.

Because of the cold weather and the time for starting fires in the stores we see reports of many burned buildings. A little inspection, a little caution may save a big fire.

It seems cold enough to put 'em on—because there has been frost several times, and the leaves are about through falling.

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 not 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 now are past and gone and distinct—the road over which we will never walk again.

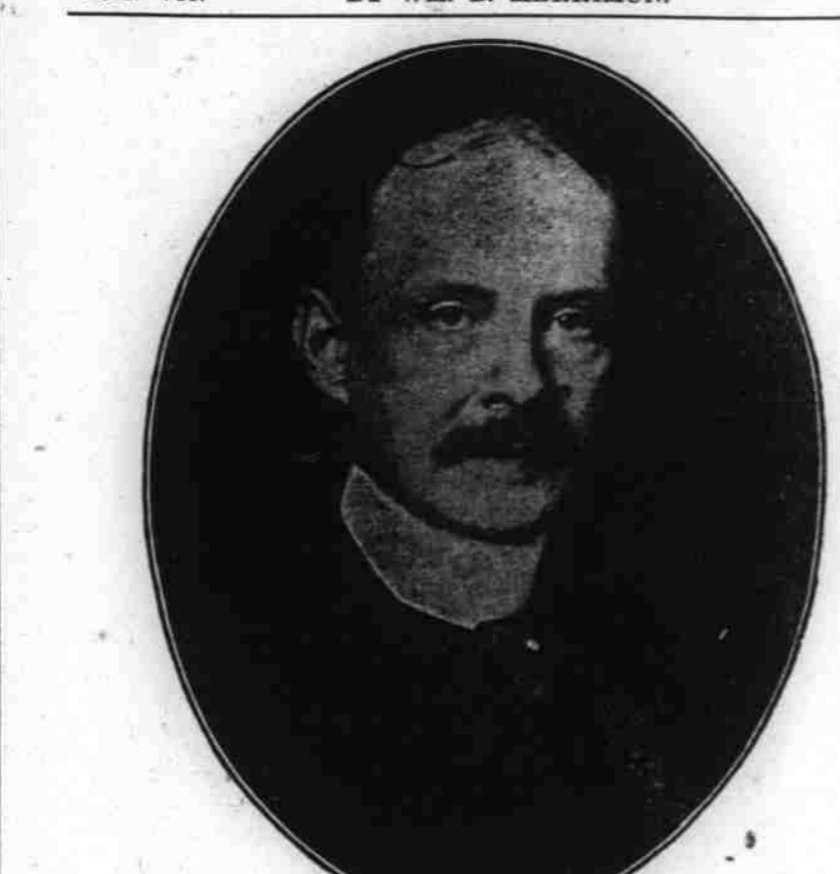
I feel that inasmuch as this is the commencement of the third year of Everything in this form, it will not be amiss to "re-miss" a little concerning it—and to incidentally say the first issue as a weekly was pulled November 14, 1913.

It was not my intention to start a weekly paper when I went into the game—but I wanted to do something in the way of spilling white paper, and didn't know any other way to successfully do it. In 1902 I was conducting an advertising business in Atlanta, and the thought occurred to me that a publication was worth while—something to exploit myself and something to aid humanity in its struggle. So in May I pulled the first copy of Everything—a neat magazine with engraved covers and colored two or three times a week—magazine that at once found popular recognition. It sold at 50 cents.

It was too great. The circulation of course didn't justify a price for ads to pay for it—and the cost of production was more than I got for it from news dealers. I used to send two hundred copies to one news dealer, I recall, in Atlanta, Harry Silverman, and then go down and watch the pile disappear. Men would walk up and see this little blushing mag lying on the counter—read a little of and lay down the nickel and walk away—then they would talk about it. The more papers I printed the more money I lost. The big daily papers in Atlanta had thirty and forty thousand circulation and were selling for much per inch per thousand, and as I was down starting I couldn't show up enough circulation to compete with them—so after running the list to the limit it was a go, I concluded to take the publication to San Francisco and let 'er loose where there were people and where advertisers did things. So I pulled an issue early and started for California taking with me cuts, plates, all the things needed and partially tied up with a man of wealth and we expected to do some big things. But when I got to Frisco the terms did not suit me—I wanted some better arrangements than my partner thought I should make. So I hiked back—and shipped to Greensboro. I started it off as a semi-monthly, feeling that once a month to handle current topics was not perhaps frequent enough, and for several years ran the semi-monthly—making money each month—and giving Everything a reputation that still sticks.

After running until I felt the brain fog coming on one day I reached up and turned off the gas; took the Madam and we spent a year in California sight seeing and resting. Then I returned and resumed. I was tired anyway, so made it a monthly and ran it, as such for three years—making some money and having some fun. Then again the call of the wild came and I closed down—making arrangements with the post-office department to hold on to my date line and numbers—and went to California and remained nearly a year—returning—wondering what to do.

Many friends suggested a weekly; the Madam said she was going to start a woman's paper if I didn't start something—and to start something had always been a hobby of mine—so I went to New York, bought a plant, leased a building for five years and two years ago pulled this bloom'n' article album of song—and it has grown and is growing. During the past few months over five hundred new names have been added to the list; newspapers copy it and talk about it; letters from the best people in several states are received telling me what they think of the rag—and all of 'em coming my way say they like it—so I feel that the work has not been in vain. I have recently suffered a little inconvenience because of a lung that needs a half soling, but I'm going to Arizona this week and remain perhaps all winter—but the paper will appear with charming regularity. I shall open a branch office down there and do nothing but breathe pure air and write hot staph. It is easy to make a mail connection—and therefore Everything will be just like it has always been—a red hot, truth telling, entertaining newspaper—and now is the time to subscribe.



HERE IT IS again. I am printing my picture in the last issue of this series of the Messenger because I want to print it—and because I fear there may be a reader or two who hasn't seen my classic countenance. I have before said that I want every man to know me when he sees me coming. I want him to burst out in a broad smile and say: "There's Merrimon, the insurance man." And when I have done that—when I have completely done that, I feel that I have spent my money for printer's ink judiciously. Without knowing me the ice is not broken. When they recognize me they say, "Yes, I have seen your picture," and we proceed immediately to business. That is why I print my photo—not that I care to look at myself often than once a day—but so everybody will know Merrimon, the insurance man when they see him coming. And isn't that the thing to do?

I Felt Good.

I heard of an accident last week and knew I had written a policy a few weeks before—a policy that meant a great deal to the insured, because he felt that he could not afford it. But I feel better to know I sold him. He is now drawing \$25 a week and will get some extra hospital fees—and the \$25 a week will help him and his family so much.

In cases of this kind I feel in my heart that I have done a deserving person good. I know it costs the Company money—but it can better afford to pay it than the man I have in mind could have afforded to live his weekly stipend—of twenty-five bucks per.

Insure. Don't wait until tomorrow—but insure today.

Do You Read Them?

Are you reading in the papers about all these automobile accidents—so many people getting killed. The more machines the more accidents. I can write you a policy that will insure your machine. I can write you a policy that will give you a nice check each week you are in the hospital and I can write you a policy that will cause you no worry if the other fellow sues you for running into him. The Aetna automobile protection is the greatest ever offered. I would like to explain it to you and show you the small cost.

Come see me any time and let me show you what I can do in the way of protection for a few dollars. It is remarkable how cheap insurance is when the benefits are considered.

Where I Stand.

I have been asked, by several men of note how the Messenger stands on the matter of Preparedness. I stand for it. That is I think every man should be prepared for the day he gets sick. He should be prepared for the day the burglar visits his home. He should be prepared for fire. He should be prepared for the liability he may sustain if one of his employes monkeys with a buzz saw while in motion and loses an arm or a finger. He should be prepared against accident by automobile. He should be prepared against all the ills that flesh and property might be heir to—and he is Prepared if he has one of the many policies issued by the Aetna to cover each case. It doesn't cost much money. It brings a wealth of peace of mind—and I want to see you.

Plate Glass.

Go down our Main street or any main street most any day and you will observe on your trip at least one cracked plate glass. These big glass windows cost money. They are very expensive. I insure them. If you have one cracked or broken the Aetna puts it in for you and it costs you practically nothing. The man who has paid for two or three of these most always insures. But why not insure before the first one is broken. That is the way to beat the company.

Do You Need A Bond?

Instead of asking a friend to go on your bond let me bond you. The bonds I give will be accepted by any court. The price is low, and you don't have to ask favors when I bond you. See me about the next bond you need.

Thanksgiving.

Just a few days now until Thanksgiving. Don't you know you would have more cause to feel thankful if you would let me write you an accident and health policy? I do—and hope you will phone me this afternoon.

PROMPTNESS ALWAYS.

New York City. Dear Mr. Merrimon: I thank you indeed for your promptness in settling my recent claim against the Aetna. Yours truly, T. Gilbert Pearson.

The Home Coming.

I was going to say something this week about my trip to California and the exposition as the guest of the Aetna Company. But I have already told you so much about it in the last three weeks that I conclude I'll cut it out this issue. But I certainly look back on that trip as one worth while. All the agents got a new inspiration. They learned more about the insurance business in its various departments than they ever knew, and therefore I feel I am better able to render more efficient service, although my thousands of satisfied customers have always told me that I had things down just right. The home-coming trip was great—but the regret that it was over and the burdens of life must again be taken up, made it a trifle different than that joyous outgoing trip which we will never forget.

Do You Read Them?

Are you reading in the daily papers the accounts of the automobile accidents happening with alarming multiplicity? Seems that almost every day there are a dozen accounts in the papers of serious accidents. Better let me insure you on this score.

Christmas Next.

Christmas is just over the snail in the valley yonder, and it wonders if you are not going to make yourself a Christmas present of one of the accident and health policies. You should do it by all means. It means happiness and peace of mind.

Tell The Story.

In the last three issues I have printed some letters and a couple more this issue—letters from people who have had my service, and invariably they are pleased. These letters are an inspiration to me, and should be evidence to all people that insurance in the Aetna is quite the thing. No red tape. No foolishness. Present your claim and it is paid without any frills or farbelows.

Fire Insurance.

Remember that we write fire insurance policies in the best companies in the world. Come to the office in the Dixie Building and let Mr. Fred Odell tell you all about it.

A Fact.

I am not an alarmist. I don't want you to feel that you are going to be suddenly stricken with disease of any kind, but a little circumstance that happened in Greensboro last week will illustrate the point. I talked with a man about an accident and health policy. He told me that an accident policy might be worth while if he traveled, but as for a health policy, he had never been in bed on account of sickness for fifteen years.

Well, he looked it, and I didn't urge him. I didn't try to frighten him and tell him he might shuffle off this mortal coil in five minutes. But Monday I was informed that he had gone to bed, had a very bad developed case of Bright's disease and would probably be laid up for weeks. So it shows that you can't tell. An accident and health policy costs but little—and Preparedness is now the slogan. Come and see me and let me write you security in the old reliable Aetna.

Still Growing.

I must take this opportunity to thank my many friends and customers for their continued loyal support. My business grows with the weeks. The office force is again growing inadequate, although I keep increasing it. My friends are responsible for this and I thank them for it. Come see me in the Dixie building. Phone me if you want to talk over matters.

Easy Enough.

The bold, bad burglar man always runs at large. He never goes to your home to rob it—but he might turn up there tonight. We issue insurance against the thief, and if he comes and steals we make you whole. A small fee—and you are safe. Better see me about that.

Before I have told you TODAY and not tomorrow is the time to take out the insurance policy.

HIS THANKS.

Mr. W. B. Merrimon, Gen. Agt. Aetna Ins. Co., Greensboro, N. C. Dear Sir: Draft for \$17.14 for 8 days sickness received some days ago. I thank you very much for your promptness in this matter. Very respectfully, E. L. Pleasants.

WHO'S WHO In Dogdom.

The Durham Sun tells this story of a good old dog, who, something like Old Dog Tray, who was ever faithful got into bad company. This particular dog who occupies a place in Who is Who seems to have been like John Casper—wanted to beat the government, and went into the illicit stilling business. Perhaps he will be sent to the Federal prison at Atlanta.

"A houn' dog is being detained by local authorities on charge of aiding and abetting in the manufacture of blockade liquor. Will Pearce, a negro, also was captured when officers raided a still in Lebanon township, Thursday evening.

"The dog is an old timer at the blockade business, officers say, and has been captured a number of times before in raids on stills in Lebanon township. He serves as watchman at the stills and gives warning of the approach of revenue officers.

"The houn' dog was placed in the jail lot and left with Major, the big police bull dog, to guard him. Thursday night he denied being connected with the blockade still, but Friday pleaded guilty to the charge. The officers are puzzled with what to do with him. He would be of very little use if sentenced to the county roads, they say.

"The still of 100 gallon capacity was captured on Little River near South Lowell. Officers also found 500 gallons of beer, 40 gallons of whiskey and a peck of malt all of which was dumped in the river.

"The negro probably will be tried Saturday morning before Squire R. A. Harris."

If He Is Right.

If Editor Saunders tells the truth in what he prints from time to time about a lawyer of that town, the lawyer doubtless thinks that Saunders is a live wire. And if not the truth certainly the lawyer would make things smoke. Saunders is a live one.

That Billion Dollars.

A great many of the democrats are wondering what they will do to raise the additional billion dollars if the Preparedness programme goes through. And before it goes through a great many enthusiastic patriots will feel their pocket books and conclude that maybe they don't need Preparedness.

Queer Looking Word.

Many well informed in talking about Preparedness insist upon calling it Pre-par-ed-ness. We don't say Pre-par-ed—we say Pre-pared. However, if it costs a billion there is no use for us to try to pronounce it—except a fraud.

Thanksgiving Next.

And next week we will have Thanksgiving. All of us have much to be thankful for—so order a turkey and sit down and eat it and feel good—for no matter what your condition it might have been infinitely worse.

A LUCKY FIND.

Judge B. F. Long Discovers A Valuable Deed.

The last session of the legislature appropriated money to buy the top of Mount Mitchell, and a commission was appointed to proceed with the purchase. But Judge B. F. Long of Statesville, remembered having drawn a deed once which was given by Professor Mitchell conveying this mountain top to his daughter. The deed, however was lost, and the Judge didn't know just where to find it. But by diligent search he discovered it recorded in Asheville. This puts a different face on the matter, and the state will be saved some money no doubt. At least it will not buy the land of some one who did not own it. There is nothing like remembering things, and Judge Long is to be congratulated.

BUY THEM.

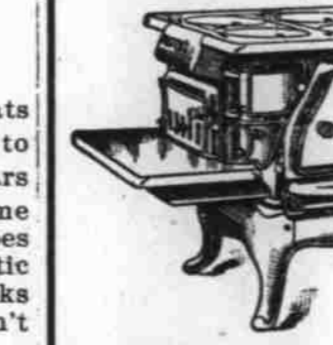
Let Every Man And Woman Buy Some Red Cross Seals.

Greensboro will sell Red Cross Seals this year—the good women will conduct the campaign purely for the good they can do, and every man and woman should buy some seals. This money is used to help unfortunate people—people who are ill—and a Red Cross Seal makes your Christmas package and your Christmas letter look better than any other ornamentation you can devise. Buy as liberally as you can—but be certain to buy some.

Surry Beats Guilford.

Surry county is going to have a new \$60,000 court house which is going some. At last reports the same old tobacco veneered building was doing business for Guilford—and perhaps will continue even until death.

Here is the Foster Flyer, a truly great Cooking Stove Value



This is one of the best constructed stoves we have ever sold. It has a duplex grate with sectional back and burns either wood or coal. Heats quickly and is an ideal baker.

PRICES \$16 AND \$18.50

Also have a big line of heating stoves now on display.

GUILFORD HARDWARE COMPANY South Greensboro

Greatest In History. The New York reports show that exports were greater in the month of October than any other in the year.

FURNITURE AT COST

THIS IS NO FAKE SALE--BUT A FACT We are absolutely going out of business. Everything in our store is for sale at COST.

Come see us. Get prices. Select what you want for today or for CHRISTMAS. Here is Opportunity.

Not an article reserved. Cash will talk here for the next thirty days.

MEDEARIS FURNITURE CO.

Opposite American Exchange National Bank, Greensboro. P. S.—Also 2 horses, 1 buggy, 1 furniture wagon and two sets of harness will be sold.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, Via Southern Railway

Annual Foot Ball Game Between UNIVERSITIES OF NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 25th, 1915.

Special train carrying first class day coaches and Standard Pullman sleeping cars passing Greensboro at 11.50 p. m. Wednesday, November 24th, 1915, arriving Richmond following morning Mull Street Station. Returning special train will leave Mull Street Station, Richmond, 12.00 p. m. Thursday night, November 25th. Sleeping cars ready for occupancy 10.30 p. m.

Special sleeping cars from Salisbury, Winston-Salem and Greensboro. Following round trip fares will apply from stations named: Greensboro \$3.00 Reidsville \$3.00 Mount Airy \$4.50 Danville \$3.00 North Wilkesboro \$5.00 Madison \$4.50 Winston-Salem \$3.50 Elkin \$5.00 Mocksville \$4.00 Siler City \$4.00 Gulf \$4.50 Thomasville \$3.50

Fares from all intermediate stations on same low basis. Passengers from all branch line points will use regular trains to and from Greensboro and other junction points connecting with the special train. Tickets will also be good on regular train No. 13 leaving Richmond at 10.30 a. m. Friday, November 26th.

Last opportunity of the season to visit Richmond at low cost and see great Annual Foot Ball Game. Go and help Carolina win. PULLMAN RESERVATION MUST BE MADE IN ADVANCE. For further information and Pullman reservations ask any Agent Southern Railway, or write, R. H. DeBUTTS, D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.