

DUNCAN IS OUT
Mary Ann Comes In
And Wins It

THE radicals at Raleigh upset the apple cart. It wasn't anything in particular to defeat Duncan for National Committeeman, but to allow Butler to be the instrument which did it is what will hurt. It was all right to hiss Duncan, but on the principle of "it was all very well to disassemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?" there will be some inquiries.

In selecting John Motley Morehead to be National Committeeman of course the party has a good man. Perhaps it would have been really best to have selected him as a compromise, but to have it understood that Butler stoked the stove—well, there is where the party loses out. When Carl Duncan dramatically put it up to the convention to choose between him and Marion Butler he played his last card—and it wasn't an ace. The convention chose, and much to Duncan's surprise Marion Butler was the choice. That means that the republican party in this coming campaign must bear the burden of Butler—and to many self-respecting citizens the name of Butler smells bad. It is offensive, and this will cost the party many votes.

We do not take any of the snuff handed out by the News and Observer about the Bond business. That doesn't make us sneeze. That is like handing a baby a rattle of which he has grown weary. The bond business is a thing of the past and if Butler did undertake to do something along that line it was way back yonder and in these enlightened times men atone for their sins—what happened "before the war" isn't disturbing the people now.

Butler once advertised in a New York paper—way back before Raleigh landed in America, it seems, and yet to this day the News and Observer refers to him as Bond Butler. But that frightens nobody. The thing is this: Carl Duncan is a big business man of North Carolina. He runs banks and railroads. He is constructive. He is broad, he is big and he does things in a commercial way. He is an asset of the republican party. Marion Butler is a liability. Men like Duncan, Morehead, Harris and such constructionists give respectability to the party as a constructive party—as a party worth while. Such men can appeal to the man who believes more in prosperity than he does in pie. True Morehead was chosen instead of Duncan—but Morehead didn't want the place and Duncan did. Butler used Morehead and there are not enough dashes in this print shop to politely express Morehead's opinion of Butler if he were to let 'em loose. John Morehead could write a column and then not tell half of what he thought of Butler and each sentence would make a grandchild of Butler's blush fifty years from this date.

In other words Butler has been personally ambitious and half of the republican party has no use for him. You never heard of a dog in North Carolina being named Marion Butler. No, people are often self respecting. But Duncan hasn't passed. He used to run a boat and he understands that a fog means. He will emerge. Then there was Dr. Cyrus Thompson, of populist fame. He got a raw deal. This means another hole in the boat. Of course it is hard to tell whether to sit on the Meekins until he hollers means anything, because Ike is big and strong and has been used as a party spring seat for to these many ears. We heard the voice of Tom Settle. It rang clear and he was there. But we do not see just where he got anything he wanted. He told the convention it was playing gag rule—and those things will be remembered.

There was no harmony. There was nothing but an exhibition of factional pie eaters and pie hunters fighting for supremacy. Again the republican party has voluntarily closed the tramson and turned on the gas. It had an opportunity. A golden opportunity. Some say that Butler wants to kill it and expects some day to start a new party of his own. But that isn't plausible, because he hasn't the building material. Had there been harmony, had the patriots been big enough to have side stepped and said as the Peerless Roosevelt has said: "Anything to beat Wilson," and then had they gone to it seriously, North Carolina republicans could this year have stood a fighting chance. As it is now there is nothing to do but bury the corpse again. Marion Butler administered the chloroform.

STILL INVESTIGATING.

The Investigation Of Brandies Still Goes On.

It is a sublime spectacle to see the United States investigating a nominee of the President for the highest judicial office in the land. It is a picture that will give the country confidence in the highest tribunal. The mere suggestion that Brandies was not the man for the place—we mean official suggestion, should have caused Wilson to withdraw the name. And had Brandies been big enough to be on the Supreme bench when the avalanche of protest came he would have politely bowed himself out.

But not on your tin type. He is waiting. Wilson handed it to him and Wilson being not of the largest bore is insisting that his judgment be vindicated. Everybody knows that Brandies is an extremist. Everybody knows that he has been a disturber of the commercial peace. Therefore, no matter what the Senate finally decides as to confirmation there has been no strength or confidence added to our highest court. It is to laugh. And yet is such a serious matter that none should laugh.

COLONEL HOPKINS.

What He Has In Mind In The Picture Business.

The Concord Times carries this story concerning Lindsey Hopkins known by everybody in these parts:

"Mr. Lindsey Hopkins, who is a native of North Carolina and who formerly resided at Greensboro, is at the head of a gigantic scheme to produce photo drama of the South in and around Atlanta on a scale similar to and equal to 'The Birth of a Nation.' Mr. Hopkins, it is said, will have Col. Henry Watterson and other famous Southerners in the cast. 'Marse Henry' alone ought to be a sufficient attraction to guarantee the success of the picture. Mr. Hopkins is just back from the studios of the new organization at Hollywood, near Los Angeles, where they are already engaged in producing a sequel to 'The Birth of a Nation' and when it is completed, the attention will be turned to the possibilities of enacting a great Civil War drama in the South, with the historic battle of Atlanta as the background of the plot. Mr. Hopkins has already gone so far as to announce that he wants a scenario on the subject, and that if one of sufficient merit is offered he will purchase and produce it. A short time ago Mr. Hopkins and Colonel Henry Watterson went over the scenes of the Battle of Atlanta, in which Colonel Watterson participated, and it was while talking with the distinguished warrior and editor that Mr. Hopkins conceived the idea of producing a big picture here."

CLYDE CHEEK MAKES GOOD.

Old Hillsboro Boy Now Doing Business In Greensboro.

Writing last week of Hillsboro and some of the leading spirits in that quaint old town, reminds us of an old Hillsboro boy now doing business in Greensboro who has made good.

Mr. J. C. Cheek, known in his home town as "Clyde" Cheek, early developed a taste for the printer's art and took his first lessons in the office of the old Hillsboro Recorder. Of course he was just a boy then—a boy in knee pants, and liked the excitement (?) of getting out a weekly paper in Hillsboro. These early predilections have clung to him all during his business life as evidenced by the fact that no matter how well he is doing in other lines he always gets back to his first love. This is why after being several years connected with the North Carolina Public Service Company he bought an interest in the Harrison Printing Company, with which firm he was associated until compelled to quit work for a while and build up his health. Upon his return to Greensboro from a year's sojourn in the mountains of Western North Carolina he embarked in business for himself, with offices in the Piedmont building, where he has had all the work he could take care of from the start, and has had to enlarge his force and equipment.

The J. C. Cheek Company is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Cheek, the latter being as good a business man as her husband. They sell all sorts of office equipment: printing and engraving, and the multigraph machine is always busy. Those who have had work done on the latter, are extravagant in their praise of the Cheek Company. Mr. Cheek wants his friends to know where to find him and to look him up in his new quarters.

Big Cartoon.

The Ashboro Bulletin carries a big three column cartoon showing Hammer covered with charges of one kind and another and Attorney General Gregory trying to cover them with whitewash, while Senators Overman and Simmons are carrying pails of whitewash to him—both sweating. Hammer stands in the whitewash tub. The subject of the cartoon is "The Spots That Fadeth Not." It is a very clever cartoon—but hardly worth the price.

European Hotel Raided.

The European Hotel was raided by the police and what was charged as gambling was discovered and also a couple of women who didn't seem to belong there were found. The trial of the proprietors was on as we went to press. These joints if guilty as charged should be suppressed, for there is no real reason why they should exist in this white man's town.

Failed.

The Mutual Home and Real Estate Company, of Wilmington, has failed with debts aggregating over \$100,000. A great many failures during these good times we read so much about.

Safe Blowers At Charlotte.

The safe in the office of the Coca-Cola bottling plant at Charlotte and also a safe in the office of the Gulf Refining Co. responded to dynamite last Wednesday night and something like \$300 secured by the blowers.

Mail By Automobile.

Postmaster R. S. Galloway, of Winston, has received notice that the postoffice department will make a test of the proposed auto mail route from this city to Yadkinville, a distance of 28 miles, the service to begin March 24 and to continue until June 30 of this year.

Think Of It.

Because he has been going after the crooks the Mayor of Chicago has been compelled to ask for a guard. Too many threatening letters have been received to make his life comfortable—so he wants to be "prepared."

The First.

The Bible handed us the first line of Preparedness, for does it say: "Be ye also ready?" It does.

Reminiscent.

In this Department the Old Man writes passing fancy—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.

Marooned.

During my sojourn in Arizona in quest of dry air and doodle bug exterminator, I experienced a remarkable ten days. In the latter part of middle of January the rain couldn't stop. The great Salt River Valley and all other valleys in the whole bloomin' state overflowed. The railroad bridges and wagon bridges were washed away, and for six full days we didn't get any eastern mail, and the supposition was that no mail got out. I was sending stuff every day, but I feared it was piling up somewhere, and thinking the Madam might conclude I had eloped with an Indian Squaw or a Mexican senorita, I wired her that the dry climate had flooded the whole state and to put in a little watchful waiting and some day she would get all the mail she was looking for. But Phoenix was marooned. Cut off from the world, and the wires of the local papers went down. The Western Union had one wire working around by Singapore and the Isle of Man and the Baltic Sea or something like that—but for supplies, for mail, for exit or entrance we were as bad off as Robinson Crusoe.

And it is a funny feeling. A queer feeling to know you are shut off and the mail has ceased. Think of paying rent on a post office box and no mail coming, and Uncle Sam refusing a rebate. Then talk about grasping monopolies—why, Uncle Sam is the limit.

And while this was on I recalled one other time in my sad, young life when I was marooned—or cut off from my mail. I was running a daily paper at Lincoln, Nebraska, and one Saturday I concluded to go down into Johnson county and spend a day in the country. I got out in the country about noon Saturday and it commenced to rain. A cloud burst, and that being a success another cloud burst, and finally the Nemeba river was about six miles wide and the big iron bridge was gone—and I couldn't get back. The flood kept up for nearly a week, and I was editing the paper and had left no hot stuf in soak. Walt Mason, who these days is amusing the world with his Rippling Rhymes, was in my employ—doing a column a day of verse on the paper and he added another column writing letters supposed to come from me in my seclusion. They were as funny as anything he ever wrote—making me very ridiculous, but it helped make the paper interesting and took the place of the dope I was supposed to furnish.

This trip I had plenty of my stuff ahead so I didn't worry about that, but I'm here to tell you that being shut off from the world makes you feel like cussing out the railroads, the post-office and all who have to do with it. I might say here that the flood that struck Phoenix naturally went down to Yuma, where the town is below sea level and naturally flooded those people for fair. In lower California nine people were drowned and not since the days of Noah had such high water been seen as visiter the land of the angels.

So instead of thanking my good fortune that the Roosevelt dam did not break loose which would have meant twenty feet of water all over Phoenix; instead of rejoicing to know that we missed the mail for only six or seven days instead of six or seven months—or forever, I wanted to whip somebody for the trivial circumstances recorded.

And that is the way in this world. We do not look to see how much worse it could have been. We do not thank the Fates for being kind but curse them because we get a little of the bitter with so much sweet if we look for it. I hope that I will never live near big water courses. I like my location in North Carolina about as well as any I have seen on this earth. We have some little blizzards there; we have some sleet and some snow—but month after month and year after year—all things carefully considered, I am here to write it down that the Piedmont section of North Carolina cannot be beaten.

There are climates where they have warmer days in the winter—but there are other things. The Phoenix climate when it is fine is as seductive as any I ever saw—more seductive. In fact take a December or January day down there when it is fine, and no climate in the world will equal it.

Soon Be On.

The republicans having performed at Raleigh soon now the democrats will get their programme before the people. And then from July until November there will be a time in the old state. Patriots of all sizes and styles will be found whooping things up—and next year the world will be just the same, so far at least, as to what happens in November.

The Weather.

February went out like a lion and March came in like a Bull Moose going back to the republican fold. All signs have failed this year everywhere, so there is no use in predicting. The ground hog even refused to perform, but the weather didn't.

In The Union.

The plan of Samuel Gompers to put school teachers in the union is getting to be adopted—and imagine a pretty school marm wearing the union label.

Everything

WHO'S WHO In Dogdom.

The following story from Los Angeles tells how one of the little dumb friends was on his job, and saved the life of a woman. Love your dog:

"Awakened in the dead of night by her collie dog pawing the bed covers, Mrs. Emma Sterling, residing on a little ranch near here, saw that her home was in flames and was barely able to escape with her life.

"The dog was always left in the yard at night to keep away prowlers and the doors of the house were locked. A bedroom window in Mrs. Sterling's sleeping room was left open, and the dog must have leaped through it to save his mistress. "This little home and furniture were completely destroyed and Mrs. Sterling was unable even to save her wearing apparel. A light left in a small oil heater, is thought to have caused the fire."

Best Musical Composition.

H. A. Shirley, dean of music at the Salem College gets a loving cup for writing the best original musical composition during the year in this state.

A Penalty.

Those who failed to file their income tax before the first of the month will now be subject to a penalty. Were you among the number forgetting this important matter?

"EASY MONEY."

Generally Comes High And Often Costs Life Of Ambitious One.

Funny, or rather, strange, why people will never learn—why men of intelligence and character, if placed where easy money looks very easy, some of them will depart from the path of honesty—knowing, if they know anything, and they do, that degradation—disgrace, must be their reward. When Becker fought for his life to the last ditch and was finally electrocuted, it would have seemed that that glaring red light thrown across the track of criminality would have been, at least a warning to others in his profession. But he went to the chair. The majesty of the law was supreme. There was no pull, no influence that could save his life—he forfeited it because he side-stepped, and passed the hand of easy money.

In Chicago recently there was a similar case—not that a life was involved because murder was not done. It might have been, however, had occasion arisen for it, John J. Halpin, former Chief of Detectives of that great city made a good officer. He was complimented on his skill; his daring; his intelligence. But he saw a short cut, as he supposed, to more money—and he used his Reputation to secure it. Strange how men will cling to a diamond pin, a worthless thing, and carry their reputation to a Pawn Shop. But they do. Halpin was finally detected. The following story from the Chicago Tribune, an epitome of a human life—its dreams wiped away, is good enough to print. The Judge's charge strikes the home. The whole thing is a life drama. It follows:

"John J. Halpin, former chief of detectives, spent his first night behind steel bars last night. He was remanded to the county jail after he had been sentenced to the penitentiary at Joliet for an indeterminate sentence of from one to five years. This was his punishment at the hands of Judge Baldwin for accepting bribes from criminals.

"Halpin has been put on bond since his arrest and conviction. Over to the brief time allowed his attorney, John E. Northup, to prepare his record of the case in an appeal to the Supreme court, there was insufficient opportunity for Assistant State's Attorney Johnson to read and approve it.

"Mr. Johnson asked for two weeks in which to review the record and Halpin would have been compelled to remain in the county jail in this interim. But Judge Baldwin held that the case should be reviewed by Saturday and therefore the former police captain will remain in jail until then, when a writ of superseadeas will be sought from Justice Orrin N. Carter of the Supreme court, under which Halpin will again obtain his liberty pending the decision on his appeal.

"Halpin and his attorney and the prosecuting attorney appeared before Judge Baldwin, who, after a few preliminary remarks said: "It is not the purpose of the court to make an extended remarks at a time so full of pathos and anguish to the defendant. "If we may not trust our officers, then there is not much hope for society. It is with a feeling of sympathy for the defendant and still with a realization of the crime of which he has been convicted that I say to you, Capt. Halpin, that you shall be confined in the penitentiary for a term of not less than one nor more than five years."

And there you have it. John Halpin will forever feel his disgrace. He was once the man who detected criminals and sent them along to prison. He was supposed to be a guardian of the peace—a custodian of the morals of a great city—and because he saw a chance to make a little more money—make it easy—he himself became a criminal—must serve time, and as the Judge expressed it—It was certainly a time full of pathos and anguish for the erstwhile officer. Can't such illustrations serve some good end? Can't Halpin's sacrifice be worth something to those who plan crime? Let us hope.

A New Paper.

M. L. Misenheimer, a well known newspaper man has started at Reidsville a new paper called The Herald. It will continue to carry the subscription list of Webster's Weekly put on by the Herald editor during the time he had that plant leased. The Herald looks good.

"Promises And Progress"

The Artic Ice & Coal Company has reached its present position of prominence and strength through rigidly pursuing the following policy:

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THE FAIR.

Central Carolina Fair Has Fixed Its Date For This Year.

The Central Carolina Fair will this year be held October 10 to 14. Now is the time to commence to get ready with your exhibit. Every farmer in Guilford county should take pride in the fair. He should help make it a success by preparing something for exhibition. Secretary Daniels says that this year he hopes to eclipse all former efforts. Of course rain is the only thing to hinder—but go ahead and prepare something and if it rains you can't help it.

Child Struck By Machine.

Joseph, the seven-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Owens, of Salisbury, was struck by an automobile driven by W. T. Busby, assistant cashier of the People's National Bank of that city. The child was seriously hurt, but the accident it said was unavoidable.

Gone Up.

Furniture manufacturers have advanced their prices materially all over the country. The High Point factories announce that they are advancing prices and give as the reason increased cost of materials.

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The Women Backward.

The fact that but few marriage licenses were issued in the month of February has suggested to Register of Deeds Rankin that the women are a little bit backward about proposing to the men. We suspect it is even so. The woman of today isn't offering to take care of some man unable to earn his own living—whereas the Bachelor Girl earns a living and doesn't spend her savings on cigars. This will be a fearful year in the matrimonial world.

Wouldn't It Be Strange?

Suppose, just for the fun of supposing that W. J. would rally his friends and go to Saint Louis and see to it that Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, now nationally conspicuous was nominated for President. Stranger things have happened, and Bryan knows he can't get it—but maybe he thinks Kitchin can. Put a few things recently happening together and this suggestion does not seem at all strange. For President: Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina!

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