

BULL MOOSE Will Show Up At Chicago Meet.

AND SO the Bull Moosers are going to go to Chicago and be ready to nominate their beloved Chief—the man who betrayed Taft and lost the presidency to the party three years ago. They are going to go to Chicago, it is said, with the understanding that if Teddy, or a man of his choice is not nominated they will nominate him. This is the Big Stick.

The presidential train will start from Greensboro carrying the patriots and Zeb Vance Walse will be the chief. We are glad of this. It will help the boys who still have it in their system. And in the election in November, if Teddy is nominated they can all attend the political funeral and feel they have done their best for the dead duck.

Roosevelt will be swatted by the Germans. And the man who has seen the German vote in this country knows what that means. Roosevelt will be swatted by thousands of lovers of Peace. Roosevelt will be swatted by tens of thousands of self-respecting gentlemen who followed Taft. In other words Wilson will be elected, hands down.

And this is perhaps the way to forever take the conceit out of Roosevelt. He talks about heroic business and all sorts of foolish things—but he never can come again. The people have his number and he will hear hurled back to him his expression to—with the hyphen, changed to—with Roosevelt. Millions think that way and they are eager to swat him the last swat.

Hughes may be chosen. The effort is to make him run. It is said that Taft is getting very busy. If Taft puts it up to Hughes—Taft appointed him, and shows him why he must run to put it over Teddy the chances are that Hughes will undertake the task. Hughes can be elected. And then Teddy will be through. Four years of Hughes and then another term—and Teddy will have been gathered to his fathers—or so near it, he can't play any longer.

We would like to see him nominated. We would like to see the voters pulverize him, as they surely will. There wouldn't be a grease spot left to tell the story. It would be almost cruelty to animals the way the outraged American people would go to it.

And the pie brigade of North Carolina deserves something like this to bring them into camp. Taft was betrayed by Roosevelt. And in turn Roosevelt will be punished. The stars read it. The people are saying it—and if he feels so important the plan should be to let him "walk through the open slaughter house into his grave." That is the way to silence him. Nominate Roosevelt and the result will be Wilson two to one.

TWO MISSIONS GONE.

Historic Land Marks In Virginia Destroyed By Fire.

"Roswell," in Gloucester county, Virginia, was destroyed by fire last week. It was in this mansion that Thomas Jefferson is said to have written his Declaration of Independence. The Colonial Mansion on the Long Meadows farm was also destroyed. These homes were considerably over a hundred years old and their destruction is regretted.

Britt Endorsed.

Congressman Britt for whom it was predicted hard sledding in his own party has been endorsed and the hatchet buried. Richmond Pearson was sidetracked and the Tenth district is now reconced. Britt will doubtless be re-elected. He has made a first class Congressman—has been free and clear and clean on all subjects. No better man could be chosen to represent the district.

Brawley Says Stedman.

Lawyer Brawley, of Durham, has been in Washington, and in an interview says Stedman will have no opposition for nomination. That is the way it should be. The Major may have something of a fight on hand at the ballot box—but he will be nominated, and we hope, elected.

Wasn't In.

The state was talking last week that Victor Bryant had thrown his hat in the ring and would run for Attorney General. But Victor denied the rumor as quickly as possible. Durham folk want Victor to go back to the Senate, and if he does it will be to accommodate his neighbors. Just now Mr. Bryant has a right to look for something bigger than Attorney General.

Well, Think Of It.

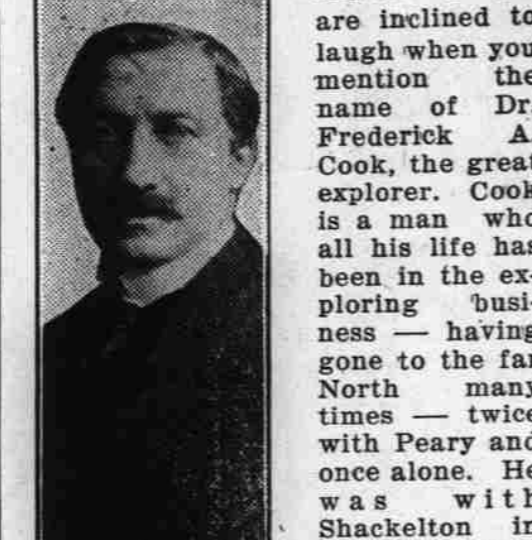
And so Charley Webb is now a newspaper man as well as United States Marshal. He is also a lawyer, and we hope he will have a lot of fun with his newly acquired newspaper. But he will learn as he goes along that the newspaper business isn't child's play—by a quart jug full.

Killed His Father-in-Law.

Arthur Waite, a New York dentist, and celebrated as the champion tennis player, has been arrested charged with killing his father-in-law, John E. Peck, a millionaire druggist of Michigan. The evidence against him is very strong and the young fool will perhaps go to the chair unless he gets a change of venue and comes to North Carolina where the Governor cannot contemplate seeing a lady dragged down the corridors.

INSISTS ON AN INVESTIGATION.

Dr. Cook Will Some Day Come Into His Own.



MANY people are inclined to laugh when you mention the name of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the great explorer. Cook is a man who all his life has been in the exploring business—having gone to the far North many times—twice with Peary and once alone. He was with Shackleton in the Antarctic expedition and Shackleton said that had it not been for the resourcefulness of Cook the expedition would have been a failure and all lives would have been lost. Peary in one of his books says gravely that if any man ever reaches the Pole it will be Cook, and gives him the highest praise.

In many other exploring schemes Cook has made good, and the reason he is laughed at is because the Peary crowd, the so-called American Geographic Society, to which any man may belong, white or colored, lettered or unlettered, by paying a fee of two dollars, said Peary discovered the Pole and Cook didn't.

But Cook is still determined. Last week the Committee on Education refused to hear him although the majority was in favor of it. Hughes the chairman, turned it down, after Speaker Clark had referred Smith's resolution to the Committee on Education.

Now the matter will go to the floor of the House and when it does something will be done. Cook is not to be cheated out of his prize. If Peary ever reached the Pole the evidence is conclusive that Cook reached it, and he reached it just one twelve months before Peary reached it. This is absolutely proven. But Peary put up his bluff; he wired called Cook a liar before he knew what Cook had claimed. It has been so far a repetition of the shameless and disgraceful Schely-Sampson episode. The honor belongs to Cook because he was first there and has the proof. The proof has been printed in the parallel columns of the New York Herald, when it was shown that the diaries of the two men were strikingly alike—so much so that all scientific men said if one reached it the other must certainly have been there. Cook getting there ahead of Peary by a year gives the claim to Cook.

Smith, Congressman from New York, is back of Cook and so are a great many other Congressmen. And when the question gets before Congress and the facts are disclosed as to how the Committee's chairman has treated Cook there will doubtless sweep over the country from the minds of fair-minded men who want to see a square deal given to the intrepid Cook.

Just when this matter will get before Congress, we are not informed. The Education Committee settled it ago, to its content, last Thursday, but happily there are men in Congress who will undertake to see that Cook is heard. All he wants is to settle the question as to whether he, or Peary or any other man ever reached the Pole. If Cook is a fakir why don't Peary's friends let him be heard? It would certainly put Cook in a hole. They dare not let Cook show the world the true facts. Cook discovered the Pole if Peary did—and as Cook was first there he was in fact the real discoverer. Few of the Old School are left. We don't hear much these days about letting justice be done though the heavens fall. The scheme now-a-days is to "put it over"—but friends of Cook propose to see that it is not done. Cook will eventually be vindicated.

Reminiscent.

In this Department the Old Man writes pastime 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 indelible—the road over which we will never walk again.

Have Improved.

When I look over the North Carolina papers of today and compare them with what was happening down here in the Pine Woods twenty-five years ago it is hard to realize that the people stood for in those days. But they stood for 'em, and the "boys" who made the papers then, most of them in glory now, had more influence and entertained as pleasantly, their audience as those who make papers today.

I recall that when I was running the immortal Durham Daily Globe, (peace to its ashes) we had but three compositors and a foreman—set up a few columns of eight point type—any old thing, and let it go at that—and yet the Globe was eagerly sought and eagerly read. We charged fifty cents a month for it—raised the price from 35 to fifty and people stood for it and we wrote what we felt like writing. I recall that we used to have some long rainy seasons. We had no special reporters and when it rained all day we would sit in the office and write what ever happened to come into our mind and never venture out. Might telephone police court or some one or two people and that was the dope for the day. I would string out a whole column of personals, reading like this:

"Colonel Albright, our efficient postmaster, went to dinner today at 12 o'clock and returned to his duties at one P. M. The Colonel reports the mail business active."

I would take every man in town and give him a personal. I figured it was just as important to print the news that a man went to dinner as it was that he went to Raleigh, 28 miles away, in the morning, and returned that afternoon.

When there was positively nothing to write I would take some old stock cuts from the pewter plates, have Charley Whitaker cut them down, mount them, and illustrate a special story on a comet that was supposed to have struck the earth. It would be a whole front page with glaring headlines and people would read it and stand for it and the circulation grew all the time. But in these days of type-setting machines when you must have a great many columns, when there are things happening that must be recorded, I wonder what would become of the man who would try to run a paper like some of them ran thirty years ago.

However it is all evolution. We wonder how we could get along without the telephone, without the automobile—but we could, for we did, and we lived and were happy. It would be hard sledding now were the linotype to disappear and newspapers were forced to go back to hand composition. Instead of eight, ten and twelve page daily editions they would be four pages—and skippy, at that.

Some folks claim that the big bulky sheets are read, and I guess it is true. The daily paper is not read like people think. I take two daily papers here in Phoenix—and I glance at the headlines and throw them aside. Hundreds of people do that here, more than in some other places because there are so many transients here. But that circulation, handed out to people who never read the insides, because they have no interest except in the front page, is the basis on which the advertiser pays his bills. But the papers are growing all over the country. If the government would take down its so-called subsidy; give the paper a clear field to print as many as it wants to print, charge what it wants to pay for the freight and not restrict papers by making them give away their inside secrets or swear to a lie as to ownership, etc., they would be on a still better basis. I cannot for the life of me see how a postmaster general can talk of a deficit and allow papers like the Saturday Evening Post to be varied around by the train load at a loss to the government, when a poor man who signs a note to borrow money must put a stamp on it—a stamp that means a direct assessment on that poor devil. The while the multimillionaire publishers are boasting of charging seventy thousand dollars a page for publicity which Uncle Sam gives as a charity to these rich men. It is shameful to the last degree.

Why, I wonder, doesn't some big, bold Congressman or Senator take off the masque and let the country demand that the rich publishers pay at least the cost of their business now performed by Uncle Sam practically free. And I suppose I will keep on wondering.

The Experts.

And now comes Buffalo Bill—the great North American scout and says the army can't catch Villa. Of course Bill knows. He has been in the show business a long time—and his exploits on the western plains were about as spectacular as his brief term as a member of the Nebraska legislature. Bill always looked well on paper.

Say, Mike.

Suppose a republican Governor had set himself up to encourage Mob Law by his official act? Wouldn't there have been a howl down this line? Sure, Mike, there would have been.

Ramsey Resigns.

Dr. George J. Ramsey for four years President of Peary Institute, Raleigh, resigns to take effect July 1st.

Everything

WHO'S WHO In Dogdom.

A telegram from Princeton, Indiana, gives this rather unfavorable mention of who is who in the Hoosier state:

"Religion can't do a dog any good; we don't want dogs here," declared Evangelist George Rose as he seized a cur by the neck, carried it to a door of the big tabernacle and tossed it outside while the meeting was at its height.

In explanation Rose said that not long ago during one of their meetings a dog strolled down one aisle of the tabernacle and down another aisle came another dog. They met in front of the platform just as the Rev. Mr. Bulgin was in the climax of his appeal, and right there a dog fight took place that broke up that night's meeting. The Rev. Mr. Rose said he was taking no further chances with dogs, and no further attending the services bring their Bibles and hymnals and leave their dogs at home.

THE SUNDAY PREACHER.

(For Everything.)
The preacher was up in the pulpit,
The married choir was there,
The paid soloist with ease did sit,
And everything looked fair.

And now the organ peals forth loud,
His music rich and grand.
The anthem's sung, not by the crowd,
By those about the stand.

And now the Preacher fits his glasses,
With all eyes out in there,
Which is chimed in, by the masses,
Who sing both loud and strong.

And so the service, it continues.
The Preacher takes his text;
There's little work at home,
The Devil is not next.

There sits the rich man in his pew,
Whose locks are silver gray,
To his denomination true,
He does most freely pay.

The scarlet woman is made to smile,
Because of the Sunday Preacher,
She knows that money will beguile,
And give them a false teacher.

The money-lender he does please,
The landlord sits in perfect ease,
The slandering sinner in perfect ease,
And none of them repent.

The shyster sits in perfect ease
With head both bald and bare;
Bad front teeth, or lying pleas,
To carry his points unfair.

The lying trickster is not stung,
Nor exposed to public gaze,
His merits, if any, are loudly sung,
In words of need and praise.

The quack, he too, is in his place,
On this bright Sabbath morning,
The Preacher knows he's ill'd his face,
Because he gets no warning.

Of what will be his doom some day,
When from each point and quarter,
The cry will rise from those who pay,
Him gold for bottled water.

The tricky merchant, short on measure,
Has borrowed a saintly look,
Read it and stand for it and the circle,
By playing the wily crook.

And while he knows and knows it well
He should condemn such acts,
He falls in thunder tones to tell
The guilty ones the facts.

Which might rouse a sleeping conscience,
And drive to the heart conviction,
And save them from the consequence,
Of their lost condition.

Oh, Preacher! Man! how can you stand
Before your congregation
And fall to warn those of your band,
Of their wretched situation?

Now the sermon comes to its close,
And now they stand and sing,
Some have thought of Christ who rose,
Their Redeemer and their King.

And now we hear the benediction,
Which is the best of all,
It speaks of Christ whose Crucifixion
Raised Man from Adam's Fall.

Now all file out, at least one-half
No better, let's hope no worse;
The Preacher knows he's ill'd his face,
Such sermons are a curse.

—WALTER R. JOHNSON.
Ahoskie, N. C.

WHAT WE FEAR.

We fear that Walter Johnson, of Ahoskie, in this state,
With a belly full of fruit cake had gone to bed quite late—
And his lawyer's god, More Fee 's, had got the wifes' crossed
And so his sleep was broken as he moaned
And groaned and tossed.

And in that shadowy dreamland the Devil came to him
And pointed out the things he saw which
To him looked so grim:
In fact, he'd never been in church nor
heard the parson screamin'—
Toss a fruit cake in the belly, and in the
brain a dream!

The things, in dreams, he thought he
saw, never had material form
"Toss a fruit cake in the belly, and on the
brain a storm."
For the average "Sunday Preacher" with
the Word of God to tell
May heed off many a sinner who is on
the road to hell!

Therefore if quacks and hypocrites and
shysters take it in:
And tricky merchants hear the Word and
see they're deep in sin,
The day will come, in God's good time,
when they will see the light
And hear the Word of shame, and
understand what's right.

And we hope that Walter Johnson, of
Ahoskie, in this state,
Will cut out all his fruit cake and not
carry it late—
And if he dreams, let angels come around
his bed to say:
"Old Men, you've got an awful grouse—
"Toss a fruit cake in the belly, and on the
brain a dream!"

Hotel Man Dies.

J. T. Walton, of Morganton, one of the best known hotel men in the state died at his home Wednesday of last week. All the traveling men knew "Jink" Walton and all will regret to learn of his untimely taking off. For over a quarter of a century he had extended the glad hand to guests.



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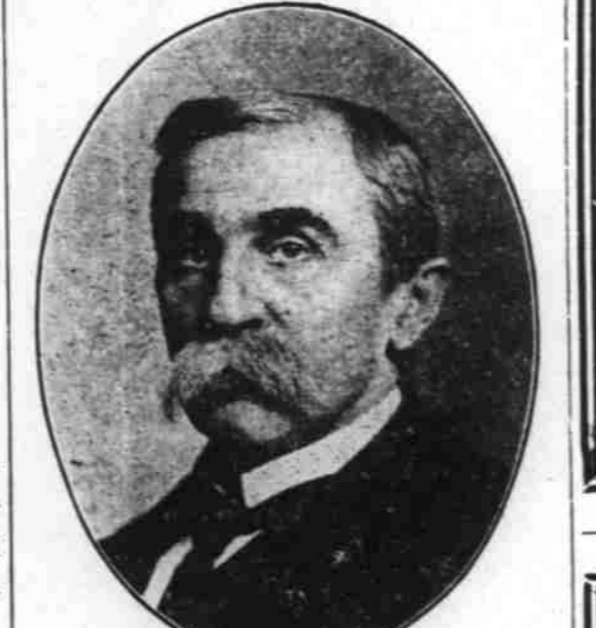
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