

# THE GREENSBORO TELEGRAM.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1901.

Price Five Cents.

## SPECIAL NOTICES

All advertisements under this head 5 cents per line; no advertisement inserted for less than 15 cents.

**FOR RENT**—10-ROOM HOUSE ON corner of Morehead and Spring streets. City water and bathroom. Apply to J. A. GROOME, Greensboro, N. C. eod1tf

**WIFE YOUR FEET ON RUBBER** door mat for satisfactory results this muddy weather. We have the right kind at the right prices, also an elegant line of rug tringes. J. N. LEAK, 110 S. Elm Street.

**IF IT IS YOUR WATCH THAT** needs looking after, let us do the looking. We will put it in a healthy condition at a moderate price. **ROSENBLATT & ELLINGTON.**

**FOR SALE**—A LOT OF SHAFTING, belts, pulleys, and hangers, slightly used and in good condition. Address P. O. Box 87, City.

**WE HAVE ABOUT FORTY SAMPLE** pair, odd pairs, and slightly shop worn ladies' Oxford ties to sell at \$1.25 the pair—worth a good deal more money. Come and see them while we have a pair to fit you. **THACKER & BROCKMANN.**

**TASTE AND ABILITY MAKE OUR** work the best. The economy in our garments is their wearing qualities. **HARRY POEZOLT, Merchant Tailor.** 57-1mo

**TURKISH BATHS MAY BE HAD** every Saturday afternoon or evening at 407 Litchia street. Price 50 cents. m23-tf

**DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK** how much it cost you to use gas with out a torch and wax tapers from the consequences of hanging on Chandeliers to light the gas or standing on your plush bottom chair? More damage may be done by lighting one chandelier one time without these conveniences than it would cost to buy a outfit for each and every room in the house. We have them at all prices, 15, 20 and 25 cents for torch and wax tapers. Stop and get one, and thereby stop a nuisance in your house. **GATE CITY SUPPLY CO.,** 217 South Elm Street. Phone 161.

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—MUNSON TYPE-writer, No. 3. New and unused. P. P. CLAXTON. tf

**FOR SALE**—AT A BARGAIN FOR cash, 9-room residence on Gorrel street. Apply to A WEATHERLY, Agent. m9-2w

## FLOOD AT BILTMORE.

### Railway Bridges Washed Away—Cottages Flooded.

A special to the Charlotte Observer from Asheville, under date of May 21, says:

During the past two days and nights a hard rain has been almost incessantly falling in this section and much damage has been done to crops, mill, railroad and other property. Hundreds of Asheville people have visited Biltmore today to see the damage done by the floods in Vanderbilt's ideal village.

When the millionaire and his advisers planned the town a nearby creek which has never before been anything but a small stream, was never for a moment taken into account. Today this stream made a record for itself that was both surprising and alarming. One row of cottages built by Mr. Vanderbilt was flooded and the people forced to move their belongings to the upper floors and some of the beautifully paved streets were covered with rubbish. Small trestles at Biltmore on both the main line of the Southern and on the Asheville & Spartanburg Railroad were washed away and no trains will be operated on either line before late tomorrow. A car on the sidetrack loaded with stone was washed 30 feet. The electric plant here is badly damaged and the city tonight is in darkness.

## LIFE AND DEATH OF A WORLD.

### ANNUAL ADDRESS AT NORMAL

DELIVERED THIS MORNING BY DR. HENRY LOUIS SMITH.

The Six Essays Read Last Night—The Class Song—Governor Aycock Makes a Short Speech and Presents the Constitution—The Annual Address Today One of the Finest Efforts Ever Delivered in the City—Girls Will Go Home Tomorrow.

Notwithstanding the steady down-pour of rain last night a large number of people from the city attended the State Normal College witnessing the exercises of the evening. As had been previously announced, the program for the evening consisted of the reading of six representative essays by six members of the graduating class.

In the rear of the large auditorium sat the students of the institution, on seats raised tier after tier, their faces wreathed in smiles, and reflecting the brightness and joyousness which pervaded the entire assemblage, despite the dampening effect of the weather outside. In the other portions of the hall could be seen old students, bowing to former acquaintances, and fond parents come to see their daughters graduate.

A few minutes before nine President McIver entered the hall, accompanied by Governor Charles B. Aycock, and the Directors of the College. Their entrance was the signal for a hearty burst of applause. Hardly had the echoes of this greeting died away, when from the opposite side of the auditorium entered the fifteen young ladies who compose the graduating class, and they received as hearty a welcome as did the gentlemen.

Several selections were played by the college orchestra, assisted by Mr. A. H. Alderman, cornet; Dr. J. H. Wheeler, trombone; and Mr. Henry Marley, trap drum; from the city. The music was an enjoyable feature of the evening.

A chorus, "The Lawn Party," was well rendered by the Glee Club, under the direction of Prof. Brown.

The exercises were formally begun by President McIver, who in a few words introduced the President of the class, Miss Daisy Allen, of Franklin county, to the audience, and who afterwards introduced, in turn, each of the young ladies who read essays. Before assuming her duties Miss Allen said she wished, in the name of the class of 1901, to thank those in attendance for their presence, and as Dr. McIver would say it, "This is your own college and you are at home here." She drew a vivid picture of that period in the history of North Carolina when for years the pathetic cry for education went up from the girls, and how in response to that cry a man arose, and with others, established the Normal College. "This man," said she, "is our beloved President, Dr. Charis D. McIver." In conclusion Miss Allen said: "We offer our hearts, hopes, and lives, in the great work of saving the children of North Carolina from growing up in ignorance."

The first essay was entitled "It is Daybreak Everywhere," by Miss Bertha Rubel Sugg, of Greene county. She vividly portrayed two pictures, one of the long ago, with its tallow candles, slow moving stagecoaches and the strict observance of the Sabbath, and the other a glimpse of the present with its many advantages and improvements.

The second essay was by Miss Eunice Kirkpatrick, of Mecklenburg county, and was entitled, "Some North Carolina Folk Lore." Two pretty legends were told, and several of the superstitious fancies of the present day commented upon in an entertaining manner.

"Duty's Loyal Son," was the theme of the essay of Miss Laura Sanford, of Wayne county. An ideal of Duty's Loyal Son was presented in the person of the brave, chivalrous, Christian leader of the Confederate forces, General Robert E. Lee.

The next essay was read by Miss Mabel Haynes, of Wake county, on the

subject "The Education of the Deaf and Dumb in North Carolina." Miss Haynes' essay was a concise statement of the work done by the State in behalf of her children afflicted with speechlessness and silence.

"The Scotch-Irish in North Carolina," was the subject of Miss Birdie McKinney's essay. She spoke not only of their love of education, but of their qualities as liberty loving and liberty defending people, shown in many of the Southern campaigns during the Revolutionary War.

The last essay was read by Miss Ida Wharton, of Forsyth county. Her subject was "The Country Doctor." The trials and tribulations, as well as the joys of this lover of his fellow beings, was well portrayed, and a pretty picture was drawn of him as he goes along the country roads, speaking a kind word to those he meets, and receiving from every one a "God Bless You."

At the close of the essays the class song was sung. This song was composed by Miss Frances Winston, of Franklin county. The singing was very impressive, the voices of the young ladies having no accompaniment, and the last strains of the song being repeated and allowed to die away.

Class Song, "Class of 1901," by Miss Frances Winston, of Franklin county. Tune: "Home to Our Mountains."

Farewell dear college days,  
Farewell forever;  
Life calls the youthful heart on the front.

No more we come to thee  
Blest Alma Mater,  
No more we turn to thee  
As we are wont,

Bless us, kind Mother,  
Ere we depart,  
Long is the journey 'tho' fair the way  
May the dear lessons  
Learned at the altar stone  
Turn winter wrath to the sweetness of May.

Fain would we linger here,  
Linger, and leave thee not  
Though the tasks given us now are complete.

Can we refuse the call  
Of our dear Mother State  
And take our place again  
Low at thy feet?

Nay, for thou bidst us go—  
"Others now fill thy place,  
Fields ripe to harvest  
Nor wait but thy hand."

Garner the precious grain,  
Give my blind children light  
Cease not till noonday shall flood all the land."

So, Alma Mater, we  
Go at thy bidding  
Sed yet rejoiced thy command to obey  
Ever remember us,  
Thou who forgettest not,  
Few tho' in numbers we love thee for aye.

Well we remember the  
Athletic wars we fought,  
Each hallowed spot with sweet fancies  
We've strewn  
Fountain and forest,  
Bright sunny pathways  
E'en the old College bell's resonant tone.

Farewell, Alma Mater, farewell.

President McIver then requested the audience to join in singing "The Old North State," which was done with a will, after which he introduced Governor Aycock who delivered to the young ladies of the graduating class, each a copy of the constitution of North Carolina and of the United States. In introducing Governor Aycock, Dr. McIver said, "We welcome him not only because he is Governor of the State, but because he is a friend of education in high and low places." His encounters upon the Governor were loudly applauded, and when Mr. Aycock advanced to the front of the stage the applause was doubled. Governor Aycock said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are more than generous to me, but I have been somewhat used to being kindly received in North Carolina. I was in New York recently, and two hundred North Carolinians tried to sing 'The Old North State,' as you did just now, but they couldn't do it. You can't sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. I came all the way from New York in order to be here tonight and see the commencement, for the first time, of this great institution." The Governor then read to the young ladies a portion of the constitution, of North Carolina, which says that "the people have the right and privilege of education, and it is the duty of the State to guard and maintain that right." "The constitution says they have that right, and you are sworn to uphold that constitution. Another clause in that consti-

titution says that it is the duty of the Legislature as soon as possible, to provide education for idiots and imbeciles, classing the two together, the one because he can't help it, and the other because he can."

"I shall deliver no lecture to you on the duty you owe. I wish I were as sure of the performance of my own, and that of the men as I am of yours. Young ladies, in behalf of North Carolina, and the State Normal and Industrial College, I present to you the constitution of North Carolina and the United States. Tomorrow the Bible will be presented to you, and with the Bible and the constitution of North Carolina and the United States, you have the necessary elements of good citizenship both in this world and the world to come."

At the conclusion of the presentation, the audience joined in singing "America" and were dismissed.

This morning at 11 o'clock the graduating address was delivered by Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Davidson College. He was introduced by Dr. McIver in a few well chosen words. After his address the presentation of Bibles took place. They were presented by Dr. S. B. Turrentine, pastor of West Market church.

In making the address Dr. Smith said:

"Members of the graduating class, students of the Normal College, ladies and gentlemen:—I have left behind me a crowd of conflicting duties that I might have the pleasure of bringing a message to these hundreds of eager receptive minds. I congratulate the president of your institution on the successful year now closing, these young women on the honorable history and beneficent work of their alma mater, and the State of North Carolina on her farseeing wisdom in founding and liberally supporting her Normal and Industrial College.

The suggestion of your president that my address be a scientific one, was in such accord with my own tastes and preferences, that I take pleasure today in deviating from the well trodden path of Commencement addresses. From text books and examinations, from the petty routine of our daily lives, I wish to lift your minds to the grandeur of and beauty of nature's infinite form and patience, and the wide sweep of her changeless laws. And so I have chosen a mighty theme, The Life and Death of World.

My subject, the life and death of a world, brings us face to face with two infinities. Into the infinity of space around us we must travel on the wings of light, and see these worlds in process of formation, some in the fire mist of formless infancy, some in full maturity of life and vigor, others hoary with the frost of age, or still and desolate in the embrace of death. More awful still is it to stand in the presence of infinite Time; to look backward through countless cycles of revolving centuries toward that far off epoch when the morning stars sang together, and an Almighty Hand formed our planet in the abyss of space; or, lifting the curtain that hangs between us and the depths of an illimitable future, to see our world, now teeming with its myriad forms of life, still speeding onward in its mighty orbit, but a vast sepulchre in midnight darkness, given over to the silence of death, and frozen in the grasp of eternal winter.

Before examining in detail the various stages of world growth, let me call your attention to two or three preliminary facts. The first is that constant change is the universal law of life. Nowhere in the wide universe does the telescope find a single atom of matter that is not in constant motion. Our bodies, our minds, our characters, are changing every day. The shifting clouds, the whistling winds, the restless sea, the running brook, the falling leaf, the disintegrating cliff, all bear witness to the universality of the law of change.

The second remarkable fact is that most of these successive changes occur in regular cycles. Sunshine follows rain, day follows night, summer follows winter, calms follow storms, and so on, recurring circuits. The ocean currents run forever from the equator to the poles, and back again to begin their course anew. The rain falls from the clouds, run in rivulets to the

of his audience to the sun, which daily floods our little planet with his overflowing light and heat, and for several minutes discussed the characteristics of a world in its first or gaseous stage.

Continuing to the youth of the world, as shown by Jupiter, Dr. Smith said, "Our world has now reached the second stage, with hot but solid crust, and a molten interior except near the center. The contest between fire and water, which is to make its whole career, has now begun. Its future oceans are all in the firmament, a vast sheet of encircling clouds, precipitating themselves in torrents of rain toward the red hot crust, but boiled away by the intense heat before reaching it."

The third stage, the maturity of a world, as shown by our own earth, was next discussed, with its cool crust and hot interior, and its abundance of air and water. The contest between the fire and water is here about evenly balanced, the water leveling all the inequalities and seeking the interior, and the fire wrinkling the surface, and driving back the percolating water.

The next stage was that of a planetary decay, the Old Age of A World, as shown by the planet Mars. Its fiery interior is growing cold, with no further wrinkling of the surface. The air and water having leveled off the surface are now working their way into the interior. The ocean is gone, and the air is too rare to support a cloud. There is no rain and the surface is mainly a desert. He spoke at length of its wonderful canals some of them over three thousand miles in length and perfectly straight, its climate, old sea beds, atmosphere, seasons and meteorology.

The last stage was that of planetary death, shown by our moon. This is the last stage. There is no atmosphere, no water, no life, no movement, no sound, a dead ball, frozen through and through under the full glare of the sun. Its surface is rugged, the water and atmosphere absorbed by the cooling crust, and our nearest neighbor in the sky is but a stellar corpse. In conclusion Dr. Smith said:

"And so the old conflict of fire and water ends in the destruction of both, and not even a world is free from old age, decay and death."

"How awful is the breadth and depth of this all-embracing, all-compelling law of change! In what clear characters have we seen it written across the seemingly changeless heavens, the so-called eternal hills, the ancient azure of the unwrinkled sea! Day is forever giving place to night, the seasons come and go, tides ebb and flow, the winds travel in their ceaseless circuits, the rivers run into the sea from which they were drawn, mountains range, lift their mighty flanks above the plains only to be ground to the earth again; sunshine and cloud, heat and cold, storm and calm follow one another in the material world in endless succession, while in the world of humanity hope gives away to despair, love changes to hate, health yields to encroaching disease and youth to the infirmities of age. Riches take to themselves wings, power crumbles in the leader's grasp, fame is like a wreath of summer cloud, death claims the worker ere his task is well begun, empires rise and fall, ancient dynasties crumble into ruin, races die and disappear, civilizations wax old as doth a government and are laid away; while over all and around all and beneath all, the old, gray, battle-scarred earth itself, with its canopy of blue and far-spread carpet of green, with its rolling oceans, and granite floor, and rock-ribbed hills; Mother, nurse, and common sepulchre of us all, symbol of permanence and type of eternity—she too, like her fleeting children of an hour, is but the plaything of pitiless Time, and through illimitable ages is rolling onward toward an inexorable doom.

Romorseless Time,  
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!  
What power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or  
melt  
His iron heart to pity?"

"And so we, frail creatures of the dust, stand awed into reverent silence by the resistless empire of decay, the dread omnipotence of death. Earthly science, with telescopic vision, sweeps the fathomless depths of space searching among its hundred million worlds for a single one exempt from the com-

(Continued on fifth page.)