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Methodist Church in 18th Quadrennial Conference.

Atlanta, Ga., May 2.—Patriotism as well as religious fervor permeated the opening session here today of the 18th quadrennial conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, which convened for sessions that are expected to last through three weeks.

Applause greeted the first mention of President Wilson's name by Bishop E. R. Hendrix, presiding officer in his introductory remarks, which were followed by Bishop W. R. Lambuth with the prayer of invocation. Victory for American arms was asked by Bishop Lambuth who prayed that neither malice nor hatred should fill the hearts of the American people after peace is declared.

All members of the college of bishops were present when the conference was called to order except James H. McCoy, of Birmingham, and Joseph C. Key, of Sherman, Tex. Bishop McCoy was prevented from attending by a serious operation he underwent recently while Bishop Key's absence was due to the infirmities of old age. Another member, Bishop H. C. Morrison of Leesburg, Fla., at the opening session requested that he be retired from active service because of age.

The first business presented to the conference following the reading of the Episcopal address was a resolution by Rev. P. H. Lynn, of Fayette, Mo., on behalf of the Missouri delegation, voicing indorsement of President Wilson. A substitute, more far reaching in its scope was offered, however, by Dr. John O. Willson, of Greenwood, S. C., and after brief discussion it was decided to name a committee to prepare resolutions to be presented to the conference later.

The Rev. A. F. Watkins president of Millsaps college, Jackson Miss., was elected conference secretary and the rules of the 1914 general conference were adopted temporarily to be amended at a later session.

Bishop Collins Denny, of Richmond, Va., was selected to read the Episcopal address, the feature of the opening session. When he reached that part of the address relating to the war the bishop was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause from all sections of the auditorium.

Methodists were urged not to forget papers for the soldiers and the task of furnishing them religious oversight and counsel.

In reviewing the work of the southern Methodists in the past four years, the bishops pointed out that the church membership is now more than 2,154,000, an increase of more than 170,000 for that period. The amount contributed to missions was shown to total more than \$5,076,000 or a gain of \$800,999 during the quadrennium.

Tonight the visiting Methodists were officially welcomed to Atlanta. Governor Hugh Dorsey, Mayor Asa G. Candler, expressed the welcome on behalf of the state and city, while Rev. C. B. Wilmer, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, spoke on behalf of the evangelical churches of the city. A fitting response was made by Bishop Hendrix and other members of the conference.

Wisconsin Boys to Help on Farms.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Fifty high school boys, the first quota of several hundred who will help the farmers of Wisconsin this summer, left for rural section of the State recently. Only boys who have volunteered and have been certified by their principals as satisfactory in Scholarship are accepted. They were assigned to farms through a placement bureau acting for the Milwaukee school directors and other organizations. The boys will add materially to the available supply of farm labor. The plan was adopted however, over the protest of Socialist members of the School Board who seemed unwilling to assist even in this way, to aid their country.

THE KAISER'S TALK TO HELL.

The kaiser called the devil up
On the telephone one day;
The girl at central listened to
All they had to say.

"Hello!" she heard the kaiser's voice
"Is old man Satan home?
Just tell him this is Kaiser Bill
That wants him on the 'phone."

The devil said, "Hello, Bill,"
And Bill said, "How are you?
I'm running here a hell on earth,
So tell me what to do."

"What can I do?" the devil said,
"My dear old Kaiser Bill;
If there's a think I can do
To help you, I sure will."

The kaiser said, "Now listen,
And I will try to tell
The way that I am running
On earth a modern hell."

I have saved for this for many years,
And I have started out to kill;
That it will be a modern job,
You leave to Kaiser Bill.

My army went through Belgium—
Shooting women and children down.
We tore up all of her country,
And blew up every town.

My Zeplins dropped bombs on cities
Killing both old and young;
And those the Zeppelins didn't get
Were taken out and hung.

I started out for Paris,
With the aid of poisonous gas.
The Belgians, damn 'em, stopped us
And would not let us pass.

My submarines are devils—
Why, you should see them fight;
They go sneaking through the seas
And sink a ship at sight.

I was running things to suit me
Till a year or so ago;
When a man named Woodrow Wilson
Wrote me to go more slow.

He said to me, 'Dear William,
We don't want to make you sore,
So be sure to tell your U-boats
To sink our ships no more.'

I didn't listen to him
And he's coming after me
With a million Yankee soldiers
From their homes across the sea.

Now that's why I called you, Satan,
For I want advice from you.
I knew that you would tell me
The thing that I ought to do."

"My dear Kaiser William,
There's not much for me to tell;
For the Yanks will make it hotter
That I can for you in hell."

I have been a mean old devil,
But not half as mean as you;
And the minute I get you here
I will give my job to you.

I'll be ready for your coming,
And I'll keep the fires all bright;
And I'll have your room all ready
When the Yanks begin to fight.

For the boys in khaki will get you,
I have nothing more to tell,
Hang up the 'phone and get your hat
And meet me here in hell."

Whooping Cough.

One of the most successful preparations in use for this disease is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. S. W. McClinton, Blandon Springs, Ala., writes, "Our baby had whooping cough as bad as most any baby could have it. I gave him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it soon got him well." Obtainable everywhere.

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THEY HAVE LOST ALL FEAR OF DEATH.

Sammies in France Have New Trench Philosophy.

In the American Trenches in France, April 27.—There's a new philosophy of death in the American army in France. It's hard to define, but it's an intangible "something" that has taken hold of the minds of our fighting men. They no longer fear death. It's only very recently that I myself caught the spirit of the thing. Some people would call it fatalism, but the average soldier expresses it thus: "I'm not dead yet and I won't die until my time comes."

Whatever it is, it kills worry. "Since our boys have quit worrying so much about their prospects of getting killed they have more time and energy for fighting and enjoy the game more," said a high general who was commenting on the mental change that had come over his troops.

Our boys did not quit worrying about death until they actually got in the trenches. In their training camps, many miles back of the lines, I often found lads worrying over possible dangers that might confront them later.

Once in the trenches however their attitude has changed completely.

The case of Bennie Blank illustrates the point. Every time I had visited a certain outfit back in the training camp Bennie was in the guardhouse squad for misconduct; and when I asked him one day why he didn't behave himself he said:

"My nerve's gone completely, guess I'm a natural born coward. I've been trying either to get kicked out of the army or be sent to the rear."

But when his regiment went to the front he marched along. Later I asked his captain how he was doing.

"Absolutely the best soldier I've got," the captain declared with some pride. "He's now the only lad in the entire regiment who has been recommended for a medal for gallantry under fire."

"Just before the Germans attempted a raid on us one night they shelled us for nearly an hour and all our telephone wires were cut. We were up against it."

"Five boys stepped out. Bennie was one of them. When he saw my surprise he said, almost pleadingly: 'Let me go, captain! I want to show you I'm all right.'"

"Bennie took the message. A little later a lieutenant came up to me and said:

"Captain, I'm going to file charges against one of your men. I met him back there and he was bent on going right through that barrage. I commanded him to wait until it cleared and all he said was 'You go to hell and mind your own business,' and went right on through."

Bennie a few days later, was the hero of his outfit.

"The first night we went into the trenches I was cured of my cold feet," he explained to me. "Two of us were in a dugout when a piece of German shell came through the roof. The other fellow was killed. I didn't get a scratch. How can you explain that? I told myself I wouldn't and I haven't worried about death since."

Every hour of the day, almost the soldier has impressed on him that it's useless to worry. A company was coming out of the trenches the other morning and every man, though worn and sleepy, was happy in the thought of quiet days ahead with shaves and baths and good things to eat and recreation.

A big jovial sergeant sang out: "Well, goodbye, trenches that much is over for awhile. Boys we'll all be seeing the Statue of Liberty yet." Just at that instant a shell exploded and a piece of shrapnel struck the sergeant in the head and killed him.

It looked as if the sergeant's time had come to die.

An artillery lieutenant, whose battery had been under almost constant shelling for days and who had lost several of his men, fell from his horse and died from a fractured skull the first day he got back to rest camp.

Personally, I also have lost my fears of getting killed. My regular billet is in a particular demolished old stone house just back of the lines and hundreds of shells pass over it every day.

Nothing ever happened to the place when I was in it but the other day, when I was some miles away, a piece of shell came through the roof leaving a hole as big as a washtub. Why didn't that shell call when I was at home?

With every American outfit over here are French officers attached as instructors. They have spread a cheerful philosophy among our troops. One of them, in a little speech to American troops the other day, put the "don't worry" proposition this way:

"Why worry? If a shell or a bullet comes over, two things might happen: you might get hit and you might not get hit. If it doesn't hit you you have absolutely nothing to worry about. If it kills you you have no cause for worry, in fact you can't

worry. If it wounds you, then you are out of the trench hell for a long time. Therefore, why worry at all?" Pretty good philosophy for a soldier, don't you think?

Death of Mr. A. J. Martin

Elkin Tribuna.
Deputy Collector A. J. Martin of Benbow, Yadkin County, died at his home Tuesday evening at 7:30. He had been in poor health for the past two or three years and while his death was not unexpected, yet coming suddenly as it did proved a great shock to his family and friends. He had been engaged in the revenue service for a number of years and was a faithful and efficient officer, performing his duties according to the laws of the land, impartially—friend and foe alike.

Mr. Martin spent many years in the cause of education, and for a lengthy period filled the honored position of County Superintendent of Schools of Yadkin county. He later resigned this position, and accepted the principalship of Jonesville High School, serving in this capacity with great satisfaction to the people of his district. He was always public spirited, and heartily joined in any move for the advancement of civilization.

Flat Rock church, of which he has long been a member loses a devoted and substantial member, his family a kind and tender husband and father, and the community one of its most respected citizens.

The funeral services were held today at 11 o'clock, A. M., at Flat Rock church, conducted by Rev. V. M. Swaim, of Winston-Salem. He was 53 years old and is survived by his wife, five sons and four daughters.

To the bereaved The Tribune extends sincerest sympathy in this sad hour of affliction.

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J. D. MINICK.

Mt. Airy, N. C., Aug. 26, 1915.

German Long-Distance gun Claims one Woman Victim.

Paris, April 14.—The bombardment of the Paris district by the German long range gun continued today. One woman was killed. Paris last night was subjected to its first nocturnal bombardment since the long range shelling began, the bombardment being resumed late in the night. Yesterday's bombardment did not cause any casualties.

Today's bombardment was opened shortly after 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The beginning of nocturnal bombardments is attributed to the fact that the Germans now know that the French have located exactly the long range gun, so that there is no longer

any necessity of refraining from night time firing lest the flare of the explosion should betray the gun's position. Reports up to mid-afternoon still fail to show any casualties resulting from the first night's bombardment, while the material damage was insignificant.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Notary Public.)
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free.
E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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The Trust Company will see that your will is drawn correctly and, when named as Executor, makes no charge for properly drawing up the will or keeping it under seal in its vault.

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On the subject of 1918 style for men

A REVIEW of the spring style situation for men and young men reveals a decided tendency toward severity of design.

Belts, are no more — and many other features approved in the past are no longer in evidence.

The result is that nothing but superlative tailoring can lend to the more severe new styles that air of finish and fit essential to the well dressed man and young man.

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