

IN SOCIETY

Miss Floy Elmore Booker and Mr. Fred C. Jones will be married Thursday, March 28th, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. P. A. Booker, at High Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott B. Appleby are visiting relatives in Elizabeth City, N. C.

Invitations reading as follows have been received: Mrs. Mattie V. Booker requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Floy Elmore, to Mr. Fred Alvin Jones on the evening of Thursday the 28th of March at 9 o'clock at home, High Point, N. C.

Mrs. Wade R. Brown will sing "Lead Kindly Light," by E. Pugh-Evans for the offertory at the Church of the Good Shepherd this evening.

Misses Maude and Louise Holt of Asheville, N. C., are visiting the Misses Fowler on South Dawson street.

There will be a coffee social at the Old Ladies' Home on Friday, the 29th of March, from 4 to 6 p. m. The admission will be 15 cents. Light refreshments will be served. There will also be music and recitations. The friends of the Home and all interested are invited to come and help in this worthy cause.

Entertained the "Smart Set" The "Smart Set" was entertained on Friday evening by Miss Margaret Hampton and Miss Jeorgene Bonnell at the home of Miss Hampton, on Boylan avenue. A progressive literary contest was the feature of the evening, which was very enjoyable. There were tables, upon which were placed cards with questions to be answered with the names of authors and popular books. Each guest was provided with a score card, upon which the scores of the club were used. Prizes were awarded at the conclusion of the contest.

Lunch was served during the evening, which dainty hand-painted book-marks were presented as souvenirs.

Pupils' Violin Recital The following is the program for the pupils' violin recital at the Baptist Female University, Monday night, beginning at 8 o'clock, the public being most cordially invited, to-wit:

1. Four Violins—Lullaby (Lachmund), Mr. James Thomas, Miss Helen Smedes, Miss Martin, Miss Hattie Johnson.

2. Two Violins—Op. 40, No. 1 (Mazas), Allegro non troppo. Andante grazioso. Rondo. Mr. Thomas, Miss Martin.

3. (a) Adagio, Op. 34 (Brahms). (b) Brindisi, Op. 49 (Alardi). Miss Smedes. Two Violins—A. D. Wilson, the Laguni (Winter-DeBerio). Miss Smedes, Mr. Thomas.

4. Three Violins—Kreutzer, Op. 39 (Hoffmann). Miss Smedes, Mr. Thomas, Miss Martin.

5. Introduction et Polonaise (Allen). Mr. Thomas.

6. Two Violins—No. 3 (Vioti). Allegro. Andante. Miss Smedes, Miss Martin.

7. (a) Village Song (Hauser). (b) Song Melodie (Kohler). Miss Johnson. 8. Four Violins—Scene Pittoresque (Allen). Miss Smedes, Miss Martin, Mr. Thomas, Miss Johnson, Miss Williams, Miss Mary Smedes at the piano.

Sallybury Theatre Party Sallybury, N. C., March 14.—Special. After the play "Julius Caesar" by Mansfield at Charlotte Wednesday night a theater party was given by Mr. J. P. Caldwell, editor of the Observer, in honor of Mrs. A. H. Boyden, of Sallybury. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Chambers, Miss Lottie Caldwell and Mr. D. A. Thompson. Supper was served in the Mansfield's Club.

Burns-Cottingham Maxton, N. C., March 14.—Special. Mr. Charles Burns, son of Dr. W. L. Burns of this place, and Miss Katie Cottingham, the accomplished daughter of Mr. A. J. Cottingham of this community were married at the residence of the bride's parents on the 8th instant, by Rev. N. H. D. Wilson.

The marriage was a quiet affair, only a few of the intimate friends being present. The party were at once driven to the home of the groom, where a sumptuous supper was served.

Bance-Friday Night Greensboro, N. C., March 14.—Special. An informal dance was given by several members of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association at the club house Friday night, complimentary to a number of young ladies in the city from Reidsville, Danville, Burlington, and other places, having come here for the Lulu Glaser Opera Company of the Grand, which failed to appear on account of Miss Glaser's illness.

Jennings-Kornhardt North Wilkesboro, N. C., March 14.—Special. Wednesday evening about 5 o'clock, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. S. Jennings, at Poor's Knob, the daughter, Miss Bertha, and J. O. Kornhardt of Charlotte, were happily united in marriage by Rev. W. R. Bradshaw of this place. After the ceremony an elegant supper was served. Only a few relatives and special friends of the contracting parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Kornhardt left for their home in Charlotte followed by the best wishes of a host of friends, who wish them much happiness.

Old Folks Concert Jonesboro, N. C., March 14.—Quite an interesting event during last week was the presentation of an old folks' concert, and also a play, by about fifteen of the young people of the town, at

the town hall Friday night. Colonial or old-time costumes were worn during the rendering of the music of "ye olden days," and every number was well received. "The Minuet," with a number of original figures, was most excellently done. The comedy, "A Debt of Honor," was a feature of the evening and was well rendered and heartily received. We have heard nothing but words of praise for the entire evening's entertainment. Attractive programs had been printed in the style of long ago and distributed, and they were unique souvenirs of the occasion.

Harpers-House Kinston, N. C., March 14.—Special.—At the home of Mr. J. E. Rouse of Woodington township, Lenoir county, Elder H. Cunningham united his beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Onie, and Mr. J. J. Harper, in the holy bonds of matrimony. The maids of honor were Miss Fannie Harper with Mr. Eddie Stroud, Miss Florence Waller with Mr. James Edwards, Miss Junie Stroud with Mr. Ross Rouse, Miss Sallie Rouse with Mr. David Williams.

After the ceremony the guests were invited to the home of the groom's father, Mr. Simpson Harper, where a sumptuous feast awaited them.

SOCIAL ITEMS FROM DURHAM A Compliment to Young Students and Their Friends—Banquet at the Yearly

Durham, N. C., March 14.—Special.—The affair at Trinity Park High School last evening was given by Mr. A. K. Murchison complimentary to the young lady students of the college, high school and their lady friends. Refreshments were served in the Lanier dining hall. Mrs. W. W. Card rendered several vocal, piano selections and readings. This being one of the most enjoyable features of the evening. The reception was on from 10 to 12 o'clock. Those present were as follows:

Mr. S. A. Stewart and Miss Bridges, Mr. Marsh Gray and Miss Tuttle, Mr. E. F. Hines and Miss Moore, Mr. C. L. Hornaday and Miss Scroggs, Mr. W. M. Wells and Miss Gunn, Mr. Lloyd LaRouque and Miss Franklin, Mr. T. H. Glass and Miss Duke, Mr. Louis Cole and Miss Cobbs of New York, Mr. J. F. Bivins and Miss Jenkins, Mr. A. K. Murchison and Miss Thomas, Mr. W. M. Gaskell and Miss Goodson. The stars were Messrs. Angier Duke, Arthur Odell, Wade Cranford. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Aldridge and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Card.

At the Yearly House last night a banquet was given by the boarders complimentary to Mr. William Morris of the American Tobacco Company, who has been transferred to Danville and left today for his new home. Quite a number responded to toasts.

MAKING A MELODRAMA

"What are the requirements for success in writing plays for the masses?" repeated the man who provides material for the managers who make a specialty of shows of the melodramatic kind. "Oh! A number of things. To begin with, you have to interest your manager. Then you can take chances on the public. Now, what does the manager demand? Do the situations admit of striking effects in the poster work. Can the scene be made a great thing for the scene painter and carpenter? Can the remaining acts be worked up with material that the manager has on hand, and can the piece be played with eleven people at most, including star, property man, stage manager and carpenter? The last is extremely important. It will secure a hearing even for an unpromising play, for eleven people can be carried on one combination railroad ticket at excursion rates, thus saving one fare on each journey."

The melodramatist paused, lighted a cigar, and, after a moment's reflection, continued: "Let me tell you of a recent experience of my own, and it will give you a good insight into my business. While in the west some months ago I met a prominent actress who was playing leads in a local stock company. She told me that a firm of managers of popular price attractions was prepared to star her could it secure a suitable play. I expressed surprise that it should have encountered difficulty, for the firm is well known, and many of its plays are sent to it by freight load. She explained that a number had been refused because the language was over the heads of the audiences they were intended for, though the principal objection to most of them was that they were lacking in grotesque comedy and heart rending pathos deftly interspersed between blood curdling situations and sensational effects.

"We sat down to talk it over and to outline a scenario. The prospective star was very exacting. These are a few of the things she insisted upon: "1. The play must contain every emotion known to mankind or woman-kind. "2. She must have all the good speeches. "3. She must occupy the centre of the stage and speak the last line in every climax. "4. All the dialogue must be of her, or lead up to some effective situation so arranged that she could come on and take the applause after the other actors had worked like Trojans to lead up to it.

"5. The climaxes should be like bacon, not only fat, but streaked. In other words, she wanted one to be physical, necessitating a certain amount of vocal strength and musical effort, and the next mental or emotional, for it is effective to 'make them cry at one moment and shout with excitement the next.' "6. The play was to have eleven scenes. This gave her eleven climaxes. "With this much understood, she thought she was willing to allow me to cut out the rest of the work to suit

myself. There were a few suggestions on the side, such as the introduction of a trained monkey, and an opportunity to display her versatility in the line of dialects. The last item was really important, as I felt that the really would not be sustained if she played more than one part. So we decided to make her a female detective. "When we finally got into the thing she demanded 'plenty of motive,' and according to her demand the chief motive had to be maternal affection with a strong dash of romantic love. There was a poser. How to combine the two.

"I suggested making her a widow, for it would never do to try to make a audience accept seriously a woman loving with romantic fervor the father of her 4-year-old boy, particularly when they were married. She objected to the widow idea on the ground that black was not becoming to her. But I thought I had her when I suggested that her husband would have been dead five years. She pondered a minute, then asked: "Do you think the audience would like a wife who forgot her husband so soon? I can't possibly be more than 24 in the play, and that widow idea would make me 18 when I married. Women are so curious and they would be discussing my age and looking when they ought to be paying serious attention to the details of the play."

"I agreed with her to an extent, for in these melodramas the audiences must be kept on the go. If they hesitate, all is lost. But I insisted that a widow she had to be. And she acceded with poor grace. "Then the locale came up for discussion. The manager had told her that he had two very fine sets of scenery—one representing a gorge in the Rocky Mountains, and the other a room in a Fifth Avenue mansion. So we agreed on those two scenes. "I'm great in mad scenes," she said, and hurried for a book of prose notices, displaying several in which her playing of a demented woman was praised to the skies. I saw what was coming, so I outlined a scene in which she could roam about the stage, her curls floating down the shoulders of her thin white dress.

"Great!" she said, "great! Write that as you describe it, and both our fortunes are made." "Shortly after that I was favored with a French safe chantant solo, and the moment she struck the first chord I scented complications. The next minute she insisted that one of her disguises must be that of a French variety actress. Here, then, was the proposition reduced to skeleton form: "Madness. "Maternal love. "Romantic affection. "A trained monkey. "Rocky Mountains. "Fifth Avenue. "Song and dance. "Consistency. "My brain reeled as I staggered out with a promise to try my best.

"In less than a day a typewritten copy of the synopsis was before her. Seven copies had been made. One for her, two for the copyright, one for a critical friend whose opinion was valuable, a fifth for the prospective managers and the remainder for us to blue pencil. The eastern managers did not receive their copy until the copyright was secured.

"The wise friend received his. There is not the slightest doubt about it, he often alludes to it in broken tones. His wife told me he expressed doubt as to my sanity when he read the synopsis. He has always glared reproachfully at me since that day, for he leans toward Maeterlinck and the higher ideals. He said he would have never thought of me. But the leading lady she was pleased.

"The scenario had been dashed off with the fervor of desperation. I shuddered to think of it. If the bull's eye had been struck it was as if a drunken man had staggered into a shooting gallery and blazed away at the first target only to strike the mark. Strange to say, however, a great deal had been done with the meagre material. Among the nine characters were the persecuted heroine and her child, a serious little ruffian, singularly precocious and brimming over with moral sentiments framed to make women weep. He will play very well, for he is forever running about in a night-gown, there by supplying much dramatic effect and interest, to say nothing of the sartorial element, for any amount of lace can be draped about him, thus catering to the dressmaking mothers.

"We also have the heroine's stern paper, a venerable and peculiarly noble party of very moral sentiments and who is almost too good to be true. Notwithstanding his lofty ideals he has a craving for rum, this touch being added so as to give an opening for a temperance speech for as the leading lady said: 'It takes all kinds to make a world, and a pretty speech may win a friend or touch the right spot in some of those men folk who have gone astray from drink.' And so the noble sentiment was changed in by the heels. This singularly objectionable specimen of middle aged virtue is an inventor whose patents have been stolen by an aged hypocrite, his brother-in-law. He seeks to obtain possession of the 'che-e-ld' by fair or by foul means and this apparent bad taste is actuated by an ulterior motive, for the infant stands between him and an inheritance. This worthy old gentleman levels in crime, and makes away with the inventor while trying to find the missing deeds, kidnaps the child and the story of the play is devoted to the miser's efforts to regain him.

"Among a few other pretty little things she operates a lever that sends the trio of villains to the bottom of a mining shaft. Owing to a safety brake they are not killed, and appear in the succeeding act and set fire to a house. The distressed mother obtains admittance to the villains' house while disguised as an Italian organ grinder woman, seizes the boy and gains the street with him, only to be apprehended and thrust into a manhouse as an escaped lunatic. She is dragged toward the patrol wagon, screaming for

her child, while the villain is pulling the boy the other way. She escapes from the madhouse, after almost killing the dashing but unprincipled adventurer, by disguising herself in the latter's wraps and bonnet. Once free from the institution she jumps into the adventures' automobile and goes away post haste. Our poor heroine was very depressed prior to the big action, and in the short space of twenty minutes had defied the villains and successfully resisted the passionate importunities of the asylum superintendent, who she drives from her cell in remorse brought about by remembrances of his mother to say nothing of a few trifles about love, fear, hate, religious, enthusiasm and triumph. The denouement is brought about when she shrinks from the taunts and snickers hurled at her by the bad woman; she endures these passively, but becomes a tigress when she hears of her child's sufferings.

"They swear to drag her back to the cell, and succeed in tracking her down, but she evades them by a clever subterfuge, and they arrest her substitute friend while she escapes down a fire-escape. "By this time we decided it was about time to wake up the juvenile lead and make him earn his salary, for he was rather weak. This was not from lack of heroic exploits, for he delighted in hurling general defiance to the world, but because he does nothing. Popular price audiences balk at words and demand deeds. So we allowed him to arrange and perfect this escape, and he ejects the villain from the room, telling him that they must 'look to themselves,' for he has determined to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"In the ensuing scenes the wretched visits the abode of wealth and riches disguised as a Chinese laundryman, and carries off the child in a laundry basket. They discover the loss and rush after her, but she leaps into a cab, basket and all, and tearing off the disguise, cries: "Thank God! I have my child again." The cabman whips up his horse, leaving the villains shouting in the snow.

"Her next appearance is upon the concert hall stage, for the low comedian is a variety actor and stage manager. While she is singing a song the villain springs from the audience upon the stage and possess themselves of the infant. Another crash from the fiddlers, and her disguise is torn off and her identity disclosed. Even the hardened malefactors are conscience-stricken at so much motherly devotion, and they marvel at it. Maybe because they know what stage children are.

"Although she shakes their resolution and the rafters, they being fends in human form, produce a we want and take the audience to the moralist away while she is being arrested. "The following scene clears the atmosphere, for the papers are discovered in an old oak, which is conveniently spit asunder by a friendly stroke of lightning. The child is recovered and the villains led away, and all are happy—all except the author.

"I went home and wrote the entire play in four days; four manifold carbon copies in forty working hours; 27,000 words in four days, or 675 words an hour. In this time the entire hours—dialogue, characterizations, scenic effects, dislogue, music and scene plots had been evolved and the business ruled in red ink. Then I took train for New York and beguiled the tedium of the journey by correcting my notes and planning what I would do with the royalties.

"As soon as I arrived in New York arrangements were made for an interview. By this time I was feeling satisfied with myself and began to look upon the play as a presentable piece of work. I had received a second tip that the manager had considered it a wonderful success, and that they had sold several it was a strong work and the gains should be enormous.

"I hastened to the Broadway office and could see they were pleased with it, for they pronounced certain situations wonderful. But they insisted that it must be sold to them outright, and that it must go cheap. Very cheap.

"You see," said the genial impresario, the senior member of the firm, as he selected a cigar and inspected it with the eye of an expert, "the comedy is so weak and you are too particular about consistency and the working up of situations. Curse probability! Confound nature and the utilities! Give them sensation! Effect after effect! Pile it on thick. What if it doesn't belong to the characters, the play, or the period? Let them see the effect, and before they can analyze it dumped them with another and a hotter one."

"Yes," ventured the junior partner, "I am not a writer, but I could have worked up the climax with a thousand times more dramatic effect." "Then you are a wonder," I retorted. "I have the gamut of every known impulse or passion. I have exhausted human complication and muscular energy. We have trafficked with assassination, dallied with kidnapping, made light of hypocrisy, revenge, hatred, blackmailing, theft, sand-bagging, battle, murder and sudden death. But we might try burning at the stake. "Ridiculous!" cried the senior partner, taking me seriously, "such a situation would frighten the children, thus killing the matinee, and you might burn one of the actors or set fire to the theatre. It cannot be done." "It's not such a bad idea," ventured the other. "It might be worked with fire-proof scenery and an asbestos overcoat on the villain." "I was instructed to make a note of the idea, and he continued: "The comedy is simply diabolical." "Not so," I answered. "I played low comedy for years, and you know well enough that my jokes and situations will go with a howl if the comedian can 'nuke' and wears a red wig and checked pantaloons." "The script says nothing about checked pants," observed the second

partner, with the air of a supreme court judge. "That can be written in," sagely observed the other. "I am an expert at inserting wardrobe effect, and as for the red hair, what do you say of having him try to dye it black and have it turn a pea green?" "Grand!" cried one. "Superb!" echoed the other. "They glanced at each other and, realizing that they were booming my wares, changed their expression, and the senior partner addressed me with some acerbity. "There's one deadly knockout in it," he growled. "The leading lady is up against it and can't wear good clothes. An awful handicap."

"The adventures simply rustles in silks and can supply the dressy portion," I answered. "It's strange you are so fault-finding, for the play was written to order and suits the customer." "Oh, there's some awful grand things in it," sighed the second partner. "The Chinaman double is fine," echoed the other. "But can she get away with it?" asked the junior.

"If she can't, I'll get one that will. It's solid stuff and will bring down the house. I can't swallow the comedy, though." "This brought me to my feet. "Gentlemen, consider; this was dashed off in four days. You should not have seen it until it was brushed up. It's virgin soil, and not even a period has been corrected, and if you are the kind that pick flaws in a rough first draft—well, give it back to me and I'll try elsewhere."

"Oh, well! you'll put it on if you can come to terms; but the dull comedy!" "I determined to give it to them strong." "Listen, I said. 'What do you think of this?' The comedian goes to kiss the substitute, and during her struggle she accidentally spills a large pan of flour over him. He falls, and the grocery man entering with some coal, stumbles and empties the pail over him. This allows of a joke on the coal situation. He then pushes the grocery man through the door and collides with the well dressed and gentlemanly villain, who enters and falls on the stove. As it is hot, he jumps up with a shout, bringing the stovepipe down, and he is covered with soot. While the comedian is trying to brush him off with a broom a dude enters and laughs at the whitened comedian and the blackened villain. His mirth is checked by the funny man, who, angered at his merriment, empties a pot of red paint over him."

"My managerial friends were holding their sides. They said those words he finished it up quick, putting it up to the big man to drop three aces or bet his pile. He bet and lost, me having a straight. "Well, that was all there was to it. We were glad enough to get away even without our guns and the two horses that we didn't want, but as I said, I told Cal, when we reached the railroad, that I needed rest, and I came east after he took the train in the other direction."—New York Sun.

A Long-Lived People

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Rep.) A statement in one of the newspapers that J. L. M. Curry, who has just died, and Judge Reagan, of Texas, who is still alive, were the last survivors of the men who set in the Confederate and the Northern armies, has called out from the Norfolk Ledger the correction that John Goode, of Virginia, is still alive. The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser makes another addition to the list—Henry C. Jones, John P. Ralls and James L. Pugh, all of the Advertiser's own state. The Nashville American cites two other persons as Confederate soldiers—Dr. Thomas M. Menees and Col. A. S. Colyar, both of Tennessee, the colonel, who is writing a biography of Jackson, and who is a frequent contributor to the Nashville and Memphis newspapers, being the liveliest sort of a live person.

These southern newspapers are forgetting the biggest of all the living men who served in the congress of the Confederacy—George G. Vest, of Missouri. True, the senator's state did not secede, but he was a very ardent secessionist in high places in its government. Among these were Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson and Lieut.-Gov. Thomas C. Reynolds. Jackson called a rump legislature in session in Neosho, in the southwestern part of the State, where it could be protected by Price's army, in the latter part of 1861, and that body made a pretense of taking Missouri out of the union. John Early Clark and R. L. Y. Peyton were elected senators from Missouri to the congress at Richmond, and a full quota of persons were sent to the House of Representatives in the same city, among them being George G. Vest, who was a member of the Missouri legislature at that time, and enthusiastically in favor of secession.

All this goes to show that the members of the Confederate government were a pretty long-lived race of men. Every man who sat at Lincoln's council table has been dead for years past, but John H. Rerard, Jefferson Davis' postmaster general, who is getting along toward the ninety-year mark, is one of the bravest of Texans. Several men are or were in the United States congress who were there during part of the civil war days, among them being Grow, of Pennsylvania, who stepped down from congress a few days ago, and Allison, of Iowa, and Stewart, of Nevada. It will probably be found that, in proportion to the numbers in the two bodies, there are today more survivors of Davis' than of Lincoln's congress. Longstreet, Gordon, and other commanders in high rank on the southern side are still alive, while Mosby, in his recent fights against the cattle bandits of the palins, has been showing a little of the activity which he displayed forty years ago in the Shenandoah valley. The lost cause had some pretty strong men, strong physically and mentally, in its service in civil and military station.

Draw Poker

"Draw poker may not be the most efficacious means of promoting the Christian virtues in an individual, or

in a community," said the reformed westerner, "but it is sometimes a good thing to understand the game. "I and my partner, Cal, Hoover, were riding one day in the southern part of Montana, when we came across two horses, saddled and bridled and took them in tow. We did not know that there had been quite a little horse stealing in that locality until two husky fellows rode up and got the drop on us.

"After riding some time we stopped at a stream to lunch and Cal spoke up: "Now, I've got a proposition to make. My partner and I have got about two thousand dollars between us in cash. Let's divide it in four parts and play poker. It we, or either one of us, win out, we go free and you keep your horses, of course. "If you two, or either one of you, wins out, you have our money and we go with you. And as he finished he slaps his wad on the ground, scattering the bills as he did it.

"Cal and I had played together too often to need any talk beforehand, and it wasn't very hard for us to get the other two on the run before we'd played half a dozen hands, but we came near ruin on my third deal. "We hadn't had a good bit of the big man's money before, but the sure would have crippled one of us, for I caught a straight and having good reason to think Cal had a full house, I gave the big man a boost and when he came back at me I trailed, leaving it to Cal to raise again.

"He did it all right, and when the big man pushed his whole pile in the pot I dropped again, leaving it to Cal. He couldn't raise again, of course, the big man being all in, but he called and the big man took the pot on four trays. "That made us a bit cagey, for we both lost considerable, and Cal was done to about two hundred, but we stayed out on the next man's deal, and when Cal dealt I felt safe in betting a lot on the flush he gave me. "I flipped the big man badly and then gave up a pot on the next deal to Cal, so as to give him more capital and he and I came the double cross on the other fellow on my deal, putting him out of the game.

"That gave Cal the deal again and he finished it up quick, putting it up to the big man to drop three aces or bet his pile. He bet and lost, me having a straight. "Well, that was all there was to it. We were glad enough to get away even without our guns and the two horses that we didn't want, but as I said, I told Cal, when we reached the railroad, that I needed rest, and I came east after he took the train in the other direction."—New York Sun.

A Need of the South

(Chattanooga Times.) Mr. Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway Company, in a recent address delivered in Atlanta, called attention to other most serious drawback that affects the South today, and one which demands the attention of our best and wisest men. Mr. Spencer said: "Now felicitate and congratulate ourselves as we please as to the progress which we have made, as to what we have achieved, the fact remains, and I challenge any question of it, that we today are not prepared for that industrial situation which is upon us. We lack today throughout the south, particularly throughout the south, that is growing industry more rapidly relatively than any other section, the young men who are to take the helm, stand not the young man who is courageously willing to take it, who, in his self-confidence, is equal to have it, but I mean the man who is really ready, the man who is prepared, the man who knows the thing which he is going to attempt to do."

This quality of preparedness is a matter of slow growth and comes by experience and attrition. Its proper development might be facilitated and made easier by the earnest and liberal promotion of technical schools, which unfortunately has not been done in the south. The southern people have been too busy with their present conditions to look out much for the future, but as their prosperity becomes better assured they must surely come to regard more seriously the necessity for preparing their sons for taking the advanced places the development of our industrial and commercial conditions makes possible.

Ferdy—"I told old Jones I couldn't live without his daughter." Agy—"What did he do?" Ferdy—"Gave me the card of a co-operative burial association."—Judge.

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