

Daily News

Published Daily except Monday
THE INDUSTRIAL PUBLISHING CO.
Greensboro, North Carolina.

THOMAS S. ROLLINS.....President
SPENCER B. ADAMS.....V. Pres.
ROBT. D. DOUGLAS.....Sec. & Treas.

TELEPHONES:
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Subscription Six Dollars per Year, payable monthly, quarterly or yearly.

A Printed Advertising Rate Card may be had for the asking; all reputable advertisements are solicited at these rates only and every advertiser may rest assured that he is getting a square deal.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Greensboro, N. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1897.



OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

We point with just pride to today's issue of the Daily Industrial News. It has ever been our purpose to present to our patrons, not only the best paper in the State, but to stride to make it the best paper in the South, and in the production of this, our Christmas number, we feel that our ambitions have been realized.

In order to do this it is absolutely necessary that we have the cordial cooperation and support of both the reading public and advertisers. We invite a careful perusal of both the news matter and advertisements that grace our columns today and at the same time extend to all our friends our best wishes for a merry Christmas and a prosperous ending to a prosperous year.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

A week and a day hence this old world of ours will pause for a brief space in its daily grind, its nerve-racking hope-killing chase for self-love, self-seeking aims and objects and turn its face back into the past—back into the outskirts of an obscure village in an obscure eastern land, and see in a humble hillside stable amid want and loveliness, a bearded toil-bent man—a fair born babe.

Through all the centuries this picture has come down: through all the centuries the world has said it knew the meaning of that picture and has acted as if it had forgot.

We believe—when we pause in our worldly pursuits to believe at all—that while time had not yet begun to sum its course; the One Great Being who always was and is and always will be looked forth and saw but empty endless space, and willed and by willing made the sun, the stars, the earth—and all that is on the earth, and then made man—"but little less than the angels"—to take the highest place among all earthly things.

No less do we believe that after four thousand years of darkness, of sorrow and of sin, the Christ-Child came to teach men the fatherhood of God—the brotherhood of man, and that this King of Kings who came into His own with the power of ten thousand earthly sovereigns was that little new-born babe—in that wayside stable.

Measured as earthly events are measured—counted in human days and years, figured in difference of location and surroundings, what a grief divides us from that humble birth-place on that far-gone night! And yet how near—how real it all is—how strangely near and real it this world were all.

Kings and princes and potentates have lived and reigned and died and been forgotten by passing ages since that star in the east guided the three wise men who gave to the new-born King earth's first kingly homage. But as stupendously important to the human race as was that day, Christmas is something more than a mere anniversary. Christ came not to rule man's body, but to rule man's heart and in the heart of man on each succeeding Christmas day the Christ-Child is born again and claims the love, the fealty of a sovereign lord.

The angelic choir who on that starlit night in Bethlehem first sang the tidings of great joy, on this Christmas will sing to the heart of man that anthem so old and yet so ever new. The star which guided the feet of the wise men now shines as bright as then to the spirit who seeks to follow it to the feet of the King.

The precious gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh are in our hands today, and we, as did the wise men of old, may offer them as a sign and token of our loyalty and our love.

And would we please our King? Would we show to him that the work, the cares, the distractions which so fill our lives and claim our thoughts have

not shattered our faith or shaken our fealty? Would we in token of our allegiance give to him some small gift on this, His natal day? With one accord we say we would—but how? What can we give to Him who calls the universe His creature and all things earthly His creation?

He Himself has made the answer plain. In the paraphrase of the poet He has said: "What'er thou doest unto the least of these and lowliest, That thou doest unto Me."

This, then, should be our Christmas thought—to give to our King a birthday gift—to give that gift which would bring most joy to His Christ-Child heart.

The world—our part of the world—is full of men and women and children who see but the hard unlovely side of life—who know but the poverty and want and privation which numb the body and chill the soul—human beings who can be moved by the same joy and gladdened by the same sunshine of the heart as will make our Christmas a time of light-hearted merriment.

At this festive season, then, let us put by and forget the cares and troubles which have fastened themselves upon our hearts. Let us, if only for the day, be as light-hearted children, loyal subjects of the infant King; but let us remember those other subjects of this King who are not as we are and fill their hearts with joy and our King's heart with gladness and our own hearts with that sweetest peace which comes from a generous hand. And the Christmas will be truly as it should be, a time of glory to God and peace to man.

OUR STATE.

North Carolina was the birthplace of the first child born of English parents on the North American continent and to-day after more than three centuries North Carolina has the most homogeneous—the most wholly American population of any State in the Union. In every war that has come into the history of our country North Carolina has furnished her quota—more than her quota, of brave and devoted soldiers; in every field of peaceful endeavor North Carolina has borne a distinguished and useful part. And looking back over the past North Carolina's sons and daughters have every reason to be proud of the record of their dear old mother State.

But after all, the past is past and it is the future which looms big and important before the men and women who would achieve. The possibilities are great, the time is ripe, the country is expectant, and the call to a broader, a more progressive, a more enlightened citizenship is being sounded by those who have looked deep and long into public affairs.

In the first place, we must put away—must bury all little petty, senseless, jealousies and remember only that what is for the good of one is for the good of all—that we are each and every one of us bound together by ties of a common inheritance; and a common destiny.

Grave and important issues are now confronting us, new and complex questions are every day rising up and demanding a careful consideration and broad-minded patriotic solution.

Animosities that arose from times and conditions which are now happily things of the past, are fast dying a natural death, and in their stead is arising a spirit of frank tolerance of differences of opinion and a closer and more cordial feeling of inter-dependence with a sincere desire for more hearty co-operation upon all public questions.

Throughout the length and breadth of the State new avenues of human activity are opening to receive the man who would do things; new industries are springing up, new and hitherto unknown progress is being made. If all of this is true, and who can deny that it is, he who loves his State would be a part of the motive power which is forcing and must continue to force North Carolina to the forefront of human progress and human success, must remember that other people may differ with him and still be as honest and sincere as he and that the points of difference which divide are so very much fewer, so very much less important than the multitude of common aims, common aspirations and common interests which bind us all together in one great commonwealth, that we should bear and forbear and one and altogether put our shoulders to the wheel and say to ourselves, to one another and to the world that North Carolina is the pride and glory of nearly two millions North Carolinians who are determined upon one object—to make North Carolina the greatest, most prosperous and most contented and happy among the sisterhood of States.

William Thompson, who died the other day at Shelbyville, Ind., aged 77, was known as "the man who sold his gold at \$2.75." During the civil war Thompson accumulated \$3,100 in gold, which he carried to Indianapolis and sold at a premium of \$2.75, netting him \$7,525, within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.

"The Lion and the Mouse" is such a success that a second company is to be organized.

Do you want a happy Christmas? Then buy lots in "Piedmont Heights" before they advance on Wednesday, the 20th inst. If you want to go out and see the property, phone 932, and we will call with carriage.

Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, at a tea which she gave in Washington in Mrs. Fairbank's honor, said of a little girl: "She is a remarkable little girl. Her mind is so original that I think she will find her breath in abject terror. When the

GOOD STORIES GLEANED FROM WORLD AT LARGE

Odeous Comparison Bishops Wilmer of Louisiana and Alabama Respectively—A Child's Advice—A Ministers Spiritual Appetite.

Bishop Joseph Wilmer, of Louisiana, and Bishop Richard Wilmer, of Alabama, were cousins and intimate friends, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. They were traveling in Italy, and one summer afternoon while the Bishop of Alabama was enthusiastically pointing out the beauties of some architectural ruins, the Bishop of Louisiana was bored. At last he said: "It's all very fine, Cousin Dick, but nevertheless a rich field fragrant with the odor of new-mown hay would please me better."

And the Bishop of Alabama replied: "Cousin Joe, there's not an ass in all Italy that would not agree with you."

A Child's Advice.

One morning a Sunday school was about to be dismissed and the youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement in straight-backed chairs and benches, when the superintendent arose and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Smith smilingly arose, and after gazing impressively around the classroom, began with: "I hardly know what to say, when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice way back in the rear, hiss: "They amen and this down!"

A Minister's Appetite.

A certain minister applied to his church for an increase of salary. "Salary," cried one of the members. "Salary! Why, I thought you worked for souls." "And so I do," meekly replied the impudicus minister, "but I cannot eat souls, and if I could it would take a good many souls the size of yours to make a decent meal."

Caring for the Preacher.

It was at a big meeting that all this was said, more of a citizens' meeting than a church gathering, and Mr. Dukes asked: "Now, what can you do for the preacher? I don't intend to put the burden of my living upon any one family, but upon all of you turn and turn about. I will not, however, go where the late-string is not hanging out of the door. What can you do for the preacher?"

One old lady, who had a dim recollection of a small church in the pine woods of Georgia, when she was a girl, said: "I kin eat him, but I can't sleep him."

"That's good; now who next?" asked the missionary. "Well, if Sister Jenkins is going to eat him I'll agree to sleep him, but I can't wash him."

"That's good; who next?" Then another sister spoke up and said, "Well, I'll wash him, but I ain't much on billed shirts."

A Little Girl's Reasoning.

Here is a bit of exact reasoning on the part of a little school girl. The teacher wished to impress the idea of the wrong of idleness. He led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last the little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experience, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence, "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

Russell Sage's Caution.

"Russell Sage has a perspicacious mind," said a New York broker. "He can see through nearly everything, but I doubt if he was ever duped on an investment yet. They say that two promoters once called on Mr. Sage to try to interest him in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to the great financier about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that Mr. Sage's decision would be mailed to them in a few days. 'I believe we've got him,' said the first promoter, hopefully, on the way up-town. 'I don't know,' rejoined the other. 'He seems very suspicious.' 'Suspicious?' said the first. 'What makes you think he was suspicious?' 'Didn't you notice,' was the reply, 'how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?'

Their First Railroad Ride.

An old patriarch and his wife from the hills of Indian Territory, were riding on a railroad train in the Choctaw Nation for the first time in their lives, according to the Kansas City Journal. They were very much interested in the scenery and the novelty of their experience when the train suddenly ran upon a long trestle. Looking out of the window the old people saw the ground recede from beneath them, and they held their old ways of expressing themselves. Not long ago while visiting at the house of a friend he took a little girl on his knee and asked about a fine wax doll with which he had been her playing. "Oh, I don't have anything to do with dolly any more," said the child. "We have a truly neat baby now, and that keeps me busy."

"Detail Ten Men for Baptism."

During the civil war the late Colonel Gabe Boeck organized a regiment which he controlled as a dictator, according to Everybody's Magazine. It was while the army was resting after Colonel Gabe's first campaign that an itinerant evangelist wandered into camp, and, approaching the colonel, asked if he was the commanding officer.

"Ugh," snorted "Old Gabe," as he was affectionately called, "what do you want?" "I am a humble servant of the Lord endeavoring to save the souls of the unfortunate. I have just left the camp of the 10th Massachusetts, where I was instrumental in leading eight men into the paths of righteousness."

"Adjutant," thundered Colonel Boeck, after a moment's pause, "detail ten men for baptism. No—Massachusetts regiment shall beat mine for piety!"

Tears, Idle Tears

Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, at a tea which she gave in Washington in Mrs. Fairbank's honor, said of a little girl: "She is a remarkable little girl. Her mind is so original that I think she will find her breath in abject terror. When the

train finally reached the air roadbed again the old woman looked at her husband with a sigh of relief and said: "Thank the Lord, Silas, we've lit!"

Doesn't Care for Dolly Now.

Professor Goldwin Smith, the venerable Canadian publicist, believes that as an encouragement to matrimony two votes should be given to every married man. He is very fond of children, who in turn lavish their affection on him. The professor delights in listening to grow up to be a genius. The other afternoon, awakening from her nap, she called her mother to her.

"Mamma," she said, "what was I crying about before I went to sleep?" "Her mother smiled. "You were crying, my dear," she answered, "because I wouldn't let you have your father's watch to play with."

"Oh, yes; I remember now," the little girl's face contorted and she burst out again. "Hoo-hoo! Boo, boo-boo-boo! Boo-hoo!"

Treated His Hair With Anti-Fat.

John Drew, as he lunched, talked about barbers. "They are so uncomplimentary," he said. "They tell you such unflattering things."

"A friend of mine went to be shaved at the Dark Harbor Hotel one day last summer and the barber said to him: 'Your hair is getting thin, sir.' 'Yes, my friend answered tartly, 'I have been treating it with anti-fat. I never did like stout hair.'"

The Envious Woman.

The girl had pulled out of the Terminal and the conductor was on his fare-collecting tour. In one car there sat alone a woman dressed in deep mourning. When the conductor approached her the woman burst into tears. The conductor asked her what was the matter. She sobbed this reply: "Ten years ago I took my first husband over this road to be cremated; five years ago I took my second husband on the same trip to the crematory, and now I am taking my third husband to be consumed to ashes."

Just then there were loud sobs heard coming from a seat on the opposite side of the car. The conductor turned and saw another woman crying. Approaching softly, he asked the weeping one: "What is the matter, madam?" "Taking her handkerchief from her eyes, the second one in tears answered: "That woman has husbands to burn, while I can't get even one."

A Little Absent-Minded.

Prof. O. P. Jenkins, of Stanford University, is given to absent-mindedness. He was reading one evening after dinner, when his wife approached and, touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly: "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go upstairs and put on your outer coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners," he said when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I guess I was a little absent-minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept right on undressing and went to bed."

Was Afraid of Young Lawyers.

George Harvey, at the dinner that he gave in New York in honor of M. Witte and Baron Rosen, told this, apropos of foresight:

"In my native Peacham there once dwelt a brilliant young lawyer. To him there came one day a tottering and grim Vermont farmer of 80 years. "'Young man,' said the farmer, 'I want to leave all I possess to my wife as long as she remains my widow, and after that I want everything to go to the children.'"

"How old is your wife, sir?" asked the lawyer. "'Seventy-four.'"

"Then wouldn't it be quite safe," the lawyer asked, "to leave out the discourteous phrase about so long as she remains your widow? Just leave her everything?"

"Indeed, I won't," said the old man. "But surely," said the lawyer, "you don't think the lady, 74 now, will marry again after your death, do you?"

"The old man looked the other full in the face as he answered solemnly: "Well, sir, there's no telling what young chaps like you might do for money."

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHS.

A Colant, Ont., man has had his mine stolen from him. The Golden Rule does not seem to work in the silver district, Montreal Star.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

QUITE TOO BAD.

America has been harshly criticised by some European authorities on its business morality, and we are entirely willing to let business fight its own battles. But the critics are now interesting us by taking up other questions. They are discussing our postal scandals, the proofs of graft in the departments, the evidence that Senators and Representatives are concerned in the land-office steals. These cut deep because they discredit our system of government, and are used to bolster up the monarchical establishments against which ours was born to protest. Nevertheless, we have no kick coming, as long as these objections stick to the evidence and the decisions—yellow literature is not authoritative; nor the yellow papers, nor the campaign circulars.

But if we are on the way, what of the monarchies that have arrived? As an instance, we note that the Vienna Diet charged that Premier Koerber carried on a profitable traffic in titles and decorations; that he sold seats in the upper house of the Reichsrath for \$100,000 each, and gave the names of two legislators who had so acquired their places. One of these, Von Markof, sued the paper for damages, whereupon Koerber was given that the suit was withdrawn and the testimony is now being circulated throughout Europe, giving the testimony and the rulings of the court, with the dismissal of the suit at the request of the prosecutor. The worst that can be said of this is that we draw nearer to such conditions—others have arrived. We grant the presence of evil. We refuse to believe that this evil comes because of our system yet devised by the wisdom of man is exempt.—Florida Times-Union.

RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA

In the reports concerning Secretary Root's forthcoming visit to South America there is a suggestion of a new development of governmental policy which may prove ultimately of great importance to the nation's political and commercial interests. Mr. Root, according to the present plans, will attend the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro next year, where he will meet the Republics and devote himself to promoting a better and closer understanding with them. He will aim to convince them that the United States has no thought of territorial aggrandizement, and that it is to the interest not alone of this country, but of all the nations of the Western Hemisphere to band together in support of the Monroe Doctrine.

At present the feeling is widespread throughout South America that in its support of this policy the United States has assumed the role of protector and inferentially superior to its Latin-American neighbors. If Mr. Root can succeed in removing this prejudice and convincing the South American statesmen that the Monroe Doctrine is for the common benefit of all the Republics and should be supported by all alike, he will have accomplished an important work. A tacit understanding to this effect would relieve the United States of much of the embarrassment which it now risks in its single-handed efforts to force proper behavior on the part of irresponsible Republics that repudiate their debts.—Chicago News.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The Empress of Germany is passionately fond of flowers, but for some time has favored orchids, of which she possesses a great variety.

"Lucky" Baldwin, the famous California horseman, was once informed by his physicians that there was no hope of his recovering his eyesight. He is in a San Francisco hospital.

Rev. W. W. Armstrong, of Paducah, Ky., says he has just refused an offer of \$2,100 a year from a noted stable owner who wanted his services as a horse trainer.

President Roosevelt has received twice the honorary degrees ever given any other President. Two doctorates have been conferred upon him this year. He is the first President to receive the degree of L. H. D.

Secretary Root's energy is astonishing. He goes to work early in the morning, insists on his personal information about everything that is going on and stays at his desk until as late as 7 o'clock in the evening.

DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION BY STRONG DRINK

This Is Why You Should Read What Mr. Littlejohn Has To Say On This Subject.

I learned to love strong drink when young, and it grew on me daily until it became a disease; so much so that I could not control myself, and felt that I was doomed to destruction. In April, 1893, I went to the Keeley Institute at Greensboro and took a four weeks' treatment, and was entirely cured. Detail cured I am in a position to say that Keeley Institute is the place for those desolved to go. The treatment does not hurt, it is claimed for it, it cures; and those willing to be cured remain so. I have no more desire for strong drink than I had before I had ever tasted it, and I give the credit to the Keeley Institute for the great work of releasing me from the thralldom of the drink habit, which was fast consuming my body, mind and soul. While at the Institute I was treated as kindly as I could have been at home; the manager, physician and attendants never wearying in their good work for me. For all of this I owe them my grateful thanks. It made my home a happy one; my health good, and the Institute is always ready and able to restore happiness and health to all afflicted as I was.

T. H. LITTLEJOHN. Gaffney, S. C., Nov. 27, 1904. Send names and addresses of those who may be benefited. The Keeley Institute, Greensboro, N. C.

Only five days to buy lots in "Piedmont Heights" at \$240—They then advance to \$280. Don't delay. Phone 932.

FAIRBROTHERS FARRAGO

From this—seven more days, there will be something didding—and a week from tonight, Childhood throughout the world will be happy. Not all of Childhood, for there will be illness and in the sick chamber the nurse may forbid happiness to come; there will be poverty and to shivering childhood and hungered childhood and starving childhood. Happiness is unknown; there will be Death, too, here and there throughout the world while the Christmas bells are ringing, and when Death sits at feast the holiday is bleak and cheerless. But I am telling about the happiness that will be over all the land where conditions are favorable, and the night that Santa Claus is due to arrive is the happiest of all the happy days of childhood.

What faith—what absolute faith the child has in Kris Kringle! I know that the devout Christian feels somehow that he is strong in his faith, and he never doubts that what there is a God—he knows it. Why? Because Nature in its every voice and gesture tells him that it is true. But no firmer is the Christian's faith in God than the child's faith in Santa Claus.

The Christian hangs up his stockings of Hope and Prayer—the child hangs up his stockings and finds them filled. The child has more right to feel that Santa Claus does exist than the man who in darkness stumbles on and hopes on and never sees this side the grave whether or not his prayer has been heard and answered. The child writes a letter to Santa Claus or he tells a friend what he would like Santa to bring him; the stocking is hung by the chimney side—and with a faith unshakable and a knowledge greater than doubt the prayer goes to sleep and on the morning's dawn looks at the stocking—and behold—

Santa Claus, bless his fat, good-natured soul! came down the chimney, took from his well-filled pack just what the child had wanted, left it without disturbing the sleeper, returned up the chimney and was gone. But he delivered the goods! Sometimes he does not bring all that was expected—but hardly ever do you hear complaint. In a word with childhood, Santa Claus is all right—but with the children of men, as they view it, God is sometimes wrong. Therefore, we of little faith, take heed and lesson from the child!

There be those who doubt the divinity of Christ—but no seoffer or disbeliever can doubt the humanity of Christmas day. It is a time when our Better Self has pushed aside all greed, all avarice—when somehow we get it under our brisquet that truly it is "more blessed to give than to receive"—a time when our dollars take eager wings and we are anxious that they should fly away.

It may be custom; it may be usage; it may be habit; or it may be true that there is something in the divinity of the Christ who died. However it may be it is in the Yuletide days that earth angels are abroad.

It never troubled me a minute to know whether the story of Christ was true. I have sized it up that for two thousand years almost, the world has revered His name; for over eighteen hundred years the religion that He taught has widened and grown; and amidst all the conflicts and the doubtings and the denials; despite all the scoffers and regardless of the fierce assaults of science and the taunts and jeers of the atheists, agnostics and infidels—the babe that the Persian Magi went to see after the Judean shepherds had been shown the way, remains the greatest character that the world has ever known. Throw away the story of divinity—a story that were it sprung today would land the hapless mother behind prison bars and put a desperate husband on a man hunt with a gun; dismiss the miracles; deny if you will the crucifixion and the resurrection—and yet among the millions living and the countless millions dead—Jesus Christ, the lowly Nazarene and yet the Great King of Peace lives grander and stronger today than ever since history began. The messages that He brought have lightened more hearts; made happier, more sinful souls; caused more rejoicing and produced more happiness in the hearts of the song of men than all the other words written, printed or uttered since the morning stars first sang together. When He cried o'er the troubled waters, Peace, be still—so his voice went out over all the world—and no matter who He was or what He was—His religion has been the greatest civilizing agency that the world has known.

Perhaps in all fiction and in all history there was never another such a romance as is recorded in the second chapter of St. Luke. A story that surpasses belief, almost, and yet it is believed by millions of peoples of the earth; a story that were it related for the first time by the gravest man of our times would be laughed out of countenance and discredited by the sincerest people—and yet a story that has brought more solace and more comfort than all the other stories, legends and historical facts ever collected in our world.

And it is from that story that Christmas has its being—from that date the New World began. And whether myth, fancy, invention or an unimpeachable actuality, there is something about Christmas that creeps around our hearts, searches our souls, cleanses us, so to speak, and fills us with that Love and Charity which Christ taught and which made us better.

I suppose that were a man to write from now till the crack of doom he would not be able to say much of anything new about Christmas—because it has been a theme on which all have written year after year—and yet if any one says that nothing need be written he is perhaps the one that most needs it.

When I first came to the South I was surprised to see the custom of Christmas celebration, because at the North and West they go through a more solemn programme. There are no fireworks during Christmas week, or at least there were no fireworks in my old days, and it struck me as being somewhat out of place to celebrate so flared a day by blowing horns and filling the air with rockets—but it was observing the day, and each section to its notion.

I have tried for some several recurring Christmas days to insist that the Christmas jag should be cut out, but it seems that my labors are in vain. I cannot see just why a man who is sober and temperate, and who is opposed to whiskey as a beverage, can make himself believe that Christmas egg-nog is the proper stuff for Christmas day—but as many do that, I presume it is none of my business. But I always insist as I go along that what is good enough for Christmas Day ought to be good enough for any other day. And I notice so far as the jag is concerned many people seem to think so, too.

But now to get down to baser things: Didn't that jar you when you read that the divine Sarah Bernhardt was egged—and that by message in the bleak town of Quebec? It is to be regretted that Sarah, now past her sixtieth year, should come to America and the New World on a farewell tour and be the recipient of a shower of eggs. But even Genius sometimes gets it in the neck and I presume that Sarah must take what comes—even if it happens to be a dose of eggs.

"I struck up," as the expression is, with an old citizen the other day and he wanted to know if I had read the President's message. I told him that I had. And that was no joke. I always read the President's message, read it carefully, just to be in position to answer a man like the old citizen who asks me if I had read it. And he commenced to talk. He said he would step up to my office a minute, and I told him to come on up. He came in and sat down and then he commenced: "Look-a-here," he started, "do you know this won't do," and he commenced to review the message. I gravely stated as a fact that this old citizen remained in my office over two hours endorsing, disagreeing and criticizing the message. He had read every word of it, and apparently committed it to memory.

When he got to the place where the President had said something about having examiners, something like National Bank examiners to examine the books of the railroads, he insisted that he never heard of a National Bank suspending or being looted that had not just been examined the day or week before, and he wanted to know how, if it were possible for great corporations to demoralize honest men who were sent as legislators, by the corrupting lobby, the examiners could hope to escape with their honesty unimpaired.

As he progressed he warmed up and finally said, as he walked around the room: "I tell you it won't do, it won't do, it is all nonsense, and I'll be dashed if I don't write the President that he doesn't know what he is doing." And the old man kept getting more excited and nearly wept.

I am only relating this to illustrate a point, and that is that afterwards asked fourteen young men whom I met, young men of average intelligence and young men who profess to be informed, if they had read the message, and each one of them said he hadn't and some of them used cuss words in dismissing the subject. This only shows that as we grow older we are willing to sit through a long message that really means nothing more than one man's views. Youth, which knows more in a minute than age will ever comprehend, hasn't time to bother its busy mind with the affairs of state. But each one of those fourteen young men knew exactly how the game stood in all the football games of the season. They have something to think over.

I am going to take permission to say in this column that I have an idea that one of the most worthy charities in this State is the North Carolina Children's Home Society, of which Colonel W. H. Osborn is President, E. M. Armfield, of High Point, Secretary, and W. B. Streeter, Superintendent. You will see on show cases in stores and at hotels a box that has a car on it with a picture of a child. I don't often advise the man who drops a coin in one of those boxes these Christmas times is not going to waste his money. This Society which picks up the homeless waifs and orphans is doing a great work, and I hope the Industrial News will be glad to know that I have mentioned the coin boxes to its many readers.

TRAIN NEEDS NO ENGINEER.

Minutog Railroad Which is Unique in Its Way. Germany possesses a miniature but most useful railroad, to which no parallel is found in this country. According to Railroad Men its peculiarity is that its trains have no drivers. It is used for carrying salt from the salt-mines at Staßfurt. The trains consist of 30 trucks, each carrying half a ton of salt. The engines are electric, of 24 horse-power each. As it approaches a station, of which there are five along the line, the train automatically rings a bell and the station attendant turns a switch to receive it. He is able to stop it at any moment.

To start it again he stands on the locomotive, switches the current and then descends again before the engine has gained speed.

Burlap Bags for Cement. Owing to the increased expense cost of cotton bags, an effort is now being made to substitute burlap bags for the familiar cement sack.

Prof. W. J. McGee, the scientist, slept four months without a bed, on the hot sands of Arizona, to regain his health, and he has succeeded. To occupy his abundant leisure he studied the insects and reptiles of the desert. Do you want a happy Christmas? Then buy lots in "Piedmont Heights"