

THE CAROLINA HOME and FARM and EASTERN REFLECTOR

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FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1914.

And didn't we hand it to Ayden.

Slothfulness, a new name for sloth.

Cats and candidates love to fight on the fence.

Why is it that comfortable clothes are never stylish?

One sure thing some men don't like to do is to spend \$3.

Greenboro has a short stop name. Green, he certainly must be a bird.

Some men waste a lot of time waiting for some words of encouragement.

There are but three animals that habitually use tobacco, the rock rat in Africa, the tobacco worm and the fool who is lost.

It is easy as the tick to make love to a girl, and most any of us can do with ease, but there are very few who can make a love affair out of it.

You don't need to apologize for all your slips when friends and neighbors drop in to see you. Your friends and neighbors know just as well as you do where those flies come from.

Now let us keep the city clean.

Let's keep the swatter high.

Be ever alert for fifth and dirt.

And sweat the nasty fly.

Selected.

All the candidates for office will now shake their hand at you, but when the election is over there will be some that for which will shake their fist at you. That's the way the world goes.

The opening ball at the Atlantic Hotel, Morehead City will be given on June 20th.

Florida is objecting to the landing of more American troops at Vera Cruz, but it is time he was learning that his objections do not amount to much.

We observe with delight that the watchful eye of our police officers are causing some of the reckless auto drivers to lessen their speed. Keep it up, for their are others yet that when they reach beyond the Coast Line track on Dickinson avenue they seem to try to exceed the speed limit for which the car was built.

People from all over this and adjoining counties gathered here today to do honor to those who fought the battles of the sixties and have answered their summons to the great beyond.

An important newspaper consolidation has taken place in Charlotte, the News having purchased the Chronicle. For a long time Charlotte had only two daily papers, the Observer being a morning paper and the News an evening paper. In 1903 the Observer Company began publishing the Chronicle as an evening local paper and kept it up until this sale of the latter to the News. One of the conditions of the sale is an agreement between the Observer and the News to remain out of each others field for a period of fifteen years. The change will doubtless make stronger and better papers of both.

A mean man isn't always a man of means.

Some men have an inherent ability for making mistakes.

Chance makes our parents, but choice makes our friends.

Some musicians put on more airs than they can play.

As a man thinketh, so he may be, but as he sayeth, he seldom is.

Public spirit builds a city.

Believe in your own town. Boos, brag, boost.

Don't be afraid to talk about your town.

It's a wise man who can say, "I can't afford it but I can sacrifice it."

Many men make up their minds but so often don't know what to do with it.

The south today is paying tribute to the men who took up arms and fought a fight not yet equalled on the battlefield of the world. Braver soldiers never lived.

It is reported that a severe hail and wind storm visited the lower part of this county last week, many houses being blown down and much damage being done in several sections.

We are glad to learn that Pitt county is to have another fair and we insist that each and every farmer get busy and prepare some kind of exhibit, corn, potatoes, chicken, hogs, horses, cows or any thing you can do best on.

There are a few things that can't be made, for instance can you make a scrambled egg, so go easy and do the thing that you won't never undo.

Won't someone please tell us something about the proposed hospital. Where is the site and when will the ground be broken for its erection?

Now that the required amount has been raised for the placing of the Confederate monument that shall adorn the court house square. Why not put it there?

In another column of this issue, we publish an article signed by many of the Democratic voters of this grand county of Pitt in which they present the name of Hon. F. C. Harding as our representative in the Senate to be voted for in the Democratic primaries. These voters have made a noble selection, and one of which they will feel proud should Mr. Harding accept the call. And when in the legislative halls of this commonwealth, we can point to Mr. Harding as a man with the ability equal to that of any that may be seated in the senate chamber. He is a gentleman of the very highest type of Christian character, and when his vote is cast, whether it be aye or nay we can feel safe it is for the best interest of North Carolina. We highly recommend the choice of the gentlemen and sincerely hope Mr. Harding may accept.

Get your bat and ball and see that Ayden gets just what's coming to her. (DEFEAT.)

Let all the old soldiers get in trim for there is one more big day in store tomorrow for all who still survive.

When a Governor finds that he has pardoned one man twice, he ought to admit that he's pardoning a little too freely.

Lieut. Becker is waiting patiently for that acquittal, it may be coming to the Lieutenant but we can't see it just yet.

The Republican party is willing enough to welcome the prodigals back but the prodigals want to see the farthest call first.

It is stated that a doctor with whiskers carries germs with him. So let's beware of the physician with the spinach on his face.

Schools finals are plentiful just at this time.

Locals Defeat Ayden

(Continued From First Page.)

McLawhorn to score. McLawhorn D. out at first.

SEVENTH INNING

Greenville—Moore singled. Humber hit to center, forcing Moore at second. Fleming doubled to left. Ragsdale flied to pitcher. Lanier out pitcher to first.

Ayden—Jenkins out on fly to third. Harrington out short to first. Tripp out short to first.

EIGHTH INNING

Greenville—Kittrell singled over 2nd. Brinkley out short to first. Bowling hit by pitched ball. Lipscomb forced Kittrell at third by a grounder to short. Moore singled and doubling scored. Humber out short to first.

Ayden—Kittrell out third to 1st. McLawhorn, J. out to short. Smith, J. walked. Smith R. doubled to left and scored. Smith J. Phillips fouled out to third.

NINTH INNING

Greenville—Fleming beat out one to 3rd. Ragsdale hit to 2nd and forced Fleming. Lanier doubled to left. Kittrell singled to left and Lanier and Ragsdale scored. Brinkley out pitcher to 1st. Bowling singled thru 2nd and Kittrell scored. Lipscomb singled to center. Moore out to 1st unassisted.

Ayden—McLawhorn D. out pitcher to 1st. Jenkins hit to pitcher, taken second on a wild throw and third on a passed ball. Harrington safe on a grounder to second. Jenkins scoring. Tripp out third to first. McLawhorn, J. safe on grounder to second. Smith, J. hit to right. Bowling muffed the ball and Harrington scored. Smith, R. hit to left and McLawhorn, J. and Smith, J. scored. Phillips fouled out to third.

Confederate Veterans Assembled For Their Annual Reunion

There is telling with relentless hand the ranks of Confederate soldiers, and each year their numbers show a diminishing number in attendance. Those yet left are bowed with age, yet fifty years after the war this could not be expected. It is pathetic to see the old veterans passing, as all must do, and while they are yet on this side of the river we should love to honor them and do all possible for their pleasure. It is with this idea that a reunion is held here each year, and the one today proved an enjoyable one with the heroes.

The day was a pretty one for the reunion, and at an early hour veterans and visitors began arriving in town and continued until a large number was here.

Bryan Grimes Camp of Confederate Veterans met in the court house at 10 o'clock for the election of officers. J. J. Laughinghouse was elected Commander, W. A. Hyman, Lieutenant, and R. Williams, Secretary.

A committee was appointed to draft resolutions in memory of the members who have died during the past year.

At 10:30 the procession formed on Third street, the veterans leading and followed by the children of the Confederacy following with flowers. They marched to Cherry Hill cemetery where the graves of departed comrades were decorated. Here Rev. J. M. Daniels spoke a few words for the old soldiers and offered prayer.

The line then returned to the court house for the regular exercises as arranged by the committee.

The court house was filled to overflowing with soldiers, citizens, daughters and children of the Confederacy, hearing their tribute of honor to Confederacy.

After a fervent prayer by Rev. C. M. Rock and a song "The Bonnie Blue Flag" by a quartet, Mr. F. C. Harding eloquently introduced Hon. J. W. Bailey of Raleigh, the speaker of the day. In his introduction Mr. Harding gave praise both to the soldier and the women of the Confederacy, and referred to the monument soon to be erected on the court house square.

Mr. Bailey's speech was so beautiful, so true and such an inspiration that without further comment we give it in full.

We are now within one year of a century since the surrendered at Appomattox. The generation that fought out the Great War recognized everywhere as one of the greatest in human history has all but passed and a new generation has entered upon the stage. At this season everywhere throughout our Southern country that generation is observing in proud and reverent spirit a day in memory of the brave men who paid in the Confederate cause the last full measure of devotion.

Universal testimony confirms the

witness of our hearts that the year have not served to diminish the estimate of the greatness of that war nor the glory of the soldiers who so heroically fought it through. Rather, as we draw away from the scenes of glory increases. We begin to realize, battle, that greatness grows and that right amongst us, blood of our blood, there has dwelt a generation of warriors second to none in human annals, and that just prior to us was transacted one of the most magnificent struggles of all the ages. Our fathers take on the classic character of the warriors who followed Alexander and Caesar and Hannibal; and we ourselves receive of their glory. Our generation begins to realize that its lot is not that of the ordinary generation. That we are living in the afterglow of one of the great periods of history and in the midst of heroes whose deeds will be reverently cherished so long as the heart of man shall respond to heroic patriotism and human valor shall be counted among the virtues; that our fathers belong to us only but to the ages; that they served not only us but all generations.

The wounds of that great war have been healed, wonderingly healed. God has been good to us. The south is restored, and the Republic is united. The questions that gave rise to the great war have been settled, and settled satisfactorily to all concerned. Of all that titanic struggle only the glory remains; and that will never pass. It is the chief and the immortal treasure of our history.

We yet lament the honors of it, the suffering and the great; but we can not lament the war. The men who fought under the Confederate Cross did not fight in vain nor more than those who fought under the stars of the Union. I waive all question of the cause or occasion or event of the struggle. Conceding all, it is well that we had that war, greatly well. Costly as it was, and never did a people pay a price more precious than did ours the heritage of our father's more than ample compensation, it far outweighs the suffering and the sorrow.

War is not the worst thing in the world. We happen just now to be in the midst of a propaganda of peace and there is an endowment for the support of the propagandists. We can afford to bear with it in a general tolerance; there cannot be, perhaps, too much of the preaching of peace. But that men will fight so long a they hold honor and rights dearer than life, and that their readiness to fight unto death for honor and rights is the foundation of civilization, and that they should so fight, is as sure as the open page of human progress can make it. Human blood is a precious thing; but home and native land are more precious. The sword is a fearful weapon; but so far the sword has carved the way up for mankind. Gloriously has it served. Liberty is its eldest child. And for my part I should deplore the slightest evidence that in our land the sword were losing its ultimate place of honor. Worse than war is that peace which bids men refuse to hear the sword when human rights, when home and native land, are at stake.

The Great War was war at its worst, at its fiercest. History has no pages more bloody than Antioch, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. History knows no record more equal than Sherman's march to the sea. But it has all been justified in the far off interest of tears. Our soldiers did not die in vain; our mothers did not suffer without compensation.

The Civil War made the modern American Republic. It put an end to debate, and once and for all silenced the councils of confusion. It fused with the white heat of ultimate battle into lasting from the high theories of the Republic. It fixed the character of the Nation—an indissoluble Union of indestructible states. The south fought for the inviolability of the Constitution; the north fought for the unity of the Republic. The war gave us both; it required the two to make the nation; and I do not know that we could have obtained them in so perfect measure by any other means.

That war established our people. That a people but lately formed into a government could have fought so bitterly, on a scale so colossal, and we ruminously and that that people should have recovered—everyway, equilibrium, character, civilization, wealth, unity so swiftly, so completely, are facts that command, the world over, unreserved respect and admiration, and amongst ourselves and among immeasurably beneficent understanding and self confidence. What the new Republic needed was solidarity; we could never have been a mighty nation without it. The Great War brought us that; and I do not know how else it could have been obtained. It is well that it was so terrible and so great; for otherwise so great a fruition could not have been wrought out. The nation of the earth know us, and we know ourselves, as could not have been possible but for a struggle so tremendous and so magnificently recovered from.

The Great War gave us our traditions—and a people cannot be a mighty nation without traditions. God be praised for the richness of ours. The Revolution was not sufficient—it did not reach the American people, they had not arrived. We will at ways honor Washington and Jefferson; but Lincoln and Lee will ever lead the nation on at heart. We gain political ideals from the more remote fathers; but the Northern youth cherishes the character of Lincoln, and the son of the south holds a shrine in his heart for Lee. Our songs and our poems are not of the struggle with Great Britain; they are of the Blue and the Gray. Our hero stories of the Revolution are few; but count less and very near to our hearts are our here—stories of Manassas, of Spotsylvania, of Chancellorsville, of the Valley Campaign, and of Gettysburg. These traditions are the life of the Republic—the spirit of our civilization. In them are our children educated, in them we live and move and have our being as a people. They are the warp and woof of the fabric of our national life.

Behold then the mighty Republic—united, strong, sure of her destiny, the home of the happiest and most prosperous people that the sun in his courses ever shone upon; leading the vanguard of civilization; and the light of Liberty and Progress to all peoples. This mighty Republic the fruition of that great war; the harshly wofam at made yoy iijip powaf vest of the tears and the suffering and the blood of those equally on the one side as on the other, who wholly gave themselves to that titanic struggle.

Such is the heritage of the war that ended in the surrender at Appomattox now fifty years ago.

And I must say that in this priceless heritage of the war with respect is any rate to the war itself, the south is richer than the north, and North Carolina richest of all the south. For the world knows how splendidly the south fought against fearful odds. Outnumbered from the first, it proved at once a soldiery and captains second to none in all the annals of the race. The stamina of the men that followed Lee and Jackson, their steady fighting ability, their capacity to overcome, at first, and at the last to resist, dying by thousands, has never been surpassed and can never be; for they did all that mortal men could do. Tennyson has given immortality to one British regiment; but the south can tell its story of a score of regiments that made charges more desperate and that lost ninety per cent of their number in a charge. Pitt county's son led a charge in which every man of his regiment was killed or wounded.

And as for North Carolina—what other people has sent into battle one in six of its entire population—men, women and children—and left there one in five of those so sent? I am of those who think the records make good our claim to have been 1st at both and last at Appomattox; but besides this other record of giving within four years her entire male population to battle and leaving on the field of honor one fifth of them in dead and wounded, what matters were first and last? What tremendous fighting force the fact convinces us of; what fierce stamina; what courage; what moral earnestness; what devotion to duty; what love of home and native land; what manhood! Seeing that our armies consisted of our entire fighting population, we have here a monumental testimony to the character of our people, atonimony to the blood that Norman and Roman and Spartan might well covet.

Of such as these is our Commonwealth. And because of these we have right to esteem her greatest of all states, as in truth she is. These were our fathers. Who are we, that we should hark back to Alexander's columns or Caesar's legions? What and Achilles? Our fathers' place to us are traditions of Agamemnon in the Hall of Fame is not second to theirs; and we are ourselves the sons of heroes in the foremost files of time.

In our halls is hung Armoury of the invincible Knights of old— In all things we are sprung From earth's best blood, have titles manifold!

Once more then let us gather by the graves of our soldiers while our women lay on them the flowers of undying honor—the tribute of debt never to be diminished, of glory that shall never fade. The young men will fire the salute of war—the soldiers die—while our hearts will burn within us as we muse upon their deeds proudly will we give thanks for them, that of us have been such men; that to them was given the day of battle, and that they accepted it so worthily.

The new generation will drink deep,

from these scenes, not only here but at many mother's knee. Their glory will descend from generation to generation; and in some far time, when the Republic shall need soldiers again when the progress of civilization shall demand the sword, it will find them here; for these men belong not to one age only, but to all generations; and their examples shall inspire the warrior until the nations shall learn war no more.

Verily their lives were not in vain; and could we have it otherwise we would not have them other than as they are. To them it fell to die the one best way for men to die. Some of us here will see the last Confederate soldier sink below the verge; but the thin gray line will never disappear. It will keep eternal vigils over all that is true and noble in this land. Better than any working is the fighting that they did. Better than any living is the death they died. In wealth of love, in wealth of honor, in wealth of glory, they are rich above all men; and they are secure in their priceless possessions, immortal upon the earth—though the grass cover their dust they will live in a thousand generations. Gratefully, proudly, reverently we whisper one to another, "These were our fathers."

The soldiers of Alexander are the glory of Greece; the legions of the Caesars are the pride of Rome; Wellington's heroes are the inspiration of Britain. The valor of the old guard is the spirit of France. And the children of the south may stand in the presence of them all and with confident pride tell the story of their fathers on a hundred battle fields as the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy.

At the conclusion of the speech there was a call for Governor Jarvis who responded with some incidents of the war, and the days following that were appreciated.

The quartet sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," a song the soldiers love. Announcements were made, the quartet sang "God be With You Till We Meet Again," and after the benediction by Rev. J. J. Walker the veterans and their wives went to the warehouse of Johnston and Foxhall where a bountiful dinner was served.

This reunion will be remembered by the soldiers as long as they live.

The Rambler

Again the summer days have come and with them the "finals" of the schools and colleges. Once more the greetings and good byes of classmates—sweet hours—romantic and pathetic. A happy dream, "which is not all a dream" for those who sit about the platform on the commencement occasion. Well did the poet say:

"Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain.
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again."

Now we clear a little space where yesterday salutes tomorrow, after the good old custom we make one more Sunday hour the time of speaking to the budding lives whose future is all bright.

Two words this morning—Optimism and pessimism.

These tri-syllables now so much popularized and even devalitized as school terms for theories which in literature are as old as the book of Job, and which in life are answered by a thousand adages.

Optimism declares all is for the best. Taken righteously, a majestic truth. But crude optimism alleges that "all is for the best" for every one, irrespective of the individual right or wrong, that all currents sets to the Hesperides. In the realms of a Holy God this crude optimism is the most stupendous and stupid vagary.

Betterment there cannot be unless good is the standard, but goodness and good are not to be confused. Things apart from the direction of a heart discriminating God are but a basket of serpents, twisting and slithering upon themselves.

Plain men use few elaborate or analytical terms, but all men think very much alike, and in colloquial speech, optimism says "everything will come out right." Right will be the victory, but only the righteous will share the victory.

Having well dined, it is easy to wash ones hands, "in imperceptible water," and to set forth this bland self-lenience; but it is cruel to God's words, and the raw wounds of life requite as ironv with their bleeding protests.

To the Public,

If your horses have any bad habits that you are unable to break them of, write or see me.

J. MILTON JOHNSTON,
Greenville, N. C.