

May the Blessings of Good Friday Rest Upon You.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK DISPATCH

A PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

BURLINGTON, ALAMANCE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1915.

MR. J. W. MURRAY'S BODY FOUND.

Mr. C. Brown Cox Left Wednesday Evening to bring the Body home and Will Probably Reach here Tomorrow, if so the Body Will Not Doubt Be Buried Sunday. The Finding of the Body Is A Great Relief to Friends and the family. "Was Held in High Esteem" and A Splendid Business Man.

With the finding of the body of Murray yesterday morning at Gull Shoal, North Carolina, the last of the victims of the explosion on board the gasoline yacht Julia, which sank in Pamlico Sound on the morning of January 15, has been recovered. Keeper John Allen Midgett of Gull Shoal station, coast guard service, reported to J. F. Newsum, observer in charge of the Cape Henry Weather Bureau, that the body of Mr. Murray had been found on the sand shore near his station. Identification was made positive by finding on the body an initialed watch fob and signet ring. Mr. Murray was a prominent banker of Burlington, N. C.—Va Pilot.

A funeral service will be held at the residence Sunday at 3 P. M., and the body will be placed in the city cemetery.

How Does Submarine Commander See Enemy?

The commander of a submarine observes what is going on at the surface by means of the periscope, but when that is submerged he sees nothing. And if he moves his vessel while using the periscope he leaves a white wake on the water, which exposes him to the enemy.

However, the periscope is sometimes of a length—about seventeen feet—to give partial safety; as when the tip only shows, the boat is likely to be damaged by an enemy's fire, although if the periscope chances to be shot away it might cause a fatal leak. Also the submarine can be rammed.

The diving rudders are mounted in pairs, one on either side fore and aft, with an ordinary vertical rudder at the stern for lateral steering. Each motor set drives a reversible propeller. The accommodation is for the navigating officers in the conning tower, while the quarters of the crew of ten men are in the bow, as is also the galley.

In the late types of the German class of submarines, Diesel engines, using heavy oil in preference to the more volatile and inflammable petrol, are used. These motors develop from 200 to 220 horse power. Four underwater navigation the usual electric motors are utilized. The heavier oil engines are useful in those seas where the lighter fuel is unobtainable. When gasoline is used, as in some types, the radius of action on the surface at the reduced speed of nine knots is 1450 miles at the speed of 6.5 knots per hour.

Special arrangements have

TROUBLES MULTIPLY.

Little Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cates of Franklinton Suffers Accident.

News was received in the city Monday of the serious burning of the two-year-old daughter, Sarah, of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cates of Franklinton and also the severe burning of Mrs. Cates, the mother, in her efforts to extinguish the flames. No details are obtainable other than that the child's clothing caught fire and it was seriously burned before the flames could be extinguished, and that the physicians hold out small hope of its recovery. Mrs. Cates was also burned about the hands in her endeavor to rescue the little one, and she is suffering very much from the burns. Miss Bertha Cates went down to Franklinton Monday afternoon and Mrs. Petty, mother of Mrs. Cates, went down yesterday, to be with the stricken ones. Friends here hope that both will recover from their injuries.

HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE.

In the triangular debate with the high schools of Graham and Chapel Hill, held on March 26th, the representatives of the Burlington High School won both ends of the debate. Sam Bason and Nina Ingle arguing the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine engaged in foreign trade," defeated the representatives from Graham in Burlington; Cordelia Cox and Hobart Steele, defending the negative side, won a unanimous decision of the judges in Chapel Hill. By winning both sides of the question the debaters from the Burlington High School are entitled to go to Chapel Hill and compete for the Aycock Cup given by the Debating Societies of the University.

Easter Services at The Christian Church.

Appropriate Easter services will be given in the Christian church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, when the following program will be rendered.

Organ Prelude.
Doxology.
Invocation.
Response by choir.
Lord's prayer.
Hymn—"Christ Arose," Lowrey.
Scripture Lesson.
Hymn—"Jesus Lives," Morris.
Prayer.
Anthem by choir. "Lift your Glad Voices," Adams.
Sermon—"Easter Faith," by pastor A. B. Kendall, D. D.
Anthem by choir, "Risen, A Glorious King," Wilson.
Benediction.
Evening service at 8 P. M.
Subject of sermon, "The Loneliness of Jesus."
A duet—"Mother's Face," D. R. Fonville, A. B. Kendall.
A welcome to all.

"Every time I see grandfather's sword and medals," said Bill, "I long to take part in universal war."
Then as an after thought, Bill said: "But every time I look at grandfather's wooden leg, long for the advent of universal peace."—Tit-Bits.

EASTER AT WHITSETT.

(Special to State Dispatch.)
Below will be found the program in full for the two Junior Debates which for years have been given during the Easter season. These attract large crowds each year.

Saturday, April 3, 1915, 8 P. M.—A Scene on the Battlefield—G. W. Taylor, Whitsett, N. C.; Old Age—C. W. Garrett, Liberty, N. C.

Debate—Query, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished."
Affirmative—J. M. Clapp, Whitsett, N. C., M. L. Shepherd, Burlington, N. C. Negative—C. F. Garrett, Liberty, N. C., C. H. Coble, Burlington, N. C.

Officers—W. W. Pegg, President, Guilford College, N. C., H. J. Joyce, Secretary, Mayodan, N. C.

Marshals—Elmore Potts, Chief, Pineville, N. C., N. V. Riggs, Moriah, N. C., H. M. Clapp, Whitsett, N. C., J. A. McLean, Gibsonville, N. C., C. G. Somers, Burlington, N. C.

Music by Whitsett Concert band.
Monday, April 5, 1915—Declarations, Americanism—J. F. Herring, Lumberton, N. C., Value of Reputation—M. Z. Martin, Benbow, N. C.

Debate—Query "Resolved, That the Legislation of the Federal Government Should be Shaped Toward the Gradual Abandonment of the Protective Tariff."
Affirmative—C. K. Fitzgerald, Whitsett, N. C., C. L. Garrison, Burlington, N. C. Negative—C. C. Dusenbury, Toddville, S. C., L. S. Elkins, Elkton, N. C.

Officers—F. C. Mendenhall, President, Clemmons, N. C., A. C. Long, Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.
Marshals—S. F. Garrison, Chief, Burlington, N. C., N. O. Edgerton, Goldsboro, N. C., W. G. Vane, Va., Arsenio Nunez, Holguin, Cuba, W. B. Savage, Corapeake, N. C.

BANKRUPTCY PETITION.

J. M. Cates, of Franklinton, Applies For Court Relief.
Mr. J. M. Cates, a merchant of Franklinton, has filed a petition in bankruptcy with Clerk Blow of the United States Court. His liabilities are given as \$14,708.22, with assets of \$13,599.22. When the petition is returned by Judge Connor the case will be referred to the referee in bankruptcy.

Mr. Cates is a former Burlingtonian and his friends will be sorry to hear this.

Hear Dr. McBrayer Monday Night.

Dr. L. B. McBrayer, who is in charge of the State Sanatorium at Montrose, will lecture in the graded school auditorium Monday night, April 5, on "What is Man that We are Mindful of Him?" The admission is free to all and the public is cordially invited to come out and hear him. Dr. McBrayer is a good talker and his health talks are worth more to a community, if heeded, than could be measured in dollars and cents.

The Washington Herald tells us that the health officer of the District of Columbia is urging people not to kiss and not to give the "Chautauqua salute" declaring both to be dangerous. We are perfectly willing to cut out the "salute." What is it, anyway?

AT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Special Easter Services Announced. Concluding Lecture on "Life of Christ."

Today being Good Friday, there was services at 10:30 A. M., lasting one hour. From noon until 3 P. M., the three-hour devotional service where all were at liberty to go and come any time during these hours.

Sunday morning there will be special Easter music at the 11 o'clock service followed by the Holy Communion.

Instead of morning Sunday school there will be the usual Easter celebration, Sunday at 4 P. M., to which all are most cordially invited as well as to the services just mentioned.

On Easter Monday there will be an egg hunt at Piedmont Park in the morning, where there will be baseball, races and various sports.

The concluding lecture on the "Life of Christ" was given on last Sunday and Monday night which proved the most impressive of all, and included "The Last Supper," "Betrayal," "Crucifixion," "Resurrection" and many scenes prior to ending with the "Ascension," all of which were especially appropriate just before Good Friday and Easter.

These were really sermons in pictures and pronounced by many as the best interpretations they had ever heard as well as the most simple and entertaining. It is hoped they will either be repeated or something similar given in the future, and the rector already has in contemplation some missionary scenes.

The church was most elaborately decorated last Sunday with palms, which former communicant, Hall Isley, so kindly sent from Jacksonville, Fla. His brother remembered the church this way three years ago on Good Friday. After the night service the palms were distributed to the congregation.

OLIVER FASCINATED ME—MISS TANZER.

N. Y. Girl, Who Sued J. W. Osborne, Hopes Her experience Will Save Others.

(Special Despatch to The Press.)
New York, March 30.—admitting this afternoon that "Oliver Osborne" returned to her with his superior blandishments she feared she could not resist him, Miss Rae Tanzer voiced his praises in an interview given at the offices of United States District Attorney Marshall could only comment that she was a bundle of contradictions.

He gave no intimation that the Federal Grand Jury would not hear the charge that Rae Tanzer misused the mails in writing to James W. Osborne before suing him for \$50,000, in the mistaken belief that he was "Oliver Osborne," the man who won her affections.

Miss Tanzer expressed the hope that her example would save other girls and cause them to beware of flirtations. She declared she was suffering and that she was no adventuress or that she would have kept "the jewels" the "Indian giver" took away on pretext of having them

repaired. A certain brightness covered her suffering and when she was cornered by questions she always smiled. At all times she appeared very certain of her ability to explain.

Briefly she reviewed her meeting with "Oliver" in West fifty-ninth Street on October 17, after which he appeared at her home. She inferred he was a collegian because he wore what she thought were college pins.

Two Queer College Pins.
"I asked him what college the pins represented and he said one was a Water Department pin and the other a Department of Street Cleaning pin," she related merrily. "He wanted me to go with him to New Haven the next day, but I refused. So he said, 'Let's go to the country,' and we went to Plainfield. 'I was foolish, I know, but I couldn't resist him. He was the most fascinating man I ever met.'"

"How did you make the mistake of thinking James W. Osborne was Oliver?"

"James W. Osborne is the living double of Oliver Osborne," she replied. District Attorney Marshall said she never said any such thing to him.

"Then Oliver Osborne said he lived at a hotel. I went there to look for him and asked the headwaiter. He said that no Oliver Osborne lived there, but that James W. Osborne often was in. He also told me James W. Osborne belonged to the N. Y. Athletic Club. I often had thought Oliver belonged to an athletic club, he was so big and athletic."

"Lied to Me Lots of Times."

"He lied to me lots of times. once he pretty nearly gave himself away. He said he had an office downtown. Every time I wrote to James W. Osborne at the N. Y. Athletic Club, Oliver would appear at my home, but he never would let me talk about having written him."

She was asked about a letter she wrote to "Oliver Osborne" on October 24, which got into the hands of James W. Osborne. In it she mentioned giving up "the doctor."

"Never mind who the doctor is; I knew lots of nice men. I don't believe Oliver is the Oliver Osborne who has mixed with girls as they say he did. He wouldn't take money from any woman. He spent money on me and always wanted to take me to high-class restaurants, but I didn't want to go there. In the restaurants I usually did most of the talking."

"He had tickets for the Army and Navy football game and for the Yale-Harvard game and wanted me to go, but I wouldn't. He had lots of money. He was a gentleman."

"Could you forgive him if he returned?"

"I don't know," she replied. "He was such a fascinating man, I wouldn't trust myself with him."

"Did you ever contemplate suing anyone else before?"

"Never. I am not an adventuress. If I was I would have kept the diamonds. I only hope that my experience will save other girls. I hope they will beware of street flirtations. I am suffering."

PRINT

"CUTE."

Cute (colloquial U. S.). 1. Clever, especially in looking for one's own advantage in petty ways; shrewd; smart: as, a cute Yankee; cute trick, 2 having bright and taking ways, small and pretty; attractive; cunning; as, a cute baby; a cute little watch.—Standard dictionary.

More in sorrow than in anger we desire to call the attention of our lady friends to the second definition of the word cute as given by the Standard dictionary. We have an austere eye on one sweet, young thing who pronounces every object on which her brown orbs—colloquially known as

"lamps"—fall, as "just too cute for anything." We object. We have held our peace when the adjective cute was applied to toy dogs that bark, beetles that move automatically green pigs, hollyhids, picture hats, stoques, patent food babies, near-men, foot and baseball players and ice cream. We have even heard the term applied to a boa constrictor without a murmur on our part.

But the line must be drawn somewhere and we forthwith proceed to draw it solemnly, at the diplococus, fat woman, mastodon, warship, dinosaur, the Washington monument and flivver automobiles.

BROUGHT THE JOY OF EASTER TIME

When the Spirit of Youth Came to the Girl Who Had the Foolish Thought That She Was Tired.

EASTER time lay over the land—a time of radiance and music, of birds and flowers. Hearts beat happily in tune to the joy of an awakening spring, and the golden lily-hearts were reflected in every smile.

It was Easter time, the time of youth and brightness and resurrection—hardly the time for Weariness to visit the girl; but with head bent toward her he was leaning over her, chair talking softly, persuasively in her ear.

"You're tired," he told her as his old feet (for Weariness is as old as the world itself) beat a tattoo on the worn floor. "You're bored, you want something new."

"I'm tired," murmured the girl gazing dreamily into space—for she did not see Weariness standing before her—"I'm bored. I want something different from this work-a-day world."

Weariness sat down in the chair and prepared for a comfortable chat. He had made a good beginning and he meant to improve his time.

"You dislike everybody," even the strangers on the street," he prompted with a thin-lipped, disagreeable smile. "I dislike everybody that I know," said the girl with a defiant stamp of her foot. "I dislike everybody with not one exception."

"You're doing well," he commented with a chuckle. "I'm proud of you, girl. You're tired—you're bored. You dislike everybody with no exception. Perhaps nobody likes you."

"Nobody loves me," echoed the girl; "not a soul. If I were starving nobody would help me! If I were freezing nobody would help me."

"Unpopular girl," said Weariness happily, looking across the room at the bright hair and pretty features of his companion. "To look at you no one would imagine it. Your eyes are blue and your hair isn't gray—it's young hair. Isn't it sad that your life should be so tragic?"

"It is sad," again the girl stamped her foot. "It's more than sad; it's terrible. I guess you'd think so too, if you were me." And she started to cry, head on folded arms, shoulders shaking convulsively. "I'm tired," she sobbed.

Outside the sun glowed over a world of flowers and springtime. Inside, the same sun, grown dusty, fell on the crying girl and the cynical, world-old figure seated before her.

The door opened softly and a breath of air—cool, bracing air—stole in. The girl, head in arm, did not notice it. But Weariness raised his eyes to the opening door and sniffed at the freshness of the breeze. And as he gazed a figure came in with brisk, quick step—the figure of a young man, lithe and handsome, and smiling.

A white fillet bound his crisp black hair to his head, and a pair of white-winged sandals clung to his feet. Weariness raised himself from his chair and gazed at the newcomer. Then he turned his eyes away and coughed.

"You're not wanted here," he said, young man. She's discouraged, and tired and bored. She doesn't want you."

"She does want me," said the boyish man, "but she doesn't realize it. I am the Spirit of Happiness and Sunshine and Love. Every young person needs me, whether they know it or not. Of course she wants me."

Weariness yawned again and brushed his hand carelessly over his eyes.

"Who are you?" he asked crossly. The young man drew himself up proudly, and stood before the bent form with the radiance of sunlight shining out of his eyes.

"I," he said, "am Youth!" And he turned swiftly and went over to the crying girl and touched her on the shoulder.

"Friend," he told her, "my friend, I am here with you."

The girl raised her face and looked with tear-stained swollen eyes past the radiant figure. (She did not see him but she heard his voice.)

"Who are you?" she whispered. "I did not know that I had a friend."

"You haven't," Weariness snapped from his stand by the chair. "Nobody loves you—you hate everybody."

"I am Youth," answered the young man pleasantly, ignoring the interruption. "And I am not your only friend. The whole world loves you."

The girl was staring past Youth to Weariness—staring with a hopelessness in her eyes.

"He's right," she whispered. "I hate everybody."

Youth started forward impetuously and laid his hand on her arm. "You don't—you can't," he protested. "Think of your school chums, think of your teachers, think of your family. Do you hate the little laughing babies that play in the sunlight of the park? Do you hate the little flower-children with his smile and his sweet voice? Think of your family—your mother."

The girl wiped her eyes with a fluffy bit of lace handkerchief, and looked down sheepishly. "I forgot them," she murmured. But Youth was talking again.

"You say that nobody loves you?" he asked her. "You dare to say that? How about your Sunday school class, and your pastor and all of the people

that you love? Don't you think that they return your affection?" The girl was smiling now. A watery, nearly happy little smile.

"I didn't think," she cried softly. Then her face clouded. "But I'm tired to death. I'm bored," she added.

"Oh," said Youth tenderly, "you're wrong, little girl. Why, you're hardly more than a child yet. Your life has just begun. You aren't tired. I can see a pathway standing before you, clear-cut against the horizon line. I see milestones against that pathway, white, shining milestones. And they are marked 'Happiness' and 'Joy' and 'Achievement' and 'Love.'"

You say that you are tired and bored."

The girl started up from her seat, and spoke impulsively, all her tiredness swept away.

"Forgive me," she begged, "for talking so. I didn't mean a word of it. I won't talk that way again. I'm going on—smiling—down my pathway."

Then the Young Man sprang forward and taking her face between his hands he kissed her softly.

"Go," he said, "my friend. Life lies before you, and you have the kiss of Youth on your brow."

Then Weariness slunk away. Outside the sun threw dancing shadows across the awakening earth. It was Easter time.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald

Gives New Meaning to Life. To "know him and his resurrection" brings the power of God into human life in a most practical way. His divine sonship is attested. His words have authority. The promised Holy Spirit will give comfort, enlightenment, power. It establishes hope, quickens faith and fills life with a new meaning, giving it the radiance of the transfigured Son of God.

Sun Strokes. When money talks it does have to use a megaphone.

Help hasn't forgotten how to play the game of politics.

Bob Fitzsimmons is about to marry his fourth wife. Bob is evidently out for another world's record.

There are no vacations or recesses in the school of experience, but the teachers change every minute.

Vice President Marshall admits he has made errors.—Headline in newspaper. Has anybody been disputing it?

Sometimes when a man has made an uncommon fool of himself he regrets that nature so constructed him that he cannot kick himself.

If President Wilson will furnish the statesmanship to run the present administration, we feel quite sure that Vice President Marshall will be willing to furnish the talk.

A thousand pairs of twins were born in Texas last year. Texas is a big state and likes to do things in a curious to know how many "pairs" of triplets were born in that state.

Several newspapers are discussing the question, "Which shoe do you put on first?" We always put the other one on first, and then if the right one is left we put that on, too.

Carranza and Villa are both said to be out of money. They might make a neat sum by baling the diplomatic notes they have received from Washington and selling them to the junk man.

Rockaby, Baby There are a few girls in this country who have not heard the nursery rhyme sung by the mother: "Rockaby, baby, in the tree top; When the wind blows, the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall, And down will come cradle, baby and all."

But how many know the origin of these lines? Shortly after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, Mass., a party went out in an open field, where some Indiana women were picking strawberries. Seven of these women were squaws, as they are called had papooses—that is babies—and, having no cradles, they had them tied up in Indian fashion, hung from the limbs of the surrounding trees. When the wind blew the cradle would rock. A young man of the party, observing this peeped off a piece of bark and wrote the above lines, which it is believed, was the first poetry written in America.—Girls Companion.

A national Administration that has got the country into such a financial mess that bonds must be issued to cover a deficit in the treasury is, of course, just the kind of Administration to instruct business men in their duties, but for some reason there are a good many business men just obstinate enough to recognize it.

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Mid-Week Service every Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

Everyone Welcome.

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Adams Avenue and Hall Street

Rev. James W. Rose, Pastor.

Preaching every Fourth Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Aid Society First Sunday Afternoon.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Church of The Holy Comforter.

The Rev. John Benner Gibble, Rector.

Services every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

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Corner Church and Davis Streets.

Rev. A. B. Kendall, Pastor.

Preaching every Sunday 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. John R. Foster, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor services Sunday Evenings at 6:45.

Mid-Week Prayer Service, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society meets on Monday, after the Second Sunday in each month.

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FRONT STREET M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Rev. D. H. Tuttle, Pastor.

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Blessings to those who go.

Preaching every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with offering for Church charities, First Sunday in each month.

Sunday School, every Sunday, 9:30 A. M.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8:00 P. M.

Board of Stewards meet on Monday 8:00 P. M., after Fourth Sunday in each month.

Woman's Missionary Society meets 4:00 P. M., on Monday, after 1st and 3rd Sundays.

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WEBB AVENUE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Rev. E. C. Durham, Pastor.

Preaching every first Sunday at 11:00 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Second Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 A. M.

A. M. H. F. Moore, Superintendent.

Everybody Welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Donald Mciver, Pastor.

Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. B. R. Sellers, Superintendent.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

The Public is cordially invited to all services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. M. W. Buck, Pastor.

Sunday Worship, 11:00 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. J. L. Scott, Superintendent

Praise and Prayer Services, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Christian Culture Class, Saturday at 3:00 P. M.

Church Conference, Wednesday before First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

Observance of Lord's Supper, First Sunday in each month.

Woman's Union, First Monday of each Month, 3:30 P. M.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

East Davis Street.

Rev. George L. Curry, Pastor.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies every Monday afternoon after First Sunday in each month.

Christian Endeavor Society meets at 6:30 Every Sunday Evening.

Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. J. G. Rogers, Superintendent.

Good Baraca and Philathea Classes.

You are invited to attend all these services.

MACEDONIA LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Front Street.

Rev. T. S. Brown, Pastor.

Morning Service 11:00 A. M.

Vespers 7:30 P. M.

Services every Sunday except the morning of Third Sunday.

Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. Prof. J. B. Robertson, Supt.

Teachers' Meeting Wednesday 7:30 P. M. (Pastor's Study).

Woman's Missionary Society, First Thursday, Monthly, 3:30 P. M.

L. C. E. Society, Second Thursday Monthly, 7:30 P. M.

Young People's Meeting, Second Sunday at 8 P. M.

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POOR

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Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

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IN THE HOLY CITY

People of Jerusalem Celebrate Easter With Magnificence That Is Gorgeous.

JERUSALEM is the true Easter city. Not only is Easter celebrated there with gorgeous magnificence by the Christian churches—Latin, Greek, Armenian, Coptic—but the large and ever-growing Jewish population of Jerusalem keeps the passover with all the charm of its cosmopolitanism, and even the Mohammedans have their Easter pilgrimage to the grave of Moses.

The throng of Easter pilgrims from the whole Christian world is a very remarkable sight. To the Westerner it is a revelation of oriental Christianity in all its picturesque devotion. Greeks from all over the Levant, Armenians from Turkey, Persia and Caucasus; Nestorians from the Mesopotamia and Persia; Syrians from Aleppo, Damascus and Beirut; Abyssinians from northeast Africa; Copts from Egypt, and men from the ancient



The Grotto of the Nativity in the crypt of the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The star beneath the altar marks the supposed place of the Nativity.

All day long Sunday streams of pilgrims visit the tomb itself. Only three can enter it at a time, for it is six feet square, and half its space is taken up by the sarcophagus, a white marble slab, encased in silver, supported on a pair of silver pillars. The tomb is a small, dark, and dimly lit space, and a Greek priest stands guard. This is the Holy of Holies, the holiest spot in the world. Priests and pilgrims kneeling in the church where they believe Jesus lay for three days, stretch quivering fingers to touch the marble shelf and sob as if their hearts would break. It is here that Jesus made the whole world kin.

churches of southern India—all these races mingle with Latins from western Europe, with Slavs from the East and North, with Germans, English, Americans, Scandinavians.

And this, mind you, against a peculiar background of Jewish life—at one time largely Sephardic—that is, of Jews driven centuries ago from Spain and Portugal, but in late years to a fast growing extent from Ashkenazi; Jews who have returned, thanks to the efforts of a powerful propaganda, from Poland, Russia, the Balkans, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Holland and England.

In the midst of all, and presenting an individuality perhaps more distinct than all the others, you see the Mohammedan master of the land—the Arab in his solemn garb and majestic bearing, and the Turkish official and soldier haughty in the exercise of his duty to keep the Christian pilgrims in check and to preserve order.

Elaborate processions and ceremonies make holy week in Jerusalem a gorgeous event, where the intimate note of the resurrection is not conspicuous. Especially does it bring out the division of Christendom, so strikingly shown in the way in which Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts share the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

Though the census of 1895 gives the "autochthonous" of Jerusalem 25,000 Latins and only 16,000 Greeks, the visitor is apt to be impressed with the predominance of the latter. Particularly at Easter the marvelous services of the Greek orthodox church carry the priority of these ceremonies; none, perhaps, is more impressive than that of the washing of feet, on the Thursday before Easter.

On that day a platform is erected in the court of the church, which is occupied by the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem and twelve high church dignitaries. Court strains, niches and every corner is crowded by the faithful to witness the washing of the feet of his master. The pairs of Jesus, John, and the twelve apostles are each given to an attendant, and are read with fine effect. Then the story is told of Jesus' freedom from Gethsemane.

At the end the patriarch washes the feet of the twelve apostles, and repeats the words, "Let us go, for he is risen." Then an olive branch, symbolizing peace, is placed on the platform, and is carried to the roof of the church, where it is waved by joy.

THE PROHIBITIONIST'S CREED.

Believe as I believe, no more, no less;
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so;
And to be right is simply this to be
Entirely and in all respects like me;
To question, doubt, or hesitate, is sin.
I reverence the Bible if it be
Translated first and then explained by me;
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide;
All creeds and doctrines I admit divine,
Excepting those which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him;
Let starve the hungry if he will not eat.
My kind and quality of bread and meat;
Let freeze the naked if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than live
Unless they take the medicine I give;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views;
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way than that which I approve.

—The Lamar Sparks, Lamar, Colo.

WILMINGTON MILLS HAVE DYE STUFFS.

Supply For Several Months Still On Hand: Y. M. C. A.

Wilmington, March 29.—It is not believed that the Wilmington cotton mills, all of which make colored goods, will suffer materially because of the scarcity of German dyestuff on account of the embargo which has been placed on shipments from across the water. Mr. E. C. Holt, president of the Delgado mills, stated yesterday that the had supply for four or five months yet, but at the end of that time he did not know what they would do but rather hopes that they would do but rather hopes that they

will be over in that time or else some method devised for its manufacture in this country. The Bellwill mills have also provided a supply for several months.

Not That Kind

Client—I want to sue for divorce and an allowance of \$1,500 a year.

Lawyer—What is your husband's income?

Client—It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than a man makes. I'm not that kind.—Brooklyn Citizen.

For sale—about 50 bicycles. See the Rauhut.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain in the postoffice at Burlington, N. C., unclaimed by the person to whom addressed, March 27, 1915.

Gentlemen:

Jones Burlyson
P. F. Bell
Wilbert Foust
H. P. Garrison
J. P. Sykes
George Stephens
W. O. Peterson
William Wright.

Ladies:

Mrs. L. P. Gant
Myrtle Holt
Mrs. Zelar Mebane
Mr. and Mrs. James Terry.

Persons calling for any of these letters will please say "Advertised" and give date of advertised list.

O. F. CROWSON,

Postmaster.

She Wanted to Know.

"Mabel, who why do you hesitate to marry? I get \$30 a week."
"Reginald, you are a good dresser."
"Yes."
"And I'm a good dresser."
"Well?"
"Which will be the good dresser after we are married?"

"It's a short way to the chaingang."

It's a short way to go.

It's a short way to the chaingang.

Believe me, I know it's so.

So goodly oh, you skin game.

Farewell damsel fair,

It's a short way to the chaingang.

And I'll soon be there."

—Song of the Jaibirds as given in the

Coffee County Progress.

The Blow-It-In Days

Mrs. Newell (complaining)—When we go anywhere now we have to take the old street car. Before our marriage you always called a taxi.

Newell—Yes, that's the reason we have to take the street car now.—Boston Transcript.

Subscribe For the Dispatch. Get the Best.



VERY LIKELY

You have been planning to buy a WATCH, let us co-operate with you by our EASY PAYMENT plan. Small weekly payments that you will never miss. WHY NOT LET US DO YOUR REPAIRING? Our watch maker has 15 years experience. Experienced workmanship means less trouble and expense to you.

HOFFMAN BROS. Jewelers
SUCCESSORS TO J. STEWART.

Prayer

Let prayer be made continuously for the Council soon to convene. Read the following clipping:

There is a verse in the New Testament that one cannot read, if he will pause a moment upon it, without a sense first of wonder then of awe. "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." We are accustomed to think of Christ as a divine humanist. Whatever else we may believe, we are agreed upon this was humanity itself at work with every faculty—no mystic, no debator in the schools but a servant of humanity down to the last detail of service, the busiest and most practical of men, always among the people, and apparently with no thought but for them. Not wholly so, however. Service was his passion. But had another passion—a passion for God. The calm ecstasy of a vision of God was upon him, and

he could not break it until day dawned, when, full of God, he went down to his work again. We are here not in the region of miracles, nor even of religion as we name it; but of pure and perfect humanity, doing the thing most natural and most necessary to itself. To pray is natural. To fail in it is to fall short of humanity—not utterly, perhaps, but to miss its glory and its strength.—The Outlook.

FUN AND FANCY

What's Hers Isn't.

Jones had a quarrel with his bride About the cost of dress, "What are you?" he in anger cried, "A parasite—confess! You toil not either do you spin. But live on the pile of 'tin' That I perforce must gather in 'By means of dail stress!'" The wife in anger made return: "No more at home I'll slave; Henceforward money I shall earn To buy the gowns I crave."

She got a job that very day And for a year she toiled away, And it was handsome pay

Her pleased employer gave. When Jones would galavant at night

With Tom Dick and Frank, She stayed at home and skimmed on

And Croton water drank, And two years thence she told her lad

That she was very, very glad To let him understand she had

A thousand plunks in bank. "Outrageous!" was her husband's

shout. While anger made him grim,

Immediately he hurried out And hired a legal limb.

"Beyond her rights!" the lawyer's short.

"Beyond her rights!" affirmed the court.

And adding, "It is her support."

"They gave the cash to him!"

—John O'Keefe, in New York World.

Explained

She—Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?

He—To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood.—Lehigh Burr.

A Happy Home

(Read What Peruna Did)

Mrs. James P. Summitt, No. 1006 East Eighth St., Muscatine, Iowa, writes:

"My health was so miserable for years that I was practically an invalid. We had no family, owing to my ill health. I was induced to give Peruna a trial, and found very quickly that it was helping me.



I am now well and happy. We have a Baby Boy. He is our first and only child.

"I am now well and happy. We have a Baby Boy, which we believe is the direct consequence of my improved health. He is our first and only child, and I Peruna had not cured me of my ailments we should never have had him. I hope every suffering woman will give Peruna a trial, the same as I have." These words are the object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

Pepsi-Cola Makes Rosy Cheeks and Healthy Children

We know of a large number of families who have adopted Pepsi-Cola as the beverage to use in the home, to drink between meals, and with the meals, who have the healthiest and most robust children to be seen today. There is no longer any doubt as to the

Superior Merits of Pepsi-Cola

As a beverage unequalled for indigestion. It is the very best drink available today for relieving that heavy, uneasy feeling after eating—AND WHEN USED CONTINUOUSLY you will never have indigestion.

Pepsi-Cola is The King of Drinks.

Pepsi-Cola Bottling Works

L. M. Squires, Proprietor

Burlington, N. C.

The Twice-A-Week Dispatch

Published Every Tuesday and Friday
The State Dispatch Publishing Co.
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by the writer.
We are not responsible for opinions
of the correspondents.

Subscribers will take notice that no
except for subscription for The State
Dispatch will be honored at this office
unless it is numbered with stamped
copies.

Entered as second-class matter
May 10, 1908, at the post office at
Burlington, North Carolina, under the

Have you registered for the
Charter election? there is a new
registration and you cannot vote
for or against it unless you
register, the time is most out,
get a move upon you if you
want to swat it.

Take no chances, but register
if you want to swat the new
nothing called a town Charter,
there is a new registration and
you cannot vote unless you
place your name upon the regis-
tration book, attend to this now,
do it today.

Who Wants It?

There is a great deal said
about the new city charter, but
we do not know who wants it
adopted, but if any one does,
we shall be glad to hear why
they favor it. There were some
good and desirable features in
it when first proposed, but these
have been eliminated and there
is nothing now in it worth the
paper it is written upon. Some
mighty good citizens were for it
when first submitted to the mass
convention, but the things they
wanted are not now a part of it
and we do not see why they
want it adopted. The columns
of this paper are open to all for
its discussion. Leave personali-
ties alone and let's hear why you
are for or against the proposed
new charter.

What Has Become Of That Calf?

About two months ago I read
an article in your most excellent
paper in which the author of
said article stated among other
things, that the Superintendent
of the County Home sold a calf
(I suppose that means a young
cow, male or female) for one
thousand dollars and turned
the whole amount into the coun-
ty treasury. The writer of that
article referred to the record in
the county's annual exhibit as
published in the Burlington
News, and threw down the
challenge to any one to deny the
truth of the statement or make
the necessary correction, but up
to the present so far as I have
been able to learn, no one has
denied it or attempted to make
any correction.

Why should there be such
manifest indifference in regard
to a purely business matter per-
taining to the general interests
of the county? Can it be that
some of our county officials are
so reckless in the handling of,
or the accounting for the funds,
entrusted to them that they
consider a thousand dollar mis-
take a very small matter and
not worth the accounting for?
If that be true, then no wonder
the county debt has reached that
immense proportion that no-
body knows what it is—not even
the man who keeps the record.
But I started out to inquire
where that calf is and I want
some one to tell me so I can go
to see it. I am thinking about
going into the cattle business on
a small scale and want to begin
with a good breed—one that will
command a high price when only
a calf. Any one giving the de-

sired information will confer a
favor upon the writer and also
accommodate hundreds of oth-
ers who want to know why peo-
ple can't know what they want
to know.

TAXPAYER.

Capt. Webb Assessor.
Capt. Sam Webb has been ap-
pointed County Assessor for
Alamance county by the Cor-
poration Commission of North
Carolina. Capt. Webb is the
County Assessor. The township
Assessors will be appointed by
the County Commissioners at
their next meeting. This year is
a new assessment year and the
taxpayers can get ready for
what is coming to them. It will
be a plenty.

Orange County Assessor.
Mr. Cicero H. Jones has been
appointed County Assessor for
Orange county by the Corpora-
tion Commission.

The country would have a better
disposition to back up the President
if the President would show a better
inclination to back up the country.

Ab! The Invigorating Whiff of The Pine Forest!

How it clears the throat and head
of its mucous ailments. It is this
spirit of Newness and Vigor from the
health giving Piney Forests brought
back by Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey.
Antiseptic and healing. Buy a bottle
today. All Druggists, 25c.
Electric Bitters a Spring Tonic.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

(Washington Dispatch to The New York Sun.)

With Congress adjourned until next December plans are already under way
for the promotion of several Republican Presidential booms. Seven or eight
men are quietly nursing their ambitions and getting ready to take advantage
of any political opening.

In fact things already have gone far enough to indicate that the next Re-
publican National Convention is pretty certain in the beginning to be a favor-
ites own affair. Some of the most astute Republican leaders are convinced
that no single candidate will enter the Republican convention with a sufficient
number of delegates to control; that here will in fact be candidates with
strong backing from all parts of the country.

There have been rumors recently that this is exactly the situation that many
of the Republican leaders want to see brought about and that steps are being
taken quietly to accomplish it.

The name of Justice Charles E. Hughes is again being mentioned for the
Republican nomination. It is acknowledged that such a contingency as this
is the only one under which Mr. Hughes nomination would be possible. He
could not permit the use of his name as a candidate while serving on the
bench, but with a convention deadlocked through support of favorite sons it
would be possible to present Mr. Hughes' name as a compromise in such a
way that he could not refuse to accept the nomination.

Republicans of all shades of belief acknowledge that Mr. Hughes could do
more toward reuniting all factions than any man now in sight and that a
word from him would bring support to his standard from all parts of the
country. It is realized, however, that he cannot encourage any such move-
ment while he is on the bench; in fact there is reason to believe that any
attempt to use his name in the pre-convention campaign would be personally
offensive to him.

One boom gathered great headway in Washington recently. It is a boom
that has escaped the attention of the public almost entirely up to this time.
Yet if the Republican convention were held today it is probable that it would
command greater support than that of any other man.

This boom belongs to Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts. His can-
didacy has sprung out of the growing demand for a business man in the
White House. Mr. Weeks has the friendship of everybody. The most sur-
prising feature of the Weeks boom is that the progressive wing of the Re-
publican party in Congress has responded with alacrity to the suggestion.

"If we are to have a man of the ultra conservative type," said a prominent
progressive leader of the Senate, himself a candidate, "I am for Weeks. He
has red blood in him. He is honest, courageous and fair. His popularity in
Washington among the men who have served with him in legislative work
in the two houses is one of his biggest assets. If the country knew as much
about his personal side as we who have served with him know he could not
be defeated."

Senator Weeks will start soon on a trip to the Pacific Coast, stopping at
many places en route to fill engagements. This trip will develop his plans re-
garding the presidency.

Ex-Senator Burton, of Ohio, is another Republican of the conservative type
who is figuring prominently in speculation concerning the presidency. He
will start on March 20th for South America, to be absent at least four months,
possibly nine months, but his candidacy will be in good hands in his absence.
He will be kept more or less in the public eye by a series of articles he has
engaged to write on economic and social conditions in the Latin-American
countries.

The progressive wing of the party is fitting between Senator Borah and
Senator Cummins. The Senator from Idaho was a strong compromise can-
didate in the Chicago convention of 1912. He was nearer to the nomination
at that time than was realized by many persons not familiar with what the
submarines were doing. He came out of the convention with many friends
among the regulars and progressives.

Mr. Borah has a country-wide popularity that asserts itself most every-
where whenever the Presidential talk starts. He has been deluged with in-
vitations to deliver political addresses in various parts of the country and he
will be more or less in the public eye by speeches scheduled to come from
him in the next few weeks.

Minority Leader Mann is quietly making headway in the South. He will
have the Illinois delegation. He has a following throughout the country
among Republicans who have followed closely and approvingly his leadership
in the House.

Indiana has two candidates. Ex-Vice President Fairbank's friends have
been in Washington taking political soundings, and they are said to have
been active in various parts of the country. Mr. Fairbanks has been on the
Pacific Coast making speeches and has been well received.

Ex-Representative James E. Watson, once whip of the House, is the choice
of the younger and more aggressive Republicans of Indiana, and his friends
have asked that the Republican organization call a primary election to let
the voters determine who shall be the State's favorite son.

Governor Whitman is the "untried" man.

"If he makes good," say the wisacres, "he must be reckoned with."
Yet it is significant that the Governor's boom is being stabbed in the
back. Republicans will tell you that Republicans in New York are saying
that Mr. Whitman will have at best only half hearted support. This is the
weakness of the Whitman boom. In some parts of the West the Governor
is viewed with favor, but the attitude toward him is one of "watchful wait-
ing" notwithstanding the "knocking" in the Governor's own State.

Senator Weeks expressed the opinion a few days ago that the next Repub-
lican convention would be a "favorite son's" gathering. Each State or locality,
in his opinion, will have its candidate, and after the delegates have assembled
they will pick out some man from their abundant material for leadership.

FOR SALE!

1 Double Stand 6 x 20 Rolls.
1 Silver Creek Feed Packer.
1 N. P. Bower Plate Mill.
1 Small Generator.
1 Corn Mill in good condition.
For Quick Buyer. Prices Right.

Hico Milling Company

Burlington, North Carolina.

The Plaza Restaurant

MAIN STREET.

FONVILLE BUILDING

Expert Cooks Everything New

Tables for Ladies

Fine Cigars Tobacco

Sanitary

EXCELLENT SERVICE PRICE RIGHT

Try the Merits of the Dispatch Ads.

Very Attractive Low Round Trip Fares

Via—

Southern Railway

Premier Carrier of the South

\$29.55—Burlington, N. C. to Memphis, Tenn. Ac-
count American Cotton Manufacturers Asso-
ciation. Dates of sale April 10-11-12 th, 1915 with final
limit, mid-night of April 24th, 1915.

\$9.40—Burlington, N. C. to Washington, D. C., ac-
count Daughters of the American Revolution,
Dates of April 15-16-17 1915, with final limit or May 8, th
1915.

\$13.80—Burlington, N. C. to Chattanooga, Tenn., ac-
count Southern Conference for Education and
Industry. Dates of sale April 25-26-27th 1915, with final
limit, mid-night of May 8th 1915.

\$41.00—Burlington, N. C. to Mouston, Texas, account
Southern Baptist Convention, Dates of sale
May 6th to 11th, inclusive with final limit, mid-night of
May 31st 1915.

Fares from all other points on same basis.

For further information, Pullman reservations, etc,
apply to any Southern Railway Agent or

O. F. York

Traveling Passenger Agent

Raleigh, N. C.

MAY'S

Ice Cream and Bottling Works

Is now ready to furnish you with May's Quality
Ice Cream for your

EASTER DINNER.

May's Drinks Can't Be Beat!

Just call 375 and place your order and we will
deliver it any where in town.

PATRONIZE YOUR HOME NEWS PAPER

"Knowledge is power," said a great
man. No one can hope to be a useful
citizen and an influential member of a
community without first familiarizing
himself with the things that are going
on about the town. To be a boomer
one must know things.

All good citizens are familiar with
the details of the town and county
government. They are aware of con-
certed efforts being made by the busi-
ness men to secure new enterprises,
to induce foreign capital to invest in
the city and to start small manufac-
turing plants—those that employ
skilled labor, pay good wages and
bring useful citizens to town.

All good citizens must be aware of
the erection of new homes. They
must know of all real estate transac-
tions—the buying, the selling and the
price. They must be able to show the
stranger the value of real estate in
his hometown. To be a useful citizen
one must take part in all efforts to
create a good impression of the town
in the outside world. One must lend
a helping hand to movements that will
better the town from an industrial,
civic, social and educational stand-
point.

There is but one way to gain the
necessary information to become a
useful citizen. That is by reading the
newspaper to work for the betterment
of the community as a whole. The
duty is largely performed by the dis-
tribution of useful information to the
citizens.

From the home paper one learns of
new enterprises, of capital invested,
of land sales, of the arrival of new
citizens, of the enlargement of this
or that corporation, of improvements
made by the town council or by the
county authorities and all things tend-
ing to make this a better place to live
in.

Can you afford to be without the
home paper, which costs but a few
cents a week?

Running A Newspaper.

Running a newspaper is just like
running a hotel, only different. When
a man goes into a hotel and finds
something on the table that does not
suit him he does not raise his voice
with the landlord and tell him to stop
his old hotel. Well, hardly. He sets
that dish to one side and wades into
the many dishes that suit him. It is dif-
ferent with some newspaper readers.
They find an article occasionally that
does not suit them exactly and with-
out stopping to think it may please
hundreds of other readers, make a
grandstand play and tell the editor
how the paper should be run and what
should be put into it. But such people
are to be pitied.—EX.

No Use to Try and Wear Out Your Cold. It Will Wear You Out Instead.

Thousands keep on suffering Coughs
and Colds through neglect and decay.
Why make yourself an easy prey to
serious ailments and epidemics as the
result of a neglected Cold? Coughs
and Colds sap your strength and
vitality unless checked in the early
stages. Dr. King's New Discovery
is what you need—the first dose
helps. Your head clears up, you
breathe freely and you feel so much
better. Buy a bottle today and start
taking at once.

Taxes Increasing.

First it was the Income tax and now
it is the Anti narcotic tax, the Lord
only knows what it will be next.—
Hickory Times Mercury.

Are You Rheumatic?—Try Sloan's.

If you want quick and real relief
from Rheumatism, do what so many
thousand other people are doing—
whenever an attack comes on, bathe
the sore muscle or joint with Sloan's
Liniment. No need to rub it in—just
apply the Liniment to the surface. It
is wonderfully penetrating. It goes
right to the seat of trouble and draws
the pain almost immediately. Get a
bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25c. of
any druggist and have it in the house
—against Colds, Sore and Swollen
Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like
ailments. Your money back if not
satisfied, but it does give almost in-
stant relief.

POOR

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

"Watch Walker's Windows."
Full line of all kinds of feed at Merchants Supply Co.

Mr. Cohn, of Baltimore, father of Mrs. I. J. Mazur is here visiting her for some time.

Mr. Freyh Williams, of Oak Ridge, came home yesterday to visit his parents.

Newest sheet music 10 cents copy at Walker's 5, 10 & 25c Store.

Miss Grace Isley spent last night on No. 2, with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Walker.

Mrs. W. A. Murray and party of friends of Mebane were in town Thursday shopping.

Car choice Alfa hay just received at Merchants Supply Company.

Walker's 5, 10 & 25 cents store will open on Saturday, April 3rd, at 11 o'clock. Main Street, opposite Whitted's.

Mr. D. A. Albright, of Richmond, Va., visited his sister, Mrs. J. J. May last week and returned to his home Sunday.

Mr. J. P. Cook, of Concord, Sec. & Treas., of The North Carolina Railroad was in town yesterday for a few hours.

Mrs. M. T. Langley, of Durham is in the city for several weeks visit to friends and relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Fleming, of Greensboro, are visiting their daughter, Miss Nellie, who is on the sick list.

Miss Lorriane Isley, of Trinity and Messrs. Chris and Hugh Isley are here visiting their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Scott left this week for Bellows Falls, Vermont, where they go to be at the bedside of her father, who is very ill.

Miss Clara Hughes, of Graham was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Tom Coble, of Graham, died very suddenly Wednesday. Funeral was conducted yesterday at 2 o'clock.

We cordially invite you to visit our store on Opening Day, Saturday, April 3rd, at 11 o'clock. We want you to know and feel that "You're Always Welcome at Walker's."

The hour for the evening services at the various churches of the city has been changed from 7:30 to 8:00, beginning with next Sunday. This is a mutual agreement of the Ministers' Association, and this announcement is made by request of the secretary of the Association.

Mr. H. H. Walker, the popular Rural Carrier, of Union Ridge, was given a surprised birthday supper last night by Mrs. Walker, assisted by relatives and friends. A good crowd was present to partake of the splendid supper which was the special feature of the evening.

A Grocery Store Without Groceries.

A grocery man that kept no groceries in his store would not do very much business in his line would he? And he must carry a stock that meets the demands of his customers. He would lose a lot of money, carry a lot of dead goods, if he didn't. You cannot do business without a bank account. And to attain to the greatest success you must do business with a Bank that gives you personal service. Whatever your walk in life may be, whether you are a hod carrier or a millionaire this Bank gives you perfect, individual banking service and seeks to make you a more successful man or woman.

Alamance Loan and Trust Co.

THE LARGEST AND OLDEST BANK IN THE COUNTY

(The One With the Chimes.)

BURLINGTON, N. C.

Corn, Cotton Seed, and All Kinds of Hay. Will pay highest cash price. Will take Corn Shelled or Unshelled. MERCHANTS SUPPLY CO.

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OF THE FAMOUS

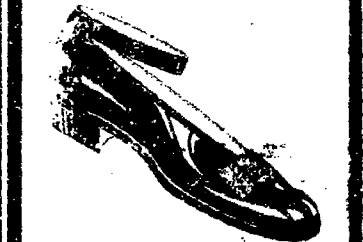
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Royal Easy Chairs

This is a really wonderful chair. Just "Push the Button" on right arm of chair and back adjusts itself instantly to any one of twenty different positions. The concealed Newspaper Basket provides handy place for books, papers, etc. The Disappearing Foot Rest slides out of sight when not in use. A large, massive, extremely comfortable chair. We have a style and price that will just suit your needs. Call and let us show you today.

Burtner Furniture Co.
Burlington, N. C.
Also Greensboro, N. C.



Baby Doll Ankle Strap Pumps.

We have in stock a beautiful line of Baby Doll Pumps in Patent Leather and Gun Metal Calf, also White Mercerized Duck with white Rubber Soles and White Rubber Heels, that we are offering at

\$1.75 to \$2.50

the pair which are exceptionally strong values and are among our best sellers. They particularly appeal to the Young Ladies that do not care for the High Heels and Narrow Toe Styles. We have the same styles for the little ones also, at proportionate prices. Would be glad to have you call and see the many new Spring models.

FOSTER Shoe Co.
Burlington, N. C.

LOOK, LISTEN

AT OUR PRICES!

We are cutting down the War Prices and the High Cost of Living.

Lard, per pound 10c
Meat, heavy thick per pound . . . 12½c
Irish potatoes, per peck 24c
All 10c. Canned Goods 9c
All 15c. Canned Goods 12c
All 10c. Articles 9c
Cut Prices on everything.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.
New Fresh Line

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Come and see us—it will pay you. We have just opened up in the W. E. Hay Building on Front Street.

Phone us your order and we will give prompt delivery.

PHONE 255.

Spoon-Store Co.
Burlington, N. C.

The Triangular Debate.

For the first time in the history of the North Carolina Debaters' Union, Burlington was victorious in both the contests in which the school participated.

The debate here last Friday night was one of the most interesting that has been witnessed in recent years. The auditorium of the Graded School was completely filled with members and patrons of the school, who had gathered to enjoy the occasion. The meeting was presided over by Hon. Es. S. W. Dameron and Mr. Meivin Stafford acted as Secretary. The motion for debate was: Resolved, That the United States Should Adopt the Policy of Subsidizing Its Merchant Marine Engaged in Foreign Trade. The affirmative was represented by Mr. Sam Bason and Miss Nina Mangle of the Burlington High School and the negative was championed by Mr. Boyd Harden and Miss Beatrice Forshee of Graham School.

Each speaker displayed great skill in handling the question and much familiarity with the subject was displayed by all. The judges that appeared to decide the merits of the debate were: Dr. W. T. Whitsett of Whitsett Institute, Prof. E. E. Randolph of Elon College and Ex-Mayor Barrette of this year. Although the contest was a warm and close one the judges rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Hobart Steele and Miss Cord Coe, representing the negative for Burlington with the Chapel Hill School, won the decision of the debate at that place, thereby giving Burlington a place in the preliminary contests at Chapel Hill before the final contest.

After the decision was announced, Dr. Whitsett and Professor Randolph made brief talks.

Mite Box Opening.

Monday afternoon the Ladies Missionary Society of the Christian Church held its mite box opening at of Mrs. J. M. Fix.

Miss Zun Wangi Sungi a Chinese lady who is attending school at the Women's College in Greensboro was present and gave a very interesting lecture on the religion and customs of the Chinese.

She recited the Lord's prayer in Chinese and gave several well rendered selections on the piano.

Miss Zun pleased the ladies by bringing with her quite a number of Chinese customs and allowing the ladies to ask questions concerning the customs that interested them. She also change in China so often as ours.

Miss Zun also brought quite a number of photos of her people and a large photo of a school in China with Miss Tuttle, a sister of Rev. D. H. Tuttle of our city, as one of the teachers.

Refreshments consisting of cake, cocoa and drinks was served. A photo was taken of all present as was also a separate one of Miss Zun.

The Mayor Calls for Clean Up Day.

1. The Mayor of the City of Burlington, hereby respectfully ask that all citizens of this city join with the Mayor and Board of Aldermen cleaning up said city.

All citizens are requested to gather up all old tin cans and all kinds of trash and rubbish and place same on the street (and in sacks or barrels, if convenient), on next Monday and Tuesday, April the 5th and 6th. The wagons will begin to haul off such trash or rubbish that is so placed on next Wednesday morning, April 7th. Cooperation will very probably save several lives in Burlington this Summer.

Done by order of Board of Aldermen this the 1st day of April, 1915.

J. E. MOORE, Mayor.

CHILDREN'S COLDS TREATED EXTERNALLY

Don't dose the little stomachs with injurious medicines
VICKS' Croup and Pneumonia SALVE
is applied externally to the throat and chest, the body heat releases soothing antiseptic vapors which are inhaled directly to the affected parts. Relief is almost immediate. The worst cold is cured overnight—croup in 15 minutes. At all drug stores, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Liberal sample mailed on request. Vicks Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

BASE BALL.

For the next week Piedmont Park will be the scene of all classes of organized baseball—High School, college, and league.

On Saturday, April 3rd, the Burlington High School meets the Liberty-Piedmont Institute team. These teams are contending for the High School championship and will fight hard for the honor. Local pride and interest in the Burlington boys should insure a big crowd to witness the game.

Easter Monday, April 5th, will be base ball day in Burlington. It will also be bargain day in this local and national sport. Then it is that everybody is privileged to see two games for the price of one. On that day, beginning at two o'clock, the Burlington High School team will play the Weaverville College team from the mountains. Immediately after this game is finished the Oak Ridge team, headed by Earl Holt, will play the Greensboro league of the North Carolina association. Each and every child in Alamance county may see both of these games for the small sum of two bits a piece. Every adult is privileged to see both games for fifty cents—the usual price of one game on occasions of this kind.

He that likes base ball on that day shall be satisfied. If he be patriotic and wish to see his local High School wallop the college aggregation from the attitudes, let him appear at Piedmont Park at about 2 o'clock Easter Monday. If he desires to see the leading leaguers wield the willow against the best pitcher on Earl Holt's team, he shall not be disappointed if he shall enter the gate at Piedmont Park next Monday. General admission is 25c for children; 50c for adults; grandstand 10c for gentlemen; ladies free to grandstand.

TRUE AND UNTRUE.

He was a dog;
But he stayed at home
And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog;
That didn't roam.
He lay on the porch or chased the stray;
The tramps, the burglar, the hen away
For a dog's true heart for that household beat
He was a dog.
He was a man
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and children fair;
He was a man.
And every day
His heart grew callous, its own beats rare
He thought of himself at the close of the day
And cigar in his fingers hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store,

the show
But he had a right to go, you know—
He was a man.

Death of Mrs. Boone.

Mrs. Ella Anna Clapp Boone died March 24th near St. Marks Church, after a brief illness, age 73 years, 5 months, 21 days.

She leaves 2 children living, 2 dead and 5 grandchildren all living.

Funeral by Rev. D. C. Cox and interment at Brick Church.

"This Blest Easter Morn."

Unclothed we stand before the throne of God,
Bending ourselves to His chastening rod,
For it is granted us to know
How we deserve each fallen blow,
Which in strict justice and mercy given,
Till from the heart all earth's sin be driven,
And to each one a holier life be born
On this blest Easter morn.

Blind we stagger from the encircling gloom,
Dropping the moldy cerements of the tomb,
That we with Jesus may arise,
Behold the truth with opened eyes,
In His good time this cleansing war will cease,
The minds of men be turned to thoughts of peace,
To each soul a holier life be born
On this blest Easter morn.

MEANING OF EASTER.

It means that winter is over.
And the drear, chill days are done;
It brings us the soft, sweet breezes,
And the glow of the warming sun.

It means a greening of meadows.
Blue violets on the lawn,
A snow of blossoming orchids,
And an earlier rose pink dawn.

It means a thrill of the pulses.
And an uplift of the head;
New energy for new effort.
And the old griefs comforted.

It means the singing of skylarks,
And the robin's cherry call,
The hum of bees in the blossoms,
And the croon of the waterfall.

It means a renewal of living—
Life from the seeming dead;
Singing instead of sighing,
And joy for the sorrow fled!
—By Emma A. Lente, in Farm Journal.

EASTER STRAW

HATS-- The Last Word in Style
Prices \$1.50 to \$5.00.



Easter MANHATTAN \$1.50 to \$2.00
Shirts / CORLISS COON \$1.00.

Our Line of Men's, Women's and Children's OXFORDS for Spring are the latest in Style—ALL PRICES.

EASTER OXFORDS
\$1.50 to \$4.00

WATCH OUR WINDOWS

THE HOLT-CATES CO.

On The Corner Burlington, N. C.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

THE cashier was alone. He drew a pencil and scratch pad from his pocket and figured rapidly. Yes, he could do it easily. Just a turn of the combination and the safe was open. His tip

on certain stocks came from a man with inside knowledge, and to take the money from the bank would just be borrowing it. The stocks were scheduled to make a wild plunge upward within the next few days and then he could sell, replace the money he had taken from the safe before it was missed and have enough ahead to justify several of his intended moves toward social advancement. Why, it was all just the simplest thing in the world to accomplish! All the time he argued with himself he was not quite easy in his conscience, but his thought of the confidential position of the friend who had given him the tip made the outcome seem a certainty—an end that would surely justify the means. He pulled the blind, unlocked the safe, concealed the money he needed on his person, carefully covering his tracks. Then he locked the safe and quietly let himself into the balmy April air.

It was past midnight when he stole silently out of his home for a little walk, being unable to sleep. The moonlight held the world in its thrall, bathing the spring flowers in its silvery light, but the cashier was oblivious to its beauty as he wandered aimlessly

down first one street and then another, until his attention was arrested by the sound of a glad hosanna from a nearby church—the final choir rehearsal for Easter music. Scarcely realizing what he did the troubled man slipped into the vestibule of the big church, drawn by the lights, the music and the hunger for human companionship which gnawed his troubled heart. As he stood undecided what he should do the joyous anthem ended, the choir filed into the vestry room and the old sexton turned out all save the chancel lights. The cashier slipped quietly into the church and sank wearily into a seat, his eyes fixed on the lily-laden altar.

Easter lilies were everywhere. Great banks of them covered the altar, and



Yes, He Could Do It Easily.

from every nook and corner they gleamed white in the dim chancel lights. They were like a prayer—a mother's prayer for her children—pure, and clean, and white. Their delicate fragrance was pleasant to his senses, but above all else it was their whiteness which riveted his thought. He could not get away from it.

Suddenly he buried his face in his hands to shut the lilies away from his sight, while he went over the argument he had used to himself when he had taken the money from the safe. But, strangely, in the midst of his effort at justification, the whiteness and purity of the Easter lilies surged through his brain.

Then out of the stillness a sound was made. It was the sound of a voice—the voice of his mother.

"Consider the lilies," it pleaded softly.

The cashier sprang to his feet and looked about him wildly. There was no one in the big lily-laden church except himself—himself—and the voice.

"Consider the lilies," came the advice to him once more.

The voice was unmistakable. Although his mother had been dead for these twenty years, he could never forget the gentleness of her voice. But that was not all. The admonition had a familiar ring which was not of the voice alone, nor yet of some long-forgotten reading. The words were borne in upon his senses now as in that long-ago yesterday, when, as a boy, he had sat in the living room of his home listening to his father's heartbroken confession to his mother that he had failed in business. It was Easter then as now. On the broad easement of the low French

could not tell. It did not matter. When he had laid her away twenty years ago he had not laid away the influence that had been hers all through his young life, her faith in him, her smile, nor the memory of a certain day when he had been graduated from college and had promised her that he would seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness through all the days that he should live. And he had kept his promise—until tonight, when the greed of gold became the dominating motive of his life; tonight, when the thirst for luxury had conquered him.

The cashier stood clutching the seat of the pew in front of him, his eyes fixed on the lily-banked altar. Then he squared his shoulders even as he had seen his father do in that long-ago year. And when the first soft flush of Easter day crept across the eastern sky the money was safe in the bank again. For the cashier kept faith with his mother.

Easter.
"She, supposing him to be the gardener—"
Dead is our Christ and our hearts cry
"Where?"
We would peer in the tomb behind thee.
Ah! Next there!
But as of old in the open air,
Out in the garden, Lord, we find thee.
—Mary Eleanor Roberts, in Lippincott's.

WHEN THE LILIES BLOW.

It may be a tale sweetly told
Of the rocky tomb that could not hold
The Son of God in his rotting shroud
With a Roman guard to watch the place.

Perhaps poor Mary, who wept all night,
Did not go forth with the morning light
And cry aloud in her quick dismay
"Behold, they have taken my Lord away!"

It may be a figure of speech entire,
And the spirit did never the pen inspire,
But some thing uplifts the soul, I know,
In the days when the Easter lilies blow.

IS A MOTLEY CROWD

Gorgeous Scenes in Constantinople During the Celebration of Easter.

"CHRISTOS ANESTI"—"Christ is risen"—is the Easter cry in Constantinople that you hear on all sides, accompanied by the exchange of the traditional hiss. "Paskalia Poulia"—"flowers of Easter time"—are sold everywhere to the festive throng in the narrow streets. In the butcher shops you see the passover lamb with gilded feet and the choice pieces—the kidneys—placed on gold foil.

The variety of types and costumes seen in this throng where the West meets the East is most remarkable. All the Christians of the Levant are there: Bulgarians in embroidered jackets; Greeks from the mountains, sporting the fustanella, the kilt which resembles the dancer's skirt; burly men from the Adriatic, Levantines, Armenians; ladies in the latest Paris fashions, genuine and otherwise, and of course, a host of French, Germans, Italians, Austrians, Russians, English and Americans.

In the Balkans, Austria, Germany—in fact, all parts of Europe, one finds countless Easter customs that were unknown in any ancient heathen origin quite unrelated to the feast of the resurrection.

The many nationalities of Austria-Hungary afford a particularly wide field in this respect, since the principal ones, Germans, Slavs, Magyars, have come to occupy the country in the Christian era with all their customs already formed since centuries. The physical conditions of Austria-Hungary, with the Danube valley surrounded by high and continuous mountain chains, were especially favorable for the perpetuation of ancient heathen customs.

In central and southern Hungary, especially in the valley of the Theiss and at its confluence with the Danube, there is a purely Magyar eastern custom suggestive, perhaps, of their former homes in the central Asian steppes. As in nearly all popular customs of the Magyars, the horse takes a conspicuous part in it. Easter day the young men of the village pour water over the girls and Easter Monday the girls get ready for their "revenge." This revenge is, of course, in the nature of an acknowledgment of the attention received, and carries with it



Stood Clutching the Seat.

window stood a row of exquisite white lilies. His mother had turned from his stricken father to regard them and over her face had come that tender, confident smile the little lad had so loved. "Consider the lilies," she had told the man, "they tell not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And his father had taken her into his arms with a great sob, while the little lad had looked on, understanding only that his mother had somehow helped his father over a great crisis.

And now in the crisis of his own life, when temptation had mastered him, he sat alone in a lily-laden church and lo! the voice of his mother bade him "consider the lilies." Whence had it come? From the heart of an Easter lily? Or had it come into the house of God with him with a ray of moonlight? Or was the voice in his brain alone—a voice of memory? He



Moslem Crowds.

looked forward the good things of Easter Sunday.

The girls of the mountain villages, both German and Slav, the Saturday before Easter take enormous baskets of food to the village church to have it blessed by the priest. Stepping out of the church door, they start to race, with their huge baskets poised on their heads. The sight of these buxom girls, in their short frocks, white stockings and many-colored head-dresses, racing one another down the village street, is most picturesque and graceful, despite the heavy burdens they carry. They are very earnest about this race, because each firmly believes that if she wins she will be married in a very short time.

An American and a Scotchman were walking in the Highlands, and the Scot produced a famous echo. When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes, the proud native, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed, "There mon, pe canna show anything like 'Oh I don't know,' said the American. 'I guess we can better' that. Why in my camp in the Rockies, when I go to bed I lean out of my window and call out, 'Time to get up! Wake up!' and eight hours after the echo comes back and wakes me." Bristol Times.

Panama-Pacific Exposition

San Francisco, California

Very Low Round Trip Fares

Southern Railway

Premier Carrier of the South.

Dates of Sale March 1st. to November 30th. 1915.

Final return limit will be three (3) months from date of Sale, not to exceed Dec. 31, 1915.

Low round trip fares will apply from points as follows:

Raleigh, N. C.	\$87.95	Chapel Hill, N. C.	\$86.95
Durham, "	\$86.95	Oxford, N. C.	\$87.25
BURLINGTON, N. C.	\$85.25	Goldboro, N. C.	\$90.29

Fares from all points on the same basis. Fares for tickets routed one way via Portland, Seattle or Victoria at high rates. Stop overs will be permitted on both going and return trip at any point within limit of ticket.

The Southern Railway can give you choice of several scenic routes from which to select going one way and returning another also free side are included from several points. Through connections and good train service via Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago or New Orleans. Through Tourist car from Washington, D. C. to San Francisco daily via New Orleans and the Sun Set Route.

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School News.

On Saturday night, March 27th, the Woodlawn School had a Fiddlers Convention. A number of good musicians were present and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed. After the program was rendered the Domestic Science class served refreshments to everybody present. Saturday afternoon the patrons of Woodlawn met and planted a number of evergreens and shrubs around the school grounds.

The Ossipee School closed Friday night with a good entertainment. On Saturday he people plowed up the school grounds and sowed grass and planted flowers and shrubby. Great improvements have been made here this year and Ossipee's friends expect to see that the model school of the county soon.

The Elmira School closed with a play Saturday night.

The State Supervisor of Rural Schools, Mr. L. C. Bridge, is spending several days in the county this week. He spoke Monday night at Spring School. Tuesday night he will be at Friendship and Wednesday at Sylvan. Mr. T. E. Browne of Raleigh, will also be at Sylvan Wednesday night.

Mahan School will close Friday with a big picnic and general good time. Rev. Tuttle of Burlington will make an address in the morning. Athletic contests will be held in the evening.

The High School Triangular Debate last Friday night resulted in victory for both of the Sylvan teams over the Friendship High School (Liberty High School dropped out of the race). The affirmative side of the question was upheld at Sylvan by Messrs Homer Foster, and Algia Newlin, the negative by Messrs Seymour Stafford and Normal Alexander. Messrs Harry Johnson and Earl Williams spoke at Friendship against Messrs Lynn Howard and Carl Whitaker, the affirmative team of that place.

This is the second time the Sylvan boys have won out in local contests and here's hoping that they will do their best for Sylvan and for Alamance at the round up debate at Chapel Hill, April 9th.

Chapel Hill News.

Chapel Hill, March 22.—Approaching the subject from the viewpoint that "we cannot safely exclude from our scheme of ethics or religion any creature, dumb or human, black or white, who needs our help." Prof. K. C. Branson justifies the settlement of the negro problem upon no lower plane than an appeal to our Christian sympathies and the ten commandments. "Present Forces in Negro Progress" is the topic-heading of a series of five lectures by the rural sociologist to University students.

The two lectures thus far delivered have been on the subjects of birth and death-rate, and sanitary conditions among negroes as affecting both races. Second, the economic status of the negro—his gains in property ownership and the significance of it.

The drift of negro population in the South is distinctly countryward is the conclusion of Professor Branson. With the exception of Arkansas and Oklahoma, the population of the negro in the South is dwindling in general, but he has an increasing ratio of population in the farm regions. The population of the negro is decreasing in the cities of the South—in some cities there was an actual loss of population.

Another conclusion—the negro is sticking to the farm better than the southern white man. Some fifty thousand negroes are engaged in various professions but fewer than a hundred thousand are "upward-moving negroes." The University professor summarizes: "The negro, then, is blindly moving to work out his own salvation as a race, not in city but country civilization."

What about the percentage of property-ownership negroes in the South? About one fourth of all negro farmers in the South own the farms they cultivate. In Florida the percentage is about one-half; in Kentucky and Oklahoma more than one-half in Virginia and Maryland more than three-fifths of their own farms. The farm properties of the negro are valued at five hundred million dollars. Profes-

or Branson concludes that "the Russian serfs, after fifty years of freedom, have not made greater headway." In 238 counties of ten Southern States the negroes are in the majority. In sixty-one of these counties the negro farm owners outnumber the white farm owners.

The University sociologist makes the deduction: The Southern negro is working out his own salvation, not in terms of politics or formal education, but in terms of property ownership, and maintenance in terms of land in the rural regions.

Professor Branson has recently been named a member of the executive committee of the Jeanes' Fund—involving the expenditure of three and a half million dollars for the betterment of the negro conditions in the United States.

S. R. Winters, Correspondent.

Saxapahaw Items.

Messrs David Gibson and Ed. Williams are in Raleigh at present as a result of a mad dog bite some weeks ago. They are taking the pasture treatment.

Misses Elizabeth Shaw and Beulah Phillips spent Saturday in Burlington shopping.

Messrs Clifton Hugh and Vernon McVey are seriously ill with pneumonia. We are sorry to note.

Mr. and Mrs. Dufus Hunter, of Graham spent Saturday and Sunday in the village visiting relatives.

Miss Mattie Cheek of Graham has been in the village since Thursday at the bedside of her nephew. Clifton Pugh who is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mr. John Marlett, of Durham is visiting his parents near here this week.

Mr. Joe Woody continues critically ill at his home near this place.

Miss Margaret Durham, our popular milliner is displaying a beautiful line of spring hats this week.

Mr. Charles Durham is visiting in Orange County this week.

Messrs James E and Wilson W. Hanson and W. Ross Freshwater are taking the pasture treatment at present as a result of a mad dog bite some weeks ago.

Mrs. Dora Miller of Raleigh visited her brothers Messrs George and B. J. Williams in a part of last week. Misses Beulah Phillips and Mattie and Flora Warrington visited at Mr. Joe Woody's Sunday.

Mr. Bruce Pickett who has been in the army for the past three years, returned home last week.

Rev. G. W. Holmes of the regular appointment Sunday next, will preach a special service at Mt. Zion and Progress is the topic-heading of a series of five lectures by the rural sociologist to University students.

The two lectures thus far delivered have been on the subjects of birth and death-rate, and sanitary conditions among negroes as affecting both races. Second, the economic status of the negro—his gains in property ownership and the significance of it.

OAKDALE ITEMS.

The ground hog has gone back and took his seat and old father "Matthias" (who did not get his ice) has took a hand in the weather business and has a grip and is still holding on a while. It begins to look as if spring will be late as there are very few blooms on the trees, but we guess when it does turn warm it will be hot enough for us all.

Mrs. Sindy Clapp, widow of Anderson Clapp, was buried at Mt. Zion church March 20th, where many old acquaintance and friends gathered to pay their last respects. She died in Graham, where she had lived a few years with her daughter. The funeral was conducted by Rev. M. L. Curry, of Burlington. His remarks were very timely and appropriate.

How it did snow last Monday was a sight.

The free school at Oakdale closed March 19th, but the graded school will continue for another month.

The neighbors and members of Mt. Zion neighborhood are still making improvements around the church and graveyard, planting a nice hedge around the new and clearing away the old rock wall from the

back side. When finished, it will be one of the nicest cemeteries to be found.

Esq. Spoon says that there were two cases at his place Sunday, March 21, in the evening but they would not let him pass sentence but probably they will give him the cases later on. Both were from Randolph county.

At the residence of Esq. F. L. Spoon on March 28, Mr. Julius Smith and Miss Lewellyn were united in bonds of matrimony with Esq. Spoon officiating. A few friends were present to witness the ceremony and see the Esq. shake.

Farmers are very slow about planting corn as the big frosts still come. We do not think there will be much gained by planting in the cold ground. There is much grip in the neighborhood.

Mr. Jesse Tostie who has been selling trees for several years, says there is nothing in it for him this year while under Mr. Wilson, so he is going to move to his place near Mt. Zion and try his hand on a few patches.

"Every time I see grandfather's sword and medals," said Bill. "I long to take part in universal war." Then as an after thought, Bill said: "But every time I look at grandfather's wooden leg, I long for the advent of universal peace."—Tit-Bits.

DAVIDSON DEFEATS ELON.

Presbyterian Open Their Season by Easily Winning from Elon 10 to 1. Davidson College, March 27.—Davidson defeated Elon College here yesterday in baseball by the score of 10 to 1. This was Davidson's first game of the season and the team worked in mid-season form in this first game. The fact, it being one of the best in the history of the college.

The team started the season off by not hitting. A total of 14 bingles were secured off Sorrell's delivery. The pitchers worked for Davidson. Some started on the mound and worked well for five innings. Elon secured only two hits off his delivery in his stay on the rubber. He was succeeded by Dawson who worked for three innings. He also showed that he could deliver the goods. Two hits were all that Elon could register against him. Hengeveldt worked in the last inning. He held the Elon batters hitless in this period.

With the willow, Captain Alford led, getting four hits out of five trips to the plate. Christenbury also hit well. Elon registered her lone tally in the second when Porthness singled and was sacrificed to second and scored on an outfield error. Morefield got two of Elon's hits, one being for three bags. The score: R. H. E. Davidson..... 10 14 5 Elon..... 1 4 5 Batteries for Elon, Sorrell and Morefield; for Davidson, Groome, Lawson, Hengeveldt and Alford. Umpires, Crayton and Bailey. Attendance 400.

WIFE RESCUES HUSBAND.

Mrs. Tillery, Though Drags Husband From Burning Home.

Asheville, March 27.—Lewis Tillery had a narrow escape from death last night at his home near this city and Mrs. Tillery was forced to go from her sick room in her night clothing when their house near this city was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Tillery, the sole occupant of the house at the time that the blaze was discovered, had been ill for several weeks. When she discovered the blaze she went to a nearby field where her husband was at work and summoned him. In an effort to recover \$40 which was in his room he went into the house and returned with a drawer in which he thought he had stored the currency. He found, however, that the money was in another drawer and returning for it, he was almost suffocated by smoke, being dragged from the building by Mrs. Tillery. The money was lost as was the furniture. Not even a hange of linen was saved.

A NICKEL FOR THE LORD.

He wore a rose on his coat, but when the plate was passed gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and sundry silver change, but hunted about and found this poor nickel and placed it on the plate to aid the church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh and the devil. His silk hat was on the coat; his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate, a whole nickel!

On Saturday he met a friend; the cash register recorded \$135, and he handed the boy a dime. A nickel to the Lord and a dime to the waiter! He had his shoes polished and handed the Greek a dime without a murmur. He had a shave and paid his check of fifteen cents and "tipped" the barber a dime. He took a box of candy to his wife, paid 40 cents for it, and tied it with a dainty ribbon—and gave a nickel to the Lord.

Who is the Lord? This man worships him as the creator of the universe, the one who put the stars in order and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand—and he dropped a nickel on the plate to support His church—the church militant—which represents on earth the Church Triumphant.

The Lord being gracious and slow to anger and remembering his "frame" did not slay this man for his meanness but gave him his daily bread, but the nickel was shamed, if the man was not, for it slunk beneath the quarter which was given by a poor woman who washes for a living. The Toronto Star.

DARDANELLES SAFE, SAYS VON DER GOLTZ.

Bucharest via Paris, March 30.—Field Marshall von der Goltz, the German military commandant of Constantinople, interviewed by the "Advertiser," declared the defenses of the Dardanelles had proved more effective than had been expected and that he now would affirm that the allied fleet would not force a passage. "We await a new attack without fear," the Field Marshal is reported.

to have averted. "The more ships there are the better satisfied we shall be. We do not lack ammunition for Turkish factories supply us all we want. Turkish industry has been sufficiently developed to equip a fresh army of 500,000, which will be easy to mobilize.

"Constantinople is calm and the Sultan still is in his Bosphorus palace. Enver Pasha, Minister of War, is most optimistic and we are convinced we shall win."

Field Marshal von der Goltz has left Bucharest for Berlin.

PRICE EITEL FRIEDRICH TO SUCCEED VON KLUCK.

London, March 30.—General von Kluck, the German commander who led the advance into France, according to travelers from Berlin, was wounded while recklessly inspecting trenches at the most dangerous point on the line, after a stormy interview with Emperor William, says an Amsterdam despatch to the "Express." It is learned from the same source that the opinion is expressed in Berlin that as the result of the incident the Emperor will entrust the command of von Kluck's army to Prince Eitel Friedrich.

The wounding of von Kluck was officially announced in Berlin yesterday.

It is said that President Wilson will take the adjustment of the Mexican matter in his own hands. Should he have done so at the beginning of the Mexican trouble there is every reason to believe that the matter would have been managed more discreetly and far better, than blundering Bryan has been able to do with it. Bryan is good for something, for instance hull dosing the Democratic party, but as a diplomat he is a signal failure.—Mebane Leader.

The President had such good luck making old Huerta salute the flag, that he will try his hand again.

THE WEAVER.

Beside the loom of life I stand
And watch the busy shuttle go;
The threads I had within my head
Make up the filling; strand by strand,
They slip my fingers through and so
This web of mine fills out apace,
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the woof is smooth and fine
And colored with a sunny dye;
Again the threads so roughly twine
And weave so darkly line on line
My heart misgives me. Then would I
Pain lose this web—begin anew.
But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done,
The shuttle quiet in its place,
From out my hold the threads be run;
And friends at setting of the sun
Will come to look upon my face,
And say: Mistakes she made not few,
Yet wove perchance as best as she knew."

THE INDEPENDENT.

will be over n that time or else some method devised for its manufacture in this country. The Bellwill mills have also provided a supply for several months.

UNLESS THE BLOOD IS PURE

you can't expect to have a healthy, energetic body or a clear, cheerful mind. When the blood is poisoned or impoverished, indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, rheumatism, scrofula, and a host of other ills bring bad health and unhappiness. Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy quickly purifies the blood, aids it to resume its work of carrying life to every part of the body; tones up the system, and drives away diseases and misery. Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy is a vegetable compound scientifically prepared from pure ingredients; and has been used successfully for forty years. Your dealer should have it. If he hasn't, send his name and \$1 to the manufacturers for a large bottle. Remedy Sales Corporation, Charlotte, N. C. Mrs. Joe Person's Wash should be used in connection with the Remedy for the cure of sores and the relief of inflamed and congested surfaces. It is especially valuable for women, and should always be used for ulcerations.

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