

# THE MEBANE LEADER.

And Right The Day Must Win, To Doubt Would be Disloyalty To Falter Would be Sin.

Vlo 5

MEBANE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10 1914

No 39

## Judge Clark Sick

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Walter Clark has been very sick, suffering from an attack of acute indigestion. The Judge is now somewhat improved, and it is hoped will soon be well again.

## Mill Business Brighter.

Says E. T. Carr manager of the Durham Hosiery Mills No. 8. We received last week orders to the amount of 6000 dozen pair.

Our Mill No. 2 has just received and order for 300,000 dozen pair to be shipped at once to New York, that the goods could be placed on the next outgoing steamer, for the European armies, I like good business says Mr. Carr, tho with my present plant it would take me over 5 years to fill the orders our No. 2 mill received, but we hope in the near future to have a Hosiery plant in Mebane, with the capacity of our No. 2 Mill.

## Don't Forget Your Parents Christmas.

The holidays will soon be here, and boys don't forget your parents if you are away from home, make every possible effort to go to see them. They have been longing for Christmas to come when you would go home and make their hearts happy. If you send them a present it will be greatly appreciated, but there is no present on earth that will be accepted in substitution for your own presence.

Some of us do not have any mothers or fathers to go to see, and those who do have them should be appreciative enough to visit them during the holidays. Nobody on earth is as thoughtful of you as your mother, she will do for you when all others turn their back. It makes no difference how black your hands have been stained with the foulest of crime, she is still your best friend.

Your mother's hairs are now getting hoary and she may not be living for you to go to the old homestead next year to visit her, so go this Christmas.

## A Liquorless Christmas.

(From The Progressive Farmer.) Let's have a liquorless Christmas—for the sake of the wife and children who need the money for better things; for the sake of the boys and young men who need a better example from the older men, and certainly from their fathers; and at least out of a decent respect to the Founders of the Christian religion whose birthday is celebrated. If there is one time of all the year more than another when a man ought to be free from dissipation and immorality, that time is Christmas.

Wonder if there is a pair of "motley dyed" socks or stockings in this county? Don't know what we mean, do you say? Well, if you do not you are young are ignorant. Our mothers made the motley socks or stockings for the children away back in the knitting needle days. They took a hank of pure white wool thread, dipped one end in a deep red dye and then made that hank into a ball and then went to using the knitting needles, making socks or stockings for the children, and every kid wanted a pair of motley socks or stockings. Hearing a discussion about the war cutting off the shipment of dyestuff from Germany brought to mind the little motley stockings of former years. No, we did not depend on Germany for the dye for the motley socks for the dye was home-made. In the days gone by the bark of trees, the herb from the field or garden, or the berries along the fence row furnished the dyestuff for the wearers and the knitters—and that dyestuff made hues just as gorgeous as any German can make.—Monroe Enquirer.

## Notice.

Regular communication of Bingham Lodge No. 272 has been called to meet on the 23rd of Dec. instead of the 26th. A full attendance is very much desired. Work in 3rd degree.

Refreshment Committee: R. S. Tyson, W. H. Mason, Chairman, A. H. Mebane, S. K. Scott, W. O. Warren, J. N. Warren, H. E. Wilkinson, W. S. Haris, A. M. Cook, A. N. Scott, W. M.

## A Brilliant Man.

Mr. Tom Lindsey, who lectured in the graded school auditorium, last Thursday night was of such a high order, that the people have requested him to return the ensuing Thursday night. A great many people are not aware of what an elocutionist Mr. Lindsey is, hence the reason they did not turn out so well last week.

A great many of the school pupils have begun to sell tickets for the next entertainment, and the prospects now are that we will have the biggest crowd that have ever turned out to any public gathering at the school building or any where else in Mebane. We will probably have about a thirty five dollar house, possibly more. That, of course, will indeed mean a packed house from the fact that the admission is only twenty five cents.

We understand that it was the negro Tom Lindsey who was reported to have been the man that was to lecture, that, too, was another reason why the crowd was so small last Thursday night. Let it be distinctly understood that the platform men who give lectures at the Mebane Graded School, must establish their Anglo Saxon blood before they will be permitted to speak.

If we did not believe Mr. Lindsey a man of high order, we would not for anything, be wasting our commendatory adjectives, to say nothing of having so little principle as asking the people to patronize him. It is conclusive evidence to anyone that Mr. Lindsey is a man of no mean qualifications, as he could not have held the chair of Oratory in one of the leading Colleges of Tenn.

The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Graded School. The school profits to inure to defraying some of the expenses it has incurred. Work on the tennis courts have been done, new chimney built and electric lights installed—all of which take money.

## EDITOR J. T. OLIVER OF REIDSVILLE, DEAD.

## Was Recently Appointed as Deputy Collector—A Sufferer From Bright's Disease.

John T. Oliver, one of the editors and owners of the Reidsville Review, died at his home on Maple Avenue at noon Saturday. He was 39 years of age, and had been a sufferer from Bright's disease for several years. He was a prominent Democrat and influential in party councils in the county and State. He was appointed deputy revenue collector on December 1 by Collector A. D. Watts. The deceased was a member of St. Thomas Episcopal church, also of the Jr. O. U. A. M. lodge.

The funeral and burial was held Sunday afternoon.

He leaves a wife, formerly Miss Lillie Linebury, of Fayetteville, two brothers, R. J. and Manton Oliver of Reidsville, and one sister, Mrs. T. N. Preddy, of Memphis, Tenn.

## Cotton Wrong, All Wrong

The feature the past week with the financial papers was the large bookings of orders by purchasing agents of foreign countries for supplies of a kinds with American manufacturer and supply houses. The contract call for millions of money, and one of the best features is that it makes possible the return to work of thousands of laborers in all parts of the country. The factory and farm of the United States are under tribute by practically the whole of Europe, but for all of that this country will not get back into normal shape until cotton is once more moving in the regular way. The condition of the country can never be made right while the condition of cotton is wrong, no matter if all the other industries in the United States are going full tilt.—Charlotte Observer.

If strangers or enemies be litigants, whatever side thou favorest, thou getteth a friend; but when friends are the parties thou loseth one.—Bishop Taylor.

## The People of North Carolina Should be Aroused.

The people of North Carolina should be awakened to the great necessity of doing something, but when the State officials will not take the initiative there cannot be much of a revolution. We are not making a bitter attack on the State officials, but it does seem as if there could be more done in the way of progress. We need a better citizenship and the only way to have a better citizenship is to have better schools, and better schools would mean that we would have a more intelligent voter. We don't need any standpats in neither the Republican nor the Democratic parties in North Carolina. People should be progressive in their views, that's what it takes to have a better State. The people in the North, the majority, are independent, and of course they are ahead of us in prosperity. This is not due to any superiority in brain by any means, for the South, has in our mind, produced greater men than the North—or equally as great, at least.

North Carolina needs a man like Clarence Poe for her Governor. Clarence Poe is an able man, a fearless man. He has got courage to do the right thing regardless of what any man thinks, let him be Democrat or Republican. There is no question that if Mr. Poe were Governor of North Carolina, he would bring about some of the most and best improvements in rural life that have ever been known. We need a man that will do something for the farmers, for they are the backbone of our State. If they prosper, the merchant prospers and everybody prospers. Clarence Poe is no standpat either, if he sees an evil he does not hesitate to call attention to it—he did it at Raleigh. Mr. Poe has said emphatically that he would not run for governor, but we need a man of similar convictions.

## Efland Items

Mrs. J. K. Turner who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Carl Forrest has returned to her home in Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. York of High Point are visiting Mrs. York's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murray.

Miss Lalla Womble, teacher in the E. H. school spent last week's end at her home near Chapel Hill with her parents.

Mr. Jesse Baity spent part of last week in Burlington with his aunt Mrs. Jack Price.

Misses Maud and Beulah Brown went down to Hillsboro last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Harry Fitzpatrick, operator on the Southern has been spending a few days vacation off and visited friends in Danville and Dry Fork, Va., also High Point and Greensboro and spent Saturday night at home and returned to his work in Pellam, Va. Sunday morning.

Miss Nannie Pratt came up from Raleigh last Thursday night to spend a few days with her mother Mrs. A. Pratt near Efland.

Mr. J. L. Efland has returned from a Western business trip.

Mr. Jack Thompson from near Oaks spent Saturday night and Sunday with his brother-in-law A. T. Riley.

Prof. Arthur Crawford of the E. H. School spent the day Sunday at home with his mother Mrs. Crawford, near Orange Grove.

Mr. James Thompson of High Point was an Efland visitor Saturday and Sunday. Must be some "attraction" in Efland for "Jim."

Mr. J. H. Murray and son have moved their stock of goods down to West Hillsboro. We regret to see Mr. Murray and son leave, however we wish them much success in their new home.

"Dame Rumor" has it that ere long wedding bells will soon be ringing again in our little town.

Mr. Will Sharpe has gone to Henderson to enter business with the Real Estate Co. We wish Mr. Sharpe much success in his chosen work.

Well Mr. Editor and Readers, not much news this week, cold dark dreary gloomy weather, we are waiting for "Santa Claus" to put in his appearance hope he'll bring nice weather.

"Patz."

## SECRETARY DANIELS WAITS.

## Navy Chief May Answer Critics of Navy Later.

Secretary Daniels will appear before the House Navy Affairs committee Wednesday, he has announced, and until afterwards will not reply to critics of navy material or personnel. He refused to comment on a published report that Atlantic fleet submarines were in poor shape and that only one serviceable craft of this type was stationed north of the Canal Zone.

Rear Admiral Fletcher, commanding the Atlantic fleet, and Rear Admiral Badger, of the navy general board, also will be heard by the House committee next week.

## Challenging The World

"We do not stand before the judgment-seat of Europe. We acknowledge no such jurisdiction. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius, then the priesthoods of all the gods will praise the God of War."

This is the latest authoritative formulation of the school of moral and political philosophy which dominates German thought and is accepted by the German government as a rule of conduct. The doctrine it proclaims is embraced and preached by those in authority, from the Emperor, who coats it with religious cant, to the learned professors of the universities, to whom the revelation has been vouchsafed that the modern world is in desperately evil case and only to be saved by the administration to it vouchsafed of heroic doses of German "Kultur."

Stripped of its veneer of verbiage it is nothing but a reaffirmation of the brutal doctrine that might makes right; that no man or aggregation of men has any valid title to any earthly possession except that which lies in a sufficiency of strength to maintain it against rival claimants; that twenty centuries of Christianity and civilization have failed to establish for individuals and nations any better law than that "He who can may seize on power, and he may keep who can."

It calls for a return of humanity to the relations which exist among wild beasts and substitutes for the reign of reason and justice that of tooth and talon. It surrenders and exalts for worship a demoniac spirit which in the dark ages of the human race established a hell on earth. It is but a slightly altered version of a creed which never yet was professed except as a clerk for the lowest positions to which humanity is subject, and never put in practice except as a pretext for slaughter and spoliation of those whose only crime was to be the possessors of that which excited the cupidity of lawless strength.

When an individual declares himself to be emancipated from the influences of that consensus of opinion which represents the ultimate conscience and matured judgment of a community, he becomes a social derelict and a menace to the highest good of the greatest number of the members of his community. When a nation so proclaims irresponsibility to the world's opinion, and takes for its sole guide the impulses bred in it by an inordinate faith in its own invincibility a rebel against the least fallible of earthly courts and menace to the peace and order of the universe. To avow so boldly a purpose of world-dominion is to challenge the enmity of all mankind; and to confess to such blind devotion to the gods of Success is to serve notice on all other peoples that their peace and safety can only be assured by utter crushing out of the boasted powers which bow to no law save that of self aggrandizement and expansion. To such a dream as interpreted. Fate can make but one answer. Deluded by just such visions, France set forth a hundred years ago to spread by the mouth of cannon her peculiar "cult" over the

face of the globe, and she, too, despised the "judgment of Europe" and appealed to victory as sufficient vindication for the ruthless devastations and wholesale slaughters of wars of conquest. She, too, laughed to scorn all suggestions that moral forces entered into the decision of battles and campaigns, or that any cause could fail of final triumph except for lack of the strongest battalions and the heaviest artillery. But the despised moral forces after a time combined the physical forces of Europe, and, lacking support of the first, eventually the last pillars of the strength of France, her armies, dwindled in numbers and spirit until her proud career of conquest came to naught, and the shattered remnants of her wasted legions did not avail for defense of their own land against counter invasion, and Paris surrendered to allied hosts called into being by decrees of "the judgment seat of Europe." It is a page of History from which the prophets of the new Teutonic evangel may draw profitable lessons. They are in revolt against the spirit of the age in which they live and the projects they uphold are as impossible of attainment as the pleas on which they seek to justify them are offensive to every enlightened sense of humanity. They are thinking the thoughts and speaking the jargon of feudalism in an era of light and liberty. They are mooning over prospects which, if realized, would constitute a negation of all the political and social progress the world has made during ten centuries of constant struggle. The very words in which they invoke the deities of War and Success suffice to prove that the goal they seek is the one that the rest of the world can not afford to let them win.—Norfolk Pilot.

## J. N. Warren

Mebane has a clever and obliging set of warehousemen, and we believe that the prices paid here will average well with any of the other markets of the country. The man who has been with the Mebane market from its inception is Mr. J. N. Warren. He has put his whole heart into this business. An old colored man watching his tobacco going exclaimed: "Jes watch Mr. Jas Warren, if I had a million pounds of tobacco to sell I would bring it to Mr. Jas." This is a common sentiment among the farmers towards Mr. Warren. He is a good warehouseman and if every business man in town was as interested as he, we would double our sales here.

This is not written to pull business to Mr. Warren or the Piedmont. The Planters warehouse is doing a fine business and paying fine prices. We simply wish to express our personal appreciation of Mr. Warren.—Associate Editor.

## A Preacher Who Discovered That He Was Getting Soft.

In the December Woman's Home Companion Grace S. Richmond, writing a love story entitled "The Brown Study," presents a preacher who, finding that life was getting too easy in a rich parish gave up his work and started a mission in the slums. The preacher's own characterization of himself follows:

"Soft living makes me soft. I love the good things of this life so that they unfit me for real service. Do you know what was the matter with my heart when I came away? I do. It was high living. It was sitting with my legs under the mahogany of my millionaire parishioners' tables, driving in their limousines, drinking afternoon tea with their wives, letting them send me to Europe whenever I looked a bit pale. Soft! I was a down pillow, a lump of putty. I, who was supposed to be a 'fighter for the Lord!'"

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool; the wise man expects future things, but does not depend upon them, and in the meantime enjoys the present, remembering the past with delight; but the life of the fool is wholly carried on in the future.—Epicurus.

## A Newspaper Duty.

What The World has had to say of diplomacy in the dark has more than a domestic application. There are newspapers in Great Britain, France and Germany which, in the face of the most brutal war of all history, are discussing as freely as they may the same subject.

The probability is that if the plain people of the great nations of Europe had been informed as to their international relations the present conflict would have been avoided. No doubt Kaisers, Czars and Kings, race hatreds, colonial policies, commercial expansion with its attendant jealousies, violated treaties, old revenges and an all-pervading militarism have had their part in bringing upon the earth slaughter and devastation; but more directly responsible than any or all of them, has been the censorship which when not secret has been false.

This is why The World insists that the ghastly mummery of the American State Department should come to an end. With war on every hand, with civilization reeling under the shock of war that came like a thief in the night, we are pursuing the tragic methods of Europe almost without protest.—New York World.

## Does Shaw Crave Sympathy?

"Never play a man at his own game" is a maxim that a number of excellently well meaning and highly excited individuals have forgotten, even to the extent of attempting to answer Bernard Shaw. Among them is Christabel Pankhurst, who only succeeded in showing that whatever she is a militant, she is nothing as a wit.

Shaw is not answerable, because he is a master of the double construction masked as direct statement, the two-faced paradox, the impertinent assertion. To fire at him is to receive a broadside for a shot. In fact, like the old-style duelist, Shaw stalks abroad with a chip on his shoulder, spreading insult and inviting conflict. Like the duelist, he is more apt to be wrong than right, but as the sword decided the issue under the "Code," so an irresponsible wit leaves nothing but humiliation to the challenge of indignant virtue. The weapon in such a case should be an axe instead of a rapier.

This being Shaw, it is astonishing to hear him replying to an attack from a Labor Party paper in a mood which has in it nothing of bluster and a deal of apparently sincere regret that he should have been assaulted from a quarter to which he had looked for sympathy. Indeed, the scoffer is almost pathetic as he announces that at least he is glad to know whence to expect the blows that he had looked for from others—that, even should the socialists share in the general condemnation of his "Common Sense About the War," he will continue his solitary and thankless course of being disagreeable.

It is just possible that Shaw meant what he said in his articles about the war and that underneath the mountebanking of his satirical philosophy he is in fact the lonely Don Quixote he pictures himself!—The State.

## The Same Old Story

There has been so little change in the European war situation during the past month that it is scarcely necessary to read the newspapers, in fact it is about time that the front pages were given to something more interesting.

As an example. We poked up one of the leading State dailies the other day. Snapping it was the morning paper we glanced at the was news and read the account without discovering that it was just two weeks old. Taking the old paper and comparing it with the paper of that day we could tell very little difference. In fact if the date lines were changed from one week to the other the public would hardly know the difference.

There is such a rigid censorship that we only get what is wanted given out and get very little real news.—Burlington News.

General Joffre is said to direct the French armies from a position seventy miles back of the firing line. The position of Commander-in-Chief, may have its responsibilities, but there is no doubt about it, also having its compensation. So far not even the ingenuity of the Krupps has succeeded in turning out a gun that will shoot seventy miles.