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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1916.

Money talks, but the west didn't heed it.

A blaze of glory—Wilmington's celebration of the Wilson victory.

Democracy stands for mankind; Republicanism for man unkind.

By the way, wasn't there a man named Jeremiah O'Leary?

Hughes drew the sectional lines and he got it—the south and west vs. the north.

A torchlight procession was indeed appropriate, because Wilson has certainly lighted the way.

Where ignorance is bliss—why Charles Evans Hughes found that being wise is blistering.

Vance McCormick is an ex-football star. No wonder he knew how to tackle the job.

Tammany appears somewhat disgraced by the election, but we bet it is still in the political ring.

Wonder if Chairman Willcox will insist on a recount of the votes in North Carolina and Texas?

Strange things happen. Governor Rye won in Tennessee, but rye lost out in Michigan and several other states.

Wilmington went wild last night. Ah, but it was such a delicious, patriotic wildness.

"Bully" characteristically shouted Colonel Roosevelt when told Hughes had been elected. Now he can eliminate the "y."

A week ago today Mr. Hughes spent a quiet though expectant Sunday. Today he is passing a more quiet and a sadder Sunday.

This warm weather may be unseasonable, but there is no kick coming from us with the price of coal doing an aviation stunt.

Judging by the way things are being manipulated in the Tenth North Carolina district it is fittingly labelled the Buncombe district.

If the price of sugar keeps going up a man might cut it out, consoling himself with the thought that he doesn't want to run the danger of dying of diabetes anyway.

Knew all the time the chap who talked about the stars proclaiming the election of Hughes was off. You don't look up, but down to find out things about Republicanism.

Did Theodore Roosevelt really foresee what was ahead when he said Tuesday night he would not advise Mr. Hughes who to appoint in his cabinet? There will be no Hughes cabinet; hence, not the impossible task of the Kurnel not trying to advise him.

No one seems to have taken into an account that it was a bad day for whiskers. Hughes, on the Republican side, and Kern, on the Democratic, both bit the dust in defeat. The only representative of the bewhiskered tried now posing in the limelight, and he is holding on merely by his eyebrows, is that distinguished trouble-maker, General Carranza.

One transparency in the parade last night declared that the women helped carry the election for Woodrow Wilson—and they did. It was the women in California, in Utah and in Washington that did it. In Utah it is estimated that something like twenty-one thousand women (much over half of those who voted) trudged through the snow to cast their ballots for Woodrow Wilson. All honor to them!

THE KURNEL'S FEELINGS.

Of course, after Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's fearless stand at Armageddon and bold defy of the threats, maledictions and vengeance of the Old Guard in the year 1912, and his subsequent unswerving loyalty to the Bull Moose party, as it stood transfixed in the faith in Chicago, in the year 1916, it would probably be wrong, in fact, cruel, and, perhaps, really barbaric, to even intimate that the discoverer of the River of Doubt secretly can feel jubilation over the defeat of Charles Evans Hughes. In the wake of his mammoth attitude in shouting for war on Germany, when the man he espoused (viva voce) was trying to place the soft pedal on this part of a supposed understanding, and his condescension in shaking hands with William Howard Taft and asking about his health, in the rather informal manner of "How do you do?"—all this for the sake of the Republican nominee—it would be illogical, illtempered and ill-advised to indulge one's fancy in the idea that the gentleman who could so lustily sing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," would inwardly exult at the downfall of a comrade.

Still, in the face of all these things to the contrary, one must ruminate over what rumbled loudly as campaign thunder but a short while back. It was that Roosevelt wanted Hughes defeated, as Roosevelt knew it would thus eliminate Hughes as the Republican nominee in 1920, and, at the same time, it would eliminate Woodrow Wilson, who could hardly expect to run a third time. So, learning the lesson of bitter defeat, the Republican party would have to turn to Roosevelt, and the Democrats would have to get some one not as strong as Wilson, as there is no other as strong as Wilson at this time.

In the circumstances Theodore Roosevelt might be prevailed upon to accept the Republican nomination. He might stifle his antipathy for holding public office and conquer modesty to such an extent as to again run for the Presidency of the United States.

NORTH CAROLINA SHOULD GET BUSY.

The University News Letter calls attention to the organization in Hattiesburg, Miss., of a company capitalized at \$1,500,000, to manufacture paper, and also to the fact that a fifty-ton paper mill is being built near Savannah, with a million dollars capital.

These things show that other parts of the South are taking advantage of opportunity and are developing resources. North Carolina should get busy in this way. Wilmington people should, to be trite, but fitting, "start something." It will be too late towards a move when the goal has been reached by other cities.

One of life's tragedies is the shadow of "what might have been."

The News Letters think North Carolina should do something in this direction, well saying:

"North Carolina ranks fourth in the United States in the production of yellow pine and fifth in the production of poplar—two woods especially desirable in the manufacture of paper pulp. In both these woods, we stand far ahead of Georgia, and next to Mississippi in yellow pine output. And as for loblolly pine, our supply is practically unlimited.

"We consume in our hreplaces in North Carolina about five and a half million cords of wood a year; or a million cords more than were used in all the wood pulp plants of the entire United States in the census year.

"Wood—we have it to burn in this State! And with every cord and a half of yellow pine or poplar we burn, a hundred dollars of clear profit goes up in smoke.

"Evidently, Mississippi and Georgia are figuring on this matter. Why not North Carolina."

"People interested in paper making material will write for Circular No. 41 of the Bureau of Chemistry, Federal Department of Agriculture, Washington."

CONSCIENCE; NOT GREED.

It is evident that the West, like the South, was adamant to the sordid influence of the North, as such is created in Wall Street and sent forth in various channels, in insidious, though powerful effort to pollute the fountainhead. The result of the election would indicate this, but as this might be disputed, why testimony from the West proves it. In this way it is shown that the West was put on notice as to the nature of the fight and that the battle was along such lines.

Robert Mann, secretary of the Wilson Independent League of California, wired the New York World the day after the election: "Wall Street may have a mortgage on the effete East. The West does its own thinking."

It might also be added that the old-time South does its own thinking and is not owned by Wall Street.

DANGEROUS ANTIQUITY.

Many lessons can be drawn with profit from the presidential campaign and election of 1916. With the exception of one all, perhaps, are remedial by man or woman in remembering, thinking clearly and in acting according to conscience. The one exception is the manner of electing a President. There have been times before when the procedure of having an electoral college name the President of the United States appeared lopsided, wobbly, illogical and un-Democratic, but probably not within the recollection of the present generations that are a force in the land; certainly not since the country has learned to take a broader view of the privileges—shall we say necessities—of the electorate of the country. In view of this enlightenment, which measures up more to the demands of a republic and in the wake of the confusion caused even now by the manner of selecting the President, with danger of disaster (even though that danger has passed in the present crisis) is it not time that a sane and safe American public demanded repeal of that antiquated electoral college way of naming the highest officer of the United States?

Why brag of the will of the people and boast of the rule of the majority, when some ancient mode of procedure is apt to knock the entire thing in the head? Why talk about placing the election of a President above suspicion when some technicality is apt to invalidate the will of the people, the name of such technicality being legion; being fraught with so many possibilities, from the death just before election day of an elector to wrong names and scratched tickets? This quagmire when there is only one officer to be elected. Then as every elector is a free agent, and could change his vote, out of accord with his instructions, this presents another dangerous possibility. It would be hard to conceive of a citizen who would want to be President through betrayal by an elector or to imagine a man villainous enough to break such a moral obligation and brave enough to face indignation by traitorous action. Yet in the heat of passion, in turmoil many strange things happen. Besides, it is a possibility, and such a possibility should have no standing in democracy.

The electoral college should be abolished. The people should name the President direct. Then he would truly be their representative. There would be no such thing as having received the biggest popular vote and the smallest electoral college vote. Then would democracy, in accordance with the American spirit, prevail.

Where is the statesman brave enough to propose such an amendment to the constitution and where the Congress so unresponsive to the needs of the hour and the will of the people as to decline to submit such an amendment to a vote of the States

BACK TO THE OLD DAYS.

If any additional proof of the reign of Democracy in Wilmington was needed, aside from the tremendous majority rolled up for the ticket, it came last night in formal celebration of the people's victory in re-electing Woodrow Wilson.

Last night Wilmington staged its biggest political celebration of years. The old town, in the hands of generations that have since come, went back to the old Cleveland-Hendrick days. Tar barrels blazed in the streets and thousands (not alone hundreds) took part in the biggest torchlight procession this city has ever known. Thousands more packed the streets and cheered. American flags everywhere, and devotion to the union surcharged the atmosphere. It was a spectacle to inspire. It will go down in history, both as a tribute to the greatest victory the people have ever achieved and in testimony that patriotism still blazes in hearts.

President Wilson bears no malice; he is not revengeful. That is why he is a great man; a great benefactor. So the speech that he made to the college students, who informally called upon him, in which he spoke of harmony in the country, virtually of forgetting the past, was to be expected. Let's bury the past. A lot of good American citizens listened to the Siren cooing of Hughes and followed false leaders. Let those who believe in progressive principles come back home. President Wilson has always acted squarely by them. Let them analyze and see. So return. All progressives must stand together. It has been clearly demonstrated that there are enough progressive Americans, who can't be turned from the track because of external happenings, who will see that good government—for the people—holds forth, but the ranks can be swelled. There is no necessity of any one sulking on the outside.

Not only did North Carolinians do their full share in achieving victory in the re-election of Woodrow Wilson,

but away from their native heath they ALL CELEBRATED THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN TO OFFICE. (Continued From Page One.)

TALKS ON THRIFT.

You cannot cross a bridge until you come to it, but you can't cross the river without it. The great bridges that span the Niagara River may be of little use to the New Yorker, but when he wants to go to Canada he finds them a necessity.

Every successful life is built upon the proposition of preparedness. The man who refuses to acknowledge the fact that some day he will be in need, is going to find himself in a serious predicament when he least expects it. The great trouble with many men and women is they live from day to day, with no thought of tomorrow. Today's earnings are spent as soon as earned—or before. Much of the world's poverty is due to this hand-to-mouth existence. We get into debt and never get out. We run bills until the butcher and the grocer go broke trying to pay our way for us.

A certain father lost his son unexpectedly. He had no money saved up. He lived as he went, never expecting such a happening. He appealed to his bank to carry him over the time of need, and was granted a loan, more out of pity than out of respect for his credit. But he should have built the bridge for himself long before the time of need came.

We rarely stop to appreciate how helpful the bank is until we need assistance, nor grasp the fact that if somebody had not been thrifty and anticipated the time when financial bridges would be needed and banked their money, we would often be in a sorry plight.

Banks are built on the savings of the thrifty. They lend to the merchant, manufacturer and individual, both as a business proposition and as a matter of courtesy in time of need; but it is a sad commentary on our method of life, if when the time of need comes, we must literally beg the banker, or a friend, to tide us over the time thrift would have anticipated and prepared us for.

Money is not the sum total of human existence, but it goes a long way towards making life, no matter how hard it may be in other respects, pleasant. Every man "knows that health is a delicate thing; that sickness, accident or loss of employment is liable to come at any time—and it is sure to come to us all sooner or later—and no one but a fool will defy all the laws of nature, all the advice of men and experience of the past and refuse to acknowledge the neces-

vehicles of every conceivable class and the mule occupied his position in the parade, as did the automobile. Thousands tramped on foot to popular airs rendered by a brass band and drum corps.

A report was circulated that a telegram had been received in the city to the effect that the election was again in doubt, but the idea was scoffed at and the Wilson Democrats wore smiles that refused to come off. It was Wilson night and as such it was fittingly observed.

To add to the excitement the motor fire truck broke from the line of march at the corner of Market and Front streets and raced wildly down Market street, but the act was nothing more than to increase the excitement that was in the air. If the driver imagined for an instant the crowd would break and follow in his wake he was disappointed, for the crowd was out to celebrate in honor of Mr. Wilson and not to attend a possible fire.

The street car schedule was wrecked. The clanging of bells on trolley cars had as much effect on the clearing of the way for passage as water has on a duck's back and the street cars waited until the crowd fell back of its own accord.

Wilson's night has come and gone but the memory of it will stay with Wilmington for an indefinite period.

Bridges were never meant for ornaments; they were meant for use. They start somewhere and get somewhere. They are meant to carry loads. A bank account is a mighty good bridge. It will tide you over many a troublesome stream, and see you safely on the other side; but many men must flounder around in the currents of adversity, tossed hither and yon, before they will acknowledge the truth and begin to get ready. If everybody some people do, spend the dollar as fast as it is earned the human race would fast go to destruction.

Every man who earns should save. Every woman, no matter how safe may be her lot now, should look the future in the face and see if she were left alone could she manage single handed to make the world give her an existence.

You cannot cross the bridge until you get there, that is certain; but you can build the bridge that you surely will need some day, and lucky for you if you have the bridge and can use it, and still more lucky if it is there and never need use it, you can be safe either way.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On December 1st, we will take over practically the entire supply of milk coming through the dairy to the city, and have employed an expert to take charge of the milk depot. The milk will be handled in a separate department especially fitted for that purpose, and it will not come in contact with the Ice Cream department which will be under the supervision of the Health Department. With the co-operation and assistance of the public we will endeavor to serve you with the best milk, and promptly. Warren's Creamery, 20 North 2nd street.—Adv.

CLYDE LINE To New York and Georgetown, S. C. NEW YORK TO WILMINGTON. S. S. Cherokee... Saturday, Nov. 11th S. S. Cherokee... Wednesday, Nov. 22nd WILMINGTON TO GEORGETOWN. S. S. Cherokee... Tuesday, Nov. 14th S. S. Cherokee... Saturday, Nov. 25th WILMINGTON TO NEW YORK. S. S. Cherokee... Saturday, Nov. 18th S. S. Cherokee... Wednesday, Nov. 29th S. S. Cherokee carries first class passengers only. Freight accepted from and for nearly North Carolina points at advantageous rates. CLYDE STEAMSHIP CO., C. J. BECKER, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.

MORTGAGE SALE. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Walter H. Swenson and wife to North Carolina Home Building Association, duly registered in Book 82, page 567, of the records of New Hanover County, the undersigned will sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash at the Court House door in the City of Wilmington on Monday, the 27th day of November, 1916, at twelve o'clock M., the following described lot of land in the City of Wilmington, State of North Carolina, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the western line of Magnolia street 120 feet South of the southern line of Dock street; runs thence southwardly along the western line of Magnolia street 35 feet; thence westwardly and parallel with Dock street 55 feet; thence northwardly and parallel with Magnolia street 35 feet; thence eastwardly and parallel with Dock street 55 feet to the beginning, and being part of Lots 2 and 3, Block 147.

Southern MEDICAL ASSOCIATION at ATLANTA, GA. Round Trip Fare From Wilmington \$18.35 Tickets will be sold at Atlanta as above by the ATLANTIC COAST LINE. Standard Railroad of the South. NOVEMBER 12, 13 and 14. Limited returning until midnight of November 19, 1916. Proportionate fares from all stations on the A. C. L. For further information, schedules, sleeping car accommodations, etc., call on T. C. WHITE, Gen. Pass. Agt. Wilmington, N. C. Phone 160.

FORECLOSURE SALE. By virtue of and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a mortgage made by Ed. Nixon and wife to the Wilmington Homestead and Loan Association, recorded in Book 72, page 69, of the records of New Hanover County, the undersigned will sell, at public auction, at public auction, for cash, at the Court House door in Wilmington, N. C., on Friday, the 24th day of November, 1916, at twelve o'clock M., the following described property in said city: Beginning at a point in the western line of 7th street 120 feet south of the southern line of Dawson street; runs thence south along 7th street 35 feet; thence westwardly parallel with Dawson street 165 feet; thence north parallel with 7th street 35 feet; thence eastwardly parallel with Dawson street 165 feet to the beginning, and being part of Lot 4, Block 36.

J. B. McCABE & CO., Certified Public Accountants. Room 815 Merchants Bank Bldg. Phone 996. WILMINGTON, N. C.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE Arrivals and Departures of Trains at Wilmington, Effective Nov. 13th, 1916. Time Not Guaranteed.

Table with columns: DEPARTURE, TO AND FROM, ARRIVALS. Lists train schedules for various routes including Goldsboro, Richmond, Norfolk, Jacksonville, and Fayetteville.

Liggetts Chocolates 80c to \$1.50 pound. Johnston's Chocolates 80c to \$1.50 pound. Between the two lines we have the best Candy to be had at any price. If you purchase a box and for any reason do not like it, just throw the box away and telephone 248 and we will rush your money back to you by messenger.

ELVINGTON "Serves You Right" North Carolina, New Hanover County, Before the Clerk, Mary Onslow, Plaintiff vs. David Livingstone, Montgomery Livingstone, Harry Livingstone, Virginia Moore, Fred Moore, Armand Moore, Charlie Moore, Harriet Moore and Rosanna Moore, Defendants. Notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of New Hanover County to sell land for part of the highest bidder, at public auction, at the Court House door in Wilmington, North Carolina, to be held on the 30th day of November 1916, at the Court House of said county, and answer or do otherwise to the complaint in said cause, or the relief demanded in said complaint, on or before the 17th day of October, 1916.

SHELLTEX Spectacles or Eye Glasses. We have Shell rim and bows of beauty and elegance, made to meet the mode. Come in and see them. WE will save you money. Spectacles or eye glasses correctly fitted to your eyes for \$1.00 up. EYES TESTED FREE. Dr. Vineberg, Masonic Temple.

Columbia Records Note the Notes. ELECTRIC GRAFONOLAS—always ready for instant use—moving the tone arm starts the record. The motor used in Columbia Electric Grafonolas operates perfectly on any standard current, whether direct or alternating; is adaptable to any voltage; may be attached to any socket; and can be depended upon to give continuous, silent, effective service under any and all conditions. We are ready to supply the Columbia Electric Grafonola in five mahogany models at the prices of \$125, \$135, \$175, \$225 and \$350—on convenient terms of payment. Green's Drug Store