

Mr. B. G. Thompson of Goldsboro recently made an automobile tour of a number of the cotton states and came back with the pronounced opinion that the crop shortage this year is going to be greater than has yet been suspected.

The North Carolina members of the Cotton States Commission recently met in Raleigh to discuss the program of the fall meeting of the commission soon to be held in Memphis.

From the various reports that come in from these various sources it is evident that the cotton commission has its work cut out for it, for with the boll weevil already in complete possession of the entire cotton belt, the cotton army worm approaching and the cotton army worm overrunning three of the States that are among the foremost producers, this year's crop is not the most promising, and with the demand abroad increasing, as well as the tendency in our own mills to pick up in business, the already limited supply shows no sign of satisfying the requirements.

Last winter the cotton commission went to New Orleans with the idea in mind of trying to find outlet for American cotton at a better price. It came away with a realization that the farmer must have the backing of the people, the states and the nation in contesting the field with insect pests. The delegates go to the Memphis meeting with the fact staring them in the face that the great agricultural industry of the South is in the greatest jeopardy, and that unless something is done to stop the ravages of the boll weevil, the pink boll worm and the cotton army worm the prices of cotton ceases to be a factor and the amount of cotton that can be made is the whole thing. No man can imagine the situation of a world without a sufficient cotton crop, but that is what we are evidently facing, and right now.

The world's surplus carry-over of cotton is the smallest known in many years, and even the most sanguine do not expect more than an eleven million bale crop this year. Mr. Butler's predictions sound rather pessimistic, but with the spread of the weevil over the entire belt and the increase of the other insect pests, it is certain that the growing of cotton is faced with a crisis.

ATLANTA WANTS COTTON, TOO.

The following clipping from the Atlanta Constitution shows that that big city is thinking about cotton concentration about like Goldsboro is:

Plans for making Atlanta the world's greatest inland spot for cotton were discussed by the directors of the Atlanta Commercial Exchange at a special called meeting at the chamber of commerce at noon Thursday in connection with the recent announcement by the Shippers' Compress company of the leasing of the monster Candler warehouse. The warehouse, which will be devoted entirely to storing and merchandising cotton, has a capacity of approximately 250,000 bales, and more than doubles Atlanta's former capacity for handling spot cotton.

J. B. Tigner, secretary of the commercial exchange, declared after the meeting that the directors of the exchange were sure that the increased facilities for cotton handling, which gives Atlanta a warehouse capacity of around 400,000 bales of cotton, combined with the preferential railroad rates on cotton received recently and the immense banking resources of the city would make Atlanta the logical center of the spot cotton trade of the United States.

Atlanta is a center from which cotton can be shipped with equal facility either to the Southern seaports of Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, for export to European mills, or direct by rail to the great mills of New England and North Carolina, according to Mr. Tigner.

Reduce the figures properly and this article might be used for Goldsboro at the present time. Argument is exactly the same. Why does Atlanta want to be a point of concentration for cotton? Why would any town want to be?

WHO WILL CERTIFY MR. HUGHES

Now that Mr. Hughes has met the necessities of the Republican campaign by giving Newberry a clean bill of health couched in technical argument that ignores the facts in the case, some one wishes to know

who is going to give Mr. Hughes his clean bill of health.

The River Rhyme, it is well known, Doth wash your City of Cologne, But tell me, nymphs! what power it will Shall henceforth wash the River Rhyme?

Several years after the corrupt practice act had been in force, and after a Federal court presided over by a Republican judge had found Newberry guilty, Mr. Hughes and other lawyers employed by him secured a verdict from the supreme court declaring the act unconstitutional. The law permitted the expenditure of not more than ten thousand dollars in the election of a senator and it was shown that Newberry had spent a quarter of a million.

BROTHER ASA IN HARD LUCK

Old Brother Aea G. Candler, to whose immense Coca Cola made fortune millions pay tribute everybody when they request a "dope" from the soda jerker, is in hard luck. It seems that the pious members of his family who are unselfishly concerned about the proper disposal of his money are about to frustrate the old man to become the walking stick of a handsome and ambitious woman. A press dispatch from Reno, to the Atlanta Constitution says:

Mrs. Onexima A. Bouchelle, former New Orleans society, club and suffrage leader, admitted today that there are elements militating against her proposed marriage to Aea Candler, Atlanta multimillionaire, but denied knowledge of any "poison pen" plot calculated to break off the match.

Mrs. De Bouchelle declared that objection to the marriage has been voiced by members of the Candler family on religious grounds. Mr. Candler's brother, who, she said, is a senior bishop of the Methodist church, south, at Atlanta, has opposed for that reason, according to her statement today.

It seems that since the lady is engaged to marry Brother Aea and not the Bishop, she should not worry about what the latter has to say about it. But the old man has another family trouble just now, which prevents him going west to see his fiancée. It is a suit which an Atlanta husband is bringing about the old man's son for damages for an alleged assault upon the man's wife. When you drink your dope you might give a thought to undo Aea's troubles.

NORTH CAROLINA NAMES

Hon. Josephus Daniels says that North Carolina people ought to be ashamed of themselves for doing away with their original names, many of them Indian names and very beautiful, and substituting meaningless ones. He cites Elm City, the original name of which was Toisnot, and Fremont, which was first Nahutta.

In every section of the State the pretty Indian names or the old historic ones have been done away with and some commonplace substitutes that have neither beauty nor reason for their existence given their places.

North Carolina was settled in relation to the water courses and other natural conditions. Ever since the railroads began to come through the old names have been dropped and places have received names from railroad contractors, and from that and that person and object, until there is little left of the old nomenclature. Nine out of ten North Carolinians would rather hail from Hog Wallow than from Minnehaha, judging by

their fondness by letting go the old names. The post office department has had no little to do with this, too. Its desires for short and commonplace names has exerted a constant pressure in the direction of doing away with the old ones.

PUBLIC FORUM

APPRECIATES THE NEWS. To the Editor of The News: The members of Battery A, 117th E. A., wish to express the appreciation to The Goldsboro News for the cooperation given while the battery was in Rocky Mount and at Camp Bragg. The papers furnished the battery at the two above places and also in the club rooms at Goldsboro have greatly helped in sustaining the morale of the battery as well as affording the members much diversion.

We thank you. EDWARD MICHAX, Commanding Battery A, 117th. F. A.

A SOLDIER'S PLEA TO A SUPERIOR OFFICER.

To the Editor of The News: In going over the proceedings and findings of the court in the case of Howard Brown for the killing of Albert Bowers tried in the Wayne county court on August 25th and 26th, please allow me to say that justice is justice, and that if, after the case went into the hands of the jury and had been decided on by the minds of twelve competent, intelligent, and honorable men, they reached their verdict, being one or the other, I acknowledge their decision as justice. It is not the verdict of the jury or the decision of the court that compels me to write and read this writing Justice Versus Insult.

An unheard voice from a mother in her grave cries to me against such poisonous insults as deluged womanhood of Syria. God grant, Col. Langston, that my mother was as pure and honorable in giving me birth as you are, who she is a Syrian. Syria is Syria, and we are Syrians. Turkey is Turkey, sir, and they are Turks. Why add insult upon injury and accuse us of the Turks' damnable atrocities; why credit us with the lust, passion and debauchery that we have fought against since the Crucifixion of Christ? Why add insult upon injury and accuse us of the Turks' damnable atrocities; why credit us with the lust, passion and debauchery that we have fought against since the Crucifixion of Christ?

George Curry, former governor of New Mexico, whom President Harding appointed to membership on the United States-Mexico International Boundary Commission, is one of a number of the former Roosevelt "Rough Riders" who have risen to high position in public life. George Curry, as he was known in his rough rider days, was born in Louisiana and in early manhood went West, where he worked on a sheep ranch and in various other employments. Settling in New Mexico, he became a member of the territorial legislature and later clerk of the United States district court. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he went to Cuba with the "Rough Riders." Subsequently he distinguished himself in the Philippine Campaign and became chief of police of Manila. In 1907 his old leader, now became President, appointed him governor of New Mexico territory. After retiring from the governorship Mr. Curry served a term in Congress.

TODAY'S ANNIVERSARIES.

1843-JAMES W. BRYAN, RINGOY of Michigan was nominated for President by the National Liberty convention at Buffalo. 1852-John Camden Neild, an eccentric English miser, died, bequeathing \$1,250,000 to Queen Victoria. 1856-Admiral Sir John Ross, the famous Arctic explorer died in London, born June 24, 1777. 1865-The new building of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce was formally dedicated. 1872-Fifty lives were lost in a collision of two vessels in Long Island Sound. 1884-Thomas A. Hendricks, nominee for Vice President, opened the Democratic national campaign in Indiana. 1894-A convention to promote Southern development was opened in Washington, D. C. 1906-William J. Bryan arrived in New York from abroad and was given a popular reception.

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY.

Six were killed in the rioting in Belfast. Proclamation of President Harding ordering West Virginia striking miners to disperse.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS.

Lawrence C. Phillips, United States senator from Colorado, born in Washington county, Pa. 69 years ago today. Henry F. Hollis, former United States senator from New Hampshire, born at Concord, N. H., 53 years ago today. Fritz Scheff, a favorite of the musical stage, born in Vienna, Austria, 43 years ago today. Rt. Rev. Herbert Shipman, bishop of New York, born at Lexington, Ky., 53 years ago today. Edmund J. Miller, outfielder of the

Philadelphia American league base ball team, born at Vinton, Iowa, 28 years ago today. WOMAN WHO KILLS HUSBAND IS HAPPY. Though She May Go To Electric Chair, Mrs. Carrie Hubbard Is Happy.

BOSTON, Aug. 28.—Although she may be the first woman to go to the electric chair in Massachusetts, Mrs. Carrie N. Hubbard is calm and free from worry. She is awaiting trial on a charge of murder in the first degree for having slain her husband, William H. Hubbard, wealthy chemical manufacturer.

But her children stand behind her. "So I'm happy!" she says in the Charles Street Jail here. "I know everything will come out all right. When my story is told in court, there won't be any doubt about the verdict of the jury."

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

TODAY'S EVENTS. One hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Mary Willsoncraft Shelby, the brilliant wife of the famous poet. Twentieth anniversary of the great eruption of Mont Pelee, which caused the loss of more than two thousand lives.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew the national organization of Episcopal laymen, opens its 27th annual convention today in Seattle.

Asbury Park today will hold its annual "Baby Parade," the carnival event for which the New Jersey resort has become world famous.

Ontario Liberal men and women, are uniting in a great testimonial banquet to be given in Toronto tonight to W. L. Mackenzie King, the Dominion premier.

The only statue in existence representing George Washington as a young man, will be dedicated today in the town of Waterford, near Erie, Pa., upon the site of the original Fort Le Boef, built by the French in 1752.

IN THE DAY'S NEWS.

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What She'll Tell.

She will tell about her life with her husband, of his alleged jealousies, which she says culminated in a rage when he found her walking with a 22-year-old boy—a long friend of the family. Her two children will hear her out.

During the war Mrs. Hubbard was an active "war godmother" in the camps and at home. The Red Cross awarded her a cup for her services.

On Thanksgiving Day four years ago, she asked the Y. M. C. A. to send four boys from the Charleston Navy Yard to her home at Roslindale for dinner. One of the four was unable to come, so the secretary sent a substitute—Edmund Pitlock, then 18.

Pitlock became friendly with the Hubbards. They invited him over often. After his discharge he went to his home in Chicago.

"But Mrs. Hubbard," says Willard Price Lombard, the accused woman's counsel, "used to write to Pitlock. When he later was married, 'Mother Hubbard' as Mrs. Hubbard was known to the boys, made a little correspondence and sent it as a gift."

Then Pitlock came East for medical treatment. He came up to see his old friends. Hubbard invited him to spend a week-end at a camp.

Jealousy Aroused. But one afternoon Hubbard met his wife and Pitlock walking. Enraged over the attention he believed this boy was paying to his 45-year-old wife, the 22-year-old business man started quarreling with them, Mrs. Hubbard says.

According to the story told the police Hubbard menaced the young ex-gambler, frightened, the boy ran away.

Hubbard then turned his wrath on his wife. She fled to her room. He came after her, she reached under the mattress and pulled out a revolver.

One shot—and it was all over. Hubbard fell over—dead.

"I never saw a woman as satisfied as she," her lawyer says. "Her children make her that. They visit her every day."

When the case comes to trial in September it is expected, it will be keenly fought by two of Boston's leading lawyers.

"While I have compassion about having a woman found guilty of murder," says Thomas C. O'Brien, who will prosecute the case, "it is the jury that brings in the verdict."

PIGS, PICKLE-ON SOUR MASH, EAT OFF EACH OTHER'S TAILS.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 28.—Possibly "pigs is pigs" under ordinary circumstances, but when three barrels of moonshine mash are injected into the picture, the pigs are "pigs is pigs is pigs." At least, such is the case if the following "tale of tails" related by Acting Chief of County Detectives George Murvin is correct.

County Detectives John Burke and Edward Franks were detailed yesterday to search for stills in Patton township. On the farm of Michael Manash, the officers say, they found a still in operation and three barrels of mash. Manash was placed under arrest and the barrels of mash were emptied into the farm pig pen by the detectives.

Having other cases to investigate, the detectives took Manash to East Pittsburgh for safekeeping, while the still was left at the Manash farm. Three hours later the detectives returned for the still and by chance happened to glance into the pig pen.

The six porkers that inhabited the pen were all in a groggy condition, and fast, but far from being least, the perfectly curled little tails that added each candidate for the sausage futurity when the detectives emptied the mash into the pen were entirely missing.

That the six pigs amputated each other's tails while under the effects of the booze mash was the report of the detectives as handed out by Acting Chief Murvin.

English shipbuilders have developed a method for fireproofing mahogany for bulkhead doors in vessels.

"Go Ye Into the Highways!"



Rev. Branford Clarke, "poet-painter-preacher," literally obeys the Biblical injunction and has erected a small church on an auto chassis. He intends to travel from New York to the Pacific coast in it, preaching along the way.

"Hippy," American Hobo, Lands In Badgad, Broke and Shoeless

BADGAD, Mesopotamia, Aug. 28.—Hippolyte Martinet, an American, who emigrated from Seattle, Wash., and who claims to have tramped barefooted half the globe, arrived in Badgad today, shoeless as well as penniless.

With long hair hanging over his neck to protect it from heat and cold, a beard that had not seen the shears for two long years, a kit weighing about 20 pounds slung across his back, and a sign pinned across his breast to proclaim to the world that he is a globe trotter, Mr. Martinet presented himself to King Feisal and told the following story:

"Tired of my profession as a cabinet maker and feeling that a tramp around the world that he is a globe trotter, Mr. Martinet left his home on April 19, 1920, encumbered by very little of things material.

"Walking on an average of 34 miles a day and resting at several places, I reached New York four months later, and managed to get a passage across the Atlantic, reaching Southampton in the middle of September. After a tramp to London I embarked for Antwerp.

"From Antwerp I worked by way through the devastated regions to Paris. In Paris I tried to sell picture postcards representing myself in the role of a globe trotter, but the French police mistook me for a beggar and drove me away.

"Quitting Paris I tramped to Harve, and thence to Nice. From Nice I crossed to Switzerland and gradually worked my way down to Brindisi. Leaving the Italian port I crossed to Albania and thence to Greece. Taking a boat I crossed to Egypt, reaching Cairo in December last year.

"After roaming about Egypt I struck towards Palestine and then to Damascus, where I joined a caravan, crossing the desert to Badgad in 21 days."

"You never can tell. The charity that begins at home is sometimes too weak and sickly to get out."

Jumbina Gets Her Ears Scrubbed



Jumbina, the African elephant in the national zoological park at Washington, D. C., hates to get her ears washed just as much as any child. Here her keeper is getting rid of the bilgewater mark she left when she washed herself.

BRINGING UP FATHER



By GEORGE MCMANUS