

## DUNLAP RUMINATIONS.

(BY S. S. DUNLAP.)

Editor:—The mission of a newspaper as I see it, is to make public opinion which the public is, or should be, interested in.

Newspapers are doing this, and are not. If the people would pay attention to these things and sharply criticize the papers that are not doing it, the service they deserve, and are trying to keep the people interested in actual facts concerning the country; and would give their support to the publications that are honest and economical in their administration of governmental affairs.

From the national to the township level, and would leave out of consideration all the time serving, optimistic, and all the time giving public opinion. In certain cases for fear of insulting the readers, there would be a dropping of the latter in a very unbecoming way, that would lessen the weight of the news that is retarding the progress of the country.

The class of papers that are wholly devoted to the advertising group of our country, and who seem to think that their salvation is in the hands of the advertiser, would soon shake down to a few editors left who are trying to make their papers give their readers what they want, and that would be a great many items of news that is of vital importance to the general public would never get its head above water.

We were talking with a certain editor of the (Union) county some days ago, and in the speaking of this very situation, he expressed himself in this manner: "I think it is the duty of the editor of a newspaper to tell folks what is going on, and not propose to dictate to them, but to do what about it, but if they do not know what is being carried out, how can they do anything?"

On the other hand, if they are interested in the fact, and are pleased with the situation, they can lend their support and give speed to any movement the leaders are boosting; and if they are displeased, they should have an opportunity to enter an objection, and to be heard.

This latter provision seems to be exact grounds for objection of certain newspapers to too much newspaper publicity. They are afraid to let the people know what they are putting over on them, because the probability is they would not stand for it, and their purpose would thus be thwarted.

These movements started among the newspapers some months ago to call meetings to discuss matters relating to the operation of the press, and to inquire into the possibility of devising a means of making the press more honest and efficient. There has arisen among our newspaper fraternity a very great enthusiasm of the safety of certain pap-suckers, who would claim that so and so is doing too much salary for the job he is doing, and who would think that is not to be considered.

## Organization Catching.

An organization called the "Shift-Shifters" has broken out among the Charlotte school children and seems to have spread like the measles or the diphtheria. The Charlotte papers are devoting columns to the new order.

Some of the folks say it is innocent and harmless, while the children are supposed; others take it seriously and say it is a secret danger in itself. It is a secret and three of the principal members read: "To get all you can get something for nothing; to do whatever they do you." Dangerous ideas for children to imbibe, and if intended only for innocent fun. But the children may be expected to imitate their elders and in the matter of organizations of this nature, and another the grown-ups are not so much so. That even the children are catching the spirit of the thing. Children learn much by imitation. Are we setting them a good example in every respect? The world is large, "every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In this principal plank in the "Shifters' original or from what they see all around them in the affairs of life? This is something to think about, talk about and preach about.—Local Editor.

## Children Smoked 250 Years Ago.

Some two hundred and fifty years ago children in England were sent to school with pipes in their mouths, and the schoolmaster called a halt when the studies while they all smoked.

## BY EDITOR J. Z. GREEN

### Democrats Throwing Bouquets at Each Other—Tax-Fed Job Holders See the Swill Trough Receding.

(Writing to the Monroe Enquirer, J. Z. Green, editor of the Marshallville Home thus delivers himself along existing conditions in the political arena.)—Local Editor.

Report comes from party machine headquarters at Raleigh that "Democrats fear G. O. P. raid on June primaries." There isn't anything that disturbs the "peace of mind" of the great army of tax-consuming, pie-eating machine politicians in this State more than a suspicion that the group of independent voters is gradually increasing in size in North Carolina and in the nation.

In the last national election about five million Democrats made a "raid" on the Republican party and caused an unparalleled and staggering defeat of the Democratic party, if not its elimination as a national political party. Why should machine Democrats at Raleigh object to more votes for their party? If independent voters in the Republican party should decide that they can make their influence felt more by participating in the Democratic primaries why deny them that privilege?

The independent voter who has learned not to have any more sense than to vote as he pleases seems to cause cold chills to run down the spinal columns of the tax-consuming, patronage-fed political manipulators who are now having nightmares over the thought of a possible removal from the political will trough.

There are perhaps enough superfluous tax-fed job holders in North Carolina, principal and subordinate, to make a convention almost as large as either of the recent State Democratic or Republican conventions—the logical and inevitable result of a long lease of political power, for which voters and taxpayers are directly responsible. It would, indeed, be interesting to know just what per cent of the recent State Democratic convention, which went through with usual formalities of throwing bouquets at themselves, were office-holders, prospective office-holders, subordinate office-holders, close-akin to office-holders or ex-office-holders.

The "key-note" of the meeting has been comfortably located at the pie counter so long that it is like the job in a part of his estate. A convention made up of volunteer official beneficiaries of party "patronage" trying to pose as representatives of the welfare of the taxpayers of the State, passing resolutions heartily endorsing themselves, recommending that they be retained in the same jobs now held, and incidentally making a "sate" for governors for the next eight years would be the greatest joke ever pulled off in the State, if that bunch of political manipulators had taken themselves seriously and insisted that the rank and file of the party should also take them seriously and swallow the dose with delight and enthusiasm.

The taxpayer who thinks he can continue to vote like the patronage machine politicians suggest and refuse to make demands upon the candidate of his choice and find out what he stands for and also whether he can be relied upon to live up to his professions after election, might as well be thumping paper balls against a brick wall as a means of getting relief from the rapidly growing tax burden, as to imagine that his regular "party" vote will do any good.

J. Z. GREEN.

## As a Democrat Sees It.

Our Governor recently said: "I am ashamed to say that North Carolina is more economical in the payment of taxes and the things we do collectively than we are in the things we do as individuals." (May 8, 1922.)

All the great nations of the past—Greece, Rome, Egypt, Spain, and others—fell because the government demanded more in taxes than the people were able to pay.

Tax burdens have broken all the great countries of the past. Shall this be the fate of North Carolina? People who have no tax burdens and who pay no taxes and who have never paid taxes can well afford to parade this stuff.

I, for one, am "ashamed" of the Governor of this Great State for "making such a statement. This comes from a man who was defeated politically in his own home district, and came to Charlotte as a political adventurer, and made good as such.

I am not simply expressing my own sentiments, but the sentiments of thousands of other Mecklenburgers and North Carolinians who voted and worked for this political adventurer, whose brains were as small as his voice was big. He may well be dubbed the Jackass Governor of North Carolina, and carry the title on down to his grave.—BREVARD NIXON, (Democrat) Charlotte, N. C., in Greensboro News.

## Are There Too Many D. D.'s?

The Methodist Conference voted down a proposal to require of its candidates for the ministry the payment of two years' college training. The Methodists are wise enough to know that the backwoods preachers bring more people into the church than D. D.'s.—Charity and Children.

(If it is as Editor Johnson says, then for results, it would seem that the more "backwoods preachers" we have and the less D. D.'s, the better. How about it, brethren?)—Local Editor.

## Calling a Halt.

Seemingly during the war a great many of our civil officers caught the martial spirit to the extent that they forgot they were servants and not masters of the people. We are as much in favor of enforcing the prohibition law as anyone, but when it comes to holding up and searching a citizen on the public highway, or invading the privacy of his home, without any authority whatever, it is time to call a halt. The free people of this country may stand for some abuse of authority on the part of officers, but let none of us make the mistake of supposing they will allow their traditional liberty to slip beyond reach.—Mocksville Enterprise.

## President Harding Says

"Our great assurance at home lies in a virile, intelligent, resolute people, in a land unravaged by war, at enmity with no people, envying none, coveting nothing, seeking no territory, striving for no glories, which do not become a righteous nation. This republic cannot, will not fail, if each of us does his part."—Warren G. Harding.

Rudolph Valentino, a screen actor, was arrested at Los Angeles, Cal., May 20, charged with bigamy. Another "bright movie star" seems to have gone to the bad.

## Boy Golf Wonder is President Shy



When James Frazier, the five-year-old son of Jim Frazier, gave an exhibition of his skill at golf on the Sea View, N. J. links, President Harding took occasion to congratulate the little fellow. Bold in his strokes when playing, the youngster became president shy when he grasped the hand of the nation's head.

## NEGRO BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Confessed to the Murder and Robbery of a Young White Woman.

Davidsboro, Ga., May 18.—Following his confession that he robbed and murdered Mrs. William Ketchum, 22, rural mail carrier of this city, Charles Atkins, 15 year old negro boy was burned at the stake at 6 o'clock tonight.

The lynching occurred at the scene of the murder more than 2,000 persons from several counties witnessing or taking part, according to witnesses.

After being tortured with a slow fire for fifteen minutes, the mob loosened the trace chains that held Atkins to a pine tree and placed his seared body in the middle of the main highway. He was conscious, crying in pain. The mob demanded to know if there were others connected with the murder.

Atkins, it was said, named John Henry Tarver, another negro boy, whom he said was the only other person connected with it. He had previously connected his brother with the case.

## REMOVES A TUMOR FROM BRAIN.

Dr. J. Arthur Doshier, of Southport, N. C., Performed This Delicate Operation.

Southport, May 18.—A tumor has been removed from the brain of Winslow Kemble, 19, of Boston, Mass., since he came here two weeks ago aboard his father's yacht, and the young man apparently is on the road to recovery after 10 years of headaches and at times excruciating pain, when it was necessary to use chloroform to alleviate it. Since the operation last Thursday the young man has felt no such headaches. Some of the stitches were removed yesterday and he was chatting pleasantly and concentrating on a game of auction bridge.

It was 10 years ago that Winslow Kemble was hit on the head with a scuttling and almost killed by a playmate. He was then 9 years of age. Since that day the most eminent brain specialists of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and practically every important port between Maine and Florida have been consulted. One brain specialist who lives in Boston and who bears an international reputation has made x-rays of the young man's skull, his father, Parker Kemble, a well known sportsman and a member of the Eastern Yacht club, of Boston, explained. These great surgeons of the north knew all about the fracture, but never seemed to be able to get anything definite from their x-ray photographs and never favored an operation.

## Made Correct Diagnosis.

It remained for Dr. J. Arthur Doshier, of Southport, with only the evidence of headaches to go by and with the verdict of a half dozen specialists whose fame has spread around the world to go against, to make the correct diagnosis and to have the courage to go ahead and operate. If the young man had been stupid, an epileptic, afflicted with convulsions, or about to die, his parents wouldn't have considered it so remarkable that the North Carolina surgeon made the right diagnosis. But the fact is, it is stated, that the young man was normal in every respect except that he suffered with these severe headaches and could not concentrate on books. For this reason he had his own motor car, his motor boat up in Maine and stayed in the open as much as possible, or else his parents brought him South on their yacht on many of their cruises. They have been cruising in Southern waters since last fall. It was while in St. Augustine when young Kemble was struck with one of his severe headaches which proved a little more severe and which had him in a semi-conscious state that they decided to return here.

"If you had stayed on in Southport Dr. Doshier would have cured me," he told his parents while suffering intensely.

They had met Dr. Doshier some months earlier, the young man had been in his care while his yacht was anchored in the harbor, and he had become very much attached to the surgeon.

## Played a Lone Hand.

It was because of this attachment and confidence, his father admitted, that I allowed the operation.

"I knew I played a lone hand. I knew if the operation failed I would be subjected to a good deal of criticism and censure at home by relatives and by surgeons in Boston for coming down here and having my son operated on after several specialists had advised against it. I figured on the psychology of Winslow's confidence in Dr. Doshier as much as anything."

Dr. Doshier is an alumnus of Johns Hopkins and is considered by those who know him as one of the best surgeons in the South. The tumor he took from the front part of the brain of young Kemble contained approximately two teaspoonsful of serum.

## CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

What Our Shows and Paste Pot Captured of a Humorous Vain From Our Exchange.

JUST SO.

"Why were you exceeding the speed limit?"

"Judge, I was taking a visiting friend to the station."

"Guess I can't fine you, then. We are told to speed the parting guest."

ONLY HIS HAND.

He had never been to sea before.

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship's doctor asked.

"No sir," he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."

WHAT SAM DID.

"Does you wife take in washing Sam?" "No, sah."

"But I understand she did take in washing Sam?" "No, sah, you're wrong. I takes in de washin', and I takes de washin' out. All m' wife does is t' stay home and do it, sah."

KNOWS NOTHING AT ALL.

Topsy—Do you know, daddy, I don't think mummy understands anything about children, really!

Daddy—What do you mean, Topsy?

Topsy—Well, you see, she wants me to go to bed when I am wide awake and to get up when I'm awfully sleepy.

USE BOTH HANDS.

Pat—to the carpenter who is vigorously sucking his thumb—"Don't you know how to drive a nail yit, without smacking yer finger?"

Carpenter—"No, you blamed fool, neither do you."

Pat—"Sure I do. Hold the hammer in both hands."

HOW HE KNEW HIM.

Two men were talking in the smoking car. Finally one of them remarked that he was from Wichita.

"Do you know Charlie Smith out there?" the other asked.

"Know him! I should say I do. We have slept in adjoining pews at church for the last twenty years."

IN THE NEXT BOOTH.

Lo, Central.

Lo, Central.

Lo, Central.

Lo, This Central? Then get off the wire!

Thatchu, Central? Wassat? Line's busy?

Howinell can it be busy when I haven't given you no number yet?

HE KNEW.

What little boy can tell me the difference between the "Quick" and the "Dead" asked the Sunday School teacher. Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie."

"Please, ma'am, the 'Quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'Dead'."

EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW?

Mandy and Rastus had become engaged, but Mandy still has misgivings.

"Big boy," she murmured one evening, "Ah knows you loves me, but huncum you comes round 'wantin' to marry me so soon after you 'losses you 'job'?"

"Sho, Mandy," he replied reassuringly, "what's de difference deers ah quit work and marry you, or marry you 'and quit work?"—American Legion Weekly.

GOING UP.

"Yes," said the old man to his visitor, "I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, 25 years old, and a really good girl. I shall give her one thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bert, who won't see 35 again. I shall give her three thousand dollars, and the man who takes Eliza, who is 40, will have five thousand dollars with her." The young man reflected a moment and then asked, "You haven't one about fifty, have you?"—Glasgow Herald.

HISTORY MADE EASY.

The family was seated at dinner and the conversation turned to school lessons, much to the consternation and disgust of little Cynthia.

"What period in English history are you doing?" asked her father.

"The Stuarts," said Cynthia curtly.

There was a long pause as father thought out a question to put to his daughter. He was a little hazy about facts, but at last he propounded his poser.

What was the first thing James I did when he came to the throne?" asked his father solemnly, with her.

"Set on it, I suppose," replied Cynthia with calm conviction.

Our Little Dog Says

"Don't try to train up your children the way they should go, unless you are going that way yourself."—Yadkin Ripple.

Minister Uses Airplane.

The Rev. Frank S. Hollett, of Lisbon, N. D., is the first Methodist circuit rider, so far as is known, to cover his territory by airplane.

## A BRIEF HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SALEM FEMALE ACADEMY.

(By E. A. Lehman)

(Miss Emma Lehman was for 50 successful years a teacher in the Salem Academy and College and has commenced a series of historical sketches of the time-honored institution. To the thousands of alumnae and their descendants these articles will be read with exceptional interest as well as the general public. From 1772 to 1922 is a long period of time for any institution to continue uninterruptedly, but such is the record of Salem Academy and College. In the family of the Local Editor, four generations have been educated there and a fifth will in due time enter. We therefore take pleasure in reproducing the articles written by Miss Lehman, the first of which appeared in the last issue of the Alumnae Record, just issued.)—Local Editor.

(By E. A. Lehman)

This famous old school which celebrates its Sesquicentennial in 1922, was begun with a very tiny seed. The rest of the world at that early day, thought woman was fitted only to sew, to wash, and to bake, to keep house, and be a domestic drudge.

Our fathers, many of them, men of fine European and Christian culture, thought very differently; they had a wider vision, they saw in woman the real homemaker, the trainer of little children, the centre of an influence that is wide-reaching and tremendous in its possibilities and they planned and acted accordingly.

When the village of Salem was only six years old and had about ten houses, they gathered the little handful of very little girls together, and began to have them trained and taught. On April 30, 1772, three little girls, all there were available at the time, were put under the charge of Elizabeth Osterlin, a member of the first Sisters' Choir in Salem, and were knitting, reading, sewing and writing differently; they had a teacher and the teacher was paid for these services an English Shilling, twenty-five cents a week. As early as we know, they were kept in a room of the Congregation House.

The names of these three little girls were, Anna Elizabeth Bagge, aged 3 1/2 years; Maria Magdalena Myer, 4 years; Maria Magdalena Schmidt, 8 years. As the school grew, with increasing numbers of little girls, they were divided to go to school till they were 14 years of age, and then were, as a matter of course, to go into the Sisters' House for a course of industrial training, to earn their own living, in any way that seemed to suit their talent. Nor was a further education stopped, for the Pfliegerin, or Lady Superior of the Sisters' House, always a cultured woman, kept classes for them, mostly at night. There was a fine large map and geography of the heavens kept for many years, and used in teaching them practical Astronomy. It was used in the Academy classes for years later. Botany too, was a favorite study, then fine embroidery, not to forget homelier branches, such as washing, ironing, sewing, spinning, weaving, glove making, and domestic service of any kind.

If any young woman spent a couple of years in the Sisters' House she was well fitted to marry, and become an efficient homemaker.

People from other sections, other States, saw the superior advantages of the Salem girls, and began to ask why

No thought of gain ever entered their minds; it was faithful service in their day and time, to the age in which they lived and to the God of their fathers.

The school was called Salem Female Academy and gradually as its grades increased, a so-called Select Class was begun by the Rev. Charles Bleck, the Principal, and taught by him. Later it fell into the hands of Mrs. Denke, who kept it faithfully till her health failed. Then Miss Brietz and Miss Reichel taught what had grown into the 1st and 2nd Select Classes, until they died, and E. A. Lehman, in charge of it, still a Senior, a graduating class was evolved and in 1878 the 1st Regular Graduates were sent out, fully equipped with diplomas.

The School was first incorporated as a college (on account of taxes) Feb. 3, 1866, 100 years to the month from the first founding of Salem in Feb. 1766. It was in the last term of Rev. E. de Schweinitz's Principalship that it was thus incorporated by Act of the North Carolina Legislature. This day is celebrated by our Alumnae as "Salem Day," all over the land.

Rev. J. T. Zorn was the principal under whom the 1st Senior Class graduated in 1878. A picture of this first Class is extant, containing photos of Florence Moore of South Carolina, Lucy Sims of Texas, Cynthia Swann of Tennessee, Maggie McDowell of North Carolina, Ida Rogers of Georgia and Anne Pittman of North Carolina with three teachers, Rev. J. T. Zorn, Rev. L. Wurreschke and E. A. Lehman.

## A Davidson County Boy Makes Good.

Charles H. Workman died at San Francisco, Cal., April 26, aged 55 years. He left his old home at Cid when he was eighteen years old and went to San Francisco where he went to work on a street car line for nine dollars a week. He worked there ten years and when he gave up his job to enter business for himself he was getting fourteen dollars per week. However, he had saved scrupulously out of his earnings and had accumulated about thirteen hundred dollars. He first started packing clams, but was unable to compete with big factories in the East. Then he turned to an old Spanish dish, tamales, and made them popular. His fortune then began and his business grew and prospered. He was a great believer in advertising and spent thousands of dollars to make his products by words in homes throughout the country. Of the original investment he put \$200 into a factory and \$100 into advertising.

When in the disaster of 1906, his plant was a pile of smouldering ruins, with characteristic courage he planned a new and better factory, and in 1911, he organized the Workman Packing Company, with a capitalization of \$500,000.

Today, T. X. L. Canned Tamales and other Workman products are known all over the world. Where the products are known—so too are memories of the man. For the figure of C. H. Workman was an outstanding one—keen yet kindly, successful yet sympathetic. He has made the world a better place for having lived in it.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Isabelle Workman; a son, Henry L. Workman, and nine brothers and sisters, Noah, Della, Ivey, Chaney and Jones Workman, Mrs. M. H. Lassiter, Mrs. H. P. May, Mrs. U. L. Peacock and Mrs. B. M. Gallimore, several of whom live in this county and others being connected with the Workman plants at San Francisco.—Lexington Dispatch.

## What Is Life to You?"

By REV. W. E. GOODE.

To the preacher life's a sermon, To the miser life is money, To the loafer life is rest.

To the soldier life's a battle, To the teacher life's a school, Life's a grand thing to the wise man, Life's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine, Life's a long and heavy grade; Life's a gamble to the gambler, To the merchant life's a trade.

Life is but a long vacation To the man who loves to work; Life's an everlasting effort To shun duty to the shirk.

In its heaven-blessed romance, Life's a story ever new; Life is what we try to make it; Brother, what is life to you?

## Ran Because He wanted To.

Over in Person county there is a candidate who has got the right stuff in him. He says: "I have never held an office and I've always wanted one, therefore I hereby announce myself a candidate for coroner subject to the Republican primary. If nominated I will run my best; and if elected I believe that I will make good. I am sure I would know a dead man when I catch one."

This statement is equal to the one Bob Glenn made when he was running for the captaincy of the Forsyth Rifles. A friend went to him and said: "Why, Bob, here you are, a smart young lawyer, just starting out in the profession and need to be studying and rising in it, what in the devil do you want to be captain of a military company for?" To which the embryonic governor replied, "Well, I ain't never been captain, have I?"—Monroe Journal.