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LITTLE STINGERS.

Plucked From the Columns of Don Laws Yellow Jacket.

being gored.

A new triumvirate is endeavoring to shape American tariff legislation—the foreign producer, the importer, and the Democratic leader. The American producer is up against a strong combination, and the outlook is good for an American victory. By heck, we've beat 'em before.

Some of the Democratic papers keep howling about how the wealth of the country has shrunk under Republican rule, but listen, when the Republicans took charge of our government certain bonds were selling at 85 cents on the dollar and today every issue is selling for its full value and more. This means that in 16 months of Republican rule there has been an increase of more than two billion dollars in the value of these government securities. Mr. Calamity Howler, please put that in your pipe and take a puff.

If the South will get away from the old Democratic idea that it is always best to "buy where you can buy the cheapest," and will learn to encourage its own industries and the industries of the nation, there will be more prosperity in the South and over the entire United States. Sending money away to buy goods that can be produced at home is poor business policy. Even if a slightly higher price is paid for the goods produced at home, the purchaser receives an advantage from the fact that the purchase price goes to pay the wages of home people, thus further increasing the demand for home commodities.

White Boys, Not Negroes.

For twenty-five years we have observed the course of the white boys and we have been so profoundly impressed with what we have seen, over the fact that so many of the defendants are white boys and white men, and very few negroes.

We want to put some of our church members to thinking along this line of our young men. How many young men in the town of Newton can be found who take active part in the church work? We want to know how many in the town of Newton take five minutes of their time to say one word for the respect for the laws of their State and county?

How many school teachers in Catawba county ever say anything to the children about the respect for law and respect for legal authority? How many parents take five minutes of their time to say one word for the respect for the laws of their State and county?

How many of our parents do not teach their children to have any respect for their own fathers and mothers—and how can we expect for such children to do anything?

How many Anglo-Saxon race of ours are doing a bad showing in the Catawba County Superior Court. Fellow citizens, think on these things.—Newton Enterprise.

German Bluebeard Ends Life.

Germany's notorious Bluebeard, Karl Gumbmann, committed suicide in his cell by hanging July 5th a half hour before he was to be taken to the criminal court, where he was undergoing trial for murder.

Good For President Harding.

President Harding spoke true, patriotic words when he said to the miners and their leaders of the strikers, "Labor has the right, and above all else, the American public has the right to be freed from these recurring anxieties (strikes), no matter what the causes are. That freedom must be established."

2,000,000 Mine Coal.

More than two million miners are required to produce the world's supply of coal.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

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

THE PLURAL.
"Willie," asked the pretty teacher, "what is the plural of man?" "Men," answered the small pupil. "And the plural of child?" "Twins."

SEE THE BIRDIE!
Mother (sternly)—Willie, did you see brother kiss the cook?
Willie—No, ma! Honest, I didn't! Brother gave me a nickel for looking the other way.—From Judge.

PERFECT EQUALITY.
Father—"Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"
Johnny—"It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends."—Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).

NO CHANCE FOR HER.
"Mary," said the mistress of the house, sternly, "I saw the milk man kiss you when you took the milk this morning. Hereafter, I'll take the milk myself."
"This no use, mum," replied the girl. "He promised me he'd kiss nobody but me!"

BRAVE BY PROXY.
"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure painless extraction, you'll have to take gas, and that's fifty cents extra."
"Oh," said Casey, "I guess the old way'll be best; never mind the gas."
"You're a brave man," said the dentist.

COQUETTE'S EXPLANATION.
A young man recently asked one of the opposite sex why girls so frequently became engaged to several fellows at once.
"A smoker like you shouldn't have asked that," she replied with a laugh. "When you have only one match, doesn't it generally go out?"—Boston Transcript.

A LIVE LIAR.
Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day, when one made a mis-step and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:
"Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"
"I'm alive," said Mike feebly.
"Are ye such a liar Oi don't know whether to believe ye or not."
"Hell then, Oi must be dead," said Mike. "For ye never never dare to call me a liar if Oi was alive."—Employer's Safety Magazine.

CORRECT VIEW.
Mrs. M. had arrived at the little station in Vermont on a cold, stormy evening, and had hired an old man to drive her to her friend's farm among the hills. The roads were in poor condition from the storm, and the ride was altogether a very uncomfortable one. "How much do I owe you?" she asked on arriving at her destination. "Well, ma'am," said the old man, "my regular price is a dollar, but seein' it's such a bad night, and the goin' so terrible, I'll call it seventy-five cents."

A YOUNG KNIGHT.
Little Walter, 6 years old, took the church collection very seriously. As the usher approached the boy noticed that a guest in the family pew was not duly prepared. Sliding along the seat, he whispered, "Where's your nickel?"
"I didn't bring one," replied the woman.

WITHIN AN INCH.
Pat was the man who did all the odd jobs about the place, and, owing to petty thieving, his employer instructed him to get a good yard dog.
Pat was out all day and in the evening landed home with a dachshund.
"What on earth have you brought along, Pat?" queried his employer.
"Well, sir," said Pat, "he's the nearest I could get to a yard; he's two feet eleven inches long."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Vigorous Old Age.

Writers have always sung the virtues of hale and hearty old age. What a subject for poets would be the picture of the old gentleman near Mr. Olive sitting on his porch enjoying his 108 years!

George W. Sherman, 83 years old, cut out for himself the interesting job of walking 614 miles in 31 days, to join his old comrades at the reunion in Richmond, Va.

Pictures of this white-bearded patriarch look as if, in a pinch, he might have covered the distance in two weeks. Do you think you will be able to walk 20 miles a day for 31 successive days when you are 83?

Could you do it now?
Our generation is a lot weaker, physically, than the one before us. The schedule points to a race of weaklings a half century hence, unless we get into some universal plan of physical sports to take the place of the old outdoor life that is gone.

Woman Has 700 Pitchers.

Mrs. Ella M. Wellman, of Augusta, Me., whose hobby is collecting pitchers, has at present 700 different kinds in her home.

About Right.

We are not related by blood or marriage to any of the present or past prophets, but we prognosticate that the railroad strike will end with the strikers second state worse than the first.—Reidsville Review.

Europe Greet Former Pres. Taft



Former President Taft made no flamboyant announcement of his trip to Europe this summer, still he is being received with enthusiasm and interest at every center visited. In London he was honored at state affairs and dinners in a way befitting his ability. The fact that he is now chief Justice of the United States impresses Europe. The tour is developing into triumphal trip not unlike that tendered other presidents on visits to Europe. Picture shows Mr. Taft arriving in France. It also shows how the former president has lost in weight.

AFTER 40 YEARS. ANOTHER FOOL LAW.

Ex-Senator, 99, Visits New York and Sees the Sights—Wine Not An Enemy to Old.

Harrisburg, Pa., July 5.—The President and Mrs. Harding and Gov. Sproul, of Pennsylvania, it became known today, interceded for the life of a dog that was supposed to have been condemned to death at Lansdale, Pa., because it was owned by an alien, contrary to Pennsylvania law. The dog's life had been saved and the alien, Jacob Silverman, a farmer, fined \$25 before the presidential appeal reached Justice of the Peace Howard Boorse. The alien has taken an appeal from the fine, and "Dick" Silverman, part St. Bernard and part mastiff is in the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The President in his appeal said: "I think you will have to count this as a personal one, rather than an official communication. I write it at the suggestion of Mrs. Harding though I am happy to do so because of the appeal which has greatly stirred her and touches me no less forcibly."

"I enclose you the anonymous letter and the newspaper clipping which came to Mrs. Harding. If the story is correct, a Russian immigrant has a faithful dog which he loves and because his possession of the dog in some way conflicts with the State law and the devoted animal has been sentenced to death."

"I have tried to put myself, loving a good dog as I do, in the position of this poor immigrant and I know the perturbation that fills his soul. I once had to have a dog killed that I greatly loved and I recall it to this day as the saddest trial of my life."

"If it came within my executive authority I would gladly grant a pardon to the convicted animal. I suppose there is a good and ample reason for a statute which makes this dog an unlawful possession, but I have an abiding faith that the man who loves his dog to the extent that he will grieve for him as in him qualities which will make him a loyal citizen."

"Mrs. Harding and I both are pleased to plead for some form of clemency in this case and hope this note too late to add our appeal in behalf of both Silverman and his dog."

Governor Sproul immediately wired the justice of peace also telegraphed the President assuring him that "Dick" would be reprieved.

(The above is another of the many fool laws. What difference does it make if a dog is owned by an alien or native or naturalized citizen? And there are members of legislatures in every State that are constantly filling the statute books with legislation about as non-essential as the above.)—Local Editor.

Hickory Chips.

It has been truthfully said, American people love to be humbugged. When will the end be reached, and what will the cost of the gas be?

It is nearer truth to say the world will end next year, than 100 years hence. There are three classes—Jews, Gentiles and Christians. To which do you belong?

Jews don't believe in Christ's first coming, nor we in his second coming. Free speech, free press and a free labor is what makes a free country.

No honest person can expect a living even, without earning it. The law of God requires everybody that is able to work for his living.

School teaching has become too much a financial profession, mounded for the dollars in it, instead of a calling and the love of it.

Education should prepare one to do more and better work—farming, laying brick or building houses—and not to get a living and amny with less or no work as many are doing.

THE PRESIDENT AT MARION.

Spends July 4th At His Home—Visits the Star Office and Writes His Speech.

President Harding spent July 4th at his former home at Marion, Ohio, where the 100th anniversary of the settlement of that place was duly celebrated. The President delivered the address. He wrote it in his former newspaper office, the Marion Star. Speaking of his visit to his old print shop the reports say:

After breakfast the President, almost eluding his secret service escort, strolled down to "The Star" office to write his speech. Ordinarily the three-story brick plant is idle on Independence Day, but with the editor home, doubling in the role of President, and that with Marion celebrating its centennial, it was deemed essential that a paper be issued. Therefore the newspaper organization that Mr. Harding developed from 100 pounds of type was functioning in all departments. The boss found George Van Fleet his general manager, on the job. Then he stepped into the composing room and put an arm about the shoulders of spectacled, white-bearded old Martin Luther Miller, the veteran compositor.

In the early days of the newspaper the editor and owner was sometimes known to pay Martin Luther Miller on Saturday night and borrow the money back on Monday.

When the old printer looked up and saw that he was being embraced by the President of the United States, his eyes filled with tears and then, either to put Martin Luther Miller at his ease, or because he wanted it, the editor—on temporary leave—borrowed his plug of tobacco. Mr. Harding visited all departments of the newspaper and then settled himself at the desk in a room on the editorial floor that now serves his father, and the doctor, as an office. There he wrote his speech on copy paper with pencil and when he had finished it, it was set up and proof distributed to the representatives of other newspapers. A "scoop" on the President's speech would be something worth bragging about, but "The Star" was taking no such advantage.

These citations by the editors of the little paper in question are all very well, and very forcibly used to convince the readers that home ownership is much to be desired, as against tenancy, and that a good, safe and sane policy, looking to the restitution of the lands to the users thereof is of sufficient importance to demand our earnest consideration.

This discovery (?) by certain ones of the elite, and the kid-gloved gentry, is no new thought.

It was recognized some four thousand years ago, and ample provision made in the law given through Moses, to insure the perpetuity of landed security to the users of land while the priest and the rulers were given no such security, as a cure for the evils provided for by the titles and offerings of those whose security were vouchsafed them by the orderly government thus maintained among them, and for their protection.

In reading the suggested remedies offered by our modern statesmen, and becoming acquainted with the affliction acknowledged by them to be eating out the very vitals of our civilization, we are made to wonder if we have not reached the period foretold in Holy writ where "The wisdom of our wise men has perished."

Washington, D. C., National Hotel, Mr. A. C. Avery, an attorney of Morganton, N. C., Sir:

"This is to notify you that any further meddling or interfering with my affairs in any capacity will be considered personal."

Yours respectfully,
BAXTER SHERWELL.
"P. S.—I suggest that you file this letter for future reference. B. S."

Mr. Baxter Shemwell, of Lexington, who is wanted in Davidson county to serve a 30-months chain-gang sentence, has added a new chapter to his daring record.

According to information received recently, A. C. Avery, an attorney of Morganton, who recently appeared in a case in United States court against Shemwell, a few days ago received a letter of warning from Shemwell in Washington, D. C.

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Adams Likes Bramham.

Chairman Adams, of the Republican National Committee, expressed entire satisfaction recently with the progress which Chairman Bramham, of the State Republican Committee is making in North Carolina. Mr. Adams said he had a long "visit" with Bramham last week and that he was immensely impressed with the plans which Bramham outlined to him for a larger and better party in the State.

DUNLAP RUMINATIONS.

(BY S. S. DUNLAP.)

Local Editor.—For some time I have been reading a little sheet sent out by one of our leading institutions of learning, and have, on occasions, been made to feel like there was some effort being put forth by the editors of said sheet to impart certain useful and valuable information to its readers, looking toward the betterment of the masses of the people of the State.

During the past few months, however, this little sheet has been hammering on the problem of home ownership, and has been viewing with alarm, the increase in farm tenancy in the country.

The editors are very positive in their belief that the present rate of increase in farm tenancy, and the consequent depreciation of the agricultural industry is a very great drawback to the general progress and healthy development of the State and the nation and that unless some remedy is applied which will heal the wounds of the present evil tenancy, we are in a fair way to commence to progress backwards, right soon.

They argue—and well they may—that the community occupied wholly, or almost so, by tenants, is deteriorating in general community spirit. That schools, churches, and good roads do not, as a rule, appeal to the tenant who is here this year and somewhere else next year, and whose children may be denied the happy childhood privilege of forming permanent and lasting friendships and having instilled into their plant and receptive minds, memories of the sentiment so beautifully expressed by the poet in these words—"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

These citations by the editors of the little paper in question are all very well, and very forcibly used to convince the readers that home ownership is much to be desired, as against tenancy, and that a good, safe and sane policy, looking to the restitution of the lands to the users thereof is of sufficient importance to demand our earnest consideration.

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