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Morning Tonic
(II Samuel xlii, 23.)
THE Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; the God of my rock; in Him will I trust; He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation; my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour.

Uncle Walt's Way
(From Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.)
FIRST into the mirror she stares with long, appraising look; satisfied she seems to be, for she yawns and scans a book, next a peck of pins she takes from the jungle of her hair; this from tangles then she shakes and fustices into a chair! Then she sits MOLLY TO BED upon the floor, where she finds a printed scrap, reads it closely, yawns some more, puts her stockings in her lap, yawns, gets up and takes a brush, brushes her own native locks for an hour—she will not rush for the midnight tolling clock! She her folding bed lets down, looks beneath it for a thief, then, disrobed, puts on her gown with a sigh of great relief, going in a whirl of lace, she her mirror tells good night, puts some cold cream on her face, says her prayers—out goes the light!

The situation never gets so bad in Mexico that there are not plenty of guards left.
Kinston points the way to the reduction of the high cost of living. It bars the fortune-tellers.
Catawba is sowing wheat and will plant only about half of the usual acreage in cotton. Catawba will be on the safe side. Diversification is the course of prudence.
Rowan is the next county to substitute the salary system for the fee system. All the counties will get around to the salary system in time and they will all wonder too why they waited so long to adopt it.
Memphis has held an international trade conference at which active measures were concerted for going after the trade of South America. There is plenty of demand in the world to keep the wheels turning and the only thing needed is to locate the demand and supply it. The United States is equal to the emergency.
As a general proposition the use of checks is a great convenience, but it will probably be in a year when November has 31 days that the shrewd and daring individual who chooses to do so, will not be able to make use of the check to get cash that does not belong to him. And Raleigh in recent months appears to have had more than its share of this sort of thing.

The doctrine of heaping coals of fire on the heads of folks seems not to have any followers among the European nations. As soon as one country hears that its nationals in another are getting treated properly, it immediately begins to make it uncomfortable for the nationals of that country who happen to be within its borders. War is as far reaching in its discomfords as the cruelest nation chooses to make it.
The Sabbath Observance Committee of the Methodist Protestant Church now holding its conference at Asheville reports as the reasons for lack of church attendance, automobile, Sunday visiting and lounging around passenger stations. But would the attendance at church of people who let such things keep them from services be of very much use to the church?
No people anywhere are in greater need than the Belgians who have been made homeless by the war. Three hundred thousand people in Brussels alone are getting twice daily a so-called meal consisting of potato soup, a little rice and three ounces of bread, and it is said that in a little while the whole population will be in the bread line. Go to the mass meeting this afternoon, get into a realization of the need of Belgium and help save the starving people.
The plan of President Alexander Webb to get more Raleigh-boosting out of the traveling men who make their homes here is an excellent one. Raleigh is the home of many traveling men, and while they are loyal to the city they could be more effective in talking it up if it was known that their efforts were being rewarded and appreciated and if some concerted effort were taken to get them thoroughly aroused. Raleigh has the talking points and the traveling men have the opportunity to make telling use of those points.
That North Carolina will have more farm demonstrators will be one of the results of the Smith-Lever act of Congress. State Demonstration Agent C. R. Hudson wants an agent for every county in the State and every county should have one. The work that the demonstration agents are doing in the way of improving farming methods is not to be doubted for a moment. The agricultural resources of all the Southern States are being more largely availed of as a result of the assistance that the demonstration work gives and there is satisfaction throughout the South at the extension of the system as a result of the Smith-Lever extension act. That the State will give the necessary co-operation is practically assured.

AND IS MY FRIEND,
And the Lord spoke unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend. Exodus 33, 11.
A man may accumulate many possessions. Riches and honors and fame may be his in great abundance, but if he has not with these things friends he is a poor man indeed. To have a friend is to have something in excess of overflowing barns and of great bank deposits. Money will buy many things, but it will not buy that friendship which is more precious than all the gold which comes out of Alaska.
Sometimes we think we have friends, and there are many who call themselves our friends when prosperity is our companion, but let prosperity flee from us and the friends who are bought by it disappear as does the mist of the morning before the rising sun. Such friends are of the spurious sort. They do not stand in the crucible of misfortune. You can't buy the real brand of friendship. It is a thing which grows with time and when you have found a real friend keep him as the most precious thing of life, grip him to you as with hooks of steel; and there is no stronger steel than love.
There is strength in having a real friend, but to possess one life must be lived so as to deserve friendship. Put this question to yourself: "Do I deserve to have a friend? As I doing the things which will make for friendship? Am I true and honest and warm-hearted and faithful and worthy?" To have friends life must be built for friendship. We must bear and forbear to come into possession of the friend worth while. We must not live a life that absorbs all for self without giving forth things of help and comfort for others. And it is so fine a thing to have a real friend that we should be ready to yield up much to hold on to him.
So build up friendship. That will stand to you in stormy days when bank accounts fall. The grasp of a friend's hand, his cheery words of comfort, will lift you from the slough of despond when life's skies grow grey. And the years as they pass will be the sweeter because you have a true and tried friend who will not fail when you need him. You are rich indeed when you can say of this one and that, "and may it be all sincerity: "He is my friend." Make your life such that you will deserve friends.

THAT WE GO FORWARD
North Carolina is a State that is not standing still. In this age and time it cannot afford it if it would. And the finest sign of the spirit of progress is that there is being shown by the farmers of the State a forward-looking purpose which has in it that expression of determination which will not be gained. The truth is that the North Carolina farmer of this day is making of himself a force for progress, and if he keeps at it this good State will become a better State.
The clearing house for this forward movement of the farmers of the State is to be found in the North Carolina Farmers' Union, and no better has this been shown than in the series of resolutions which were adopted at the annual meeting of that organization at Greenville the past week. These resolutions of public interest, published in another part of this paper, have to do with matters of the greatest importance to the State, and they deserve the fullest consideration of the people generally.
Consider some of the measures to which the Farmers' Union give its support. The State-wide legalized primary; the reduction of cotton acreage in 1915 to not exceeding fifty per cent of the cultivated acreage; extending the anti-trust law by means of county action looking to the final passage of a law which will embrace all the State; the fullest endorsement of the Torrens land title law; strong commendation of the value of "Community Service Week"; that attorneys of public service corporations sever their connection with such corporations before entering upon public office in which they are supposed to represent the people and not private interests; the establishment as soon as possible of a State institution for the help of wayward girls; improvement in our taxation system; land segregation between the races; party conventions at such seasons as will permit of the fullest participation of the farmers.
Such measures as these are among the live issues of the day, and that they are being presented and urged by the farmers means that these citizens of North Carolina are forward looking, that their desire is that this State secure for itself the very best that is to be had. For this reason it is timely that the Farmers' Union sets forth to the State the program which it endorses, that it may be fully discussed, and that all classes of the people may be heard as to these matters. Whether one agrees with all of the matters proposed or not, all must agree that it is a sign of progress for the State when there are such resolutions adopted by an organization of farmers, these dealing with the large matters of the future of the State. We go forward indeed in North Carolina when such a spirit is abroad in this State.

Spirit of the Pruss
A Word For the Orphan.
Selected
This would be a cold, bleak world if there were no sentiment in it. And it would be a aimless, pusillanimous sort of existence that did not rest upon sound business principles.
Sentiment is the great driving force in the world today. It is the mainspring that makes possible an insured, the happy home, and it does credit to every heart that cherishes it.
It is business that regulates and promotes the good work that sentiment brings to life, giving strength and success without violating its beauty of conception, and proves true the great wisdom that is its very core. It is business that corroborates the dictations of sentiment that lead to the care for children who are destitute. It tells us that it is not only beautiful to do this but that it is a financial investment that pays a big dividend. It tells us that it is better, it is cheaper, it is more economical, to maintain a child for a few short years at a small expense, than it is to allow it to undergo the ultimately expensive and heart-breaking experience that is the unhappy lot of nearly every homeless, destitute child.
In giving you greetings and wishing you a happy Thanksgiving, may we not ask you to meditate upon the condition of the innumerable orphan children that are crying out in great need? Can you not find a greater interest in the big business of child saving and partially express your thanks for the many good things that have befallen you by helping the orphan?

Uncle Walt Mason
STANDPATTERNS IN THE SADDLE.
IN two representative governments there are two distinctive and antagonistic political forces—progressive and reactionary, or liberal and conservative, as they designate the thing in England. In our country the Republican was the progressive party for many years and the Democratic the reactionary. Indeed the Republicans called themselves Radicals, and vehemently radical they were. That was the Republicanism of Thad Stevens, Oliver P. Morton, Charles Sumner, Ben Wade, John A. Logan and others of that ilk.
But a day came when those leaders were succeeded by Nelson W. Aldrich, Nelson Dingley, Boies Penrose, Joseph G. Cannon, Jacob H. Gallinger, Seneca E. Payne and men of that sort. These were reactionaries. Their opposition to progress was marked and virulent and they loved to call themselves standpatters. Meanwhile the Democratic party, which for nearly half a century had been the conservative political force, became radically progressive and Mr. William J. Bryan was the prophet. From 1894 till 1908, both inclusive, the Republicans under the lead of Aldrich had a firm grip on the country. Taxation as a function of government was turned over to the manufacturers out of whom "fat" had been tried with which to buy elections. Each special interest nominated the kind and quantity of privilege that it desired and it was writ large in the tax laws. The financial affairs of the people were handed over to Wall Street and for a dozen years J. Pierpont Morgan ran the United States Treasury like the widow kept tavern. Morgan's agent had a desk in the Treasury Department from the inauguration of McKinley till the inauguration of Wilson and the thing became a public national scandal.
Of course there was a revolt and in 1912 the Republican party was split into three factions—the standpatters, led by Penrose, Cannon and Gallinger; the Progressive Republicans, led by Cummins, Bristow and La Follette, and the Bull Moose, led by Col. Roosevelt. We all recollect the result of that split. Mr. Wilson became President and he was the most progressive statesman this country ever had with authority. Under his leadership the tariff was reformed and stripped of nearly all the special privileges monopoly had been allowed to write into it. A banking system was created that met the approval of the honest business of the country. The Sherman anti-trust law was strengthened, a trade commission was created and other progressive measures were incorporated into the law. These things were put on trial when that horrible war in Europe came to upset all legitimate business everywhere.
While these reforms were making a progress through Congress what became of the "progressive" Republicans, Cummins, Clapp, Borah, Bristow, Morris and so on and so forth—statesmen too honest to be standpatters, too timid to be Bull Moose, too patriotic to be Democrats? What became of them? They enlisted under the banner of Penrose and Gallinger, acknowledged their leadership and did all they possibly could to defeat the progressive measures of the Democratic President.
The Republicans claim that they achieved a signal victory in the elections of this year. If so, whose victory was it? It was the victory of the standpatters. Aldrichism, Penroseism, Cannonism, that the country so overwhelmingly repudiated in 1912, is as firmly fastened on the Republican party as it was the day the Payne-Aldrich tariff handed the people over to monopoly. Thus the Republican party is a reactionary.
Boss Barnes is as powerful in New York as Boss Platt ever was. Boss Penrose is more powerful in Pennsylvania than Boss Quay ever was. Joseph G. Cannon is become the most trusted leader the party has had in the Middle West since Mark Hanna. Wadsworth, a stalwart henchman of Barnes, is a Senator from New York. Gallinger, the lieutenant and right hand of Aldrich, has been the minority leader of the Senate, and Cummins and Borah and Clapp and all the "progressives" of that ilk will fetch and carry for him and Penrose in debate.
There is no mistake about it. The Republican party of 1914 is the old party of Aldrich. Mr. Mahn, its leader in the House of Representatives, is a fanatic standpatter. The "Progressive" Republicans are annihilated as a militant political force and there is nothing for them to

HELP BELGIUM
There is a country that needs help, if ever a people needed help, that country is Belgium, those people are the Belgians.
The utmost horrors of war have devastated that land. Its people are in the most destitute of circumstances. Quick help is the need and America is going to give that help.
The South will do its part.
North Carolina will be found in the list of the States that help.
Raleigh will not be unbecomingly of the call for aid.
The South was shattered by the war in the depreciation of the price of cotton. It has been hit harder than any other section.
But what matters this as compared to the suffering away in Belgium, the Belgians? What has come to that brave and gallant race is a tragedy of the ages.
Raleigh will have the opportunity to help this day. It should set upon this as a privilege, a high privilege.
A mass meeting will be held at three o'clock this afternoon in the Auditorium, this called for

the purpose of raising money, to aid the Belgian people.
Every cent that is contributed will help.
Attend the mass meeting this afternoon, or if you cannot be present be represented there by a contribution. Let your money talk for you, be you absent or present.
The program of the afternoon will be one of interest, but that is not what should attract you. It should be a spirit of help for those who need help.
The whole world is akin, should be akin when there is the call for help. We are neighbors to the Belgians in the highest sense of being neighbors.
There is no question of war in this, there is no question of who is right or who is wrong in this horror of Europe which has stirred the world. It is a question of help.
You can't get away from the call. It comes direct to you. It is the call of humanity to humanity.
Let Raleigh answer the call this afternoon as befits Raleigh.
When Charles M. Schwab predicts prosperity it is tolerably apt to be on the road. He generally runs with the calamity howlers.

do but to take orders from the standpat leaders and be meek and lowly.
There are some Bull Moose left and their number is at the least one million voters. They are not going to return to Aldrichism as the saw to the wall. I do not look for them to dissolve, but should they do so, 90 per cent of them will support the Democratic ticket in 1916. Those of them who did not return to the Republican party this year may put themselves under the lead of Victor Murdock and Governor Johnson, of California, and if they do they will be a very important factor in the political equation of 1916. Then there's Roosevelt—he may come back. He is not half as dead as Cannon was.
But the Democratic party is still in the saddle. The liquidation precipitated by the Republican panic of 1907 is about completed. The country is full of money, energy, and business sagacity. Nothing but the war in Europe threatens and it is more than likely that by 1916 business will be booming and the country prosperous.
And it is either Wilsonism or Aldrichism the country must accept when the next President is chosen.
Washington, November 19.

Commiseration Wasted
(The Benetown Bard in Baltimore Sun.)
THESE is an awful lot of pity wasted in the world. Take, for example, Henrietta. Henrietta's family and friends are always pitying her because she married that "hopelessly uninteresting" or "everlastingly disagreeable" man, while Henrietta is laughing in her sleeve because her sympathizers have never seen the real side of her Henry, and she feels positively much set up because she knows he is more interesting and infinitely nicer than folks suppose him to be. Personally, the writer never cared for this negative charm in men, but there are numerous women who feel differently. They consider it a tribute to their fascination that a man apathetic, or even disagreeable, to others can be stirred out of his habitual mood when associated with them. Hence sympathy for Henrietta is wasted.
The open-air man pities the man with the indoor job. He rejoices in being out among his fellow-men. Confinement for detail work would kill him, whereas the indoor man feels concerning the outdoor one that the latter leads a dog's life—always on the go—always having to be cheerful, no matter if the water pipes have frozen or the baby has the croup.
Depend upon it, the only folks who generally stay where they don't want to are those in jail, and as a class they are not so keenly rebellious against penitentiary environment or they would take more pains to keep out of its depressing atmosphere.
Our little barks of life may seem to be carried along by currents stronger than the individual will, yet really the individual is always consciously, or unconsciously, at the helm controlling every portion of the steering gear and directing the craft toward the port of his desires. One might think we put up with associates as we put up with our features, but actually we are constantly drawing the congenial companion to us and eliminating the acquaintances we care nothing about.
It may be that one "wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," but certainly people do want the queerest things. Imagine how a man who rejoices in a pretty wife and cozy home must piny an explorer like Peary and what Gelett Burgess calls the latter's unconquerable taste for voluntary and unnecessary suffering. According to Gelett, Mr. Peary's peculiar, self-chosen line of hardships include "20 years of half freezing to death, pulling sledge, eating shoes and candles, sleeping in a bearskin bag." And then, as Gelett pathetically concludes, "when he had found the North Pole, he didn't know what to do with it."
Who can understand the lure of the undertaking business? Or appreciate the mental attitude of a man who could go to the ball game with a fascinating girl, yet who elects instead to gather together all the small fry of the neighborhood, marshal them on and off cars and treat the bunch to roasted chestnuts. You see the meaning, many of them of the other, but that is, all you know about it. The first is keenly interested in his seemingly depressing avocation and the latter has had the time of his life with the boys.
Yes, if folks stopped commiserating others and expended half the energy in just being pleasant, maybe they could win a smile from even Henrietta's plagiatic husband.

THE RUSSIAN REGENERATION
An illustration of a man in a military-style uniform standing next to a large barrel. The barrel has text on it: "APPROBATE RUSSIAN PROHIBITION". The man is looking towards the viewer. The background is dark and textured.

Racy of the Soil
It is Quail Time.
Reidsville Review.
The hunters have been scouring the woods and fields for quail this week, the open season having begun Monday.
A Card From Asa Biggs.
Wendell Times.
Agribusiness is still in Germany, according to a card received from him several days ago. The card was mailed the 23d of last month at Hamburg, a German city. Asa says that he is not facing any hardships on account of the war and that he will stay in Hamburg until the war is over.
A Bumper Potato Crop.
Lumberton Robesonian.
Mr. J. S. Floyd, of Nye's, was among the visitors in town Monday. Mr. Floyd says the potato crop down his way was a bumper one. He said he gathered 59 pounds of potatoes of three vines. Some of them were eight-pounds.

Smile and Be Happy
SURE HE HAD.
Have you ever longed to fly?
Certainly, I'm married the same as you.
HIS POLICY.
Didn't I meet you with your sister Clarice at the seashore this last summer?
Probably—but she don't recognize none any of de fellows she got engaged to dere an' I'm follerin' de same policy.
THE TOUGH DOWN.
What makes a man so successful as a theatrical manager?
He knows a bad thing when he sees it.
SEEMED SO.
At Yale University there is a student who exhibits a peculiar animal which measures nine feet long and six feet broad.
Must be one of the early football players.

Go I Was A-Sayin'
"The people of Anson county are right up on the bit," said Prof. W. N. Hutt, horticulturist of the Agricultural Department, yesterday. "They are fine people. It is a live and active section of the State. The county is progressive and they have got brainy people there."
Prof. Hutt was reminded of the people of Anson by the return of Mr. R. J. Hill, assistant in his department, from the Anson fair, which has just closed. Mr. Hill was enthusiastic over the exhibits, which were said to be very fine, the horticultural display attracting a great deal of attention. The women's exhibit was also very fine. Mrs. Hill acted as a judge in this department. She returned to the city yesterday morning.
The horticultural department, Prof. Hutt said, has had a most successful year. It has been particularly active and has participated in the many fairs of the State.
The insurance business is one of the very best pointers to the pulse of business. Through a State agency representative of the insurance company come in contact weekly with people over the entire State. They know their needs and they know how business stands, because the flow of silver from one hand to another is like the flow of mercury up and down the thermometer tube. When it flows easily without hesitation, business is good. When it is halting, hesitating, then business is shown to be proportionate by slack.
"We recently had a gathering here of the heads of the principal offices in this State," said Mr. E. W. Bartol of the Metropolitan company, "together with a number of smaller agents and representatives over the State. It was the general consensus of opinion among them all that conditions are looking up. Particularly within the past two weeks or so. Even in the cotton sections, business is showing a firmer grip. At the same time there were officers of the company present from New York. These were unanimous in their statements that no matter how bad conditions have been in this State, North Carolina has had the best end of the bargain in comparison with other sections."
"Did you see that?"
It was a gurgle of amazement and of pleasure and of interrogation rolled into one which came from one Raleigh citizen to another yesterday afternoon.
"Look," and the speaker grasped his friends arm, twisted him about, and pointed to a young woman who was passing.
She was gowned allright. Her dress was not of the too extremely too much fashion. Her hat was of the season's kind.
But that was not the question "before the house."
She was carrying a walking cane! Not one of those big walking canes that mean business in the art of walking, not at all. Just a slender walking cane of the attenuated brand, a trifle longer than that to which young men attach themselves.
The young woman took no notice of the looks directed her way. She walked right along.
And as she walked along her cane kept tapping on the granite sidewalk. She was nonchalant as a Roman gladiator.
And the sight looked good.
Raleigh is right at the head of the procession these days in many things. Now add to this the young woman with the walking cane and there you are.
And shall here be more young women here who walk with cane and cunning canes?