

# The Albemarle Observer

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LOOK FORWARD AND NOT BACK.

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## Get Right With God

### To The Commercial Appeal

Oct. 4 was the day set apart by our good president for Americans to join in an appeal to God to restore peace in Europe.

In an editorial in your paper recently you said: "Only providential interposition can prevent the continuation of this present struggle to an indefinite length of time. It now seems that the power of man to bring about peace has passed. It remains for the power of prayer to exercise its influence."

You also said that "it may be that Divine Providence has ordained that such a war be waged."

Now, I am not a preacher, nor a son of a preacher, nor even a church member but you and the president have approached a subject that causes every living creature to think.

Lives there on earth a reasonable man who has not some time in his life sent up an appeal to the God and Creator of all for help and guidance when all power and wisdom of man fail?

But, Mr. Editor, let us not assume that "Divine Providence" has decreed that such a war be waged. We cannot conceive of any other God than a God of love. A God of love would not decree that the nations should quit a life of peace and friendship and engage in all this destruction, desolation, misery and death. No, no; let us not think so of God.

But, what of our prayers? Will our prayers be answered? Many earnest prayers are not answered. Will God interfere and restore peace if the nations do not want peace? If those nations want peace why are they fighting?

A recent headline in your paper stated: "Germany Denies That She Wants Peace." No one of the nations will say now that she wants peace. All of them pretend that they "wanted" peace before the war. Then, if the continuation of the war is the will of those who are fighting, it is within the power of man alone to stop it.

I understand that God wishes that man love his fellowman, but in no event will He make him do it. God wills that we be good, but we are free to choose between good and evil.

How, then, can we by prayer bring peace to Europe?

This is the important question, Mr. Editor, for if we be serious about this day of prayer we should expect results, otherwise it is all pretense and child's play.

Consider the subjects of your prayer, and the cause of the lack of peace among them.

Peace is theirs; why then have they not peace?

Oh, yes, they all want peace even now, in spite of their protestations to the contrary, but they want other things more. That is all.

This war is not a "decree of Divine Providence." It is not an accident, nor a mystery nor even a surprise to thinking men. It is a direct and inevitable result of the military and imperial policy of those nations.

They study war, prepare for war, talk about war, train their young men for war, make guns

for war, build ships for war, and their men of genius spend their thought and energies inventing all kinds of destructive and death-dealing engines of war.

Their "war lords," uniformed generals and idle but much titled hangers-on-at-court are constantly discussing intrigues, conspiracies and wars. All the grafters, makers of big guns and battleships and government contractors are constantly fomenting disputes and circulating rumors and jingo threats of war by this or that nation. They glorify war and teach their children that their safety depends upon their arms. The Kaiser's famous or infamous saying is: "The world is not more surely supported by the shoulders of Atlas than Germany is by her army and navy." The crown prince said in his book, "Germany in Arms": "Any one who has taken part at a review in a cavalry charge feels that there is nothing more beautiful, and yet the horsemen feel that there is something lacking." It is the blood and death, of course, that are lacking.

Militarism is the same the world over. In our peaceful country, the powerful and deadly battleship Oklahoma was recently christened by a beautiful young lady and dedicated in prayer to a "mission" of peace and the service of God. That sounds like the sayings of a maniac who with his smoking pistol in his hand declared that God told him to go forth and kill.

In our own halls of Congress we constantly hear prophecies of impending war to scare the cowards in voting big army appropriations. In the postoffices all over the country we see flaming "Men wanted—pastors, pictures in glowing colors, young soldiers on dress parade or enjoying life in beautiful foreign cities, or in camp on foreign shores watching fair maidens beautifully dressed in gorgeous colors dancing before them for their amusement.

These enticing pictures are put out by our government to induce the unsophisticated young men of the country to join the army and train for war and death.

Think of our government indulging in such deception to rob the peaceful homes and useful trades of our country to keep up the machinery of war!

Can we honestly go on preparing for war and fostering the war spirit while we pray for peace in Europe?

It reminds us of Shakespeare's lines: "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below. Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

When the Kaiser assembled his army he unsheathed his sword and told them to "Pray that the German arms might be blessed so that they should be able to keep flying the flag of the fatherland over the envy of his enemies, even if this entailed the sacrificing of the last drop of German blood." That is what the other rulers of the warring nations say to their subjects.

Does that sound anything like the teaching of the Great Prince of Peace in whose name we hope to approach the throne of the God of Love? "The eyes of the

Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry.

If the people of America expect an answer to their prayer for peace tomorrow they must first "get right with God." This does not mean that if tomorrow a few good people and many no so good pray that God make the Europeans quit fighting and be peaceful that He will go forth and stop it. No, no, if that were all that God were waiting on he would have stopped that awful struggle without that suggestion from us.

It means that we should on tomorrow and every other day, renounce the selfish ambition, the spirit of greed and graft, and commercialism and imperialism that control our motives so completely, and as a Christian nation, and as individuals, go to God with the true spirit of Christ in our hearts and an honest love for mankind and plead so earnestly and so loud and so long that the nations of earth will be so overwhelmed with our earnest intercessions with the God of love that they cannot resist the spirit of peace.

It is the divine plan of Providence that we answer our own prayers.

We ask the Father for certain blessings; if our prayers are answered it is because in praying we humble ourselves and get right with God, and therefore make ourselves worthy of the blessings, and it is then that we receive them.

I believe a great majority of those who pray do not expect what they pray for, and a great many more expect God to send the blessing because they ask it, whether it is best or not, and without even an attempt to make themselves worthy of the blessings.

How simple and foolish? God is love, and His rule of conduct is plain and easily understood. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. By following this rule a man or a nation can have permanent peace and prosperity.

That rule is right, in harmony with all good, and is immutable. It cannot be violated with impunity.

Christian men and nations know this and would like to follow that rule but selfishness, ambition, greed and graft have such a tight grip upon them that few can free themselves, even though they know the penalty will surely follow.

Choose ye this day whom you will serve. Will it be God or Mammon? Are you willing now to go the full length and "get right with God" ourselves in prayer, and then extend our hand of friendship and brotherly love to our brothers in Europe and lead them to the same resolution? If we do our prayers will be answered and the Prince of Peace will reign supreme.

E. L. DeValls Bluff, Ark.

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## Delta Cotton Pickers to Use Stepladders

As proof of the great cotton crop in the Delta section of Mississippi, E. R. Crutcher, prominent planter, at Clarksdale, Miss., announced that stepladders would be used in picking cotton from 3,000 acres.

The stalks are eleven feet high. The cotton will yield two bales to the acre, twice the average.

Edenton, N. C. Nov.—1914

To The Editor:

The above clipping shows some tall cotton and we would naturally say "This is some cotton." When I was a boy my father sent me to Mr. John B. Bonner's after two barrels of corn which was then selling for seven and a half dollars per barrel and while at Mr. Bonner's he took me out to his cotton patch and showed me a stalk of cotton over seven feet high. We looked to see how many bolls were on it, and discovered only one near the ground. Mr. Bonner at the time was living on "Thick Neck" road. I thought that was some cotton stalk; but the Delta cotton beats this cotton plant all to pieces.

The reason Mr. Bonner's cotton plant grew so much was because it had been a week or two, and the cotton plants generally were well grown and too much weed. This year (1914) Mr. T. A. Spivey had several corn stalks on exhibition at Mr. T. E. White's grocery store in Edenton that were very tall—from the ground to the first ear of corn it was nine feet and a half. This was "some corn" in height. Of course it was much taller as the tassel was some higher than the ears of corn on the stalk.

This corn was raised on Mr. P. H. Bell's farm on the Pembroke tract of land near Edenton. I am reminded of a story told me sometime ago of some Kansas corn and its wonderful growth. A small boy was sent out to gather green corn for dinner. He had to climb the corn stalks to get the ears of corn; and the corn was growing so fast that he could not get down and he called to his people to come out there and help him get down from the corn stalk. One of the men ran out with an axe and tried to cut the stalk down; but every time he made a lick (the corn was growing so fast) his axe cut below where he had cut before. The last heard of the boy, he had eaten a bushel of corn and thrown down to the ground the cobs from which he had eaten the corn, and the corn was still growing.

This was "some corn" as well as the Delta cotton was "some cotton." How ever Kansas is a land of great and wonderful things. I recall the story of the fogs. When the Union Pacific was being constructed a party of the men who were working on the road met at night at what was called the inn. There were about twenty five men gathered about the fire in the room and all seemed wrapped in their own absorbing thoughts. While thus engaged, a man said, "Boys, I can tell the biggest lie of any man in the crowd." No one said anything. Finally he said "Boys, I can tell

the biggest lie of any man in the crowd and if I don't I will treat the crowd." This meant a considerable outlay as there were stated, about twenty-five men present, and liquor was high. A man in the outskirts of the crowd finally said "Go ahead with your lie," which the man at once proceeded to do. He said "Down in Kansas, where I come from we have fogs so thick and dense that we cut it down and stacked it up in the fields like oats and wheat are stacked." He stopped. The challenging man said "Is that your lie?" The other replied "Yes." Then the second man "When I was up in the state of Washington, one day we were putting shingling on a roof and a fog came up and it was so thick and dense that we shingled twelve feet off of the roof on the fog before we knew it." The first man said "It is my treat. Come up boys and let's have it." A marvelous state is Kansas.

Respectfully,  
Wm. J. LEARY, Sr.

## THE LAST GREAT WEST.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta—three vast provinces—an untamable expanse of territory that with the exception of portions of the Argentine in South America, is the last great body of undeveloped country in the New World.

From the eastern border of British Columbia to western Ontario, from the international line north to the frozen marshes and lakes lying close to the Arctic Circle—hundreds of millions of acres of the richest soil the earth affords, and all except a small fraction still unscratched by man with his modern machinery. There are millions of acres still open to homestead entry, and even those large tracts that have passed into the hands of corporations such as the Canadian Pacific Railway are being sold for a mere song. Canada is well supplied with trans-continental railroads and they are, of course, all interested in colonization.

They were heavily subsidized in the beginning by the Dominion Government; and thus being given a strong start they have been doing a large work in the development of the Canadian West. They do an immense amount of publicity work not only in Canada but also very largely in the old country and in the United States, and the language of the literature they scatter to the four corners of the earth is very enticing. Very attractive inducements are offered in the way of ready made farms on long time payments; land requiring no fertilization and yielding double and treble that of the States, lower taxes, good roads, fine transportation facilities; these with other inducements are steadily drawing good blood from other regions and making this country.

But wait Mr. Eastern Carolina farmer. Before you decide to sell out and become a subject of King George there is another side of this picture which I must, in fairness, present to you. There are virgin opportunities

and great possibilities awaiting in this country, but these are elsewhere the way is strewn with rocks and boulders, lost fortunes and blasted hopes. It is a fine region to succeed in, you have in a large measure, those qualities that make for success. But a still better place to fail than fails in you. It was not meant for the anemic, for the weakling body, for clerks with white hands and hollow chests, but it is strongly calling for good red blood, for men with lots of determination and stick-to-it-tiveness. It is not a land that would answer to the old familiar Biblical description, for milk is a very scarce commodity most of the year, and there is no honey.

The rosy literature scattered over the country speaks of the long, beautiful days of mellow summer sunshine, but it is "on the soft pedal" about those bitter months of winter—that awful, blighting cold, and those fierce blinding snowstorms, during which a man dare not venture to his barn to feed his dumb animals. It tells you of the excellent means of transportation and the virile, pulsing towns that have been born; it says nothing of the utter isolation of some of the districts of these great provinces; of homesteads taken up ten miles from any other human habitation and fifty miles from a railroad. It cites instances of fortunes accumulated over night, and sings of early independence awaiting the homeseeker; but it does not mention that solemn, silent band—the mounted constabulary—whose members go forth every spring as soon as the thaw sets in, and here and there from the huts and shanties of the isolated districts gather up the starved and frozen bodies along with others still living but more unfortunate—men who left civilization to "back" it in such a country, and who have become raving maniacs from the long deadening winter and awful isolation.

But all this is simply the price that pioneering exacts, and has exacted since the beginning of time. The charred remains of a prairie schooner in some mountain pass of the West, the bleached bones on the hot sands of Death Valley, the frozen corpses of the Canadian Northwest, all tell the same story of human flesh and blood offered up in the onward conquering march of that which, next to God, is the greatest and sublimest force in the universe—the human will. It will triumph out on these frozen prairies as it has triumphed elsewhere on this globe, and some day Western Canada will have a large population.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks and hardships these provinces are steadily drawing year after year many thousands of our own farmers from the states of the middle west. As seen merely from the local view, point of the sections affected by this exodus of brain, brawn and wealth it looks calamitous, but when the broader vision is applied and we look through and beyond the film of narrow and selfish localism, which so often obscures our outlook, the calamity dwindles into insignificance, and instead we see in this emigration and immigration a great force engaged in

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