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Friday, July 4, 1913.

After Sulzer

The efforts of Governor Sulzer's political enemies to embarrass him in his courageous fight for direct primaries, and other much needed reforms in New York state, have apparently reached a very low level, and as usual they have dragged a woman in.

To the reading public it would appear rather strange that the woman in question, who is suing the governor for breach of promise, should have waited so many years to discover that she was aggrieved and that the governor had forgotten to marry her.

The whole effort to discredit the governor savors of Tammany, and is thoroughly in keeping with the general character of Chieflain Murphy and his cohorts. To the governor's defamers time is no obstacle, so it matters not to them that they went back into the governor's life for ten or twelve years.

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Men And Politics

In all the most, mess of absent depravity which ever method may stirred, and is still stirring up, the name of former Congressman Watson, of Indiana, stands out with painful prominence. Time was when the name of Watson was a tremendous political power in the Hoosier State, and in the light of daily revelations it seems that Watson was no small potentate at the national capital.

Of all the things which go to make earthly fame, the lustre which is acquired in chameleonic political is the most fleeting. Have you ever stopped to think that men wage bitter war against each other and that the great, indefinite substance known as the "common mass" becomes wildly excited, forgets its business and disturbs the even tenor of its way—all for the purpose of giving some individual an

easy berth with good pay? As previously stated, political fame is elusive; the chieftains of yesterday are now being eaten by worms and are forgotten, yet there is no warning in their fate.

And men chase this fleeting bubble because of an imaginary line of difference which separates great bodies of citizens banded together under names the meaning of which they would be at a loss to define. The state of turmoil, the shattering of reputations and the engendering of strife and discord are all brought about in order to determine the surviving power of this or that issue of question. The destinies of a great nation are not controlled by the ever-changing waves of politics, nor can the readily shifting policies or opinions of any one man affect for a moment the essentials of government.

Notes and Comments

Slowly but surely the pennant it approacheth.

There'll be some noise today, and tomorrow the hospitals will be busy.

It is said that The New York World paid \$10,000 for the Mulhall story, and that The World got a bargain.

This is the one day in the year that you do not hear much about the Mecklenburg treaty.

If Secretary Bryan comes to Asheville July 12 he will realize what he missed by not spending his vacation here.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY."

July 4.

1773—First annual conference of the Methodist church in America met in Philadelphia.

1776—Congress proclaimed the Declaration of American Independence.

1783—The Philadelphia Agricultural society the first of its kind in United States, was organized.

1804—A weekly mail-stage commenced to run between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

1826—S. C. Foster, author of "My Old Kentucky Home," born in Pittsburg. Died in New York, January 13, 1904.

1832—Pennsylvania college, at Gettysburg, organized.

1836—Col. Henry Dodge took the oath of office as first governor of Wisconsin territory.

1858—Lord Carnarvon appointed governor general of India.

1863—Gen. Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg to Gen. Grant.

1894—The Hawaiian republic was proclaimed.

"THIS IS MY 63RD BIRTHDAY."

John C. Branner.

Dr. John C. Branner, the new president of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, was born in New Market, Tenn., July 4, 1850.

He graduated from Cornell in 1874 and for a time was professor of geology in Indiana university and later served as state geologist of Indiana.

He was geologist of the Imperial Geological Commission of Brazil, special botanist in South America and has held positions under the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania and Arkansas.

He has been professor of geology at Stanford university since 1892 and during that time has served at intervals as acting president and vice president of the university. Last year Dr. Branner was the recipient of the Hayden medal of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, which is considered the highest scientific honor in the geological profession.

JUST ONE MORE RIDE.

He owned a handsome touring car. To ride in it was heaven.

He ran across a piece of glass—Bill—414-97.

He took his friends out for a ride. 'Twas good to be alive.

The carburetor sprang a leak—Bill—449-95.

He started on a little tour. The finest sort of fun.

He stopped too quick and stripped his gears—Bill—450-51.

He took his wife downtown to shop. To save carfare he was great.

He hopped into a hitching post—Bill—4278.

He spent his little pile of cash. And then in anguish cried.

"I'll put a mortgage on the house And take her out one more ride."

BEES FOLLOW OWNER.

Ed Lewis dispatch to N. Y. Sun.

Edward C. Robinson, of Belleville, a railway mail clerk and bee fancier, last fall moved into the uptown district of Belleville and by remarkable will power, separated himself from his bees forever, he thought.

He labored under this apprehension until yesterday, when he discovered such a thing was impossible.

When the bees realized they had been deserted they followed their master.

Kotmann awoke to find his bedroom window screen covered with the insects. Further investigation showed they had prepared permanent quarters in a shed in the back yard.

In order to make sure they were the same insects he had fostered last year Edmann inspected the hives at his former home in the county. He found the place destitute of bees.

Edmann hopes he can bribe his city neighbors to tolerate the bees with honey. Otherwise he will have to move back to the country, where his pets can be with him unmolested.



Palmetto Editors.

(Augusta Chronicle.) The editors of the South Carolina newspapers have just concluded at the Isle of Palms their annual convention and reunion.

As in 1912 and in all the years prior thereto, their deliberations and enjoyments have been dignified, elevating, and, we are sure, profitable to them and their calling.

Daily and weekly, the South Carolina editors publish the newspapers. No state has newsier, better prepared or better printed state journals. The men who conduct these papers are patriotic and loyal and enterprising Carolinians.

In decorum, in ability, in personal and professional integrity and worth, these newspaper men are examples in all that goes to make up the worthy, honorable citizen.

Such have the Carolina editors been in the past. Such they are now. Such we are confident they will be in the future. We hail them as such and compliment and congratulate them on the high reputation which is given them by the people of their state.

A Pertinent Point.

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.)

The Columbia State makes the very pertinent point that "if cloth may be refused transportation out of South Carolina because children under the age of 14 have had a hand in its manufacture, a law prohibiting the carrying of raw cotton beyond the borders of the state because children have had a hand in picking it would be but another step in the same general direction."

Likewise, the berries and other small fruits of Florida, the Carolinas and the southern states generally could be barred from interstate commerce because children under any age prescribed by congress had a hand in their picking.

The chief danger in stretching the commerce clause of the constitution to cover the effectuation of this or that objection is that there is no telling where the stretching, when once begun, will end. The case is one in which, by doing violence to the spirit of the organic law in an effort to remedy tolerance conditions, we run grave risk of creating a situation that will prove altogether intolerable.

How Soon Forgotten!

(Detroit Free-Press.)

A memorial service for the late Alfred Austin, deceased poet-laureate of England, held at the chapel royal at St. James' palace on the 13th of June, was attended by exactly 24 of his friends and admirers.

A London banner, commenting on the meager attendance ironically headed the paragraph, "A Nation's Grief."

It seems almost incredible that of all the friends and acquaintances the poet laureate and essayist must have had among London's millions a bare two dozen only should have been moved to attend this service in his memory.

To the sparse audience the surprised choir and attending canons in full vestments must have seemed a mockery. Yet after all, how briefly any, even the wisest and best, linger in the memory of any but the dearest and closest of friends! Some one drops out of the ranks; some one says, "Did you know So-and-So has passed on?" a couple of months later we hardly remember whether the person is living or dead.

Only when the loss is intensely personal does it mean anything to us, immersed as we are in our own affairs. How swift our recollection we may realize by noting how the honorary pallbearers at the funeral, who are chosen from among the deceased's friends and associates, abandon the slow-moving carriages for their own waiting automobiles or the street cars after the service at the grave.

Indeed, the automobile hearse is a concession to our haste to get back to business. Nevertheless, we have to take time to die, after all, if our friends haven't time to see us safely under the sod.

The First Home of Cotton.

(Birmingham Ledger.)

Where did cotton originate? The question comes up because Brazil claims that it is indigenous to the Amazon valley. It may be so, but that does not prove that it was a native of many other valleys. It is a fact beyond dispute that cotton, from the earliest ages of the world, has been grown in China and for five to ten thousand years the people of that country have worn cotton clothes. The same fact is true of India. There is no record of a time when the people of India did not wear cotton cloth, at least a strip of it. That which we do know of Asia.

On the American continent the record is much shorter, but equally as positive. The first white man found cotton cloth a regular dress of the Indians of Mexico and the Indians of Peru.

These were the Indians who had found or who had inherited or discovered the cotton plant and had learned to weave the fibre into cloth.

All the nations here mentioned had advanced to the point of making fine cloth at least 2,000 years ago in America and India.

It is impossible to say where cotton originated unless it was originated in two continents. The lost Atlantis may have connected the old world with the new, and cotton may have been carried from the new world to the old, or it may have been brought to America many thousands of years ago. All in all we can see no reason why Brazil should claim the distinction of having originated cotton.

Neither Peru, Mexico, Persia nor China would consent to that.

Wool is the oldest of fabrics, cotton next, and silk third. We thank God for all of them.

Oil engine propulsion for ocean going vessels has reached so successful a stage that a \$5,000,000 company has been organized in London to operate lines of freight ships that will



Something Worse.

A friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter, saying that he was in very bad health, concluding with: "Is there anything worse than having toothache and carache at the same time?"

Twain wrote back: "Yes—rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance."—New Orleans States.

Girl Gessed Right.

Mildred was visiting her soldier brother at the barracks.

"Sis," he said, "I wish you had said you were coming. I'm on duty, but a fellow bandsman of mine will show you the sights."

The girl naturally asked many questions of her brother's friend as they went the round.

"Who is that man?" she inquired, pointing to a color sergeant.

"Oh, he once shook hands with the king," said her escort. "That's why he wears a crown on his arm!"

The gymnastic instructor, with a badge of crossed Indian clubs on his arm, was standing in the yard.

"That's the barber," replied the girl's companion, in answer to her inquiry. "Can't you see he's wearing the scissors?"

A number of stars upon the cuff of a veteran next aroused her cavalier.

"Guides us home by the stars when we've lost our way on night manoeuvres."

"Very interesting!" said the girl, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Then, noting his bandman's badge—the model of an ancient stringed instrument—she asked sweetly of her escort:

"I suppose that design on your arm shows that you're the regimental lyre?"—London Answers.

Furnishing the Fuel.

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to America. On the voyage Pat died. Preparations were made for burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost and chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye carry yer own coal!"—Tit-Bits.

Yet Lips Are Red.

Kitty—Isn't it a most fortunate thing?

Ethel—What?

Kitty—That people can't read the kisses that have been printed upon a girl's lips.—Boston Transcript.

Man and Motor.

Ethel—Kitty hasn't thought for anything nowadays except her new car. She's perfectly in love with it.

Jack (sadly)—Another case of man being displaced by machinery.—Boston Transcript.

Pa and Piggy.

The Farmer—I hear there's a fine fat pig for sale here. Can I see it?

The Boy—Fey-ther! Someone wants to see yer.—Sketch.

Fixing the Blame.

"My wife is learning to cook by cook book."

"How are things coming along?"

"The book must be full of typographical errors, judging by the way things turn out."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Voice of the People

THE PURPOSE FORGOTTEN.

Editor The Citizen:

On this, the Glorious Fourth, patriotism ruse riot and bottled up oratory flows, thousands of brass bands fill the air with strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," and hundreds of thousands of people pay tribute to the memory of those great men who, 137 years ago, were instrumental in freeing the American people from what was considered the tyrannical rule of England.

All honor to their worthy motives and splendid efforts, yet if Patrick Henry could stand in a council chamber at Washington today and repeat his famous declaration of "Give me liberty or give me death," he would have a harder fight on his hands than England, with all her powers, could put up. Instead of facing a regiment of infantry he would have to fight a foe hidden behind the massive doors of handsome Wall Street buildings, instead of meeting a noble charge on an open field of battle, red coat cavalry troops, he would have to fight at social and legislative functions, congressmen, senators, judges and other public men, elected and selected by the common people to protect the interests of common people, yet whose names are on the pay-roll of corporations.

Instead of facing the shot and shell of the field artillery, the noble Patrick would have to shield himself from the hidden shots of Boss Murphy, the crushing blows of Boss Tweed, and watch closely at every corner to escape the entanglement of the closely woven net of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Instead of meeting his enemy in a naval engagement he would encounter the petty politician who places the value of a vote back home at a higher figure than the welfare of thousands of men and women.

Instead of freeing the American people from a tax on tea he would have to fight to free those people from a graft, paid by the taxed people, which would buy outright all the tea consumed in America.

The principles of those men of revolutionary fame were magnificent; their ideals were sublime; the memory of their bravery and self-sacrifice should and will always remain fresh in the minds of the American people—but how their gift of freedom has been abused! Instead of owing allegiance to another country, we are at the mercy of a few men who may well be classed with the money-lenders of biblical times.

Yes, this is the Glorious Fourth. Go out and enjoy the farce.

J. F. R.



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Sulzer Vindicated.

(Charlotte Observer.)

The attempt to humiliate and injure Governor Sulzer, of New York, by reviving charges made against him 25 years ago has hurt only the people responsible for it, as we had no doubt it would. In the first place, the charges were never anything but charges and apparently were not even made in good faith. They appear to have reflected the disappointment and malice of opposing counsel in a law suit and nothing more.

"Perjury and conspiracy"—anybody can always charge anybody else with these and get him presented to the grand jury as often as not. "Governor Sulzer comes out of this little engagement," comments the New York Times, "fully vindicated by the testimony of court and counsel engaged in the Vermont trial, and his personal and political assets are augmented by the open enemy of Mr. Murphy, and, we may add, of ex-Judge George M. Curtis, however great or small may be the appraisal of that item. We may now confidently express the belief that the enmity between Governor Sulzer and Mr. Murphy has been ratified and confirmed. It will be approved by the public." Such appears to be the general verdict. Governor Sulzer found the odds against his radical direct primary bill in the state legislature too great to overcome, but his personal and political prestige has distinctly increased. Tammany, on the other hand, has incurred the stigma of attempting "government by black-mail." It will be surprising if this incident does not figure much in Tammany's injury in the New York municipal fight.

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