

THE EXCHANGE

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And ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were as the stars of heaven for multitude; because thou wouldst not obey the voice of the Lord thy God. Deut. 28:32.

STILL SAYS THEY'LL QUIT.

Under the caption "Let's Be Frank and Captive" The Wilmington Dispatch says:

The esteemed LAURINBURG EXCHANGE thinks that we "take too serious view of the situation," in sounding a warning that the Democratic party must be progressive, or it will disintegrate in North Carolina, and admonishes to "right inside the ranks for all names" leaving the party. The EXCHANGE also talks about threats of quitting not winning favors for "progressive measures or for those advocating them." THE EXCHANGE evidently didn't ponder our editorial. We did not advise quitting, but simply stated a fact, by way of prophecy, supported not only by signs, but what would really be Democratic should the will of the people, by trickery, not be allowed to prevail. It would not be a case of leaving the party, but of the party (in name only) leaving the people. A Democrat is known by what he stands for and what he does, or tries to do; not by a title. Therefore, even should the bosses still maintain the whip-hand and the progressives rally together in another party the latter would really be the Democratic party. We have the word of many distinguished leaders, including President Wilson, that there are two kinds of Democrats—the standpatters, or reactionary, and the progressives.

We may as well be frank about these matters, and the way to fight within the ranks, as THE EXCHANGE admonishes, is to do deal plainly, candidly with conditions. Therefore it is maintaining party loyalty to point out the pitfalls and to try and keep the party away from the dangerous spots. There has been too much of this business of "Don't disrupt the party" and "Be loyal" that has been used as an anesthetic or a blackjack. That is what has got the party in its present plight. Progressive measures do not want to win favors. They stand upon their merits, and they are part of the Democratic doctrine. Those who stand against them have got to win the favors of these measures, and if a group of men insists on keeping the door shut to them, they will leave the measures and the party.

It is useless to contend that the Democratic party in North Carolina hasn't got to enact progressive measures, headed by a Statewide primary, and it is the greatest of party loyalty, it is the scrappiest kind of fighting within the ranks, for progressive Democrats to insist upon such, and to be frank about what may happen. It is common sense, that makes for preservation of the party, to point out where the ice is thin, instead of allowing the party to skate on it and take the risk of being suddenly plunged into the dark waters.

As we stated in our article, which drew comment from our brother, there is no necessity for failure on the part of the party to be progressive. And now, it is not because The Dispatch takes too serious a view, but because THE EXCHANGE does not view the matter seriously enough. A party sometimes can be controlled by bosses, but never principle. Narrowed down, if the esteemed EXCHANGE had so select between what it stood for and a party what would it do?

From the above The Dispatch appears to be even more seriously impressed with the portentousness of progressivism than we thought, but we still find no cause for alarm. Everything necessary can be obtained inside the party. More noise is being made than the occasion justifies, and we are unable to discover the discontent among the "rank and file" that is so much talked about. Leaders are often reviled as bosses by those wish to become bosses. It's mostly a case of the outs against the ins, and a clamor is being raised about "principle" when "policy" more accurately defines the bone of contention.

We still think it is a mistake to threaten to withdraw from the party if one doesn't get all he thinks he wants—such a club will not win favor, i. e., approbation (not favor-s, i. e., gifts, as The Dispatch seems to have misread our word).

Viewing the matter as we do—an effort on the part of the "outs" to get in on a wave of self-created and personally-conducted enthusiasm—we find nothing in the situation to cause excitement as to disintegration of the Democratic party, and we expect to be found in it and standing for it long after the present little hubbub has subsided.

THE North Wilkesboro Hustler says: "We observe that the weekly LAURINBURG EXCHANGE of Scotland county charges one dol-

lar and fifty cents in advance as its yearly subscription. And it is doubtless worth more." Thanks Brother Pharr, for the kind expression; but we copy it mainly to call attention to the mistake of some publishers in trying to "make both ends meet" at a dollar a year for their papers. Material and labor are over fifty per cent higher than in the old dollar-a-year days, therefore common sense compels us to charge a legitimate price for the finished product. The farmer gets more for his cotton and corn, and the merchant charges us more for rations and dry goods; hence we are only keeping step with the times. Even at \$1.50 there is less profit than when prices in general were much lower. It is folly to sell a paper for less than its production costs.

"THE wish is father to the thought" in certain minds in this State as to the appointment of Chief Justice Walter Clark to an Associate Justiceship on the Federal Supreme Court bench. His present office would find many anxious aspirants were he to be promoted. But there's no likelihood of such an eventuality. His age and the already large number of Tar Heels at Mr. Wilson's pie counter militate against the distinguished jurist's preferment.

In the death of Rev. Mother Theresa, which occurred in Asheville last Monday, North Carolina loses one of her noblest women and most useful citizens. At the head of the order of Sisters of Mercy, she was ever the embodiment of that Christlike virtue, ministering to all who came within the sphere of her useful activities.

APPARENT prominence of some political agitators in North Carolina consists in newspaper notoriety. They make a noise about something they declare the people need, hoping to land in office on the puff of hot air they themselves create.

DON'T be fooled, stampeded, dragoned or bulldozed by the hysterical shrieks of calamity howlers in or outside the State. Although few in number they are very, very noisy.

THOSE Congressmen (in both houses) who voted to perpetuate their mileage graft should never again sit in judgment on others accused of grafting.

ONE progressive plowman is worth a carload of progressive politicians.

WISDOM FROM WISEACRES.

An exchange inquires, "Is woman in rebellion against fashion?" Maybe, but, frankly, we don't expect it to amount to much.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Most of this talk about political bosses originates with politicians who would like to have the job of doing the bossing.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

Let parents encourage sons to independent and new endeavor, even if very humble in nature or extent. Originators, far more than mere helpers, make the community prosper and grow rich.—Gastonia Gazette.

George Bailey, of the Houston Post, has gotten off this: "Much of the hard times of which people complain is due to the far-reaching unpopularity of hard work." We think that George speaks from the fullness of his heart, as in his young days he set type and fed presses for the writer, in General Julian S. Carr's big printing office in Durham.—Fayetteville Observer.

What's the use to sing the longest doxology and go forth and short-meter each other on gab and short-change, short-quart and short-balance the whole push? Why should anybody sing with the crowd one day and then stinging the crowd the next day? Why should men go up high on their notes in church one day and then fall down on their notes in bank the next day?—Wilmington Star.

Miss Lottie Robbins of Wilmington is a guest at the home of Mr. Lamar Smith.

"Needn't Go to Hell on My Account."

There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world—a kind of hedge-hog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men and women take one who they imagine has offended, and set such an one down before the blowpipe of their indignation and scorch him, and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then—they forgive him.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The above is clipped from last week's Laurinburg Presbyterian, and it somehow brings to THE EXCHANGE editor's mind an incident that suggests brimstone as an ingredient of a colored class leader's forgiveness.

Uncle Ned was an old-time darkey, with very rigid rules as to honesty. "Mine" and "thine" were ever distinct in his daily life; there was never any danger of the dividing line being forgotten. His integrity was rugged, and he was a valued adjunct in the writer's office.

In the same town there dwelt a colored shoemaker whose reputation was the opposite of Uncle Ned's character. Indeed, the frequency with which the cobbler reported to customers the "loss" of shoes left with him to mend caused suspicion that he was a rogue. Uncle Ned had confirmed his own suspicions by finding his shoes on the cobbler's feet. After that there was a wide gulf between the two men. However, Rabb, the shoemaker, managed to keep up his affiliation with the same church in which Uncle Ned was a leader, much to the latter's disgust and indignation.

In course of time Rabb fell ill and as his sickness progressed it became quite serious. At last Uncle Ned received a visit from a member of his church, when this dialogue took place:

"Uncle Ned," said the caller, "how cum you ain't been to see Brother Rabb enduring his sickness?"

"I don't fellowship with rogues and you niggers knows it," was Uncle Ned's answer, given with a snort of emphasis.

"But, Uncle Ned, he's powerful sick and he's might low down in spirit, and he ax me yistiddy 'bout all de brothers in de church and speak 'specially 'bout you, how you ain't been a-nigh him all dis long spell."

"I done told you my principles 'bout that man," interrupted Uncle Ned.

"My Lawd! Uncle Ned, that man's a-dying. Ain't you got no sort of consolation to send him at such a time?"

There was a moment's silence. The imminence of the cobbler's departure seemed a poser. Uncle Ned scratched his white wool for an instant, and then—

"Tell Rabb he needn't go to hell on my account."

"Good Lawd! what sort of"—

"That's all," Uncle Ned put in in a tone of unmistakable finality. He was honest even unto the parting of the ways 'twixt life and death, and would say no more than he felt in his clean old heart.

Map of Postage Stamps.

John Fortune, a mail carrier of this city, has completed a map of the United States from postage stamps. By using stamps of various colors he separated the original 13 colonies, also outlining every State. The large rivers are shown with orange-colored stamps. In the center of the map is a great American eagle with wings spread, the olive branch and bundle of arrows clutched in its talons. Above the eagle is worked out the phrase "E pluribus unum." The Great Lakes are shown and the Canadian border is designated with Canadian stamps.

The map is bordered with pictures of all the Presidents, the likeness secured from stamps of various designs. In the center of the State of Virginia is a copy of the Declaration of Independence, bordered with stamps of Washington design.

The stamps are pasted upon a canvas, five by nine feet, and each one of them has been trimmed, requiring great patience and work. The number of stamps used in making the map is known only to Mr. Fortune, as it is his intention to lease it to large stores to be used as a basis for guessing contests.—Atchison, Kan., Dispatch.

Lieut. Vamps At Asheville.

Lieut. Alex L. James, Jr., of the United States Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. James of Laurinburg, is located at the present at Asheville, being one of the four officers in charge of Camp Grove, a military instruction camp of the War Department. This camp is one of four that is located throughout the United States.

Low Cut Prices

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Low Cut Shoes

We have in our stock a few hundred pairs of Oxfords for Men and Women, Boys and Girls that we have decided to sell regardless of profit. All this season's goods. The designs, shape and leather are just what style and comfort require. Don't miss this opportunity as the hot weather is not near over and you will not have an opportunity soon to buy Oxfords of such high quality at such low prices as the following:

For Ladies and Misses

\$2.00 Patent Oxfords	\$1.40
2.50 " Button Oxfords	1.95
3.00 " Pumps	1.75
4.00 Tan Oxfords	2.15
4.00 Patent Oxfords	2.90
2.00 White "	1.25

For Men and Boys

\$3.50 Button Oxfords	\$2.65
3.50 Lace "	2.65
4.00 Button "	2.90
4.00 Lace "	2.90
6.00 Stetson "	4.65
4.50 Crossett "	3.15

It will pay you to visit our store. For the next 15 days we have some good values in all departments that we are closing out regardless of profit.

Epstein's Department Store

The Home Of Big Values
Laurinburg, N. C.

Had Narrow Escape.

Mr. Roy Sutherland, who was called from his post at the Laurinburg Oil Company's office to take a temporary position as conductor on one of the Laurinburg & Southern trains during the rush of the cantaloupe season, had quite a narrow escape from death last Wednesday.

Mr. Sutherland was standing on a box car which made up the train, and being unused to this work, was thrown from the car by the impact of coupling cars, falling to the rail between the moving cars. By a streak of good fortune his body bounded from under the cars before he was caught. In falling he sustained very painful bruises from coming in contact with the iron rail, but fortunately no bones were broken.

JACKSON SPRINGS SPECIAL

Jackson Springs Hotel—Leonard Tufts Lessee
Mrs. E. C. Bliss, Manager

The Norfolk Southern Railway has put on a special passenger train between Aberdeen and Jackson Springs, which meets all Seaboard passenger trains.

The hotel has tennis courts, swimming pool, ten bath houses equipped with shower baths, good boating, fishing, fine orchestra and dance pavillion. 1500 miles of good automobile road. Address

Jackson Springs Hotel,
Jackson Springs, N. C.