

DEMANDS AN APOLOGY

The Editor of the News feigns to be grossly insulted, at our article which appeared in last week's issue of the Dispatch headed: **TAKING HIS FIRST LESSON**, and has written us demanding a retraction. And if we fail to retract he demands proof. Now we emphatically refuse to retract, unless he or some one acting for him will point out wherein we have libeled him or his paper. There were two whole columns of the article every word of which we believe to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, mildly stated at that. We have the proof for every statement made, and if the Editor of the News will enter a general or specific denial of any of the allegations, the proof will be forth coming. But we will not be bluffed or bull dozed into making a retraction by any veiled threat of recourse to law, or personal chastisement. When in the right we have no fear of the law, and the threat of personal chastisement does not strike us dumb with terror. We reproduce the News Editor's letter in full with our answer, and will let the public decide who is entitled to an apology, the Dispatch or the News.

Burlington, N. C., April 12th, 1912.

The State Dispatch, Burlington, N. C.

Dear Sir:

In your issue of last week you attack the reputation of the Editor of the News for truth in a manner that was unfair and unworthy of a decent paper. You both by insinuation and intimation sought to create the impression that the Editor of the News lied. Now as we regard truth to be the central virtue of manhood without which there is no real character, we shall not suffer such an attack to go unchallenged. Therefore we are demanding that you retract what you said relating to this or bring forth your proofs at once. Hereafter, when you want to make a personal attack do it in person, without having any connections with a political issue. You will therefore do me the kindness to prove what you have charged by implication or retract, if you believe at all in fair play.

I am Sirs, yours truly,
R. M. Andrews,
Editor.

Now Mr. Editor, you state we attacked your reputation for truth in a manner that was unfair and unworthy of a decent paper. Now we are not surprised at your saying this, because no Republican paper is a decent paper in the eyes of a democratic politician. But will you state for the benefit of those thousands of democrats who are not politicians, and who believe that a reputable republican newspaper which is trying to show up democratic incompetency and mismanagement of the tax payers' money, is a decent paper, wherein your reputation for truth has been attacked. We stated in our article that we believed the Editor of the News to be a high-toned God-fearing christian man, is this the attack that you refer to as being unfair and unworthy of a decent paper, if so you probably know better what you are talking about than we do, and we are willing to take your word for it. You state that we sought by insinuation and intimation to create the impression that the Editor of the News lied. BUT WE USED THIS LANGUAGE, Knowing you as we do, it would be more charitable to say that you were imposed upon, and that you would hasten to set yourself right, not only in justice to us, but in justice to your readers a majority of whom are honest fairminded men, even if they are partisans. Is this what you construe to be an attack upon your reputation as unfair and unworthy of a decent paper? Of course you know whether our suggestion, that you had been imposed upon or not is true, and if you were not imposed upon, and published the statements that you did of your own volition, not knowing or caring whether they were true or not,

then we have been too charitable already and you deserve all and more than was said about you, of this we have no way of knowing, possibly you will enlighten us at some future time. Again you say, Hereafter when you want to make a personal attack, do it in person. WHO STARTED THIS ATTACKING BUSINESS AS YOU CALL IT ANYWAY. IN YOUR ISSUE OF APRIL 3rd. UNDER THE CAPTION, THAT SEVENTEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. You used these words, The way of the ward politician is like the transgressor, it's hard. He must vent his spleen, spit gall and sling mud whether he feels like it or not because his living depends upon it; so whenever his ravelings get low or the prospects of his party get dim, he hies himself back to his old avocation, like the hog that returns to the wallow he returns to his political tricks and terms. Now who were you talking about when you wrote and published this political dope of the average democratic spellbinder. From this it would seem that you are somewhat of an attacker of men's characters yourself, are you not? But just as soon as we lay it on McDuff, you cry aloud, hold enough. And once again in the same issue of April 3rd and in the same article you say: Now what about this flaring headline of insinuations; there is just this and it ought to be known to the remotest corner of the county, speak it out upon the house-tops, declare it upon the street corners, This party that is out, whose leader made this attack in their county paper, is after pie more than your or my good. Now who told you to say this? You could not have done it by yourself, but when backed up by your political counselors you are an attacker of men's characters that the democratic party should be proud of, and we have no doubt but that you will be suitably rewarded, should the opportunity ever present itself. Now when you have thoroughly digested this, and again feel that you have been attacked in a manner unfair and unworthy of a decent newspaper we will be glad to have you again demand retraction, which of course will be forthcoming just like this one. This article like the others was prepared by our contributing Editor, J. Zeb. Waller, But the Dispatch assumes full responsibility therefor. And should you desire to carry out your implied threat of recourse to law, the Dispatch will be only too glad to meet you in the temple of Justice. But should you prefer personal satisfaction Mr. Waller stands ready to meet all comers.

In Self Defense

Editor of The Burlington News, Dear Sir:—

In the last issue of your paper there appeared in the first column of the first page an article signed by the former Editor of the News Mr. O. E. Crowson concerning a certain incident in the controversy between The News and The State Dispatch with reference to the financial condition of the country. In this article Mr. Crowson contemptuously refers to "The Little Mail Carrier" who overheard the conversation and hastened to headquarters with the news. As I was present not as an eavesdropper, as Mr. Crowson intimates when the conversation referred to in Mr. Crowson's article was had, and as I have been informed since by the present Editor of The News that I am the little mail carrier alluded to by Mr. Crowson I wish to say in self defense that The Big Editor of The Durham Sun well knows that my attention was attracted to the conversation by a criticism of the service by the local Rural carriers in regard to the delivery of the Burlington News. The Big Editor of The Durham Sun and The Editor of The News know full well that the conversation was had in my immediate presence and that it required no stress of the auditory nerves to hear what was said and that no breach of news paper etiquette or of propriety as between man to man to report and publish such a conversation.

A Frame Up.

The Present Editor of the News, and the former Editor of the same sheet, having been caught in a questionable conversation regarding the best method of keeping the tax payers hoodwinked in regard to the exposure by the Dispatch of the reckless expenditure of the people's money by the democratic county officials. Have put their cunning heads together, to devise ways and means to shift the subject from a political to a personal one, by attacking the character and standing of a certain federal official who is a stockholder in the Dispatch Publishing Co. But the ruse won't work, the people are on to their game, and will not be fooled or led astray by these personal assaults upon a man whose veracity has never been questioned by any one who possessed any standing and character themselves. The present Editor of the News having waded into deep water, the sea of democratic politics in Alamance county, and becoming engulfed by the overwhelming proof and logic of the Dispatch as regards the county's financial condition, hies himself into the August presence of that veteran Dodger, Stradler, and sidestepper, the former Editor of the News, and loudly exclaims, What must we do to be saved. And straightway comes the answer, Lie like h—l and stick to it, and then he adds under his breath, so low the little mail carrier could not hear it, if he unconsciously places the little

this like I have been doing it, abuse him, abuse him, but do it in a way that the people will know who you are abusing, and if you cannot do it in the good old fashioned democratic way, why just let me at him. I am an old offender, I have had years of experience, I have received the blows of his sledgehammer truths in the past, but I am out of his reach now, and the venom, hatred, and prejudice upon which my democracy exists is aroused, let me at him, let me at him, and he opens up the putrid chambers of his political chess poll and belches forth nearly a column of abuse and personalities, in an effort to convince the tax payers and his former readers that he has been lying to them for twenty years. Don't worry neighbor, don't worry, the people as well as the tax payers have had you correctly sized up for nineteen years three hundred and sixty-four days. This accounts for your not being here now, but if you will come forward like a man that you ought to be, and make a clean breast of why you butted in. That having said the present Editor of the News a gold brick, when you transferred to him the News, and wishing to pacify his injured feelings as far as possible, that you might escape his wrathful indignation for driving a hard bargain, and wishing to do him a good turn to ease your lashing conscience, if for this reason you espoused his lost cause, all will be forgiven, to use your own recent language, While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.

Republican Fifth North Carolina

Congressional Convention Called For May The 14th, 1912.

By virtue of the authority of the Republican Executive Committee of the 5th. North Carolina Congressional District, a Convention is hereby called to meet, at the County Court-house, in the City of Greensboro, North Carolina, on the 14th. day of May, 1912, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing two delegates and two alternates to the Republican National Convention, which is called to convene in the city of Chicago, Illinois, on the 18th. day of June, 1912, to nominate Candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the Convention This the 30th. day of March 1911.

JOHN T. BENBOW
Chairman.

J. ZEB WALLER,
Secretary.

Senator Dixon Gave \$200 to School At Snow Camp.

Greensboro, N. C., April 24.— Senator Joseph M. Dixon, while in the city Monday, showed the appreciation of the esteem of the people of his birthplace by making a gift of \$200 to a school building, now being erected at Snow Camp, Alamance county. This is known as the Hammer memorial school, being constructed at a cost of \$30,000. The larger part of this fund was given by Mr. Hammer. It is planned to make this a demonstration school, where agriculture and other things of practical value may be taught. The trustees of the fund have purchased a farm surrounding the school.

The trustees of the Hammer fund are Jeremiah Cox, N. C. Stuart, W. P. Stout, T. H. Hornaday, J. A. Hornaday and Lydia Stuart.

Government Depository.

The Alamance Loan and Trust Co. has been made a depository of the United States which means that Uncle Sam will now become one of the many depositors of this well known and substantial Institution.

Money to Lend. See Graham Loan & Trust Co.

GREAT STEAMSHIP TITANIC GOES DOWN: 1,530 PASSENGERS AND CREW PERISH

New York, April 15.—The White Star Liner Titanic, the world's greatest steamship, has gone down some 500 miles off Cape Race with 630 of her 1300 passengers and her full crew of 860 men on board.

That the greatest catastrophe in maritime history has occurred to a vessel of their line, is admitted late tonight by the officials of the White Star Steamship Company in New York.

The liner Carpathia, the first vessel to come within sight of the Titanic, rescued all Titanic's lifeboats, in which were 670 persons, most of women and children. Many women and children, however have perished.

When the Carpathia reached the ill-fated vessel no sign of life was to be seen anywhere, the mountainous swells giving mute evidence to the stupendous disaster.

Early reports stated that all passengers and crew of the Titanic had been taken off by the Allen liners, Virginian, the Parisian, and the Carpathia, but wireless messages received tonight discredit these reports in every detail.

That the sinking of the Titanic was witnessed from the bridge of the Carpathia, which was leading the Parisian and the Virginian to the rescue is believed here tonight. That the vessel was seen through the glasses of the Carpathia's captain, to be afloat is regarded as the source of these early encouraging reports.

No hope is held out at the offices of the White Star Line that any man on board has survived to tell the story of the final sinking of the leviathan, although some of the women in the boats may have witnessed the sinking. Only by a miracle it is pointed out could any person who stood by the ship escape the great vessel's powerful suction as she sank to the bottom.

The Titanic carried the most notable list of passengers ever borne across the Atlantic by one vessel. Homecoming American tourists arranged their sailings weeks ago so as to ride the new wonder of the seas on her maiden voyage.

Tonight's dispatches state that the Titanic went down at 2:20 o'clock this morning. The delay in the transmission of the news is attributed to the fact that all dispatches have been subject to difficult relays.

The collision of the Titanic with an iceberg is now known to have been a head-on crash that occurred while the liner was proceeding at little less than her best speed. She was a day ahead of her schedule, and it is considered probable that an attempt to have a record-breaking voyage was the sole ambition of her crew.

Her forward plates were completely wrecked, a gaging wound opening below her water line and letting the water into her forward compartments. In the meantime the lifeboats were manned and into them were placed as many of the women and children as they could hold. Three boats were put off while there was yet some hope of holding the leviathan afloat until her wireless messages could bring help.

Later and more comprehensive messages tell of great bravery on the part of the men passengers. There was a minimum of disorder.

John J. Astor who, with his bride, was returning from their long honeymoon abroad, saw his bride placed on a lifeboat and safely away. Colonel Astor was drowned.

The work of getting the lifeboats away, the work of allaying the fears of the great crowd of passengers as much as possible, the work of keeping the pumps in operation and the engines throbbing—these tasks and countless others were directed by Captain Smith, the venerable commander of the Titanic, and before her advent the command-

er of the Olympic, who displayed almost superhuman power of mind and body as the world's most horrible sea disaster crowned his long and honorable career on the high seas.

A wireless message from the Victoria says that the occupants of the lifeboats which she picked up have been transferred to the Carpathia, which is proceeding to New York.

The Titanic struck the berg at 10:25 last night and foundered at 2:20 this morning. At daybreak the Carpathia arrived on the scene and her passengers and crew beheld only the small boats with their precious human cargoes and a dismal scene of wreckage.

"Sinking by the head, and the women are being rushed into the lifeboats" were the last words that spluttered into the wireless room of the Virginian from the Titanic. All through the night and until her Wireless station was silenced, over hundreds of miles of sea from the antennae of the giant liner flashed the mystic and magic "S. O. S." the world-wide cry of distress on the occasion. Every wireless operator within range of the named vessel dropped her other messages to locate her, and meantime received the fatal three dots, three dashes, and three dots to the world.

The collision occurred in latitude 41.46 north and longitude 50.14 west, 1,150 miles east of New York and 450 miles south of Cape Race, the most westerly point of New Foundland.

Contrary to early surmises, there was no fog when the vessel struck—the weather was clear and the sea was calm.

Almost as soon as the Virginian picked up the distress signal it was recorded by the operator on the Olympic, the Titanic's sister ship, and next to her the largest vessel afloat. That was at midnight. At that hour the Olympic was 200 miles from New York en route to Southampton.

The Olympic forged ahead under full steam, but tonight's wireless dispatches indicate that she reached the scene too late to be of any assistance.

The Baltic—famous for her rescue of the passengers of the steamer Republic and for Jack Binns, who sat afloat and braved death to summon help—was the next ship to pick up the brief story of the Titanic's plight. She was on her way from New York to Liverpool, but turned about and put on full speed towards the Titanic's position.

The Parsian, according to her messages, reached flotilla of rescuers soon after the Baltic.

A wireless message from Captain Haddock tonight confirmed the fears of The White Star Line officials—that all but the 670 women and children who escaped in the small boats from the \$10,000,000 ship had perished. A part of this message was withheld, but enough was divulged to the newspapers to make certain the appalling extent of the catastrophe.

Not until Captain Haddock flashed "Horrible Disaster—all but 670 lost," would the White Star officials believe that the mightiest ship ever launched had gone down on her maiden voyage.

The scene in the White Star offices tonight was pitiful. Brought to a realization of the stupendous wreck—the complete destruction of the fruit of their dreams—gray-haired men, many of them veteran seamen, wept.

Washington, April 22.—With succor only 5 miles away, the Titanic slid into its watery grave, carrying with it more than 1,600 of its passengers and crew, while an unidentified steamer, that might have saved all, failed or refused to see the frantic signals flashed to it for aid.

This phase of the tragic disaster was brought out today, before the Senate investigating commi-

(Continued on last page.)

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