

# EDITORIAL

VIEWES OF THE EDITOR ON MATTERS OF CURRENT INTEREST.

## The Danbury Reporter

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### THE WICKED WEALTHY.

It is noticed in the New York Herald that Mr. B. Duke has acquired another mansion on Fifth Avenue. The establishment, with its furnishings, will cost many millions of dollars--possibly more than our entire county, with all of our lands, solvent credits, money and mules. This is only one of the Tobacco King's castles--he owns stopping places in the country, at the beach, in the mountains and in the city, with their accoutrements of vast retinues, yachts, automobiles and private cars--so remunerative is his business of manufacturing tobacco.

Near Winston-Salem the other day a representative of the Reporter had the pleasure of driving through Mrs. Reynolds' "Reynolda," her country place out on the farm two miles north-west of the city. They are building a bungalow out there, as they call it. We call it a castle. Designed by high-salaried architects, modern in every detail, lighted with electricity from a plant owned by Mrs. Reynolds on the premises, watered by her own watering plant, and surrounded by seven hundred acres of beautiful woodland, parks, drives, lakes, and all the other things that go to make for the pleasure and the luxury of the rich--this estate will rank up close to Vanderbilt's establishment at Asheville when completed. Scientific farming in all its branches will be carried on, is carried on now, under expert direction. They have a man there who is a wizard when it comes to making things grow. He furnishes the table of the family with tomatoes and cantaloupes for Christmas, and things like that. Horticulture, floriculture and agriculture will flourish at "Reynolda" like an Italian garden. It is a place where money is going to make the farm go--just like money makes the mare go. An ice plant, a dairy, poultry yards, nurseries, and all the incidents of scientific farming, will make Reynolda a place of utility as well as beauty, and furnish conveniences and luxuries at first hand for the Reynolds family. All the comforts and luxuries incident to great wealth will be there.

Out on a Stokes county tobacco farm a man and his wife and children are stripping tobacco. Their place is in a damp tobacco barn, the seats consisting of rough chunks of wood on which to rest tired bodies while ceaseless toil goes on. No visions of future comforts brighten the dull eyes which sort the leaf, not even anticipations of warm and comfortable clothing and palatable viands to eat. The work goes on steadily from early morn to night, with no break in the gloom except when the wife leaves shortly before twelve o'clock to cook the meal of bacon and cabbage, or the coming on of night when all hands can turn in for a few hours oblivion to the sad world. Maybe the wife has a hope of a new calico dress for Christmas, and the children of twenty cents' worth

of stick candy from Santa Claus. This is about the sum and substance of the gay round of pleasures booked ahead. Mayhap this layout must be put on next year's expense bill. The first primings are hurried off to meet the call of the fertilizer man, and to get money for a few bushels of seed wheat. The old man has worn his overalls for a year, perhaps they will last through another season.

The comparison is striking, but who will deny its truth. It is simply a picture of wealth on one hand, and poverty on the other. It is a true picture of life. But must we curse the rich man because he has grown rich, and praise the poor man because he has not accumulated? Shall we charge the poor man's plight to Duke and Reynolds, why not lay the blame as well at the door of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Woolworth and Vanderbilt.

What constitutes the vast difference in position in this land of the free and home of the brave, that one must toil while the other recreates, one earn while the other spends, one suffer while the other enjoys. What is it, environment, fate, chance, circumstance, evil laws, or luck.

Last summer at Piedmont Springs we listened to Dr. Booth of Oxford reminisce of ante-bellum times down in Granville when old man Duke peddled tobacco with a mule over eastern North Carolina. His boys came back from the war and went to work with father, to rebuild their living which the war had wasted. With little money, and little credit, but with character and thrift and energy and brains they built. If their methods were dishonest, or their practices those of cheating and swindling and robbery, we have not heard of it.

Soon after the war, in those same hard days, Dick Reynolds left his father's farm in Patrick county twenty-five miles north of Danbury, and started out to try to make his living in the world. Wending his way south, he stayed all night at Piedmont Springs, with a few hundreds of dollars in his pocket which his father had given him. Undecided just what course to take, or what business to try, young Reynolds drifted to Winston-Salem, then a straggling town of a hundred families. Here he cast his lot, settled down to hard work, and stayed with his business. Time passed and he went through lean years and fat years, through panics and plenty, and came out on top. Men today say he is a very rich man. The black smoke of his factories darkens the sky in many States. He is a multi-millionaire. Some men have charged that he has succeeded at the expense of the toiling thousands in the tobacco fields of Stokes and adjoining counties. But why shall we curse the rich man for his money? Can any man say that Reynolds has not reaped where we should have reaped? Men say that Reynolds should pay us more for our tobacco. But do we not buy our fertilizer, our cloth, sugar, bread and hardware where we can get them at the lowest prices, regardless of the interests of those who produced the commodities. They tell us the sugar planters of Mississippi must go out of business because the price of their staple is below the cost of production but do we hasten to pay a little

extra which would keep them in business, and provide their families with the necessaries of life? Does any evidence go to show that Duke and Reynolds are rogues simply because they are rich? Do either of the Tobacco Kings owe us anything? Does common sense teach us that concerns which engage in trickery, swindling and theft prosper in the end, rather does not retribution though some times tardy--as in the case of Casper--wrap you in the toils sooner or later when you tread the path of dishonor. Where in history have you read that Big Business built permanently unless founded upon the solid rocks of economy, thrift, never-tiring industry, and HONESTY.

This article is not written in defense of big business, as big business needs no defense when it walks straight. It is merely a few thoughts along the line of the proposition that simply because a thing is popular does not always mean that it is right.

In another place in this paper were are publishing an article showing what B. Frank Mebane is doing in the way of farming in Rockingham county. Our farmer readers will find it interesting and profitable.

### Farmers Rush Tobacco To Market Too Fast

The Southern Tobacco Journal believes that tobacco farmers are in too big a hurry to sell their crops. Colonel Webb argues: The seasons open in South Carolina in July or August, and in a month or six weeks the crop down that way is sold. In fact the South Carolina markets open before tobacco firms are in good shape for buying. The warehouses open up, and farmers rush their tobacco to the markets without grading or decent handling. This may be best for the farmer, but we can't see it that way. The eastern Carolina markets open about the time the South Carolina markets close and it is a big rush on the markets until the crop is sold--some markets running triple sales. The Old Belt markets are in full blast and selling tobacco just as rapidly as it is possible. Next month, or by December 1, Western markets will open with the same kind of rapid selling, if not more so, that is found on the Southern markets. Too often tobacco is sold in bad condition, because the farmer is anxious to get it sold. Is there any remedy for the too rapid selling of tobacco?

### Walnut Cove Minister Receives "Pounding."

On Friday night, October 15th, the parsonage here was visited by a crowd from Walnut Cove and its environs, laden with provisions such as flour, sugar, rice, potatoes, oatmeal, salt, soap, soda and many other useful articles too numerous to mention. After depositing their loads, we repaired to the parlor, read a lesson from Psalm 103, and engaged in prayer, then the crowd remained and we enjoyed a short time in social intercourse, after which they withdrew and left us grateful and happy.

Three of the circuits have also recently contributed toward the purchase of a fine new top-buggy. The ones contributing are Walnut Cove (Stokesburg), Palmyra and Pine Hall. The other churches will, perhaps, still contribute their part to meet the unpaid balance on it. We are indeed grateful for these kind tokens of appreciation. We have added about forty members this year. It has been a year of arduous labors, but the Lord has been with us.

E. J. POE, P. C.

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