

YOUR NEIGHBOR OF COURSE HAS MANY FAULTS—ONE IS SEEING YOUR FAULTS

Everything

EVERY SILK HAT YOU SEE, SOME DAY BECOMES A JAMMED UP OLD THING.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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THE OLIVER CASE JOY FROM WINSTON

Is Most Remarkable In State's History.

Last week we took a dip into the "Oliver Case" and prophetically remarked it would become as conspicuous in our state's history as the famous Mecklenburg Independence Day, which Charles Van Noppen couldn't change even a few days. In our prophecy we simply cast about for comparison, but we wrote better than we knew.

Since our last issue the papers have withdrawn Oliver; they have said his cake was dough, but here comes Mr. Oliver with ample rejoinders and lets it be understood by all men that he hasn't withdrawn; that he isn't accepting "something just as good" until he knows who are the Greeks bearing these tempting gifts. He doubtless sees how suddenly, how completely, how smoothly and how irretrievably Mr. Justice was swallowed by the Whale of politics—how just as his last interview had been resounding throughout the state and wild-eyed men were almost already getting their ballots ready to vote for him for United States Senator, a flash of lightning appeared in the skies of the District of Columbia and Mr. Justice was not. True he doubtless figured that in the position offered him he could do yeoman service for his country; that he could skin an octopus before breakfast every morning if he felt inclined; he could bring to the bar of justice the land grabbers and other pirates who have put to shame Bulgarian brigands in theft and pillage, and he may, and doubtless did sincerely feel that in the position offered him he could do good. It is no small recognition to be called in as special prosecutor in important cases for the government, because it at once suggests that the man so called is of extraordinary legal ability—he must be to win his fights—but the way it was handed to him! Mr. Justice himself said, if the interview we read was correct, that he had no intimation of having the position offered him—the tender came as a complete surprise—and no doubt it did. And so when a charge of dynamite goes off and sends a man up into the clouds, it comes as a surprise to the fellow who goes up, but to those who carefully planted the dynamite an explosion was expected.

And Mr. Oliver has offers for choice plums; positions paying just about as much coin—but what he wants to know is "how comes" that he isn't eligible for the position he sought. Why can't he demand of Mr. Joyce the surrender of the cancelling stamp. Why must he be humiliated as an editor, as a man who wrote under the boasted claim of the "freedom of the press," and in writing, incidentally stepped on the sensitive corn of a United States Senator who achieved a glorious victory and who, in that victory should have been magnanimous. Mr. Oliver no doubt recalls the fact that once upon the red hills of Virginia, under the famous apple tree at Appomattox, the Great Grant handed to the Great Lee a message of forgiveness and sympathy. But it may be that Mr. Simmons understands that during all the long years of warfare the great Lee never threw mud. But to the mud throwing proposition Mr. Oliver again demurs and threatens to print the whole story and insists that he never struck Simmons below the belt; that he never wrote anything but what was privileged in the heat of a campaign—and he has the promise of Major Stedman to take no action until the waters, which are now very muddy, clarify at least a little.

And as the days go on the Oliver Matter increases in importance. Oliver Day must finally be put in our history. And in the meantime the Reidsville Review, over the destinies of which Mr. Oliver presides, appears with charming regularity filled with hot stupa about many things—and were it to happen that John should wake up from his troubled sleep and realize that the Review is the best thing in Reidsville if he wants to make it such; understands that there is nothing but mud and slime and but little money in the political game, he will be better off. In fact, he frankly says he has an abiding faith in the Fates and whatever the outcome it will be for the best—that like Pope proclaimed it, whatever is, is right—but in the meantime Oliver is getting acquainted in Washington. Major Stedman stands firm for Mr. Oliver, and we don't blame him, and all the time the politicians are working it out and applying large cakes of Harmony on the slipping belts. The hope of democracy is to keep down the family jars, and as we predicted last week, so long as Colonel Bill Osborn is sitting at the political chess table the moves will all be in the right direction.

The Reason

Attorney General McReynolds is going to find out what makes eggs high. Sometimes it is because the platform is elevated, when a populist orator tries to talk in North Carolina.

The Barriers Brushed Away and All are Happy.

All is not woe. All is not darkness. We knew and knew well, Horatio, that behind the black clouds there was yet a silver lining. While the Slough of Despond loomed uninvitingly before us and an ominous dread seemed to chill the atmosphere for miles around, we still had hope. Not in the tariff revision, because we couldn't see that; not in lower rates, for that meant nothing to the ultimate consumer—but we knew there was in keeping a joy supreme.

And it comes—comes like a pure stream of water gushing from the mountain side; comes like a governor's pardon handed to a wretch condemned to die; comes like the news of the fatal illness of a man's militant mother-in-law—and it comes from Winston. It has been decreed and ordered by the Board of Aldermen that the sale of sausage and liver pudding can be made direct to the consumer, the only embargo being the payment of a little inspection fee—10 to 25 cents. So sing, sing on, O, Israel, these be thy gods—let harpers harp and joy be unconfeined. Sausage and liver pudding on the free list—sausage and liver pudding no longer restrained and controlled by voracious monopolies. Editor Standford Martin, of the Journal, will please pass us a little more of the liver pudding.

Well, Why Not?

The railroads all over the country have gone before the interstate commerce commission and asked for a raise of five per cent in rates. They point out that wages have increased, supplies have increased in price and everything is still going upwards and they must have more money in order to successfully operate their roads. Against this is the proposition that already the railroads are skinning the public—here in North Carolina it is claimed by Judge Clark they get \$10,000,000 too much each year, and by Governor Craig \$4,000,000. In other states the same cry is made against high rates and unjust rates. If the cost of living advances, which seems inevitable, there is this hope. If the interstate commission will not allow an advance it won't be long until the present rate will be just. So the old adage will be proven: Every thing comes to him who waits—even railroad rates.

ASHEVILLE EXCITEMENT

Prominent People Arrested for Selling Whiskey Contrary to Law

It did us good to read that Judge Frank Carter ordered the arrest of several prominent citizens of Asheville for selling whiskey. The evidence seemed conclusive—had it not been Judge Carter would perhaps have not acted as he did.

Of course this caused great excitement. But why? When good men and prominent citizens buy whiskey and sell whiskey, why shouldn't the same law apply to them that applies to the ignorant and intellectually dwarfed African who is sent to the roads for dreary months for the same offense?

If the law is against selling whiskey why not enforce it? Why not make "equal rights to all" more than a hackneyed phrase?

Sometimes we think the African is the victim. He sells to the white man and is generally caught and does our good roads work. And if the white man, no matter how high his station, undertakes to violate any law it seems just that he should be apprehended and brought to justice.

The Asheville case of course excited much comment, because the people ordered arrested were prominent as hotel men and druggists. They presumed that there would be winking at the law; that eminently respectable people could violate it—it was just made to punish the lower crust. But it seems that once in awhile justice is even handed. Of course none of the violators will go to the roads for this offense, but maybe later on they will take the nigger's dose, if they persist in their glad, wild ways.

It is to be noticed that most of the good road enthusiasts have a string to it. They either have something to sell or want to get on the job. The real patriot in the good road business passed out and gave place to those who are casting a weather eye windward.

The Black Hand has shown itself in Danville. Mr. M. E. Holt, manager of a mercantile company has received a demand for \$1,500 or his life. The chances are that some cheap skates are playing the game, and if Mr. Holt refuses to come across, we will undertake to underwrite the case for a five spot.

CLEAR FOR OVERMAN



The Senatorial talk is getting a little more often, and from the way things are shaping the chances are that Senator Overman will have no opposition. True they talk Glenn, but the time is not ripe for a man of Glenn's temperament to make a successful run. Everybody likes "Bob" Glenn—but when it comes to taking an able democrat out of the United States senate just because some other "good fellow" wants it—well, the Simmons vote last year showed how North Carolina people feel on that line. Ex-Governor Glenn, were the field open, were all things equal, could sail in over any other candidate. But Overman has become conspicuous because of his long service; he has made good as Senator; he fills many important places on committees, and his democracy and ability are unquestioned. And the average man who figures it out asks himself the question: "Why should we put out of business a faithful public servant—one who has familiarized himself with all the ins and outs; who is now really prepared to accomplish something for North Carolina, and put in a new man simply because he is a 'good fellow'?" And the answer is: "There is no use." That is why Overman will succeed Overman—that is why he should be re-elected.

The theorists who want to fix Mexican affairs had better quit. You can't play around dry gun powder with matches and diplomacy or statesmanship is unknown to a barbarian.

A Big Stir

The marriage of President Wilson's daughter to the man she loved, and had loved before her father was made Chief Executive, created quite a stir—the newspapers carrying all kinds of stories. We see nothing more about this wedding than any other. All weddings are, or should be, joyous affairs; it is the time the world wide bargain is made and man and woman undertake to do their part in a life-time partnership. When we look around us and see how many men fall out with their partners and dissolve; when we think of the millions who are happily mated and go on through life as help-meets—well, a wedding is a big thing, but no bigger at the White House than in the little cottage down the lane where a pure woman gives to a manly man her heart and soul.

George Mebane

Dr. George A. Mebane, of Sprav, bright as a dollar and always cheerful, sends us words of congratulation which we appreciate. Many people have written us nice letters—but we always want the approval of Dr. George A.—he knows many things worth while.

The protectionists claim that the new tariff law chisels the American manufacturer out of 28 per cent. That means that the manufacturer must lose 28 per cent, or the laborer who produces his goods must lose 28 per cent, or the manufacturer and laborer must divide the loss between them—and it doesn't necessarily mean that the ultimate consumer gets his product any cheaper. We hope that the men who have cried for a lower tariff and those who have cried for protection will take prices as they were when the tariff bill becomes effective and prices a year hence, and see how many more pounds of a given article the grime covered laborer will get for his dollar.

Remembered

While the talk about the Gertrude Hoffman mess of nastiness has about subsided it is a safe bet that the people will remember it a long time, and that no more rotten plays will be put on in Greensboro. And it is worth while to mention the fact that you can't find one man in fifty who is defending Gertrude.

There have been six million four hundred and thirty-five thousand columns of Mexican war news printed, and up to this sad hour not a gun has been fired. It has all been done on paper, and by papers with hot air type.

DANVILLE'S DOCKET.

Fifty-three Cases on at One Session of Court.

Danville has no saloons. This is the dry term. Next go round it will be the wet term and saloons will run again. Every two years Danville reverses herself, and while this is on, it is hard to get things smooth. Men who get their hides soaked with likker during the two year's wet spell can't get it out during the two year's drought, so the police court always has a big docket.

Last Monday, according to the esteemed Bee, some fifty-three cases were tried—took nearly all day to straighten things out, and eighteen drunks were in the bunch and six or eight cases of concealed weapons were on the docket. The Bee suggests that Virginia would do well to imitate North Carolina in the matter of concealed weapons and put a few people on the road. In Virginia, as we recall the law, it is a \$20 fine and confiscation of the weapon.

But to think that Danville has so many police court cases causes the philosopher to wonder why it is that there are no less drunks in dry times than in wet times. True, it isn't far to Chatham, it isn't far to Washington, and beyond South Boston lies Richmond, where an assortment of wet goods can be procured the same day. But after all it certainly shows that it is the community rather than the saloons that plays the mischief. We have had figures recently printed showing that Greensboro consumes about 200 gallons of whiskey per day, by express, which does not include the moonshine stuff made in the county, and yet the drunks are not conspicuous. In fact when Greensboro had twelve bar rooms you hardly ever saw a drunken man in Greensboro—and the question arises, why is it that Wilmington can't get over her thirst and why does Danville have just as many drunks and down during prohibition times as during wide open times? Certainly it must be something in the climate.

The civic work means cleaner streets in this generation through compulsion. But it means cleanliness as a matter of duty and pride for the generations yet to come. The work is purely educational. A hundred years from now and to put up a sign telling people not to spit on the sidewalk would seem a joke.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

How Prone We Are To Do Things in Haste These Times

President Finley of the Southern railway was not yet buried when the press of the state poured forth columns of panegyric; beautiful encomiums regretting his departure from a world of strife; statements that he had done so much for the South and had given his life for the commercial upbuilding of our commonwealth and others through which his great system of railways operated.

But these praises fell upon ears forever deaf—these types which spoke so kindly could be looked at only by staring eyes.

And how different these flowers hurried and hastened to the dead from the big black type that Finley was a robber—that he was stealing from four to ten million dollars from the people of this state alone. As president of the corporation that was charged with crime, Finley was guilty, if the charge is true. To know that he was pointed out as president of a system of railways that was exporting money from an overworked and down trodden people, as the dope read, caused this great man dead, no happiness. He knew that he wasn't a robber, and he knew that his railway which he labored so hard to sustain, was not guilty of anything legally wrong. But they hurled at him their bitter anathemas; accused his splendid system of railway of being a robber to the tune of ten million a year.

He fought bravely; he never resented with angered epithets the charges made. He went among the people; he spoke to them; he tried hard to show that the system of railways over which he presided had some rights—and now if in the dead room the essentially great man could hear the words of praise uttered concerning him, it would be pleasant to his ears. But too late—he has gone, and his successor will hear the same old cries. If the railroad is guilty of high treason, why not in an orderly manner indict and prosecute or regulate it—why allow ambitious men to use it as a stepping stone to office?

And now there is all kind of speculation as to who will succeed President Emerson of the Atlantic Coast Line and President Finley of the Southern. It was a strange co-incidence that two presidents of two great systems, should go out at the same time.

Quail are plentiful, but under the law you can't buy 'em and unless you have a gun and a dog and a place to hunt you can't shoot 'em—so please pass us another turn of now boss!

BLEASE PARDONS

Number Over One Hundred at One Time.

Wanting to give some people cause to be thankful, Governor Blease this week pardoned something like a hundred convicts. These men were tried and sentenced, and Blease, having the pardoning power, turned them loose. Blease, it is said, looks carefully into each case, and then turns the man loose if he thinks he should be turned loose. And the general public, appalled by such apparent indiscriminate abuse of power, stands on its hind legs and howls and wonders.

But you can't tell. Maybe the criminals should be pardoned. You don't know and I don't know. We all know that many men who should be in the pen are out of it and many in who should not be there.

But there is no use for us to judge unless we are elected judge. The police court proceedings, as published in the Daily Record of Greensboro the other day, shocked us. It was stated that a negro boy was found guilty of stealing a one dollar bill from a livery stable, and he was sentenced to the roads for eight months. Eight months on the county road for stealing one dollar! That jars us, but perhaps Judge Brown, who is reported to have sent him over, had a reason. It may be that previous character or something or other influenced the Judge and the sentence was just. But on its face it wasn't right. Not right to send anybody to the public roads for eight long months for stealing a one dollar bill. Another man who stole four dollars and a half was sent up for the same length of time—and intelligent men who loot banks and steal thousands often go free or get a year and a day.

But there is no use to find fault unless you know all about it.

WINSTON IN IT.

The Twin City to Have a Modern Lighting Plant.

The city of Winston is going after metropolitan ways. This week Colonel Z. V. Taylor, president of the Public Utilities company of that place, visited the board of aldermen and told them what to do. "Turn on the gas and run it all night; replace the lights you now have with bigger and better ones—our company will pay the bills. All we want is a guarantee of good faith. Give us ten year's contract on the same basis you have now—but we give twice the service—and your town will be illuminated."

And from the Journal we gather the information that Winston will cheerfully sign up. If the cities of today would get the motion would forget that they are little country towns here in North Carolina, and let the big companies loose; let them have contracts for a period long enough to assure them no loss in their big outlay, the North Carolina towns would take on new life.

Charlotte broke away. She said the Great White Way was worth the price. When she expressed herself in favor of it the aldermen, unanimously, voted for it—and it is not only a thing of beauty—but it suggests life, enterprise and prosperity.

Many people in Greensboro think we need no White Way. We need it just as badly as we need arc lights; just as badly as we need telephones, just as badly as we need street cars. True people can walk, and they can walk in the dark. But the town that is up to the minute; the town that does things regardless of the expenditure of a few dollars is the town that is going to get her share of the new things that are coming into the South. We are in favor of expending money for things that will help the town. We pay a goodly sum of taxes now—more than some other people, not as much as some others, but we are willing to let our taxes be increased ten or fifteen dollars a year in order to illuminate the town—in order to show every man who comes to look us over that we are Johnny-on-the-spot—that here is an atmosphere of enterprise. Enterprise begets enterprise—and towns like Charlotte, Winston and Durham, which are breaking away are getting results. Durham has just started out for a big electric sign—a sign that is to cost thousands of dollars. "Waht good is it?" asks the blind man—but those who can see know what good it is.

We are glad Winston is going to shed her light all night instead of depending on the moon. We know she has many live people there—and they know that now is the time to make the show—because the South is next ten years is going to come into her, and North Carolina is going to have two cities.

Conservation of the land is the best way to keep the soil from becoming barren.