

IF A MAN IS DOWN,
GIVE HIM A LIFT. IF
HE IS UP, DON'T STEP
ON HIM.

Everything

IN TAKING THE OTHER
FELLOW'S MEASURE,
BE SURE YOUR YARD
STICK IS RIGHT.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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HIT MAIL ORDERS

Want a Law To Stop The Literature.

And how is this? The Western North Carolina Conference has passed a resolution calling upon Congress to prohibit the distribution of whiskey literature in prohibition districts. This would be called an infraction of the law concerning the freedom of the press—but even that can be overcome.

As it is now the whiskey dealers in other states can take a directory and fill a town full of literature telling about how many quarts of smooth, juicy and delightful old corn can be shipped securely sealed for two dollars and a half or four dollars, as the figures might be, and plain Jim Smith or John Jones or Stokes, or Stiles or Johnson as the case may be, never once dreamed that he was so close to so much unalloyed happiness and pleasure. And as he reads on and on and sees that for such a small sum he can have delivered at his door the demijohn containing this inspiration in liquid form; this soothing lotion—his lips commence to moisten; his eyes gleam, and the first thing you know he has written, signed sealed and delivered the letter and the check which will bring him the goods.

And he gets it. True he must run the gauntlet and meet searching and scrutinizing eyes when he signs up; there is no John Doe business, and Richard Roe cannot identify himself at the express office—but the original sender gets the original package and he drinks it. True it isn't the kind of likker his father used to drink—else why the forbidden tears that trickle down his cheek; why the complete filling of the throat and the gasps for breath? That my son, is because in putting in the concentrated lye the hired man spilled the jug—but finally drunk comes and the man is happy for the nonce. Finally, after a night's wrestle and "seeing things"—and "each nerve calling out on God who made the misused clay" the Man Who Had Received the Literature gets sober—declares that never again will he be tempted by the alluring advertisements and price lists. And he means it. But after a while, after the last regret has been forgotten—after the old dog follows him awhile he receives another bunch of literature, from another house—and he sees where there is likker ten years old. He wonders how it is possible for there to be likker ten years old in all the world—so he orders some of that and repeats the same performance.

And the church folks argue that if the literature didn't come, maybe many a man would lose his jag and save his soul. It may be. Let them pass their law if they can—it can do no harm—it might do some good. John Barleycorn is on the run—and he may at last be cornered.

Old Andy Carnegie

Andy Carnegie, getting along now to where the shadows are quite long drawn hands it out that this world is heaven—and if he could buy a lease of life on it he would tell them to name the price—he wouldn't squabble over it. Perhaps not. He has more than any other man, of ready money. He came up from the lowest rung of the ladder; he has lived a clean life and as he realizes now that he must go under his tombstone, he would give all the wealth he possesses to live a little longer.

But it is here that the poor man; the out-cast takes on his hope, if he ever takes on his hope. Carnegie with his many millions—countless almost, would give them all to have the remaining years of the hobo of thirty. But he must go. He cannot say to the grim Ferryman of Styx. "Here, Old Man, is a check for twenty million—suppose we don't take this trip for a few years." The ferryman would shake his head, and say: "Come with me." And Andy will go under the ground and the worms will gnaw his vitals—and where he sleeps in after years perhaps a bob tailed hound will some day be found rooting. It is thus we all pass away. It is thus that countless millions have gone—and it is thus that countless billions will go.

Mr. A. W. Jacob Dies

Mr. A. W. Jacob, for many years a prominent druggist and a well liked citizen of Danville, Va., died this week. Mr. Jacob was a quiet, unassuming man; a man who made but little noise in the world but he was a good citizen. Joe Caldwell used to say that if you said of a man "he is a good citizen" that meant it all.

The Dog Tax

Sheriff Haywood, of Durham county, reports to the county commissioners that he has been unable to collect any dog tax from the farmers, the farmers claiming that dogs are not property, and the case goes to the Supreme court. Not a dollar of dog tax has been collected. It is thought the higher court will soon reach a decision.

Funny about dog tax, anyway. If a dog is a nuisance, as some people claim, and which we deny, he should not pay any more tax than a cat. If a nuisance he should not be allowed to exist. A dollar tax means nothing except it is a polite way to raise a little money. A cat should be taxed and so should the diamond rings. But—

IS HAMMER IN OR OUT

Auman Confirmed and Seers Are in The Dark.

And so it came about that E. L. Auman, of Asheboro, was confirmed as post-master of his town. The fight was bitter against him, and Solicitor Hammer was said to have preferred charges against him. But whether Hammer dropped his charges, or whether the powers that be put Auman over is yet not revealed. It is recalled that when Mr. Watts was about to be appointed Mr. Justice went to Washington and gave out an interview that he had seen the president and it was understood because of that visit, Watts would never be appointed. But Overman and Simmons got real busy and Watts is collector. Subsequently Justice was appointed as special prosecutor. It may be that in order to preserve complete harmony, Hammer took down his charges, and that it is the intention of the administration to also appoint Hammer as solicitor, thereby keeping peace in the family.

Others think that maybe Hammer has lost out in his fight, because it is alleged that Mr. H. A. Page journeyed to Washington with no other purpose than to prefer charges against Hammer. Politics is politics—and you'll have to wait until the wash is on the line to see how many pairs of socks you have.

Why?

When Senator Simmons was running for election, it was charged freely by his opponents that he was not a democrat. From newspapers and hoesets it was vigorously proclaimed that he was a trust defender; that he was against the tariff reduction, and that he was affiliated with Lorimer and other vicious law-makers.

Against these charges his friends entered general denial, but raised the war cry and the rallying cry. "Why depose a good man—why should North Carolina make the mistake of changing her representatives every election? Why not let efficient men remain after they have gained experience and are in position to do our state some good?"

That was the question. That was the one thing every Simmons man emphasized—and that was the one thing that re-elected Simmons. Of course we all know that Simmons returned to Washington; took his place as the leader of the Senate; pushed through the tariff bill where other men must have failed; stands today pre-eminently the leading figure in the United States Senate and the reason he is there is because calm, unprejudiced men said "Let well enough alone."

And so it should be in North Carolina. Why should we talk about a candidate to succeed Stedman—a man who is making good—except now and then a politician is displeased. Why should we listen to talk about Glenn or Justice or any other good citizen running against Overman when Overman has made good and looms high in the horizon as a National figure? Overman and Stedman and all the other representatives from North Carolina are rendering service to the state and her people; they are men of intelligence and clean records. Why allow some fellow who simply wants the job to come in and run, and with no experience go to Washington to succeed men who have gained distinction, and by reason of their experience there gotten in position to be recognized on committees and be heard when they raise their voices on questions under discussion?

The New England States have long dominated the Senate only because they kept their representatives there. They were ripe in experience and when a measure was before either house they understood what to do, and by reason of their long service they had the power to do.

We believe that the thinking people of North Carolina, now that we have representatives of whom all are proud, will see to it that they are returned as long as they make good, and that is why we are for them. It is not because we are against Glenn or Justice or Royster or any of the others—it is simply because we are in favor of rewarding again and again those men who have gone to Washington and rendered service to their people.

Of course the politicians, those who want office and who want office for their friends are in some instances disgruntled—but a Congressman who finds on his desk fifty applications for one post-office cannot appoint them all. Forty-nine must be disappointed, and the Congressman, with the lights he has, does the best he can—and it should be remembered that another Congressman would per force do the same thing.

Let North Carolina forget the personalities, and let her keep in Washington men who "are on the job," men who, by reason of experience are better fitted for such work than the raw recruit—no matter how much ability he may possess.

J. M. McCracken

It is announced that the Graham heart-ache has ended. Major Stedman has recommended Mr. J. M. McCracken for postmaster, and this should clear the clouds somewhat. Of course there will be scores of disappointed ones—but Time heals all sorrows.

CARR FOR GOVERNOR



A Burke County man, writing in the Charlotte Observer, says that Gen. Julian S. Carr is the logical candidate for Governor next time. And why not? The Burke county man says:

"Instead of getting up a scramble among the younger men of the state for the gubernatorial nomination, why not nominate by acclamation the Hon. Julian S. Carr? The other gentlemen mentioned though able and most worthy, can afford to wait. Mr. Carr entered the Confederate Army when a mere boy and though poor, with no great friends, his splendid success in life is strong evidence of his remarkable business qualifications. He has done more for North Carolina schools, her churches and the Old Confederate Veterans than any man in the state. Big brained and big hearted, he deeply loves the state of his birth and would make an ideal Governor. He is no longer a young man and if North Carolina has any desire to, in some measure reward him let us nominate him for Governor. He will get an immense vote."

BURKE.

Morganton, November, 27."

Everything would rejoice to see Jul' Carr Governor. No other man has done as much for the state and for the state's people as Gen. Carr. He is competent to fill the Governor's chair as it was never filled before. Why not recognize him now? Why wait any longer? General Carr would make a Governor of whom we all would feel proud, and he would do as much as any man ever filling the chair. Locke Craig is making good—and as his successor General Carr would hold down the place with dignity, with ability. And the State owes him more than it can ever repay.

AD TESTIFICANDUM.

An Editor Served with one of "Them Things" As the African Calls It.

According to reports from Asheville, Editor Caine, of the Asheville Citizen has been served an official notice to appear and tell all he knew about likker being sold in Skyland. Now that is really tuff. Here is an editor who has professional secrets, the same as a doctor or a lawyer has; he is given tips here and tips there under the rose, and because he perhaps said some things in his paper, he is put before a legal writ with a Latin name, that is, in itself, enough to frighten a man to death—and told to come into court and impart his knowledge.

Of course it is proper to get the "facts in the case"; it is important that all evidence available be gathered and if blind tigers do exist root them and send the offenders to the roads—but for the law to take an editor in its arms and say he must tell all he knows—why that isn't hardly fair. An editor knows all things. There is nothing on earth or in the sky or the waters beneath the earth that the editor doesn't know—and as for Colonel Caine having any personal knowledge of whether there was or was not any likker on tap—the idea is absurd, preposterous, irrelevant and immaterial.

But seriously, since other "pieces" were written for this issue, the Asheville situation is growing alarming. Prominent men have been taken napping; the whole section is stirred as never before, and to add to it all Judge Carter, according to reports printed asserts that efforts have been made to bribe him.

But that won't happen. He is standing like a stone wall, but if it gets too warm we may look out for many "perjured villains"—because it won't do to always tell all you know.

Colonel Anna Shaw Talks

Colonel Anna Shaw, and why not suffragettes as Colonels for they are more renowned than war, says the time has passed when women must say to men: "Please give us the ballot." The proposition is to demand it and take it.

Dr. Shaw has long been militant with her tongue and pencil, and she expects to see the day very soon now when all the states will be suffrage. And in all candor why not?

The tariff yet hasn't taken the high price out of things, and the tariff will never do it, unless it is by the low wage route.

CHANGE PRISON LAWS

Why Should Prisoners Earn Money for State?

The condition of the finances of the state prison has brought forth some resolutions, has caused several changes to be made; and the directors, reserving their rights as citizens to protest against existing laws, declare they will enforce them because they are laws. Among other things done many prisoners are turned over to the governor to contract with citizens for their labor, at \$1.50 a day.

And when we finally change the law, let us change it humanely. If a man transgresses the law he is sent to prison for two reasons, and two reasons only. One is to keep him from running at large, because he may be dangerous and a menace to society, and the other is to punish him. What right, humanely and morally considered, have we, as a people, to take a husband away from his wife and children—they innocent of any crime, lock him up in a prison and force him to labor and the proceeds of that labor go to enrich the state? It doesn't cost \$1.50 a day to keep a prisoner, and what right have we to traffic in that unfortunate man's sweat? Why not have a law that the labor the prisoner does will be credited to him, and the difference between that and his expenses be given to the family he has left to hustle for itself? Talk about slavery and the bondage of the black man. We took his labor and that was decreed to be wrong. But now we come and coin money out of the man who is held in bondage and dressed in stripes and disgraced forever. Let him toil; but while he toils let him understand that his labor is being recompensed—that the wife and children whom he was forced to leave are being supported. This state is rich enough to take care of the unfortunates. Why not farm out the insane who are not dangerous? Why not farm out the tuberculosis patients—and put the gold from their earnings into the state's treasury? The system is wrong, and when people talk about blood money, blood money is certainly the profit made at penal institutions. The man in prison is not held to make money for those outside of prison—he is held to punish him, or restrain him from running at large.

We hope that under the Craig administration—an administration that is doing things and seems not at all afraid of sane innovations that something will be done. It is high time.

Suppose?

In all the years that have passed, every so often we have had what is called a panic. Hard times, a drought a shortage of crops, blundering legislation; disastrous financial failures, one thing or another has brought them on, and the nation has severely suffered. So diversified are our farming interests, that drought in a whole section of country, the shortage of millions of bushels of one cereal or another makes but little difference, but suppose we had a failure of some kind—suppose that a panic would strike us just about now? With eggs going at sixty-five cents a dozen on the Pacific coast, and forty cents around this section; with butter at thirty-five cents and chickens worth as much as their weight in gold; with hog meat selling at forty cents a pound and labor hard to get—where would we be some fine morning if the bottom would fall out and three or four million laborers were walking the streets looking for employment.

This is liable to happen—and yet we all go along spending the last red dime, thoughtless of tomorrow or what tomorrow may bring. Pause, pilgrim, pause and go to slow speed.

Changed His Mind.

Judge Andrew Joyner turned down the California position, announced last week, and goes to San Domingo, as assistant to Collector General Vick. This position will doubtless be better suited to Mr. Joyner. The work will not be very heavy, and the climate will be delightful. And then he can stay as long as he wants—San Domingo will never be over and the Exposition will. We congratulate again, Mr. Joyner upon being recognized. He never applied for any place. His sterling worth as a newspaper man has long been known, and his Washington friends wanted to give him something because it was due him. He will prove a valuable assistant to General Vick.

Bleese After Wilson

Governor Bleese of South Carolina, in making a speech appealing for his candidacy for the United States Senate, attacked President Wilson, saying that he could not be re-elected unless he changed his tactics and put out the negroes instead of putting them in office. Take it from us, that man Bleese is a character. Strong and vigorous, the chances are that he will go to the senate. He talks to the common people and hands them stuff after their own heart. Whether sincere or just a blathersnake we do not pretend to say but certain it is he can draw a crowd and get all the applause he is looking for.

RUNNING A BAR?

The Asheville Muddle Grows Worse.

That Asheville whiskey strap is pretty serious, if what evidence thus far allowed can be relied on. It is claimed that the famous Battery Park Hotel actually ran all kinds of bar-rooms. That whiskey was served to its guests; that the clerks collected for what drinks were served at meals; that regular drinking rooms were established and the proceeds ran from \$30 to \$40 a day—all done on government license taken out in the name of a negro porter.

The drug stores seemed to be playing a high game as well as the hotels, and altogether it looks like this raid among the "higher-ups" would present disclosures that would make the average blind tiger commit suicide because of his wonderful moderation.

Just what the outcome will be is hard to determine. The state press is loudly calling upon the authorities to give road sentences to those who have so openly defied the law, if the proof is conclusive. But that will hardly happen. Once in awhile a "big one" gets pinched—but the history runs that the gentleman who has engaged in ungentlemanly business escapes with a fine because it is his first offense. If the hotels have been selling whiskey indiscriminately; if they have gotten a negro porter to take out the government license in order to shield them, and they have been the beneficiaries of the unlawful traffic, it looks like the severest punishment contemplated by the law would not be too harsh.

When we remember that the African who sells whiskey does it often to accommodate the white man; when we know that he is not intellectually or morally the peer of the offending white brother, it does look like the one who knew better should receive the severest punishment. But not now. Some day it will be even handed justice in this world of woe. They pinched Morse and Walsh and Carter—the biggest guns yet before the bar of justice for violating Uncle Sam's laws—but the majority of "high-up" offenders for the most part escape with punishment altogether too light. Let us hope the Asheville cases will furnish a precedent to follow—let us hope that there will be a real justice meted out to those who have wantonly and defiantly violated the law.

Happy Man.

Some friend in Atlanta found an old copy of Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book and sent to Ben Tillman. Ben is reading it again—reading it after fifty years of rest. As Old Ben re-reads the lines "Rain will make the ground moist" he doubtless wonders why it is that such things were printed. Of course any fool knows that rain will make the ground moist—but any fool knows more than the average kid at the proper age to tackle a spelling book. And to think what knowledge Tillman has absorbed since those days when he wrestled with his lessons in that old blue back speller. To know that he came up out of the corn field; that he bought books and read them alone by the light of a pine torch; to know that he had neither education nor help—and finally landed and kept on landing in the United States Senate a national character spotless as to record and reputation—well, he doubtless feels grateful to the man who put out that old blue back speller—the fountain where he first paused to drink knowledge.

Dr. Wiley Elected

Dr. Wiley, the pure food fanatic, called by some the expert, has been elected President of the District of Columbia Men's League for Woman Suffrage. Dr. Wiley has been an avowed suffragist for twenty years. He stood alone among the big men for a long time, but now he has all kinds of company. It is said that he met his wife at a suffrage meeting, and his son, a little over a year old, is also enrolled as a member of the association—the youngest member in America. By the time his son is old enough to vote, woman suffrage will be on in every state in the Union and the young man will wonder why an organization was necessary to secure woman what was rightfully her own.

A Big Hotel.

The Charlotte Observer says the proposed twelve story hotel planned by the McAdoo estate of Greensboro will be worth more to the town than all of us down this way imagine. The Observer has seen what one sky scraper will do. Enterprise begets enterprise, and it does seem in the way of city building that one sky scraper this coming year, then look at Atlanta people used to rubber neck at the first tall building they didn't know what to think. But now fifteen or twenty can stand there looming to the sky and following every year. If Greensboro sky scrapers this coming year, it will be for a big town.