

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF AND YOU WILL BE HONEST WITH ALL.

Everything

BETTER MAKE A SHOW IN YOUR BANK BOOK THAN ON YOUR BACK BONE.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

A SUIT FOR LIBEL

Rumored That Editor Is To Be Called.

It appears that a gentleman named D. F. King, of Rockingham county, took his pen in hand and let loose a volley of epithets and other things concerning A. L. Brooks, of Greensboro, C. O. McMichael and State Senator Ivey, the latter two of Rockingham, and the Leaksville Courier printed the scathing article. It also seems that these lawyers are not willing to see themselves held up in cold print as bold bad men, and the talk is that they will at once institute a suit for slander against the author of the article, and incidentally call upon the newspaper editor to make due and ample retraction, under the law, or he, too will be sued.

We haven't seen a copy of the Courier, but we take it that it must have been a pretty rough article. Ordinarily Brooks, being a politician and used to being slandered by politicians, McMichael himself being an editor and knowing how indignant subscribers sometimes scribble, no attention would be paid to the average article.

But if Mr. King transgressed the law; if he took advantage of the newspaper columns to hand a private opinion, no one will blame the gentlemen for making him suffer if he violated the law.

Under our libel law the editor has a chance to escape, if he can prove that he didn't know the man was loaded, provided he meets certain conditions. And possibly he should have, but we never did believe a libel law should protect an editor any more than it should protect an individual.

If an editor maliciously slanders a man he should be held guilty and punished. The idea of giving a right to retract isn't as it should be, unless he can prove beyond all doubt, that as a purveyor of news and as an editor, he unintentionally and without malice, uttered a libel. In other words an editor should enjoy no more privilege to defame his neighbor than a man without the printing press.

It often happens that an editor, in a rush for news, accepts something that appears on its face as a good story, as a story that should be printed, and before he can verify it he must go to press, and under such circumstances if he slanders a man he should have the right to apologize and show that he was an innocent bystander. But for an editor to deliberately fill his fountain pen with vitriol and cut glass and sit down calmly and intentionally and refer to a fellow citizen as a thief, a robber, a highwayman, a seducer or what not, and then after he has disseminated such information to come out the next week and say he guessed he was mistaken—that should never be the law. And it isn't, perhaps, that wide open, but it is too wide. We do not intend to intentionally slander any man on earth, but if we do, and do it with malice and deliberation we should pay the bill. That is our idea, and not knowing anything about what King printed or why he printed it, we will wait until the case comes on for hearing and then render a judicial opinion.

The Gun Toters.

Richmond goes after the gun toters right. Six men who were caught carrying revolvers were fined \$100 each and sent to jail for one year. That is the way to break up a habit that does not seem to decrease. Many highly respectable citizens carry guns—think it smart—but if there could be a search and seizure law for gun toters, and each suspect searched for his gun and if found guilty sent to the rock pile for one year it would be business.

Spreading.

It seems that the Jule Carr boom is spreading and if things don't get going too fast, and skid somewhere, Jule Carr will be the next Governor of North Carolina.

All Gone.

So many of the big ones got out of Washington for the holidays that Secretary of the Treasury, McAdoo, was acting President of the United States last week. But as the Mexican "situation" remained the same—there was nothing official to do.

Charlotte's Growth.

The Observer estimates that in commercial buildings Charlotte will erect somewhere in the neighborhood of two million dollars worth of buildings in the year 1914. The Observer doesn't just set down figures, it prints the names of those who have had the plans drawn and the estimated cost of each building. If Charlotte puts two million dollars into building this year Charlotte never will stop growing.

A REAL LIFE STORY.

A Man Who Had It In Him Making Good.

The story comes out of Milwaukee that Paul Stensland who was the president of a bank, and who absconded with \$500,000 of its funds in 1906, went to Morocco and was caught there, served four years in prison and went out to make his fortune has succeeded in paying back most of the money; is on his feet and will soon pay the last dime. That is cheering news. The robber paid the penalty. The law was vindicated. It wasn't up to him to return a dime, so far as legal proceedings were concerned. But it was in him. He knew he had the moral obligation and he got busy. When it is all paid back, which won't be long, a clear conscience will carry the convict through. He explains that another man was the cause of the movement he made, but he takes his medicine. Not often, outside of books do we read of a man like this—but this is a Real Life story, and it is worth while.

How a Panic?

The value of the crops of the American farmer for 1913 was placed at five billion dollars. Greater crops than ever before—more produced—and yet we get it straight that with all this enormous output the prices must remain high.

Wouldn't one naturally think that if we had greater crops than ever in the history of the country—more wheat, more corn, more of everything that man eats, the prices would be lower?

Seems that way. But the middle man or something, keeps the prices going higher all the time.

But suppose the case. Suppose, and the supposition is reasonable, that a drought had come and the crops were but only half what they should have been. Suppose in that event a scarcity of all the products that are necessary to sustain life—where would the prices be?

What becomes of the law of supply and demand? Surely the supply is greater, and the demand seem great—but what would we do in case of "poor crops"—and such things happen.

A great big commercial machine, running, and running wild—that is what the world is—and no matter how much we raise, there are ways and means to buy it in, to store it, to make the demand come just so near, and no nearer. In other words man has figured it out so that he can control the market, no matter how much or how little is produced. All admit that the tariff will have nothing to do with lowering the price, and now comes the agricultural department experts, and show that the law of supply and demand means nothing because supply is measured from cold storage plants, from warehouses and other places—and the supply is only so great, no matter what Nature does when the farmer cultivates the soil.

And naturally the question arises: What are we going to do about it?

In The Pulpit.

Mr. W. J. Bryan occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church at Miami, Florida, last Sunday. He talked on "The Child and Christmas". President Wilson heard a sermon by a minister who handed out a strong number. After the services were over the minister explained to President Wilson that once before he had had the honor of speaking before a President. James A. Garfield was the other one, and the minister said they were the two happiest events in his life.

Bulletins Needed.

The telegraph keeps on telling about what Huerta may do, but no bulletins have been issued, giving us information as to whether or not he is still on that jag or the jag on him. When a man has been reported drinking heavily for about six months it looks like a bulletin was due. That Mexican likker is better than the mail order poison sold in this country. Let a man be drunk six months on the blind tiger corn around here and the spree would be ante mortem.

Three Feet Tall

The Richmond Times-Dispatch printed some real pictures of some late style woman's head gear, such as is worn in Paris, and one of the hats was three feet tall. They are called "Steeple hats" and the poor women who have not any better sense than to wear such outlandish creations look horrible with the three-deckers on their head. But style is the force before which all women take off their hats—even if the hats are three feet high.

Beachy finally hopped the loop all right. About another fool attempt at a record by Ma Beachy.

UNIQUE CHARACTER.



A character unique and interesting in North Carolina, is Walter Henry, lawyer, of Charlotte, N. C. Ponderous in stature to match his intellect, everybody looks twice at him, and when he gets down to talking about books and gives his observations on human nature he is most entertaining.

Some time ago Mr. Henry proposed to take the lecture platform and answer Old Man Osler—prove that a man was not at his best until he had passed forty years of age. Mr. Henry dug deep for facts. He didn't just skim the surface, but he went back to the days of the antediluvian patriarchs and stood in array the intellectual giants of all ages, and pointed them out. And the gray beards were the ones who had done things. There were exceptions, there had been meteors, there had been the "bright exhalations" in the skies of war, commerce, arts and literature—but the sturdy sons of guns—the iron clad and grim warriors in all fields of endeavor were the gray beards—the men who looked at forty as Youth on dress parade.

But for lack of proper advance people; lack of interest or something or other, Mr. Henry allowed his lectures to drop out, and the world was denied a wonderful literary treat. We saw him the other day and he said that law was now his theme. As a lawyer Mr. Henry stands high, and we hope he will stick to his knitting and make law make him. Walter Henry is one of our brilliant sons, and we place his picture in our gallery of Men Worth While.

Dr. Bradshaw, P. M.

The postmaster at High Point, Mr. Ragan, will give up his position just about the time his commission expires. Dr. Bradshaw will be confirmed by the Senate and will perhaps resign as county commissioner about the 12th or 15th. The post office at High Point pays about -3,000 a year, and Dr. Bradshaw will make a first-class official. Of course there were others wanting to be appointed, but the people of High Point will find that no better choice could have been made.

We don't know much about the rules and usages accompanying a postmaster's commission, but we hope this new position will not interfere with the Doctor's fishing program, which is extensive and exciting. Fact is we have an engagement right now with him and Tinker Farris to go down below Ashboro about a dozen miles and catch sixteen bass twelve feet long.

Again.

Bob Fitzsimmons is to again enter the ring. The hope is that he will be knocked out on the first round. The prize fight is brutalizing; it has no place in civilization and all citizens should frown upon it. But they don't. They encourage it and the biggest and best newspapers in America give the prize ring most prominent positions.

Pinched Him.

Mr. August Belmont, a multimillionaire of New York, went to South Carolina for a hunting trip and violated the game laws and was fined \$300. Of course that was worth a big headline. The rich man paid it, and the \$300 to him was about as much as three cents to some of the trespassers down in the pine woods. But the \$300 helped the tax-payers of the Palmetto State, and we hope Governor Blease extended an invitation to the distinguished visitor to call again.

Did you resolute yesterday? Well, try to stick to it if you did. We all know that there is no use to wait until the New Year to resolve to be better, but if you can be better for one day only you have helped yourself. And maybe the good resolution will abide with you.

When Ashley Horne was called to his father's party men suggested that he was not made for the party. Let me be remembered, and do as the party was the most ardent.

TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH

A Prince Thrown Down Because He's Fat.

Even the crowned heads have their worries. The proposition that uneasy lies the head that is bald during fly time is correct. The queen of the saddle or the queen of the realm goes beyond the lines which are hard and she may put up a front on dress parade, but in the sanctity of her own bedchamber she is liable to have spells and see things.

The story runs that Princess Sophia who married the Prince Eitel Fritz has wearied of him, and cast him off. They have been married seven years, and the proud lady is weary because her Prince has grown too fat. When he commenced to take on flesh her affections cooled and finally seeing that his too solid flesh would not melt she actually sent him off. That is to say she left him, and he is now alone in his corpulency—and the upper crust is paralyzed at such actions.

The Princess loved the young Prince, madly loved him, and while she was seven years older than his royal niblets she took him for better or worse—but she didn't know there was so much of him. He was but 22, and where milady missed it was in not waiting for the boy to get his growth.

We don't know how the lady feels about it—but if we were to wed some fragile flower—some little forty pound nymph and behold! she should develop into the Fat Lady we wouldn't let that be an excuse for leaving her. We might regret that there was so much more of her than we thought we were getting—but to let love grow cold because the lady took on a few hundred pounds of flesh—never!

Lo, The Poor Indian.

And now Congress will wrestle with the problem of reimbursing the red man. It is claimed that many millions have been stolen from him, and the Nation will be asked to make good.

The United States of America were originally owned in fee simple by the red man. They were all his—these United States, before they were cut up and controlled by civilization. The Indian had to go. He was murdered and his children and his children's children robbed and mistreated. Perhaps it was so ordered—but the Indian was certainly given the dirty end of the stick. He was simply overpowered, annihilated by those who claim charity as their greatest force. Hard to reconcile our treatment of the Indian who extended the glad hand to Columbus. Who told him to make himself at home. Who were friendly and sociable and genial. But we needed the money—we took what was theirs—and call it civilization. Perhaps it is.

"Mack" Albright at Church.

A good friend of ours comes to town and tells us a story on Mack Albright, the always popular passenger conductor on the Southern—now handling 43 south and 36 north. Mack has been for many years—more years than we remember—connected with the Southern, and has as many friends as one man can have.

This particular friend of his, and it wasn't Jim Cook, of Concord, tells us that many years ago when Mack was running a little train from Salisbury to Norwood, in Stanley county, Mack had his lay-over at Norwood. Being a little town and Sunday coming in, Mack wanted to go some place and his piety seemed to influence him and he always went to church. He was so affable, so genial, and seemed so full of the spirit that the minister took quite a shine to him, and one day, so this friend says, the minister thought he would recognize Mack by asking him to take up the collection. Being a conductor and a ticket taker that was right in Mack's line, so he took the plate and started in. The dimes and the pennies dropped into the plate, until one large and wicked looking sinner was approached and he failed to come across. Mack kept holding the plate before him, and the man kept looking away from it. Presently Mack said in a loud tone of voice, as he reached for an imaginary bell cord, "Pay, d—n you, or I'll put you off."

The Weather.

The weather men who predict things say the winter weather will be about like last winter. Many were guessing that it would be a particularly mild winter, but the weather observers say there is nothing to indicate anything but ordinary weather. It is worth remarking, however, that weather men know no more than other men. They can predict a week ahead, and miss it like five hundred. With instruments they can tell what may happen tomorrow—but even then they often go wide of the mark. The best signs are the muskrats and squirrels. The goose bone used to be an unerring weather prognosticator, but the goose bone in the south is perhaps not like the goose bone in the west. The way to know what the winter weather will be is to wait until next spring.

WILL BRYAN BUY

Rumored He Will Live in North Carolina.

And maybe North Carolina will have a presidential candidate in 1916. It is generally understood in Washington that Mr. Bryan is going to try very hard to be the nominee of the democratic party in 1916.

This rumor, which has been persistent, has been all but officially confirmed by the fact that Bryan's friends have given it out that he will run. Mr. Wilson has been quoted as saying he wanted but the one term; that he suggested primaries because it would put Bryan over, and while Champ Clark still looks longingly toward the White House, it is understood that he could not raise the wind, unless Wilson would be for him—and the wise ones say Wilson will be for Bryan.

It is our belief that Wilson and Bryan will have the parting of the ways. It is incomprehensible how they can ride together through the remaining four years—and if this administration makes good, as it looks like it was going to make good, there will be such a universal demand for Wilson that he will simply be forced to run for the second term.

But that is neither here nor there. The same persistent rumor that keeps Bryan in the foreground also makes him a resident of North Carolina. It is said that Mr. Bryan is actually "in love" with the Tar Heel state. The mountains of the west—the Land of the Sky, appeal to him—and it is there that he would be.

He has made several trips to Asheville, ostensibly as the guest of his friend Seeley of the Grove Park Inn—but knowing ones say that Seeley is on the look out to buy a home or a site for a home for Bryan. We get it straight that when Mr. Bryan stopped off in Asheville the other day on his way to Miami, Florida, he was met by Seeley—but the automobile didn't go straight to the Inn. It took another route, and Mr. Bryan was driven to a certain place where a mountain crag perched itself; he is said to have carefully looked the place over, and rumor at once set it afloat that Mr. Bryan was going to buy and build a home in Asheville.

This is straight goods, and Everything hopes it is true. North Carolina would be proud to claim as her adopted son the Great Commoner; the beloved Nebraskan. True Mr. Bryan has a home in Texas, he has a home in Nebraska, and a home in Florida. And to have a home in North Carolina would not be at all strange—it would only be saying that here was an observant man who had traveled all over the world, and the mountains and climate of Western North Carolina appealed so strongly to him that he proposed to spend a part of his time there.

To the man who was born in Illinois, who spent his young manhood on the plains of Nebraska, and who built homes in the sands of Florida and among the cacti of Texas—that range of Mountains on our west—mountains as majestic and sublime as Mother Nature ever fashioned, naturally appeal to the man who has the price.

We hope that rumor has made no mistake. We would sincerely welcome Mr. Bryan to the Tar Heel State, and promise him the North Carolina delegation if he wants it.

Baldy Boyden.

Colonel Boyden of Salisbury writes us that Everything is the Stuph—that no paper coming into his home is more eagerly sought; that it is simply sixteen pounds to the ounce and 36 inches to the yard. And Baldy Boyden knows a good thing when he sees it and we have always been glad to count him one of our best friends.

Colonel Osborn on a Cruise.

Colonel Osborn, Commissioner of Internal Revenue is this week cruising in Southern waters on the Apache, a government cutter. Mrs. Osborn accompanies him. The Colonel has been working pretty hard and felt the need of a little rest, and chose the water as the place where he could secure it. It is needless to say that as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with all the extra work concerning the new income tax law, that department has been worked almost to death. Those who have been to Washington say that the Colonel gets to his office at 8:30 and remains until 5 p. m., and his position is such that he must see about a hundred Congressmen and Senators a day—those wanting something done for constituents. This with the rest of the work made the Colonel understand that he was not a sinner by a long shot. But he is not a sinner, and that is the pleasant part of it.