

GET UP EARLY, STAY UP
LATE, BOOM YOUR TOWN
AND BOOST YOUR STATE.

Everything

LET'S BE HAPPY, HAVE A
SMILE—'TIS THE ONLY
THING WORTH WHILE.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

ONE HOPE IS SEEN

Broken Hearted Mother Is Unselfish.

We wrote last week concerning the creature Foster who eloped with the pretty Delilah (ah, why was she named Delilah?) Bradley and of their escapade—"private escapade" in Alabama. Hypnotized by the magnetism of the forty year old man she turned deaf ears to reason, if reason spoke, and for awhile insisted that she was going to remain with him, and fight it out—because the giggling simple girl had an idea that she loved the man who had despoiled her.

Her parents, however, finally secured her promise to return home, and she is now back with her mother and father. Foster will stand trial; he will perhaps be pinched, as he should be, but the philosophy of the mother of the girl is worth relating. Heart-broken though she is, knowing that her girl had gone astray, she looked beyond her personal loss and her personal sorrow, and said: "If there is anything that brings a ray of comfort to us in the blackness of our grief, it is the fact that the story of her betrayal and fall has been read by hundreds of thousands of girls, subject to similar temptations. If the tragedy of her life shall serve as a warning by which other girls may be saved from a similar or worse fate, it will not be in vain."

How grand the thought to feel that there was recompense in the fearful sacrifice—a sacrifice such as Abraham proposed to make of his son Isaac—when his faith in God was tried—a ray of comfort in all the desolation to know that maybe her sorrow would be a joy for other mothers.

We have always contended that even a murderer who goes to the chair furnishes Society the very bonds that keep the structure together—that the Example is what restrains men. If every now and then some man did not receive the severest punishment we can inflict, it would not be long until the world would be beyond our control. The little girl whom Foster led astray goes marked the balance of her life—but, as her mother says, perhaps the sacrifice will save thousands of other girls to virtue's pleasant path. Let us hope.

Mental Anguish.

Lelia Gertrude Wade, a young girl employed in a Richmond store was called a thief by the proprietor of the store, and her father comes in and sues the firm for \$10,000 damages. The case will of course be fought, but if the girl was not a thief the man who called her one should be made pay heavy damages. Too often men shoot off their mouths when they do not know they are loaded. To brand a young girl a thief means a great deal, and the hope is that this suit will teach those who talk at random to have a care.

Likker Thieves.

It seems that a consignment of whiskey at the Spencer depot was stolen. The sleuths of the Southern are after the parties who took the likker, but the question is, and we refer it to Judge Clark of the Statesville Landmark, in the following hypothetical question:

If a man had a thirst which was consuming, and the said thirst could be abated in no other way than by pouring whiskey down the gizzard and the aforesaid man ordered direct from a mail order house a quantity of likker sufficient, as he believed, to satisfy that thirst; and the mail order house promptly shipped out the likker, properly consigned, and the Southern railway did then and there accept said likker and undertake to deliver it to the party of the first part—i. e., that man with the thirst who had ordered the likker, with the intent to satisfy the said thirst hereinbefore and hereinafter mentioned, and the said shipment of likker duly consigned did reach its destination, but before the said Southern railway had delivered the said likker to the said party with the consuming thirst, some thief or thieves did feloniously enter said depot of the said Southern railway, and violently lay hands on said package containing the said likker shipped by the said mail order house and received by the said Southern railway and make away with it, leaving the party of the first part, that is to say, the man with the thirst still spitting cotton—would or would not the said Southern railway which is a common carrier enjoying the right of eminent domain be guilty of having caused the said party of the first part great mental anguish and physical suffering?

The trust message of the President was perhaps the most important document yet coming from him. Because it interests all the greatest commercial concerns in America—and some out of America.

GAMBLERS ARE FINED

Judge Brown Imposes Heavy Fines On Several.

Judge Brown handed out to several gamblers the other morning some fines that look like the high cost of living was also entering the gamblers' life. The court found those accused, guilty. One man he fined \$50, one -100, one \$450—and if that doesn't explain the high cost of living what does?

Why not print the names of those found guilty? Well, there is no particular use. They know they are not law-abiding if guilty of gambling; the town doesn't care and if it does it may enquire and ascertain the names. Once upon a time we figured that every evildoer should have his name emblazoned on the white paper we spoiled, but an after thought suggested that it only made innocent people feel sad; it did no good. And if these particular law-breakers pay such large sums into the city treasury they actually will find after awhile that there is no money in it and as all of life is a gamble, anyway, we pass up the names and the color of their hair.

A Big Sale.

The Grubb Building, Salisbury's sky scraper was sold at auction the other day, and brought \$122,500, the purchaser being Mr. Joseph Fell, the big soap man of Philadelphia. Mr. Fell is an old North Carolinian and we are glad that he still feels an interest in the state, and has bought an interest in it.

Good Enough.

Guilford county values increased this past year almost two million dollars. This is wonderful—but all of North Carolina is increasing and with proper effort it can be made to double in the next five years. Never did this state have such opportunity to let the world know all about it. Get busy.

Saved One Million.

Secretary of the Navy, Daniels has saved the country one million dollars by getting bids on the projectiles used in the department. This is a wonderful saving, and those who have income tax to pay will appreciate it.

Steadfast.

Colonel John Oliver, who didn't get the Reidsville postoffice, certainly is showing the people that he carries no grouch—has no ill will. He is boasting Stedman with all his might, and he speaks kindly of the man who defeated him. He has said nothing concerning Senator Simmons, but he may think a whole lot.

It was unfortunate that John printed all the hot stuff he did—especially that he branded Simmons a republican. Bryan, in his Commoner, opposed Simmons, but he did that more through personal friendship for Kitchen's friends than he did because of actual facts in his possession. Everybody concedes that Simmons made good all his promises, and certainly he has taken his place among the big men in Washington. The hope is that he will finally forgive John, and see to it that something nice is handed him. Simmons is big enough to do this, and Oliver is deserving—although he made a mistake in handing Simmons the sundry package.

If.

If North Carolina could but put her wonderful advantages before the world just now we would reap a harvest. Traveling men from the North say this section of the South is more prosperous than anywhere else, and our farmers are just waking up to their possibilities.

We need publicity. We hope the Greensboro chamber of commerce will make a bid for outside business this year. Greensboro is one of the solid growing towns in the state; she has them all beaten on location—and there is no reason why we cannot double our population within five years. And we are looking to see President Latham and Secretary Forrester do some big things. But they can do nothing unless the whole town gets into line. Quit knocking—get to boosting, and let's make this white man's town hum as it never hummed before.

As Men are Known.

Deputy Sheriff Joseph Phipps showed us a letter this week from the Sheriff of Randolph county, J. W. Birkhead, in which he enclosed a warrant for the arrest of Robert Bruton, a colored man, and said he "commonly goes by the name of Catfish." Among some of our local fishermen there are two or three known as Catfish—we might suggest "Catfish Bill" and "Catfish John"—but we didn't know that an African was loose in North Carolina wearing the cognomen of Catfish.

AGAIN IN ERUPTION



It seems that Senator Tillman has many misfortunes. Just now he is convalescing from an attack of erysipelas, and will perhaps be out again in a few days. Old Ben has been a soldier. He fought every inch of his way—and he was big enough to stand the jibes and jeers of those who thought him rough and crude. He called himself a corn field lawyer and was considered the radical of radicals—but here of late his policies are considered conservative. Strange how time chases out the old things and brings us new lines of action. Tillman was more radical than Blease—but just now they are cussing Blease—and they call Tillman the Grand Old Man of South Carolina.

Here is hoping that he will live for fifty years, and that before he quits the Senate he will go into eruption with his voice. Erysipelas is an eruption, but not exactly the Tillman style of eruption.

Figure This Out.

Mr. B. C. Patton, of Cedar Grove, wants us to submit this proposition to our readers and give them a chance to scratch their heads over it:

Two brothers bought a tract of land containing 400 acres for \$1,600. Each paid \$800.

The elder proposed to take his part off of the richer end, and pay 50 cents an acre more than his brother would pay for the poorer end.

This was agreed to. How much land would each get for his \$800, and how much per acre would each pay?

Spark's Shows.

Spark's Shows are in winter quarters at Salisbury and among other things there are two elephants. The Post says that on Sunday crowds of people went out, and the baby elephants have learned the trick of searching pockets. The other day one of the wagon painters was petting one of the baby elephants and it went into his vest pocket, took out a valuable gold watch and chewed it into mince meat.

\$2,500.

Secretary McAdoo has ruled that \$2,500 and not \$3,000 will be the minimum income tax for this year—and the agents will levy on property to get the tax.

Every man who gets as much income as \$2,500 will be obliged to come across, and it is said that the tax dodger had better have a care or he will find himself in a hot box.

We have been told that secret service men will watch all classes of people, and no "guilty" man can escape. The system is that when a man fails to give in his tax he will be vigorously prosecuted and the full penalty of the law imposed. The hope is that if such strict enforcement of the law is understood to be the only thing that thousands of people who would try to dodge will be afraid.

There is one thing that the income tax law will do, and that is stop the fellow who likes to blow about how much salary he gets and how much money he makes. He must put up or shut up.

And the man who tries to evade payment by any short cut will perhaps find that the secret service man has information, after it is too late to make an amended report. The income tax has been fought bitterly, and now that the law has passed Uncle Sam proposes to see that all are served alike. It will be interesting to watch the figures and see "Who is Who" in finance.

The Mexican situation, at this writing was that Huerta was willing to give up the fight and surrender. But if he happens to get a half gallon of likker under his belt he will reconsider and again go on the war path. This Mexican situation which has been alarming for three hundred years gets a little more so every now and then.

JUST GREAT BIG BOYS

That's All Men Are, No Matter How Important.

The human nature that is in us will stick out, no matter how costly are garments; no matter how big we get—we never get big enough to keep from being very small. It is sent out from Washington that Speaker Clark has refused an invitation to a democratic love feast because Secretary Bryan had accepted an invitation to be present. It appears that the feud will never heal. Bryan was Champ Clark's friend but thought he saw a gum shoe track of Wall Street in Clark's candidacy, and while instructed for Clark voted against him—openly opposed him. Clark will go to his grave thinking that had it not been for what he considers Bryan's betrayal he would have been president instead of Wilson. Therefore they do not speak as they pass by—like two little boys they pout and make sorry spectacles of themselves. It is said that Bryan is willing to forgive and forget—but inasmuch as he has nothing to forgive, Clark cannot see it that way.

And there were Taft and Roosevelt like David and Jonathan, but they split and looked daggers at each other—and then finally allowed a bitter hatred to develop. Too bad that we allow ourselves to magnify our importance. It isn't long, at best, until all of us will be under a tombstone; the world will wag on and on; we will be forgotten—unless some curious student of history digs up the facts and sells them to newspaper syndicates for about fifteen cents a column to be used as padding. The path of glory leads but to the grave—as does every other path. Clark is big enough to know better. He should say to Bryan: "Well, Old Man you put the hooks into me—you didn't do me right—but what boots it?"

To Electrocute Negro.

The first death sentence in Henderson county for twenty-five years was pronounced last week on Ert Lance, a colored man, by Judge Cline. Lance was accused of assaulting a white woman—and no reason why we should print her name.

An Invitation.

Everything extends a cordial invitation to all the towns round about to come and see our auto fire engine. It is a beauty and when the alarm comes in the engine is at the place of excitement in just about the time it takes to tell it. Our towns have such apparatus—but not all of them, and we therefore invite our neighbors in to see the machine in action.

John M. Morehead.

Mr. John M. Morehead, who was Congressman from this district, now residing in Charlotte, has been elected President of the Country Club—and he will make a right good president, too.

He will put the club on its feet, and hold it there.

No Better Thing.

The Statesville Landmark writes a strong article on encouraging the boys to do better farming. And if the boys are encouraged; if they become interested—the farm will have attraction for them. And after all, there is no life as independent as the life of the prosperous farmer. And if the farmer knows his business he will be prosperous in this section of the country.

A Suicide.

Richard D. Lankford, a vice president of the Southern railway, engaged to be married in a few days, killed himself in a bath tub in his rooms in New York City last week. No cause has been assigned for the rash act, and the bride-to-be explained that there had been no quarrel. Strange what kind of wheels get loose in some men's heads.

Gill Appointed.

Mr. John B. Gill, of Statesville, has been appointed deputy clerk of the Federal court of that city, to succeed the late Henry C. Cowles.

April 23.

April 23rd is the day and date the North Carolina base ball league starts to show the world what can be done. The great national game seems to lose no interest to those who have the bug.

For our own part we wouldn't walk across the street to witness the most interesting game of ball ever played. We tell the reason why in our reminiscent column this week—and perhaps we are to be accused.

MARRIAGE EASY

And Woman Wants A Change In Law.

Mrs. Marie Holmes Willetts, who is suing her husband, the prominent New York club man for a divorce, before leaving New York the other day for her Virginia estate gave out a new line of thought.

It was her contention that divorces should be made easier and marriage made harder. She says:

"It is pitiable how many poor women, through lack of nerve and a cowardly fear of divorce publicity, live with scoundrels, and unsuitable mates for years," she said:

"Marriage should be made harder. It is a fault in our social structure that young people can enter the marital state without giving the venture sufficient serious consideration. You can make a mistake in the selection of a mate, just as easily as you can erroneously select other things in life.

"I believe a woman should be able to obtain a divorce easily without publicity and a lot of fuss over it."

And who shall say that this is not really the key to the situation. If a man had to more than call up over the telephone and propose to his life-long partner maybe there would be less attempt to secure divorce. Those who woo and win hardly ever have trouble, if each party to the contract complies with it. The hasty marriage generally results disastrously. But it appears from what evidence is in that marriage will always be a failure whenever the contracting parties elect to make it so—and it will be a success when both parties to the contract understand that human nature is weak—and both try to bear the burden uncomplainingly. Mrs. Willetts, however, seems to think there is a flaw somewhere and she is going to get a divorce if the law will give it to her. And perhaps if she gets it she will be married again.

Curious Youth.

"Paw, what is a regional bank?"
"Mother, put Willie to bed."
"But, Paw, I want to know what is a regional bank?"
"I will tell you in the morning, Willie, go on to bed."
"But, Paw, I want to know what a regional bank is."
"Well, Willie a regional bank is a—well it's a—it is a bank that is located in a region."
"But, Paw, what is a region?"
"Why, you foolish boy, it is a place where the bank is located."
—And Paw looked wise and felt that he had made good his escape.

Durham Water Works.

Durham is still talking of city ownership of water works. The Durham Water Works has long been a theme for discussion. Twenty years ago your Uncle got after the Durham Water Works and after much agitation we made them put in a filter, and do sundry things. We used to get Major Guthrie, Dick Whitehurst or Bow Harris, drive out and get a big bottle of the water and set in our office and watch the grass and moss grow in it. After the filter was put in and the boys made quit swimming in the pond, people got in the habit of drinking water—but they didn't drink much while we were there. Greensboro owns her water works and the plan works admirably. Durham will perhaps have an election to settle this question, and it looks like it will never be settled until the town takes over the property.

Get Ready For It.

A little early but we turn in the alarm so that there may be peace in the household. Easter comes in a short while now, and those who make the head-gear creations inform us that the Easter Bonnet this year will not only be a thing of surpassing beauty—but that it will cost higher than ever before. It is to be a three story concern—something like a smoke stack on a cotton mill, and if milady chooses and has the price she can pay as much as three hundred dollars for one of these latest inventions. If they get a three story hat and want to wear them in the theatre the roof will have to come off.

But as Easter comes but once a year, and money is going to be plentiful under the new currency law, what's the odds? If you want an Easter Bonnet and haven't the price about you, you just go down to a regional bank, put up a mortgage on the cow and cook stove, leave the cow in the government warehouse, get the coin and buy the hat. All these things will come easy now, and we are glad to have been spared to live in such an age.

The news from Washington Hammer is well known. What response?