

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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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## HARD LINES HERE

### Looks Upon a Strange World, Alone.

The doors of the penitentiary of Eastern Pennsylvania opened last Tuesday for John Rudy who twenty-eight years ago killed his father in Lancaster—using a hammer to execute his devilish deed. When he walked out he looked upon a strange world to him—he was bent with age and knew no one. For all the twenty-eight years he had been in confinement no person ever visited him nor had he received a message from anyone. He trod the wine press alone. He entered the penitentiary in the prime of life with the blood of his father upon his hands—he left it old, broken-hearted—a stranger in a strange land. A brother interested himself and succeeded in securing a pardon for this direlect—this bit of rubbish which the tide washed in—and will wash out again. He had saved some money during the years of his confinement, and he expressed it as his purpose to go to some strange town—away from his old haunts and attempt to live a life under an assumed name.

But what is the remnant of life worth—a life such as he must live? Not a friend in the world. All strange to him—just a little old man with the murder of his father resting on him—just an atom who saw during his long confinement that he was unnecessary to the world and the world unnecessary to him.

Of course his hope of some day regaining his freedom sustained him during those long years of confinement—but now that he is out, he will regret that he was discharged. True we look upon the mountain's top and see the smooth surface—and we climb to find that it is bare and ragged—and the valley we quitted seems more inviting and we long to descend. John Rudy paid the price. He will not live long outside the walled city—and it would have been infinitely better for him had he died before his pardon came. The dream of freedom is over. The realization of it will be disappointing viewed from any angle.

#### Our Navy Assailed

Representative Sam Tribble of Georgia has exploded in the lower house at Washington. He has discovered that several admirals in the navy are drawing pay as retired men, who are still able to do a good day's work. It is too bad that Mr. Tribble, a bright young man, should object to this. Those old sea dogs have done more for their country on one cruise than a dozen Congressmen will do in a life time, and if they are retired and still able to do work, let them remain retired.

Uncle Sam takes a man and gets the best of all that is in him. If at a certain age he chooses to retire him, let the old man come ashore and have a good time with the folk on land. The man who enters the navy and lives the best part of his life on the water or in the service is entitled to something more than the miserable salary he is paid. Seems to us that a naval officer who serves ten years has done a life job, and if he has health and strength left he should enjoy it—on full pay, and no Congressman should be allowed to worry him. But in these days when half the law-makers seem to think that it is their sworn duty to create dissatisfaction and find fault, we are not surprised at a Georgia Congressman going off in the style and manner accredited to Mr. Tribble.

#### When We Learn

We receive each month the publication Dumb Animals—founded so many years ago that we have forgotten the date, and the older we grow the more interest we find in its columns. True, that grand old man and prince of true philanthropists, George T. Angell, no more contributes to its columns unless from the spirit world he directs the pen that now furnishes copy—but the fact that Angell's personality will always remain in it, makes it, perhaps more interesting to those who knew him.

Dumb Animals is the "organ" of all the homeless and abandoned dogs and cats; it is in its columns that they appeal to the "pee-pul"—and will some day insist upon the initiative and referendum in dog-dom. The lesson Dumb Animals teaches each month is kindness to animals—to the dumb creatures placed here for a purpose, and after reading through the many interesting pages we always feel that for the nonce we are a better citizen.

If ever in the world Man learns to be unselfish—if it is ever impressed upon him that he is the guardian of the dumb animals as much as he is the custodian of the morals of the world; if he ever learns that God Almighty only gave him subjection over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air—and that He didn't give license or authority to torture them—then savagery loses much of its strength and as a sequence the world must be better.

And now the base ball fan is getting ready to holler.

## FOSTER IS A MENACE

### Such A Man Should be Put Out of Way.

The Foster mess, where he ran away with Delilah Bradley, his pretty sixteen year old stenographer, is getting to be worse than the Mexican "situation." Foster is out on bail; he has returned to his home and threatens to rescue the Bradley girl and again run away with her, while the Bradleys hold the girl a prisoner and have two armed guards patrolling the premises with orders to shoot if Foster shows up.

There ought to be a law against this sort of business. There should be a law that Foster could be seized and sent at once to a surgeon—and the girl should be publicly spanked, if sane—and if crazy sent to an asylum for insurable lunatics.

The newspapers must print the news, it seems, and pleading guilty to doing something we should not do, there should at the same time be a law making it a penitentiary offense for a newspaper to refer the second time to such fools. We of course commented on this affair before—and are guilty of doing what a newspaper should not do. Foster is evidently off his balance—but he should be shot at sunrise just the same.

#### The Third Degree

Out in Los Angeles is a young druggist named Grondin, and he was accused of killing his wife, and he denied the allegation. The alert officials concluded that the thing to do was to force Grondin to admit that he had poisoned his wife—it was quite the thing for him to do because they believed he had poisoned her. But Grondin wouldn't accommodate them. Then they applied the third degree. Just what kind of torture the "third degree" may be depends upon the versatility and ingenuity of the lawless ones who confer it. In this instance they put the victim in a darkened room and introduced a hideous ghost—a woman clothed in her burial robes who pointed her finger at the supposedly guilty man and asked in a sepulchral voice: "Why did you murder me?" The accused man, under such adverse circumstances, never budged. He didn't show any emotion; he sat calmly by and refused to entertain the crowd with any information.

Were we on the jury it would take positive and overwhelming evidence to convince us that the man was guilty. If he held up under such a test he certainly is entirely innocent or a most consummate villain. But this third degree effort should be made unlawful. If a man is innocent of crime until proven guilty, the accusers should be made to prove it. It is not justice to frighten a man out of his wits, and, fearing death, make any kind of a statement to save his life. If there is no evidence that will convict, he should be allowed to go his way. The men who administer the so-called test of the third degree are themselves lawless, and should be punished.

#### The Bull Pen

The "Bull Pen" is what some other folk call "nigger town." It was Judge Eure, we believe who gave it the name of "Bull Pen"—but that section now should change its name and be known as "The Slaughter House."

Almost every murder occurring in Greensboro is staged in the Bull Pen. Just what could be done with such a section is hard to determine, but it seems that for the good name of the city it should be cleaned up. There is no reason why we should have one section of the town as notorious as the "Seven Dials" of London—no reason why a peaceful city should maintain a district where murders are done on the least provocation, and where lawless and dissipated colored people seem most to congregate.

If it costs some money to put extra policemen in this district, it seems that they should be placed there. Just how many murders, just how many shooting scrapes have taken place in the Bull Pen district we do not know—but that they have been too many we are certain.

#### The Greensboro Firemen

It happens that our gold plated sanctum is located just across the street from the fire house where the new auto truck and engine is stored—and if any one doubts the alertness and swiftness of those having it in charge he is invited to visit us some night when we are at work grinding out our sublime thoughts, and see what happens when the alarm of fire is given. Wednesday night we were laboring a little late—along about 11:30 and the bell rang out 43—and we went to the door to see how things transpired. The boys commenced tumbling down stairs and it wasn't as long as we have taken to tell it until that engine was going down Main street at a 40 mile gait. The Greensboro firemen are on. They are right there—and there is no getting around it.

From all that can be learned concerning it, the trust message delivered by Mr. Wilson caught the country all right—and "big business" is walking along in daylight whistling, apparently happy. It no longer feels that it is dodging an officer.

## WAS A GREAT FORCE



One of the great forces in North Carolina for many years was Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, now practically retired from the field of activity. It was Tompkins who inspired the people of Charlotte and North Carolina to do things commercially. He lived a few years ahead of his time—he saw things that would come to pass—he predicted them and they have come.

While Mr. Tompkins's health has not been the best for several years, yet all are glad to know that he is still with us, and that he lived to see his prophecies of what would happen in the commercial South come true.

The name of D. A. Tompkins must long be remembered in North Carolina, and the seed which were sown by him have germinated and given us material wealth. It is our hope that he may live and be happy for many years, and that his temporary illness will pass away.

#### In Dead Earnest

Salisbury is in dead earnest about the \$10,000 fund to advertise the town. Committees have been appointed; contributions are being sent in; the spirit is manifest all over the town, and it is only a matter of regret that the scheme cannot be co-operative and the whole state go into it and contribute enough to make a noise that would be heard around the world.

However, every little helps, and if Salisbury puts up \$10,000 of her own good money to let people know about Rowan county, North Carolina will be also a beneficiary and great good will result.

Down here in what used to be known as "the pine woods" great commercial enterprises are developing—have developed, and North Carolina today has more to offer the desirable settler than any state in the union. And when it comes to the manufacturing end here is a field that is as virgin as the primeval forests of a thousand years ago. All we need to do now is bring the people here and show them. After seeing what we have in keeping for them they will gladly come—and every man who comes will induce a half dozen neighbors to follow him. Let Salisbury blaze the way. She can be our pace setter—and all of us, in due time and season will fall in line and write the names of our towns in big letters across the pages of the magazines and publications. Down here the Spirit of Progression has been born again—North Carolina proposes to come into her own.

#### Criminal Court

Did you ever go over to the court house when "criminal court" is on—see the hundred or so witnesses and interested ones loafing in front of the court house, and watch the men charged with crime as they appeared before the bar of justice? If you didn't, some day go take a look. Study the faces; get a line on the life they lead and you can figure it out that two thirds of those accused of crime are weaklings—men who had no idea of doing things wrong. We have few desperate criminals in North Carolina. Dope fiends and half witted ignorant men constitute the criminals. And it shows that education and knowledge will soon clear up our criminal docket. This as to the whites. The African of course needs years of cleansing—he is really doing wonders. He has not been long enough subdued—long enough civilized to develop strength of character to conform to the strict rules of Society—but he is coming—and, without wanting to be offensive he is coming faster than his white brother. The white man has hundreds of years of Opportunity to be decent—whereas the nigger three hundred years ago was climbing trees in Africa—a wild man.

#### Read It All

Those who become possessed of a copy of Everything are reminded that every line is prepared in this office. No plates. No reprint. It is an original publication attempting to deal with everything that happens worth while. We prepare some thirty odd columns of matter for each issue, and hope it pleases the average man.

## JUDGE SPEER ON RACK

### Charges of Nepotism Will Be Sustained.

In the proceedings against Judge Speer the old charges have been made specific, and they are that the Judge favored his son-in-law with numerous bankrupt cases. That seemed to be the principal thing against the Judge, and the Congressional committee will perhaps attempt to discover whether or not the son-in-law received greater fees than the law allows. Of course it might be urged that good taste would have suggested that the Judge appoint some one outside the family, but if his son-in-law was capable of handling the business entrusted to him we do not see wherein there should have been so much fuss about it.

But in Macon the good citizens certainly had it in for Speer. We talked last year with a couple of prominent Macon citizens and they said the Judge was the limit. It may be that he will come out of this all right, but it looks like he was already marked for life.

#### A Woman's War

The news comes out from Washington that a woman's war is on; that the two factions known as the Congressional Union and the Secessionists are going to open up their batteries and what the result will be no man knoweth. Mrs. MacLennan, who is supposed to be the head of the Secessionists, accuses Mrs. Jessie Stubbs, leader of the Union party, of trying to arraign the political parties against each other, while Mrs. Stubbs insists that Mrs. MacLennan is simply doing what she is to gain publicity.

The hope is that this conflict will not be sanguinary; that no blood will be shed and that the combatants will finally surrender under a flag of truce and agree to fight for the common cause of universal suffrage.

Naturally, however, if suffrage of woman becomes universal, there must be two parties, the same as men have two parties. We see the glad day coming when women will run the old boat; when the men will have nothing to do but loaf around in the shade and the women will earn the bread and fill the offices. That is the glad day we are looking for. Why should a man work when the women are so eager to do all the chores? No reason at all, and that is why every man should favor suffrage and regret that there is friction in the ranks.

#### Skull and Cross Bones

There has been introduced in the New York legislature a bill requiring the skull and cross bones to be placed on each bottle of beer or whiskey offered for sale. The contention of the anti-saloon people is that whiskey and beer are poison, and they should be properly marked.

We see no objection to such a measure becoming a law. The man who drinks whiskey—who wakes up the next morning after the night before with the green plush taste in his mouth; who spits twelve cent cotton and can't get the ice water, knows better than any other man that he has been drinking poison, and the label on an empty bottle might make the memory linger—but it wouldn't stop the man who had deliberately set for the original package.

If youth would see the whiskey bottles labelled poison it might help him, but the way the laws now are, youth sees very little of the inside workings of the grog shop—he waits until he is of age before he is initiated into the mysteries of booze. A skull and cross-bones would mean nothing, unless this law contains a joker which would be that if the contents of a bottle are poison every Tom, Dick or Harry cannot sell it. The passage of such a bill might be a prohibition measure in disguise.

#### A Great State This

It is announced that one company in Chicago has secured 230,000 acres of waste land in two North Carolina counties and that a big drainage scheme is on; that this heretofore non-productive and valueless land will be opened up to colonies from the Northwest. This means thousands of acceptable farmers—and when 230,000 acres of land heretofore non-productive are put in cultivation—think of the increased revenues for our state. We tell you, fellows, North Carolina is just commencing to come into her own. Here are thousands of possibilities, and only just now are we beginning to realize what we might do—and what we are going to do.

#### One Thousand

Governor Blease has pardoned an even thousand convicts. Each one had his tale of woe, and each pardon Blease justifies. It does seem, however, that such a long list is exceeding the speed limit.

That ten thousand dollar fund which Salisbury is raising to boom the town looks better to us than anything we have yet seen in North Carolina.

The Pacific coast has experienced terrible floods and fearful storms—and the land boomer out there will soon be out of a job.

## DANVILLE BOILS.

### Agitated Over a Very Simple Proposition

Poor Old Danville! Fever heat or nothing when she tackles a problem—and this week and part of last the pot has boiled and bubbled. And all because after years of what might be called a Cinch Secure it was proposed that the law be changed to read that certain public officials be elected by the people.

Mr. Frank Talbott who has been many years in charge of the gas plant and other municipal holdings didn't want a change and Mr. Berryman Green did—and the town went wild. Secret meetings and special meetings and all kinds of meetings were held; street talk was as fierce as in the old days when Sixteen To One paraded and men fought over it; newspapers ran box car type to tell about it—and the casual reader would have concluded the honor and the glory—aye, the life of the city was on the block—and the axe already swung to decapitate and destroy.

Simmered down; skimmed of the verbiage and the dross, all there is to the question is: Shall the people elect their servants or shall they be appointed. Off hand it looks like the people should elect. There are hundreds of men in Danville who can fill Superintendent Talbott's place; there are hundreds who would like to fill it, no doubt, and why one man should stand at the pie counter all his life is what the average Danville man couldn't understand.

But the fight was warm and personal. It was carried to Richmond and at this writing it looks like the Green amendment would go through, and hereafter the superintendent must be elected by the "pee-pul" who clamor for the right to walk to the polls and express a choice concerning the men who are to serve them. That is what was once termed popular representative government; that is what men "fit, bled and died" to do hundreds of years ago—and if Danville folk want to elect their superintendent of the gas plant—why, by all means let them elect him. That's fair enough.

#### Two Attempts At Suicide

Danville had two attempts at suicide the past week—a Mrs. Mann threw herself into the canal and Mrs. Beulah Copeland placed a pistol to her head and pulled the trigger. Mrs. Mann, after being rescued and thinking it over gave out the statement that she was temporarily insane when she committed the rash act, while Mrs. Copeland left a pathetic note to her mother stating that she was going to leave this "cold and cruel world"—but the pistol didn't work just right and she is still among the living.

Of course these little happenings make good sensations; they look like "sales" on the front page—but after all is said and done, insanity is generally at the bottom of it. The two women who attempted to "pass over" will perhaps live to regret their folly—and in a few days some other temporarily insane person will do a startling stunt and the world will be appraised of it. Among the countless millions of people on the earth but very few attempt self destruction, but when one does attempt it, the town talks as though it were something really terrible, whereas the wonder is that a larger number does not shuffle off this mortal coil.

#### And Doctors Disagree

Learned doctors are now disputing with one another as to whether or not radium will cure cancer. Some insist that it will, and the government is considering a bill providing that Uncle Sam retain control of all radium fields discovered, while other eminent physicians insist with equal vigor that radium has no curative properties. And thus it is as it hath ever been—"doctors disagree"

#### That Glorious Climate

It seems that the "glorious climate" of California, is about a thing of the past. Last winter we were marooned there because of cold weather and the citrus crop was frozen out of house and home, while this week a storm as long as the Pacific coast swept over things and flooded the towns; cost thousands in property and several lives were lost. All the rivers were out of their banks and towns were inundated, and never, according to the story of the oldest inhabitant, had such things been seen.

There was a time when the average Californian could bet on his climate; it was a sure thing, and it was the climate that held spell bound the tourist and the settler. But it seems now that a change has come, and no season is the same. Take from California the glory of her climate and she will have little to attract. However, we hope that in the future years she will redeem herself, and that the weather man will give them some of the old time stuff—the stuff that made her famous.

The man who is able to pay an income tax that he is persecuted, while the man who doesn't have to pay wishes that he were.