

BETTER SWAP YOUR
CORK SCREW FOR A
FOUNTAIN PEN

Everything

ADJUST YOUR TONGUE
FOR PRAISE INSTEAD
OF SLANDER

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

THE DRIFT WOOD

Finds Lodgment In The Southern Towns.

THE Washington authorities, because of a bill that went through Congress, sent out the fiat that all women of the underworld must leave the city of magnificent distances; that the red-light district must go—that it must be abandoned and abolished—and the result is that those hunted and desperate creatures—those homeless and degenerate women—women lost to the world and lost to God, without where, in decency's domain, to lay their heads, have scattered to the four winds of heaven—and they are landing here and there and everywhere—so easy that on one train going into Richmond one hundred and fifty of them were aboard. Washington simply went out into its backyard and took the reeking carcass of lust and shame and threw it into the back yards of other towns—and other towns in turn will throw it else-where—if it can locate the pestilential plague.

Greensboro, it is said by the younger set of boys, received its quota—many of the frail and soiled ones stopping here. And of course wherever they go they will pollute and destroy. We have before suggested what should be done with these unfortunate wretches; we again repeat the only solution.

Let each state maintain a home for them—a factory home—a workshop home. When convicted of their folly send them there for a term of years—nothing harsh—let good behavior earn its reward—let any one be able to leave at any time she may procure honest employment—release her on probation—but while she is undergoing that regeneration let her have honest employment—and let her earn her wage—all that she receives for her labor above the bare cost of maintenance. Let her do house work—let her do needle work; let her do anything that she can do—and let her feel that there she is away from temptation; away from want—and all the time is accumulating money. This money will be saved for her by the state. She will finally be born again—and go out and take her place in the world.

When this is done, then brave men can raise their voice against the shameless ones; brave men can say that they will not tolerate these brooding rooms of hell—but until we solve the question—of what to do with them—have we a moral right to throw such carrion—such foul contagion, into the back yard or the front yard of our neighbor? And above all should a great city send out its scum broadcast over the earth to defile and corrupt the innocence and virtue of smaller towns.

The Second Blizzard.

Another blizzard, blizzard number two came out of the west this week and swept down this way—we receiving more than the tail end of it. Chicago has been harder hit than any other section this year, and California, by reason of rain storms in the southern section has lost millions of dollars. It will be seen, if you study the reports from all over the country that we are living in the most favored section. We have had a few storms, amounting to practically nothing, and no actual damage.

The Segregation Law.

Greensboro followed Winston in the matter of a segregation law, and hereafter there will be no trouble about the whites and black trying to occupy dwelling houses in the same sections. This is the only way to keep down trouble; it is the only way to handle the race question. Mr. F. C. Damm, of Chicago, who was in Greensboro last week told us that the whole South side of Chicago, which was once a most desirable residential section had gone to pieces and because the negro had moved in property values had shrunk millions of dollars and the whites were getting away—going to the North side. In Greensboro the white man and the black man need not quarrel. Just let the black man shinny on his own side—or he will get cracked on the shins. That is all the story, and it is so simple that all can understand it.

Hammer Appointed.

Mr. W. C. Hammer has been appointed district attorney, and will be confirmed, reports say. The Auman affidavit was the worst thing, and we don't know how bad that was. It appears that Mr. Page was the strongest and almost the only man who filed charges. The regret is that such a fight and so much discussion was necessary for such an office.

THE ELKS IN WINSTON

The Twin City Will Entertain Them.

SORRY we didn't get it for Greensboro, but glad because it comes so close—we refer to the Annual convention of North Carolina Elks which will be held in Winston May 27 and 28. The Elks in North Carolina have made good, just as they have always made good wherever they have organized lodges. So successful has the Elks organization been that the Moosers and the Eagles and the Owls have come along—but there will never be anything to equal the Elks. That organization is certainly builded on the corner stone of charity and benevolence, and wherever it has attempted to do business it has done it well.

It is understood that something like about 250 Elks attend the annual convention, and Winston is to be congratulated on being chosen as the town. There was a time when the Elks lodge was criticised—but not now. It boasts of a membership comprising all sorts of citizenship—but its high and holy mission has made it respected everywhere. To wear an antler on your coat is a badge of honorable distinction—and we rejoice to know that the Elks are so strong in North Carolina.

When Greensboro gets the other two railroads, now on paper, we will have a Union Station question to take our spare time.

Joseph Fels Dead.

At the age of sixty-one years, Mr. Joseph Fels, the great multi-millionaire single tax advocate died in Philadelphia, his home, last Sunday. Pneumonia caused his death. Mr. Fels made many millions selling soap. He was at one time a resident of North Carolina, having been born in Virginia. As a single tax advocate he was earnest and enthusiastic. He gave many millions of dollars to further the single tax idea and in all countries of the world was well known. He was a forceful writer, a strong speaker, and his passing leaves a place that will not soon be filled. Whether his single tax idea was correct or not makes no difference. It was a hobby along reform, and from his work something will come.

Mr. Fels was in Greensboro a year or so ago, and being a warm friend of Mr. Ceasar Cone, at Mr. Cone's home met several Greensboro citizens to whom he explained his tax idea, making quite an address. Mr. Fels made money, and he spent it for what he thought the good of mankind. His living was not in vain.

Boosting Your Town.

It isn't all when you talk for your town. What every man should do is to spend at home every dollar he spends. If the price is a little more than a mail order house agrees to furnish it, don't let that interfere.

Remember that every time we secure a big store, a successful merchant, he builds a building or rents one that you or some other man has built; he pays taxes here, and he employs clerks. He consumes gas and electric lights; he supports the newspapers; he pays occupation tax; he assists in all the charities and supports the churches and public organizations. He increases the value of your real estate; he makes it possible for the professional man to exist; he builds a city, in a word, and without the merchant we would have no town. We would have no newspapers and no printing office; no telegraph offices; no banks; no anything—but just a community where there were a few houses, and land wouldn't be worth as much per acre as it is worth a foot in a growing town.

Buy everything at home you can buy. Do not let parcels post and cheap goods allure you. Build up a city by purchasing things at home. Give your merchants a living profit. In these days of close competition he isn't going to rob you, if he were inclined. He helps you. He helps you in a thousand ways, and you get back more than you ever pay him. He becomes a collective force, and you are only the individual.

Looking Good.

The reports from all over the country seem to justify the belief that the spring business will be good; the fact that thousands of unemployed people are walking the streets in New York does not argue anything. It is pointed out that because there are in one city 8,000 idle cloak makers it does not follow that tariff had anything to do with such a condition, because a hundred thousand people didn't buy cloaks in one state in the south because of the exceptionally warm winter. If a million people conclude they will not buy new cloaks it follows as a sequence that many cloak makers will find nothing to do.

In the railway world the roads are giving orders for equipment; James Hill looks for big things the coming year, and wherever you go you see undoubted signs of progress. The men who do not like to give up the tariff theory insist that hard times are coming, but if they are they cannot be seen. Everything looks in the best possible shape.

Cook's Small Audience.

Doc Cook went to Statesville and didn't have a very large audience, the Landmark explaining that Statesville is not a lecture going town, and also the price of \$1 per being against it. Doc Cook has had a rocky road, but it is our belief that one of these days history will straighten things out, and the world will accept the doctor's story. There is no doubt but what he is our greatest article explorer—he was also with Shackelford in the South pole quest, and all have agreed, before the last North Pole expedition that Cook was the bravest and most resourceful of them all. Even Peary gave him unstinted praise in his book, and the time will come when he will be fully vindicated.

The Cold Weather.

People who are obliged to make the most of the extreme cold weather we have had the past three weeks find consolation in the fact that the fruit crop will be saved on account of it. The theory is that exceptionally warm weather will make the sap run, and the frosts of March will do damage. Whereas if the sap can't run, the March weather will do no harm. Therefore, we find that whatever is best—and let it go at that.

Now that the Hammer case has been partially settled, we look for a speedy adjustment of the "Mexican Situation."

IS ONE OF THE BEST



Among those deserving a place in our Worth While Gallery is Mr. Samuel C. Dobbs of Atlanta, sales manager of the Coca-Cola Company. We have the good fortune to feel that we know Mr. Dobbs pretty well—and we appreciate the fact. While a business man from A to Z—careful, capable and competent, he yet finds time in the busy world and in his busy life to enjoy some of the things that God has placed here for man to enjoy. Mr. Dobbs loses himself in the forests of Canada and communes with Nature in the summer vacation; he goes fishing, and he goes out among men and talks to them on any subject that may be suggested. Advertising is his theme, but there is no subject but what Sam Dobbs can handle, and give you a few running yards right off the reel that will instruct and entertain you. A young man, yet he is intrusted with the expenditure of a million dollars a year in the publicity game—he keeps a close touch on the entire business, and is one man who has climbed up in the world and measured every step he took. In our gallery of Worth While people Mr. Dobbs has a place.

Fifty Eight Years Old.

Mr. W. H. Osborn, Commissioner of Internal revenue celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday last week, and the people in his office presented him with a bunch of American beauties. Colonel Osborn is one of the big hearted men of this world who has helped hundreds of people in distress, and the fact that he has lived fifty-eight years and been highly honored, shows that the bread he cast upon the water has returned to him. Here is wishing he may live to be twice fifty-eight.

Train Robbers.

There are more train robbers this year than for a long time, and they seem to be operating in the South. The other lay the Queen and Crescent train going out of Birmingham was robbed and something like \$100,000 taken. The human sleuths are on the job and the hope of course is that the robbers will be apprehended, punished, and sent to Oklahoma, to run for Governor.

Mr. Forester and Mr. Maxwell.

Mr. J. C. Forester, the efficient secretary of Greensboro's Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Maxwell, of the corporation commission are having a weighty war of words—and the General Public is betting on its favorite. The Merchants' Association of Greensboro at its annual meeting gave its unqualified endorsement to Secretary Forester, and all the Greensboro folk think he is everlastingly right in his contentions. That he understands the business in which he is engaged there is no doubt, and here is hoping that he will rub Maxwell off the blackboard.

Judge Speer Denies in Toto.

It takes three hundred pages for Judge Emory Speer to deny all the charges made against him, but he denies everything and admits nothing. His brief is full of ginger, it is said, and the chances are that the Congressional Committee which will order impeachment or exonerate him will be puzzled. The Judge is a wonderful man; resourceful, smart and up to the minute. The Macon people are for the most part hoping that he will be impeached.

The Drift of Things.

A couple of weeks ago we attended a banquet given by the Greater Charlotte Club, the commercial organization that does things, and about two hundred and fifty Charlotte citizens were in attendance. What they had to drink was coffee and water.

Last Saturday we attended a banquet given by the United Commercial Travelers of the two Carolinas, at Charlotte, and what they had to drink was coffee, water and grape juice—the grape juice being presented the boys by a manufacturer.

We mention this notable fact in order to show the tendency of the times—the drift of things. Five years ago, and you couldn't hold a swell banquet without letting a river of wine flow down the table. Now the idea is not to allow wine, to cut out all intoxicating beverages. The Merchants' Association of Greensboro, at its Annual meeting last Thursday night, was supplied with coffee and water. Nothing intoxicating—not even a little wine for the stomach's sake and the often infirmities.

It shows, gentlemen, that we are rapidly coming to a realizing sense of duty. That is one of the straws indicating the onward march of prohibition. That is why we feel safe in our figures when we predict National prohibition by 1920.

WANTS VINDICATION

But Senator Gore Is Beyond Reach Of All.

S WAS to have been expected, Mrs. Bond wants another chance to recover the fifty thousand dollars from Senator Gore. Her lawyers claim that the court erred when it refused to let the plaintiffs examine the blind Senator concerning his alleged conduct with other women. It may be that a new trial will be ordered, but if Mrs. Bond is not shameless, it seems to us that she will not insist on another trial. Had all she claimed been proven the idea of her recovering \$50,000 damages was preposterous and absurd. And inasmuch as the Senator in this case was accused of assaulting her, it doesn't matter how many other women he may have assaulted. It was conclusively proven that he was not guilty of the conduct charged by Mrs. Bond, and the fact that the men appeared on the scene when they did appear made it look to all people like a frame-up—or at least it so appeared to us.

Mrs. Bond should go hide her face. The attempt to get \$50,000 on such an excuse is only to cause a laugh. Senator Gore was fully vindicated, and another trial will mean nothing. Mrs. Bond, like many other people, evidently does not know how much money fifty thousand dollars are. She appears to us as an adventurer who went into a scheme to discredit a blind man—and the American people have no doubt made up their verdict that she is entitled to nothing. Senator Gore is a statesman; he is a desirable citizen—and the verdict in Oklahoma proved it. Mrs. Bond took her ducks to a poor market—and if she can make herself think she was assaulted, she will doubtless feel better—but we doubt if she can ever make the American people think as she thinks she thinks.

In Bronze.

Colonel Pearsall who has charge of the preliminaries concerning the bronze statue to be made of the late and truly lamented Aycock, reports that the fund for this work is growing, and no doubt the North Carolina people will liberally respond. Aycock was one of the really great men produced by North Carolina—and we should all give something to see the man in bronze.

Mr. Forester and Mr. Maxwell.

Mr. J. C. Forester, the efficient secretary of Greensboro's Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Maxwell, of the corporation commission are having a weighty war of words—and the General Public is betting on its favorite. The Merchants' Association of Greensboro at its annual meeting gave its unqualified endorsement to Secretary Forester, and all the Greensboro folk think he is everlastingly right in his contentions. That he understands the business in which he is engaged there is no doubt, and here is hoping that he will rub Maxwell off the blackboard.

Judge Speer Denies in Toto.

It takes three hundred pages for Judge Emory Speer to deny all the charges made against him, but he denies everything and admits nothing. His brief is full of ginger, it is said, and the chances are that the Congressional Committee which will order impeachment or exonerate him will be puzzled. The Judge is a wonderful man; resourceful, smart and up to the minute. The Macon people are for the most part hoping that he will be impeached.

The Cold Weather.

People who are obliged to make the most of the extreme cold weather we have had the past three weeks find consolation in the fact that the fruit crop will be saved on account of it. The theory is that exceptionally warm weather will make the sap run, and the frosts of March will do damage. Whereas if the sap can't run, the March weather will do no harm. Therefore, we find that whatever is best—and let it go at that.

Now that the Hammer case has been partially settled, we look for a speedy adjustment of the "Mexican Situation."

HE HAE THE COIN

Senator Bacon Held To Real Estate.

MANY people commented on the fact that Senator Bacon died poor, but it happens that he leaves about \$200,000 and gives out some parks and other things. It also appeared that he had lived alone and been separated from his wife some twenty years—and it does seem that when we go into the dark closets we find plenty of skeletons. Senator Bacon had owned real estate when he entered the senate, and in the years it had enhanced in value. We know nothing about his family affairs, didn't know that he lived apart from his wife, and take it that they had reason for not living together. In his will he provided that after the death of his wife and daughter seventy-five acres of land, practically in the heart of Macon, should be used as a park for the public—except colored people. He said in his will that he was of the opinion that the social relations between the two races shall be forever separated, therefore the park is to be used exclusively by white people. This land is given as a memorial to his twin sons who died many years ago.

Senator Bacon's departure from the material world evoked many beautiful tributes and all agreed that the South and the Nation had lost a worthy son.

The Drift of Things.

A couple of weeks ago we attended a banquet given by the Greater Charlotte Club, the commercial organization that does things, and about two hundred and fifty Charlotte citizens were in attendance. What they had to drink was coffee and water.

Last Saturday we attended a banquet given by the United Commercial Travelers of the two Carolinas, at Charlotte, and what they had to drink was coffee, water and grape juice—the grape juice being presented the boys by a manufacturer.

We mention this notable fact in order to show the tendency of the times—the drift of things. Five years ago, and you couldn't hold a swell banquet without letting a river of wine flow down the table. Now the idea is not to allow wine, to cut out all intoxicating beverages. The Merchants' Association of Greensboro, at its Annual meeting last Thursday night, was supplied with coffee and water. Nothing intoxicating—not even a little wine for the stomach's sake and the often infirmities.

It shows, gentlemen, that we are rapidly coming to a realizing sense of duty. That is one of the straws indicating the onward march of prohibition. That is why we feel safe in our figures when we predict National prohibition by 1920.

The ex-bandit who is running for Governor of Oklahoma is putting new ginger in his campaign; announces his platform and makes it a square deal to all people. The people of Oklahoma have been buncoed so often there is a chance for the reformed train robber to be elected. And if he has reformed—why not?

Another New One.

A wireless telegraph operator has invented a process by which he can send wireless telephone messages to his wife twenty-five miles at sea, and the voice sounds just as natural as though he were criticising a pie she had made the day before. The inventor claims that he accidentally discovered the secret and will have it patented before long. That will be a wonderful proposition. With a ship going to the bottom and the passengers on board telling their loved ones good bye thousands of miles away. Truly we live in an age of awful wonders. The word awful being used advisedly.

The woman suffrage cause in North Carolina is gaining new converts right along, and we are informed that the League, organized to advance the question, is getting out a ton or so of new literature. Judge Walter Clark, who headed this movement, is going to find plenty of company before the campaign closes—even if Colonel Sanford Martin fails to come in until the eleventh hour.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who discovered the North Pole, did not receive a very large audience in Statesville, but those who were present understood that he was a worthy man.