

HONESTY ISN'T A
POLICY—IT IS A GOOD
BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

Everything

VIRTUE IS IT'S OWN
REWARD AND BEATS
ALL THE GOLD COINED.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

THE RECALL ON.

The New Woman Gets In Saddle.

ALAS, and alack—who would have thought that mysterious and weird triumvirate—that trinity of ghoulish and awe-inspiring instruments of government, called by lexicographers the

Recall, Initiative and Referendum would enter the marital relations; that the wife would shake the new fangled thing at her husband and tell him he had to come down and out. But yea verily it is true. The news is brought us that Mrs. Frederick S. Eggers, of San Francisco has sued her husband, who is sheriff of the county, for a divorce, and now proposes to bring out of its abiding place the Recall, and have the people of the county oust him from office. She has lived with him thirty-five years, and has at last discovered, she alleges, that he is not "fitten," as we would say in North Carolina, for a self respecting woman to live with any longer.

When she issues her statement she will call on her dissatisfied fellow sisters to vote to oust this unclean Beast calling himself a man; she will appeal to all women who feel the yoke of tyranny and who would be free to come and help her; she will go to the populace, and there lay bare her sorrows and her woes, and ask that while the courts free her of bondage, she people free themselves of this double dyed monster who, after a trial of thirty-five years, failed to measure up to her ideals.

Thus the sacred Recall finds a new place. It gives the woman who has wedded not wisely, a chance to play for even. It gives the American people an opportunity to understand that the New Woman is a sprite on wheels; a fairy with a meat-axe; a zephyr inflated with a Hypoborean blast; an angel with a Ben Tillman pitchfork—a charge of dynamite with the fuse working.

And out of the darkness comes light. If Mrs. Eggers gets her husband out of her house and out of his office, maybe hereafter Man will conclude that a woman is to be reckoned with.

The Good Roads Campaign.

The good roads campaign which was at fever heat a few months ago, is losing interest in this section. The trouble with so many of our people is, they get excited for a few days about something that should happen, and immediately forget all about it. The weather is against good road building, but it is not against good road talking, and the good road campaigners must not go to sleep at the switch. There is much to be done in every county in the state, and those who have ideas should not hide their lights under a bushel or an umbrella.

When it comes to doing things handsomely, Charley Benbow knows about what to do and when to do it. His offer to furnish free land for the training school was a very gracious thing to do.

Up to this sad hour the esteemed Winston Journal hasn't secured a man to go in the running for Congress from the Fifth district. And it will not for several other sad hours yet to come.

A Black Eye.

It is freely talked that the United States Express Co., one of the oldest in the field will liquidate and go out of business because of the parcels post. There is no use to debate the matter concerning express companies. Their new rate shows that they have been fearful robbers or now propose to operate at a loss.

We always want to see a corporation prosper, but an express company is one thing that lived without reason. The railroad companies should have carried express, just like they carry freight. To allow express companies to organize and float millions of watered stock and make the public pay the tolls was all folk de rol. A railroad company makes improvements. But an express company outside of its office buildings and wagons never did anything, and yet they paid millions of dollars to stockholders. Let the railroads carry their express, and cut out the water and the middle man, and maybe the express business can prosper and compete with Uncle Sam.

NO USE FOR BLOOD.

President Wilson Certainly A Peaceful Man.



IT DOES us good to see that President Wilson says no intervention in Mexico at this time. He is firm in this belief, and it appears to be the idea with all his official family. And why intervene? For all the years since the

republic has been in existence, there has been the usual uprising; the revolution is always on, and why should Uncle Sam send soldiers in that God forsaken country to add new bones to the charnel house; to shed blood of men who love to gloriously die for their country; men who have nothing at stake except their own ambition. Mexico has always been mixed and muddled, and until there is something fearful done; until the national honor is at stake, we glory in Wilson's determination to make no more grave yards.

There are men who always get rich when war comes who want to see the soldiers sent in; there are men who like to see chicken fights and dog fights who would yell and applaud a declaration of war—but the calm, sober and humane judgment of President Wilson in keeping out until all other attempts fail is worthy of the President of a peaceful Nation.

Still Insisting.

The Press Association of North Carolina is still insisting that editors should be allowed to contract with railroads for mileage and go about the country carrying their sunshine. We object to the change on the ground that the railroads do not want such a law, and if a man says anything favorable to a corporation he is accused of being subsidized if he can secure transportation.

The editor should pay his way like other people—and pay it in coin of the realm. The railroads in the old days wanted the press to holler for it, and it gave passes indiscriminately. Every man who had a two by four publication was riding on a pass, and the people learned to believe that an editor rode for nothing. He did, but the railroad fare is the least part of a trip. Transportation costs about three dollars an hour, and the editor who can't afford to ride an hour should ride fifteen minutes. If we go to California, as we do once or twice a year, we go now as a self-respecting citizen. We used to ride the railroads free—sit down and write Tom Anderson at Houston and James Hosborough at San Francisco, tell 'em we had to go, and the transportation would be forthcoming. Then the conductor would look at us; the nigger porter would be on; the whole bloomin' train seemed to think we were steorage and riding dead-head.

Not so, now. We step up to the window and take from our pocket a large roll of yellow backed bills, and say: "Give me a ticket to San Francisco." York says, "\$72" and we throw four twenties on the glass and tell him to keep the change—and to order us a drawing room. Then we light a fifteen cent cigar and step inside and people make room for us. They see us with our ticket. They understand that if a man had \$72 he is a man of importance. They don't say "Look at him—he is a dead-head, riding around here to save room rent."

We are agin' the proposed law. As it is now we enjoy our little trips—we feel that we are a man among men.

While the white heat has been reached two or three times during the past week, the "Mexican Situation," we are pleased to announce, remains about the same.

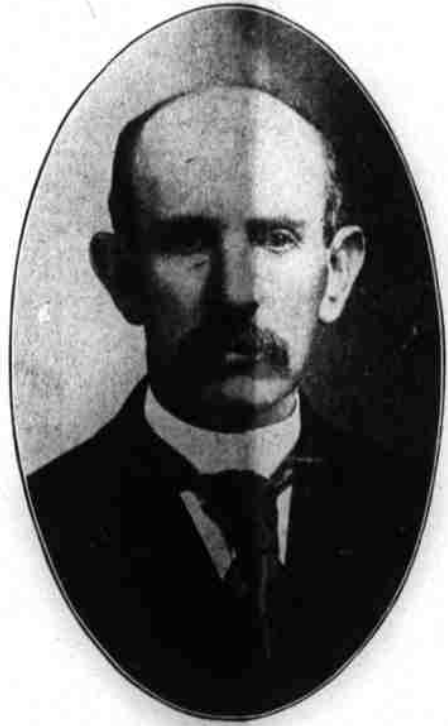
They Say He Is Busy.

They say that this income tax business, something new under the sun, coming under the direct supervision of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has kept Colonel Osborn very busy. Never before in his life has he been so busy, but reports come that he is handling the situation as well as it could be handled, and this is of course gratifying to his scores of friends in North Carolina who always knew he would make good in anything he undertook.

Time To Quit.

All the papers are now saying that it is time to drop the Hammer case. All seem agreed to this, save Henry Page who will not tell what his middle name is. And he threatens to come into print and show up the Hammer case and the Overman part in it. Mr. Henry Page is quite a writing man, but were he to write volumes, and then some, he never could convince the North Carolina people that Senator Overman should not be returned.

HE QUILTS THE PLACE



Some weeks ago we printed the above picture of Mr. E. A. Holton, the republican district attorney, of the Western district of North Carolina. We print the picture again today, and do so simply to adorn the story we want to write. There is really no reason why a man's picture should be printed twice in a year, unless the man is remarkable—and Holton is remarkable. He is extraordinarily remarkable, and his career has been really wonderful. Holton is not a graduate of any great institution of learning. What he knows he gathered from books, and a pine knot furnished the light. A poor young man, he set out in the world, and felt that the world would hear from him. He had no advantages. He read law and thought he saw in the republican party principles that appealed to him. He was a power in his party, and as state chairman developed into a smooth, practical, successful politician. He knew every precinct, and made it his business to know how it would "go." He was recognized as being keen, alert, sagacious. He predicted results with wonderful accuracy—and today knows more North Carolina politics than any man in the state. Sixteen years ago he was appointed district attorney. We do not know who he succeeded, but he accepted the position with the understanding with himself that he must make good. And he did make good. He studied every case; he went to the bottom of it; and he threw his whole soul into it. He cared nothing for personal appearance. The case was what interested him. We have seen him with his coat sleeves pulled up to his elbow; his little black necktie riding his collar; the sweat pouring down his face, and just about when we would conclude he was through, he would take a new lead and stand for three hours dealing sledge hammer blows; quoting law and showing the jury just how it came about. No man was ever more resourceful; no man was ever more in earnest. We have often thought he was as cold as an iceberg and entirely without human sympathy, but after knowing the man we found that it was his Art—his zeal, his very soul transferred to the case at issue and he knew nothing else; cared for nothing else—but victory. And he has been successful. He knows every cow path in the mountains, so many times has he gone over them in the court room with his witnesses. He can tell you today where a certain still was located in Stokes county; how the rail fence was here and the creek there; how the path went into the woods on this side and out on the other; how old man Smith or Jones or Johnson lived a half a mile up the creek, and how Bill Stoakes or Stiles or Stilson lived on an adjoining farm and where the barb wire had been cut, and how much meal they had bought of a certain miller. Wonderful, the way he prepared his cases. Sorry to see him go. We do not care how good a lawyer Mr. Hammer is, we only wonder why it is the policy of the Department of Justice to take in a man like Holton, pay him a salary for sixteen years; school him; educate him in the winding intricacies of federal practice; qualify him to take any case—and then, because he isn't a democrat and only because of that, put him out and in his place put a man without experience. How would it look if the railroad company every time it changed its president was to put out all the old men; the old engineers; the old conductors; the old flagmen—all the bunch that knew the curves and the weak places; that knew the game from A. to Z., and in their stead put men untried and inexperienced? Why not keep a faithful servant who has been schooled and drilled and made good? Why allow politics and pie to enter and say to the faithful servant: Begone—give room to an untried man—let him take up what we have gained by your sixteen years experience but what we are willing to toss aside? In some of the departments of the government men are kept all their lives because they know the game. Why not, when an efficient attorney, one who has learned the ropes and gained such valuable knowledge obtainable only by experience, makes good, keep him to assist the Department of Justice in punishing the violators of the law?

Here is wishing Mr. Eugene Holton all kinds of good luck—and regretting that he had to go and take with him the experience sixteen years' service has given him.

THIRTEEN UNLUCKY.

At Least It Looked That Way In Charlotte.



THIRTEEN—thirteen plain drunks in Charlotte—and who shall say, hereafter, that thirteen is not an unlucky number. Up in Charlotte, or down in Charlotte, it is up if you live in Greenville, S. C., and down if you live in Greensboro, N. C., but we don't know where the man will be

who reads this, so we will just naturally say in Charlotte which boasts of strong prohibition laws, and says to the druggist you must not dispense booze, last Monday morning thirteen white men lined up before hizzonor, charged with having been drunk. And in the whole bunch not one colored man appeared. This shows that prohibition helps prohibit, because ordinarily the black brother is more in evidence, for two reasons. The first is he likes his booze, and the second is a white man generally speaking can get drunker than a black man before he is run in. The black man uses his mouth more than a white man, when half seas over.

In the same court fourteen black men were charged with gambling, but not a drunk among them. But where did these thirteen white men get their booze? Where did it come from, and why thirteen? Simply because it was an unlucky number—especially unlucky for the thirteen who were fined \$10 and trimmings.

While we had a pretty hard spell of weather, one should read reports from other sections and then thank his stars that he lives in the Piedmont section of the South—where no greater glorious climate ever was given to man.

The Pure Food Law.

Dr. Wiley is indignant because the Supreme Court held that you could use poison in food, provided you didn't use enough to be harmful. This certainly is common sense. There are a thousand things in which poison is used and it is beneficial. And if it will bleach flour and not prove injurious to the user of the flour, why not use it? Simply because the fanatics on the pure food question want to make everything sold come in its virgin state. The original pure food man was Senator A. S. Paddock, of Nebraska. He wanted a law passed to stop the adulteration of foods and also the counterfeiting of foods. Coffee was not coffee; maple syrup had never seen a maple tree; hundreds of articles were masquerading under assumed names, and the people were paying for what they didn't get. The pure food people came along and wanted everything outlawed. They wanted the medicines to tell what per cent. of poison they contained; they wanted oleomargarine labelled at what it was—and then to make it odious they put a tax on it.

The fact of the business is, oleomargarine is cleaner than the average butter. One is made from the milk of a cow; the other from the suet. But in making oleomargarine there are no filthy milk cans; no dirty handed milkmen or milk maids; no dirt in the product—just pure suet, and the American people, because oleomargarine can be produced cheaper than butter, rushed in and demanded that a tax be placed on the only sensible substitute for butter—for the reason that it would not lower the price of butter, but help the dairymen.

Suppose the tax were taken off. It would mean cheaper butter—and that is why it isn't taken off. Oleomargarine is wholesome, it is better than most butter and unless you knew it wasn't butter, you would think it first-class. But it got a black eye and a bad name, wholly in the interest of a dairy trust.

The pure food devotees insist that there shall be no adulterations; that patent medicines shall contain only certain quantities of alcohol—and that is proper, but why object to the use of anything that is not unwholesome? Simply because when a faddist goes wrong he is wrong all over. The Supreme Court was wise in its decision. No law will stand that is made without a reason. And there is no reason why poison should be prohibited if its introduction does good and can possibly do no harm. Dr. Wiley was at one time pretty big in his own conceit, but in these days there is not much attention paid to him.

The chances are that H. B. Varner will go down to glory and the grave. He can't get the idea out of his head that he is Congressional size. But the people will hand him a solar plexus if he runs against Page. We have warned him and pleaded with him—but to no avail.

IS YET TO COME

The Agency That Will Give Hope.



WE KNOW that it will take somebody to get busy, and be the leader, but somebody will appear at the right time. In God's own way great reforms are wrought; agencies are

devised, and the world, if not impatient, will be run as it should be. It takes the voice in the wilderness. Some one must sow the seed. The seed must germinate and then the harvest. There is to be a day when the man who is sent to prison; snatched from his wife and innocent children who are left in pinched poverty and disgrace and despair; guilty of some unlawful act, committed while insane because of drugs sold him by his brother will be regarded in the proper light. He will be punished, and he will be banished awhile in order that Society may more easily restrain others viciously inclined. But while he is banished, while he is giving his freedom and his time to pay the debt Society has levied against him, part of the wage he earns will go to his credit. Go to support the family he left destitute, and the cause in no way theirs. Go to his credit, so that when he leaves the prison carrying with him the disgrace, it will always bring, he may have something besides a convict's name and a cheap suit of citizen's clothes which illly fit him. He will have dreamed while in the walled city what he will do when he is free again, and he will figure out that with the few hundred dollars which he has earned with his own sweat he can go somewhere and start life over; go somewhere and perhaps by living an upright life take again his place in the world of men. He has been taught, and all his observation confirms his teachings, that money is the one thing needful, and instead of planning, while confined, how he will steal some upon his dismissal, he will plan what he will do with the money he has earned. And if he sends each week from his scant wage a small sum home, the wife and the children will have some hope; they will feel that after all the unfortunate husband and father erred—he is worth while, and they look forward to the support he sends, and pity him instead of despising him. When this day comes crime will not be any greater than it is today, the chances are that it will be less, because much of the crime recorded is always by old offenders. Once in a suit of stripes; once on the roads; once a jail bird and the forces which sustain men in the dark hours of temptation are broken; they get to the point where they do not care—and finally make up their mind that they have the name, and they might as well have the game, and take the chance.

Prison reform must come. It may not yet be time, but we hope to see the day in North Carolina and in the United States when our penal institutions are run on the reward of merit system; that there will be a way devised to let a man exhibit his good parts instead of his vicious ones. And there is more good than meanness in every man—unless the man is a degenerate.

Burleson Won Out.

There was an attempt to knock out the Postmaster General's order concerning the short haul clause in the parcels post business, but after a little skirmish he won, and will be permitted to adopt any rules he wants to adopt. It was claimed that the fifty mile zone with its low rate was discriminating against other places; that it would not be tolerated a minute if express companies attempted such a rate, but Uncle Sam does things, it seems, to suit himself, and Burleson was a winner.

Holding On.

It appears now that as the day approaches, Collector Keith of Wilmington doesn't want to let loose. His commission runs until next February, and he doesn't see why a man should throw overboard a good job right in the heart of the March winter which seems to be "in our midst."

Hayden Clement Solicitor.

Mr. Hayden Clement, of Salisbury, has been appointed solicitor of the judicial district to succeed Mr. [Name] recently appointed solicitor of the Western district.