

Everything

A MAN WITH A CORK SCREW ON HIS KEY RING IS READY FOR AN EMERGENCY

ONE MAN WITH A GENIAL SMILE IS WORTH TWENTY MEN WITH A GROUCH

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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CARE FOR THEM

Richmond's Decency To Care For Fallen.



THE social problems are now claiming the attention of the people of Virginia, and one law proposed has raised a great deal of discussion. It is a law which says the women of the slums of the dark under-world must move on—and naturally those who have some sympathy for the fallen, are wondering what will become of them in the last run they are forced to make. Georgia May Jobson—President of the Social Service Federation, writes that her organization will see that all these women are taken care of; that no one of them need flutter around like a bat in day-light; that the Social Service Federation numbers 7000 good men and women who will part with the coin to see the women taken care of it the bill passes.

But then comes in one J. H. Drake and takes a new tact. He talks about "commercialized virtue"—which is a new one, says these people well to do are being paid to work up this scheme. The President calls him the short and ugly name, and explains that ministers of the gospel of this city and the members of the Social Service Federation, made up of good, clean men and women, do not have to be and are not paid to do everything in their power to make this city and State a safe place for the boys and girls of today and tomorrow.

Mr. Drake replies by saying it is brutal and indecently cruel for the state to make roofless a crowd of women at the behest of a few faddists. This remark was what called forth the ire of the woman—and she handed him a package with an inner seal.

The good women of Richmond propose to care for the fallen sisters; propose to find decent shelter for them, and employment. This is a worthy cause—and is much better than chasing the hunted things from one town to another, allowing them to spread their immorality. It is not only protection for decency—but it suggests a bit of humanity worth while.

Will Raise a Subscription.

The Charlotte Observer insists that the Old Man of this star spangled banner become a "jiner" far enough at least to mingle with the press gang at its annual reunions. It even goes so far as to reveal a great secret, and tells why heretofore we haven't become one of the White Lambs. The Observer says:

"Col. Al Fairbrother of Everything confesses with regret that personally he knows but half a dozen editors in North Carolina. This is because he is not a member of the Press Association and the reason he is not a member is he didn't like it because Secretary Sherrill declined to credit him for five plunks, the price of admission, and the same which all members have to put up before getting in. We have often felt like advising Fairbrother to send Sherrill a five dollar bill—one of the kind that looks as if it had just come from the printing press—and with it a couple of twos to pay dues for a year or so in advance, and get in line for the presidency of the association. The Observer has always entertained an idea that with Fairbrother as President there would be some new stunts for the association, perhaps a trip to California. At any rate it would not hurt for the Colonel to come in and sit at the table with the boys. It would do no very great violence to his anti-thing record to get into the association. The Observer has a committee ready to show him in the front way."

We have turned the matter over to the executive committee of the Pressing Club of which we are a member in good standing. If we get a favorable report we shall appoint a committee and attempt to raise by popular subscription, the number of plunks necessary. We think, possibly, that we will make it a bond issue. If we float 'em all right, we'll send the lock of our hair; the color of our hazel eyes and a photograph before and after taken, and see if it is possible to get in. This thing of handing out to us a chance to get in line to be president appeals mightily to our vanity. To be President of a Press Club and a Pressing club simultaneously would be the crowning glory of a life of shame. It needs but this to fill our cup of happiness. It may be, as we write, the impulse and the desire seize us and hold us spell-bound—it may be, we say, that we will call a special meeting of the Pressing Club tonight and take the question up before any of those interested have a chance to side-step.

Not In Season.

The New Bern Sun exclaims: "New Bern—the garden spot of North Carolina." Yes, but who is making garden this time of year?

A RIGHTEOUS CAUSE

Where You Could Do Much Material Good.



LITTLE BOYS make the big men, and the big men will always be better men if they are started right. The child who has a good home and everything apparently necessary to make a splendid citizen sometimes goes wrong—people yet are in ignorance just why—but it is true. When a wayward boy develops he isn't necessarily lost. All he lacks is training that he has failed to receive. Overindulgent parents often spoil their children. There is lack of discipline; there are causes which are not on the surface. The Stonewall Jackson Training School is a State institution that takes these wayward boys and makes men out of them. There the boy is taught things he never knew. He is put to work; he is educated; he is given employment—and instead of running wild he is cultivated. The Training School is a state institution. It has been started and started on a small scale. The women's organizations have helped; private individuals have helped—everybody has said a kind word and the state has appropriated about one tenth of what it should appropriate for such an institution.

But in the days to come the appropriation will be increased. Each year will witness substantial improvements—and when one building is completed that much is done. Just now about ninety boys can be taken care of—the demand is for over a hundred and ninety. Mr. J. P. Cook who started this school: who has given of his time and means to support and sustain it—has again started the monthly publication known as the Uplift—printed at the school, the mechanical work done by the boys—and it sells for One Dollar a year. Every man and woman in North Carolina should send a dollar for this publication. There is a profit in it at one dollar a year, and Mr. Cook wants the publication to yield enough revenue to build another building. One Dollar is not much of an assessment. You will give one dollar for many things and think it worth while. The one dollar you will send to the Stonewall Jackson Training School is a dollar cast upon the waters that will come back ten fold. It will help make better citizenship. It will save to Society some bright mind. It will help in a hundred ways, and Everything wants to see everybody send the dollar. You get value received in the Uplift—and you are doing some real genuine good. Send your dollar to the Uplift, Concord, N. C., and feel better for having sent it.

He Will Go In.

While there has been some talk by editors who do not like him, and some talk by politicians who would like to secure the place, the chances are that the voters of the First district have decided to return Major Stedman to Congress. There is every reason why he should be returned, and no reason why he should not be. The Congressmen in North Carolina measure up with Congressmen from other states. The Winston Journal wants us to groom a man who will be the leader of the House—but that man was never groomed in advance. Men may or may not become leaders. Many people thought that Jim Blaine, "that prince of parliamentarians" should have been president. He groomed himself for it. The Maine people always counted him presidential timber—but he didn't make good. There can be but one leader—and North Carolina is about to secure him now—by reason of promotion—and if we get one in a life time we have done exceptionally well. Major Stedman isn't ambitious to be leader. He isn't there to exploit himself—but to help his constituents and represent his people. The man who goes there to play for leader—premeditatedly, must play politics and make all kinds of combinations. The man who goes there to represent his people doesn't care for self—and that's why we don't believe in grooming a leader before he has even had Congressional experience.

That New Railroad.

All the evidence is that we are to have the new railroad. Those in position to know what they are talking about say the road can be built in seven months, and that gives plenty of time to complete it and claim the two hundred thousand dollar bond issue voted by the Greensboro live wires.

The Yanceyville Sentinel, ever alert to what is what, suggests that inasmuch as the Panama Exposition opens in February, 1915, now is the time for editors to start—as it is a good long walk!

IS LOSING HIS POWER



The papers seem to be going after "Fighting Bob"—not long ago the leading figure in the world of Progressives. LaFollette was the first to announce himself as a progressive candidate for President. He swore by all that was good and bad, and we guess it was a true bill, that Roosevelt offered him support—and when Fighting Bob tried his platform on the people and won out in Wisconsin—Roosevelt saw the opportunity, and side-tracked Bob and took the chariot himself—and rode to defeat.

But had Roosevelt been true to his promise no doubt LaFollette would have put it over. And fearing him again the papers are handing it to him in a way not at all complimentary. The other day a New York paper said:

"Senator LaFollette's recent course seems to indicate that he is of that unfortunate type of men who oppose whatever they cannot originate and who are unwilling to join any march they cannot lead. He did good work when the task was that of destroying an old machine, but he shows himself unfitted for the higher labor of building anew. Senator LaFollette appears to be dwindling sadly."

And of course this is advance stuff—stuff put out to keep Fighting Bob off the ticket next time. Strange how they go at it early to slaughter the innocents—but they do—and the slaughter is really something frightful.

The White Way.

South Greensboro is going to put in a Great White Way, and if she does of course her big sister this side the railroad will come across. The Great White Way of Charlotte costs some money—but it is the best expenditure ever made of city funds. This town is missing it in not following suit. Charlotte at one time was smaller than Greensboro—we had her on the run—but running after us. She built a few sky scrapers—let loose of her purse strings, and the result is that South Carolina is now a suburb, and parts of Georgia will be brought in next spring. Greensboro must get over the idea that she is a country village. She can be a big town if she will Watch Charlotte grow and cut her cloth after a similar pattern.

Mr. Page and His Letters.

It is now reported that Mr. Page—Henry A. Page, proposes to write a series of letters and show by them that Overman should not be returned to the Senate. Mr. Page is a man with the price, otherwise we would gratuitously advise him to save his ink and fountain pen.

Mr. Page will cut no ice. The man who goes about seeking to destroy another man isn't as well received as he once was—and if Mr. Page has any information it will fall on deaf ears. If Senator Overman is guilty of arson and murder and theft and highway robbery and Mr. Page charges it—it will make no difference, because the people of North Carolina have known Lee Overman too long to allow any charges to rest against him. The democratic party has honored Overman—and he has honored his party. When it comes time to elect a Senator Mr. Overman will go through without any opposition worth while. The newspapers of North Carolina have turned down the letters so far, but it is said that he has finally secured one willing to print the dope. Let it come, and then let the people rally and give Overman such a rousing reception that all hands will never again seek to throw mud—even if the mud looks white.

Will Move to Charlotte.

As announced in Everything some weeks ago Bishop John C. Kilgo will move to Charlotte. Of course Charlotte will rejoice, but what will Durham do? Durham without John C. Kilgo will hardly be the same place. Kilgo put Trinity College on the main line.

No man ever contemplated suicide who was square with the world. So square yourself and keep square.

LIES DON'T HURT HIM

That Is What Speaker Clark Says About It.



HE man who can let a lie fall on him and run off like water off a duck's back is simply a philosopher. Ordinarily call a man a liar, when he knows he is a liar is a fighting proposition. But when an old man can say: "I have been lied about so much I have sort of got used to it," like Speaker Clark said the other day, that man is nearer happy than a lot of other mortals who worry about what their neighbors say of them.

It seems that a college professor out in Chicago was criticizing the Speaker's way of counting the votes in the famous Mulhall charges concerning the lobby—and Speaker Clark simply replied by saying the charges were "untrue, brazen and outrageous, and a reflection upon the integrity of the House." Then he added he had been lied about so much he had sort of got used to it.

And that is the stuff. When some fellow slanders you; lies about you; throws off on you—no use to order a coffin for him or yourself; no use to work yourself up into a passion and feel bad all day over it—just think what Champ Clark said, that you had been lied about so much you were used to it—and perhaps enjoying it.

So as we progress in material things; as we develop in constructive ways—so our philosophy broadens and deepens—and a man can call another man a liar and make him feel good over it.

Quits The Game.

Fred Hull, bank examiner quits the game and gives way for a democrat. Mr. Hull has been a bank examiner for many years and certainly proved a competent man. All kinds of people—democrats as well as republicans will bear testimony that Hull did business in a business way. Of course there will be good democrats make good examiners, but why these business offices should be political, when service and experience are so necessary, we do not understand. Why have civil service in subordinate positions, and kick out the best in the higher places?

Terrible Fire.

The Missouri Athletic Club burned down last Monday and thirty-five people were burned to death. There seems no way to avert these stampedes—no matter about fire escapes or cool headed men. Fire fills with the greatest fear—and people lose their heads.

All Over Now.

And the state chairman has been selected. But what is a state chairman going to do selected by the stand-patters when a progressive party is being born? It seems that the progressives have already commenced to deny that they mean to capture the state—to take all the pie from the stand-patters. But the stand-patters will be there when the roll is called—and there is no doubt some sensational politics ahead in the Old North State. We are glad that we are only an interested looker-on.

It looks like Mr. J. W. Bailey was doing a whole lot of talking. Wonder if he expects anything to fall his way from the political orchard. The prunes are plentiful.

Buy It At Home.

Always look and see if the article you want is made in your home town. No matter what the article, first ascertain if you can get a home made article. If you can, buy it. Don't figure that you save a few cents because you might get another article a few cents cheaper. When you buy a home made article you help the people who live in your town. When you help them they help yourself. If all the people would let this idea soak in towns would be better off. The great cities are built by the people on the outside who send to them for things to consume.

The people who are cussed out are those who do things. You never hear people talking about men under tombstones.

The Frank case at Atlanta seems to be getting people in doubt. If the lawyers can prove all they are claiming now, Frank is not guilty. But the question is, can they prove it?

The Twelve Story Hotel which was built on paper in Greensboro was entirely destroyed and all the guests escaped with their clothes on. Conyers & Sykes didn't get out.

THE OLD STORY

Personal Liberty Again Brought Forth.



A CORRESPONDENT in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, defending local option and regulated bar rooms, gets down to the brass tacks which we used to drive, and his argument looks good, and sounds good. He insists that you cannot suddenly change by legislation a six thousand year old habit which has of necessity become a racial instinct. He says that a state cannot handle the question. It is a local proposition. That if Norfolk wants a horse race Richmond cannot interfere. He says local option is self government. It is personal liberty. He says New England cannot say whether Richmond shall or shall not have a Jimcrow car law. He says the anti-saloon people are too importunate in the cause of good. They are blinded by righteous wrath. He says you can't make a man go to church, and if you do you cannot canonize him.

That is the dope he hands out. It runs smoothly and glitters with well rounded periods. Each blow is a sledge hammer blow—he thinks. We used to write that stuff. We believed it, firmly believed it, and we could not be convinced that a blind tiger beat a regulated bar-room. We contended that a licensed bar-room located John Barleycorn. You knew where he was, and while there he had to be as decent as he could be. He had to keep his face clean and his hair combed. He had to be gentlemanly in deportment and not unseemly in any of his conduct. The law would regulate him, whereas, if you enacted prohibition you would not be able to locate him. He would hold forth in blind alleys; he would bob up here and there and everywhere. It was our belief, and in the prohibition fight in North Carolina we went down with colors sailing. We were willing to wait for time to vindicate us. We knew that it would.

But what has happened? There is not one tenth the drunkenness. There are no bar-rooms for boys to look at; no bar rooms for youth to congregate in and start on the downward path. The man who wants a drink and hasn't gotten a mail order filled goes without it, and his wife is happy and his children are not robbed. Personal liberty is not in the equation. The idea of liberating an appetite out of a man is not the proposition. The proposition is, briefly summed up, a state has a right to pass any law for the state's good that appears reasonable to a majority of voters. Whiskey has been outlawed in North Carolina. There is some whiskey drunk. There are blind tigers selling it. There are men receiving quarts of it by every train—and yet the drunken men are not in evidence like they were. The man who could drink or leave it alone is leaving it alone. The boys coming on to manhood's estate are not enticed into bar-rooms for there are no bar-rooms. Prohibition has worked admirably in North Carolina. Its best effect will be shown on the rising generation. The old toper will drink to the grave. But he isn't making as much fuss about it as when he got drunk in a bar room and brought on a fight.

The sophistry of the Richmond paper's correspondent is good. It was our own line of dope. It convinced us—until we saw the law work—and it works all right. North Carolina will never again have bar-rooms. National prohibition will be with us by 1920—and then if men have appetites they cannot control they will have to die. And if they are so thoroughly soaked in alcohol that it is either likker or death—give them death. It was Patrick Henry who exclaimed in an impassioned moment, "Give me likker or give me death"—and he got likker. Some historians say he said liberty—but we have his original manuscript.

The New Post Office.

Greensboro has commenced to make a little noise for a new federal building. She will be modest and ask for not over \$300,000. And there is no reason why we can't get the building. All the South is growing and the present building is of course inadequate. A three hundred thousand dollar post-office building would look pretty good most anywhere in town. If we finally get pretty close to it we hope the Government will not come along and condemn property of people who want about three prices for it. However, people who have a tape line say the present site would do very well for one of the biggest buildings in this country. The trouble with the present building is it is a patched up affair and about as much room is wasted as is utilized. We say this in order that Winston people who look only at the outside of our present building will not get excited.

The man who hasn't sued the railroad for his last best thrill yet coming to him.