

# Everything

EVERY WEEK

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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"After years of active experience in newspaper work, and with newspaper men, I am more than ever convinced that a newspaper cannot afford, any more than an individual, to be without character; and that as a man's character is summed up from his life, from the good he has done, the evil he has prevented, the homes he has brightened, and the hearts he has gladdened, just so will the inexorable judgment of posterity, and of the greater public, to which no passion nor prejudice of the day can appeal, measure out merciless justice to the journal whose sole object and aim it has been to coin the voice of the human race into gold for its owner."—John A. Cockerill.



There's Something Doing.

There is more ahead of North Carolina, politically considered, than many men have dreamed.

A political upheaval is imminent—a political earthquake threatens to disturb the entire state—and a new alignment is sought.

There has been a meeting. There have been completed arrangements for a gathering of the so-called progressive forces—progressive not alone in politics where the initiative, referendum and recall are to be staged to a dance of death—where government ownership and other socialistic demands are to be seriously considered—but progressives in the social, moral and intellectual movement that has been camped on the outskirts of Present Conditions, making ready to advance and do battle with the Things That Are.

It is charged that Politicians who have a smoke-house filled with Cut and Dried policies and programme can no longer dominate. The cards are being shuffled and a new deal is the order of the day.

These self-proclaimed leaders of Right and Righteousness are not new men in the state, but men who have not heretofore been able to advance politically because of the working of that much dreaded Monster called the Machine. They propose, if what we read between the lines is in plain United States language, to sweep the board; to stand aside the professional politician while others may enter who in turn may themselves become Professional Politicians. It will be a war between the Inns and Out—with men like J. W. Bailey, Clarence Poe and other ambitious men to become the occupants of the Saddle.

It is to be a fight between the stand-patters and those who favor progression along all lines of advancement—and it means, if it means anything—a split and a wide open split in the old democratic party. It is the rekindling of the fires that lighted to dusty death the democratic party a score of years ago when Russell and Butler and Pritchard and other republicans walked up and checked their baggage for Raleigh and Washington, leaving the war-horses far behind. It is an awakening of the Public Conscience. And the stunt is billed to be pulled off labeled Democracy instead of Populism—as in other years.

And no sooner had the announcement been made that such a programme was on than the news came that Mr. Clarence Poe would stand for Governor representing the Progressive propagandist as he now represents the Progressive Farmer. The Farmers' Union, all the organizations which have had life in the last few years will join in this new crusade, and the politician of the old school—the moss-backed and dyed-in-the-wool democrat will be left on the beach while the tide of progression washes out. It all looks good in print.

How is it going to come out in the

wash. The Progressive democrats are ultra on many measures—and the republican party and the Independent party constitute a force that must be reckoned with. If the new party dares to assert that it is democracy; if it takes citizenship hardly out of its swaddling clothes and presents it as its ideal and as the personification of the New Age and the New Time—we will not be surprised if we see in North Carolina, not the Progressive democrats in power—but the Independents—men of all parties rushing to the polls in sufficient numbers to elect the Independent—the man who says democracy is too slow and the progressive too swift.

North Carolina is no longer wedded to its idols. Its idols have become battered by the force of time, and when Russellism came and showed the way and democracy shied from virtue's narrow path and joined with Populism to thwart what was claimed the Machine in Politics—the side-stepping stunt becomes an easy one. There will be gray-beards and there will be non-progressives who will ask on what meat doth these, our new Caesars feed, that they have grown so great? There will be the battered warriors of a thousands battles—the Machine men, if you will, who will take affront at this bold suggestion that legislation needed has been cast aside and that the voter has been misrepresented.

Everything, independent in its politics, advocating the greatest good for the greatest number, and with it all a careful chronicler of the things that happen as the busy world spins 'round, will look upon this threatened cataclysm not with wonderment, not with alarm—but with a calm and determined purpose to record what happens and prophesy what might happen.

If the Progressives wanted to select men to put over certain legislation that so-called stand-patters have refused with scorn, the way to have accomplished the purpose would have been different than that proposed. For twenty-five or thirty men representing a new school of politics to meet and declare that they are the people; that they propose to declare war on the old party's conduct and the party's leaders—because the war-horses are the stand-patters—gentlemen of the jury, and if it please your honor, there is going to be something doing in North Carolina politics, the like of which has not been since democracy went down disgraced, disfigured and disbanded and Marion Butler and Governor Russell became the masters of the situation. Democracy is not progressive, in the sense in which we employ the term. President Wilson is not progressive, as Roosevelt is Progressive. President Wilson is only handing down the law as it was promulgated years and years ago—and his own and only issue that appeals to all democracy is the tariff. President Wilson is making a president second to none—and yet he is an officer elected by a minority vote—because a majority of two million people expressed themselves in favor of a protective tariff. Had there been no family quarrel in the republican party there would have been no democratic president. Therefore when the progressive looks at democratic success and thinks the progressive idea has been adopted by a popular vote—he must look again. Roosevelt stood firm for a protective tariff. Taft was for a protective tariff and a majority of two million men voted for a protective tariff. Mr. Wilson and his tariff for revenue only slipped in by reason of a family quarrel.

In North Carolina there is a sentiment, and we are glad to say a growing sentiment in favor of better morals; in favor of retiring the lawyers from the legislature; in favor of giving equal justice to all—something not now done—but to spring a new party and have it sprung by men politically ambitious, means, perhaps that disaster will follow. The republican party in North Carolina only wants a family quarrel in the democratic household—and it will spring into the saddle and ride to victory.

### Now Do They?

The esteemed New Bern Sun, a most sprightly sheet, has this to say:

"Another California millionaire has been arrested for violating the White Slave law. The affair is duly chronicled in Col. Fairbrother's Everything with the comment, 'He gave bond, and the affair will doubtless be fought out on the front page.' Newspapers try to give their readers what they want, so let those readers over the country who miss their old friends, Caminetti and Diggs, take heart."

Well, as a matter of fact, do the readers of the newspaper want the salacious stuff that we always see played on the first page? Is it not a fact that the newspapers are the ones guilty of making the reader think he wants the scandal; the blood curdling; the atrocious; the terrible; the shocking—the blue blazes and the yellow streaks that run through the current events of a day?

If the reader wants it, and knows he is going to get it, why does the newspaper always feature the biggest scandal on the front page with box car type and set the other things in small type on inside pages? Isn't the newspaper the one that has set the "style" and the reader has stood for it—stood for it until he thinks it is coming to him?

Suppose the newspapers were not in any way venal; were not in any way anxious to scoop their neighbors; were not caring so much about a few street sales—and would resolve, all of them, to cut out the front page scandals; the grotesque and most repulsive of the day's news—don't you know the people would stand for it—and instead of expecting the sloop jar of indecency to be turned over them every morning they would form a taste for something else?

The moving picture show illustrates this point. At first it was claimed that the movies must sprinkle the blood and the lust in the pictures in order to have an audience. Then the censors came and cut out things that wouldn't do. Communities went further than the National Board of Censors and cut out still more—but you do not see any falling off in the moving picture business. Here in Greensboro the local censors have cut out running yards of films—and they are now build-

ing another play house, and the crowds still go to see what is allowed.

There is no use to educate people to become depraved in their tastes. The people take what you give them—and naturally want to hear the latest scandal. But it is the duty of a newspaper to get above that. To hand out only clean and elevating stories—and when they all do that, the public will not want the dirt and slime and blood that have always been considered the best front page stuff—only because it sold newspapers. If such things were not printed finally the people would buy just as many papers printed cleanly as they buy now smeared with the reeking and unspeakable stories of crime and sin and shame.

### Conference of Social Service.

We are glad to see the Conference of Social Service of North Carolina battling for better things, and among them insisting that the prisoner's earnings go to his family. This is an old hobby of ours—we have been advocating it in this state for the past fifteen years, and we rejoice to know that finally there is a public sentiment being created in favor of it.

We are of opinion that the man who goes to prison is sufficiently punished by reason of his abridged freedom. We believe that the state has no right to take his labor and coin it into profit for itself. If there was ever any such thing as "blood money" the wage earned by a convict and turned into a rich state's coffers is certainly blood money.

The man who impulsively commits a crime generally upon conviction, leaves behind him a wife and children or some one dependent upon him for support. The idea of imprisoning him is first, to punish him for what he did against the law, and in the second place to protect Society from his further unlawful acts. The prison is made to protect Society as much as to punish the culprit. But the wife, who is innocent of all crime; who had nothing to do with the unfortunate circumstances that left her without support, certainly should be protected. The man should be put to work and the wage he earns, above his actual cost of sustenance at the penal institution should be sent to the family left often times destitute. This would be but common justice. If the prisoner has no family, then his wage, above the actual cost of his sustenance should be credited to his account, and he should understand that upon leaving the prison, after he had paid in full the debt he owes the state for his transgression, there would be due him a certain amount of money, however much he had earned by hard work. This would give the prisoner new hope. It would sustain him in his humiliation and disgrace, and he could make a high resolve to do better upon gaining his freedom. As it is now he looks forward to the day of his release with thrills of pleasure until he sees his actual condition, and then he reasons to himself: "But what can I do? I go forth a marked man. I am disgraced. I will have no money. I will have a cheap suit of citizen's clothes to take the place of these stripes. Without means I can do nothing"—and naturally instead of planning great things and good things, he is figuring what he can do to make a stake—and perhaps planning a robbery or a murder. He comes out, instead of a reformed man, a man soured on the world; with murder in his mind if not in his heart—he is desperate and made desperate by the same Society which pretended it was protecting itself by incarcerating him. If prisons are meant in any way to be reform institutions then we must pay a man a wage for labor while he is there. The state has no business to coin his life into gold for its own use. Such an idea is barbarism.

And we are also glad that the Social Service people are insisting on a higher moral plane as regards the owners of houses rented for immoral purposes. Twenty years ago when we worked hard and succeeded in a great measure in breaking up the district known as Smoky Hollow in Durham we pointed out the way. We printed the names in black type of those who rented the houses to these fallen creatures, and behold, the good women of the town made the good men of the town ashamed of themselves—and the houses were no longer rented to such people for such purposes—and that ended the life of the "district."

We would go further than the Social Service people have gone. We would demand a single standard of morals. We would make the man on the same plane as the woman whisins. In Guilford county the woman is discriminated against. One or two immoral acts on her part is prima facie evidence that she is guilty of crime and a road sentence follows—whereas, her coparcener in the crime may do with impunity a hundred times what she dare not to do but once or twice. Without the man to form the guilty compact there would be no violation of the law, and we hold that it would be common justice to make a law equal in its punishment for both offending parties. When that is done you have struck the foundation of the evil—you have with a single blow reduced that sort of lawlessness fifty per cent. The day is going to come when there will be but one standard of morals—man and woman will stand on the same footing. It should be hastened.

The law to make cohabitation of races a crime will meet with the hearty approval of all good citizens, and should have been passed long ago. Indeed, we had always thought such a law obtained.

Whenever the citizens of any state will forget their dollar chasing long enough to look about them and see what is needed to strengthen the social side of life, just that soon will there be a purer moral atmosphere. The law means nothing unless back of it is the sentiment to enforce it. To secure this sentiment there must be lots of work done by those who are in earnest. Everything will

gladly aid in any of these reforms, first, because we think them right, and in the second place because many of them are reforms we have advocated in this State, single handed and alone for the last twenty-five years. It takes time to bring about reforms—but they are coming.

### The Women And Their "Organ."

When Everything came out in its new form, in November, its editor conceived the idea that a distinctive woman's page—a page edited by an experienced newspaper woman; a page devoted to woman's work in the state; a page which would give a woman's opinion from a woman's view-point on passing events—would add interest to his publication—a publication intended to be the most original of all publications. True, there had been pages devoted to women melted up into strips of pewter and sold at a dollar a page to country publishers; there had been pages appearing in the "patent inards" of weekly papers called "Woman's Realm," and all that—but Everything was the first publication in North Carolina to introduce a woman's page prepared, edited and written in the shop by a woman who knew how.

Naturally we were surprised to see another newspaper claiming that it was the first to start such a page, and then like a crowing bantam rooster asserting "It is only natural for other papers to wish to copy after us as it is the standard in all lines for the other papers."

We are willing to let it go at that. But before letting it go we want to say a few words, and we hope the women will profit by what we are going to say. The Federated Women's Clubs of North Carolina mean a great deal. They stand as a wonderful power for good. They can shape the destiny of this state if they stand united. No other force is as great in moulding public opinion as the collective minds of the intellectual women of a commonwealth. They are above the fith of politics. They are beyond the littleness of self exploitation. Their labor is always a labor of love. They have patriotism which asserts itself when no pie is near. Their splendid faith in the future of their country is sublime. Their belief and hope that Man will finally be regenerated suggests prescience, for the belief is firm and the hope unshaken. What individual women have done for individual men, so women banded together and working for a common cause—civic righteousness—can do for the world. For you can't get around the proposition that of all the good things or the bad things in a man's life, some woman or other was at the bottom of it. Therefore we want to caution the good old girls, early in the game, that they mustn't imitate men and allow dissension to enter. Tranquility, calmness, patience, forbearance—these be thy gods, O, fair and earnest ones—do not forsake them.

The trouble now? There is a tempest in the tea-pot. There are clouds lowering, and without, a storm is brewing. And why? All because some several newspapers have instantly concluded that the women need an official "organ"—and each newspaper has its special champions and already within the household of this collective sisterhood bitterness has been engendered. Let us tell you. You don't need an official "organ." What you want to do is to choose no newspaper, but treat them all on an equal footing. Because Everything intends to conduct a woman's page, don't get it under your Easter bonnet that you could make Everything an official organ. Everything is broader than to be the official organ of any society, organization, party or combination. It flies at its mast-head that it is independent in all things and neutral in nothing. It wouldn't be the official organ of any organization in the world. It represents fully and truly the Brotherhood of Man and the Sisterhood of Woman. It wants no official recognition. It does not want to commercialize any feature that may be of interest. It doesn't want any man or woman to subscribe because it might be deemed a duty. But it proposes to have the most interesting woman's page printed anywhere—not a page of pink filled up with puffery about pink teas or pictures of new gowns or tedious proceedings of the annual meeting of the West Side Pressing Club, number Three, or the steen table whist party of Mrs. Colonel Major Gottembeatablock—but it proposes to continue to present a page edited by the woman who started the first woman's paper in North Carolina twenty-five years ago and who has been engaged in newspaper work all her life, and who understands how to make an interesting and instructive page. A page worth while and we are not caring whether it brings one single subscriber. It is part of the intellectual feast we prepare each week at one plunk per year, single copies five cents—and when the great question of an "official organ" is being considered, please count us as not being in it. We have sent out no circular letters; we have asked for no favors. But we do insist that Everything was the first paper in North Carolina to start such a page—as Everything was the first paper, years ago to introduce and maintain a traveling man's page.

We want to see the Federated Clubs grow and do good. We want to see the fair ones dwell together in unity and harmony. We want to see them ask every editor to print all he can about women and their work—and we only write as we have written, because it has been brought to our attention that some other editors are laboring under the impression that we would like to be the official organ of the Federated Clubs of North Carolina.

The newspaper that wears no collar; that represents no party; that knows no creed except a belief in God; that does not commercialize its editorial opinions; that stands ready to speak the truth and never dodge an issue; that is under obligations to no living man or woman, is a broader and better proposition than the one that wears the muzzle of a party or is afraid to say its soul is its own because it has been endorsed by some organization or other.

Everything is growing and 't will grow to splendid proportions. It gladly and willingly

devotes a page to woman and her work; it wants to help and it will help—but it wants it understood, just as this strife is beginning to show itself, that it is not even a receptive candidate for any honors officially from the woman's club—all it wants is the good will of every citizen of North Carolina. And if by printing a clean paper; an intelligent paper; a fearless and tolerant paper—respecting the opinion of every person and yielding to him the right to that opinion, and demanding the same right for its own opinions it will have and hold that good will. We hope the women will not become militant within their own household—and we beg of them to reconsider and understand that it were better to have no official organ—but spread their glad tidings of great joy in every paper where it is possible to secure space.

### The Training School.

Last week we rejoiced to know that Guilford had decided to build a training school for wayward boys. It is said that the proposition still has a string to it—but the people will cut that string.

The agitation has caused an expression of the people, and the people want the school. And when the people of a populous county want something, they know how to get it. And the school will finally be built; the wayward boys will be given a chance—and that is worth while.

### Change Of Ad.

The Greensboro Chamber of Commerce changes its advertisement in this week's issue of Everything. Secretary Forester has rung the bell in each paragraph. That ad is worth reading in any town in the United States. Just change the name of your town to suit, and follow what Forester says concerning Greensboro. There is snap in the type—there is a crispness about it that sounds like the rustic of a new ten dollar bill. Read it—and profit by the reading.

### At Random.



### SPRING POETRY.

Spring is coming, gentle Annie, in this cold snap take good cheer—  
Soon the William Goat and Nannie, all the lawns of canna will cheer—  
Yes, it's coming, oh, my treasure, soon, so soon, it can't be here  
Then you know, 'twill be my pleasure, and the limit, on 't'll be—  
Poems like the above sent securely sealed with no marks, seven for fifteen cents. Parcels post, prepaid. Send a lock of your hair and a sample of your breath. Have your breath assayed at nearest assay office and have attached affidavit of the proper officials, signed before a notary public. Please be particular to see that the notary states plainly in the English language, or at near it as he is intellectually capable of approaching it, the date his commission expires.

### ANOTHER VARIETY.

The idea of March have come and gone  
And Spring, so gentle, coy and shy  
Has asked Old Home to let 'er in  
That she may help to swat the fly.  
Verse like the above eight for a dollar, securely packed in asbestos and shipped by freight guaranteed against the search and seizure act.

### PHOTOGRAPHED.

Pure as the fairest lily that ever bloomed on earth—  
Chante as snow just fallen from the sombre clouds above  
Sending genial sunshine from the jolly goals of Mirth  
And that's a half tone picture of the cross-eyed girl I love!

### WHERE IT STARTED.

When Adam looked the landscape o'er  
And saw that Eden was the stuhp—  
He said: "Dear Eve, we're on the pig—  
The freight rates are not low enuff!"

### Why Rome Howled.

"What!" the Imperial Censur said  
"You say that dogs do bark and yow!?"  
"Well, just you watch me paint things red  
And make Old Rome rise up and howl!"

### AS IT WAS.

George Crater on a summer day, rased the meadow sweet with hay. He said: "I like these bloomin' fade—it's better dope than sellin' ads."

It is really sport to watch the politicians of North Carolina. They are the most jealous lot of mortals ever hup-downing. Instead of there being two grand old parties down here to cause the best in each one of them to bob up, the democratic party gets into a family row about every so often. Just now the Progressives are going to try to oust the stand-patters. And the stand-patters are forming into line, and some fuss and a few fustlers are promised.

The suffragists—and not the suffragettes—are forming their new party in North Carolina. Already a state organization has been effected, and before another year the party will be in full bloom. And as Judge Staifer Clark has been the Voice in the Wilderness the women will, through courtesy, be obliged to ask him to accept some high office.

### WHERE ARE THEY?

Where are the Grangers, Greenbacks, Populists, Farmers' Alliance? Why they are now in the camp of the Socialists, Progressives, Bull Moosers  
And so long as the world stands there will be the fellows who kick. Kick and maybe right and maybe wrong—but always a minority report—no matter what party is in power or how successful the party is. Human nature finds expression in organized parties—and that in "why anarchy and stillness were born. They were stators and despair and couldn't find the way to dress off from the old parties with something reasonable—so they broke off and advocated the extreme. While anarchy would annihilate everything, it simply goes further than the platform of the political party of today; anarchy simply preaches, in its philosophy, that the world should be ruled that no law would be needed. Its theory is beautiful—but its practice is terrible.