

LOOK WISE—BUT KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT IF YOU WOULD CARRY OUT THE PLOT.

# Everything

DON'T MIND THE OTHER FELLOW—BE SURE TO GET YOURSELF RIGHT FIRST

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1914

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

## IS G. O. P. DEAD?

### John Motley Morehead Thinks So.

**T**HE old war horses of the republican party admit that politics is dead in North Carolina so far as the republican end of it is concerned. There had been some talk in Charlotte of nominating ex-Congressman John Motley Morehead to again go to Washington—but he declared that so far as the republican party is concerned, there is no politics in North Carolina.

It is said the Bull Moose party is strong. If Roosevelt returns and runs for Governor of New York there will be an awakening of Moosers in North Carolina and we may look for a campaign of some exciting situations—but the democratic party is going to send back her congressmen and senators.

Go wherever you will end you find a feeling among the people to keep the present representatives in office. We notice that Mr. Beasley of the State Journal is going to run against Page, but it will be like the fellow said about a man going in business who had had no experience in it. He said he would stand just about as much show as a celluloid dog would have in chasing an asbestos rabbit through sheol. Mr. Beasley will not get as many votes as Varner would get—and Page will have a big majority over them all. Kitchin will go back—Stedman will go back—all of the present crowd will be returned. Overman will be re-elected and those who have tried to blaze the way to glory or to the grave will accept the grave. There is to be nothing doing for the man who wants pie.

### The High Cost Of Living.

The Postmaster General issues an order that farmers can send in eggs and butter and fruit by parcels post—and thus reduce the high cost of living.

All you have to do is to phone the farmer and he will send you the goods.

Will he?

Not unless you have gilt edge credit.

The rich and well to do will thus get the pick of the dish—the finest goods to be found. Their credit is good.

The poor shivering and starving wretches who take their pennies in the pinched fingers and go down and buy whatever they can find at whatever price is asked—they can't phone for their fresh butter or their fresh eggs and if they did they have no credit and the farmer wouldn't trust them.

And so it happens that the parcels post, which is going to reduce the high cost of living, to those who live high will be a sweet boon. But to the people who need something to help them out—they will take the leavings when they come to market and pay whatever toll is exacted.

Wonderful how these theorists work things out. Wonderful, indeed.

### Still Coming Into Camp.

Many of the State papers are saying nice things about General J. S. Carr. They see now that there is nothing venal in the proposition; that no boodle is to be used; that the General isn't running—but that friends—sincere friends, are urging him for the place. The General isn't going to be in any campaign. He is simply going to be drafted—and as we have said before, if his state wants him he will respond as he responded in the dark days when his state called for men to shoulder the musket and go forth to defend her flag. He is a patriot.

### The Court House Sold.

Talk about calling off the court house deal is too late now. The commissioners sold it, and the court will finally decide who owns the parts of land in dispute. When it is decided the Jefferson Standard will be given a deed. That company bought the property for \$150,000; put up a check for ten per cent of the purchase price, and unless it says so the deal must stand. And in buying it the company bought a bargain. Not just now, perhaps, but within ten years the property will double in value. Greensboro is going north in a business way.

There is again a chance for an Irish leader. In the old days, about twenty five or thirty years ago, the Irish leader was a great profession. It used to be that when the Irish leader would be asked by the philanthropic old gentleman:

"Do you work?"

"Yes, we work the Irish."

And the cry of Peace—but there is no peace.

## WHEN ROME BURNED

### Wonder If Correspondents Got Much Excited.

**T**HERE is a wise man who knows what to write, but why should the Richmond Times-Dispatch correspondent at Durham have sent such a story to his paper as was printed in big, black type last Tuesday morning. This is what the Times-Dispatch correspondent stated:

"Durham, N. C., March 24, 2 o'clock.—Two blocks of the town have been destroyed, and the fire still is raging. It is expected that the entire business district will be burned. More than a million dollars now is estimated as the loss.

"Many have been injured, although no fatalities have been reported.

"The post-office and First Baptist church are burning.

"Over fifty firms are thrown out of business. The water supply is practically out, and a stiff wind is blowing.

"The fire departments from Raleigh and Greensboro are en route here on special trains. There seems no chance to control the fire, and it may sweep the entire city.

"Powder and dynamite explosions in hardware stores are aiding the flames."

The truth was, the post-office and First Baptist church were not burning. The American Tobacco buildings, scores of them are located a mile from the fire district. No injury was reported to any person. Fire departments from other towns were not en route on special trains. But seven or eight firms were thrown out of business instead of fifty. The water supply did not give out. One main pipe burst was all. The powder in Lloyd's hardware store was removed before the fire got to the building.

Now why should a newspaper correspondent exaggerate facts like this correspondent did? Well, why?

### The Best Argument.

Some people have contended that it was necessary to have the play a little bit ultra—to approach if not cross beyond the frontier of delicacy—to hand out something suggestive and leave but a little for the imagination to fill a play house.

That has always been the contention in defense of questionable plays.

But when Everywoman came to Greensboro the Grand was packed to its capacity. There was no standing room. People were turned away. Others didn't go who wanted to because of the jam.

And Everywoman—what was it? It was a play that met with responsive chords in every human breast. It was clean and decent and strong and powerful. There wasn't a bad color in it. There wasn't a blemish to mar its purity or its beauty or its power. It was holding the mirror up to Nature—and not a naked woman in the cast. It was an appeal to the intelligence of the audience and not an appeal to lust.

Everywoman proved conclusively that the people of Greensboro will patronize clean shows and appreciate clean shows.

### In Salisbury.

Bishop Kilgo is in Salisbury this week—showing the regenerate that Salisbury is not the only place.

The Bishop has on his "fighting clothes" so to speak, and he is engaged in an encounter with sin. He shook Charlotte as she was never shaken before—and told the folk what was the matter with some of them.

### Durham Has Big Fire.

Durham had the biggest fire in the state's history last Monday night—something like a million dollars being consumed. The Duke building, an elegant five story pressed brick office building going first, where the fire originated, and all the stores up as far as the post-office. The water main burst and the fire fighters were helpless for over an hour. A good wind and the damage was done.

### Church Going.

Never before was there such a wide spread movement to get people to go to church. The campaign is on all over the country, and the ministers are talking to larger congregations than ever before. The man who takes a few hours off on Sunday to hear the word of God will be a better citizen, even if he doesn't subscribe to all he hears.

If we see a woman who has fallen on the street and broken a limb we extend her all kinds of pity. But if we see a woman who has fallen and lost her soul—we get out of her way and extend no pity.

## THE NEW PRESIDENT



Mr. J. E. Latham, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Greensboro is already starting out on an aggressive campaign. He has appointed his committee to look after the Federal Building that is wanted by Greensboro, and we feel that if Mr. Latham undertakes to land that building he will come as near succeeding as any man in North Carolina. Mr. Latham is a cotton merchant, president of the J. E. Latham Co., and is a member of the New York Cotton Exchange and Associate Member of the Liverpool Cotton Association—and he knows all about cotton.

Apart from the successful business end of Mr. Latham's life he is a man who reads; a man who thinks—and is most entertaining. Like so many men of his type he doesn't mix as much as he should mix, and therefore so many people do not appreciate his many qualities. He will talk to you on most any given subject, and when you leave him you have added to your fund of knowledge.

Greensboro is fortunate in having him for a citizen—and doubly fortunate in having him for President of her Chamber of Commerce.

### To Increase Rates.

It is thought the Inter State Commerce Commission will allow the railroads of the west and east to increase their rates five per cent. President Wilson wants it done; the railroads say it must be done, and those who are close in say the Inter State Commerce Commission looks at it very favorably.

Why not? The wages are being increased by leaps and bounds. The high cost of living is going higher. The roads need the money and unless they earn more they cannot spend more—so why not let them advance the rate to where there is business in the proposition? But lots of people want to crucify the railroads on a cross tie.

### Roosevelt Safe.

It was reported that Roosevelt had "happened to an accident" in some of the wilds and those who admire him very much insisted that he would come out all right—and the report is that he did. Dangerous, this thing of hunting wild beasts among wild men—but Teddy knows no fear. He will be home in time to hunt the Tammany Tiger and perhaps try to be Governor of New York. If Governor that means his hat in the ring for the presidency next time.

### The Frank Case.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch, always conservative, except when it prints a fire story from Durham, writes a half column editorial telling why Frank should have a new trial. When such papers calmly review a case where a man's life hangs in the balance, it looks like Georgia should come off her perch and let another jury take the evidence, calmly and dispassionately, and handle it.

### Perhaps Decided The Question.

There has been a big fight in Durham over municipal control of the water works—a fight that has called out page after page of newspaper advertising for and against. The fact that a water main of a privately owned company burst, will now be used to show why the city should have owned it. It will never be understood that had the city owned it the main might have burst—but the private corporation—why, to quote a leading citizen of Durham, "Of course hit would bust—bust wide open!"

President Fairfax Harrison, of the Southern Railway visited Greensboro and the people were glad to meet him. We are glad he came—and hope there may be a better understanding.

Better get ready for the hot weather. The weather man solemnly promises something along that line pretty soon. He avers that the backbone of winter is now broken.

## GOOD BYE TO BOOZE

### The Raleigh Colored Druggists Quit The Game.

**A**FTER another they fall from the tree. In Raleigh the other day the negro drug stores which have been running likker joints came into camp; took fines aggregating \$2,000 and allowed their stock of whiskey to be confiscated. It seems that colored brothers have agreed to quit selling drugs as well as whiskey—the people buying their stock. The negroes ran their drug stores and filled prescriptions for whiskey and never kept a record. The anti-saloon league got after them and after securing all the evidence necessary proceeded in an orderly manner to close out the places. The News and Observer says that Colonel J. H. Young, a colored leader in Raleigh helped the white man, and talked to his race, telling them they must quit selling whiskey.

With the colored drug stores out of it, it will now be harder for the politician who goes to Raleigh to consult on the affairs of state and incidentally to secure a jag, to operate. Gradually the source is found—the supply diminished, and within a few years it will be a hard matter to get whiskey in North Carolina.

Public sentiment against the blind tiger is growing. And as it grows the blind tiger finds itself less liberally patronized—and when there is no demand for whiskey there will be no blind tiger. The booze joint only came in response to the drinking man's call for it.

### Mad Dog Scare At Sanford.

Because a dog was ill at Sanford, it was concluded that a mad-dog reign of terror was on, and dogs were slain in all directions. The dog hardly ever goes mad. He gets sick. He wants water. But hardly ever is there a real case of hydrophobia. Some of the most scientific men say there is no such a disease. The Pittsburg Post recently printed this story which is worth while just now:

"Here is the testimony of a dog catcher who has been in the business fifteen years and been bitten more than one hundred and twenty-five times:

"'Afraid of 'em? Not me. I've never yet seen a mad dog. Maybe there are some. Maybe there ain't. I don't know. All I know is that although I've seen a squad of frothing dogs, and dogs running around that looked mad, and I've been bitten goodness knows how many times, I've yet to see a real mad dog.

"I'm not afraid of rabies because I believe most of what you hear about mad dogs is just piffle. People get excited and go into a panic when a thirsty dog begins to froth in the mouth. He wants a drink. There ought to be drinking places for dogs. There are a few, but in some sections of the city there is no place a dog can get a drink, and he needs it on a hot day as bad as a man.

"I am a dog owner and I like dogs. I raise a few. There have been many great things said about dogs, but you can not appreciate them until one of them becomes a friend of yours. Then only do you know how much of a friend you have."

### Prohibition Sentiment.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch prints this from its Washington correspondent anent the much discussed prohibition question. We have predicted that National prohibition will be with us by 1920, and this article seems to help out the prediction:

"The proposed joint resolution for a constitutional amendment would not be able to command the two-thirds majority in either branch of the Congress at this time if it should be submitted to a vote, but every well-informed person here is aware of the growth of the prohibition sentiment in the national legislative body. The plan of campaign is to bring pressure from the rear. This means that in each State the advocates of the proposed constitutional amendment will undertake to convince the Senators and Representatives from that State that they ought to vote for the amendment. The petitions that are coming in every day do not, of course, have the slightest influence on the legislators, except as they tend to keep the subject alive. These petitions up to this time are from the churches, on the one side, favoring the proposed amendment, of course, and from liquor dealers' organizations and the brewery interests on the other side, opposing the proposed amendment.

"The old question of States' rights is raised by the proposed amendment. In this connection, it is interesting to note that a Senator from the South and a Representative from the South are sponsors for the proposed amendment. Senator Sheppard said today that the South would very generally support the amendment."

## THE JAG GROWS

### Charlotte Police Court A Surprise.

**S**OMEHOW or other the consuming thirst—that sublime and lingering thirst doesn't sublime in Charlotte, Queen City that she is, she still seems to have something in the water (or, do they use water?) that causes a man to seek consolation in the flowing bowl—and then get drunk and down.

Last Monday morning in the recorder's court there were 29 drunks—one negro woman in the bunch, and 23 of the 29 were whites—all up from drunkenness. That we may not exaggerate, let us copy, tenderly, the story from the Observer which is as follows:

"An attorney before the bar of the recorder's court yesterday morning declared that he had never seen as many men before the court of this city for drunkenness even during the days of the open saloon as faced the recorder yesterday. There were altogether 29 offenders of this class, all men but one, a negro, and 23 of them were white men. The recorder, Mr. Hamilton C. Jones, declared the scene one of the most pitiable spectacles he had witnessed."

And this too, right at the end of the big revival meeting; right at a time when we were all feeling that there was coming over Charlotte a feeling that it would cut it out. Twenty-nine drunken men—more than when they had bar-rooms—but Charlotte has grown since they had bar-rooms. How many would there be were there bar-rooms now. That is the question. We will say a great many more than 29.

### The New Party.

The cry for a new party didn't get that great response some people thought it would get. The old time democrat; the man who has fought through all the battles isn't rallying to the Cry of the Kids.

The Cry of the Kids isn't heard very far—and when the so-called Progressive end goes into business, it will be forced to go in on its own hook. And it is well. There might have been a time or there might be a time for such a cry of new freedom—but not now. No, not now.

And it seems that the cleanest play yet brought to Greensboro got the biggest house ever assembled. Herein is the moral plain without saying another word.

Wait for the Page letters—but they will cut no ice.

### Fears "Tom-Catism."

Mrs. John Martin, of New York, in a debate declared that if women kept on getting the ballot it would bring on a state of tom-catism."

Well, we are willing to let it go at that. We hardly think we will ever be disturbed in our sleep and forced to get up and throw a boot-jack at the new woman.

Mrs. Martin is simply agin' the new order. If she doesn't like what is coming she must grin and bear it, or bear it without grinning. The Fates have decreed that woman is coming into her own. She is going to give the world the best that is in her, intellectually. Heretofore there have been two lamps. One of them has been trimmed and burning—the other burned dimly. Emancipation means illumination of the world. A woman was given facilities to think; to act—and why she has so long hidden her light under a bushel we do not know. With her intellectual forces in action; with her advice; her counsel; her mental activities—surely if man has brought the world to where it is, with woman helping it will go forward in an astounding manner. Woman will be voting in every state in the union within ten years. She will be making laws. She will be administering the law. No longer can you hold her in subjection.

The Frank case is one that appeals to all people. If innocent, as he firmly insists, he should be given a new trial. If guilty he should be given a new trial because there is doubt in the minds of most men—and why should public sentiment be aroused? We must listen to these things—this still small voice of Nature—she says something to us.

For President in 1916: Colonel Goethals, of the Panama Canal.

There are two sides to all questions. The man who will look at both sides is all right, no matter which side he thinks is the looking.