

WHILE YOU ARE TELLING OF THE FAULTS IN THE OTHER FELLOW HE MAY BE LOOKING AT YOUR FAULTS.

# Everything

IF THERE IS A MACHINE IN POLITICS, INSTEAD OF INSTALLING NEW MACHINERY MAKE THE OLD MACHINE WORK.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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## IS NO ALARMIST

### Judge James E. Boyd Is Filled With Faith.



WE ARE glad to reproduce these remarks from Judge Boyd, as printed in the Charlotte Observer. The Judge was talking to the jury, and what he says rings true. The Judge never talks calamity and is always level-headed; always says what he thinks, and thinks what he says:

"I sincerely believe that there is more good citizenship today in this broad land of ours, there is more loyalty in the highest and truest sense of the term displayed in the various relations of society and more genuine patriotic effort than ever before in the history of our country.

"I believe that there is a deeper and sincerer comprehension of the principle of the brotherhood of man than ever before and that the dignity of service is just as much appreciated as in the early days of the Republic.

"Good citizenship means the preservation of our Government and the continuation of those institutions for which our fathers fought and died. Government is only the agency for the carrying out of the people's will. No man lives to himself and the realization of the mutual obligations and responsibilities is one of the tests of good citizenship.

"There is nothing more royal than the feeling of a citizen that he is an American and that he has a part and parcel in this great Government of ours which is the grandest on earth. Sectional prejudice is fast disappearing and this is becoming more and more a united Nation in the fullest sense of the term."

"We live in an advanced age. It is an age of intelligence, of education, of progressiveness. It is an age when the good citizen is asserting himself and when he is making himself felt for good in the affairs of society and the State. There is more pure American patriotism today than ever before.

"I tell you, gentlemen, our Nation is as safe today as it was the day that the Declaration of Independence was signed and the Constitution of the United States was formulated. So we have great celebrations to preserve this spirit of American patriotism.

"I fear that I am digressing from what is usually expected of a presiding judge in delivering a charge to the jury; but good citizenship means a preservation of American liberty, in the whole Nation, as well as better living conditions of society and the State.

"I don't believe that it was meant for a man to live to himself alone. He owes a great debt to his fellowman. The power of this Government rests with the citizens and each owes a debt to the other. There are three lodgments of power in this country; the Federal with its various functions of Government, the State with its functions and finally the greatest power is vested in the people themselves hence good citizenship means good Government of both the State and Nation.

"There is no title more royal than the title, 'A free American citizen.' This government is established, it is being maintained and it will be perpetuated. We owe it to those who are to come after us. There are no inherited privileges in this country, beyond being a free American citizen and the inheritance of the Christian religion.

"This government is founded upon the principles of the universal brotherhood of man. No man should shirk the obligations that are thrust upon him from time to time by his Government because he owes this duty to his fellow citizens.

"Celebrations of the kind that is about to be given here in Charlotte May 20, are great things to keep alive this spirit of American patriotism and I suppose that's what's the matter with me. I always feel like this when I get down in this country on the eve of one of these big celebrations. I attended the first one ever given here, back in 1875. I get the Fourth of July feeling every time I am down here and it's a good feeling to have.

"One ought to have this feeling all the time though and not just on the eve of these celebrations. It's much like the man who attends Church and prays to the Lord on Sunday and preys on his fellowman all the rest of the week. A religion that don't last seven days of the week is not much of a religion."

#### Why Not Drugs?

If prohibition laws can be made restricting the sale of whiskey, and it seems that such procedure is possible—why not make a campaign after the drug fiends? It is true that drugs can be sent in by mail and no one is wise as to the contents of the package. But the user of drugs is easily spotted and it will not be a hard matter to finally locate his base of supplies. And that campaign will be on after a short while. We must expect to do too much in a year or in two years! Steadily there is a growing sentiment against the use of drugs, and finally the illicit traffic in them will

## A LONE GREY WOLF.

### Didn't Know About Sunday-- Lost His Life.



THE other day in Lunenburg county, Virginia, there was a wolf hunt. And an old grey wolf, larger than a shepherd dog, was finally killed. How long the old fellow had lived around those parts, a fugitive; hiding from civilization and still maintaining life by foraging on the farms, no one will ever know. For several years the negroes had claimed that a big wolf had been visiting different sections by night, but people generally believed it was the result of superstition.

But it happened that the old fellow made a mistake and dashed across an open space in front of a church. It was Sunday, and the congregation saw him. Poor old wolf—he had made a mistake. He had noticed that church and never seeing any one in it concluded no doubt it was a vacant house. He didn't know about the Lord's Day—he had heard nothing about churches. It was his undoing. A party was formed and for a week hunters worked to find him, and finally rounded him up, shooting him on the ice as he was trying to cross the Meherrin river.

Wonder how long this out-law; this prowler had been living in the woods? Wonder how long his family had been dead—and how long he had been a widower—earning his bread at night by stealth—and knowing the hand of Civilization was raised against him? Had he only known that the building was a church and owned a calendar—he would have perhaps been living today!

#### Glad It Is Over.

We are very glad the progressive round-up is over. That is about what we have seen on the front page for several weeks. The men who pulled it will feel better, no doubt, and the people who have been forced to read that it wasn't anything called to throw a monkey wrench in the machine will rejoice to know that nothing is now left but "echoes from the convention."

The "echoes from the convention" will be what the editors said; what the Honorable Bill Johnyonthespot thought after he got home—and it will be universally agreed that never in the history of North Carolina, the 20th of May duly considered and dissected, was there such an important meeting.

And what was it? Nothing in the world but a crowd of politicians who wanted the lime light; who wanted to appear as patriots when the country was not in distress.

The whole thing was farcical from beginning to end. North Carolina is not boss ridden to its harm. It has bosses and will always have bosses, and can't run a political party without them.

And so long as we have such men as we now have in office the Boss is all right. This fall the people are going to spring a campaign—they are going to demand that General J. S. Carr be governor—and if there are any bosses you will see them all agreeing that the General must have the place. That will show the people we are not suffering from the bosses or the Machine.

#### Underwood.

Oscar Underwood no doubt feels grateful to his friends for electing him to the United States Senate. Underwood is young. He is capable. He is a man of wonderful ability, and it has been agreed that he is presidential size.

One of these days the people will doubtless have an opportunity to vote for him for president. If he makes as good in the Senate as he did in the House he is certain to grow on the people.

#### Doesn't Believe It.

And now come those who are wise and say Bryan didn't write the letter about race segregation. Well, what difference does it make. Race segregation in the country isn't bothering people as much as some of the town folk imagine.

#### Bet He Feels Good.

We haven't seen Old Man Varner since he got out of the race for Congress, but we will bet he feels good over the fact that he isn't in it. All his friends think he did the wise thing in concluding that he wouldn't go in this time.

#### An Old Landmark.

It is stated that the New Orleans Times-Union will soon take over the Picayune one of the South's oldest, and in its day, most prominent newspapers. It has been read by millions of people—and \$200,000 is what it brought.

## HE IS ALWAYS RIGHT



Mr. James Southgate, whose picture appears in our Gallery of Men Worth While has been in Durham as long as we have known Durham. Mr. Southgate has always been a prohibitionist. He is one of the original advocates for National Prohibition and one time was honored with the nomination for Vice-President.

Mr. Southgate has recently made a national reputation as the Sunshine Orator. He was called as President of the National Organization for fire insurance men to make talks over the country—and no matter where he goes he says things worth while—and the biggest newspapers in the United States have sung his praises. Everybody likes "Jim" Southgate. He has been our steadfast friend for over twenty years—always agreeing that we had a right to think as we wanted to think, and many times agreeing with us. But being a man who thinks for himself, we have not always agreed—but the friendship has never been broken—and we are glad to count him one of our best friends—and we know the State feels proud to count him one of her best citizens.

#### The Director.

The office of director of a company has long been held to be a responsible position, and yet it is a fact that few directors direct. In the investigation of the Colorado mining troubles, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said he was a director and he felt that he could direct as well in New York as at a meeting of the directors in Colorado. He said he thought he was doing his duty, and didn't see the use to go to Colorado when a meeting was called.

Many directors try to render service to the companies they represent as directors, but for the most part one or two of the leading men do all the business. The "director" never receives a salary; he knows nothing of the inside business and has no opportunity of knowing. In the matter of National Banks it has been held that a director is responsible, but even then he never does what he would like to do.

The director is not a director, and by reason of the intricate book-keeping; the immense business usually done by active and paid employes, the director at best must accept figures presented to him. He directs on faith more than an absolute knowledge of the facts. And it is seldom that a concern goes wrong because the director hasn't done his duty. John Rockefeller has millions invested in the Colorado property and his son represents him. And his son feels safe—because he has confidence in those in charge.

And when all is said and done; no matter about iron clad rules; no matter about by-laws and regulations—it is confidence that keeps the business world moving. Detail cannot be gone into by the big investors or their directors. Now and then a dishonest man is in charge and something happens. But when we look over the field and count all the big concerns we must, perforce, conclude that there is great honesty in the business world.

#### Not Rats, But Fleas.

It seems now that fleas carry the bubonic plague, and sacks of sugar containing fleas have brought the disease into Cuba.

The wise men insisted that only rats carried this dread disease, and therefore when something like a million rats were killed in San Francisco, it was thought things were all right. But if the sand flea carries the disease it will be pretty hard to catch the flea.

There once was a Frenchman who was in hard luck and he secured a brick and ground it up into powder and sold it for flea powder. The lady who bought it tried it and it wouldn't work. The Frenchman explained that you first had to catch the flea and tickle him on the ribs. When the flea laughed you put the powder down his throat and choked him to death. This process will be tedious—but we are glad science has revealed to us how to kill off the disease spreader.

## HOT AIR LOST AGAIN.

### People Weary Of The Political Shell Games.



THE things we have recently written we do not believe that we have ever been more pleased than to write that Oscar Underwood defeated Hobson. Underwood made good in Congress. He became a national figure by reason of his intelligence and because of his well directed energy in shaping laws for the good of the Nation. Hobson leaped from a boat and kissed the women. Or, pardon us, the women kissed Hobson.

The people of Alabama rallied to their leader. They said in no uncertain terms that a faithful public servant must be rewarded. It was claimed that Hobson as a Congressman failed to report for duty—that he was drawing pay while out electioneering for himself. Underwood remained at his post.

It appears that Underwood defeated Hobson by some ten thousand votes, and that is good enough. We have not the honor of the acquaintance of either gentleman, so it is not personal with us. Underwood deserved what the people have given him.

#### Will Be In No Hurry.

The great fuss about government ownership of railways and telephones and telegraph has quieted down considerably. It will be a sad day in the history of this country when these utilities become publicly owned. We think the government should control them, restrain them, and not allow them to take any undue advantage, but if we want service; if we want extensions; if we want new lines—in a word if we want business and not politics, let individuals own them.

Socialism is denounced by the great parties, and yet some of the so-called leaders in these great parties get up before breakfast and commence advocating socialistic views. Socialism isn't bad, it seems, when some other fellow hands it out—and the other fellow generally hands it out to secure votes, regardless of what might happen.

The telephone, the telegraph and the railroad, as a matter of fact, all of them are in their infant clothes. The government will never be aggressive. It will not adopt modern appliances—and it will adopt things it doesn't need, because a political pull puts them. Think of Uncle Sam spending his good money for garden seeds and even suggesting there is any business about it. Think of the obsolete appliances he has in evidence everywhere, and understand that with each change of administration there is generally a complete change of methods.

The railroad has yet to build across trackless wastes. The telephone has yet to weave its net of wires over all the country. Uncle Sam will not establish a rural route unless there are patrons along the route to serve. The railroad and telephone and telegraph build routes and then wait for people. Had the government started off owning railroads we would not have one tenth the trackage we have today. There would have been no progress. Uncle Sam does things, but he does not take the long chance. We hope that Congressmen and Senators will not listen to the socialistic cry. We hope they will be big enough to understand that government ownership of important utilities means stagnation.

#### Murder Will Out.

A young man living in Danville under the name of King gave himself up to the authorities Monday, saying he had killed his step father and was acquitted, and because his step brother taunted him about killing his step father he killed his step-brother and escaped, about three years ago. The authorities at Douglas, Ga., say he is wanted there and he was held and returned to Georgia.

It seemed that the pressure was too much. He had to confess, although he could have maintained his secret had he desired to do so. This is one of those strange cases which go to prove that "murder will out." And it being so, with hardly an exception, suggests that it was so ordered in the Divine plan.

#### What Is Needed.

The receipts at the Greensboro post-office are increasing steadily and rapidly. People are putting in the mail at an increased rate and getting it out at a decreased rate. What the Greensboro post-office needs is help. The department will not give us service. It takes men to handle the mail, and when there are not enough men we wait. But why not have more men?

## HOPE FOR HOME

### Rev. McGeachy's Plan Is Being Endorsed.



AN EXPRESSION of many leading citizens of the state shows that the plan of Rev. Dr. A. A. McGeachy, of Charlotte, for the establishment of an industrial school for fallen women is meeting with approval. This is cheering news. We have long insisted that there was a way and that the people of North Carolina would finally make it possible to give Hope to those who err.

Take away Hope—and all is gone. No more beautiful picture was ever made than where the woman throws herself before the Rock of Ages and exclaims "other refuge have I none." But when the woman errs, Society has decreed that she is not only lost to man—but lost to God. Therefore she becomes a hunted thing; an outcast; a wreck and not one floating spar to which she can cling. Hope is gone—and when Hope is gone, dark and drear indeed, is the world.

An industrial school means, in a nut shell, this. It means that the girl who only erred, who is guilty of vice and not of crime, is not lost. Her conscience deals her a staggering blow when she awakens to her folly. She cannot control her reason—she cannot seek honest employment—if her folly has been detected. She is branded—tattooed. On her brow, she imagines is indelibly written the word that causes decency to shrink. If she goes to a respectable home she cannot give an account of herself. The door is slammed in her face—and the scarlet flag of sin is the only thing she sees. Strange, but true, that in that house of infamy she is given the only glad hand in all the world. In that disreputable place she finds a home—and a home she must have. Then the road to hell is only a little way.

If there were built an industrial home the girl could go there. While there she could find employment. Her employment could be made earn her a wage. She could each week make money. She would remain until she regained her moral force—until she dared to look into the eyes of the world. Then with her money she could go to some strange city—get away from the scenes she knew and the tongues that had broken her heart. She would be strong because she would have money. Knowing how to maintain herself at honest employment—having learned that in the school, she would seek employment. Then in that new world and with those new surroundings she could take her place in her own heart. She would be born again. She would be saved—and we are bold enough to say that she could and would make a useful member of Society.

We are glad the Rev. McGeachy is succeeding. It will take time, possibly years, but what are a few years in the history of a sin-cursed world?

#### Mail Order Houses.

While commercial reports are to the effect that the parcel post has not materially hurt the small stores, yet it seems to be agreed that the mail order houses are doing a bigger business than ever. In one town of several thousand people, Fairfield, Me., it is claimed that \$50,000 is sent out annually to mail order houses.

Possibly there may be some special reason for this particular cause. But anyway, if the mail order houses are getting away trade that ought to stay at home it is because they are better advertisers.

Their ads contain little cuts of articles for sale, brief descriptions, and statement of price. Some newspaper advertisers think all they need to do is to put in the name of their company, and a hackneyed claim that they have the best goods, without proof or details. Wherever retail stores plan their advertising campaigns with system and persistence the mail order house rarely get a serious hold.

And another reason is the purchaser never stops to think. The citizen should always consider his home town—his section of the country. The slogan should be Keep the South's money in the South. Every reader of Everything is asked to first try to secure the article he wants from his home merchant. If it isn't to be had let the merchant order it.

The mail order house may be a few cents cheaper—but remember the home merchant is the man who makes your town. The town makes the values—and you are the beneficiary.

#### Just A Sample.

Tuesday the weather was bad, but it rained all day. That is a sample of the poets term for a rainy day.