

THERE ARE NO PERFECT MEN—EVEN A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE HAS HIS FAULTS.

Everything

THE WOMAN WHO IS A SLAVE TO FASHION HAS NEVER YET DEMANDED HER FREEDOM.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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CARNIVAL GONE.

North Carolina Putting Them Out.



ANY North Carolina towns are going after the carnival—it seems that its day of usefulness is over. Just why the average carnival should have been allowed is one of the mysteries that puzzles us after we sit down and think it all over. Just why a thousand things now obsolete once obtained also constitutes a Great Mystery—but we evidently live to learn, and some of us are learning to live—properly. The ordinary aggregation which called itself the Street Carnival was generally a crowd of desperate characters—abandoned women and fallen men. True there have been some very decent combinations, but for the most part a carnival, in its generally accepted sense, has been an aggregation of crooks, hoodlums and riff-raff generally. The features have been for the most part low and vulgar—the ballyhoo music and the hoochee-coochee dance—the bellowing of the spellers and the pick-pocket on the side.

We are glad the North Carolina towns have decreed that they cannot longer appear on the streets. The following from the Lexington Dispatch is a fair sample of the history made by these traveling aggregations. The Dispatch says:

"The carnival brought business for the recorder's court and there were lodgers in the county jail every night during the week and quite a bunch of them Saturday night. With all that, not one third of the drunks were locked up. The officers pulled only those that were extremely disorderly and let the rest go. Some of the cases tried during the week were not 'carnivalic' in origin, but most of them were. One visitor from Thomasville, who was on the grounds one night, was approached by half a dozen persons and offered liquor. There was plenty of it and some to spare and if anybody went thirsty it was his own fault."

All along the line there is a better moral atmosphere in the Old North State, and when one town takes the lead and cuts out the street shows others will follow. Greensboro has wisely concluded that we can get along without these shows, and many other towns have decided the same thing. Concord last week had two of them—and they did Concord no good. The little license money means nothing. A cyclone leaves better results.

Kansas Means Business.

The Supreme Court of Kansas upholds the Webb-Kenyon liquor law which means that Kansas, being a dry state, will take charge of all liquor shipped into it. This will mean that the man with a dry whistle will remain dry. Kansas at one time didn't prohibit, but they say it is different now. Colonel Carrie Nation made her reputation by smashing bar room furniture in Kansas. But as Kansas was a dry state and the bar room was unlawful they couldn't arrest her for breaking the furniture in a place that unlawfully existed. But were Carrie to return now she couldn't find a bar room in the whole state, it is said. And with the Webb law upheld by the highest court the shipment of whiskey will doubtless stop. This will almost mean entire prohibition. But what's the matter with the Webb-Kenyon bill holding good in this state, as well as Kansas?

Why?

And now some of the democratic papers are making bold to wonder why it was that inasmuch as Bryan didn't come, the segregation question wasn't put on the stage at Raleigh. The esteemed Raleigh Times insists that if it was a live question on April first it certainly had the same vitality on April 8th. But the question wasn't sprung. It is whispered that some of the Africans might object—and Africa is going to vote again in North Carolina one of these days.

Patriotism is one thing—and politics is quite another.

Not Long Now.

Congress is hoping to adjourn by July. The President is anxious for trust legislation. He wants to get the trust question settled. What the people are wanting to get settled is the idea that the hundreds of thousands of unemployed should find work. The railroads are putting off men by the tens of thousands and steel works are letting down to half time—things don't look right, and maybe if some of the questions were permanently settled we could have peace—and plenty.

WHAT NICKELS MEAN

The Brown Copper Not Yet Member of Society.

SAVING pennies and nickels is the last thing men do—unless they are the children of Wisdom—but if one will stop to consider what the nickel does, he will immediately go to his bank and open an account. It is said that the moving picture show business in the United States last year amounted to Three hundred and nineteen million dollars—and all piled up a nickel and a dime at a time. The great five and ten cent stores—one building the biggest building in America, shows what the profit on the small change does. The people are not stopping to think. France is a small change country—it talks about its francs as we talk about our dollars—but it has more money saved than any other Nation.

The average American citizen will stop a minute before he will break a dollar or a five dollar bill—but he will search himself for "small change" and scatter it as the winds scatter the leaves of the forest. There was a time when the west laughed at the "copper cent" east—but that time has gone. The "brownie" found its way across the Rocky Mountains and the department stores gave it standing and respectability. We can recall the time—not later than 1880—when five cents was not a recognized coin in the west. If you wanted an article worth 12 1/2 cents it was a short bit or a long bit—whichever you happened to have. Ten cents was the smallest coin circulating in many towns on the Pacific coast, and on Van Couver's Island, where the penny is reached for today, a dime was the smallest coin recognized. Ten cents or fifteen cents was all the same—but it isn't so now. One of these days, say a hundred years from now, and the penny will be as important as the nickel. But there is no reason why we cannot learn the value of the small coin and put it to work for us instead of spending it for things we do not need. That would throw the fellow out who is getting rich off of it—wouldn't it? Well, the nickel hasn't yet been fully appreciated—except by the few.

Guilty Of Treason.

Editor Hurley of the Salisbury Post is guilty of high treason, and it is the order of this court that he be shot at sun-rise, without benefit of the clergy and his body claimed by the state, denied his friends and be used for fertilizer. He has dared to say:

"We are publishing today a cartoon published originally in the Washington Herald, under the label 'starving the cow and killing the calf.' We are publishing it to emphasize the fact that the railroads of the land are going through a critical period of their lives and deserve to be given great consideration. That the roads have made many blunders in the past, all admit. That they have many sins to their credit no one will deny. But conditions are changing and the demands made on the roads in conformity with the new day's demands are putting them on the grill. The new vision should always take into consideration this fact—that the roads must have fair treatment and be given every legitimate aid in getting their great business re-adjusted to new conditions, to new demands. The new spirit dominating the railroads will meet the people half way. The business conditions of the entire land demand that this re-adjustment be made in a sane and safe manner and that by fair treatment we help the roads to come out of this process of re-adjustment they are going through bigger and better and stronger than ever, for we will need bigger and better roads in the future. By no short sighted policies and unfair methods do we want to do things which will hinder the development of the roads."

Prunes, pomegranites, Peruna and perambulating porcupines! What does the man mean to say a kind word, a wise word, for the greatest of all the Octipi family? Fair treatment, nothing. The thing to do is to kick them all over seven states—to reduce their income to where capital will run from them, and where improvements are impossible.

What are the railroads for, anyway, except to be used as pounding bags by professional politicians who again use them as stepping stones to the path of glory?

Whenever you see a railroad swat it as you would swat a fly on clean-up day. Pester them, disturb them—make it so warm for them that they can't interest capital. Reduce their earning capacity, and make it impossible for them to open up the country along their right of way. Impoverish them, penalize them—sue the company—but for heaven's sake don't suggest that they must have fair treatment.

Such utterances are seditious—they constitute high treason, and the man who made so bold as to reduce them to paper must die at sun-rise. The politician must be saved.

A COMMERCIAL FORCE



In our Gallery of People Worth While, Mr. Caesar Cone deserves a place because he has done much for the upbuilding of North Carolina and the South. He has set a pace. He has introduced into cotton mill life the idea that his people deserve all the comforts that other people enjoy—therefore in his mill towns he has provided schools, churches and places of amusement—and child labor has never been pictured as an abuse in any of his mills. If any child under the legal age is working for him he has obtained his position under false pretence.

Mr. Caesar Cone, as we have before said, has done more for the upbuilding of Greensboro than any other man. He has done charities by the score, but he denies that he is a philanthropist. He has done big things, vast things, in the commercial world, but he views them as commonplace and as a matter of course.

His ideas of charity are different than the ideas of some other people. He believes that if you put a man in the way to make a dollar for himself you have done more than if you handed him five dollars. So long as Greensboro endures the Comes and Greensboro will be inseparable. They came to the town and did things. The lamented Moses Cone and his brother, Caesar, must always be given credit for being the greatest forces in putting Greensboro on the commercial map.

The Small Crowd.

It is now contended by those who are wanting to make it appear that the Raleigh crowd exceeded two hundred that the vote on the most important question didn't count, because men do not always vote.

True, they do not always vote on ordinary affairs. But in this instance when a New Freedom was at stake; when no one but patriots had responded to the call; when progressives had been called from the mountains to the sea in red ink and lots of it, to meet and declare for things progressive; when J. Hampton Rich insisted on a law prohibiting fraudulent advertising—a time that was trying the souls of men—we dare say that all voted.

And when it came to pass that the Governor of a great state stood up with a minority that rattled like a pea in the pod and insisted that we must remain sane and sober and the mob yelled "No!"—we fancy that every man present asserted himself and voted his convictions.

A gentleman from Granville county who participated said the vote was exciting—that he thought every man present voted, and the reason the vote was so small that it was taken at midnight—and the crowd had gone.

Think of a crowd of patriots leaving the night shift before 4 g. m.—think of a crowd of patriots going to Raleigh to be present at the birth of a New Freedom and then going to sleep at the switch.

Gentlemen, it will not do. The crowd was small. It was a complete frost—yet it left enough of expressed discontent and left enough confession of sins of omission to give the rads a chance to make ballyhoo music this fall.

That is where the trouble comes in.

Opposes Citizenship.

Champ Clark opposes citizenship for the Filipinos. He says they are not the right kind of people to become citizens of the United States—and Champ is from Missouri.

Dead.

The slit skirt is dead—and the bustle comes back. Well, it was always back—but it comes again. This is pretty good news, but we saw some skirts Easter that needed a little letting out from the reef-points so the dear things could walk without imitating a hobbled cow.

April also came in like a lion and if it keeps up its lick it will go out like a cage of panthers. Just why the weather man is so wobbly we do not know—but certain it is the fruit crop is safe unless we get a frost in July.

SHOULD BE PAROLED

Court Decides That Abraham Reuf Is Eligible.

THE Associated Press this week carried the information that the State Supreme Court of California had decided that Abraham Reuf had become eligible for immediate parole. Reuf was indicted and convicted for corrupting the Commissioners of San Francisco. Many others were indicted and were as guilty as Reuf, but he alone was sentenced to prison. He has been in prison three years and was sentenced to fourteen years. Of course he has made a model prisoner because he was always a gentleman and a man of many good parts. He is a lawyer of exceptional ability, and was proclaimed the "Boss"—and of course the "Boss" stands poor show when the populace clamor for his blood.

The so-called graft situation in San Francisco was never understood, and perhaps never will be. The newspapers there for a long time furnished most of the graft and it was the result of sensational efforts on the part of the press to stir up the animals. The officials who confessed that they were bribed were for the most part expecting to be bribed, and if the truth were ever known, demanded that they receive certain money. The custom grew and the official who didn't extend an itching palm was not familiar with the customs of the times. Like a nigger porter in a Pullman car each man wanted his tip and he regarded it as part of his salary—and the corporation naturally responded to his inarticulate demand. We have very grave doubts if Reuf or any of those indicted ever made a compact with the officials. We have no doubt but what the officials were given money, because they wanted it, expected it and wouldn't "play" if they didn't get it.

But it was a time when Heney came upon the scene and was a pet of Teddy's. It was a time when a great house-cleaning would be popular, and a time when to accuse the prosperous with corruption met popular approval among the thousands of unemployed and the thousands who were illy paid. To catch a grafter was the sport of the season, and to crucify him after being caught was meriment as mad as was ever witnessed on Market street on New Year's eve. Reuf was a Jew—and of course he could be made the victim of the mob's revenge—not against the Jews—not against the grafters—but against the men who had money. Pat Calhoun and all his satellites—men who had been foremost in the commercial life of the city—but men who had done things and who had some money were held up as men who should go to prison—but the second sober thought prevailed and but one of the bunch was sent over, and that was Reuf. He has suffered more than men will ever know. He has fully paid for the sins of all who should have served time with him—if he should have served at all—and the hope is in this print shop that he will be immediately paroled—and pardoned if the power is available.

The Tolls Dispute.

It is said that it will take at least another month to finish the discussion on the tolls question. In the meantime Mr. Bryan has delivered himself of a couple of columns in which he defends, with much force, the position taken by the President.

To Abolish Wages.

The British Socialist party held its annual meeting this week and advocated abolishing wages altogether. It demands that the land be owned in common and worked in common. But you know that if that was the case Bill Jones would soldier on the job and John Johnson would plow the corn.

Sparks Circus.

The Sparks circus which wintered at Salisbury has taken to the road and the other day at Concord we saw the equipment. It looked new, and those who saw the performance pronounced it first-class. While the Sparks circus is not exactly a North Carolina proposition it is almost that, and we wish it a successful season.

Civic Day.

All over the country Civic Day and Clean-up Day is now observed. Millions of wagon loads of trash are hauled away and burned which were it not for these days would remain to breed disease.

Cleanliness is making herself heard in these times, and maybe some day we will discover and remove the Germ Roost of all disease.

Doesn't Seem To Work.

There have been about seven rumors that Roosevelt was shot or killed in his last expedition, but they keep off the front page. The magic seems to have gone.

CHICKEN TOTERS

And The Humane Society Clash.



AN OVER-ZEALOUS man generally hurts the cause in which he enlists. The Lexicographers have defined the "fanatic"—and in many reforms the fanatic plays his part so conspicuously that what he does, works disastrously to the cause he earnestly desired to assist. Of course the fanatic cannot help displaying his zeal, but every time he makes an unnecessary exhibition of himself the worthy cause suffers. The fanatic makes the mole-hill appear and mountain; the bat becomes a behemoth; the mouse a mastodon—and the philosopher laughs at his ravings and the thoughtless man finds solace because he thinks people all fools because one happens to be. One day in point is where in New York the other day John Jackson, a brick layer, had bought a chicken and was carrying it home, head down, when an agent for the Humane Society had him arrested and brought before Justice Carrigan for cruelty to animals. The justice heard the evidence and then took the chicken and held it head up and head down and could see that the position of the fowl in no way revealed that it suffered, and he discharged Jackson, who took his chicken from the court head down—and perhaps within thirty minutes had taken a dull hatchet and cut off its head. Of course there was no cruelty to animals in committing the murder—not murder as defined by law—but in taking the life of the innocent and offending bird—and those who read of the case and those who were in court of course found ample grounds to criticize the Humane Society.

The Humane Society pays attention to cats and dogs and other dumb creatures, and now and then arrests a fiend who drives a horse almost unable to walk—but to pull a man before hizzonor because he carried a chicken upside down, so to speak, is not only carrying the war into Africa but it is making against the noble work in which Humane Societies will find a large field.

Every town should have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, and to belong to such an organization is a high and holy mission. The dumb brute cannot talk; he cannot tell his tale of woe. We see almost every day horses on the streets of Greensboro that are pitiful to look upon. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, it hath been said, and the mistreated animals are not given attention.

It is gratifying to know that a New York magistrate has decided that a chicken suffers no inconvenience by being carried from the coop to the death house, upside down. Slowly but surely are precedents established and citations in law become as plentiful as candidates for county offices.

A Hermit Found Dead.

Tom Springer lived for many years in Stanley county, and last week he was found dead. Springer lived in the woods for the most part—and when found his body was lying near a bed of leaves under an old log. An empty jug was near him—but the presumption was that he had started to a creek for water and never got back. For many years he lived the life of a hermit. He had several hundred dollars on his person, and left two descendants. Just why a man would choose the life of a hermit—living alone in the woods; away from men—starving and dying without companionship—well, such fellows are not mentally balanced. We look upon them as being odd, whereas they are just as crazy in their particular line as any maniac in the asylum.

For President: Sometime.

Colonel Goethals has been offered a larger salary than he receives, but he politely turns it down. He says he is getting enough salary. Then the Congress has proposed to make him a Major General. This he will perhaps accept as it is highly complimentary. But think of a man turning down a larger salary. Think of it quite awhile—because it is something so strange that it is hard to comprehend. One of these days when things get ripe we want to suggest Colonel Goethals for President. And we don't know and don't care what politics he professes. He is by odds the biggest man in the public eye today.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Tight Wad are spending some time in Greensboro.

The tree doctor comes along in the spring. He is not a grafter—at least a tree grafter. But some people think he is a grafter.