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# Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## PUNK AND JUNK

### Some of Padding Painful In Extreme.



WE HAVE just recovered from an intellectual shock—from an hour with a section of a Sunday newspaper that approximated a literary debauch—a shameless exhibition of dope and delirium—a procession of literal lies and a pageant of sensational rot and punk that carried no hope and brought no information, profit or pleasure.

It was a section of a Sunday newspaper made only to multiply pages, and was of as much use in completing the newspaper as a table napkin would be for a hungry Cannibal devouring a missionary or a Sioux Indian in eating his raw dog. But it was there. The mats had been sent—at so much per running foot—a page of it for a quarter, and the enterprising publisher, wanting to make his readers imagine that a big paper meant much, sent the mats to the stereotyping room and handed it out to eager readers who passed it up, and unless, through curiosity, wanting to see the limit, no reader digested it.

The first lot of this punk was a proposition that heaven had just been located beyond the milky way—and the artist had the nerve to give a picture of it—a picture drawn from the imagination—but the picture filled space. Then there were pictures of men two hundred thousand years ago when they had tusks and before they could talk—tusks long enough to peel the bark off a tree, and these tusks were pictured by an artist "on the spot"—as he imagined they ought to be. Then there was a half page showing how we learned to talk, because of grunting while eating, and the assumption was that every man was a blooming fool and expected to believe what this space writer had handed out. Of course we all know how easy it is for a hungry man to make discoveries and especially tell us what happened three or four hundred thousand years ago. Then they proved in these wonderful pages that Nebuchadnezzar lived on alfalfa, because that was about the only kind of grass that would have sustained life so long. Then there were diagrams showing whether or not your nose fit your face, and if it didn't you could have it shaped to suit you; a serious treatise that blushes should match the gowns, and columns of other impossible, uninteresting improbable things—simply a lot of junk—and yet sent out to intelligent people to read on Sunday.

If the pure food law were applied to some of these Sunday newspaper supplements, there would certainly be a change. But so long as the public likes to part with its money for such useless and worthless junk, just that long the Sunday newspaper with its crowded pages of advertising, which few people read; its colored sections of punk and rot; its many pages filled with anything that fills, will be on the counter, and it can keep on being said as it was said of old: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

#### The Big Time.

It is in this month—just twenty days from the date hereof, that Charlotte celebrates the greatest event in the history of the Western World—the signing of the Declaration of Independence. And it was on May 20th, no other date, that the Mecklenburg Declaration was signed. Those who would undertake to twist the date; those who doubt the authenticity of the records submitted by the May 20th people are fit only for treason, stratagem and spoils.

#### Far Fetched.

Because John D. Rockefeller owns stock in the Colorado Iron and Fuel Co., and because he doesn't choose to pay wages demanded by the union strikers, they are calling upon Rockefeller to take steps to quiet the laborers. The situation is plainly that if Rockefeller doesn't want to employ union men he doesn't have to under the law. If the Union men do not like it, they can hike. But because Rockefeller is a man of great wealth, because he has been used as a national pounding bag by everything and everybody, it is quite the thing to put the blame on him. Nobody has asked the miners to work for him if they do not want to work. He can employ people he wants to employ, and the offends one, and not Rockefeller are the ones to be called off. If a man works for you and doesn't like the job he can strike if he wants to. There is no question about that. But the man employing men can in turn take on the people he wants. There is no doubt about that. The property is there; Rockefeller owns a great part of it, and if the strikers do not like the situation they should move on. That is the honest way about it—that is all there is of it.

## WHEN IT GOT WARM

### Anonymous Scribbler Skinned In Whiteville.



FOR ALL these many years the anonymous writer has been held in contempt by people who have figured out the prophecies. He is generally a bushwhacker of the worst sort, and he gets into print, slanders his neighbor and no one knows who he is. Down at Whiteville, in this white man's state, it appears that some fellow who signed himself a "Democratic Voter" said a few things that didn't exactly please Donald MacRackan, and therefore Donald took two full columns on the front page of the News-Reporter, left plenty of white space on each side, and in big type explained that the man thus signing his name was all kinds of a liar—and finally wound it up by asking: "Dirty coward, who are you?"

From the last reports the question remained unanswered, and up to the hour of going to press Whiteville was more peaceful than Vera Cruz.

But however it goes, Mr. MacRackan certainly called the man who wrote anonymously—called him so loud that it would look like he would be forced to respond. But it is politics, and when a man gets even knee deep into politics he must expect to get his collar and his neck-tie dirty. You can't fool with politics and keep clean hands—you may think you can, but you can't. We don't mean by this that a man is going to steal something—we mean that the tar will get all over him. It is a dirty game; a deceitful game—a game that never has been worth playing, and only about one out of a hundred ever comes clear financially, morally or in any other way. However, this response by Mr. MacRackan was the sensation in Whiteville and round about. It was the stuph, as Julius Caesar remarked the day he crossed the Rubicon.

#### Registering Births And Deaths.

The state is just now squandering much of its good money to see that all births and deaths are recorded. They have deputy commissioners riding around over the state at the state's expense, to see that this is done. Seems to us and perhaps to many other tax-payers that the county officers can attend to this without going about employing special lawyers and running up a great sum for traveling expenses. When will the democratic party cut off about a half million dollars a year of absolutely useless expense? When? Why when the people get exasperated and elect men who will promise to do these things.

#### Hard To Get 'Em.

Mighty hard to get a man to run for the legislature in many of the counties these times. It costs more than it comes to; it isn't worth the struggle, and those who go find that the glory in it isn't worth over six cents the running yard.

#### At The Front.

North Carolina people will be pleased to know that Roscoe Conkling Mitchell formerly of Graham is at the front as a war correspondent and got through the first uncensored story that has appeared. Thus North Carolina scores a feat in the Mexican war.

#### Why?

The New Bern Journal in a big head-line says: "Huerta May Save His Face." After looking at it, if the pictures are correct, we do not see why he would want to save it.

#### The Horse.

Wise men said a few years ago that the horse would soon come into his own; that he would not be used any more; that automobiles and auto trucks and auto fire engines and all that sort of thing would supplant the horse. Figures show that there is an increase in the number of horses, and figures also show that a good horse is worth more money than he was ever worth. Figures also show that there are now over a hundred thousand farmers joy-riding in automobiles; the big concerns have trucks to deliver goods and municipalities have auto fire engines—and yet Mr. Horse is holding his own. And when it comes to mules the ordinary plug mule that sold fifteen years ago for seventy-five dollars is today worth two hundred. Not the same mule but one just like him. How comes? Ask of some one who can delve deeper into life's mysteries than your Uncle William.

And when we all understand that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath there will be less friction in many quarters.

## PICTURE PRESENTED



May 5th has been chosen as the day to present to the Supreme court of North Carolina an oil portrait of the Hon. Cyrus B. Watson, lawyer, patriot, philosopher. Mr. M. C. Long, an artist, of Statesville, has executed the painting for the local bar association of Forsyth, and the Hon. Clement Manley will be the spokesman. Judge Walter Clark will receive the portrait for the court. And no matter how many other pictures may adorn the walls, Cy Watson's picture will be regarded as highly as any of them. Many times before this publication has spoken in terms of praise of Mr. Watson who is essentially, what Joe Caldwell described as the highest praise for an individual, "a good citizen." As a lawyer he stands pre-eminently at the head of his profession. As a man, clean, honest, big hearted, no citizen of North Carolina or the South stands in front of him—and but few side by side. We are glad that his picture, while he is living, is going into the Supreme Court's gallery, because if the picture of any man belongs there it is the picture of Cyrus B. Watson, who is indeed, "the noblest Roman of them all."

#### Can It Be Possibly?

The Winston Journal, usually well informed on many subjects, has the following to say:

"It is doubtless well that the special commission has postponed consideration of the Justice bill. It gives the representatives of the State time to make a little more preparation to answer the case made out by the railroads. From all that we can gather the railroads have made out a strong case and we should not be surprised if the commission lets the intra-State rates stay as they are."

The intra-state rates are not too high. The railroads are doing more for North Carolina than any other commercial organization or institution. They are spending thousands of dollars to advertise the state. They are spending millions in improvements—borrowed money—not money earned from the people. They are paying taxes; they are attempting to develop the South. They are building for future ages. If we cripple them we retard progress. No man is suffering because of the present rates. Let the railroads have a fair rate. Let them build and grow and let the South grow with them. The intra-state rates are not exorbitant. Cut them and the Supreme court will doubtless say, as it once before said concerning railway legislation in this state, that you can't confiscate property.

#### Not All.

The Salisbury Post noting our cry for a patriot to represent the county in the senate suggested it thought we were all patriots down this way. Not quite, Brother Hurley—not quite.

#### Associated Press Service.

The Raleigh Times, ever progressive, although not exactly endorsing the progressive movement, puts on a leased wire and takes the Associated Press. That is good leather. The Times is growing stronger all the time.

#### The Difference.

When you and I were young, Maggie, we wrote our letters with a pen or goose quill, whereas today they have a writing machine and the man with a two by four office must employ a pretty stenographer to chew gum, take dictation and make the verbs and nouns of the boss man agree.

The stenographer costs from sixty to one hundred dollars a month; the machine costs a hundred plunks, and yet we talk about the cost of high living. Of course it comes high, and the freight must be paid.

#### The Front Pages.

For a week the front pages contained nothing but war news. Big type; big theories—and one solid column would have told all the actual news that two hundred columns tried to tell.

## OFFICERS ARE NAMED

### Equal Suffrage Propaganda Is Under Sail.



IT IS brass tacks with the woman suffragists. They have completed their state organization and the following women have been elected officers: Mrs. James H. Poy, president; Mrs. Russell C. Langdon, vice-president; Mrs. W. S. Wilson, recording secretary; Miss Mattie A. Higgs, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. James O. Litchford, treasurer.

Jane Addams, the celebrated woman suffragist; booster of Roosevelt and a dead in earnest woman, along with Judge Walter Clark and Josephus Daniels, will address the state suffragists at an early date, and it may be understood that the women who want to have the right to vote, even if they never exercise the right, have finally gotten down to business. All over the state county organizations will be effected; in every town the suffrage propaganda will be preached, and after the Mexican war news gets down; after the progressives get their platform adopted; after the segregation plank has been fully discussed, we may safely bet that the next thing to add to the gayety of nations will be a state-wide campaign.

We understand that there will be some opposition to suffrage in the state; that perhaps anti-suffrage associations will be organized. If this happens of course there will be joint debates, and finally, in good time and season, the legislature will be called upon to submit to the people a constitutional amendment conferring upon woman the right to vote. And the men folk will grant it. And after it is over; after the women commence voting things will go just as smoothly as ever—but woman will have the right which she should always have had, of saying what she thinks about the laws that govern her.

#### Has On War Paint.

Hurley, of the Salisbury Post, says that when you look at the one side, peace is of course the thing, but when you look at the blood stained record in Mexico, it again looks like the thing to do was to wade in and take the feathers off the whole bunch. The trouble in this situation is, we are not fighting civilized people. They cannot be civilized. It is not their nature, and to kill them seems cruel. If the other nations—the really civilized nations would keep away from the Mexicans there would be only blood shed among their own. But we rush in for a dirty dollar and then want to kill them all in order to get more dollars or more territory. The soil belongs to the Greaser. The white man should keep away. That would be the honest solution and the peaceful solution of a world problem. Commerce, however, jumps over all the rail fences; infuriates the bulls and then shoots them down after waving the red rag.

#### To Increase It.

It is given out from Washington that one way to raise money to prosecute the war is to double the income tax. Such procedure would be legal it is said. And yet we have a Jeffersonian administration, and Thomas Jefferson very wisely observed: "To take from one because it is thought that his own industry or that of his fathers has acquired too much, in order to spare others who or whose fathers have not exercised equal industry and skill, is to violate arbitrarily the first principles of association, the guarantee to every one of a free exercise of his industry and the fruits acquired by it."

That is the way Jefferson saw it—but in these days if a man has five dollars it is at once a question of public inquiry: Where did he get it?—and then they proceed to take it away from him by an income tax. Jefferson says that is violating the first principles. And it looks so to many.

#### A Bald Eagle Shot.

At LaGrange a bald eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip was shot last week, which shows the proud bird of freedom is still on this coast. A few years ago and the bald eagle was plentiful, but in late years we hear but little concerning it.

#### The Greaser.

They call the lower class of Mexican a Greaser, and he looks it.

And it is said now that the Adams Express company is about to liquidate. The parcels post and the new rates seem to be too much for the big express companies—like the earth composed of about four fifths water.

## YEAR IN AND OUT

### The Moonshiner Repeats Cheerless Chore.



WE WOULD think that after awhile, after years of observation, the average man in the mountains would conclude that there was no use to monkey with the buzz saw, and he would cut out the thought that he could

make whiskey and escape punishment. But it seems that every term of court there are from two to a dozen men before the bar of justice charged with illicit distilling—and the year and a day sentence is imposed. The distiller takes his medicine; prepares to go to Atlanta; remains, comes back and very often starts again in the same business. Last week in Statesville, three men from Burke county and one from McDowell went over the road, and the next term of court it will be about the same old story. The law is so plain that no man can plead ignorance. In fact they never do plead ignorance. Once inawhile the man taken red handed will deny the allegations and the government at once proceeds to prove its case and Judge Boyd promptly sentences the prisoners, and the same old story is repeated year after year.

In Judge Boyd's court he always tries to impress upon the prisoners and those in the court room the folly of attempting to defraud the government, but his talks are not received by all who hear him, or, if received, not regarded.

Just why men who are otherwise good citizens; men who are kind hearted; men who are good neighbors, insist upon violating the revenue laws we never could understand. It has been claimed that the mountaineer in early youth was taught by political leaders that the revenue law was unjust; that the government had no right to impose a tax on a man for making whiskey out of his corn or brandy, out of his peaches or apples, and that belief obtained and was handed down. But it seems that that was such a far off time it would be forgotten. However, the offender continues to offend, and the court is in session. Hundreds of men from North Carolina have been sent to the Atlanta penitentiary. And the man who goes for moonshining is not disgraced. His neighbors never hold that against him. He is looked upon as a victim of an oppressive government, and is more of a hero than anything else. Enlightenment is the only thing that will effectually stop moonshiners.

#### Theory And Common Sense.

The man who has a beautiful theory is a dreamer. Bellamy had a theory in his impossible Looking Backward—yet he found a responsive chord in almost every human breast. The man who sits down and says to himself that he will pick out a beautiful girl—one with golden hair and light blue eyes and teeth like piano keys and hands so soft that velvet seems hard, and he will make her his wife and he will have a happy home where all is as harmonious as it is in that great space where sing eternally the morning stars—and as a theory, that is the stuph.

But the hard lines of realism come home, and the soft hands become hardened; the beauty fades before the years have come; the golden hair so deftly wrought is lying on the floor and the pearly teeth came from the store—and the man finds that his dearest Del Toboso has a freckle on her nose—and he says mentally: "Stung"—and lets it go at that. And so all down the line. We dream and dream and dream. But the awakening brings us face to face with things with the glamour off; the golden tints are dirty clouds—we cannot understand.

We can sing of Peace, but there is no peace. The primal law of man which insists that it be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth asserts itself—and men go forth in conquest. There are men in America today who want to see Old Glory float clear to Panama—it is a world dream of these men in this Western World and some day Old Glory will float to the canal. That is why we talk peace and build bigger ships. That is why we talk peace and declare war. It is the human nature of the thing—and you can't change it. You can restrain; you can subdue—but when the innate nature of a man or a nation asserts itself, then the jig is up. It was so ordained.

#### The South's Contribution.

The first shipment of strawberries from North Carolina went to New York last Saturday morning. The crop this year, on account of the unusually backward spring, is not as large as it ordinarily is. New Yorkers will send us quite a bit of money before we are through with it.