

DO THE BEST YOU CAN  
AND EVEN YOUR  
FAILURE WILL BE  
SUCCESS.

# Everything

IF YOU HAVE LOST  
ONE ARM LOOK AT  
THE MAN WHO HAS  
LOST TWO.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

## AFTER ASMODEUS

### North Carolina Woman Condemns Fashion.



WE HAVE been left at home to attend the babies and put the cat out at nights while the better half is doing service at the meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Fayetteville, and while alone we see in the Charlotte Observer the following appeal, and we copy it because it may do some good. It may get the men folk enthused and in turn they may impress upon women generally the necessity of doing something along lines suggested by the Observer's correspondent who says:

"When the General Federation of Women's Clubs meets in Chicago in June I sincerely appeal to them to condemn the prevailing styles. I often feel ashamed of my sex. To love dress is not to be a slave of fashion. Beauty of dress is a good thing. Female loveliness never appeared to so good advantage as when set off by simplicity of dress.

"No artist ever decked his angels with towering feathers. The love of beauty and refinement belongs to every true woman. She ought to desire, in moderation, pretty dress, and delight in beautiful colors and graceful fabrics.

"Do let's have careful selections, and modest taste. Wider skirts, for locomotion is crippled.

"MRS. ESTELLE C. BLALOCK."  
"Norwood, May 1."

Now that is the stuff. Unqualifiedly, unequivocally, and with what force we have endorsed the suggestion. Already resolutions have been prepared and the question will be sprung—but a mere resolution isn't all. Shakespeare said that "man resolves and re-resolves and dies the same"—let us hope that it is to be different with women. While it is true that no artist ever decked his angels with towering feathers it must be understood before we go any further that angels are all men, and naturally they would not be diked in feathers and trimmings and gewgaws and slit skirts and trouserettes and fetchmechers. If the Observer's correspondent is going to claim that the angels are women then we won't play. The devil is an angel—a fallen angel—just like lots of fallen men these days. But for things earthly—these ministering angels which men know, we think they should come down to hard pan and dress in a becoming manner. The women complain, and moan bitterly because Fashion decrees this or decrees that, when the woman, if she assumed authority could say to Fashion: Go to, let us make dresses sensibly.

The man isn't in the equation. The woman sees the style, so-called and doesn't sleep until she has the head-gear and the body gear like the latest delirium of creation—and then, she, ashamed of her appearance, blames it all on the Fashion. And what is Fashion pray—what is the invisible, intangible goddess who maps out all these horrid things and says woman must wear 'em? Does the demon Asmodeus still have sway? There is no use to wait for Chicago. There is no use to wait for Fayetteville. A half dozen sensible women in each town could say what would be what—get their sisters enthused, and what they said would go. If we didn't like the style of pants men wear we'd simply construct a style we did like, and wear 'em b'gosh and that would settle it with us. And women can do the same thing regarding their dresses and their hats if they only had the nerve.

#### Lacked Opportunity.

The Raleigh Times said the other day: "Our forefathers set an example of thrift because they didn't have moving pictures, automobiles, baseball and other amusements which make money fly."

Our forefathers didn't have pianos, graphophones, automobiles, man servants and maid servants; soft drinks; telephones; railroad trains; moving pictures; shooting galleries, bowling alleys; green houses; magazines, cigarettas—well, all the things the Times thought and didn't express, and that was why, if they got ten cents they saved it. There were no blue sky propositions to take their money and Fashion hadn't made her stern decrees.

But the question is, aren't we having more fun living in this age than the old folk had in their time, and what good would it have done them if they had saved steen times as much—and what will we care a hundred years from now if a slab of bacon as big as a tombstone costs twelve hundred and sixteen dollars?

The Long Cold Spell in May will be along now in a few days, and those who have sheep to shear should prepare to shear them now.

## IT DISTURBS BUSINESS

### Bond Elections Not Wanted In Wilmington.



IT IS rather strange how different communities view things differently. Down in Wilmington by the sounding sea—down where they one time threatened to shoot out the red lights—down where they sold ni-beer and far beer and beer right here—the merchants have met and resolved that they don't want any elections of any kind because it disturbs business. It had been proposed to vote on the question of bonds for two or three purposes, but the business interests met and asked the people not to bring up such questions, that they had a direct and deleterious effect on business.

Here in our beloved Greensboro it has been observed that if we could vote a few thousand dollars for street improvements it might circulate a little money and some people are excited over the proposition.

But Wilmington doesn't want anything of this kind to disturb the even flow of business. She wants no excitement, and her business men, in a business like manner, met and resolved that it wouldn't do. Just what effect the resolutions will have on those who think differently, and we take it there are such, we do not know.

The real estate men are most active in the anti-election movement in Wilmington—and if anybody knows about disturbing values the real estate man ought to know.

#### The Cost Of High Living.

Anent the cost of high living, did you ever figure out that men do things in a single week that were not done in a life-time fifty years ago. For instance the Imperial Council of Shriners meets in Atlanta next week, and from all over the country shriners are going on special trains. Take for instance the California shriners. They travel in four special trains. The Times-Dispatch prints this news item concerning them:

"The California Shriners, 500 strong, will arrive in Richmond at Elba Station on Saturday afternoon at 6 o'clock. The Westerners will travel on four special trains, the sections pulling into Richmond only a few minutes apart.

"At Elba the Californians will be greeted by the Arab Patrol of Acca Temple, with a brass band and a detachment of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues' Battalion to act as escort. From Elba the parade will move down Franklin to Fifth, north on Fifth to Grace, and east on Grace Street to the Richmond Hotel, where the Californians will be entertained at supper.

"Mayor George Ainslie and Governor Henry C. Stuart have been invited to be guests at the supper and to welcome the California Shriners to Richmond.

"Following the supper in the Richmond Hotel the '\$10,000,000 Shriners' Band,' which accompanies the California delegation, will give a concert on the steps of the State Capitol. The band derived its euphonious name from the fact that there are seven millionaires numbered among the 120 musicians in it. The California patrol, with 135 Shriners in the ranks, will give an exhibition drill in Capitol Square. The California specials will pull out of Richmond on the southbound trip about midnight.

"The California Shriners, out with the avowed purpose of boosting the Panama-Pacific Exposition and of bringing the 1915 Imperial Council to San Francisco, are coming East in a style which they have never mustered before. There are four temples included in the California delegation, and each has a special train: Aahmes Temple, Oakland; Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles; Islam Temple, San Francisco, and Al Bahr Temple, San Diego.

"The Californians left the coast on April 30, and will be absent from home about thirty days."

Suppose the grandfathers of those men with a \$10,000,000 band had attempted anything like that? Their wildest dreams could not have conceived of anything so expensive—so magnificent. And so it is all down the pike—if it isn't a special train it is an automobile and if it isn't an automobile it is a horse and buggy and if it isn't a horse and buggy it is a bicycle. No one is walking these days—and that is why the cost of high living makes a hole in the weekly envelope.

There were no multi-millionaires in the old days to set the pace.

Those who have looked the situation over carefully have concluded that we may or may not have a war with Mexico.

And now the county fairs are telling what they are going to do this fall—and this fall is not so far over yonder.

## STARTED THEM OFF.



As we go along, we place in our Gallery of People Worth While, Mr. E. Colwell, Jr., of Greensboro, because it was to his genius that Greensboro has been made the home of Life Insurance in North Carolina. Colwell organized the Security and Annuity Co., and afterwards the Greensboro Life. He was instrumental in putting others to work in this line, and it must be conceded that the Jefferson Standard, now a giant in the South, owes its existence to Colwell's energy and initiative.

We could spin a story worth while—a column or so telling how he did it and how it all happened, but we don't care to do that. We simply want to say in print that Greensboro and incidentally the whole South is deeply indebted to E. Colwell—because it was his exploration in undiscovered territory that brought forth the life insurance business in Greensboro. Mr. Colwell has abandoned insurance and is now giving his attention to real estate—but as an insurance man he certainly understands the game. Everything feels that its Gallery would be incomplete without his portrait, hence we present it and give our reason for it, while Colwell is yet among us.

#### Serious Charges.

Superintendent R. L. Davis, of the North Carolina anti-saloon league, writes to prohibitionists telling them that it is often the case that railroad agents and express agents are acting as agents of the liquor dealers by taking orders for and delivering whiskey in this state.

This is a pretty serious charge and it looks like the proper persons to write to would be the officers of the respective companies who wouldn't stand a minute for such business on the part of their agents.

The whiskey business is going to be put out in North Carolina and of course it is all due to the activity on the part of the anti-saloon people. They didn't just vote in prohibition and let it go at that. They made the state dry and are trying to keep the moisture from coming in from the outside.

#### The Frank Case.

The Frank case has gotten to be cheap. For awhile it had some dignity. But after detectives went to work and witnesses commenced to sign affidavits that they did and they didn't; after the whole state became aroused and people of Marietta tried to lynch Burns, threw eggs at him and displayed as much lawlessness as Frank displayed if he really killed his victim—then it got into a class of common rubbish and people are not caring much. If Frank is innocent those who do not want to believe it will never be convinced. The fact that he may or may not be electrocuted doesn't matter to Society. It was hoped that if innocent the fact would be clearly and convincingly established. But that can never happen now—even if some other man were to come in and swear he killed the girl and give his life for it, there would be those to believe, and with some justification, that Frank was really the guilty man.

#### They Claim Fraud.

Washington advises the country that all the so-called Pellagra cures are fraudulent, and warns people against spending their money for any of them. It seems that in the South there are many so-called cures offered the people, and the U. S. public health service says let them all alone.

#### Playing Solitaire.

The following interesting news item appears in the Raleigh Times as a special dispatch from Pittsboro:

"There is only one prisoner in the jail here, and he has been in there for several weeks all by his lonesome. He was put in there for fighting."

## PREACHER IS BRIBED

### The Frank Case Is Getting Very Repulsive.



STRANGE things happen in this world of woe and high living. Down in Atlanta a Baptist minister—but it doesn't make any difference what denomination he happened to be, made an affidavit that he overheard the negro Conley say he killed the Phagan girl and Frank was innocent. Naturally when a minister made such a statement the defense was all attention. When a man is under sentence of death he grasps at such straws—because he is a drowning man. The attorneys for the defence incorporated this statement in their affidavits for a new trial—supposing of course it was straight goods. When, behold, the minister, let us print his name, Rev. C. B. Ragsdale, made an affidavit that he never heard any such statement, completely denying his former affidavit.

The attorneys for the defence asked the court to strike out the entire Ragsdale record, as such a man wasn't worthy belief. Since then Ragsdale has resigned his charge and Atlanta people are indignant, because he confessed he had received \$200 for making the affidavit.

It caused one to wonder why a man in his right mind would make such affidavits—how he could ever expect to square himself. But after he admitted he accepted a bribe it was very plain. But strange things are happening in the Frank case and the question at this writing is still one of mystery. Burns says he has sufficient evidence to convict Conley without the Ragsdale affidavit, and on the witness stand Burns swore that his compensation would be the same no matter whether he cleared Frank or convicted him with the testimony he has been gathering. Some go so far as to say that even yet the minister may have another story.

#### Expensive Oyster Fry.

Two men in Elizabeth City concluded they would play at a game with cards to see which one paid for an oyster fry, at least this was what they claimed, and after being convicted in the police court for gambling and fined \$50 each they concluded that oysters came high. They insisted that they were doing no more than women who play at whist for the booby prize—but hizzoner couldn't see it in that way and the \$50 per had to be put up.

#### With Us.

We are glad to note that the Laurinburg Exchange comes out for prison reform and insists with us that the prisoner who works for the state should be allowed to have what he earns above actual cost of maintenance. When the people finally see that those left behind are innocent victims and need the money the law will be made to read that way. Let us all keep pegging away. Let us all keep on insisting and one of these days there will be an-awakening.

#### Barred From Mails.

The Canadian government has barred the Menace from the mails in Canada, because it hit the Catholics too hard. These hydrophobia newspapers do no good, and naturally do great harm. The United States does not care much what goes through the mails so long as it is no obscene. The line is drawn there—but when it comes to the yellow it makes no difference.

#### The Anti-Trust Bill.

It seems that the anti-trust bill will finally get before Congress. It had better be pushed, or an Anti-Bust bill substituted for it. This delay is causing much uneasiness and thousands are each day joining the army of unemployed.

The Durham post-office is the next big thing that Congressman Stedman must settle. Editor Jim Robinson is a candidate for the post-office, and from the very nice things the Sun has said about the Major we might conclude that maybe Jim stands a show. We would rejoice to see him given the position.

The women are in charge of Fayetteville this week—and a gathering worth while it is. The North Carolina women are doing wonders in the civic life and we are glad to know they increase in organized numbers.

They say in Greensboro that it is dollars to doughnuts that the proposed bond issue will fail. One million dollars is the present indebtedness and nothing worth while to show for it.

## FICTION BEATEN

### Chain Of Circumstances Passing Belief.



ANY strange things happen as the busy world spins round, but perhaps one of the strangest ever happening outside a novel is the case just appealed to the Supreme court of this state from Avery county. Bailey Johnson shot and killed Roby Carter under the most remarkable circumstances ever recorded, and is under sentence for four years for manslaughter. The circumstances were that young Johnson, a boy 17 years of age, was living with a man named Vonconner. Vonconner had a horse in his pasture and he told Carter that anytime he wanted to use the horse to go ahead and use it. Carter wanted some medicine in a hurry so he goes to Vonconner's pasture about 11 o'clock at night, takes the horse and goes after his medicine. The boy Johnson missed the horse and waited in ambush for its return. He thought he would have some fun, and presently Carter came riding up and Johnson fired his revolver in the air, not wanting to hit Carter. Carter, in order to show the boy that he had been after medicine, pulled the bottle from his pocket. The boy thought the bottle, catching a glimpse of it in the moonlight, was a nickel-plated revolver and felt he should shoot for his life, and accordingly fired again, with intent, and killed Carter.

Whether or not this story is real or fiction depends on circumstances. But if it is a true bill, if all happened that the defense claims, then young Johnson certainly did not intend to kill Carter. But he killed him, and the question is: What would you, have done had you been on a jury. However, as the case has been tried and Johnson sentenced, and the Supreme Court is going to rule on an appeal, maybe it is just as well to withhold your verdict for the time being. But it certainly is a chain of remarkable circumstances and sounds more like a romancer's dream than a happening in real life.

#### Grim Humorists.

Safe blowers dynamited a safe in a New York town the other day and found nothing but trading stamps. This was such a joke that they pasted six hundred of them on the window panes.

#### A Great Parade.

Saturday over all the United States was parade day for equal suffrage people and in some of the cities the outpouring was immense. That equal suffrage is coming is a sure thing, and that it will come as intangibly as the snow flakes fall, is another sure thing. There will be no window smashing; no setting fire to buildings; no hooting—no wild-cat ethics. The American woman will simply be given the ballot and she will intelligently use it. That is all.

#### Take An Inventory.

Those unfortunate devils serving time in the penitentiary should take an invoice. If they can raise \$1200 and 40 acres of land there is hope for freedom. At least the Union county man got off that way.

#### Captain Styron Dead.

Captain W. K. Styron, of Durham, died last week, at a ripe old age. Captain Styron had been a resident of Durham for almost a half century and it will seem unnatural to go to Durham and not see the genial Captain. He hadn't an enemy in the world, and doubtless got much out of life.

#### Job's Comforters.

Colonel Roosevelt is coming home—will be here this week, and outside the fact that he is covered with boils his health is excellent. It is said that Teddy still hopes to be Emperor of this country, that he will run for president in 1916, and if he fails in that he will work up some sort of scheme that will surprise the natives. There is little doubt but what his name is still one to conjure with.

#### Henry Blount III.

Henry Blount, writer and lecturer, known to everybody in North Carolina—a man whose life has been as gentle as a child's—is ill at the Soldier's Home in Raleigh. The Times says but little hope is entertained for his recovery. He was a wonderful words—adjectives flowing from his lips, leaves falling in a forest, and he will live for it.