

THE FIRST SHALL BE
LAST—PRIMAL WOMAN
WENT NAKED AND IS
GETTING BACK TO
FIRST STYLE.

Everything

A KIND WORD OF
THREE LETTERS
SPOKEN TO A LIVING
MAN IS BETTER THAN A
SONNET TO A CORPSE.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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IS IT THE THING?

The Question of Tobacco Up Again.



THE General Conferences are on—one in Oklahoma and one in Tennessee and some other places—different churches deciding what is best to do, and we note some of them are again grappling with the question of whether or not a minister of the gospel should use tobacco. It is said by

men who claim to have some knowledge of what tobacco will do for the nervous system that cigarettes make wrecks of young men; that cigarette fiends, so-called are liable to do worse things—and again it is claimed that tobacco is not quite the thing—yet it is one of the great crops of the South. Do away with smoking and chewing and snuff dipping and you have done away with the tobacco crop. It ends in smoke. The farmer who raises rye, and barley and corn and fruit can find other uses for it than to make whiskey or brandy—he can cut out the distillation of spirits and yet his crops find ready market for other purposes—but let the tobacco be prohibited and it is good bye to that crop.

It has long been a question about tobacco. Some say it is a great solace—some say it wrecks the nerves and leads to other things. All are agreed, we guess, that when a man becomes a slave to it he becomes a slave to a mighty filthy habit. There is really no excuse for chewing tobacco or smoking tobacco. It is a habit, pure and simple, acquired, no man knows just how he got to using it. Those who do not use tobacco get along just as well as those who do.

If it be true that in this unnatural strain where we all find ourselves, we need a stimulant—and we don't believe a word of it—but if true, tobacco is perhaps least harmful of all the drugs and opiates on the market. Business women do not use tobacco. Thousands of busy and successful business men do not use it. Some men smoke exclusively; some chew exclusively—and some men chew and smoke. The whole thing is filthy. It is dirty. It is disgusting. Nothing more revolting than to see a man with his mouth full of tobacco; two red streaks running down the sides of his chin; see him spitting on the shirt front and the sidewalk—and wondering why he wants to engage in such a filthy mess.

We would say that young ministers, those who haven't formed the habit, should be told that they couldn't form it. The old philosopher who wants to bite off about three ounces of sun-cured before he starts his Sunday sermon should not be molested—he should be allowed to continue, but it does look like the church should be the first to issue its edict against the use of a narcotic that is absolutely worthless; that is disgusting; that is unnecessary. In the meantime we urge all farmers to plant all the tobacco they can find room to plant, and assure them that the Greensboro market will pay the highest price for it.

The Boosters.

The North Carolina merchants have accepted the booster idea and most every town sends out merchants and delegations to get acquainted with the folk in smaller towns and solicit their trade. Last Monday a crowd of three hundred left Charlotte to drum up trade in new territory. Greensboro merchants have tried the booster trips and find that they are worth while. Advertising must be done in all kinds of ways that will prove effective. And the calling personally on the people in small towns and along the way no doubt helps wonderfully.

Hits 'Em Hard.

Mr. John Sprunt Hill, of Durham, a member of the American Commission of the Land Mortgage Credit Association recently delivered an address at Louisville and concluded it as follows:

"In this vast country we have a mighty host of usurers, land loan sharks and blood-suckers in high places as well as in low places. Such people are violently opposed to lowering the rates of interest to anybody. These people are going to fight 5 per cent money to farmers with all their might and main, openly and secretly, consciously and unconsciously, in the halls of Congress and in the byways and hedges.

"We glory in such opposition, we welcome their fight; our cause is right, their legions will be defeated in this world, and their mighty hosts will be sent to eternal damnation in the world to come.

"It is not Mammon, but God that rules. Our victory will be complete."

That is what might, with due propriety and strict regard for the unities be called the pure stuff.

THE CUSSIN' WORDS

Great Problem Before The Supreme Court.



IT APPEARS that the Supreme Court of North Carolina is called upon to settle some strange questions. The last out of the ordinary case before it was to decide whether or not a lady of pronounced color remarked to a policeman who told her not to drive through the town of Spencer that she would drive wherever she please. The policeman arrested her for disturbing the peace—disorderly conduct being the charge. The coal black lady took the case to the Supreme Court for final adjudication and Justice Walker in writing the opinion found that inasmuch as only the policeman was present her exclamation did not disturb the peace, as there was no peace present to be disturbed. The court did not undertake to decide whether the word damn, as used by the lady, was real cussing, but the lady won out. Webster gives us several uses for the word which seemed to engage the policeman, and the lady perhaps had the advantage.

The Winston Journal wonders what the court would have said had it been necessary to decide the question right off the bat: "Is damn swearing?"

We venture to say the court would have held that it wasn't cussin' in the first degree—because lexicographers insist that the word is "sometimes used interjectionally; imperatively, and intensively," and it would be altogether how it was used; why it was used and a whole lot of things that lawyers could figure out.

Generally speaking it is a word that need not be used. It is not profane, because we say that something was a damnable outrage—and use the word to condemn something or other, with no profane thought or profane application. Colonel Jim Southgate says there was once an Egyptian coin called damn—and there is a town in California called Yuddam—and the word, while often used with profane intent still gets around in polite circles meaning no offense.

However it may be, it was a funny thing for a Supreme Court to be called upon to decide whether, when the word was employed by a coal black lady she disturbed the peace and dignity of Spencer—a town where no real cussin' was ever heard and where all is as harmonious as the morning stars which forever sing together in the azure skies.

Burns In Bad.

There is no use to attempt to deny the fact that Burns is in had in the Frank case. Whether he went about to do what the public thinks he has done, we do not know. But he certainly has diminished in size. He hasn't measured up to the methodical, the wonderful Sherlock Holmes. He has been accused of doing things he should not have done. He was a hero—Burns was, and it is to be regretted that he has fallen. Let him explain his part, fully, or let us wrap around him the oiled paper and lay him gently away. It is his move now. We want to think him great—but he must square himself in many charges made against him.

Going After It.

Noth Carolina is going to try to get the Attorney General to say that the old Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad was taken by the Southern and Atlantic Coast Line in violation of the Sherman law. The evidence is said to be almost convincing, and if it happens that the Attorney General of the United States sees it as the Attorney General of North Carolina sees it, we are liable to have right here in Greensboro a competing line. If this all comes about as many hope it will, Mr. A. L. Brooks, of Greensboro, the man who worked up the evidence will wear an additional feather in his cap.

A Good Thing.

It is a good thing that the Shriners took their camels with them to Atlanta. Atlanta is a dry town and the camels can get through as the meeting will not continue quite fourteen days.

Everywhere in the state it is politics—politics, and of course the man who wins out, no matter how, congratulates himself upon his popularity, whereas, he is often the most unpopular man in the neighborhood. It is the pull, my son, the pull, that puts men over.

That new Government building which Greensboro was going after hasn't gotten much closer than one of our steen story hotels built on paper.

TEDDY COMES BACK



After months in the wilds of Brazil Roosevelt returns to America loaded for the Bear called man—and it is now, no doubt, his deliberate intention, to whoop things up until 1916—at which time he hopes to be nominated by the "people"—called republicans, bull moose, any old thing—and he is going to run for President. If his life is spared he will make the race—and the chances are that no power of earth can keep him out of the Presidential chair.

Already he has challenged the policy of Wilson—he goes after Bryan and the whole administration—he refuses to think of running for Governor of New York, and he expects to again be "our President."

And you can talk to this one and that one; to men who utterly despise him; to men who respect him; to men who doubt his sanity—and all of them agree on the one point—if he runs he will almost make good.

It was thought for a time that Roosevelt had hit the ceiling; it was thought he had seen his best days—but from all over the country he has friends talking about him—and inasmuch as he is such a great personality, the chances are that he will succeed. He will for the next few months defend his alleged discoveries in the wilds of Brazil; he will show how the river he found runs up hill; he will make good all his claims and have the front page whenever he wants it—and he knows the value of advertising. He has come back, T. R., has, and he has doubtless come for a definite purpose.

In North Carolina nine-tenths of the old time republicans are for him—for him tooth and toe nail—so to speak. Unlimited money; unlimited in everything save modesty and reserve, Theodore Roosevelt is very liable to be the next president of the United States.

Single Tax.

The advocates of Single Tax are generally intense in what they do. The late State Journal was always explaining why single tax was the thing. Ninety men in each hundred do not believe in single tax. The late Joe Fels said those who wanted to believe in it generally were owners of land and didn't want to adopt it.

Single Tax is a great theory—but it will not work. The farmer would be the hardest hit; the man with the vacant lot or the big lot cannot see it—he sees that it means a chance for the man of great wealth to build magnificent buildings and pay no tax on them—let the ground foot the bill.

Memorial Day was fittingly observed. The old soldier gets fewer in number each year—and it will not be long until only the Sons of Veterans can celebrate.

Plenty Of Negroes.

Guilford county for a long while didn't send enough grist to the electric chair. Here of late the colored man has been used, and the hope is that the next white man who commits cold blooded murder will also be taken care of as he should be.

Helping Out.

It was alleged that an old man some seventy years of age brought a thirteen year old girl to Greensboro under false pretenses, in order that his son might marry her. The joke was turned when the old gentleman was arrested for abduction.

Beasley In.

There was much speculation as to whether Beasley would go into the primaries to oppose Page. He sends word that when the roll is called he will be there. He printed his own tickets and thus saved \$250. That is where the printer comes in on the ground floor. Congressman Page put up the \$250 because he didn't have a job press.

Senator Overman isn't losing much sleep over his campaign. He seems to be running well in every county with no opposition. That is the way it should be.

MUST BE THE WEIGHT

Court Decides Short Weights Will Not Do.



TIME is when the people who buy things are going to insist that they get what they pay for—and very properly this should be the case. At Salisbury not long ago a concern was indicted for selling short weight in coal and the courts held that it was guilty—no matter about careless drivers or about anybody else. Last week in Richmond five dealers in ice were brought into court to answer to charges of selling short weight on ice.

And all this is proper. In these particular days of the high cost of living the man who parts with his dollar wants at least all that is coming to him. The ice men for many years here and there and everywhere have been accused of short weight—and it is often to get correct weight. A man rushes out and wants ten pounds of ice and the driver says it off. He must guess at it. If it weighs but nine pounds he can't well get another pound—and so he lets it go at that. It will finally get to be that the ice people must freeze their ice in different sized pieces, making allowance for melting. In Greensboro there is an iron clad ordinance against short weight—caused by the arrest of a driver a year or two ago. A citizen weighed his ice and found that he had been gold-bricked. He had the nerve to complain, and the hope is that hereafter in this town those who sell ice and coal and everything else that must be weighed, will see to it that the scales are balanced and that the customer gets all he should get.

It may take a little time, but honesty in the matter of selling these things, might prove to be by far the best policy. The law is on the books and the people are willing to kick. Because a ten pound chunk of ice looks very small, anyway.

Mr. Watts Must Surrender.

The edict has "gone forth" to the effect that Mr. Aus Watts, who fired a colored gentleman as janitor of the public building in Statesville, because the colored gentleman was conducting a panting emporium instead of janitorizing, must re-instate the knight of the goose if he, Watts, continues custodian of the building. Watts fired the darkey and installed a confederate soldier. But the civil service commission reported and found that Watts had no right to fire a man for no other reason than that he conducted a panting emporium on the government's property.

Let this case be sent, also, to the mediators. Let the A. B. and C's tell us whether in this white man's country a colored nigger can run a panting emporium in a government building when he is drawing a salary for janitorizing.

Weighty questions like this should go to the Hague. They should go to the hundred and fifty four progressives who collected in Raleigh to hear J. Hampton Rich introduce his ringing resolution agin' fraudulent advertising. Aus Watts has no right to interfere with a man's panting emporium. The good will of such a joint is worth money. The "old stand" is worth much. Think of the janitor being firmly established in the old stand where people could be pressed while they waited—and think of the cruelty of Aus Watts in kicking him out and putting in his stead an old confederate soldier who needed the money.

That is the way Washington looked upon it. Let us hear from the Hague. Let us hear from Clarence Poe who believes in segregation. If we could get segregation Aus Watts and the Colored Brother wouldn't have to be in the same building.

But it is too late now. The Powers have decided. There is no backward path and no returning—no second crossing that river's flow. As the ship sinks, Aus Watts will resign as keeper of the building and jump ashore. Great will be the excitement the day he turns the government building over to be used as a panting emporium—but great things are what mark us as a Nation.

How It Happens.

A few days ago we were fishing, and we had baited the hook with a small perch—a little sun perch about as big as your three fingers. Presently a silver perch about three times as big as the sun perch came after the little fellow, and while he was struggling and figuring out how he could swallow it, along came a bass that weighed about three pounds and picked them both up and went sailing away, apparently in high glee. And we thought how much that was like human nature. We have all seen the little fellow swallowed because he made too much noise.

POST GOES OUT

Worth Hundred Million And Unhappy.



READS like romance, does the story of Charles W. Post, multi-millionaire, blowing out his brains, just after everything was adjusted to assure him happiness and pleasure in his declining years. Post was the man who made the breakfast foods and post-um—made one hundred million dollars in the clear. He had some intestinal trouble some time ago and on a special train hurried across the continent, having the celebrated Mayo brothers operate on him—and he returned to Southern California pronounced cured. The morning of his death his physician had told him he was all right. He called for his latest tailor made suit, spent much time in dressing, putting on all the finishing touches possible; told his nurse he wanted to lie down awhile and after the nurse left the room, he laid down on the bed, took a rifle, put the barrel in his mouth and with his toe pulled the trigger, blowing the top of his head off—the bullet going into the next room.

And that was all there was of Mr. Post—the man who insisted "there's a reason." He had a hundred millions. He had divorced his first wife and married his stenographer—and he had been troubled with neurasthenia and he couldn't sleep—and perhaps "there was a reason."

He had just purchased the most palatial residence in Santa Barbara—a city of wonderful residences—he had just bought two whole city blocks, and he had decided to spend in that delightful country amid those magnificent surroundings his declining years. He was sixty years old—burdened with a hundred million dollars—and he couldn't sleep.

Wonder if there was any retribution about it? Wonder if the fact that he had divorced his wife and married his stenographer didn't have something to do with lack of sleep? Wonder if he wasn't happier when he didn't have so much coin—and when he was living with the woman whom he wooed and won when a younger man? Sometimes these things interfere with sleep; sometimes these things take away all happiness. Certainly Post didn't get much out of life—he simply got a lot out of the pocket-books of other people.

Far Away.

A woman appeared on the stage at the chautauqua tent in Winston a night or two ago and proclaimed that heaven was her home. She insisted on this proposition and the Journal said she was demented. Doubtless a woman who claims heaven as her home, finding herself in Winston-Salem would be a little tighty.

As It Was.

When we used to run a newspaper in Danville there was a man named Ayres living on the North side and a man named Ayres living on the South side, and the North side man was addicted to the use of likker. About every Monday evening the North side man's name would appear among the drunk and down printed in the Bee. The initials of these men were the same, and every Tuesday the South side man would come in and have us explain that it was the other fellow.

And in like way the Hamburg Fishing Club is explaining that no member of it was mixed up in the shooting scrape out there the other day. The shooting was done by a camping party on the other side of the pond—and because Colonel Joe Reece with newspaper accuracy located it at Hamburg some of the anglers are afraid that the general public might mix them up with the bloody riot. But not so. The Hamburg fishing club is composed of men who fish and who would scorn to shoot at anything save a fish hawk.

The Trade At Home Policy.

The man who trades at home; who banks at home; who boosts everything home made that he can boost, is helping himself as much as he helps others. Every farmer who sends away a goat to a mail order house is hurting himself. He is making a smaller tax levy for the merchant; he is decreasing the price of city real estate. He is standing in his own light—and he isn't getting anything in change in the long run. Trade at home. Buy your city, your county and your state.

The legislative committee today decides the law.