

A CHEERFUL IDIOT IS MORE COMPANIONABLE THAN A GROUCHY PHILOSOPHER

Everything

DON'T BLAME A MAN FOR BEING BALD HEADED—HE WAS BORN THAT WAY

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

A MISSOURI MULE IS NOW VINDICATED CARR IS ENDORSED HE CURSED IN COURT RALEIGH REBELS

And General J. S. Coxey Brayed Saturday.



REELY as a matter of recording history, and for no other purpose, it is worth while to remark that Jacob S. Coxey, of Ohio, called "General" finally reached Washington with his "army" of unemployed men. The army consisted of nine men, privates, who walked, while General Coxey, his young son, daughter and wife, rode. The boy was astride a burrow while the General, his wife and little daughter were in a buggy propelled by a Missouri mule. This was the army of occupation. The General had expressed a desire to address the "people" from the steps of the capitol building, and this right was given them. He made a talk, telling the curious that there were 5,000,000 idle men with 15,000,000 people dependent on them, and he wanted the government to issue money without interest and put all unemployed to work on public improvements.

Photographers and newspaper men were in evidence and Coxey showed that he courted the lime-light by having the crowd step back every now and then in order that his wild gesticulation could be photographed.

Twenty years ago Coxey formed another army of unemployed—and the lean years of that date had made desperate men. From all over the country they rallied to him; farmers fed them; railroads let them ride in freight cars without molestation—and when Coxey arrived in Washington so great was his following and so desperate the financial situation in the country that he was denied the privilege of talking to the people and was arrested for walking on the grass of the capitol lawn.

He dreamed that again he could do his spectacular stunt. But the novelty was gone and only nine straggling "warriors" appeared with him—his enterprise was a bust. And so in this world, when we sometimes receive the plaudits of the multitude we try again the same feat and no huzzahs greet our ears. Erostratus, when he fired the Ephesian dome gained notoriety that will endure with all ages—but were he to return and fire a dozen Ephesian domes there would be nothing added to his fame as a fool.

We have before expressed the thought, and we feel morally certain now, that had Coxey been a man like Cromwell, a man of ability and of iron—the day he was arrested twenty years ago—he could have made a speech somewhere in the Nation's capitol—called for a million men and they would have come and they would have declared him an Emperor. The time was right. Conditions were favorable—and no power on earth could have stopped the tide had there been a leader measuring up to the opportunity.

But, never again!

Pretty Smooth Sailing.

All are agreed that Democracy will this fall have smooth sailing. It is agreed that were it 1916 there might be something doing, but so long as the radicals are in two pieces and each piece wants to dominate, there is little hope for a get-together. Roosevelt insists that he must have his party, and many of the war-stained Taftites will not stand for it. That is this year. But Time is a great old sorcerer. She touches things and they heal. The laying on of the hands of Time beats all the other kind of dope. Within two years Roosevelt may not be so conspicuous. Other Progressives may make demands for recognition. This fall the democrats will have a walk over.

No High Cost Of Living Here.

Senator Overman has filed his expense account, according to law, and finds that it cost him \$85.75 to run for Senator! This is some cheaper than it would have been had we had Justice and Glenn in the mix-up. They all saved money and the last two saved their bacon.

The Queen Militant.

The news comes from London that the Queen got the King to make the recent raid on suffragette headquarters. The raiders took possession of all books and all records and because the Queen is supposed to be the power behind his Nibs in making the order, suffragette stock is quoted below par.

Getting The People.

Several thousand citizens of Michigan this week sent in a petition to Congress demanding that Frederick A. Cook be given a square deal. One of these days Cook will come into his own.

Hammer Comes Out A Sure Winner.



IT SEEMS now that the famous "Hammer affidavit" had its place in the history of the world. It seems that Solicitor Hammer knew what he was talking about—if all stories now afloat are true. If the stories we hear are true, every man who criticized Hammer for making his affidavit should apologize to him. It seems that Auman has resigned. The reason for his resignation has not been printed. It appears that he resigned quickly—for he wasn't post-master of Ashboro very long. Seems like some of those who supported Auman would print the reason; seems like a man who quits a job for which he had fought so hard and which raised more commotion than any other appointment made in North Carolina would tell the people why he quit. This awful mystery is intense. It is nerve-wrecking, and we should all be told the particulars.

Don't know as we have had anything so surprising as the resignation in a long time and to have no details concerning it just naturally excites curiosity to the point that control is doubtful. Why not a bill of particulars?

A Valuable Asset.

A Kentucky mail order whiskey house went out of business recently, and having a list of 50,000 consumers of liquor conceived the idea of selling the list to the Keeley Institute at Dwight.

The letter started out to say that each customer was a prospective patient. And perhaps there is no doubt of that. The man who uses whiskey never intends to become a drunkard. If he thought, remotely, he would become a drunkard, he never would touch the poison. The average man imagines he can drink or let it alone. But he can't. Some men can take a drink a day all their lives and never want any more. This kind of a man is perhaps one in ten thousand. John Barleycorn fastens himself to a man before the man knows it. And there was never a man in the world who drank whiskey to excess but what wanted to quit—who would not give anything in the world to quit.

The man who never drank may not believe this. He argues if that is so why doesn't he quit. Might just as well try to fly. The Keeley Cure and other cures have helped men. But thousands and tens of thousands forget themselves and drink and regret too late. The Keeley cure cleanses a man; it regulates his nerves; it puts him squarely and fairly on his feet. If he wants to leave whiskey alone he can do so—but in a moment of indifference he can take one drink and he is gone again. The average man who suffers a relapse is the man who gets nervous; who starts off on something containing alcohol, and before he realizes what he is doing he is down and out. Prohibition has saved many men—and others it has injured, because prohibition in one state does not stop the supply. If there was national prohibition there would still be drunkards—because the moonshiner has always been in evidence—but there would be less drunkards. The drug fiends; the drunkards; the men who are apparently helpless victims all started out never expecting to land where they land. They are victims of the drug—and that is why those not victimized should assist those who are by voting for prohibition. It is not a question of personal liberty to allow a man whiskey—it is giving him his liberty by keeping it from him. Because a greater slave master never existed than John Barleycorn. Remove the cause and you have saved the victim. That is the long and the short of the story. And national prohibition alone would save the majority of men. The man who has been a drunkard long enough to become a professional generally speaking has his life behind him. While the Keeley Cure will save a man who wants to be saved it doesn't get to work on him, ordinarily, until his best years have been spent in dissipation and profligacy. But even at that the Dwight people should have bought the names and sent out its literature. The Keeley Cure has saved hundreds of thousands of people from a drunkard's death.

Her Liberality.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt has offered nearly one hundred thousand acres of land to the government at the small price of \$5 per acre, which is practically a gift—and the government will of course accept it.

A New Weekly.

The Golden Rule, a new weekly paper appears from Raleigh. It is to be the organ of the Prison Reform movement of the state. And prison reform is needed in every state.



Jule Carr will be the next Governor of North Carolina. From all over the state the demand is made. His home county gave him this splendid endorsement in the democratic county convention held at Durham Saturday. The introduction of the resolution by Captain Sidney Chambers brought forth great applause and the resolution was unanimously adopted amid cheers.

"Whereas, a call meeting echoing from the mountains to the ocean seeks the nomination of one of our distinguished citizens to the high and exalted office of governor of the state of North Carolina, and whereas, the greatness and strength of our distinguished friend are found in his unflinching loyalty to the principles of his party; his unselfish aid to the state and nation and his untiring efforts in behalf of his fellow man. In these things he reflects the beautiful virtues of truth, honor, honesty, industry and courage. He has lived the life of a patriotic and democratic citizen. One which we believe should be crowned with some suitable reward.

"Be it resolved, therefore, that we the democrats of Durham county, in convention assembled, this the 23rd day of May, 1914, heartily endorse this state wide suggestion and call upon the democrats throughout the state to lend their aid in making the next democratic nominee for governor, General Julian S. Carr."

We have letters from prominent men all over the state saying that Jule must be nominated by acclamation. Those who expect to play politics will not be in it in the convention. General Carr has won the place and General Carr will be the man. His friends of course must continue active, and there will be no opposition. For once the General will know who his friends are without opening his purse or announcing his candidacy. Friends have charge of the entire proceedings.

The Bouquet.

At the Opera House Sunday afternoon, in addressing the two thousand persons who turned out to hear him, Sam Small took occasion to throw a bouquet to us—gave us credit for being sincere in our position concerning the workings of prohibition in this state. The reason Sam did this was perhaps because he has always believed that what we did we did regardless, and it perhaps pleased him to know that we had seen the enforcement of the law and were big enough to change our views. But that kindly reference to us was not because we happened to be in the audience; not because we had advertised the fact that Sam was coming. In the Brunswick, Georgia, Daily Journal, in 1905, this was Sam Small's leading editorial:

"Up in Greensboro, in the Tar Heel State, is published bi-monthly one of the most original and interesting periodicals in America. It is called 'Everything' and was founded by Col. Al Fairbrother in Atlanta, but subsequently transferred to Greensboro for sufficient business reasons.

Col. Fairbrother is a man of rare character. Woven by the hand of the Creator into every fibre of his nature, physical, mental, and spiritual, is an instinctive principle of righteousness. While he has been always a newspaper man, a Buddhist of the profession and a Bohemian of the propaganda of the press, he has acquired a knowledge of human nature, of laws written and unwritten, of customs and arts of life, that is keener and more precise than that of any other living man who writes for the press today.

"In 'Everything' everything is original Fairbrotherisms. Every paragraph you read convinces you of the fearlessness, the fairness, and the philosophy of this remarkable man. He hates lies, shams, fakes, and frocked hypocrites of every living shape. Everybody ought to read 'Everything.' It is tonic, brain-straightening and faith-fortifying!"

Goes To Spain.

Teddy is going to sail for Spain where his son Kermit is to be married. After his return it is stated with some degree of authority that he will go exclusively into politics. His friends Pinchot and Perkins are on the job in his absence, and we may all expect to hear of something doing.

An Escaped Convict Springs A Surprise.



AT HENDERSON last week, a chapter of Realism was introduced in court that was stranger than much of the fiction we read. Several stores had been entered and articles stolen, and a man found with goods resembling the stolen ones was arrested. He had been selling the articles stolen for any old price, and as the case progressed he saw the chance to escape conviction was impossible.

So the prisoner arose, addressed the court, used all kinds of profanity and explained to the surprised listeners that he was Leon Meadows, an escaped convict from the state farm of Roanoke river, and insisted that the authorities of the State penitentiary be notified as he was willing to give himself up. He denied that the court had any jurisdiction in his case, and insisted on it by a liberal use of profanity. The prison authorities confirmed his story and he is again back to the pen—having served twenty years of a twenty-five year sentence for murder.

Suppose he had served his full time, the few remaining years? When he walked out he would have been financially in the same condition and morally the same. And being free what would he have done? Gone to Henderson, perhaps, as he did do, and started to steal anything in sight. Money, money, money. That is what it takes to get through—and the man without it, and having a convict's name, isn't going to stand long on the manner in which he secures it.

But suppose again: Suppose all these years Meadows had been saving something of the wages he has actually and honestly earned. Suppose that each year he could figure on how much money he would have and what he would do with it—don't you know he wouldn't have tried to secure his liberty, but would have waited, and when he walked out he would have had a definite purpose in life—he would carry hope in his heart, and he wouldn't feel so sore against Society.

Or, suppose again, suppose each year he had been contributing to those he left behind when he entered his life of shame—they would have been there to receive him; to help him; to give him position and stability.

Anyway you want to look at it the state has no right to coin his life blood into dollars and keep them all. And if reform is the object of penitentiaries—give a man a decent wage; take out enough to pay what he costs the state, and let the balance that he honestly and so dearly earns go to his credit and his salvation.

The Best.

Winston has this week been entertaining the state Elks. The Elks grow with the years and no other benevolent order can do the finishing touches in the line of charity like the Elks. They never do things on stilts. They never use a megaphone to proclaim their charities. Silently they do their work, and somehow it is always done in just the right way. In North Carolina many of the lodges own their own homes, and they are beautiful. They make the holiday season glad among the poor. When deserving charity calls at any season they are there at midnight or before breakfast. The Elks lodge is a wonderful lodge, and we are glad to know it grows in strength and usefulness as the passing years go by.

Forsyth For Stedman.

After all the blustering talk; after all the war rumors; after all the weird things we heard to the contrary Forsyth county instructed for Stedman and the convention was as smooth as a graphite covered board.

Stedman will walk the chalk of any republican opponent, and the two or three editors who failed to get a post-office and who are still abusing the Major are said to be doing him good. The republicans who will vote for the Major will more than offset the disappointed office-seeking democrats who will not vote for him.

The Bond Issue.

The fact that the City Commissioners are going ahead to pave Davie street is good news, regardless of the bond issue. The hundred thousand dollar bond issue may not carry, but if the Commissioners can pave two or three streets without bonds—run the credit of the city, it will be worth while. Get Davie out of the way and then about two more and we can maybe show the objectors why we should have more.

That "Hammer affidavit" should be sent to the Hague.

And Some Want Right To Drink Booze.



IF READ with considerable interest the news to the effect that a dozen or so citizens of Raleigh had signed a petition declaring that nation-wide prohibition would deprive them of the "right and opportunity to govern our own appetites and to determine our own personal customs and habits" and filed it with Representative Pou asking that the Hobson constitutional amendment be defeated. Just what effect this will have on the strong wave for national prohibition now sweeping over the world we do not know, but doubtless its effect will be felt. Wonder why those gentlemen do not petition asking for the repeal of the state law already in force by forty thousand, which says men can no longer have the right to govern their appetites in this State? Wonder why they do not object to the law that says men cannot buy at will cocaine and morphine and other drugs which become purely a matter of appetite as such, at least, as the drug called alcohol? Wonder why they do not petition to have laws made to turn everything loose and let men debauch themselves in any way that might suggest itself? Wonder why they do not insist on other things than the mere defeat of the Hobson amendment—which will be passed, and which will be adopted by enough states in the union to change the Constitution of the United States?

The day has gone when men may plead for poison under the pretext of personal liberty. The day has gone when sober men are going to allow millions of good citizens to waste their time and talents in drinking booze. The day has gone when it is a sentimental question. It is a day when men must be efficient in the commercial world. It is a day when we realize that we are our brother's keeper, and those of us who see him in danger must assist him. The day has come when Science has revealed to us as a fact that whiskey is most injurious, and that it is not necessary for life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness. The Raleigh petition is unique. It is worth recording—but what it says doesn't amount to a hill of beans in a drought. The legislature to be elected in November will prohibit shipping whiskey into this state, and eventually, after all the years, those who doubted will be able to see prohibition prohibits in every particular. The Raleigh petition should be preserved. It will be a curiosity in ten years.

A New Deal And A Good One.

Catawba County comes to the front along lines commented on by us last week. She is going to do away with the office of county treasurer. She is going to let some bank collect the taxes. This saves the county the salary. The bank cheerfully undertakes the task for the money it can make out of it.

Why not elect our commissioners and let them employ the other officers? We do not elect janitors. We do not elect policemen.

Why elect county officers and pay them big salaries? Just hire competent men and the tax would not only save money but the eternal game of county politics, the engendering of bitter feelings, the great hurrah ever on would cease.

We are glad Catawba county is going to try out this plan.

It will work, and pretty soon the tax payer will wonder why he stood for the other way so many years.

Bradham Honored.

Captain C. D. Bradham, of New Bern, Commander of the North Carolina Naval Militia has just been named by Secretary Daniels as a member of the Naval Advisory Board. This is no little honor, and Captain Bradham is to be congratulated.

Going Some.

An air ship in Berlin belonging to the navy made the remarkable record of ninety-three miles an hour. That shows what will finally happen. An air ship going ninety-three miles an hour dropping explosives below on an army of men or on a fleet of gunboats would soon end a war. Truly the air ship will become the dove of peace.

A Great Man Gone.

Senator Bradley of Kentucky, one of the leading lights for many years died last Saturday. He had been senator and governor, and started as a page in the legislature.