

IN KEEPING CLOSE TAB
ON YOUR NEIGHBOR
DON'T LOSE TRACK
OF YOURSELF.

Everything

IF YOU THINK BILL
SMITH IS A LIAR REMEM-
BER WHAT BILL MAY
THINK OF YOU

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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IT WAS DESERVED

A Hazer Gets More Than Expected.

THIS paper is not blood-thirsty—it hankers for no man's gore—but once in awhile there is a little spilling of blood, and the forfeit is a human life, and somehow we are not sorry, when we should be. We have convinced ourselves a half hundred times that the young Mr. Smart Aleck is not really responsible for his audacity; for his foolishness; for his belief that the world is his oyster. Knowing this, when one of them gets his death wound we should not rejoice—we should regret that his boundless impudence got him into trouble and sorrow for him. And yet in the face of this preaching—this cold and calm analysis of the facts, we are not sorry, but somehow or other rejoice to know that the hazers who attempted to enter the room of a student in St. John's College of Maryland received a wound that proved fatal. There were five of them attempting to break open the door and they were told not to attempt to enter the room—and a bullet found its way through the door from within—and one student, one hazer was dead.

The reason we are not sorry is because the lesson taught here may be a lesson learned. The hazer, with all the laws against him and with all the precaution that can be exercised, still attempts his brutality and to know that students who do not want to be hazed, propose to protect themselves from hazers, just as they would protect themselves from other styles of highwaymen, is encouraging.

Of course we know that the dead would-be hazer left behind friends who must sorrow and relatives who must weep—but the lesson is worth while.

Down at Chapel Hill the hazers who killed Rand should have been perforated with bullets. And down at Chapel Hill we understand some of the students went prepared to shoot, and we haven't heard much about hazing since. Whenever the custom prevails that the hazer is to be shot and public sentiment is behind such a custom, then the unlawful and brutal sport will cease. And whenever it does cease the better off we all will be. This thing of defending hazing as innocent play of boys is all rot. Too many times students have been the victims of murderers—and the game might as well be stopped altogether. It is not necessary.

The Gretna Green.

A Louisville, Kentucky, Judge, Samuel B. Kirby has just delivered himself of the opinion, based upon figures gathered, that people who marry in haste and who rush off to some Gretna Green generally live together but a few months.

Quite natural. The man who proposes to make a world-wide bargain generally understands what he is about, and makes haste slowly. The woman who falls in love at first sight of some bully boy with a glass eye generally falls out of love at second sight of the same fellow. Hasty marriages have been the cause of much woe. And now and then a long courtship—extending over six or seven years has also proven disastrous. The facts seem to be that about twenty-five per cent of the married people are not properly mated. The percentage game figures in all things, and here on earth we have nothing yet that is perfect. We only hear of the unhappy marriages. The millions of contented married folk flow along like a deep river. We only hear the stream murmur when it strikes the rocks and drift-wood. So with the married people. Those who are not mated howl dimly and finally wind it up in the divorce court.

The Inevitable.

Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons sues for a divorce and claims that her husband threatened to kill her and she fears he will. Robert was the champion heavyweight prize-fighter of this country. We gave him medals and we gave him front page and we gave him applause. The man who writes a book to enrich the world starves in a garret, and the brute who happens to have enough bull strength to knock out any other man is the hero of the hour. Of course Mrs. Fitzsimmons will secure her divorce all right—but that will do her no good.

Supply And Demand.

The farmers in Pennsylvania have agreed to have a rooster day and kill all the roosters so that eggs will no longer be fertile, and thus decrease the output of chickens. This is a foolhardy proposition, but a fact nevertheless.

THE SCREWS LOOSE

But Where, Has Not Yet Been Determined.

IT IS understood that if you do not blow your own horn an English sparrow may build her nest in it, and therefore we do not blame Mr. Roosevelt for talking. He wants to be president and if he can bamboozle enough people he will be. His talk is the talk of the ordinary political spell-binder. Just before sailing for Spain Saturday, where he goes to attend the marriage of his son, he gave out an interview in which he said the tariff law passed by the democrats had done nothing to help the people; the trusts hadn't been stopped in their career of pillage, and then wound up by explaining that the platform of the progressive party would work all the magic that poverty dreams.

But Teddy is mistaken. He has often been mistaken—and while president brought us a panic the like of which was never seen. Shin plasters, script, no money at all and everything about to go to the bow-wows—but he forgets all that, and, if remembering it, lays it on to the other fellow.

There are no laws to govern prices of products except the natural law of supply and demand—with cold storage eliminated.

The other day in this white man's town Mr. Oscar Pearce, a grocer, was advertising butter, a prime article, at 25 cents a pound, and his announcement said it was the regular 35 cent kind when butter was not so plentiful.

And that told the story.

There are too many consumers. Too many men wanting to buy something to eat and not enough men producing something to eat. Here in North Carolina we are only a part of a day and a night from New York city and our chickens are rushed up there and sold at New York prices and paid for at New York wages and down here we pay New York prices with North Carolina wages—and we are pinched.

The tariff has nothing to do with cheapening the prices of things which are scarce. The coffee we buy came in free. They had a tariff on it and they took it off in order that the American wage earner could get his cup of breakfast coffee as cheaply as possible—and behold, coffee advanced several cents a pound.

Clothing was the great bone of contention. The spell binder who shed his artificial blood for the "pee-pul" insisted that he wanted to see the American wage-earner properly dressed and didn't want his wool coat taxed.

That always got rounds of applause. The truth was, and the truth is, that there isn't a dollar's worth of raw wool in any suit of clothes made—and the tariff lowered, hasn't lowered the price of coats—and never will.

The man who makes the clothes gets but a scant wage. The man who sells them makes something. The man who retails them puts on a living profit—profit enough to pay rent and insurance and wages—but the wool in the clothes isn't figured in the last named price paid by the ultimate consumer.

But taking the tariff off of wool knocks the sheep industry into a cocked hat—the same as taking the tariff off of sugar is putting the beet growers out of business.

The man who eats the things made and the man who wears the things made isn't getting them a cent cheaper—and all the platforms of all the political parties in the world are not going to make 35 cent butter sell for 25 cents—unless the people make more butter and thus let the supply exceed the demand—and then 35 cent butter will sell for 15 cents. And there is no way around this—except when cold storage gets control of it and puts it away and holds it for high prices—makes it scarce and keeps it scarce.

We are a Nation run mad. We are now running over twelve hundred thousand automobiles and seventy-five thousand of them are for business and the rest for pleasure, and of course it takes money to live. We are indulging in all kinds of extravagant ways—and until we reform; until more of us get back to the farm and produce something prices will remain high and Teddy can't help it, Wilson can't help it, and no power on earth can help it. And a crop failure would bring us to a proper understanding.

Thaw Having A Good Time.

Harry Thaw, in company with sheriffs and other officers has gone to a summer resort where he will remain during the heated term. A prisoner, but one not worrying, he is having the time of his life. And all the time he is proving that he is sane and wise, and one of these days he will go free. Jerome has persecuted him and that is all there is about the Thaw case.

If you have failed even up to this time to perform your duty it isn't yet too late to swat the fly.

That Maryland student who shot the hazer perhaps didn't intend to kill him—but if the hazer hadn't been trying to break in the door he wouldn't have been hit with the bullet.

IS HIS HAT IN RING?



The stories floating around Washington are to the effect that Joe Folk wants to be President sometime. It will be remembered that Missouri had instructed for Folk for President, and Clark receiving some outside endorsements, Folk got out of the way—but Folk was really more popular in Missouri than Clark. Folk had cleaned up the St. Louis crooks and he was wearing feathers in his hat. And the feathers were not of his own plucking. Friends had brought them to him and decorated him.

He was recently appointed chief counsel for the Inter State Commerce Commission and as such he has insisted that the New Haven railroad schemes be laid bare—and in this he was opposed, it is freely claimed, by the Attorney General, and the President sided with McReynolds. But Folk insisted and the result was that Mellin's story laid bare a string of chapters of criminality that surpassed anything fiction ever attempted to portray.

And Folk insists that he is going to the bottom of other things. He is a scalper when on the war path. He makes a clean job. The administration doesn't want to keep big business boiling—but if Folk does what he threatens to do every railway in the country will be placed on the operating table. The operation may be successful—but the patient is liable to die. And Folk all the time keeps in the limelight while knowing ones say that maybe it will be Folk instead of Wilson who will be the nominee in 1916.

Plenty Of Them.

The latest figures show that there are in North Carolina 9,300 automobiles—one for every 237 persons. These figures are interesting. There are about as many horses as ever—about as many buggies in commission—and yet almost ten thousand automobiles—and the most expensive part of the automobile is the time they waste.

The city makes money out of them in more ways than one. Take for instance in the matter of watering the lawn. Hundreds of people who like to dally with the hose find themselves riding and let the sprinkling go. There is something about using the hose that does not resemble work. Often you will see the proprietor using the hose on the lawn while the servant, supposed to do such chores looks on as the "boss man" handles the nozzle of the squirt.

We are not agin' the automobile. We think it a great institution and no doubt but what it has come to stay. To stay as long as men ride. But it is a matter of common comment that many people own automobiles who cannot pay for them; who neglect to pay other bills. But these same dead beats are always with us—were with us before the automobile came and will remain.

The joy ride is worth while. The automobile is a necessity in this hurry-up age, and the next ten years will witness them cheaper in price and better in construction. And finally every man will own one—every well to do man—every man who wants to extract a little pleasure out of life.

ELEPHANT --- MOOSE

Trying To Eat Pie Out Of Same Manger.



OVE ONE another seems to be the idea of the old time rads in this state just now, and they are taking the initiative and referendum, if not the recall, in the vain hope of getting together. Like a pair of twins fighting for the supremacy of pie, Colonels Carl Duncan and John Morehead have signed up a letter addressed to the chief fogleman of the Progressive party, telling him that they must get together if possible. While they didn't say it they intimated it, and old Job's protestations might be used to fit the case. Job put it up "If I have walked with vanity, or if my foot hath hastened to deceit, let me be weighed in an even balance. If my step has turned out of the way and my heart walked after mine eyes (which spotted pie)—then let me sow, and another eat."

Really it looks like they were willing to come into camp and surrender name, give up everything—even let the others eat—if they can only defeat democracy.

But it will never go. In this land of the brave and the home of the free the progressives will progress and the rads will chew the rag.

We can imagine the old time Taft republicans breaking bread with the swift gentlemen who flew the track to follow the fortunes of the man who wanted to be King—who today boasts that he has prepared to defy the laws and send an army into a peaceful country with orders to pay no attention to courts or anything else.

With some Mr. Roosevelt is a god. With some he is an ideal man—a great leader. But there are others, self-respecting gentlemen who will never form an alliance with the progressives. That is as certain as anything in this world. That is why the democratic party will win out this year and next year and as many years as Mr. Roosevelt assumes the role of dictator.

In their letter they say that there are over a hundred thousand republicans in this state, and with a proper line-up they can carry some congressional districts. That sounds well. It looks well on paper—but even the mountain districts are lost to the divided party.

Those who imagine for a moment that any republican-progressive or progressive-republican—boosted by all the forces they can command, will defeat Major Stedman are as strangely deluded as was the enchanted Knight of La Mancha.

For Dr. Henderson.

Because of the resignation of Dr. Venable, Mr. A. H. Price, of Salisbury, a trustee of the University, wrote some nice things about Dr. Archibald Henderson, and said in his judgment he was the best qualified man in the state of North Carolina to fill the president's chair.

Wonder what the disappointed seekers for post-offices who have been lamponing Major Stedman will do now, poor things?

All Right At Last.

The Rev. Father Odenbach, of Cleveland, Ohio, startles the world by saying a man can learn to walk on the water, just the same as he walks on the ground. It is simply a matter of perfect equilibrium—balance.

He went out and walked for the boys and they seeing, pronounced it good.

Possibly it can be done. Few of us ever stop to think that our walking on the ground is quite a feat. Take an ordinary post and stand it up and of course it will fall over unless perfectly balanced. We start out and learn to walk. We balance ourselves and must keep a perfect balance or, over we go. The head is what must be perfectly balanced to walk on water Odenbach says. Generally when we have tried to walk on the water we didn't do it. Our feet got under the water and pulled us down.

Good Enough.

Virginia has long been cursed with race track gambling, but the bookmakers were last week arrested and sent to jail and heavily fined, and this means good-bye to that kind of vice. Gambling is always pretty hard business, but the man who "plays the ponies" is always up against it.

A Cess Pool.

The Journal of Winston goes after the authorities because on Main street there is filth that is a disgrace to the city. The Journal says the city stands in the census figures as the second largest in the state, and to have dirty pools of water standing in its main street is a disgrace. And in this the Journal is exactly right.

THE GRAY BEARD

Sees Hope At End Of The Journey.



SING, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains—for Dr. Phelps, Professor of English Literature in Yale University, said it in Raleigh that the gray beard alone comes into his own. Dr. Osler to the contrary notwithstanding, and shucks to Father Time, too long the faker with the scythe and glass—too long holding down his job with his books not audited, and turning scornful eyes to the allegations of Colonel Varner that there should be rotation in office.

Dr. Phelps was talking to the sweet girl graduates of Meredith College—but he insisted that animalism had no joy to compare with spirituality, and boldly proclaimed that the happiest years are between seventy and eighty.

And perhaps Dr. Phelps who is himself around the middle point—about fifty years or so of age, is making himself believe that there are yet greater joys than he has lived. In other words he simply presents Hope in a new garb and plods on expecting some day to reach the green goal on the mountain yonder.

We all know how the fox, after he had lost his tail in the steel trap, gathered together all his clan and gravely and reproachfully informed them that the style was to wear no tail; that he had cut his off; that he was much happier; that all his fellows should hurry up and adopt the style which he had set. But they didn't do it.

And nowhere under the shining sun today is there youth which would forfeit it for age. It is all right to have been along the trail. It is well to have been a path-finder—to have learned which were the innocent flowers and which ones bore the thorns. It is all right to have had the experience which age gathers and which age hoards with miser's care—but you can't make this old man believe that there are any strawberries at the end of the road as ripe and sweet and red as those he gathered in the long, warm days of Youth. You can't make him believe that after Time has swatted him full and fair, put wrinkles in his face and sorrow in his soul; colored his hair to where his own mother wouldn't know him and stooped his shoulders and dried the marrow in his bones, he can hobble down the last ten mile stretch, looking as it were into his open grave, and extract as much pleasure in the last ten years where Regret and Failure and Sadness and Loneliness dance as grim attendants, as he got out of fifteen minutes of the span of Youth when every moment held out to him the tragic possibilities of all that all other men had lived.

Tennyson didn't do us right when he said a sorrow's crown of sorrow was remembering happier things—because about all the old man has left—no matter how much money—how much ease—is the supreme happiness of telling for the hundredth time how, "when I was a boy" he did so and so. But it was when he was doing so and so that he lived it; that he enjoyed it; that he was getting his money's worth. The mere fact of recalling the circumstances, while it gives pleasure on the home stretch carries with it the sad regret: Never again!

However, as we grow older it is a fine thing to adjust our thoughts so that we can accept the inevitable without losing our temper. But Youth—Youth is the stuph!

Is He Crazy?

Rev. H. A. Hayes, former superintendent of the Methodist Children's Home of the Western Carolina Conference at Winston was charged with the embezzlement of about \$2,000. The charge stirred up great excitement, and the plea of insanity was set up and the gentleman sent to a private sanitarium at Morganton for treatment. He got away from the bug house and turned up in Chicago. He has been sent for and will be tried.

Why not plead the unwritten law, this time?

Child Labor.

They still talk child labor, but we notice that the children who labor are often better equipped for the life struggle than those who are idlers. Child labor isn't as deformed a monster as many people would have us believe.

Must Avoid Publicity.

The Illinois bar association in annual meeting resolved that lawyers must not give interviews in cases in which they are interested. It was decided to be satisfied though the ordinary lawyer would have us believe otherwise!