

THE HIGH COST OF
DYING KEEPS MANY A
MAN FROM UNDER
A TOMBSTONE

Everything

YOUR NEIGHBOR IS
NOT PERFECT, BUT HIS
DEFECT MAY BE
A VIRTUE

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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WHY WE LAUGH

When Politicians Save Us Millions.



WE LAUGH—long and loud, to see the statement by the Honorable Hocus Pocus Smith to the effect that he thinks the passage of the cotton exchange bill would save the farmers of North Carolina the great sum of \$10,000,000 and the American people at least \$70,000,000 annually. It is a wonderful prophecy. The passage of the bill will not mean the saving of a nickel to the farmers. Just before the Presidential election we were told from every stump that the tariff on all the different things—piled high into a billion of dollars, as these figures seemed, would help the people. The tariff on wool, on leather, on meat, on eggs, on everything under the sun was just simply sucking the life blood out of the down trodden and oppressed. It was a robber tariff with gum shoes, a dark lantern and a jimmy. It was a fiendish tariff that followed a man from the cradle to the grave and took duty from his tombstone. And when the tariff was reduced to a tariff for revenue only all the people could gather and have a barbecue and eat the wings of humming birds and chew angel food and glut themselves for a few cents—provided the iniquitous tariff was banished from the land forever.

And they swatted the tariff for fair. It was given a solar plexus blow. It was hit between the eyes and below the belt. It was dragged out and the people who had saved a little money or inherited a little money or had a little money were forced to come across with an income tax. The things the "plain pee-pul" were eating didn't decline in price. Beef is still out of sight—everything consumed and an advancing price, and the treasury isn't as full as it was, and thousands of idle men walk out looking for a job.

The cotton exchange bill will not make the farmer one more red copper. It won't do anything but throw a crowd out of the game. It may help from a moral standpoint—and gambling should never be allowed. But to array the figures like the tariff talkers did—it's all moon shine on a shovel.

Strange, in this world if they want to knock out whiskey or knock out gambling, or knock out stealing or knock out anything immoral and unjust, the appeal must be made to a man's pocket-book instead of to his soul—to his bank account instead of to his heart. Cotton gambling is wrong and should be abolished. But to tell us it will save the farmer any money is to laugh. If all the money had been saved the farmer who politicians have promised to save him—every farmer would be an individual regional bank, and Uncle Sam would have to borrow pocket money from him.

Trying To Boom Page.

There is a terrible effort being made in some quarters to boom somebody for Governor and the scheme seems to be to leave General Carr out of the list of candidates. The last story from Washington is to the effect that Congressman Page will be asked to run for Governor. Congressman Page had better stick to his knitting. General J. S. Carr is going to be the next Governor of North Carolina—the old men and the young men are going to see that he gets it.

To Meet In Raleigh.

The sixty-first annual meeting of the North Carolina Medical Society will be held in Raleigh, June 16, 17 and 18. It will be preceded by the meeting of the North Carolina Health Officers' Association on Monday, June 15.

Judge Pritchard hands down an opinion in the United States Court of Appeals, sitting in Richmond, to the effect that labor unions are lawful organizations. Certainly they should be, if they were not, before this decision. The labor union is lawful. The court said that they must not resort to violence or coercion. And so long as they do not do that they are not only lawful, but a mighty good thing. Labor would be put on the hog in many instances were it not for organization. The labor unions have missed it in the past by their boycott work and their attempts at coercion. But it seems they have learned a lesson. When labor organizes and goes about its business simply refusing to work for insufficient wages it will win every time. When it organizes and undertakes to sand-bag into silence the man who expects to pay the coin it loses ground. That is the labor question in a nut shell.

QUESTION OF DOUBT

Concerning The Celebrated Early Case.



SEEMS to be just one plague take it thing after another—and if we can't conclude to determine beyond doubt the identity of the man who struck Billy Patterson we want to know if Thaw is insane or did Frank kill the factory girl—Mary Phagan. And just about as these things drop out and become common-place along come the Wise Men and propose to prove that the late Mr. Early, the Carolina leper isn't a leper at all. Early is a North Carolina man who contracted leprosy in the far east, and who was detained a long time at Washington, D. C. Finally he was sent to Port Townsend, Washington state, and from there made his escape the other day. He got back to Washington City, registered at a first-class hotel where the vice-President lives, and sent for a newspaper correspondent to interview him. The correspondent of course recognized Early and he was again sent back to his original camping ground. But now come the Wise Men and claim that Early isn't a leper. He is going to have the matter tested. He is going into court and claim that he can prove he isn't a leper—that people are unduly frightened.

Wonder if he'll get the front page and if expert handwriting men and alienists and spellbinders and hook-worm specialists and pellegra doctors will take his pulse and everything else in sight? Wonder who really could tell if he has leprosy? The case of Mr. Early promises to be worth while. And finally if he hasn't leprosy the government will give him a Peary medal and a pension and do all sorts of things—and then John can break out in the Sunday papers with a story steen columns long, in colors telling "How It Feels To Be a Leper and Guess of How Many Beans Are in a Jar." Wonderful what isn't happening.

No Use.

The esteemed Winston Journal wants us to refer to the live town as Winston-Salem. We do not propose to unnecessarily wear out our hyphens. They cost a nickel each—these mats do—and Winston is the town, after all. Salem is a part of Winston but Winston was never a part of Salem. Salem is a thousand years old and Winston is a lusty kid that grew up in front of her and around her and put it all over her. True the post-office department, through respect to the aged, allowed Salem to hang to the coat-tails of Winston—but Winston is the Stuph—and to her alone we sing!

The Rumbblings.

The Lexington Dispatch heard things. It saw things in the last primary scramble and this is what Mr. Varner has to say about it:

"The rumbblings in the various districts of the State last Saturday were only a curious 'salute of 21 guns' warning the present officials in North Carolina, who have been in office for a long time, to vacate in 1916, and give away to other patriotic Democrats who have been 'standing out in the cold' working for the success of the Democratic party and for the good of the State. The time has come when the people are going to demand a change and not permit any man or set of men in any county, district, or in the State to remain in office for life. There should be frequent changes for the good of the party, for the good of the country, and for the good of the office holder himself."

"There will be no political disturbance of any importance during 1914, but there will be changes all along the line in 1916."

Yes, those shivering patriots standing out in the cold waiting for a bone to gnaw. Those patriotic democrats who want pie and who refuse to be comforted without pie, heard many rumbblings. But the rumbblings were the people rushing to vote for Page and Webb—at the divine ratio of four to one as against the men who were shivering.

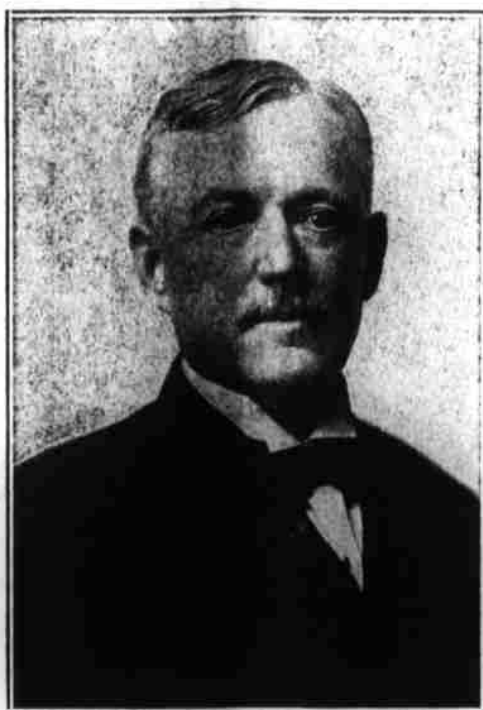
The Congressmen from North Carolina have made good; they have been in some instances turned down because of the howls of demagogues—but in these parts we are going to keep on returning Congressmen who have made good. The excuse that a democrat is hungry; that he wants pie—and has no particular qualifications will not longer cut any ice with North Carolina people.

More Truth Than Poetry.

After all there is more truth than poetry in the following editorial paragraph from the Union Republican: "Again the name of Gen. Julian S. Carr is being mentioned as a Democratic candidate for Governor. Few may have done more or contributed more liberally to their party than General Carr and received less. Like our esteemed citizen, Hon. C. B. Watson, he has always been sacrificed for men far less deserving of the honors within the gift of a party."—Winston Journal.

"He has always been"—but he will not always be. Jule Carr will be the next Governor of North Carolina.

YEARS WORTH WHILE



Mr. W. T. Gentry, President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, and the thousands of employees of this great company were all wishing him longer life and greater happiness. Mr. Gentry is well known in North Carolina and has many friends, warm, personal friends throughout the whole South. His life story is a story of Success—Success wrong from what at times seemed the impossible. We desire to add our congratulations upon the success of his journey thus far and wish for him many more years of usefulness. The Atlanta Constitution editorially said:

"W. T. Gentry, of Atlanta, yesterday celebrated his sixtieth birthday. He kept 'open house' to his friends in his beautiful new home, 'Virginia Manor,' and was presented a magnificent silver service by his associates in the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, of which he is the head."

"Mr. Gentry is a business builder of the best type. Twenty-five years ago he came to Atlanta from Virginia as manager of the Atlanta telephone exchange. In those days, Gentry was virtually the whole telephone system of Atlanta. At that time the Bell boasted only a few miles of wire, locally, and a few hundred telephones, and with a nominal staff of which Gentry was the head."

"The aptitude and creative ability the man has played in this quarter century are best illustrated by his steady promotions to be head of the Southern Bell and the Cumberland systems, which supply telephone service to the vast territory south of the Ohio River and eastward from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean. The larger features of this phenomenal development are traceable to his executive ability and specialized knowledge of the business. A smaller man or one less daring would have held back the evolution of the service in this section."

"If Mr. Gentry is paramount as a builder, he is no less winning on the social and personal sides. His temperament is one of magnetism and individual charm, drawing all manner of people to him. His outlook has been broad, enlisting his sympathies and energies for each phase of civic advancement and the public welfare. Among his most attractive characteristics is the faculty for making happiness contagious among his friends and all with whom he comes in contact."

"The birth anniversary of such a man is more than a personal event. The Constitution felicitates him upon the celebration of yesterday, extending the hope that many more similar celebrations are yet to come, each marking a broadening of his fine citizenship and practical usefulness."

Be Natural.

Be what you are. Don't try to imitate some other fellow, and don't try to borrow plumage of some other man. If you think the world is flat, be brave enough to insist that you think so—be honest enough to admit it you are wrong.

If you are getting bald, don't wear a wig—the wind will some day blow it off and your baldness will become a scandal, whereas, now it is simply a misfortune without offense.

If your whiskers are gray, don't paint them, because the coloring will wear out in spots and you betray your attempt to defeat nature in her royal plans.

If your teeth decay and you want to chew bull beef during the high cost of living, go to a china shop and purchase a set of porcelain—you can't help that.

And above all things if you believe in anything, say so—if it is woman suffrage or prohibition or hook worms or pellegra or cabbage snakes—and if you don't believe in 'em say so in just the same loud tone of voice.

Don't whisper. Don't try to make believe. Be just perfectly natural.

The photographer will tell you to look natural and wink occasionally—and you should not forget the fact that you are always before a camera—before the eyes of other men—and if you try to put on frills you haven't got or conceal frills you have got—you'll be photographed in spite of Fate.

WILL YIELD POINT

But Simply As A Matter Of Self Defense.



MAN need not be a philosopher to predict that unless something unforeseen and undreamed of happens, the militant suffragette will finally win. She ought not—because violence should never be rewarded, but the English suffragette has the nerve—and the good Lord knows she is not a quitter. The other day in Belfast, Ireland, a number of the militant ones visited a newspaper office, the Telegraph, and seeing the mag-aging editor proceeded to knock him to the floor, pounce upon him and beat him shamefully. Then they went to the office of the News-Letter and whipped the editor of that paper until he was about all in. He was carried to a hospital to ponder on what he had allowed his paper to say, and nurse his bruises. Countless houses are being destroyed, and instead of decreasing in violence it appears that the women have just begun their campaign of lawlessness.

The other night one of them forged a card and gained admission to a reception where she threw herself before the King and begged him not to use violence against the women—and it is hard to tell where the matter will end. It is said if the authorities resort to violence—if they use the soldiers to put down the militants, that women of rank stand ready to join and it will mean the slaughter of thousands of English women. In other words if they have an organization that laughs at death and it comprises wives, sisters, children of the ones in power, they dare not turn the guns on those they love.

Never in the history of the world was such a problem presented. And it is our guess that they will win, by force and violence, what the American woman will win by tact and good manners.

Seven Days.

A busy world—a world onward and upward—but where are we going? The Wilmington Star announces that it will hereafter appear as a seven day paper—it took a postal card vote of its readers and the majority said seven days.

The Charlotte Observer first fell into the seven day habit, then it was followed by the Greensboro Daily News. The Asheville Citizen next came across, and then the News and Observer. Now the Star falls into line—and we suspect the Winston Journal will be, the next. People want to read the news every day; they will finally want a Sunday evening paper. That has been tried in some of the cities and wasn't much of a success—but we are growing to it. Papers every hour will soon be demanded in small towns. In the great cities they pull 'em every hour—not so much because there is a demand, but for circulation. The Wilmington Star is a first-class newspaper, and to be in the procession it had to come across, it thought. Railroads run trains at all hours of the night—and the twenty-four hours are working hours these times. Banks run all night in some cities—and pretty soon the dry goods stores will be forced to keep open all the time. Electricity has turned darkness into light and everything living except the chickens works right along. And the Old Rooster has been getting up at midnight to crow as long as we can remember—in fact he first started this night work.

After Them.

The merchants' association of Salisbury has concluded that Mr. Slow Pay and Mr. Dead Beat had too long been denied the publicity that is due them, so they propose to make it possible to give publicity to these two distinguished and well known people who have relatives in most all towns, and whose names are registered at every store where credit could be obtained.

Mr. Slow Pay means well enough—but he might as well hustle. Mr. Dead Beat is a professional, and he goes through the world getting much for nothing, and the man who is prompt must pay his bills. The merchant must figure on the loss end of his sales—and if Mr. Dead Beat could be cast aside there would be no column of losses—hence the merchant could either sell cheaper or make a decent living out of his business.

A Ring Tailed Twister.

Iowa has been visited by a cyclone that left death and destruction in its path. The cyclone comes in all sections—but the middle west seems to be more frequently visited than other places. However we are not bragging.

A snail doesn't get in a hurry, but if you watch him you will observe that he generally gets where he is going. And maybe he enjoys the trip.

LAW ALL RIGHT

Just A Mistaken City Council Acts.



MAN can juggle facts and distort facts and he can, without any raw material, make a mountain out of a mole hill. It happens that an assistant superintendent of the anti-saloon league of North Carolina visited Louisburg, in Franklin county, North Carolina, United States of America, one day last week, and in his remarks brought out some figures that suggested Louisburg wasn't observing the prohibition law to any great extent, and accordingly we receive a letter from a Raleigh gentleman, well intentioned, no doubt, but in favor largely of "personal liberty" and he wants to know how we explain our conduct in asserting that Prohibition has worked and worked well in North Carolina, in face of such figures. He says the whiskey men didn't furnish the figures, but Rev. O. L. Strongfield did, and they show "if they show anything, that prohibition is a failure."

But here we beg leave to differ with our friend and correspondent. He says that in the month of May 1,100 prescriptions were filled and that one man received three prescriptions in one day each one calling for a quart of whiskey.

Well, suppose the case that there had been 1,000 prescriptions filled each day—the prohibition law was being carried out, in that the men who wanted whiskey had to go to a physician, a member of the State Medical Society wrote the prescription. The whiskey wasn't sold at blind tigers. It wasn't unlawfully sold—had it been there would have been no record of its sale. The fact that it was recorded shows what the prohibition law will do. Now if the State Medical Society will gently pass some rules and regulations at its forthcoming meeting next week, to the effect that no physician can write prescriptions for a drunkard calling for quarts of the stuff at a time—maybe the Medical Society will help bear its part in the game that is being played, and about won by the prohibition party.

The same thing obtained in many towns. Physicians wrote prescriptions and druggists filled them—as they had a right to do. But in this town and other towns it was agreed that the whiskey business had proceeded far enough and the town simply refused to further grant druggists the right to sell whiskey on prescription. The result is that thousands of people who thought they must have likker don't get it that way any more. Louisburg is simply mistaken. She thinks she ought to continue to allow the doctors to violate the law by prescribing quarts of whiskey to men who do not have to have it—and one of these days she will wake up.

The man who gets three quarts of whiskey in a day at a drug store comes within one quart of beating the mail order houses who suggest that a gallon is enough for any man to get at one time. Louisburg simply should be ashamed of herself. She should stop the traffic. It is easy to do. Many towns have stopped it, and after stopping it prohibition has better sailing. We do not see that the Louisburg sensation in any way suggests that prohibition isn't prohibiting—because the 1,100 sales were perfectly in accordance with the law made and provided.

As To Boosting.

The Laurinburg Exchange rises to remark: Fairbrother says: "The man who boosts his town in season and out of season is the man who eventually owns a corner lot and rides in an automobile." It's the proper season now and always to boost Laurinburg, for it's a good town every day in the year—and we say this without a corner lot or a buzz buggy in prospect.

But if you keep on boosting—keep on insisting that we keep the South's money in the South—keep on telling the readers of the Exchange to throw away their mail order catalogues and buy of the merchant that builds a town and sustains a town—you will have a better prospect for your buzz buggy—and a corner lot on the side.

O. Come Off.

The Durham Sun, in big heads tells about "Another Sky Scrapper" for Durham and then proceeds to explain that So and So will build a four story building. We know the sky almost touches Durham—but a four story building isn't going to scrape it. We have over here the Public Service Building, five stories high; the Dixie Building six stories high; the Benbow Arcade five stories high; the Southern Life and Trust Building five stories high; the Banner Building six stories high; the McAdoo building five stories high—but no one of them has ever scraped the sky and we have never claimed it. Just as soon as we get this court house matter settled we will build out a sky scrapper—a building with a lightning rod and a button—and then we will be scraping some.