

THERE IS A REASON FOR CRIME WAVES AND OUR LEADERS SHOULD DETERMINE IT.

Everything

MORE ATTENTION TO SAVING THE SOUL AND LESS TO POLITICS SHOULD BE OUR AIM

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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PALE LUNA LIVES

At Least Flammarion Says It Does.



HE most interesting writer, so far as our opinion goes, of this age, is Camille Flammarion, the wonderful French astronomer, and we are glad to have him come to the defence of the moon, and attempt to prove that it is not a dead world. He thinks now, after careful and pains-

taking observations, that the moon shows signs of having homes, of life. His last short story on this subject is worth while because he says we accepted the word of one astronomer and for a long time all agreed that the moon was a dead crust; an old wreck that lost its place and was held in position by unknown forces—but here in late years astronomers have reached a different conclusion—and he is one of them.

We do not undertake to say that it makes any difference to us whether it is dead or alive; we know we know nothing about it, because astronomically considered, we have but little knowledge—but somehow, we never liked to think of the moon as a dead one. We never could harmonize the propositions that it was a dead world—a direct which was floating around and found lodgment because of certain forces—and then have science, wall-eyed and majestic, tell us it controlled the tides and at one time was supposed to have a peculiar effect on the mind of man.

We never could reconcile the belief that the planet nearest us was dead—and we never believed that God Almighty had left anything helpless and useless in his universe of worlds.

We always wanted to think that Pale Luna was a part of the great system; we always wanted to think that maybe as the world grew old man's inventive genius—say ten thousand years from now, would create some kind of a vehicle by which man could reach the moon and that the earth could have an interchange of thoughts and ideas with some sister planet. We didn't want to feel that this old earth which was our home was an "orphan" altogether—and to know that Camille Flammarion, better equipped than any astronomer in the world today, comes along and says he is morally certain that the moon is not a dead world, makes us feel a little better.

Possibly to the man chasing dollars; to the man running for office; to the man escaping the bill collector, it doesn't make any difference—and maybe it doesn't to us. Flammarion says it would take just twenty-eight earths the size of the one on which is located the office of Everything to reach the moon—and as we progress in science and air ships and wireless—that is no great distance. To communicate with Mars may be too wild a dream, but of the moon has life and they do things there, the chances are that in some distant day we will establish communication with it. And that is a grand thought. If we could only know something, about even one other world—then we might change our mode of living here!

A Little Strange.

It is more than passing strange that so many of these reformers who are out shedding crocodile tears for the children who toil always want about \$250 for a three hour talk. Why don't they, if sincere, talk for the children for nothing? Why get on the circuit and demand these big figures and go into quiet communities and raise dissatisfaction between employer and employed? Simply because it is the road of easy money, and they know what they are doing.

Our greatest teacher, the one who was sincere and who revolutionized the world, didn't ask for money. He did good for good's sake and that was His mission. Imagine an account in the first book of the New Testament, for instance, telling how Christ delivered his Sermon on the Mount under the auspices of some lecture bureau and charging about \$250 for the talk.

An Epidemic.

Seems that crime becomes epidemic—and at one time last week the pictures of five women in different parts of the country were played up as the pictures of women who had wantonly killed five different men. All charming—some were young wives—some were jilted lovers—but five only shows that crime waves are just like heat waves.

Jurist Dies.

Associate Justice Horace Harmon Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court died in Atlantic City last Sunday. He was seventy years of age, and heart failure was assigned as the cause of his death.

BARE BONES BLEACH

When The Call Of The North Allures.



URED by the call of the North eight more explorers have been reported dead—these members of the Stefanssen party—an arctic expedition that simply followed in the wake of so many other like foolhardy ventures. The world mourns for Captain Scott—it sometimes pauses long enough to shudder over the fate of Sir John Franklin and it laughs to think how Peary and Cook got home and claimed the medal—while the other fellows left their frozen bones at the boreal pole.

There is a law against selling whiskey to an habitual drunkard. There is a law to protect the idiot and the imbecile who is helpless. There are laws made for the protection of Society in general and special rules for the better protection of individuals thereof—especially in regards to dunacy, etc.

But it seems to be that every year some fool is allowed to organize an expedition to go somewhere where there is no need to go; to try to cross the Atlantic ocean in a balloon; to do some fool hardy thing in no way worth while, and yet no law to stop the idocy.

Seems to us that after awhile these expeditions would be called off. Seems that they have the South pole and the North pole pretty well under surveillance—and it also seems that after they get to them there is nothing to report.

The men who go leave families to suffer and to sorrow; the world is not enriched by the sacrifice they make—and why governments will applaud these foolhardy adventures is more than we can understand.

The Milk In The Coconut.

We have insisted all along that the state-wide primary, while an excellent thing for the politicians who use the democratic party as their mask to further all their ends, is a direct blow against popular representative government.

We are not caring about party when it comes to electing men to public office. We favor a platform and the man. If a democrat is corrupt we do not think he should be elected. If the primary prevails and a corrupt democrat is nominated by the primary—the people who voted for him in the primary are legally bound, if they vote at all, to vote for him in the election.

Such a course absolutely gags the voter, binds him hand and foot—sand-bags him into silence and submission.

The following special telegram in the Sunday edition of the esteemed Daily News of this city, tells the whole story:

"The Democrats of Durham have decided that the legalized primary is about the only way they can have full control of the nomination of their county and legislative officers. In the last primary it is known that a large number of Republicans and others who have not been supporting the Democratic ticket in the past, took part in the polling. In some instances they were challenged and all who voted in the primary agreed to support the ticket."

The only way to have full control is to allow no man to vote for his representative unless he is willing to vote for the man who is a democrat—no independent is allowed to vote; no man is allowed to attempt to select his representative unless he agrees to swallow the dose the politicians put up to him.

That is destructive of popular representative government; it is simply a party machine, no matter what you call it, getting early into the game and taking all in sight. The organization wins whether it is heads or tails—and that is why we oppose a legalized primary. It might be all right in a country where there were two parties—but where it is all one way, unless the independent voters have a chance, it is cut and dried, and there is no other way around it.

Reckless Extravagance.

An Atlanta dispatch reads:

"Four hundred dollars reward for the finding of Mrs. Elois Nelms Dennis and Miss Beatrice Nelms, either dead or alive, was offered here today by Mrs. John W. Nelms, the wealthy mother of the missing women. It was announced that half of the sum would be paid for the return of either of the women, whose mysterious disappearance while on a business and pleasure trip to Texas has aroused widespread interest."

To think that a wealthy mother would recklessly offer two hundred dollars apiece for missing daughters, especially if there was a belief they had been foully dealt with, staggers belief.

With such an exhibition of the total disregard of spending money what is a poor man to do?

HAS LED A BUSY LIFE



That it is a fact that a man once in always wants to stay in, the case of Joseph B. Foraker—once named Fire Alarm Foraker, because of his prominence concerning the "rebel flags" under the Cleveland administration and their return, furnished abundant evidence. For a long time United States senator and attorney for the Standard Oil Co. and now a candidate for Governor again, Mr. Foraker has had a wonderful busy public career.

He was born in Highland County, Ohio, July 5, 1846, and entered the Union army as a private when 16 years old and came out at the close of the war as first lieutenant. After the war he worked his way through Cornell College, and began the practice of law in Cincinnati in 1869. Ten years later he was elected a judge of the superior court of Cincinnati and remained on the bench until 1882. He was the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, in 1883, but was defeated at the election. In 1885 he was elected to the governorship and served two terms. In 1897 he was elected to the United States Senate and served in that body until 1909. Mr. Foraker's most notable performances as a member of the senate consisted of the Cuban intervention resolutions, which brought on the war with Spain; the resolution prohibiting corporations exploiting Cuba after the war, the statute under which Porto Rico is governed, and the motion in executive session of the senate by which the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty was abrogated prior to the United States acquiring the right to construct and control the Panama canal.

Congratulates Osborn.

President Wilson has congratulated Colonel Osborn on the good work he has done since he took charge of the revenue department at Washington. Inasmuch as we last week congratulated the Colonel and printed his picture, it appears that the President wanted to be with the big crowd that is singing the praises of Colonel Bill.

Waking Up.

The National Educational Association has been having a meeting the past week in Saint Paul, Minnesota, and many among the national educators read the riot act to those people who would attempt to teach sex hygiene in the public schools.

It was pretty generally threshed out and all seemed to agree that when you allowed the mystery and sacredness of sex to be discussed and taught in the public school room you had taken a step backward that could never be recalled.

It was the opinion of those who talked that parents owed it to their children to tell them all about the mystery of sex; that it was a solemn duty, because by answering honestly the questions that the child might propound the chances were you saved them from many immoral steps—but to teach it in the schools; to lay bare all the mysteries so sacredly guarded would tend to impure thoughts; to bad morals.

It was wisely contended at this meeting that knowledge, never made purity—and in this instance it was liable to prove very disastrous. We are glad such a great body has taken this view of the question. It is time that the faddists and reformers who appear to be willing to forget all that is decent and all that is pure, were called.

Never Better Said.

Nothing could be better said than this from the Wilmington Star: Cut it out and paste in your hat (and your sun bonnet, too, my dearie.) It reads:

"Humanity, instead of warring on itself, should war on the fly, the flea, the bed bug, the mosquito, the rat, the trash pile and the junk heap."

In all candor there is more need for some moral laws—something to stop the crime wave in North Carolina than there is for a state-wide primary to keep the democratic politicians in power and pie.

The trade at home slogan sounds round the state. The mail order house is the one that our merchants need fear.

ONLY A BILLIONAIRE

And About Ready To Drop The Sack.



IT IS worth more than a passing notice to think of Old John D. Rockefeller, who last week passed the 70th mile stone on life's journey—and the old man with all the pounding, with all the worry; with all the doubts that fill his mind, is said, by his physician, Dr. H. F. Bigger, to be in better health today than he has been for years. He plays his game of golf each day; rides a bicycle and rides in an automobile. He is afraid of anarchists who threaten him; of grafters who try to get to him; of tax collectors who want him to cough. On his birthday he received telegrams from crowned heads—from men prominent in business over all the globe, and checked up his books and found that he was a billionaire—the only one in the whole wide world.

We have been told by a gentleman who has been pretty close to Old John that the only thing in all the world that worries him is the thought of what after death? He has tried not to take the Good Book literally, and he wonders, they say, about that passage which says a camel no more could thread the postern of a needle's eye than that a rich man could get into heaven.

Old John has tried to give away his money. He has given lavishly—but it comes a continuous stream of gold—flowing forever and forever into his coffers—and while he tosses a million here or ten million there he wakes up to find that his graft has worked while he sleeps and he is possessed of more of the dross than ever.

But he is going out pretty soon, now. Old John is—he is going to cross the river with no pocket in his shroud and no change coming. He is going out alone, going to leave his Billion Dollars which have done him no particular good—going out on the same boat with the beggar and the pauper—going to ride across the eternal sea and never speak a word to a soul on board. We have always been sorry that John has been so badly used, and regret he didn't really get something worth while out of life. But he hasn't—no matter what he may say or think.

Again New Bern.

And after the 20th of May Myth or Reality was threshed to a frazzle; after it had been decided that Colonel Aus Watts was the man who originally struck Billy Patterson; after competent authority decided how old was Anne—and the Ignatius Donnelly cryptogram failed conclusively to prove that Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare were one and the same—now come some of the papers in this grand Old Tarhelia and want to do away with a space and make New Bern one word. Not on your autographed edition of Hoyle on games. The dictionaries, in their pronouncing departments all agree that Newbern is one word—but if the folk down New Bern way want to say that they spell the name of their town "New Bern"—we say that they should have the last word.

We have known men named plain John Smith to change the style of orthography to Johnne Smythe, and it always seemed queer to us—but if John wanted to put it up that way—it was a right John had.

New Bern is a live, hustling little city down Craven county way; it has a great many progressive citizens, and when they all finally agreed that their letter heads; their post-office—every bloomin' thing having to do with the name should be two words and should always be "New Bern" we take it that they should not be molested.

Therefore we go on record for New Bern—two distinct words, and orders are herewith issued to all compositors, proof readers and stenographers to use it that way—or not use the word at all from this repository of truth.

The Mileage Steal.

Congressmen again voted on the mileage steal and twenty cents a mile is what they say it comes to. The rate is two cents—but a Congressman who gets but \$7,500 a year wants Uncle Sam to help him pay the Pullman porter.

Kinston Getting Busy.

Kinston is wider awake on the woman suffrage question than any other town in the state it is claimed, and when the state convention is called Kinston proposes to have a larger delegation present than any other town in Eastern North Carolina. Well, why not? Kinston is a town of culture; a town of live people; and certainly all the live people these days are for woman suffrage. A few of the ossified gentlemen, with a surface of petrification where their hide originally was can't see it—but can they see anything?

FICTION ECLIPSED

In The Case Of Asheville Bank Wreckers.



STRANGER things happen outside the books than in them, and that is why we have always been told that truth is stranger than fiction. Mr. J. E. Dickerson who has been doing a few months in the federal prison at Atlanta and whose home is in Asheville, has been

paroled, and is free again. It was over seventeen years ago that Dickerson, along with Breeze and others, was convicted for wrecking a National bank at Asheville, and perhaps a harder fought fight is not recorded—but finally he got a two year sentence. Judge Boyd in the May, 1913, term sending him to Atlanta for two years. Good behavior cut it down and after 14 months Dickerson comes out—and what does it amount to? There seems to be no doubt but what he was guilty as found. The bank was wrecked and old man Breeze still has something the matter with him and can't go to prison—although it was decreed he should.

Those two men, while serving practically no time, have been punished more than had they gone like little men and taken their medicine. They spent money limitless in employing lawyers; they were held up before the country as bank wreckers and their living graves were always kept green because of the hard fought battle—and now that Dickerson has paid the penalty—what has he left. Nothing.

And what has old man Breeze left—and why doesn't he come into camp and go to prison if only for a few days? If there is any disgrace about it he is completely disgraced. The victims of the bank which Breeze wrecked are almost all dead; the friends of Breeze are not as enthusiastic as he may think they are—and these two men, then almost in the prime of life, money mad, simply spilt the milk and have drawn out an existence of unhappiness and of despair. They do not know it, but the law of retribution laid its heavy hand on them—they got full punishment for all they did.

If Dickerson can find anything in the way of solace outside the federal prison—if he can spend his remaining years with anything approaching happiness, we hope that he may do so. We have read of men being mangled by dynamite when refusing to surrender to officers; we have read of men going into exile and evading the officers of the law until they died. We have read of all kinds of punishment being meted out to men who were criminals—but when Eugene Holton camped on their trail and remained on their trail and finally succeeded in getting the courts to sentence, after a seventeen year fight—we take it that they were the two most severely punished men in sixteen states. They thought they could defeat the ends of Justice—but Holton said nay. That is why their punishment has been so severe.

Where They Want It.

The farmers and the small towns are the ones who want prohibition, because they see in it only the moral side. The dirty dollar hasn't stood between them and duty. The following dispatch shows how it stands in Virginia.

"Out of an estimated total of 140,000 qualified voters in Virginia, 69,936 have signed petitions calling upon Governor Henry C. Stuart to call a state-wide election to decide whether or not liquor shall continue to be sold in the State. The petitions have been certified to the Secretary of the Commonwealth and will be presented to Governor Stuart tomorrow. He is expected to call the election for September 22 as provided by the enabling act passed by the last Legislature.

"Of those who signed the petitions 57,356 come from counties. Richmond furnished only 1,976 while Norfolk had 2,137. The total is four times the number necessary to authorize the calling of an election. The enabling act provides that if the "drys" carry the election, Virginia will banish liquor on November 1, 1916.

These figures suggest that Virginia will adopt prohibition by at least 60,000 majority. But the big towns—no, there is a dollar in it, and they want the dollar.

Want Clark.

His North Carolina friends are urging Judge Walter Clark for the vacancy caused by Judge Lurton's death. The Judge is an able lawyer and inasmuch as he preaches so many strange doctrines—possibly what might be well defined as socialistic doctrines, it would be refreshing to see him on the highest bench—handing down his views on the railroads, for instance.