

PEACE AND SOCIALISM  
ARE BEAUTIFUL  
PICTURES MADE IN  
DREAMLAND BY  
SLEEPING ARTISTS.

# Everything

IF YOU ARE THIRTY  
YEARS OF AGE, TO BE  
FORTY SEEMS OLD,  
BUT AT FIFTY SIXTY  
IS YOUTH.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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## BLAME IS LAID

### At The Door Of People Who Read.



THE WAY it looks it seems to be the same old story always told—told so often in this world of woe—that if the other fellow didn't do this or didn't do that—then we would all be as good as angels. Possibly this is true—possibly it ought to work, but it doesn't. The other fellow is the one to blame. Germany says the war isn't her fault and all the other nations hasten to insist that they are innocent of bloodshed. Over in Virginia they have been trying a woman for murder and circumstantial evidence has been the only evidence adduced. But the lawyer for the lady, R. Lindsey Gordon, in doing the last spectacular stunt before the jury—in his attempt to sweep it off its feet and leave a picture that it couldn't dismiss, uttered a great truth when he said:

"The newspapers in Virginia have done this woman an injustice which they can never repair. They have published every fact that tended against her and have suppressed every fact in her favor. I have come to the conclusion that the 'love of money is the root of all evil,'" and he said that it was this love that animated the newspapers and detectives. "I shall argue this case in the fear of God, fearing nothing else. I want to say to you in all fairness," addressing the spectators, "that though many of you have come here with honest intentions, some of you have come for the same motive which impels the newspapers to send their representatives here. By your love of sensationalism you help the sensational newspapers. You create a demand for them, and are equally responsible for their sale. If you did not read them they would not be published or sold."

Lots of truth in that, my neighbors—you and I are guilty and alone responsible for the yellow journal—for the vile and loathsome sheet that you allow to come into your home laden with filth and garbage, the stories of blood and crime. You cry for more and still for more—no matter what the depths of depravity the paper reaches—you still want more. Not all of you, perhaps, but if the reading people of America would say that crime was assisted by these sensational stories; that because criminals were played up as heroes and women depraved and vicious were paraded in the newspapers as creatures of importance thus inducing other women to play the same role—and declare that they had to stop printing this slush and muck, insisting that slop jars of indecency had too long been overturned on the unsuspecting public—present—and it would change.

The magazines, two or three of them, are just now going the limit in the matter of indecency—and many of the newspapers think that a murder story in all its ghastly hideousness is quite the thing—and when they find the people want more of that the dose is promptly administered.

The freedom of the press is a wonderful proposition—but whether it should enjoy all the freedom it takes is a question that should be settled. If the people must feed on these bazaar feasts—if what they want is the dirty stories of crime and shame—then why not all the newspaper publishers get together and conclude that maybe they could help some in the way of reformation by withholding from the diseased patient the dope that is now so freely given?

### Brooks Of Johnston County.

We are glad to see that F. H. Brooks won in his fight for recorder of Johnston county, Mr. Brooks is the man who insisted that the party didn't owe him anything—that he still owed the party something, and wanted to pay it by again serving it as recorder. That was the boldest stand we ever saw taken. It was what the French would call a "koo de law." It was the stuf. It won, hands down, and of course Brooks will be elected by a big majority.

And hereafter, when the battle-colored patriot comes up and says the party owes him something—let him beware. Let him follow Brooks—let him insist that the party owes him nothing—but have it known that he thinks he owes the party something—and wants to pay the bill in services—with a salary attached.

Wait for the progressive convention that is going to declare against bosses—and in the same breath endorse Theodore Roosevelt, the King of the Bossical Islands.

If Everything suits you tell your neighbor he ought to send in his name. This will incidentally help a good cause—and it might help your neighbor.

## BUSINESS IS BETTER

### Than Politics In All Municipal Affairs.



FROM theories we all should be delivered—but we are not. We note that Councilman T. W. Wood, of Wilmington, is now advocating a municipal owned gas plant. The Star presents his case by saying that Councilman Wood would purchase the present gas plant from the private corporation if it could be bought at a fair price, otherwise the city would build in opposition. Then the Star continues in this fashion:

"Councilman Wood's idea is that the city, by owning its public utilities, can not only furnish service to the patrons at a lower rate, but also may have whatever profits may accrue to be used in public work. He stated yesterday that in Atlanta there is a gas plant, owned by a corporation which has made a net profit of \$400,000 on a gross income of \$800,000. Other cities are making money from their plants, he declared, and are charging a lower rate than the consumer has to pay in Wilmington."

No doubt in the world but what a private corporation can make money out of a gas plant—because it puts things over. Everybody must have water—and therefore the city need not hustle for business. But if the city owned a gas plant it would never extend a line unless there was present profit in it; it would never spend thousands of dollars urging people to put in gas stoves or sell them stoves on the installment plan in order to secure customers—it would drag along letting most any old thing do—and the profit wouldn't be worth talking about. Again if the city owned the plant there would be more politicians to take care of—and the "pee-pul" would demand lower rates and those using gas would get them and altogether it wouldn't be worth while.

If the city of Wilmington or any other city would let the public utilities alone; make laws to control them and govern them, the service would be better and the people would be better off. The Atlanta gas plant makes money because it hustles and because it does things.

If a private company owned the water works in Greensboro the city would be better off—indefinitely better off—but we happen to own them and will continue to operate them. The private corporation always gives better service; always puts things out and makes a man pay for what he gets. In this town houses have been furnished water where forty or fifty boarders took their meals and ten or twelve lived at a certain rate and when three people occupied the same premises the rate remained the same. Surely a private corporation would not have stood for that—either the three people pay too much or the forty or fifty get water away below cost. There is no business in handling the water and there perhaps would be none in handling the gas.

Councilman Wood has a beautiful theory—but government or state or city owned public utilities never pan out. They look it on paper—but they do not do it.

### Terrible Punishment.

A local news item in the Wilmington Star reads:

"Two pairs of trousers stolen from the store of J. H. Rehder & Company, No. 615 North Fourth street, are responsible for Sam Simpson and Robert Miller, both colored, each getting 12 months on the county roads on charges of larceny. Simpson tried to sell some trousers at a pressing club and this led to his arrest by the police. He implicated Miller as having been connected with the stealing of the trousers and the latter was arrested by the police early yesterday morning and convicted."

And yet we talk about the fiendishness of the people in the old world. We wonder why men are so heartless as to declare a universal war—and when you stop to think that two human beings are sent to the roads; to stripes and put to work for twelve long months each—for stealing a pair of pants costing probably not over three or four dollars—great God, gentlemen, you cannot condone such business.

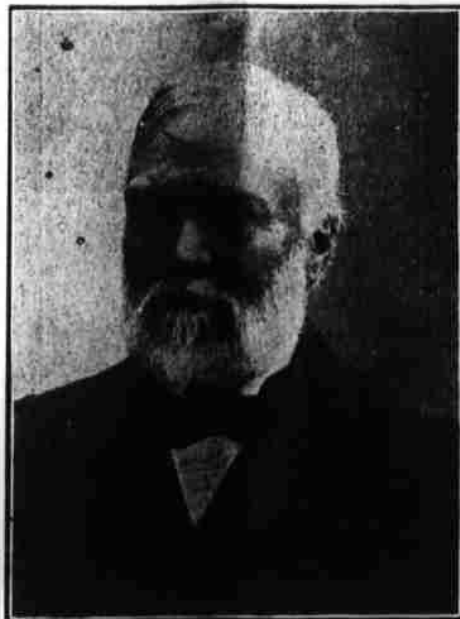
No matter if the state needs good roads; no matter if it seems to be business to hold the black brother in subjection and fear—a city or a state that will hand out such decrees cannot hope to permanently prosper in the sight of God.

We have white men in North Carolina who murder and go free. We have them who loot banks and despoil homes—and they are never sentenced. But get a nigger before the court and the time is not counted. Any animal is entitled to protection and we claim that to send any living thing to twelve months servitude for stealing a pair of breeches is an outrage.

### And Still No Peace.

General Wood—a Major-General, if you please, urges an increased number of men in the U. S. army. We had thought all along that grape juice policies would call the war off here—so why increase the warriors?

## ANDY'S PLAN FAILED



RATHER hard lines for Andy Carnegie, to look over his beloved Europe and see all the dead and dying; hear the moans and groans of innocent men lying in their own blood—hard lines for a man who has thought so much about peace; dreamed so much about it—and spent so much money for it.

Andy has been a disappointed man, in this world of movies and tight lacing—he has had lots of money, but he hasn't been able to buy what he wanted. True he has given out a whole lot of advertising novelties in the way of libraries—his name always on them—but he couldn't induce the country to adopt his simplified spelling, and now it seems that his dream of universal peace is a joke. After the wars have played themselves out; after thousands of men and millions of treasure have been given for this last folly, a peace commission might come in and get some signatures, on the principle that a man recovering from a fearful drunk swears that he will "never again" touch the accursed stuff. While on the stool of remorse with depleted exchequers and fattened grave-yards there might be a willingness to swear off war and sign the pledge for peace—but just so soon as the Nations again get fat and saucy—away again will go the troopers marching to war and death. Andy is to be sorrowed for—he has made a beautiful bust of all he had hoped to do.

### His Maps Against Him.

The news from Germany that Mr. Archer Huntington, the well known New Yorker who is president of the National Geographic Society, was, with his wife, arrested and both of them held as spies recalls the delightful story written by DeMille and called the Dodge Club in Italy.

The leading character in that charming story was an American Senator, and he was always getting into scrapes of one kind and another. Finally he was smitten with the charms of a beautiful titled lady and she wanted to know of him if he adored poetry. He said he was full of it; that poetry was his passion; that he lived on it and that poetry was always his theme. Then she asked him to quote something from his favorite author, and to save his soul he couldn't quote anything because he had never read a poem in his life. Finally, however, to make good he recalled a part of a hymn by Watts, and quoted that with much feeling. It was

"Oh, that my willing soul would stay in such a farm as this,  
And sit and sing itself away, to everlasting bliss."

He was induced to write this for her, as her conception of the English language was limited and she wanted the heart throb for her very own. He wrote it and finally when it was found on her person the Senator was arrested as a spy and the grave court of inquiry, with fiendish glee, introduced the strange writing to prove beyond question that the documentary proof was there.

When an interpreter had translated the lines and read them to the grave and reverend judges there was much disgust.

And so, perhaps, when the stolid German police ascertain that Huntington had a valise full of maps concerning only the American Geographic Society it will feel badly bored. Of course those German detectives believed they had caught red handed a wicked spy with a full set of war maps of all Europe.

However the dispatches state that Huntington was stripped naked when searched and that his wife was subjected to insults and indignities by the German police. If this be true—such things as that may call for reprisal—and that is how we might easily get mixed in war.

The state wide primary plan is a plan to get your vote and put a collar on your neck. Keep away from it. Remember we have done well enough in the past—the new measure is a political measure. The less politics the better.

The state-wide primary will keep Durham county always grandly democratic—but it won't give an honest man a chance to swat a dishonest democrat.

## TEDDY IS LOSING OUT

### Isn't Playing Game In Consistent Manner.



IN THE New York fight Mr. Roosevelt certainly lost several points, and Teddy stock is away below par. He has advised in Louisiana and even in this beloved state, against fusion; against accepting anything that looked like republicanism—and the bull moosers, proud of their chieftain, have taken his advice without saying a word against it.

But when Teddy endorsed Harvey D. Hinman, the out and out republican candidate for Governor of New York, he broke his forces—and if ever a popular idol was broken into a thousand pieces Teddy was broken when he hit the ceiling.

It is said that six hundred faithful Roosevelt bull moosers rebelled; that a fight almost ensued and that the Goldsboro convention, with its pistols and broken faces, was a nursery frolic compared to what happened in New York.

Those who were faithful and who disagreed with Teddy accused him of using the same steam roller that ground him to mince meat in Chicago, and from now on Teddy Roosevelt stock isn't quoted on the political exchange. He is what the books call a dead duck.

For awhile it looked like he was coming again; as though he would be the leader in 1916—but his action in endorsing Hinman shows that he is not sincere in what he has been pretending—because up to a few weeks ago no republican looked altogether lovely in his sight. Teddy is a gone gosling.

### Gun Toters.

The Elizabeth City Independent says: "The average little County judge in North Carolina has got more sense than the crowned heads of Europe. The little county judge has learned that if folks didn't tote guns there wouldn't be so many gun tragedies. Folks who carry guns are tempted to use them. And so the little county judge imposes a heavy fine upon every gun-toter who is convicted in his court. When folks quit owning and carrying guns they will quit shooting each other.

But Saunders must get all nations to lay down their guns at one time. That has been the hope—but another hope is coming to the Hague.

However the Nation and not the individual carries the gun. The policeman carries a gun around with him and the North Carolina judge doesn't interfere—because the law says the policeman has a right to carry a gun and every policeman carries one. Why? To protect himself from the lawless or the man he would arrest.

And for the same reason the Nation totes its gun. The United States isn't building war ships to kill people—provided people keep away. The United States might lose her head and go to shooting, as Germany has done, but that isn't to be presumed. The policeman might get full of dope and shoot up the town—but that isn't to be presumed.

If there were no guns toted by any nation—then we might look for peace—but if there were no lead pencils or writing materials there would be no Independents. Human nature is human nature and if there are no guns there will be spears and bows and arrows—and the arrows will carry a poisoned point. That is human nature in a breech clout. A modern battle ship is human nature in a plug hat—but it is the same old human nature that was in young David when he swiped Goliath with a slung shot.

### It Has Come To This.

Out in Colorado they have the recall along with the referendum and the initiative, those twin beasts of prey which wild eyed men want us all to have as pets, and under the recall system the citizens are going to try to recall Mrs. May Ammerman—although she is not a man. Mrs. Ammerman is the accomplished commissioner of records in Colorado City and the populace claim that she neglects her official duties to do fancy work and keeps books for an outside organization.

The lady defies the wrath of the infuriated populace and tells them all to come on—that she is not afraid of an investigation.

This is the first time a lady who holds office in Colorado has been under fire and here is hoping that she will win out.

### Another War.

Colonel Sanford Martin, of the Winston Journal, has declared another war against Russia. He says that when this war is over the armies must march to the gates of Russia and put her out of business. Well, maybe they must, but when we used to be in the war business one at a time we found the best way. So let us, dear Colonel Martin, get this present mix up straightened out, and then if Russia doesn't give her peasants a square deal we'll organize and go over there.

## THE LIME LIGHT

### Always Helps Clean The Dark Places.



LITTLE publicity now and then may help some, and whether the recent stories coming out of Johnston county have been inspired by feelings of humanity, or whether politics has played its part in them, makes no difference, provided the truth is reached—and those in charge of County Homes and those responsible for the unfortunate creatures who must live in them are awakened to a sense of duty.

A couple of gentlemen from Johnston called on us Saturday—names not material here, and one of them said he could hardly believe the statements which the Selma Chronicle had printed—but when we told him that other people had vouched for the facts he said it showed that the Commissioners had merely forgotten their duty. He said he knew one of the Commissioners, as good a man as lived in Johnston county—and perhaps he is.

The other day we were talking with Commissioner Rankin of Guilford county and he was telling us how hard it was to keep things just as they should be at the County Home. He related the fact that one superintendent, luckily now in glory, used to boast of picking up brick and knocking down the old colored men and women with them; of horse-whipping the unruly, and all such infamous proceedings that would make the blood of an ordinary mortal boil over.

Mr. Rankin said the Commissioners of Guilford kept a watchful eye on the Home and that now they had a competent superintendent. But we all forget.

We forget that people who are forced to go to the county home are unfortunates. They have either met with terrible reverses; they have been diseased; they are intellectual or physical cripples of one kind and another. They are not criminals, and if we did our full duty we would treat them with compassion and pity—we would tenderly care for them. If those of us who are physically and mentally capable of taking care of ourselves; of enjoying God's bounties and have health and wealth would pause a moment and consider the lot of these poor human wretches there would be no brutality; no hardships—everything would be made pleasant for them. But we forget.

We have made ourselves think and believe that a man in the poor house is some terrible fiend; some fellow who ought not to be there—when God knows no man is going there if he can help it.

The stories we have printed have been vouched for by reputable people and the hope is that by giving them wide publicity they will arouse other communities and cause other County Commissioners to be alert and see to it that charges on the county are taken care of in at least a humane manner.

We haven't heard anything from Johnston county since last week, when this is written, but we are sure there has been something doing.

### Bravely Spoken.

The Editor of the Laurinburg Exchange gives space in his editorial columns to the following lines, and we take it that the subject was a close friend of the man who penned the article. It was simply headed "Brock," and was as follows:

"He was only a dog—no, leave off that word 'only,' it sounds as if it might detract from his worth—Brock was a dog, a good dog, a friendly dog. He was intelligent and affectionate, jolly and playful, well-behaved and smart, and was well thought of by his acquaintances of the human species.

"Brock died last week, and the family in which he was a valued companion and a beloved pet have cause to be sad. They have lost a real friend, a friend without guile.

"Only a dog! How much better this old world would be if all men were as good and true as some dogs.

"God pity the man who, sometime in his life, has not loved and been loved by a dog!"

Yes, God pity the man, and the woman, too. A dog's devotion is one grand song of love. The dog that will love you and die for you if need be; who will starve with you—who will refuse to leave you in your wretchedness and poverty is the truest friend you will find in this vale of tears—and we are glad to know that God Almighty did not withhold from us the power of appreciating and returning the love of a dog.

The state wide primary scheme is one that should not be accepted just off hand from the politicians.

Japan may see a good place where around Manila is waist deep on the other