

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE WAR ISN'T WORTH THE TELLING.

Everything

THE WAR CLOUD, LIKE OTHER CLOUDS, HAS, TOO, ITS SILVER LINING.

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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HE STOLE A KISS

War Times Didn't Have Any Effect.

THE war news was oppressive, and we had almost looked in vain for something to break the monotony—and in despair was about to say there was nothing doing—when, behold, we saw where a man in Richmond remained on earth; remembered the sweets of other days, and stole a kiss.

The plot was one that even Sherlock Holmes would have never dreamed—no human sleuth could have staged such a setting.

It is related that the man in the case with his baby entered the room of a neighbor and said to the kid: "Come, and let the lady kiss you, baby," and the innocent child was willing to show its affection, and Mrs. Percy Forbes, the woman in the case, with motherly instinct of course wanted to kiss the little darling—and as the child offered its face for the osculatory embrace the man—the fiend—the Beast—snatched the child away and offered his own unlikely mug—and the lady kissed it.

Then there was a gentle reverberation and the lady ordered the man and the kid out of the house and went to search for her husband. She found him and told him of the indignity that had been heaped upon her; of how the brute had obtained under false pretenses a kiss, and the husband was just about to go and hammer the man's mug into an unkillable condition when he was advised to arrest the fellow which he did.

Ordinarily we would not give an item like this front page prominence. Ordinarily a three line squib would suffice to tell the story—but in these war times when all men are thinking about murder and money, to know that one sly old coon figured it how he could steal a kiss from another man's wife and get away with it suggests to us that the story is worth while.

Of course there will be retribution and remorse on the part of the man who stole the goods; there will always be some sort of a funny feeling by the lady to know that when she expected her lips to meet the innocent face of pure childhood they sideswiped a stubby growth of beard worn by a horrid man—and so this little incident adds another chapter to the things which happen as the busy world spins round, and as a grave and careful chronicler of the times we record it here.

The Markets.

The markets were closed when this is written—had been closed a long time and we do not see but what the world is going on all right. Those with securities to sell couldn't sell to advantage anyway, just now, and the gamblers who would wreck things are held down. The hope is that when the markets open the men who have lost in cotton and wheat will find some good industrial securities owned by men on the other side who must unload and that all lost fortunes by Americans will be retrieved.

He Should Be Saved.

The following news item floats the rounds: "Governor Craig will be asked to spare the life of Harry Smith alias Jim Stafford, who was convicted of the murder of Forest Nettles in Iredell superior court last week and sentenced to die October 2. A petition is being circulated which asks the governor to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. According to the testimony Smith shot Nettles in cold blood, but the commutation is asked on the ground that the killing occurred during a general row and there is doubt as to the credibility of some of the evidence against Smith. It is stated that Judge Adams and Solicitor Clement will recommend commutation and some of the jurors will sign the petition."

The hope is that Governor Craig will commute the sentence. The facts in the case show that there was a general row, and in the mix up when the blood ran high and passion was not to be controlled, the prisoner shot a fellow brother. He wasn't a professional murderer. He didn't go about in cold blood and lie in wait for a victim to pass along and kill him, as he would have shot a dog.

It was a quarrel—bad blood was up—but the State doesn't want to become a murderer because Smith was a murderer. The two wrongs will not make one right. Keep Smith all his life in prison; put him to work; and let him be useful the same as other men are useful—but Smith must be held a prisoner because he took a life and thereby forfeited his right to run at large. But to judicially murder him will do no good—and to keep him for life, letting him earn his way, is a much better thing.

We hope Governor Craig will commute this sentence. The fact is capital punishment has no place in this age of reason.

LOYALTY TO HOME

Jefferson Standard Life Does Right Thing.

TOTS OF CORPORATIONS wouldn't have done what the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, of Greensboro, did. Many of them would have forgotten what they could do and seen only the gold in sight. But perhaps it is best to print the resolutions and let them tell the story. These resolutions were unanimously adopted at the semi-annual meeting of the board of directors in this city last week:

"Whereas, nearly all Europe is now engaged in a state of war, the result of which will mean at least temporary hardship, not only to those engaged in the horrible conflict, but to many people in our own country, especially those living in the Southern States, who are engaged in growing and dealing in cotton and tobacco; and

"Whereas, this company desires to assist in every possible manner in the rebuilding of its own section, particularly in times such as present, so far as it is consistent with sound insurance methods and the absolute safety of its policyholders; therefore,

"Be it resolved, that while great opportunities are being offered for investment in first class securities that are perfectly safe and sound and yield large interest returns, it is the policy of this company to continue its loans to first mortgage real estate in those sections of the country from which it derives its business in life insurance."

That certainly has the right sound. This action should bring home to all our people a suggestion of their duty—and that is to patronize the home insurance companies. Here in Greensboro we have fire insurance companies and life insurance companies—as good as any anywhere to be found, and they are deserving of patronage. This resolution by the Jefferson Standard is worth remembering. It is a spirit that is worth while. A spirit that builds up and supports the people who in turn support it. Keep the South's money in the South is our motto and it seems to be the motto of many others.

Glad Of It.

We are really glad to see the Governor issuing so many pardons to people guilty of crime—but we think the reform should commence in the court house. Last week the Governor commuted the sentences of Robinson Rogers and Waldo McCracken, two officers of Haywood county who were put up for manslaughter. Guilty of manslaughter they were sentenced to eighteen months, but the Governor concludes that four months are sufficient punishment.

That is pretty light sentence for killing a man—manslaughter ought to carry more than eighteen months. These officers claimed they were trying to maintain order at a school commencement and they were guilty of manslaughter. Funny peace makers they were—but they got their sentence cut to four months.

The same day in Greensboro a nigger stole a gallon of whiskey and was sent to the roads for twelve months. The difference between a human life and a gallon of whiskey is great, we know that, in these desperate times of prohibition. A man who kills a fellow brother is sufficiently punished if he serves four months and the one who steals a gallon of whiskey must serve twelve months. Three fours are twelve. Query: Is a gallon of likker worth as much as three citizens?

Governor Craig is certainly making a record for turning them out. The list is long and grows longer. But when a man is sent to the roads for eighteen months for manslaughter he should remain. If he isn't guilty of manslaughter then the Governor should turn him loose. In fact he should not have been sentenced. But if he is guilty of crime—and the crime is manslaughter—then he should serve his full sentence of eighteen months or not serve at all. And on this proposition we are willing to stand before the world.

The Panama Canal.

The Panama canal was formally opened Saturday. Business will now be on through this wonderful waterway—but the great opening—the time for the music and the fuss and feathers will be in 1915. By that time the war will be off or on in definite shape, and we will know what is what. The big boat went throughout without a hitch, and therefore we conclude the Panama Canal—so long dreamed and costing so many hundred millions of dollars is a success.

Two More Cases.

Several more cases of the bubonic plague have appeared in New Orleans, two deaths are reported, and the authorities are doing all they can to stop its spread. There was a time when the bubonic plague's appearance in this country would have caused big type on the front page, but in these days of manufactured war news, the plague takes a back seat.

A VETERAN IN GAME



OUR Gallery of People Worth While would not be complete if we failed to print the familiar face of Colonel Wade Harris—editor in chief of the Charlotte Observer. Colonel Wade has been constantly on the job in newspaper work so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—and yet he isn't old; he is good for many more years of intelligent, constructive work—and he never did better work in his life than he is doing now. We tried to trace him back, and while not wearing gum shoes, all the tracks we could find were from Concord to Charlotte. For many years—for all the years since we have been down in these pine woods, the name of Wade Harris has been familiar in newspaper circles. He did work on the Observer, and when the Chronicle was started he became its editor, and for several years wrote more original stuff each day than any man with a pencil in North Carolina. After the demise of Caldwell, Harris became editor in chief of the Observer, and the editorial page put out each morning by Mr. Harris and his able lieutenant, Mr. Klutz, is all the evidence wanting to show that Harris understands the game. He has taken the thirty-third degree in newspaper work—has come up from the print shop, and learned well all the details. Mr. Harris is sincere in what he does—considers his profession among the most honorable of the earth, and strives to keep it so. There is no subject under the sun upon which he cannot write entertainingly and instructively. He is the Old Man of North Carolina Journalism—and yet the years have not sat heavily upon him. Here is wishing him long years of uninterrupted happiness, and in placing him in our Gallery of People Worth While we have but performed a simple duty.

Happy Jim Robinson.

Colonel Jim Robinson, who calls himself "Old Hurraygraph," writes to this newspaper as follows from the mountains of North Carolina:

"I am up above the clouds—the rain clouds, the war clouds, and the clouds of doubt and fear as to the beauty and grandeur of this lovely country, and its unexcelled climate. My view is a scene of beauty in nature unparalleled. I was standing by the famous rock Monday, looking out upon the great chasm of mountains below covered with fleecy clouds as white as the driven snow. Only the face of the great Grandfather mountain was visible above this ocean of whiteness. The sun gilded every rift and ripple with a golden sheen. The white moved up to the precipice of the Blowing Rock, and backed up against the great rock walls. Then there appeared, two hundred feet below me, three beautiful rainbows, all in a line. It was witnessed by many spectators, who gathered together and the shadow of their heads were thrown in the center of it, and it represented a lovely halo around them. It was a scene not often witnessed, yet it was but one of the beautiful views, that are ever presenting themselves in a country filled with beauty."

How happy a man might be up so high that sugar could go no higher—up where the war clouds and the rain clouds couldn't touch him. That is where Jim seems to be, and he writes like he wasn't caring much about things below the clouds.

From Everywhere.

We get fine letters from all kinds of people; we get words of praise from many sources. Everything is not yet a year old in its new form, but it is being read by thousands. It is a hummer from away back—and before it is five years old it will be going into thousands of North Carolina homes where it never went before. Everything is a Fixed Fact. It feels happy to know that it has made a "hit."

Why Not?

The country is going to levy a war tax of a few hundred million. Why not North Carolina pass a law like she did on freight rates. Kick against the war tax—it does us no good.

IS IN POVERTY NOW

Once Prominent Woman Now Dependent On Friends.

FEW years ago—time is fleeting—but back in 1884 and 1885 Mrs. Belya Lockwood was out over the country making speeches—appearing before big audiences at good prices—giving a little talk about women in public life and especially telling about her campaign for the presidency—she being the only woman who ever attempted to run for that high office.

Mrs. Lockwood afterwards enjoyed a good law practice; she made money and had the ability and opportunity to lay aside a little kale seed for the rainy day that comes into all our lives, according to licensed poets, and others.

But we see the pathetic news in the papers that the gifted lady is now in her 84th year, and destitute. Friends pay the rent in a home for her, and other friends are now busy trying to interest Carnegie to establish a \$5,000 fund so that she can live comfortably from the interest of it. Mrs. Lockwood's work for years in the cause of peace is the reason for appealing to Carnegie. Mrs. Lockwood was one of three foremost organizers of the Universal Peace Bureau in Berne, Switzerland. While it seems just now the Peace Bureau isn't running full time, it does seem sad to know that a woman of Mrs. Lockwood's talents should be suffering.

However, thousands of persons who forget to lay aside some of their earnings, who drink, eat and are merry in their youth, find Age confronting them without the wherewithal to provide against want.

Mrs. Lockwood can look back to the days of her glory—to the days when the papers were full of her and she was full of herself—the days when money came to her in blocks big enough to do about as she pleased.

All of us will be willing to hope that the gifted lady will not be obliged to go to the County Home—that would hardly be right in a world filled with charitable and appreciative people.

The Days Of Prophecies.

Every time a war breaks out or an earthquake does something a little erratic there are those to rush for the libraries and dig up the prophecies of men long in glory. Just now they are printing what alleges to be a prophecy of Tolstoy, and the chances are he never wrote such a thing as they say he did. The man who reads his Bible finds in Revelations plenty to prove to him that this great war now on in Europe was foretold—but all other wars have been foretold by the same authority. The prophets haven't called the turn on anything of the future. They may predict and when they miss it a thousand times and guess it correctly once we seem to recall only the one time.

War has always been, and war will always be so long as Nations prepare for it and teach men to fight. Behind it all is the Dollar. That is the cause of war—has always been and will always be. We hatch up some plausible excuse, often, but the real reason for all wars in these days is money. There was a time when men fought about religion—killed their millions, but those days have passed, and we are fighting for money—for power, to "protect interests" or add new territory.

Unless the present war is over within ninety days the chances are it must run its course—like a spell of fever—and that means three years if it means a day. And naturally there are those who have prophesied war. In fact it has been freely predicted that some day there must be a war between Labor and Capital—and it may happen. When it does you will find the fellow with the prophecy all ready to turn it in and say "I told you so."

For fifty years this war that is on today has been predicted. Men finally thought that it was too big an undertaking. But it came. And other wars will come until the end of time. We talk of peace—but there will be no universal peace. Not as long as man remains the same kind of deceitful animal that he is today.

The War News.

It will be noticed that we put our war news in small type. The smallest we have. There is no use to use the big type to tell that men have been killed—to recite the bloody deeds. Most of the papers are trying to get up thrills by using the biggest type in the shop. Our war news is authentic—but it is in small type and only given to record what is happening. The soldiers need a brass band to urge them on—but we don't see that the readers need anything to give them inspiration. Read our six point war news and you won't feel nervous over it.

President Wilson has the sympathy of a whole world—and yet the aching void is there.

CHANCE OFFERED

The Bull Moosers Who Strayed From Fold.

MANY strange things happen—but none so strange as those that present themselves in politics. Gilliam Grisson is alleged to have written a letter to Mr. Charles A. Jones, of Lincolnton, and the letter is being widely circulated, or was, this week. The letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Grisson, secretary of the republican state committee, was a long one, and contained one paragraph that was calculated to make the hairs come new on a bald head just in order to stand erect. This paragraph, after telling Mr. Jones what to do about coming back to the fold and forgetting the past and all its bitterness read:

"Furthermore, bring back your matchless leader who followed so long in the foot-steps of the saintly McKinley, and we'll help in again making him the national leader of the only national party."

It was this paragraph that got under the funny bone of bull moose patriots like Hiram Worth. It was this paragraph that appealed to the American sense of humor—the idea of bringing back the matchless leader who has said a thousand times that there was no republican party—who is the father and the father-in-law of the bull moose propaganda which is standing so pat that a corporal's guard of the old line radicals can't be found between Paint Rock and Southport.

It's no use. The rads and moose might fuse. They might proclaim. They might swear to it—but you'll never get 'em together in this vale of tears. Teddy kicked out of the traces and ninety per cent of the republicans of North Carolina went with him. In other states the thing is not so one sided. But it is down here.

A splendid bull mooser told us one day this week that if Teddy would just write a little twenty line speech and say that it was principle with him; that it wasn't pie he wanted; that he had been president and all he cared for was to see a party come into power that would carry out his ideas, and he was for Hadley of Missouri, or Hiram Johnson, of California, or any other tried and true progressive, you would see a whirlwind. True, but Teddy isn't built that way. Might as well look for him to join the democratic party and unqualifiedly endorse Bryan. What Teddy wants is power and glory—and the fight he is to have in his own party will be his undoing forever. There are other bull moose men who want to be president.

The Good Of The War.

The Charlotte Observer tells us what good may come from the war in the following sensible editorial:

"Ever notice a business man opening the Sunday edition of some of the big papers? Then you have seen him toss aside sheet after sheet without even a glance at the contents, reserving perhaps three or four pages which might contain the news he is after. He winnows the telegraphic, baseball and editorial pages and blows the others away as chaff—and that is really about what they amount to. The Observer has been always steadfast in the opinion that this is a waste of money on part of the publishers and a nuisance to the subscribers. No doubt the publishers of some of these superfluous sheets will welcome the excuse the war has given them to take in sail. The cost of print paper is soaring like a kite and the paper that does not look to curtailment in that direction will persist merely for the love of spending money."

The funny sheets; the freak sheets; the Sheet of Horrors; the imaginary fashion sheet—the wide pages of dope sent out by freight and used to spoil white paper by many Sunday publishers have long been understood to be meaningless—except—like the proprietor of the three ringed circus, they want the Greatest Show on Earth.

As the one ring circus was the stuph—and is the stuph—so the newspaper that doesn't pad; that doesn't buy all the freak offerings; that prints the news when news is news and understands that twelve or sixteen modest pages make a better spread than sixty of the intellectual dope that is now handed out—well, maybe this terrible war will bring results long needed.

Not The Question.

In the court house question before the court the other day, the lawyers argued long and learnedly to prove that we didn't need a new court house site.

That was not the question. The case was to determine whether the Porter heirs and others had any rights in court.

The question has been decided that we need a new court house and a new court house site. And the hope is that we will get it.