

IT MAY TAKE A GREAT WAR TO BRING GREATER PEACE TO THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

Everything

LET US ALL SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE GREAT CONFLICT AND TRUST IN GOD.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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CITIZEN J. B. DUKE

But Of What Country Cuts No Ice.



WE CANNOT agree with the Granville Enterprise which has the following to say concerning James Buchanan Duke—the modern wizard of the financial world. The Enterprise says, without mincing matters in any way, and apparently regardless of how it feels to be struck in the back with a stove:

"If James B. Duke has established a residence in England for the purpose of avoiding the National Income Tax, we say let him stay there and take his medicine like a man. More than that, we would like to see him pressed into service. So, also, as to those who are trying to get him back. A man who makes his wealth out of Americans and under the protection of American laws and then flees his country to avoid his share of the government's burdens is not a desirable citizen. The tobacco farmers may need help, but we are of the opinion that they are too patriotic to make any concerted effort to aid in securing the return of one who has expatriated himself to avoid the discharge of a common duty to his country."

We are very glad that we cannot consent to an endorsement of this preaching. We are glad that we can say that if Mr. Duke or any other man wants to leave this country he should have the same right that men have to leave other countries—that it is purely a matter of business. Mr. Duke has made some steen or more millions, a river of gold flowed his way—but he first dug the ditch, turned the stream to flow in it, and it was his genius and his ability that made the millions he went after. If he found, after giving his services to his country that its laws were oppressive, manifestly he had a right to seek a more pleasant clime. We regard Mr. Duke as a benefactor to his race. We regard him as one of the most remarkable men the financial world has produced. We regard him as one who has materially helped every business enterprise. He might have formed the tobacco trust, and if he did—he showed the world the possibilities of the tobacco business. He never grew a pound of tobacco. He had no monopoly on the crop, but he bought it, often at his own figures—but he created such a demand for the weed that millions consume tobacco who never would have consumed it, had it not been for Duke. He made tobacco respectable, and it was invited into the parlor, whereas, without publicity, it had been a back kitchen loafer with a dirty fancy vest.

It seems to be a matter of doubt as to whether Mr. Duke has really sworn allegiance to the British lion—but tastes differ and if he would rather worship at the shrine of a British lion than the shrine of a Durham Bull, we take it that it is his business.

As we understand the situation Mr. Duke never objected to paying an income tax—because across the pond it is equally as expensive to live, even in times of peace—but what he objected to was the continual interference of the trust-busters who want to destroy all big commercial enterprises instead of controlling them. Buck Duke's brain cannot see six per cent. Like Harriman he is no ten per cent man. Duke sees the big things—the great things, and is constructive. His dream to occupy, as the chief figure, the tobacco world was the dream of a white haired, bare footed boy in Durham—and he made his dream come true. He is a wizard—a genius—a wonderful man. He does not want to be restrained, and he simply hiked to a country that encourages trusts and monopolies instead of building palaces of gold to be torn down by vandal hands. We were bold enough fifteen years ago to insist that the trust was the greatest labor saving machine ever conceived by man. It put out a few men in the competitive field—but they were men who didn't want to do big things. The tobacco market today in this country, because of the British buyers—the Dukes on the other side of the pond, is kept up and always, the British and export buyers are the ones who make the market lively and who pay the prices. Duke is a desirable citizen, and if we have lost him we are sorry. He did nothing that was not within the law. If the law made was so severe that it proposed to restrain his wonderful creative forces—if it was to say to him, "No use to build your magnificent structure—here is no field for constructive genius"—he was justified in seeking a country where talent such as his is appreciated—and where his wings could unfold themselves.

The politicians made us think the trust was a fearful monster—the original Trust Buster of the world used it only to popularize himself—taking care never to bust a trust because he knew the trust was the back bone of the commercial fabric of America—but the trust; its wonderful products, whether in tobacco or what not, has given us what we wanted in better goods and cheaper goods.

Mr. Duke is too old a man to be pressed

CHESTNUT OF AGES

Is Sprung By The Charlotte Bull Mooserites.



THE PAGES of history furnish much amusement, if the careful searcher for fun wants to wade in and reach down to discover things. We have a great and ponderous volume in our library which is called the "Politics of Nations" and in this volume are all the platforms ever uttered by ambitious Americans. The Greenback party; the Whigs; the Know Nothings; the Grange; the Populists; the Socialists; the Democrats; the Bull Moosers; the—well there is a list so long that there is no use to occupy space telling all about it.

What strikes us as peculiar and funny is the fact that each one of these sets of platforms all sound alike when it comes to picturing oppressed and heavy laden man. There have been more tears and groans in political platforms than have been seen or heard on all the battle-fields of all the world. And no matter how far we advance in what we call civilization; no matter what we do the spell-binder is always in evidence when it comes to writing a platform. We are particularly struck with this when we read the dope read by our old friend Jake Newell, of Charlotte, to the Bull Moose Convention assembled there last Saturday. Jake recited, and the crowd adopted the platform—as a preamble this wonderful chestnut:

"We, in public meeting assembled, being cognizant of the perils of our country now impending and grieved at the unnecessary hardships and burdens resting upon the producers of our land, and being determined to use our best efforts and sincerest endeavor to correct them and to re-assure to our people the blessings of liberty and the right to pursue life's callings profitably along pleasant paths, hereby declare our principles and purposes as follow."

Think of the unnecessary hardships and burdens resting upon the producers of our land that a crowd of professional politicians wanting office, would relieve. Think of the unselfish patriotism of these immortals, in the shadow of the Mecklenburg Independence plate on Tyron street, proposing to lift the burden, if the people would but come in and elect a bull moose to office. Go back and read the other utterances of other days. Go back and read the Greenback propaganda—and then read what a wonderful Nation we have builded here, and took pot luck in doing it, but by all means read again the preamble to the Saturday convention and see if you can't help do something to lift the great burden that rests upon the producers of the world. It's to laugh. But still the grim visaged men meet and resolve—and some folk yell "me too" and the bands plays Annie Laurie.

The Republican Party.

The republican party in North Carolina has practically played out. There was a hope that at the state convention in Raleigh there would be a grand rally; hoped that the hatchet would be buried; hoped that those who had wandered from the fold would come in at least under a flag of truce and ask to be forgiven or propose to forgive.

But it didn't happen. Not over two hundred and fifty delegates were present—some said but one hundred and eighty—but that wasn't enough. In a state which not long ago cast nearly a hundred thousand votes; in a state which has intimated that many of its democratic voters believed in tariff; in a state where the dominant party stands indicted for lack of business methods and has run the state into debt almost a million dollars for current expenses—that handfull of men did not measure up to what might have been expected.

The Bull Moose party didn't rally the crowd, either. The republicans are disgusted. They are not taking part. They are willing to wait and see—but they are not in evidence. Were Roosevelt to side step the party could get together.

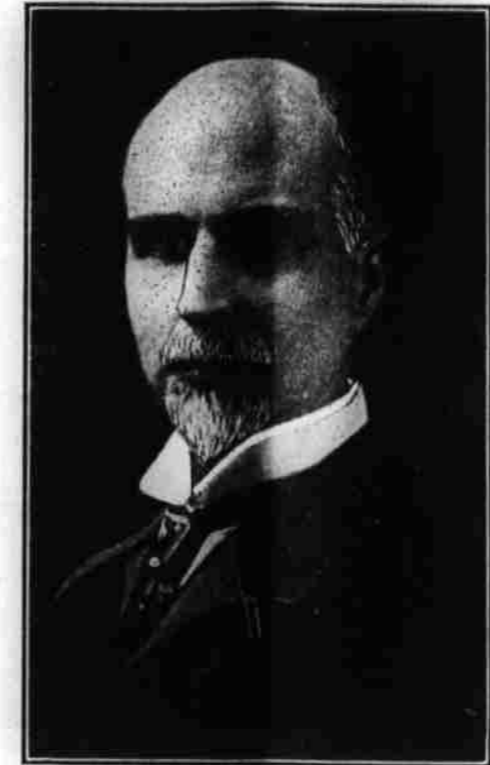
Big Home Coming Week.

Concord, which always does things right, will have a big home coming week and crowds from all over will fill the town. The hope is that the big white way will be on by that time.

The tobacco buyers will not be on the markets until September 15th, and farmers will do well, everywhere, to hold on to their crop until the buyers get ready to buy. Otherwise the price cannot be satisfactory.

into service as a soldier—but as a long headed financier, one who can help the country he wants to help, if in financial difficulty, there is not his equal on the globe. We hope he remains a citizen of America—but do not blame him if he doesn't.

FACTS IN THE CASE



FROM an address delivered by Judge Robert W. Winston, in South Carolina, reported in the Columbia State and printed by the Government printing office, having been presented to the Senate by Mr. Overman, we take the following extract which is well worth while:

"The average American citizen looks about him and finds evidence of thrift, dispatch, promptness, and efficiency in all departments of political and economic life—save and excepting the administration of the law. If he goes into his banking house, he finds that there are no delays in the prosecution of business. If he markets his cotton or tobacco, eager buyers are on hand to purchase his products, and in the mercantile and manufacturing world there are no long and tedious waitings and no lost motion. When the mellow rays of the sun warm his broad acres, the farmer's seed are deftly and promptly put in the soil, and when the time of harvest has come the fruits thereof are garnered into his barns—but not so with the administration of justice. In the average courthouse there sits upon the bench a lawyer, wearing the ermine, respected and oftentimes beloved, who is but a kind of moderator, a mere spectator of passing events. The witnesses are examined, cross-examined, and re-examined at great length. The speeches are long and prolix, long because the other side will likewise make long speeches and must be met on their own ground. The speeches are not only long but numerous, every lawyer must speak either because he desires to do so, or else to impress some juror who is known to be his friend. Meanwhile the case drags its slow length along and the docket, like a turgid and swollen stream, after the spring freshets when the logs are caught in the narrows is choked and dammed up, while suitors and witnesses wait, and brother lawyers fret, and hundreds of men are kept from their usual avocations, and the county and the unfortunate suitors pay swollen bills of cost, until the Bill of Rights itself is nearly, if not quite, violated because a delay of justice has become a denial of justice.

"Add to the situation the tardy judge, who opens court on Tuesday instead of Monday, who lets the local bar know it would be highly agreeable if he could have second week of court at his home and the judge of like kidney, who continues long cases upon insufficient grounds, because he wishes to get away, and we have a picture—'behind the times,' anachronistic to a degree. When Napoleon in Egypt was about to charge the formidable appearing batteries of the Mamelukes he looked through field glasses and saw that their guns were stationary and could point and shoot but one direction. Flanking the batteries, he captured them without the loss of a single soldier.

"Then we have to deal with another class of judges. The rank, fresh reformer. He holds court with a brass band. He thinks that the whole world is looking up to him and his court. He will not wait a case until the lawyer can get from the front door to the bar of the court, before he enters a nonsuit. He is nervous and full of lectures—he clucks on the nest. He jails one or two men who have their unfortunate hats on their heads in his presence. He now and then preemptorily orders a lawyer to take his seat in order to show his power, and he takes offense at the slightest inattention to his dignity. He impresses the crowd immensely, but the lawyers naturally will have none of him, and when he comes to hold the next term of the same court, he finds no civil calendar arranged. All cases have been continued by consent and he leaves behind him such an unwholesome record that the cause of genuine legal reform is set back a full generation.

"Now, between these two judges, the slow, careless, and indifferent one with no sense of responsibility, and that other judge with no heart and little common sense—the veritable martinet—we find the great middle class of judges, the patient judge and silent, with an abiding sense of responsibility, who keeps abreast of the decisions, who is familiar with the rules of the game, is conversant with the status, and withal is firm and decided, who

A DOUBTER REBUKED

A Chapel Hill Man Thinks It Strange.



ARD to make some people believe. In His day Christ was doubted and crucified. After he had lived and made his name immortal Shakespeare was held up as a man of straw and Ignatius Donnelly proved that Lord Bacon wrote the "Works of Shakespeare." Even now there are those trying to discredit the immortal Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and here comes the Chapel Hill News and swats the fair name of Greensboro in the following reckless manner:

"Some of the papers of the State are trying to poke fun at Greensboro for their efforts to make it a 'flyless town.' And then too, it was printed in the papers up there that it was the 'driest' town in the State, and last week forty or fifty blind tigers were unearthed by the officers. Gee! that is worse than 'claiming' forty thousand population."

Dr. Rankin came officially and declared that Greensboro was 98 per cent. flyless—which was equivalent to saying that it was just about free of flies. Eighteen carat gold is good enough gold—but not quite the fineness of the pure stuff which is 24 carats—so fine that it would be too soft to use. So when you say a man is pure gold you speak of a fellow so soft that he is like putty—and therefore there must be an alloy to make it good. Twenty-two carat gold is all right—one carat of copper and one of silver help out—and when Dr. Rankin was here we had a twenty-two carat flyless town—there being one horse fly and one blue-bottle fly left to recall the happy days of old, Maud, when you and I were young, Maggie. There is no use to "poke fun" or make fun when the facts are evident, and when the state health officer officially came and decided that this white man's town was 98 per cent. flyless. That was near enough.

As to our blind tigers we have a few—but they are like Jonah's gourd—children of the night. They start today and are on the roads tomorrow. Greensboro once upon a time had twelve bar rooms and today there are not twelve blind tigers in the town, and if there were, half of them would be on the road before six o'clock tomorrow night.

We are not gay or proud or haughty here in Greensboro, but we have the best all around town anywhere to be found, and among other things its morals, while not all that might be wished, are high and there are no flies on Greensboro. A man who is living at Chapel Hill may doubt all this—and we couldn't blame him, but people on the Main line of progress understand that all we claim is true.

The Goods.

Before you vote for a state wide primary, politically made by political bosses who are now out of office, but who want in, demand to see what kind of a document is proposed. That is honest; that is business. Do not allow the 'outs to flip-flam you. We know what the politician hopes to do, and the voter should swat him for fair. Keep away from the Amendments, cooked up by ambitious men who have such tender regard for the dear "pee-pul."

The Case Of Japan.

Japan has declared war, and the question coming on for consideration is, will she, when the blood is up and she goes out looking for German Islands and territory in the Pacific see something belonging to the United States resembling the Philippines, and conclude she might as well take them along with her? If she does, then Uncle Sam will have to put up a sign reading: "Keep off the Grass"—and maybe go put the yellow man off the grass. That seems to be the danger just now. But what's the use to look for danger when safety is better and maybe not so hard to find.

Linney Against Doughton.

It is announced that Mr. Frank Linney will run against Doughton for Congress—but what would that mean? Simply that Linney would spend some of his good money because Doughton is going back to Congress with a grand whoop. No doubt about that and no doubt either, but what Frank Linney knows it.

dispatches business and makes it disagreeable for a lawyer to talk nonsense. Fortunately for the good of the country there are enough of these true and faithful men everywhere upon the bench to administer the law wisely, promptly, and safely if public sentiment will sustain them, if the laws are materially altered so as to give them greater power and greater responsibility and if the bar will hold up their hands."

The man who could say that and say it so well, is worth a place in our Gallery of People Worth While and that is why we print it and also the Judge's picture.

SAYS NEW PARTY

Is Needed In North Carolina Just Now.



EN may come and men may go—but the politics of North Carolina is now a little worse mixed than for a long time. The democrats are not together. The occasional bomb-shells sent into the air by the

Hon. A. L. Brooks seem to cause some people to wonder. Some say that what Brooks is talking is the right kind of dope; that there should be more business and less politics—and while Brooks is not going to attempt to get on any other than a democratic band wagon the bull moosers and republicans and a whole lot of democrats are getting tired of what is what in politics. The cry of boss is moonshine on a shovel. There is no boss running anything. But the lack of business principles; the utter disregard for expenses and the fact that the state is almost a million in debt for current expenditure, makes the people who think sit up and rub their eyes and wonder.

A good democrat said to us the other day that now was the time to spring a new party in North Carolina. He said the Bull Moose people were ready to give support to it; the regular old line republicans would welcome some sort of shelter from the rain that was on them; that twenty-five thousand business men who are democrats would get busy and something would be doing.

But that is all talk. Suppose the case: Suppose competent business men were asked to go to Raleigh to make laws—what would you hear? "Haven't time to fool with it"—and yet their property interests are involved. Now and then a business man bobs up and runs—not because he is a patriot, but because he sees the necessity of getting through some local measure to help his town.

The lawyers for the most part are not business men. They are full of the law, and many of them are playing politics. What would save the state would be a session of the legislature composed of level headed business men—with not a lawyer in it—not a politician who had an axe to grind. But that will never happen. So the result will be that the dominant party will go along and go along until one of these days there will be an uprising—and then, regardless of party, the business man will see that if he is to protect his property interests he must take a hand.

Behold the spectacle of the former legislatures—read the laws they passed—and look it over to see the ambitious ones politically using the office to further their own selfish ends. It is shameful, but it will continue to be shameful just as long as men allow the politicians to run the state. It is not the boss—because both the ins and outs are ambitious to run things, while the rank and file—the two hundred thousand voters, sit around and whittle and cuss after it is over—instead of doing something and whittling afterwards.

How About It?

The Commission duly appointed to ascertain the facts concerning freight rates said, and the report was accepted, that less than a million dollars decrease would be fair and just. Judge Clark has stated that the state was being robbed of five million dollars a year. What about that other four million, and wasn't the Judge talking through his Panama hat?

The High Cost Of Living.

In Charlotte Saturday watermelons weighing ninety-one pounds sold for \$4.50. That shows two things. First that watermelons come high, and secondly, that there are capitalists in Charlotte and the money market is easy.

Carter Not Guilty.

John Carter, formerly president of the American Bank of Asheville was found not guilty. Judge Boyd instructed the jury to return such a verdict, saying he could not be convicted on the evidence adduced. Carter's friends will be glad to hear this. Well, so will everybody else.

If.

Japan concludes she wants the Philippines, after she gets her war paint on and her gun boats in action, perhaps she will pick them up. And if she does perhaps we all should be glad—provided she picks them up in a manner becoming a perfect gentleman.

September 15th is when the tobacco buyers will be on the market. Farmers should try to hold on until the chance is offered to get all possible out of their crop.