

THE AMERICAN DESIGNERS OF PARIS HATS WILL NOW BE FORCED TO TAKE OFF THE MASK

Everything

A MILLION COLUMNS OF WAR NEWS AND THERE HASN'T YET BEEN ONE BIG BATTLE FOUGHT

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

A WEARY WILLIE

Told To Go, And Loaf No More.



HUMAN INTEREST story comes up from Kinston—a human interest story worth while, and yet a story that paints no moral, and is worth while only as a speculative narrative, suggesting to Society that there is too much mechanism in the application of the law—too much machinery, and not enough exhibition of humanity. The setting to this little novelette is not exciting. A few months ago a tramp painter had walked from Mississippi to Falling Creek, a little station in Lenoir county. He was a red haired tramp and a freckled faced tramp—and he hadn't been too well fed, and he was hardly half dressed, because his raiment was tattered and dirty and of a vintage which bespoke other years. The red haired and freckled faced tramp painter said his name was Charley Murphy. He looked like he might be Charley Murphy, or Pat O'Shaughnessy or anything or anybody but Happy Hooligan. And Charley Murphy had walked the long distance, and stopped here and there, and tried to do a little work. He had accepted hand-outs and he had slept in barns and on the road and he had kept on going—he didn't know where, and he didn't care. He never stopped to consider that some time he must stop; sometime his machinery would need repair; so he walked on, and just kept walking. But when he got to Falling Creek he found that he must rest—that he must have food. Wherewithal to procure food he had none. Had none, save an old revolver he had carried along with him. He offered to sell the revolver to some negroes, and the negroes marvelled to see the little red haired and freckled face raggetty man in their very "midst"—so all the strange tales of other years founded on superstition were set afloat, and when the authorities came to look at the direct—to see the wreck which had floated in—they put him into jail and dreamed, no doubt, of great rewards that would be offered for him—this King Bee of all Knights of the Road—this Invincible Highwayman who had at last been brought to bay—who had surrendered at Falling Creek.

Murphy didn't fare very well in jail. He remained, however and took things philosophically—took things as they came because he was forced to do that—and when the court came on he was brought before the Judge—Judge Frank Daniels.

The Judge looked him over. Charley had lost his shoes—his clothes were ill fitting and ragged and dirty, and his face was freckled and his beard was growing and his hair was red. Charley looked like a misfit—no matter where you might have put him. Had you thrown him in a cage of baboons or chimpanzees—Charley would have still looked like he didn't belong there. Had he been thrown among the thousand hungry strikers demanding bread in some great city—the red hair and the freckled face and the look of unconcern—the boyish, frank, honest countenance would have attracted attention, and you would have wondered if he wasn't acting—if he hadn't "made up" for the spectacular presentment—a typical Weary Willie on dress parade.

Judge Daniels looked him over. The Judge knew that the face suggested nothing of the criminal. He had looked at too many of the baser sort. He knew that Charley was just a fellow in hard luck—a don't-care sort of a fellow who had watched himself get poorer and poorer and who had kept on walking, thinking that maybe somewhere he would strike it rich. The Judge said: "Get out and find you a job," then to the sheriff, "there will be no costs in this case."

And that last sentence by the Judge, "there will be no costs in this case," caused the people to wake up. As he passed the jury box the men in it rose and threw coins to the red headed and freckled faced man; as he went down the aisle the gift giving became contagious and spectators dropped money into his hands. And Charley Murphy, the freckled face and red headed tramp—shoesless and ragged felt once again a thrill of emotion—and he cried like a child.

What he did we have not heard. But no matter what he did. An honest man in hard luck—that was all, and the humane Judge knew it, and somewhere Charley Murphy is in the world today—walking on, perhaps, to some indefinite end—dreaming that because he is a painter he couldn't stop off somewhere and turn his hand to something else. How many such misguided fools needlessly walk in rags and poverty, and in rags and poverty keep on walking.

Henry Blount Died.

Henry Blount died last week at the Soldier's Home. A couple of months ago we wrote our estimate of Blount. He made sunshine for the world—he never did anything to cause sorrow. His coming was worth while—his going is a regret.

TOO MANY DOLLARS

And Died Because of Mental Depression.



IT LOOKED like the irony of Fate that Isaac E. Palmer, a multi-millionaire manufacturer of hammocks, should kill himself because he was mentally depressed. He lived in Middletown, Connecticut, and for many years made hammocks for a living. He was seventy-nine years old, and kept worrying. Wonder why, after he had made a million or so of hammocks he didn't take one of them and tie it in a grove and get in it and swing and enjoy Nature? Wonder why after he had made so many hammocks for other people to enjoy, he didn't stop the game and see if there wasn't something else in life than dollars and hammocks?

But that is the world's way—or the way of the men in the world. Old man Palmer made his millions and he couldn't let go. He made hammocks for people to enjoy—to swing in 'em under the wide spreading oak and snooze or doze or read—but he kept plugging away. It wasn't the pleasure of other people that concerned him—it was the dollar of the other man than he was after, and he got it.

But it didn't do him any good. The man who toils for seventy-nine years and then gives up the ghost over the suicide's route because of mental depression didn't get what he should have gotten out of life. If the old man could have quit the game ten years ago and bought a hammock of himself and put it out in a nice grove that he possibly owned, and climbed up in it and listened to the birds sing and looked out into God Almighty's space where worlds and stars are singing; if he had forgotten about the dollar gathering game he could at least have gone out like Nature intended a man to go out—not disfigured by taking his life with his own hands. But when one gets after the dollar and is picking 'em up, the chase seems to be so exciting that the ordinary fool runs it clear up to the grave's brink, and as he clutches at the last one in sight falls in—and a bob tailed pig roots over the grave a few years hence and that is all there is of the bully boy with a million.

The Woman Won.

There has been a case on at Asheville where a Mrs. Beatrice Cook, a prominent Savannah woman was detained, as she alleged, in an Asheville hospital against her wishes. It was claimed that she was held by the authorities because interested people didn't want her out. She sued the hospital and a jury gave her a verdict of \$10,000.

The hospital authorities denied all Mrs. Cook claimed, but the jury seemed to see it in another way.

We know nothing about the Asheville case, but we do know of cases where innocent people have been thrown into hospitals and detained against their wishes; against the law; against everything that in right was theirs. And if the Asheville case was as the jury viewed it we are glad a verdict in such a substantial sum was rendered against it.

The Day Is Coming.

The day is coming when the convict is going to get his wage. It isn't going to be long either. Copying an article from Everything last week the Salisbury Post precluded it as follows:

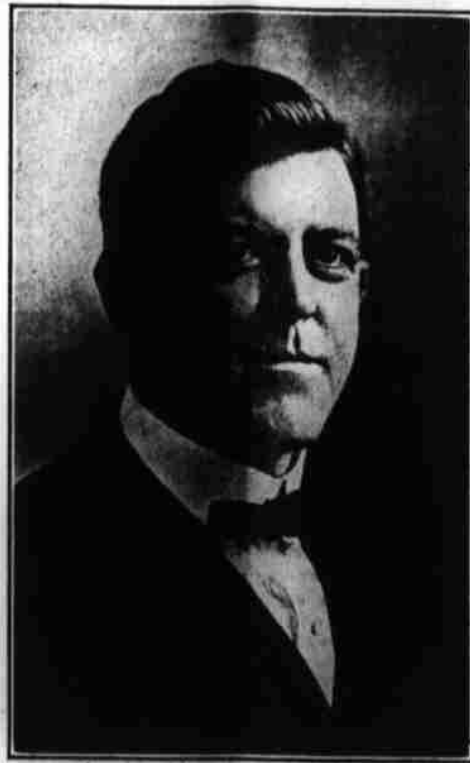
"The paper has advocated the State's paying the convicted men for their work, certainly those having families at home to be cared for. And we doubt not but that the day is coming when North Carolina will adopt this method of dealing with the convicted men whose families are at home, many times on the mercy of the public and objects of a local charity. This idea is growing. We have heard a number of thinking men of recent days express this opinion, and an able champion of this plan is found in Fairbrother's Everything."

And when the day comes—when the convict has still some hope left, the result will be model prisoners—and when the convict is again turned loose he will nine times out of ten become a desirable citizen. When we learn that because a man goes wrong once he isn't wholly lost we will not undertake to forever destroy him.

The Question Of Boss.

The esteemed Winston Journal insists that Simmons is not a boss, and we are glad it does. Simmons is simply the biggest man in the democratic party in North Carolina—a national power, as a law maker, and if he is a boss, he is certainly the best one we have ever had. It is a matter of regret that there are not more bosses like him; a matter of regret that we have not had more of his services. The chances are that the Journal is right in swatting the papers abusing Simmons. The state needs more men like Simmons, and less men like some of the reformers who would discredit him.

HOOD WILL WIN OUT



OVER in the Third District the Congressional fight is done and Mr. George E. Hood will be elected. The Hon. Charles R. Thomas was asked by hundreds of people to run independently, but he concluded to let the convention's decree remain and Hood will be elected.

There never was such a political fight in the state, and Hood's friends insist it was all on the square while others insist it was a complete capture—the rules and usages of civilized war being disregarded.

Mr. Hood is a young man of ability and pleasing personality—he has had experience in the world, and when elected to Congress will doubtless take his place among the law-makers of the Nation.

As we recall Mr. Hood was once Mayor of Goldsboro; he is a lawyer and the district will be represented all right—but we shall always think Mr. Thomas should have had another chance at it. We print a picture of Mr. Hood which shows that he is not such a fierce looking man as the proceedings of that Goldsboro convention might have led some to believe.

Appreciated.

The following letter from Attorney Walter H. Neal, of Laurinburg, is worth while:

Laurinburg, N. C., August 31, 1914.

Mr. Al Fairbrother, Greensboro, N. C.

My Dear Mr. Fairbrother: I am pausing in the midst of a very busy day to thank you for that beautiful tribute that you paid to Mr. Henry Blount, and I am so glad that you did it before he died. I have no doubt but that his end was more peaceful.

Yours very truly,
Walter H. Neal.

How About It?

Understand that we know, from personal observation, know beyond all doubting, that prohibition has been and is a decided success in this state. There is no doubt about this proposition. No man will say that prohibition is a failure. It has wrought wonders in many ways. It has kept men sober; it has allowed innocent children to have food and clothing that they would not have had had the open saloon been allowed to flourish—it has in a thousand ways been beneficial, and nobody wants to go back to the days of the licensed drunkard maker's power.

But how are we to account for the crowded court dockets? What is it in man that comes out drunk or sober. Take Lenoir county last week and the docket contained 220 cases—everything from bigamy, abandonment, murder, burglary—hardly any offense in the multi-colored catalogue of crime but what was represented—and yet Lenoir county is doing well in the enforcement of her prohibition laws.

Whiskey didn't seem to be the drum major in this procession of criminals. We were told by the Honorable Bob Glenn that prohibition would cut out all the crime—or at least 90 per cent. of it—but crime is just as rampant in North Carolina in these prohibition days as it was in the days of free whiskey.

As a direct moral question prohibition hasn't proven what was claimed for it. As an economic question it has been the greatest blessing in the world—and the indirect moral end of it will be seen in the next generation. Parents are sober and this will mean a great deal fifty years hence. But as to stopping crime, crime has really increased in many counties. Wonder why it is?

To Be Regretted.

A Greensboro citizen remarked to us the other day in connection with the war: "The whole thing, from Alfalfa to Omega, is getting to be monotonous"—and perhaps it is.

North Carolina wouldn't need any new tax law if the present excellent tax law were enforced. There is no question about this. And in enforcing it all would share alike.

HE SHOT OFF MOUTH

And Goes To Roads To Think It All Over.



HERE is now and then a man who uses his mouth when he doesn't know it is loaded, and gets into trouble for so doing. The High Point Enterprise records a case where a young man indiscriminately talked about a young lady living in High Point, said things he really didn't mean to say; slandered her as she claimed, and he was arrested. He laid in jail Sunday night and when his case came on for hearing Judge Peacock thought the young man guilty and gave him six months on the road.

It is often pretty hard to go into court and prosecute a slander case—the party slandered never wants the additional notoriety such a suit always brings, but a great many people idly use their tongues saying things about their betters. The Enterprise very properly doesn't go into details—it withholds the names of both parties which is highly proper; it simply records the fact that a young man was sent to the roads six months for slandering a young lady—and that perhaps will keep other young men from shooting off their mouths without authority.

Fair name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of the soul—or something to that effect we have been told, and when a ghoul undertakes to blacken the character of a reputable person, the ghoul should be handled in such a manner as to not only punish him for his folly, but also make it plain that people in a civilized community cannot with impunity throw mud and stain character.

Let a fellow get out in the hot sun of summer and the cold winds of winter diked in a suit of stripes and engage in the ennobling work of good road building, with a guard with a gun standing in sight, and the chances are that he will conclude that maybe after all the tongue wasn't made to shoot off at random.

Gilliam Grissom.

Gilliam Grissom has "kim to town." He drove in from Leaksville, and on his buzz buggy was a type writing machine; an office desk, a chair. It looked like Mr. Grissom had, to employ the language of the newspaper man who sets up shop, "come to stay."

Mr. Grissom has taken an office in the Grissom building on Elm street; he proposes to open headquarters for the republican party; he expects to send out what dope he can gather—he hopes to convert many men to the republican way of thinking.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Grissom's party that the war came just when it did because it disturbs the exhibition that would have been on regarding the tariff. The deficit was coming any way, under a low tariff, but now that the war is on of course it will be the war and not the tariff. Some day the tariff problem will be settled on its merits. Not this year—because there is no way now to tell what would happen under the present tariff bill in normal times.

But Mr. Grissom can see other things. He is a life long republican; a republican from purely patriotic principles; he has refused pie when it was offered in tempting slices—so no man can doubt his sincerity.

To run republican headquarters in North Carolina is very much like sitting up with a corpse—but men get used even to that.

The campaign will move along without much excitement. The Bull Moose people will not fuse; the democrats will be together—and the usual democratic majority will perhaps be written. However, Mr. Grissom has the goods and he wants to show them to his possible customers.

A Law Needed.

Talk about wanting amendments to make our politics easier for the party that wants to stay in power. The Wilmington Star the other day carried an editorial showing where we need a law, and need it badly.

The facts in the case were that a husband had deserted his wife and children, and the husband was located in Wilmington, and arrested, and detained to answer to the charge of desertion. Under the law the woman he had deserted; the wife who was left to support the children and herself, was called upon to pay the expenses of transporting the deserter from Wilmington to Charlotte, and because she couldn't do that, not having any money, the man was released and the wife had no redress.

The Star says this is wrong, and it is wrong. Looks funny. We will send across the continent to bring back a thief—but the man who deserts a wife and children and leaves them helpless must be brought back at the expense of the woman deserted. What sort of a law is that? Why—well there is no use to talk about the sort of laws we have.

WHAT WE NEED

Better Bull Frogs And Corn Pone.



THE broad vista, it opens! We are being prepared for the shock that politicians and pie hunters have in store for us. Already the statesmen are figuring it out, and seeing what else will cause the tax-payer to come across; what else will give the faithful and hungry a job—what else can take money from the treasury of a state already almost a million shy for current expenses.

The following anonymous interview, published in the state papers under a Raleigh date line sounds the alarm. It gets nervous folk subject to heart disease ready for the bills that will come: It reads:

"Already the people are beginning to talk of the different laws to be enacted by the next legislature. A gentleman who has been nominated for a seat in the next Senate and who, living in a strong Democratic district, is sure to be elected, was in the city yesterday and stated that a bill would be introduced to establish an insurance commission modeled along the lines of the present corporation commission."

"This new commission would have entire supervision of insurance in the state, including fire, life, accident and other forms of insurance."

"It would investigate the rates in force, commissions paid to agents and anything else coming up within the range of insurance."

"It is believed," said the future senator, "that the people of the state are paying out entirely too much money for protection from the insurance companies and a commission will be in position to get all these matters adjusted on an equitable basis."

"Another commission that is likely to be created by the next legislature is that of a state highway commission to take charge of the building and improving the roads of the state. A number of counties in the state have highway commissions which have been very successful and it is believed by many that a state commission modeled along the same lines will prove of untold benefit to the commonwealth."

That is the rele thyng. That is the stuf. We long have needed some more commissions. Get up something that will strangle the insurance companies, if possible. Something that will make it impossible for men to buy stock in them—something that will give a commission an opportunity to search for the nest of the speckled mare.

We need more commissions. We need a Better Bull Frog commission. We need a Cloud Inspection commission. We need a Rain Inspection Commission. What is to hinder a man from eating corn pone and getting pellagra. We need a Corn Pone Commission to examine the corn before it is planted; after it is planted and before it is ground into meal and after it is ground. We need a Blue Sky Commission; a Slit Skirt Commission; a Blind Tiger Commission; a Dancing Commission—in fact the legislature this winter should give us more commissions than we ever dreamed of before.

The state needs these commissions to take care of the Wise Men and the politicians. And then as we are already about a million in debt we might as well go broke while we are about it and the way to do is to establish commissions to interfere with business and give the fellows a job.

It is certainly gratifying to know that some unknown senator has already made up his mind to boost the Commission Business. Sorry he didn't divulge his name—but we will see about that later.

Headquarters.

The politicians have chosen Greensboro as headquarters for a lot of things—three Congressional districts and the state wide republican party. There should be, in the nature of things, something doing in Greensboro for the next two months.

The Difference.

The Pennsylvania railroad company is going to raise its passenger rates. The Inter State Commerce Commission will stand for the raise. Down here people wanted the same rate that obtained in the north where traffic is ten times as great. But the people in Pennsylvania have other bridges over which they walk to get into office. In this state the railroad was the only pounding bag. To crush it seemed to fill with glue a half million people who didn't understand, and do not understand that in lowering railroad rates they stand in their own light.