

IF GOD ALMIGHTY IS NOT IN THIS WAR, CIVILIZATION IS A FAILURE.

Everything

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DEAD SOLDIERS—AND WE DREAM OF PEACE.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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ABOUT THE BOSS

There Is No Boss In North Carolina.

ONE MIGHT think to read all the stories we are getting these days about the boss in politics that the Boss was a terrible monster. We rejoice to know that there are a few bosses in North Carolina—at least enough to head off now and

then the wind-jammers and hot air artists who itch to get into office. We are glad that we have such men as Simmons and Overman and Osborn and Watts and all the others who take a hand and head off the other fellows who would be bosses if they could. There is no use to talk about the boss in politics—because the boss is the man who makes things go. In the old days the statesmen we honored and the statesmen we revere were bosses. It takes a boss in the political game as much as it takes a boss in any other game, and we are glad that Cameron and Travis and Watts and others insisted that the state convention should not endorse the statewide primary.

On the other hand there is Brooks and there is Poe and there are other men of ability who are not now counted in, and who generally speaking are "agin'" the bosses—but put these men in office—put them in power and let them be forced to assume the responsibility of running things and you would hear them denounced as bosses. The politicians of North Carolina are mere human beings. They want office and those who get office are at once accused of being bosses and then when they lose out we hear of the fellows who go in as being bosses. It wasn't long ago in this state that one newspaper possessed of supernatural power discovered the Fifth District combine. Of course such a combination never existed—but the minute the story was circulated it passed current with the people, and men were out with sword and spear looking for the terrible combination—a combination that was impossible. But for a long time you couldn't get any one to believe it wasn't so—and men to this day are sure of it.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows, it hath been observed, and if any slate is now made out by the bosses for the year 1916 it is liable to be changed a dozen times—and those who are cronies today may be bitterly opposed to each other next year.

The talk about a Boss in politics in North Carolina is moon shine on a shovel. It is hot air. Prune wafers and chewing gum. There are no bosses political down this way. There are some fellows in and some fellows out. Change the situation tomorrow, put the outs in and the ins out and you would still hear the cry of Boss Rule and Machine politics. It is a joke. There is nothing doing.

To Buy A Bale.

The meeting at the Court House to Buy a Bale of cotton didn't enthuse very much. The idea seemed to be that to buy a bale of cotton didn't mean much—but it seems to mean much in other towns. Three million bales of cotton would be a great many—more, perhaps, than the Southern states could buy—but the spirit was what appealed to many. Winston is going to organize a Buy a Bale club—and we hope that Greensboro, now that a few have started, will keep up the enthusiasm, and buy at least a hundred bales.

Of course we can't help the farmer. If a hail storm had ruined his crop we would all have chipped in and done something, but the fact that he can get eight cents for his cotton doesn't leave him a subject of charity by a long sight.

Mr. Latham said very wisely, that what we should do was to get the cotton exchange open and give the whole world a chance to buy cotton futures, and maybe in that way the price would go up. The cotton exchange makes it possible for the world to have an idea of what cotton is worth. There is no reason why the exchange should be knocked out because some people gamble on it. The exchange sets the price—shows what it is worth, and the farmer is protected by reason of it, and the speculator knows what he is doing. To open the cotton exchange would come nearer bringing the farmer into his own than anything else.

A Merchant Marine.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this war is going to cause the American Nation to have a merchant marine either by subsidy or otherwise.

There is no reason, and there has never been a reason, why a Nation as strong and important commercially as America should not float its gonfalon over the ships on the seas when freighted with American commerce. The war has brought home to us a lesson we should long ago have learned. And now we will heed

NOW ALL BUY A BALE

And Help The Farmer Out Of The Low Price.

SERIOUS problem confronts the cotton growers, and if the American people can be loyal, and they most always are, now is the time to come across and buy a bale of cotton at ten cents a pound. It will cost \$50 to do the trick—but you have the cotton. You may find yourself a winner by several

dollars, because when this war is over, and it will be over, those foreign countries will be trying to raise food stuff and they must have cotton. Even those left who heretofore wanted linen and silk will make out with cotton—because the war will leave them poor in purse.

If a million men buy a million bales of cotton it helps just that much—and it isn't much trouble to hold a bale. A bale of cotton would be really as good an investment as an automobile. While you couldn't joy ride with a bale of cotton you could feel great joy in knowing that you had contributed to the happiness of the cotton farmer.

Greensboro has already set the pace—several have bought a bale, and the chances are that many citizens will help out. All over the South the "Buy a Bale" game is being played—President Wilson being one among the first to invest \$50. All of us remember a few years ago when cotton was down to a few cents a pound and we know that it was ruinous to the farmer. If investing \$50 in something which promises to bring back all invested, will help the country—we all should be patriotic enough to dig down, and we have the price to come across.

Our country is so big and there are so many million people, if each man who can afford it will buy one bale or more at ten cents, the price of cotton will be maintained, and the farmer and those whom he patronizes will not suffer any inconvenience. Buy a Bale and if it looks good, buy another bale.

The Way To Help.

While we are talking about eight cent cotton and short tobacco crop and hard times and all the other ills that can be imagined, did it ever occur to you that you could avert many financial disasters if you would do all your trading at home? Do you know that the big mail order houses have grown rich off of people in distant states, and the big mail order house has never contributed one dime to support that state? Do you know that every time you send a dollar away from home you reduce the strength of your home town? Do you know that your local merchant and your local manufacturer deserves your support and when you support him you are aiding yourself?

All this is true. And right now, more than at any other time, you should do all your trading at home. Don't think because you get some alluring offer from a mail order house that you will save money. You might save a few cents on the order you send in, but you lose more by getting your money away from your section. Keep the South's money in the South, and always buy at home. This is better than all the politics you can talk in a month.

To Nominate A Senator.

The republicans are going to nominate a candidate for United States senator. Just who will carry this burden is not yet known. At this writing the matter is veiled in secrecy. The committee meets this week, but we go to press ahead of the news.

Of course Lee Overman will be elected by a rousing majority, and the republican will be counted among the lost. But the sublime nerve of nominating a man when he stands no chance in the whole world of winning is what challenges our admiration, and makes us wonder what there is about politics that will make Mr. Gilliam Grissom devote his time to running headquarters. But he does it, and does it with as much enthusiasm as though his party was in the saddle and expected to elect every officer down to the Justice of the Peace.

We hear so much about wanting a new tax law that it is to laugh. Why not enforce the law we have? Why not cut out about sixty per cent of the useless extravagance now indulged in by the state? When was there a legislature that didn't fasten some new commission or some new set of officers on the state? A new tax law will do no good unless business methods are introduced and followed. There is no reason that this state with two million people and all its increasing values should run in debt. If the present tax law was enforced we would have a big surplus in our treasury and the tax rate would be lowered. Too much property escapes taxation that should be taxed. We all know this and instead of enforcing the law we cry loudly for a new law. Why new laws when we do not enforce the laws we have?

UNCLE JOE A WINNER



UNCLE JOE CANNON has been nominated for Congress in his home district and the chances of his election are said to be good. It was always charged that Uncle Joe was a Boss from away back; that he was a tool of corporations, that he was an undesirable citizen—but the people in the Danville district seem to think well of their old friend and neighbor.

Uncle Joe Cannon is a politician of the old school. He is as brave as a lion, and a successful business man. He of course favored a merchant marine years ago; he believes that American workmen will receive better salaries under a protective tariff; he belongs to a past age—yet that past age handed us down some pretty good rules to go by. We have always admired Uncle Joe; we like him personally, and we rejoice to know that his people nominated him. Of course it is hard to tell in these mixed times of war and commercial demoralization just what the voters will do, but it will not surprise us to see Uncle Joe returned to Congress by a handsome majority.

Roger Sullivan who was supposed to be a terrible creature, the man whom Mr. Bryan has always fought so hard, was also chosen in a legalized primary—as was Uncle Joe, and to save our life we can't see what good a legalized primary is if two such political desperadoes as Cannon and Sullivan could get in under it. But they were nominated—and the chances are not remote that they will be elected. We are not caring anything about Sullivan, but we would like to see Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, again a member of the American congress.

The Great White Way.

While other towns are still trying to get their great white ways, Greensboro is pleased to state that she will have her White Way ready to turn on the juice by the 15th of December—in plenty of time for the Christmas shopping.

This expense will be cheerfully borne by the people of this progressive city. The merchants wanted it, and the merchants certainly are entitled to most anything they ask for. In no other town in which we have ever lived did the merchants respond to public appeals as cheerfully as they do in Greensboro. But the White Way will help all citizens. It is simply an advertisement. It helps boost the town. It calls attention to Greensboro, and causes the stranger who comes within the gates to conclude at once that he is in a live town—and live men like always to live in live towns. The Commissioners made no mistake in ordering the White Way.

North Carolina Represented.

Dr. H. Q. Alexander and Representative Doughton, of North Carolina, were named by the cotton growers at the meeting in Washington this week as members of a committee to handle the cotton situation. That congress had done all in its power in providing an emergency currency was emphasized by Senator Simmons, who wanted the public to understand that Federal aid had gone the limit.

In Clover.

These are the days when both Mr. and Mrs. Tightwad are happy. They have so many neighbors who are trimming close "enduring" the war times. But when the war clouds break away the thrifty neighbors will open up, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Tightwad alone in their misery.

Maybe its because we're getting old; maybe its because the war is on; maybe its because—well, we don't know why it is, but a circus doesn't get our steam up like it did—say fifteen or twenty years ago.

Looks like Uncle Sam wasn't going to get mixed up in the European war, but you can't tell what is going to happen in Mexico. The new president down there says the stars and stripes are offensive to him.

WHY BOOST HIM FREE

The Politician The One With Great Nerve.

SUPPOSE the case: Suppose we sit down and get the names of the self-appointed ones—who want to administer the affairs of state. No matter whether you select North Carolina for the test—take any state and you always find that the self proclaimed leader of men is a politician. He is a professional politician. Generally he is a lawyer, and he sets up his pins without an invitation from any man on earth; goes out and rants and tells intelligent people what they should do—paints the ideal man as full of reform measures as a cur dog is full of fleas, and after his harrangue he exclaims: Behold such a man!

And the people—the units—the single fellow here and there—the individuals who make up the total, the majority go out and yell and whoop and spend their money for this heaven born patriot—simply because he was foxy enough to get them started.

The Salvation Army may pass its plate and receive a few pennies—but let the politician run for office and he enthralls people to go down in their own pockets to put up money to elect him; to give him a lucrative position; to give him honor and prominence—and the fellows who voted for him are laughed at—and they never tumble to themselves. They repeat the programme year after year—and the other fellow wears the honors and the diamonds.

And they call it politics. In no other game in the world will a man so liberally give of his time and money as politics. Why does he do it? Because he thinks that the man he is helping will reward him in some way. He doesn't know how he wants to be rewarded. He never stops to think it over and conclude, as he would have to do, that he couldn't be rewarded—but he thinks he will be—and he dreams and works and the Mr. Smooth who bellowed for the people whom he laughs at rides in the Pullman car and gets the kale seed.

Of course it's human nature. But human nature doesn't stop to think or it would not allow itself to be used in such a manner. Why should a hard working citizen tear his shirt for an oily tongued politician? Why? And to save your soul you can't answer the question. You can't say "Pie" because the pies are not made big enough.

Guilford For State Wide.

Guilford democrats have officially endorsed the state wide primary amendment, and the democrats will be called upon to vote for its adoption.

Every man to his liking. So far as we are concerned, we stand alone, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," and boldly assert that the primary plan is simply putting the collar on a voter—and if the people want to wear a collar, it is up to them. The politicians are the thoughtful ones; they want it; and they will perhaps get it. It is the outs, always, against the ins. The outs think that perhaps they might accomplish more. But we are in favor of a free ballot; of but one election—and the legalized state wide primary means two elections—and it is only politics, and not popular representative government, of which we boast.

Looks Like We Lost It.

That new railroad is perhaps lost for this year. The war coming on and the money market being unsettled has put new railroad building out of the question for awhile. The bonds we voted will hardly be used, because the time is now so short that the road could hardly be built and put in operation in the time agreed upon to make the bonds valid. But there is this about it: We can vote bonds again and we'll certainly do it when the time comes.

Arkansas suffragists turned "Newsies" the other week and sold copies of the Woman's Journal in Little Rock. So popular were they with the patrons that several purchasers paid one dollar apiece for the Journal in order that the receipts might afford an encouraging amount for the suffrage treasury.

Banks All Right.

The comptroller of the currency has issued a call for a statement of the condition of all national banks of the United States. This is not worrying anybody, however, as most of our banks are prepared to make a good showing.

Enter The Great Swatter.

Colonel Jack Frost, the most eminent Fly Swatter in the world, is due most any time. And when Jack puts on the finishing touches it is good bye, Mr. Fly.

SCARLET WOMAN

The World Still Wondering About Her.

A WONDERFUL system prevails on this old Earth and especially in many states in the western world. Down at Kinston Judge Daniel tried to clean up a district filled with fallen women—outs—desperate and abandoned hags, who at the best, have but a little while to linger here. The Judge was humane. He knew that he couldn't reform those fallen and polluted things; he knew that they were past all uplifting—they were in the discolored gutter and they would remain there. He knew that if they were sent away from Kinston they would show up in some other town. He knew that life held no hope for them and for them the grave had no fear.

Some of them were sent to jail—a short term—but they must come out of jail. They must be given a chance to live—we can't electrocute them—we can't put them out of the way—and the man who sits to judicially determine what must be done with such loathsome creatures reasons and continues to reason without avail. Were we to go out tonight, as a Nation, with one big drag net and bring in all the abandoned women, women such as confronted the bar of justice at Kinston—we would shudder before such a sight. There would be hundreds of thousands of them—some of the oldest hags you ever saw and again sweet faced and apparently innocent girls—yet the vast army would be there and we would look with amazement upon the round up.

The world is filled with them—and they subsist only because man makes it possible. And the men make the laws to drive these despoiled outcasts from pillar to post—and Society eternally furnishes new recruits. There is no use for Kinston to chase the soiled ones out of her confines when she knows they must stop within the confines of some other town. He is a poor neighbor who will throw the dead dog's carcass into his neighbor's lot—and why chase these despised women from one town to another—or why put them in jail for a month or two—when punishment does them no good?

And how would you help it? It would take concert of action. Each state should have an industrial home for such people—and they should be sent there and allowed to earn a living. The industrial home could put out thousands of dollars worth of articles which these women could make; they would get an opportunity to reform and get far away from their slimy trails. They would have money to go and to live on—and the majority of them would live decent lives. It is the self consciousness of having done wrong that holds the fallen woman down at first—she hides herself to hide her shame. The temporary home for the rescued is all right in its way—but what each state should have is an industrial home where these women could earn their own living; where they could earn money to save and when they felt strong enough, take it, and go to strange cities, far away, and start again the journey of life. It could be done—and some day it will be done, and then the red light district question will be solved.

Going To Change It.

Since other articles were written it appears that they will not tax freight bills—but will put the burden on something else. What we need is a programme carefully made out concerning special taxes. This thing of letting a committee in great haste say the word that puts a hardship on one commodity and lets another equally able to carry part of the burden escape is unjust and unwise legislation. It is a hard matter to determine what should be taxed—but certainly there should be no special privileges in the matter, and special privileges is what it amounts to if one thing is pinched and another in the same class goes free.

The War News.

Were a man to take all the war news that has been printed in the last six weeks and carefully compile a list of the killed and wounded, get down the number of guns captured; of the miles the soldiers have walked and ridden—it would be the most wonderful war news a man ever heard.

The fact is, the war news has been very meagre each day. But the enterprising newspapers have been obliged to make a show and they made it. Naturally we cannot blame the news gathering agencies for guessing at a great deal, but when it took the Germans seven days to walk twenty-eight miles and were still advancing on Paris until it was announced they were retreating—well, your Uncle didn't believe all he read.