

Trade
AT HOME
Always!

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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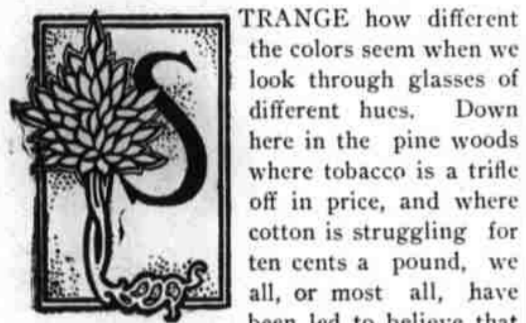
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

HE DOUBTS HIM

Says Wilson Bows To Wall Street.



STRANGE how different the colors seem when we look through glasses of different hues. Down here in the pine woods where tobacco is a trifle off in price, and where cotton is struggling for ten cents a pound, we all, or most all, have been led to believe that Woodrow Wilson is the one great man of all the country, and we worship him—admire him and insist that he has given us an administration worth while. The republicans and the progressives think differently—and the other day in the Senate, Senator Bristow boldly charged that the administration had abjectly surrendered to the Wall Street interests—and further said: "I believe that the President knows exactly what this conference report does and that he is supporting it because it does. I am convinced that the President has surrendered his Administration to the most sinister influences in the Republic. There has been no Administration since the beginning of this Government which has so abjectly surrendered to the Wall Street interests as this has done."

We had been led to believe that Wall Street and its infamies of the past were but dim remembered stories; that in the passing of Morgan, the elder, the Street had gotten out of the class of highwaymen and brigands; that Wall Street had become only the residing temples of the money lenders—but they would no more be vicious. But here comes a duly accredited United States Senator and hurls the hot staph at the President, not by intimation—but in plain United States English, and of course such a speech goes into the Congressional Record, is printed and becomes a part of the common record of the common country. And so it is on down the line. The many men of many minds stand up and give down their grave opinions and the chances are that all are right or all are wrong.

In our beloved North Carolina there is much flap-doodle on both sides concerning the Amendments and the primary—and what is strange is that a state like North Carolina which has enjoyed more material prosperity in the last twenty years than she ever before enjoyed in all the dreary years of her existence is painted now as about to go on the rocks because of the three Amendments—for instance:

One to change the name of war between the states, or rebellion, or something or other; two others to cut out of the constitution two sections referring to laws in progress when the old constitution was adopted—just as though they would make any difference. Why worry about taking those obsolete sections out? What hurt do they do? It is as though the stingy man who had used a wart for a collar button had concluded after a friend had given him a metal collar button to use instead of the wart, would worry about having the wart removed. What harm do those two sections do—and why put men to the trouble to vote them out—when they are meaningless and are not burdensome or confusing?

And so we have the spectacle of a statewide canvass to increase the pay of the legislator to six dollars a day—as though three dollars more a day would secure any better law making ability. If we are to go after ability and presume to pay for it, fifty dollars a day would be a low figure.

All in all there are but two Amendments worth considering, one is the six month's school term, and the other is the tax section. However the school term can be made six months without the Amendment, and the present tax law would secure us all the revenues we wanted if enforced and impartially administered. If the present tax law can be defeated by one man with a diamond ring, as has been gravely charged, then all the tax laws we could put on the books would meet the same sad fate.

But back to the subject—we all have our ideas and our ideals—whether it is Bristow in the Senate or your Uncle down here spoiling white paper.

That second Raleigh meeting of democratic progressives—backed up by the radicals, reminded us of the English and Japanese fighting together. The difference was that even the Japs refused to rally—Colonel Eugene Holton being the only raly we saw.

Woman Suffrage.

Every day witnesses new recruits coming into the woman suffrage camp. It will not be long until we have national prohibition and universal suffrage. Say along about 1920. And it should happen before that.

WOMEN ARE FOR IT

They Can Consume The Surplus Crop.



ALL hands seem to be earnest about this wearing cotton, or cotton wearing campaign. The stirring letter by A. W. McAlister gave the idea a strong start in Greensboro, and in other towns the citizens realize what may be accomplished. The Woman's Club of Greensboro endorsed "to a man" a resolution presented, and all the women are enthusiastic over the cotton wearing campaign.

It figures out. The one true science, mathematics, proves that if we will all consume even a yard more cotton than we have been consuming, the mills of the world will be pushed to take care of it. And we all can do this. Cotton has sneaked down the aisle when linen was flaunted—cheap silk has been disported under many colors—but now Cotton comes down the platform and appeals to you to help out—to again crown him King. Why not change the proposition and make cotton Queen because the women folk can wear so much more of it than the men folk. A man can wear cotton shoes; he can wear cotton handkerchiefs; he can wear cotton neckties—and a good cotton shirt would be quite the thing. It is simply a matter now of getting up a National Wave of Enthusiasm. If we can put it all over the continent—if we can get each man and woman to understand what it means—the price of cotton must go up, because the supply will hardly meet the demand.

And there you are face to face with old Human Nature, the greatest paradox the world contains. We are all kicking because sugar and other things have gone up in price—the Department of Justice has sent out secret service men to want to know why—all of us have demanded cheaper living and looked at the advancing prices with horror and alarm—and yet, like little children we propose now to start a campaign to increase the price of the shirt we wear, whereas congress made a free trade law in the hope of decreasing the price of the coat we wear.

Wonderful—but there are eleven cotton states down this way and they have produced about three million bales of cotton more than they should have produced and loyalty suggests that we help out. And we will, every man and woman of us. Wear cotton and then wear cotton.

The Longest Battle.

It is said the Battle of the Aisne has already been the longest battle in the world—by several days. But that doesn't argue anything. It simply means that more men have been killed; that nothing has been gained. Many hoped that the allies would win—but even then Germany would get back into her own country and defy the invaders for two years. She is the most powerfully equipped nation for fighting the world ever saw. Had she gotten through Belgium as she had a right to think she would, Germany would today have been in the saddle. But the Belgian detention is what made the war so long drawn out. And the end is not in sight.

Our Six Point.

Some of the papers thought our war news which we set in the smallest type in the shop was a scheme just to be different. But after reading the same old stories for the last two months they are concluding that we were handling the manufactured dope just about as it should have been handled.

Durham's Fair.

Durham pulled off her fair this week—the first held, and it was a success. The weather wasn't all that could have been wished for, but the fair becomes a fixed fact in Durham county.

And this just because a half dozen patriotic men concluded it was worth while. So often a few men interested in a county's welfare can do big things. It beats politics all to pieces.

The Raleigh Meeting.

The One Hundred and Twenty Regulators didn't all get to Raleigh. In fact there wasn't a corporal's guard in attendance. When a hand full of men assume the role of dictators the common people "most in generally" look with suspicion on them, and leave them severely alone.

The Commission Business.

We have received several letters endorsing what we have had to say about there already being too many commissions in North Carolina. More commissions mean more expense—an office for some fellow who thinks he has discovered a Roman mare's nest. Cut off some of the useless expenses now going on and the treasury will not be empty.

HE IS A LIVE WIRE



BELONGING in the files of this paper before it is any older, is a picture of R. C. Hood, the liveliest wire in Greensboro. Not that he is a live wire in a literal sense, because there is nothing shocking about Mr. Hood—but that he does things, and does them well, is why we figuratively refer to him as an animated wire.

Mr. Hood has been in Greensboro somewhere around ten years. He came in with no bill board announcement; he didn't have a brass band to announce his arrival—he just came here, and the first we heard of him was in the newspapers when he was advertising for sale a house or two which he had built on Edgeworth street. He wrote advertisements that carried the snap and ginger of a man who was alive, and that was our introduction to R. C. Hood. Then he got busy in the matter of Civic work. He wanted things done this way and that way and always in a way that was proper and that appealed to people.

Mr. Hood has been a dynamo in this town. In the matter of bond issues; in the matter of street improvements and in the development of different sections of the town R. C. Hood has been the drum major of the procession of progress. We are not handing him any prizes. We are not a hot air artist—we are simply saying that Greensboro owes much of its commercial importance to R. C. Hood and we certainly are glad to be permitted to place his portrait in our Gallery of People Worth While.

Let Us Do It.

Let us get busy and figure out some way to spend \$250,000 in schools and play grounds. Let every citizen become loyal and look at the investment. The bonds can be put over in some way, and money could not be better invested. If some fellow would come along and offer some big things with wheels to go round—some great factory, we would shell out rather than miss it.

Hundreds of people cannot come to Greensboro because of the crowded condition of our schools. Let's get busy and build them. Let's make a levy for a four year's assessment on special taxes, in some way. Schools are a necessity, so let's go to it and build several good school houses.

Just a little talk from the right people right now will help wonderfully. None of us can take anything away with us—all of us can manage to pull through—so let's educate the children we have here and ask for others to come. In truth the money will be returned long before any of us here now die a natural death.

They Are Learning.

People are already learning the lesson that if you grind a railway company down to the last penny it is crippled. The railways of North Carolina should be allowed to increase their freight rates at least ten per cent—their passenger rates should be fixed high enough to insure good service.

To say this, because the railway is a corporation that hasn't any particular personality is to be guilty of treason—but we all know that the more successful a railroad company is, the more it will do for us.

The people of the state are learning this, and within a few years it will be hard work for the politician to inflame the people against railways.

Old Man VanWyck started that racket in Nebraska and it spread all over. He was finally defeated and the people didn't seem to care. The railways are property belonging in fact to the people, and the people should give them all the money they need to develop the country and help build up our commercial interests.

With the Panama canal opening—with everything looking good for the South, the railroads could do us much good if they were allowed to have a surplus.

Let us think over this proposition carefully—let us not cripple the railways and thereby cripple ourselves.

A BITTER ELECTION

Wilmington Scene Of Great Excitement.



SURE, Mike, and there has been something doing down by the sounding sea the past week. They have been having an election to grant a franchise to an opposition company to the Tide Water railway concern—and of all the confusion that has been on nothing before like it was ever known.

They had men arrested because of past records in other towns; the men went to answer charges and the cases had been dropped by the prosecuting attorneys; affidavits were made that certain men were to receive money on election day and the council held a special session to consider it.

Advertisements as large as bill boards were taken in the papers and while it doesn't make any difference how the election went the methods were most reprehensible, and suggest lack of civilization.

It is strange that a couple of rival corporations can't fight out a question of franchise without charging men with selling their votes before the election; without going back to a record and besmirching the character of a man who was in the "midst"—because the matter of franchise had nothing to do with whether one individual was a saint or a demon.

But Wilmington is built that way. It wasn't long ago that she floated a newspaper with the avowed purpose of cleaning up the town. The town is still there. Only a few years ago some of her citizens were going to pour kerosene on houses of doubtful reputation and burn them to the ground. Wilmington is a good town; a substantial town, and she has a cracking good newspaper there, the Star—but some of her people are hysterical at times and do stunts that shock the nervous people this far inland.

Trains Being Put Off.

Those who want cheaper rates and who insist upon it will perhaps be obliged to have fewer trains and less accommodations. It is a law of commerce—and if traffic isn't in sight a railroad doesn't have to lose money. It can curtail the same as an individual can curtail. The Southern system is doing a business of three hundred thousand dollars less a month than a year ago—and three hundred thousand dollars make quite a wad of the long green.

The Patriots.

Those Hundred and Twenty Patriots didn't materialize in Raleigh. The Invitation Committee materialized, but that was about all. Colonel Eugene Holton delivered his famous Mark Antony address over the dead body of Caesar in fine style. When it comes to standing for the people, A. E. is there with both feet.

National prohibition in 1920 is the watchword. And it will come just as certain as tomorrow morning's sun will rise above the horizon and look us in the face.

Better Streets.

It is a safe bet that 1915, just over the hill yonder, will witness more pavement and better streets than Greensboro ever had before. That hundred thousand dollar bond issue is going to give us about eight miles of paving.

The Fair Next Week.

Do not forget that Tuesday the big Central Carolina Fair opens in Greensboro. Railroads will give reduced rates. Ten thousand dollars will be given in premiums. All sorts of amusements; all sorts of entertainment. The school, the farm, the shop, the home will be represented. Secretary Daniel says this will be the biggest and best fair ever held in Greensboro. And we say the Central Carolina Fair is always equal to the State fair. Let all who can attend one of the four days.

To Adjourn.

President Wilson gives it out that there is no use for an extra session, that all the important legislation can be gotten through with by the 15th of October, but many of the Congressmen who want to get back to their districts are afraid it will not be until almost the first of the month. If it is the case the congressmen will do but little speaking. Their friends will be obliged to make the welkin ring—and perhaps that is the better way.

Official Count.

The official count in Virginia discloses the fact that John Barleycorn, Esq., was knocked out by 30,365 majority. This was a pretty severe blow to John, but he has been hammered worse than that.

IS FOR PARENTS

To Know More About Their Girls.



HERE IS no particular reason why a newspaper should be made bear the sorrows of the human race, and no particular need why a newspaper should aid in any way in causing undue excitement. But there may be some reason in proceeding with a few remarks, based upon the following letter, duly signed and punctuated, by a very well known Greensboro citizen. The letter reads:

Dear Everything:
You have much in your paper to aid in the moral uplift of the community, but do you know that right now in Greensboro it is said that there are now women of the underworld? That young men are enticed to go where they are, and the law does not seem to be invoked? I would thank you to call attention to this state of affairs.

Respectfully,

Like all such letters the name is not for publication. The editor's name is always for publication—then why not an aggrieved citizen sign up, and thus help share in the task of setting things to order?

We do not know that there are any great number of underworld women in the town—we know there are some, or, at least, it would be strange if there were not. In all towns there are bad women—and there are not many of them. Now and then they entice youth, but youth generally doesn't need much enticing. The police force of Greensboro measures up with the average police force, and we could not justly blame the policemen because they do not arrest and bring before the bar these offending women. It takes some pretty straight evidence to convict a woman of vagrancy—and it should. When they become notorious and flaunt themselves before all eyes they are generally run in—and sent either to the workhouse or to some other town.

There are not many of them, and where we should commence our reformation is not among those forever lost—but among those who haven't yet started the downward path. The parent is too often to blame. There is no use to mince matters, and we might as well say it, because it is a fact, there are many young girls in every town who turn out to the bad because they have run it rough shod over their parents. The parents either blind or foolish, allow these little girls to be out at unseemly hours; allow them to joy ride with men they hardly know—and how can we expect hatching of Pekin ducks if we set the hen to guinea eggs?

Certainly, we will always help in the great work of better morals, but we would rather join a crusade against parents who allow their daughters to do things their mothers would not have dared to do, rather than commence throwing stones at a lot of pitiable, painted hags who are already living in the consuming fires of the hell which only such despicable and wretched creatures know. The Greensboro police are not to blame. These fluttering bats drop in here now and then—others are bred here and the shame of it all is, they are girls who had a right to expect a parent's care and a parent's protection—and did not receive it.

The parent who thinks he hasn't a responsibility in telling his daughter where she can go, with whom she can go, and when she shall go—has another think coming to him.

The Judge Peebles Case.

Many of the papers are commenting on the contempt case where Judge Peebles took a couple of editors and sentenced them to jail because they said things about him which he found, judicially, were not true.

The papers wonder why it is that a judge can send a man to jail without a trial by a jury of his peers—and the truth is he can't do it if you will follow the case through to the higher courts.

The Peebles case was an exceptional one. The editors charged that he was drinking whiskey to excess, and that made the Judge angry. The old school of gentlemen insisted on the right to drink likker, and just what excess is has never been fully defined. Some men can make a better trade when half seas over than when cool sober—and because a man has taken on a few drinks it doesn't follow that he is incapacitated for business.

The Peebles case is causing all kinds of comment, and the Statesville Land matter how this particular case was decided, a new law will be passed in North Carolina. Why not have a law that