



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## OF DRY WHISTLE

### The Prohibition Law Is To Be Amended.



**S**EEMS like Prohibition was going to prohibit, or there will be many violators of the law go unpunished. It is not an unusual sight to see a couple of trucks loaded down with whiskey when the express trains come in, and it is said by knowing ones that at clubs, in homes, in many places, those who now and then take a friendly nip at Old John Barleycorn, quantities of liker may be found. The mail order privilege has not been denied mankind, and will not be until after the legislature meets—but then, O, my countrymen, your whistle will henceforth remain as dry as a powder horn.

It is said that the Anti-Saloon League has thoroughly canvassed the situation and it knows the majority of the members elected Wednesday to the legislature are in favor of a bill recently drawn and recently submitted to the people which provides for absolute prohibition. Under the proposed new law no person can even have in his possession a drop of whiskey. That is to say, if you have a bottle of whiskey in the house or in your possession you have violated the law. No club can keep it. It will be good bye locker. It will be good bye Old Booze, good bye from all directions.

It will not only be a violation of the law to have a bottle of whiskey in your possession, but a violation of the law for any express company, railroad company or individual, firm or corporation to deliver to you a bottle of whiskey. The penalty is not so much unless violation of the law is persisted in, and then the misdemeanor becomes, perhaps a road sentence.

There are many old time citizens, men who have taken a drink now and then all their lives; men who were in favor of prohibition—in favor of taking the barroom away from the public; in favor of not allowing the indiscriminate sale of liker, but who want their own dram, opposing this new fangled proposition. But it is useless. The legislature will promptly pass the proposed law. The officers will be told to enforce it. The search and seizure law now holds, and if any person thinks you might have a quart of liker in your home he will have a right to go and look and confiscate it. This law, however, would not hold when taken to the final test, so therefore if the officers are guarded the blind tiger can be caught and the law abiding man who uses whiskey as medicine and in moderation will not be disturbed.

That too much whiskey has been shipped into North Carolina no one will undertake to deny. But what has come hasn't been a teaspoon full compared to what was made and sold here before prohibition. There are plenty of distilleries in the state today. There are hundreds of them, and each week two or three are found and broken up and the men arrested or they escape. Gradually the machinery is working better, and with the new law, if officers do not attempt to go too far, we may look for a great improvement in the way of drunks and disorderlies. And yet we must not expect absolute prohibition any more than we expect absolute peace and order. There are violators of all our laws.

#### The Loud Breacher-loons.

Have you noticed that the wide stripe, the gaudy stripe—the brass band stripe of trouser-loons has ceased? Have you noticed that men are wearing more subdued colors in their clothing—unless it be the fire alarm over-coats of this season? Wonder why it is. Wasn't long ago and the trousers of men were loud enough to frighten a locomotive off the track. Great wide streaks of yellow and purple and blue and white and red. Now there isn't so much color; the stripes or bars are narrow or it is a salt and pepper effect. Of course it makes no great deal of difference about a man's clothes. He doesn't regard the edict of fashion, at all—whereas milady must have the latest thing that's stunning or she looks and feels humiliated. A man will wear a fashion effect of nine year's vintage and feel just as important as though it were the latest thing on the fashion plate. But to know that the general garments are more subdued is refreshing. There is enough noise without one's tailor adding to the jar.

#### Your Own Back Yard.

Many a man is scrupulously neat concerning his own front yard, but his back yard is a heap of hypocrisy, broken promises, pride, deceit, falsehood and chicanery. To get the full measure of a man look in his back yard as well as his front yard.

## MANY ARE STARVING

### Belgian Women And Children Are Destitute.



**OVER** the waters the Belgians are starving. There are seven hundred thousand old men, women and children without anything to eat. King Albert has issued an appeal to the American people and asked them to help feed these unfortunate destitute people. The American Commission for relief of these unfortunate people has called for help. It says it will require from four to five million dollars monthly to feed them. The Belgian government has no money at all, and the demand for food is something enormous. For instance, it is said that it will require 80,000 tons of wheat, 15,000 tons of corn, 5,000 tons of peas or beans and a limited amount of bacon and lard.

The British and French are handicapped; they have no money to spare, and unless America can respond, and to respond at the rate of five million dollars monthly is a big undertaking, those innocent and helpless people must starve.

And this is war. This is the result of a few ambitious men—of a military spirit—to attempt to walk through a country and demolish its cities and leave nearly a million innocent, helpless women and children to starve.

This is a greater horror than the trenches filled with dead. Those who died and died gloriously on the field of battle, are beyond want or hunger—but those women and children, innocent of all blame, are left to undergo the terrible torture of famine—to die from starvation—my God in heaven, Thy ways are hard to understand!

The American press has been called upon to ask for contributions—and it does look as though every American could forego some little extravagance for a week or a month and send his mite to this stricken and starving country.

#### Terrible, Terrible, Terrible.

In the High Point Enterprise of Saturday we read this interesting letter signed by an alert and loyal citizen who does not print his name—but gets his poisoned dart into the minds of people who do not stop to think

No doubt those corporation tools will be in Raleigh to defeat the tax amendments next January. Lawyers of that class who stand ready to stoop to anything for a dollar will be there to brook the will of the people, bribed for a "fee." It has already started—their work is coming to the light 60 days ahead of time.

Why call them corporation tools? Why not call them gentlemen who are there or will be there to see that their property rights are not destroyed? Everybody knows that a wild legislature will make laws confiscating property and do it gleefully and cheerfully. Look at the legislature four years ago, six years ago and two years ago. Get the railroad legislation in your mind, where the Supreme court of the United States promptly declared that such a law as was passed, despite the "corporation tools," was confiscatory of property—and property in which we all are vitally interested. When High Point wanted a new county and sent a couple of hundred or more respectable citizens to Raleigh to implore the legislature to give her what she wanted, did those gentlemen at once become "High Point tools" and were they "bribed for a fee," as this unknown "Citizen" yells?

Corporate interests have as many rights as any other interests, and because they are on hand to defend their rights and protect their property from these ambitious politicians who would crucify them, they do not become tools. High Point has sent hundreds of lobbyists to Raleigh and they were self respecting gentlemen. But if one happens to be in favor of giving justice to a corporation there is always some little pin headed fellow to shout about corporation tools. Happily the people are getting wise. They understand today better than they ever understood before, that a corporation must have its lobbyists or else be destroyed. And a lobbyist is not a lobster by a long shot.

#### How They Fool 'Em.

Because a man happened to do a stunt on a type-writer, wrote a whole lot of words in a minute, the type writer company, thinking that means something, buys a lot of space in papers to tell about it. The average speed of a type writing machine is faster than the average operator. Speed is not such an essential. The typist who gets out a certain number of letters in a day has plenty of time. After you pass a certain limit you are only hammering your machine to pieces. Any of the standard makes of type writers have a capacity greater than ever called for. What a man wants to know when he buys a type writer is, will it stand up? Some of them will not. Some of them will. Speed has nothing in the world to do with it, because all of them have more speed than you want.

## JOHNSON IS POPULAR



**ALREADY** they are talking politics in the city of Raleigh—next year's politics having to do with the city, and as they have a Commission Form of Government, and as it was adopted to defeat certain people, and certain people ran for Commissioners and were elected, the joke is still on.

Mayor Johnson is making good. He has a moustache a little whiter than his picture shows—but as Mayor of Raleigh he is pleasing the majority of the voters. It wouldn't do to think he was pleasing everybody, because that man hasn't been on earth. The fact, however, that James L. Johnson has proven to the satisfaction of all that he is just and capable, makes it a pretty good guess that if he concludes to run again he will lead his ticket. He is capable in every respect, and he isn't led around by anybody. He represents all the people, and does it quite to the Queen's taste. This does not say he pleases all, but he pleases enough to make his election certain if he wants to run again. And his friends are increasing right along.

#### Pretty Hard To Understand.

The Fayetteville Observer after relating the fact that the short and long haul clause of the Justice freight bill would have to be repealed by the legislature, as it has ruined the little railroads, has this to say about the matter:

This question of long and short hauls is one which is hard for a "layman" to understand, but we fall to see how any relief is going to come to shippers at points on the short lines if the roads are to be allowed to go back to their old schedule of rates. We understood that the new act was for the benefit of the people and not the railroads. However, we suppose the matter will be threshed out at the next session of the Legislature, and steps taken to do justice to both the people and the railroads.

The short and long haul clause has always been a mystery, but it is easy if you will study the question. The same thing puzzled Uncle Sam. He hauls stuff by parcels post to twelve different zones. The last one is the 1,800 mile zone and after he gets to that he stops. He charges just as much to go on thirty-five hundred miles as he does for 1,800, because there must be a starting point. You can buy a ticket from Greensboro to San Francisco for \$72. If you buy it to Los Angeles it is still \$72—but San Francisco is 500 miles further. You can buy in San Francisco a ticket to Asheville for \$72, and if you want it as far as Wilmington, clear across the state, the charge is the same—no account is taken of the five hundred miles. But experts have devoted their lives to rate making and they know something about it. A North Carolina legislature didn't know anything about it, but Mr. Justice introduced his bill and it was passed. A commission cut it about fifty per cent. Had it stood like he wanted it the roads would all have been put out of business. And when the legislature gets to monkeying with the tax law you will see something else doing that won't be very cheerful.

#### A Sublime Spectacle.

Mr. Travis dared express his opinion. He saw things as he saw them and spoke out loud and was nailed to the cross. Senator Overman who didn't express himself was likewise nailed to the cross because he didn't express himself. In other words, here in North Carolina a hand full of ambitious politicians set up certain kinds of pins and then crucify a man who refuses to fall for their political chaff. Happily the people are getting wise. They are not paying much attention to what the chattering daws of the political menagerie say. They are each year getting further away from the party lash—each year getting tired of wearing the collar. The fierce Amendment fight will bear fruit in 1916. That was the republican game and the republicans got what they went after.

#### Are You Trading At Home?

The man who throws away his mail order catalogue and buys of his home merchant helps to build up the town and the town helps to build up the county. We all are materially interested in the trade at home proposition.

Concerning section five—but we believe the election is over.

## A FOOL THERE WAS

### Who Left His Wife And She Is Suing Him.



**IT WAS** ever thus! A story floats down from Orange, Virginia, right on the main line of the Southern railway, that excites at once the pity and the disgust of the average American citizen. The story is that one Joseph Dellinger went to a horse show at Roanoke and there became enamored of Miss Rose Henshaw, a near heiress, also of Orange. Miss Henshaw was made the beneficiary of the estate of a late likker dealer who lived at Orange and is said to possess in her own right some thirty thousand plunkettes. Mrs. Dellinger, who holds a prominent place in society, sues Miss Henshaw for \$25,000 and alleges that she has alienated the affections of her hubby dear. She claims that at the end of a tour in a spanking new automobile with Miss Henshaw, the husband bade her good bye and told her he was leaving her forever. This happened in August last, and since that date they have been estranged.

And so runs the world away. Mr. and Mrs. Dellinger had lived happily together for many years, the story continues, but when Miss Henshaw, with her duds and her gold appeared upon the scene, Dellinger couldn't resist her beguiling face and he allowed himself to forget that once upon a time he led down the narrow aisle the woman that he really loved—the woman who had been true to him and loved him always, and there swore to protect, honor and defend until death did them part—and the new face, the automobile, the fortune and perhaps the winning ways of the defendant in the cause at issue, made him make a fool of himself—and he should be caught and held under a town pump until he screamed "Enough." Then he should be taken by the slack of his pants and thrown into a pond of water and left there until the buzzards pulled him out. That would be about what is coming to him, and there are no extenuating circumstances in this kind of a case.

#### A Disgrace To The State.

The news comes in that a negro was beating his way on a freight train and was convicted and sentenced to sixty days on the roads. He was sent to a convict camp near Wilson and attempted to escape. A guard shot him under the right shoulder, the ball passing clear through his body. He may live and he may die.

But that guard should be punished. He should be severely punished. The Negro was not sent to be shot up. The county had no right to lead him into temptation. If it wanted to work him it should have placed him behind stone walls or iron bars. It was morally guilty of crime when it put him in the open and asked him to escape. And when the guard shot him he went far beyond his authority. If the Negro dies the guard should be convicted of murder. If he doesn't die he should be convicted for an attempt to kill. The sooner North Carolina wakes up on this important matter and takes away from guards the guns they have the better off it will be. One of these days something will happen. And it should. Society has no right to kill a man whose only crime is stealing a ride on a freight train.

#### Chloroform For Drunkards.

A man named Stewart Browne, and his vanity perhaps put the "e" on his name, said the other day that if a man was a "hopeless, helpless drunkard" he should be chloroformed.

Browne is said to be a big banker and real estate man. He opposed appropriating any money to maintain an inebriate asylum to help reclaim the drunkard. When a man talks that way he is lost. Might as well abolish all asylums and kill all the unfortunates and allow the purse proud men who are not diseased to inherit the earth. The day ought to come, and doubtless will come, when Browne will be humbled and brought down to the earth.

A committee should wait on him and ride him a few blocks on a rail and maybe he would feel better.

#### How It Was.

Everything thought it was treading the wine-press alone in opposing the constitutional amendments, so far as State newspapers are concerned, and it expresses pleasure in learning that the Wilkes Patriot is keeping it company in this respect. Everything overlooks its near neighbor, the Greensboro Record. The Record certainly talks like a paper that opposes the amendments.—Statesville Landmark.

Well, the trouble with Uncle Joe was that he wouldn't sit steady in the boat. One day he said it looked like a shell game, and then he said he didn't know, and he wasn't an ally that we could count on. He was rather betwixt and between.

## IT'S GOOD TIMES

### November Sixteenth Is Biggest Day Yet.



**THE** slogan "Wear Cotton" will change to "Sell Cotton" after the 16th of this month. On that date the Liverpool and New York cotton exchanges will again open after being closed for many weeks. The plans have all been worked out, and simultaneously the Federal reserve banks and the cotton exchanges will be in motion. The fact that the banks will have oceans of gold to turn loose on good securities, local banks will not be frightened, and with the cotton exchanges telling us what cotton is worth the planter will know better than he has known for some months "where he is at."

With the embargo lifted on cotton; with foreign countries saying they want great quantities of it; with American mills receiving orders for all kinds of cotton goods for the foreign armies, it looks like an era of prosperity, unprecedented, was coming to America. If we keep out of the war, and we have great faith in our President along this line, the United States of America will become the most prosperous country in the world. Calamity will go so far to the woods that you can't hear it howl for ten years.

The cotton speculator will again come to the front; the consumer is already waiting, and while cotton will never be fifteen cents when so much is in sight it is not unreasonable to believe it will see close to ten cents. Nine cents will perhaps be the price, but the man who planted too much can't complain if he gets nine cents for his over production. The cotton panic may have been worth while. It may have taught a long needed lesson to the southern farmer. He must raise something besides cotton. Finally this will be drilled into him, and when it is he will be as independent as a hog on ice—however much that may mean independence. We have heard that the hog could either walk, skate or lie down. And that is the way the farmer should be. If he will raise his own hay, corn and oats for his stock; his own meats and other provisions, and then put in enough cotton to give him his ready cash, he could be always prosperous.

And this lesson that he has learned this year, may help some in that direction. November 16th will be an important day in the history of the United States—in the history of the South. The new currency law which we have so long needed goes into effect that day, and with it the cotton exchanges of the world open for business. And on that day business will receive an impetus, and the scare will be over. Sit steady in the boat just a few more days and all will be well.

#### How They Fall Down.

The government assumed, because the officers had seen the folk with a large roll on their persons, that there were at least a hundred people in the United States whose incomes were over a million a year. And on this presumption it figured its income tax. But behold when the final figures came in there were but forty-four people so heavily burdened. The government miscalculated about twenty-seven million dollars on its income tax—but all that glitters is not gold.

When a man has an income of one million likely plunks a year we are here to tell you that he is going some. A million is an easy word to pronounce—and in these reckless days of circulation liars and other things numerically considered, people talk about millions with reckless disregard. But a million is something to stand up before and take notice. Ten hundred thousand lands a man on Easy Street, and when you go out after nine hundred more thousand you have got to pick it up lively or it will be dark before you fill your basket.

There were just forty-four men in the United States who confessed they had an income of a million and over a year. And today there are few men who really know how much money a million dollars means. It means so much that there is no use to bother about it. If it would happen that you were so fortunate or unfortunate as to possess that amount you would feel at times just as poor as the man who wants a dollar and has only sixty cents. Because the more we get the larger are our plans—the greater our dreams—and a million, to the man who has made it—who has watched it come his way in small amounts and large amounts is no more to him, after he gets it, than the thousand is to the young clerk who has counted the slow creeping dollars come to him.

Senator Overman was fully vindicated by the terrible charge of giving one of his children a few days' employment.