



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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IS STILL STRONG

Bryan Bigger Than All His Critics.



WE NOTE that out of Washington comes an interesting story by Red Buck to the Charlotte Observer concerning the woman suffrage question as personally conducted by Secretary of State Bryan. Red Buck says that Mr. Bryan is a great prohibitionist, and a great woman suffragist and in the last issue of his Commoner he wrote an editorial that is calculated to set the South against the Great Commoner. The paragraph which may raise the shingles on the house politically is as follows: "The active opposition to woman suffrage is to be found in the brewery, distillery and the saloon, and when this fact is known those who are associated with the anti-suffragists will inquire the cause."

Red Buck points out that all but two Southern senators voted against the woman suffrage question, and because of this the paragraph in the editorial places the Southern senators among the saloon element.

But we hardly see it in that way. The Southern senator, unless he takes himself too seriously, might be opposed to woman suffrage and might vote against it—and yet not be considered the "active opposition" that Mr. Bryan talks about.

Mr. Bryan is but human, after all, and for many years he has been pursuing with voice and pen the "liquor interests." It seems that he imagines he is being always pursued by the breweries and saloon interests. When he made his first campaign he declared the brewers beat him, and ever since that day he has talked about the saloon interests opposing him.

It was at the famous Grand Island convention where he split with his life-long friend Senator Hitchcock, that he denounced Hitchcock as representing the brewers, and having sold out to them—when, indeed, everybody knew that Hitchcock never sold out to anybody. If there has ever been a man in public life free of graft and free of all bribes, no matter in what way offered—Hitchcock is the man. When he was as poor as Job's turkey, and when his newspaper was costing him every dollar he could raise by mortgage and otherwise, he stood clean and fearless. The railroads offered to advertise with him to the extent of thousands of dollars a year in cash—made him an offer that wasn't a bribe in fact, but what amounted to it, and he refused it with scorn. Hitchcock was never owned by an interest—but because Bryan was losing popularity in certain quarters he at once changed it up to the brewers and denounced Hitchcock.

The hallucination is strange. We all know that the saloon interest isn't worrying anything about woman suffrage. California, where women vote, voted to continue the bar-room for eight years and prohibition was swatted for fair. The woman will naturally vote for better morals, but if the saloons can run now, giving woman the ballot would not decrease them for many years. Woman suffrage has nothing to do with whiskey or anything else except that the right vouchsafed a woman is withheld from her by law—the right to defend herself—to protect herself by the power of the ballot. Mr. Bryan, however, is bigger than any of them. He has gone through the fires of all sorts of savage nations; he has been hunted in daylight and in the dark. He has stood in the open, and for all these years they have never been able to fasten anything on him, and when he opposes whiskey and supports woman suffrage he is big enough to remain the same Big Man, notwithstanding the opposition of the saloon interests and all the other interests that choose to line up against him. A dreamer in many ways, yet not a bigger man in America is there than W. J. Bryan. Take it from us—he is clean and he is strong.

Rather Pathetic.
In denying a motion for a new trial to Leon Frank, Justice Holmes went so far as to say that he had serious doubts if Frank had a fair trial on account of the presence of a hostile demonstration of a seemingly dangerous crowd. That is bad business. If Frank didn't have a fair trial he certainly should have one. This thing of putting out a man's lights because he happens to be a Jew is pretty bad business.

Now Don't Do It.
Do not send away for any of your Christmas goods that you can buy at home or get at home. Try to help your town, help yourself, by spending every dime you spend with your home people. Keep the South's money in the South. Let the South's dollars continue to work down here.

CANAL CUTS IT OUT

No Booze In A Uniform In Panama Canal.



WET us call it what we will, suggestion, telepathy, science, agitation—anything you want to call it, but certainly the conclusion reached concerning John Barleycorn is almost unanimous when it comes to a business proposition. Forty years ago and the man who took his drink or let it alone was privileged to go and come. If he happened to be a writing man it was understood that he could drink. The railroad conductors made no bones about taking a drink. The clerks and in fact all who wanted to drink took a drink—and it didn't enter into the question of employment.

But now the big corporations will not knowingly stand for the man who drinks. The railroad companies will not employ drinking men if they can locate them with a jag—and from all quarters there is an understanding that the booze artist need not apply. Last week the order was issued on the Panama canal that no man connected with the locks would be allowed to enter a saloon while wearing a uniform. It was said that this would make boat owners feel more secure and perhaps keep down the rates of marine insurance.

It seems to be generally understood that indiscriminate drinking unfits a man for his duties, and the whole business world has accepted the theory. There is so much money represented in the liquor interests' property that in some states it is yet hard to secure prohibition by a vote of the people—but the fact that all corporations and Uncle Sam have tabooed whiskey suggests that prohibition will one day be universal by a common understanding.

Getting Brighter.
Out in Missouri the people voted on a railway measure, a bill passed by the legislature and signed by the Governor. It was called the Full Crew Bill—a bill advocated by the spellbinders and ambitious politicians, insisting that the railroad companies, on certain trains employ more men. The wind-jammer of course was in his glory. He had a chance to show where the railroad was taking the money of the "pee-pul" and grinding down men to run their trains, and of course, there should be more men.

But the people thought it over. The farmer looked into it, and the result of the election was that the bill was defeated by the people, and the farmers' vote particularly, by a majority of 164,492—more than two to one in opposition to the bill.

The people are awake. They have looked beyond and they have ascertained that if you cripple a railway you cripple the life of the country through which it passes. They have learned that a few cents lower freight rate on the hundred pounds means nothing to the ultimate consumer—and they have learned also that the few cents means a great hole in the revenues of the railway, and that means decreased service.

The railroad has long been a spring-board used by the politician to jump into office. Since the days of VanWyck there have been imitators and some have been successful. But the people are learning that the more a railroad earns the more service it renders and they realize that if the railroads have money to spend for double tracks; for better depots; for more trains and better service the better it is for the community. The merchant buys most of his stuff f. o. b. to his home town, so he makes nothing to speak of—and the ultimate consumer gets his shoes or his sugar at no less cost—so he sees the point, like the farmers in Missouri saw it, and swats the measures which politicians, most always thoroughly selfish, advocate.

Truly there is a brighter day dawning.

Pass It On.
Tell your neighbor he should trade at home. Show him why it means money in his pocket. Insist that we can only build the South to bigger things by keeping the South's money in the South. Talk it all the time. It is a theory worth while.

Some Time Yet.
They are already trying to talk about Senator Simmons' successor. The Senator holds on until 1917—and the chances are he will be his own successor if living and he wants to run again. Senator Simmons is an essentially big man, and he has made good.

Again.
Congress will now be hammering away again. The short session will adjourn for Xmas and then the Long Session will go to it again on March 4th. All the law makers are hoping that the next session will not run into the next year as it did this last go round.

A BIG TIME FOR ALL



PRESIDENT LATHAM of the Chamber of Commerce tells us that he wants the city of Greensboro to do things, and he knows that if he can but gain the co-operation of the many traveling men who make their homes in this city he will accomplish much along that line.

Accordingly, Saturday night, December 5th, which is the day this paper is dated, there will be held in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. a smoker or dinner or meeting—whatever you want to call it, and every traveling man making headquarters in Guilford county is urgently requested to be present. And any visiting traveling man—any man on the road who has come in for Sunday is also asked to be present. There will be nothing to make a man tired. Short snappy talks, interesting suggestions—just a get together of a crowd of men who do more to make a town or knock it than any other set of men in the world. We play this particular bit of news on the front page—because we want every traveling man to see it and heed it. President Latham has scores of friends among the traveling men, and he knows that they are worth while.

Oliver And Underwood.
Mr. W. I. Underwood, of the Patriot, and Mr. John T. Oliver, of the Reidsville Review, are two editors recently appointed by Mr. Aus. Watts in the revenue service. If we don't look out there will be some of those envious souls who delight to swat your Uncle Aus, accusing him of building up a machine. And it is a fact that Mr. Watts has the biggest machine in North Carolina and yet he never did a thing to organize it. His enemies have made people think he is a bold, bad man—a man who can do miracles in politics, and if truth were known it is all on paper. Mr. Watts simply plods along, admits nothing and denies everything and in this way is considered the Mighty Political Boss of Tarheelia. In Statesville recently, he confessed to us that he really had nothing to do with politics. And that is about the size of it.

Write Them About It.
Write your member of the legislature. He is to be your servant. You help pay him and you helped elect him. He is there to represent you. Tell him what you think. If he turns you down, then remember him. If you think wrong he may tell you so. Among other things tell him to put no more expensive commissions on the tax payers.

The War Tax.
The revenue tax of a hundred million dollars is said to be because of the war. The cause is that Uncle Sam is spending more money than he was taking in. He keeps on spending extravagantly and taxes the people to keep up his style. Why doesn't he economize in times like these? Why not cut off a few millions of extra and useless pay rolls? Why? Because politics is politics and is never business.

Live Merchants And Business Men.
Greensboro has the live wires when it comes to business people. Read each month the list of prizes offered the farmers who sell tobacco on this market. They are prizes worth while. Prizes of real value and real merit. The business man of Greensboro is asked to come across and he digs down deep in his pocket and puts down an article worth while, and says give it to the farmer who raises the best tobacco. He thus encourages the farmer to raise good crops; he helps build up here a tobacco market. Unselfish and patriotic is the average Greensboro business man.

Worth While.
The Mann White Slave act has perhaps been worked the limit in some cases, but it is proving a great help. Since the law went into effect there have been 901 convictions and something like 4,000 indictments. The White Slave act is to stop the traffic in innocent and unsuspecting girls who are lured from their homes by procurers. That is primarily what it was intended to do, and the attempt to magnify it hardly ever holds before a jury.

LET US ALL HELP IT

The Christmas Season Should Be Joyful and Happy.



DUTY we all owe to Society and to ourselves is to help the Christmas-times to make glad the hearts of the children and people who have been unfortunate. The community Christmas tree is one of the ways to make happy the little tots who never saw and who never hope to see Santa Claus.

The work of the Salvation Army is generally profitable during the holiday season—that organization feeds many hungry outcasts. The custom of buying and using large quantities of Red Cross seals helps a most deserving cause, and as the years come more and helpful associations are organized.

Just what the weather will be Christmas no one knows, but the hope is that it will remain favorable, and that the poor will not suffer. But each man and each woman should throw something in the box for Christmas, for others. If all of us would agree with ourselves as to the approximate amount we were going to spend for gifts for friends, and then cut that about fifteen per cent or twenty-five per cent and let that amount go to the deserving poor—to the children and to the old men and women who are dependent, Christmas would be a more satisfactory day.

Truly it is true that it is more blessed to give than to receive. You can't get away from the proposition. A man may hand you a beautiful present, you will appreciate it—but you will feel that maybe next year he expects the bread thus cast upon the waters to return even ten fold and you don't feel as good over receiving that gift as you feel when you send a five dollar bill out on a work of mercy and charity. You feel better all day if you have done something worth while—and there is nothing like remembering the deserving poor. And especially do you feel better if you remember them during the Holiday season, during the season when all the world seems attuned to happiness. Commence right now and conclude to help the different funds—one or all, if it is only with a five cent piece. The aggregate will amount to a goodly sum if we all put in something—and we all should be anxious to do so.

The Railroads And Arbitration.
The western railroad wage-earners have been wanting increased pay; decreased hours and increased force, and the railroads have simply turned their purses wrong-side out and shown these people that there could be nothing doing. But organized labor insisted upon its demands, and now the whole matter is being arbitrated.

The people engaged in this work are big business men, able lawyers, good citizens—among them Judge Pritchard, of this state, and the task will consume some three months. When it is over the laborers will know whether the railroads have deceived them or whether they told the truth.

The revenues have been decreased wonderfully, and the plan of arbitration is the best. If the railroads cannot afford to meet the demands of labor, labor should not be allowed to tie up the business of the country. If the railroads can afford to meet the demands they should be made meet them. And arbitrators will doubtless ascertain how the matter stands.

Improved Service.
The Winston Sentinel announces a still greater improvement in its Associated Press service. It all along has been fine for an afternoon paper, but it goes what it had, one better. The Sentinel is perhaps the neatest daily in the state typographically, and with the best afternoon news service in this section it will doubtless grow bigger and even better.

By the way, our afternoon neighbor, the Record, has improved wonderfully with an Associated Press report and a clear front page.

Our morning neighbor, the News, with its color equipment, its strong editorial writers and efficient news gatherers, is giving Greensboro a newspaper worth while, and we feel proud of the fact that both the morning and evening fields are filled and keep up with the ambition of the city. Strong daily newspapers in a town are always worth while.

KNOCKER HELPS

He Makes Other Fellow Get Busy.



MANY times and oft, on the Bialto, we have seen the knocker, and so have you. And he doesn't mean to knock. He is often an individual with a mind of his own, and he proceeds to reason things out his way, and when he lets loose his thinking apparatus, he swats this or that—and we—the great majority, cuss him out. The knocker is perhaps the best asset we have. We object and then it is up to the optimist to prove that the pessimist—who is the knocker, is off his base, and much agitation bears good fruit.

North Carolina has her knockers. She has her boosters. She has her ultra conservative citizens and she has her ultra progressive. And because of this she generally wears a level head—and one thing is certain she is growing.

We have had all kinds of measures proposed and we have adopted many—and out of it all comes the fact that the Old North State is growing more rapidly than ever in her history. If you will go to Charlotte, to Winston, to Durham, to Asheville, to Wilmington (or stop off in Greensboro) you will see towns which almost look like cities. They are building or have built sky scrapers; the factories are increasing, new people are coming, and you don't know from where and you haven't time to ask. All these towns are city like and the bank statements show they have the coin—and are coming right along. The smaller towns are becoming more pretentious, and North Carolina in the last ten years has absolutely been transformed. The knocker has played his part. The ultra conservative and the ultra progressive has played his—we have been doing something, all of us, and the result is that North Carolina is getting there. And when the temporary lull caused by the war is forgotten—when the Panama canal commences to do business on the big scale that it will do business, and trade starts to the South—take it from us that the Old North State is going to amaze all her sisters. Those who have plodded along down here in the pine woods for twenty-five and thirty years will wonder, even five years from now, how all this came about. The knocker helped—because he put the mettle in the fellow with the faith.

Well, It Doesn't.
Commenting on what we had to say about a man receiving cold coin to heal his lacerated feelings when another man runs off with his wife or secures her affections, the Laurinburg Exchange says, "Neither could we ever figure how gold could heal the hurt that honor feels."

Well, in truth it doesn't. It was said of old the jingle of the guinea would do this—but that was a fake started by the contingent lawyer who wanted to prove, and who did prove, to a jury of sensible men that gold would cover a basket full of sins.

The man who has been slandered and asks gold for a reward asks that in order to punish the offender—because as old man Shylock put it up, if you take the prop that sustains life—you take life itself. But to cure the wound, never. And so the law ought to be, that if punitive damages are awarded in such a case, whatever the amount it should go to the state. If this were the law there would not be so many imaginary cases of slanderitis, but when there was good ground for action, a jury would not be slow in returning a verdict knowing that the state was to receive the money.

Get Christmas in your heart right now.
Keep it there all month and then let it stay there all the year. That is the way to make the world happier.

Are you trading at home?
If not throw away that mail order catalogue and go see your home merchant. He will take care of you, and you will in this way help build up the South. Keep the South's money in the South.

A Terrible Price.
With apples selling at eighty cents a bushel and but few takers it seems a terrible price that Adam paid for the one he got.

But One More.
North Carolina has eleven legal holidays during the year, and but one more is left. That will be Christmas, December 25, and the day comes on Friday.

Get your New Year Resolutions ready.
Sweep off and swear out—put away the old resolutions to keep Christmas and New Year resolutions as it is possible.