



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON RIGHT TRACK

Durham To Have City Manager In Charge

THE people of Durham have made a great step forward. They are going to employ a city manager. He will be a man chosen by a mayor and four aldermen, and it will be his business to run the town—to employ policemen; to employ all officials; to contract for street work; to do everything in fact that a manager of a big business would do. He is to be found. He needn't live in Durham. He can be picked up in Kalamazoo or Timbuctoo—all he need do is to make good, and if he fails to make good he is to be discharged, just like the cotton mill men would discharge the superintendent—just like a railroad company would dispense with the services of a man who didn't fill the bill.

There will be no politics in it. It will be business from the first base to the home plate. Of course the mayor and board of aldermen will be consulted—but if a little street needs something here or a street crossing needs something there—a street light is demanded, this manager looks at it just as he would look at the demands of his big plant were it individually owned.

The manager is to be employed for four years—provided he makes good. This is an ideal proposition, if you want a Commission Form of Government. The way we have it in Greensboro we have politics entering into it—that is to say, the three commissioners who do things are elected by the people, and of course where politics plays its part it always interferes. If the Commissioners get away from politics there are those shrewd enough to force politics in the game. With a manager and a board of aldermen representing the different sections of a city, the board isn't consulted. "See the manager"—and the manager from a business stand-point acts intelligently. Of course there is one remaining if, and it enters into any and every plan, and that "if" is, if they select the right kind of a manager. The right kind of a man may not be found in North Carolina, but he is somewhere in the world waiting to be called. We expect to see Durham lead all other cities in its form of Government. Greensboro progressed when she adopted the Commission Form, and she will progress further one of these days by adopting the Managerial system. That is the one that seems best, wherever tried, and we are glad so progressive a town as Durham, now in the height of a great prosperity, has concluded to adopt the newest wrinkle in city government. She is to be congratulated.

Thoughtless Cruelty.

The Thomasville, Georgia, Press, wanting an item, filled up a hole with this gem—a paragraph that is cruel, thoughtless and unnecessary:

New York city has discarded the stripes for her convicts and has adopted a blue suit that costs 99 cents as a convict uniform. We don't like the idea. The stripes are recognized the world over and it is so conspicuous it never fails to carry the brand that is desired with it.

That is the proposition. Object to changing the snaky stripes—the odious and repulsive uniform to one that makes it impossible to distinguish a convict from a rogue outside the prison.

While it is true that the stripes go through—they eat into the quivering flesh and forever leave their hideous markings, to make a convict wear them is to add additional insult to his shame, his helplessness and his degradation. The savage idea of man was to make a uniform that could be distinguished—make it so that the state could work its caged and wretched captive—make it so that if he exercised his primal instinct to escape it would be easy to shoot him to death or identify him on the highway.

Ninety per cent. of the men sent to prison are victims of circumstance. Either in passion or in hunger or in desperation they commit some act of folly—step over the dead line prescribed by man, and thus violate the law. They are arrested, indicted, tried and sent to a living tomb for a term of years. The world forgets them because the world doesn't care. But in order to get the last drop of sweat from the pain-eaten brow; in order to draw the last minute of toil from the unfortunate creature, he is rigged out in a loud-speaking garment—a lot of zebra stripes in order to let the world know and all men know that he is a victim—that he is a desperate man, because forsooth, he was detected in doing something that Society said he must not do.

There never was any reason why a convict should be humiliated and disgraced by donning a uniform of stripes. Society does not demand it, and the man's security to the law is made no stronger. Society primarily asks only that the offender be placed in confinement in order to restrain him from committing

MULE OR SUBMARINE

What Is The Real Difference As Articles Of War.

IT seems that this country lost one big order—many millions involved when Charles M. Schawb, president of the Bethlehem Iron Works turned down a gigantic order for submarines. Mr. Schawb had received orders for a great number of submarine boats to be built for foreign nations in war, and the scheme was to ship them to Canada and from there to the belligerent countries.

President Wilson thought to build submarine boats for a nation at war would be in violation of the neutrality law, and after Schawb called on Mr. Bryan and explained fully his proposed scheme, Mr. Wilson said it would not do.

Later Mr. Schawb telephoned that the order was refused, that he would build no boats. And this is funny. Here are agents for all the foreign countries in America buying up all the mules in sight, and what is the difference, when you come to sift the matter down to the last point, between an army mule in action and a submarine boat?

The mule is the most comprehensive piece of machinery in the world; he is a great artilleryman—he can tote a gun and from his back you can shoot it and he never blinks an eye. And if America can furnish army mules to belligerent nations and keep within the neutrality statutes why in Sam Hill can't she build a submarine boat?

These are the questions ladies and gentlemen, which we submit to you in all candor—and pause for a reply.

To Make A Law.

Judge Glenn Brown tells us that he is going to try his very best to have a law passed for Guilford county looking to compensating convicts for the work they do for the state. We are glad Guilford will lead in this matter. But we are also informed that inasmuch as the state democratic platform is pledged to some reforms in our penal system, we are liable to secure a law for the whole state. That would be the thing to do. Dr. Poe is working hard along this line and promises to do all he can at Raleigh this winter to secure the enactment of a law that will treat more humanely the unfortunates who err.

Why Cert.

The aged Clawson, of the Wilmington Star, who has lived more stories than the average platform spell-binder, is figuring on the stage. At least it looks like it from this paragraph. He asks:

If a man can work up a number of popular ideas and incorporate them into such phraseology that he can make a hit as a lecturer, hasn't he the right to go on the platform and exchange the wheels in his head for the wheels in the pockets of those who want to pay their money for what they think is chuck full of sap and edification?

Why cert. The wheels in the head are always worth the wheels in the trouser-pockets. The man who can hold an audience and who can get an audience in these days of moving pictures and moving politicians not only has the right, but it is his duty, to take to the platform while the crowd takes to the woods.

Further deprecations. Society does this to protect itself. In the second place it has been the theory of unfeeling men that the convict must be punished—that he must be the wearer of stripes; that he must be manacled; that he must be stood over by a guard with a shot gun; that all the indignities and indecencies that can be heaped upon him are deserved, because in a moment of desperation he fell.

The man who trips and falls; the man who steps aside from the narrow path and violates the laws of society for the first time, may be as good a citizen as fifty per cent of those not detected and prosecuted. There is another percentage which seems to possess criminal tendencies, but instead of Society attempting to reclaim them and reform them, and make citizens out of them, she heartlessly and brutally condemns them to prison, subjects them to torture and to humiliation, and when they do come out, their hand is raised against law and against order.

We are in favor of doing away with stripes. We are in favor of putting men on their honor and if they make their escape let them go—because such men will be caught again. If they are desperate men let the state confine them and give them no opportunity to escape. But we object to the tax payer paying hundreds of able bodied men salaries to stand over the chained and manacled victims of circumstance with double barreled guns ready to shoot them if they make a move for their liberty. Let it be understood that the state still recognizes these men as human beings; as men still possessed of honor, and let them know that good conduct means parole and pardon, and we have advanced. Otherwise we are as cruel as Tamerlane.

ONE WHO MADE GOOD



OUR Gallery of North Carolinians of Those Worth While would never be complete unless we printed the picture of Mr. W. H. Wood, Secretary and Treasurer of the American Trust Co., of Charlotte, one of the biggest banking concerns in the South and one of the most successful. Mr. Wood is a young man—was born in North Carolina, and when the American Trust Co. was organized he was part of it and has been a prominent and conspicuous part of it ever since. Mr. Wood is also the largest stock holder in the Charlotte Observer Printing Co., being, we believe, Secretary and Treasurer of that corporation. Since the death of Mr. Tompkins he has been made secretary.

In the life of Charlotte Mr. Wood has always played a leading part. He has always been a booster; always been progressive, but conservative, and he numbers his friends by the thousands. Governor Craig made him President of the North Carolina railroad, not because he was a politician, but because he was a successful and deserving business man.

Mr. Wood has many friends in Greensboro, where his honored father and mother live, Major and Mrs. W. W. Wood. Mr. Wood is hardly yet in the prime of life, being along about the forty mark, and Everything predicts greater things for him. No young man in North Carolina has achieved greater things than Mr. Wood, and his success has been in the fact that he "stuck to his knitting;" applied himself and equipped himself to meet any demands made upon him. Younger men, just starting out in life, can learn from Mr. Wood's success much that will be beneficial to them.

Still High Handed.

A mob at Florence, South Carolina, lynched a negro. His crime was hiding under a house during the absence of the men folk. After they took the poor devil out and hanged him they riddled his body with bullets. Of course he had done nothing wrong, so far as known. He might have been hiding from other people. He might have had his head full of mischief. But to mob a man and riddle his body with bullets because he had hidden himself under a house suggests that we are rapidly growing to a state of civilization on a par with barbarians and savages.

Still Talking It.

Some of the politicians are still telling the people that it was ignorance that defeated the amendments. Let some of these fellows who are calling the men who voted intelligently against the amendments a bunch of ignoramuses, run for office, and they will be wise enough to swat those who are insulting them.

Should Be Thankful.

It was related that when Senator Ingalls was in Washington and his magnificent home containing his splendid library was destroyed by fire—nothing left but a heap of ashes, he was notified by wire of the terrible loss. He wired back to give his thanks to the brave firemen for saving the well.

And it looks now that the directors of the Milton Bank recently looted by Cashier Hines should pass a resolution thanking him for leaving the building. The net assets of the bank are placed at \$14,225.84 and Hines took \$16,224.93. In other words he took more than the bank had, and leaving the building, showed that he was not on the hog.

Liver Pudding.

And now Colonel Sanford Martin is preparing his winter's supply of liver pudding. Hear him:

It's about time for liver pudding and sage and pepper, that combination in which Winston-Salem excels all the rest, Colonel Fairbrother to the contrary notwithstanding.

Search us—but this liver pudding business is beyond us. There may be such a thing. We hope there is, but you will excuse us for not passing the plate for more. Thank you, we fear the Winston liver pudding is a myth.

POLITICIANS MEDDLE

Want To Oppose Wilson Concerning War Equipment.

SEEMS that the politicians are willing to go any depth to make hay and no matter what results. Just now the republicans are insisting on knowing all about the secrets of the government concerning her preparedness for war. President Wilson thinks that just now is not a good time to be examining our guns for fear that other nations might wonder why. But there appears to be a demand to know just what we have in the matter of coast defence; just what we have in the matter of ammunition—in all things that might be of interest were we to declare war or have war declared against us.

Congress is now debating the question and the hope is that Congress might find something else to do. Certainly we should be prepared for war—the lesson from across the sea shows what kind of a fix Belgium got into, and certainly she wasn't looking for trouble—she had no chip on her shoulder, and yet she got the worst of it. The United States should be prepared for war just as long as there are nations ready to go to war. No matter how we feel about it as a nation, if other nations remain war-like and some of them conclude some day to pounce upon Uncle Sam, we should be fully prepared to meet all who come. We are big enough and rich enough to do this. We need never be the aggressor—but we should have hip pockets in all our breeches and if necessary tote a gun in 'em.

Another Bryan Rumor.

And now the busy ones are saying that A. Mitchell Palmer, unsuccessful candidate for United States senator from Pennsylvania, is to succeed Mr. Bryan, as Secretary of state after March 4. It is said that many democrats have insisted that Bryan must leave the cabinet.

Of course none of us know about what Mr. Wilson will do or what Mr. Bryan wants to do, but we will bet dollars to doughnuts that Wilson never asks Bryan to resign. Were he to throw him out, as some papers suggest he will do, it would be good bye the hope of democracy.

Mr. Bryan is too big a man to be used as a jumping jack. He carries with him too much power. Mr. Wilson will never forget that Bryan alone made it possible for him to secure the nomination.

But if the republicans get together and go out on a tariff campaign what about the two million majority of votes which were cast for a high tariff against Wilson, and divided between Taft and Roosevelt? Roosevelt is no longer in the calculation. He is the dearest political duck ever left out doors. If the republican party comes together in 1915 with a tariff campaign there will be no doubt in the world as to results. We presume that is conceded.

Cutting The Big Salaries.

The Atlantic Coast Line has cut the salaries of all employes receiving more than \$200 a month. Hard times is the cause given, and when the big officials cut their salaries we must conclude that there is a reason for it. Too much adverse legislation is what has hurt the railroads. Let us hope that our legislature this winter will be constructive and not destructive.

Funny, Isn't It?

Funny how the lawyer politician has been working his shell game. He goes out and gets some fellow to announce him for an office and then he takes the stump and tells the people what they need. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. But the shell game has been discovered. No longer will it be so easy in North Carolina to hood wink the voter.

Judge Clark Ill.

Because of an attack of acute indigestion Judge Walter Clark of Raleigh almost passed away from earth last Friday night. He was unconscious for several hours, but happily, was restored. The announcement of his critical illness called forth expressions of genuine sorrow from all over the state, and all rejoice to know that the able jurist is now practically himself again.

At Pikesville.

In renewing for his paper, Mr. Erastus Smith, of Pikesville, N. C., writes us to say: "Keep the name of General J. S. Carr before the people for Governor. I am an old soldier, and want him as Governor of our State." Many men write like Mr. Smith—and when the time comes the politicians are going to wonder why it is that a man can be nominated without going into the race.

THE DUKES AGAIN

Some History About The Trinity Donation

ALITTLE straightening out of history is necessary just here. Because John C. Kilgo went off half-cocked concerning the pulling down of Old Glory, some of the papers of the State are criticising him severely, and perhaps he needs calling for this particular uprising. But it makes us laugh to see them put the Dukes into it—to say that a man who pulled "the legs of the Dukes like Kilgo pulled them" and all this and that—trying to mix the Dukes up in what Kilgo said. It is funny. History is never written while men live, but a little history concerning the Dukes and Trinity might now be worth while. We were living in Durham, North Carolina, when they were going to move Trinity College.

Dr. Yates, a Methodist minister, a presiding elder and as good a man as ever lived anywhere, and as able a man as ever preached in North Carolina, came to our office one day and said he was going to try to secure some help to get Trinity to Durham. Durham was ambitious and we all were mighty glad to hear that such a prospect was in sight. The Doctor said that General Carr owned the old Blackwell race track, and if he could get the General to agree to give the site, a great many acres of land, and valuable, too, he believed he could get Uncle Wash Duke to give the money—we believe it was a hundred thousand dollars—a large sum for those days. We didn't think that two men would feel able to stand such a burden. We frankly told the good Doctor so, and he said: "Never your mind. Don't say anything about it in the paper yet—but I believe it can be done. It should be done."

And we wished him well. Here we want to say what we have before written and what we have publicly said many a time, there never lived a more honest man—rugged, guileless, square in every way, than Uncle Wash Duke. He was a sincere man—and a God-fearing and God-loving man if ever there was one on earth. We knew him very well. The matter was put up to General Carr, and we all know how he always let loose of his purse strings for any righteous cause. We know that he has given more money to churches and to schools and to deserving charity than any other man in North Carolina—and he told Dr. Yates he would gladly donate the land.

Uncle Wash Duke said he would give the required sum—and Durham, to a man, rejoiced. We have the printed files of our newspaper, and no announcement was ever received in Durham with greater joy. It wasn't only the Dukes, but it was General Carr as well—Washington Duke and General J. S. Carr, at the solicitation of Dr. E. A. Yates, moved Trinity College to Durham and handsomely endowed it.

Those are the facts. Being a true Christian gentleman, and having been successful beyond his wildest dreams, Mr. Washington Duke gave again to the College he loved—and he did it because he felt he was helping the cause of Christianity. Naturally what the father had helped to build the two boys, Benjamin and James B. wanted to help—and voluntarily Mr. Buck Duke gave a library—and then each year these two successful men have voluntarily contributed, and will doubtless continue to contribute to this great Southern institution of learning.

Kilgo never "pulled the Duke's legs"—there was no leg-pulling process necessary. The Dukes have plenty of money, and because their father, then not as rich as he was in after years, wanted to build Trinity to an institution of respectable size and importance, these two devoted sons followed only in his path.

That is the long and the short of how the Dukes helped Trinity. Nobody ever pulled their legs. Their contributions have been made cheerfully—made at first, before John C. Kilgo was ever heard of in North Carolina; made when John Franklin Crowell was the head of the institution, and we do not see why Trinity College, such a magnificent school and so handsomely endowed, should be compelled to have these things, untrue, said about it.

Having lived in Durham at the time; knowing that we were the first person to whom Dr. Yates ever mentioned his scheme to locate Trinity in Durham; knowing that General Carr had as much to do with bringing Trinity to Durham as the Dukes had—because its coming was conditioned alone on his giving that valuable tract of land, we feel that it is up to us, while yet living, to get history straight. That is why we write this at this time.

Worth While.

The Belgians all admit that but for America thousands of them would have died from starvation. Old Glory to their eyes has been the Star of Hope.