



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SILER CITY, N. C.

LE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1915.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

THE SEED SOWN

Just A Word May Live All Time.



WE ARE all allured by numerals—and when we talk in them we do not comprehend, nor do we really appreciate, their significance. When we say a man is worth a million dollars, we say it because he has perhaps, somewhere in sight two or three hundred thousand dollars—but we say a million, with reckless disregard of the facts. Newspapers have talked about immense circulations, and the average advertiser who goes into a publication doesn't realize that the extra two or three hundred thousand claimed would mean a world of difference.

We talk about our country having a hundred million people, and no one of us can see in our mind's eye the great difference there is between a hundred million and eighty million. We are great on what man has termed "round numbers." We figure out that the navy or the army costs eight hundred and fifty million dollars and it would be all the same if we said a thousand million, because we cannot mentally differentiate between the numerals when they get big enough to be either astounding or appalling.

In his talk to his Bible class last Sunday at the Presbyterian church, Dr. W. C. Smith was talking about figures, about great numbers of people who had gone to hear Billy Sunday—and it seemed wonderful because as many as forty thousand people had been in the audience at one time. "But," said Dr. Smith, "the greatest sermon ever delivered on the earth was Christ's sermon on the mount."

Of course was Christ's Sermon on the Mount—the most wonderful, the most comprehensive sermon ever heard by man—and it has lived nineteen hundred years—and is as good today in all it teaches as it was the day it was delivered, and it will still be fresh and inspiring and beneficial as long as the world endures.

And so it may be with a printed book. It may not become a fad or fashion in literature, but it contains the essence of truth and morality—what it teaches may live longer than the popular fad—something to please but not instruct.

And so also, it is with the spoken word. The man who says something to his friend or speaks idly in a crowd, should always remember that he is sowing seed—that if but one man or woman hears the words uttered it might be repeated and preserved and last as long as time.

Dr. Smith pointed out that Christ's personality was such that he did not seek the multitudes; that no brass band or advertising or solicitation was necessary—that the sublime and eternal truths he uttered to one person and to two persons and to his apostles had lived always and would live always. We write about this because many men think there is no use for them to talk about reforms; no use for them to give thoughtful attention to needed correction of abuses, because they have no medium of publicity and no crowds flock to hear them. Whether the newspaper has ten or ten thousand subscribers, makes no difference. If it is on the right track; if it is seeking to aid humanity; to build its section into commercial greatness; if it is trying to work reforms in the social structure or attempting to give hope and cheer to the erring or fallen brother, it can do great good. And the evidence is sufficient when we remember the words of Dr. Smith to the effect that "the greatest sermon ever delivered on the earth was heard by but twelve people." A thought worth cherishing.

The Cost Of Dogs.

It really doesn't pay to raise dogs, they are very expensive. Mr. Postley has cost us a great deal of money, and we fear he will cost more. He pays a poll tax and never votes, and last Christmas he asked us to open him an account at the American Exchange Bank—he said he wanted ready money to buy bones when the market was right. He will break us up. He has a savings account and already \$13 to his credit. President Vaughn says Mr. Postley is the first dog to open an account, and perhaps it will set a new pace. When he gets his fifty next Christmas we suspect he will paint the town. Maybe, though, he will start a bone factory and thus help out the commercial enterprises of Greensboro.

A Fish Commission.

North Carolina is going to have a \$10,000 fish commission, a few fat offices to protect the fishing interests. This is well. We also need game wardens, but we are not going to get them very soon.

ARE COMING OUT NOW

Candidates For Different Offices Announce.



LAST WEEK we explained that it was our belief that we should make no change in the City Commissioners. Since then another candidate has come out for Mayor and we understand that still others are expecting to announce at an early day. Mr. James H. Cook is in the field and while he hasn't laid down a platform yet he feels that the present Commissioners have done things that he wouldn't have done, and he says so in a gentlemanly, straightforward manner.

As we understand it the campaign will be pulled off "above the belt" so to speak, and the South Side is going to demand recognition. Though it is to be a friendly campaign, even that isn't what we would like to see.

We feel that our charter gives us ample opportunity to recall those who do not measure up to the demands of the majority of voters. We know that if we want a law passed we can, by petition, submit it to the people. If the Commissioners pass any law we do not like we can vote it off the books.

Therefore it appears to us, at this juncture that those gentlemen who have announced should think it over; conclude to devote their time and energy and what money a campaign will cost to boosting the city.

Like the esteemed News, if any of them can "show us" where they will do better than the present commissioners; if they will "show us" where the present commissioners have made any grievous blunders, we are open to conviction. But at this juncture we do not see the need of getting up a great big city fight. Our charter happily precludes the necessity for it.

High Treason.

High treason is being spoken of, but certainly it is high treason. William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific system in a talk at a dinner in Chicago dared utter a few truths—and of course he will be discredited by the politician.

He said prosperity is real or it does not exist. And that is a great truth—although we have been asked to believe that if you think business is good it is good—if you think it isn't it isn't.

Like the Arabian Nights stories all you have to do is to call a gene and tell it to build you a castle—and presto, the castle appears. Tell it to take away the castle and presto, the castle disappears.

But that isn't it. Business is a material, a tangible thing, and if it is on it is on, and if it isn't all the saying so in the world will not make it so.

Mr. Sproule finally concluded his speech by saying:

"To secure that prosperity I urge the imperative necessity of taking business out of the atmosphere of attack into the old-fashioned go-ahead atmosphere of business initiative and American enterprise. I urge relief from the fads, fancies and fashions which have filled the streets with unemployment and put away the dinner pail of the working man empty on the shelf of the impoverished home. I urge the restoration of confidence in the fact that American business men are the peers of any in the world. Finally, I urge that the public interest in transportation is that it shall be prosperous in order that it may be a successful and energetic aid to all the business it is designed to serve."

And that is the issue. Put out of the way the fads, the isms—the new strange gods that politicians have set up to inflame the mind and disturb the well ordered conditions. We know and you know that business men are not the ones who have turned in alarms. Who were the alarmists—the calamity howlers?

Politicians—ambitious men who wanted office and wanted glory. They have sought to disturb the commercial peace. They have interfered with the big business and the big things commercially—not for the good of the people—but for their own glory—for their own aggrandizement.

Thoughtful men, and women, too, who would see here again the great wave of prosperity must tell their children not to listen to these seductive politicians. They must arise in their might, and demand that until business men complain the politician must not be allowed to poison the mind of the people. Happily the pendulum is swinging the other way—swinging towards a more conservative policy. Here in America we can have the greatest Nation of them all. It is youngest, it is strongest—it has the opportunities. Weed out the ambitious demagogue who seeks only to further his end at the expense of the masses, and we have wrought well. We rejoice to know that President Sproule dared to speak his mind.

Base Ball.

Greensboro is going to hold her place in the base ball league. In electing Mr. R. G. Sloan as president of the League the right man in the right place has been chosen. Young, energetic, a good business man and a lover of legitimate sports, Mr. Sloan will doubtless put some ginger in the business end of it that will keep Greensboro on the map.

HE IS MAKING GOOD



DURING the excitement about the many clerks employed by Senator Simmons it has come to light that Captain Samuel Ashe is not on the Senator's pay roll but is an expert employed by the Government.

Captain Ashe is thoroughly competent in any line of duty—because he is a veteran newspaper man. And when you find a newspaper man past the sixty-five year old mark attempting to hold down a government position, take it from us, he will hold it down, and he wouldn't accept it unless he knew he could hold it down.

We are glad it has been shown that Captain Ashe is earning his salary; that he wasn't picked up "just to make a place for him" as has been talked. North Carolina owes Captain Ashe more than it ever paid him, and if Uncle Sam has a place for him, we feel certain that every man in the State will stand by him. He is capable and not a dead-head in any enterprise.

An Interesting Campaign.

Some time ago Everything conceived the idea of a co-operative campaign on the subject of trading at home. The Merchants' Association joined with us, and while we do not know what definite good was done in Greensboro and Guilford county, we do know that the State papers helped out on the propaganda as a state affair. At least a dozen of them copied our advertisements and at least twenty of them liberally copied our special articles.

This sort of an educational campaign is worth while at this time. Every paper in North Carolina should hammer away on the subject; hammer away both early and late, and one of these days there will be a change.

Funny how a campaign of publicity along lines of reason will grow, and the good it will do. It wasn't long ago that Mr. R. C. Hood of Greensboro, started off the Civic League idea and members commenced a war against spitting on the sidewalk. We already had ample laws against expectorating on the sidewalk; everybody knew it was unlawful. But it seemed a desire on the part of hundreds to continue the decoration and desecration. But the Civic League didn't resort to the law. No arrests were made, but a campaign of education, of placards, of talking and example—and while of course men still now and then spit on the sidewalk, thousands will be seen walking to the curb and using the street. Just a campaign of education. Twenty years from now and a man will no more think of spitting on the sidewalk than he will think of spitting on his carpet at home.

And so with the trade at home slogan. There is so much in the proposition that as men begin to understand it; as they see that by keeping the money at home it helps build the home; that the South wants to foster factories and stores and institutions and in doing so each individual is helped, it will not be long until the mail order blank is unknown. There is no reason why you should trade away from home, and every reason why you should help your home merchant. When you help the home merchant you have helped yourself. He employs more men; he pays more rents; he makes real estate higher in the cities. And so in all lines. We are very much pleased with the work we have done along this line, and hope to make a still better campaign later on. In the meantime write it as your slogan: Keep the South's money in the South.

The Weekly Recorder.

Those of our readers who each week read the Weekly Recorder, printed in this paper and edited by the Social Welfare League find that the members of that association are carrying no chips on their shoulders. They are laboring for a better and purer moral and social atmosphere. They want to do nothing that is radical. They want clean pictures and clean shows—and because they have organized and because they boldly insist on what they want they are coming pretty close to getting it.

We are of opinion that the Social Welfare League is worth while in many ways—saying nothing at all of the charitable end—which is perhaps greatest of all. If you are not reading the Recorder, turn to the page where it is, and read it each week. It is refreshing and instructive.

KNOCKED SKY HIGH

The Child Labor Bill Did Not Get Over.



SO IT came to pass that the Weaver child labor bill was defeated. The bill provided for many things that could not have happened and allowed the mills to run as they have been running. We understand that the mill men are very anxious to keep out of mills children under fourteen years of age. They are simply business men, out for business and their mills are supposed to make money for their stockholders. The mill man in North Carolina is broad minded, liberal and understands that money earned must be clean money. He does not want the infant, the child under age to work—but what can he do? The parents come to him and say the child is over fourteen years of age—and it may be but twelve. The mill man wanted inspectors. He wanted every child under age to be kept at home. It means money in his pocket in the long run, and as cotton manufacturing is to be one of the great if not the greatest industries in this state, always, the mill men are anxious that they be recognized as humane, as useful and desirable citizens.

The agitator who wants drastic laws; who stands up and denounces the mill men as inhuman slave drivers—as fiends coining the life blood of childhood into their grist has gone far beyond the line of prudence. We are glad the Weaver bill was defeated. Men and women who want to regulate the age of children and who are interested in child labor can go to the mill men of North Carolina and find enthusiastic supporters for all reasonable measures they care to suggest. There is no doubt about this proposition.

Agitators and newspapers appealing to passions and prejudices—perhaps sincere from their view point, will find, if they investigate, that the conditions in cotton mills in North Carolina are almost ideal. But they go in and find a little sickly child and they photograph him and they label him a "mill slave"—and then they take the picture of another child fed on baby food and a perfect child in physical development and label it the rich man's child—and stand the two pictures side by side, and then harrange the crowd.

In the mill and in the mansion there will be found physical wrecks in the nursery. In the mill and in the mansion will be found perfect development of childhood—pictures of health.

The figures show us that disease enters alike the hovel and the palace—and the grave yard and the tombstones show that Death visits all places.

Out here in our cotton mill towns you find churches and school houses and homes with porches and vines climbing over the windows and roses in the yard—you will see in these school houses, maintained by mill men, hundreds of rosy checked, happy children at play—and we have opposed and expect to oppose the wholesale and unwarranted abuse of the mill men who have made these desirable conditions possible. We honestly believe that the majority of children in the mill towns are getting better advantages than they ever got in other places, and that is why we have said that we believe there has been altogether too much agitation, and that the facts will sustain our position.

The Home For Fallen Women.

If the Home for Fallen Women is properly conducted it will accomplish a great good. It must be run on grounds of humanity and also of strict enforcement of the law. Let those sent there be able to make money of their own; keep them there long enough to get the call of the waste out of them; teach them the Other Road and the state will have made a magnificent investment.

About All Over.

The legislature hasn't much longer. It has given us a few needed laws; it has had thousands of little local bills that should have been passed by the city council or the county commissioners. The big laws and the big things it got away from, and left plenty of room for the agitator to run on next time.

Brockett A Winner.

In his fight for a new charter for High Point Representative Brockett won his fight. He was opposed by those who thought it bad business, but Brockett ran for the legislature to get that charter, and of course it was a cinch that he would get it. Brockett is a natural born fighter—but his strength is not in his belligerency—but in his integrity.

Do Not Forget.

The idea of trading at home is not new. It has long been advocated, but many men forget. They think it is all right for them to send away—forgetting that if each man thought this way about it we would have no stores—no cities. Trade at home always. Keep the South's money in the South. That is a good motto to preach and to practice.

LESSON LEARNED

The Raleigh Tragedy Is Worth While.



TERRIBLE tragedy was that enacted in Raleigh a couple of weeks ago when Speaker Wooten and Clerk Aycock lost their lives and a senator was disabled for many days because of an automobile accident. These gentlemen who gave their lives in such a tragic manner little dreamed when at the late hour they left the country club to return to Raleigh, that theirs was a ride to death. There have been no particulars printed that we have seen, but the inference is that because they had been on a pleasure trip, and were late, they were trying to make speed, and the old story of "less haste more speed" was brought forcefully home.

In crowded cities, in attempting to cross railway tracks; in head on collisions and such apparently unavoidable accidents there seems to be no one to blame—but this lesson of the Raleigh accident should be heeded by all. Doubtless had the driver of the machine taken his time; had he been cautious—had the "joy ride" spirit been put aside, no doubt Speaker Wooten and young Aycock would be alive today.

Go where we will we see the man at the wheel bent on doing foolish things. Because there is speed in the machine some drivers think they must get it out, and it is a safe proposition that two thirds of the appalling accidents which occur could be avoided.

Men who would become indignant were you to accuse them of violating a law that encroached in any way upon their honor, recklessly turn on the juice and exceed speed limits—knowing that it is a gross violation of the law—but they think that doesn't count.

We are not censuring the driver of the car in the Raleigh accident. We are not attempting to show that any one was to blame in particular—but evidently, had there been less speed; had there been more attention paid to the machine and the road, and perhaps the hour for returning, the State would not today mourn for two of her brilliant sons.

Mr. Wooten was a young man of fine ability. He made a great fight to be Speaker of the House and won. He was a receptive candidate for the nomination for Attorney General of his state, and a bright future seemed to lie just before him. And in an instant, as it were, "he heard the billows roar above a sunken ship." And we hope the frightful price paid by these men will not have been in vain.

A Mare's Nest Proper.

Mr. Bruce Craven who has been in Washington had a pipe dream coming down on the double tracks. He thought he had a vision to the effect that Governor Craig would be appointed to succeed Judge Boyd.

In the first place Judge Boyd has not resigned and there is no power that will cause him to resign unless he says so. And he isn't going to say so. There can be no law that will make him resign. He is there as long as he wants to be there, because in the case of Judge Boyd good behavior is implied.

Judge Boyd is today much younger than he was five years ago. If men will observe they will find that when one gets to be about sixty-five years of age a change takes place. Often at that age men pass out. But if they get through and pass to the seventy mark they take on new life. Judge Boyd is physically a more vigorous man at seventy than he was at sixty-five and sixty-six. He will no doubt be our Judge for several years yet. So far as Governor Craig is concerned he stands no show. Governor Craig is a good citizen, but he hasn't done much as Governor. He has been highly honored and the gracious thing for him to do when his term expires as Governor is to go to work on his own hook and not look for a political hand out. Possibly he will do this.

The Divine Sara.

Sara Bernhardt, the most wonderful actress of the age, has recently undergone a surgical operation, and lost a leg. She says she is now free of pain; that she expects to open up her play house within a month, and all this shows the remarkable pluck of the gifted woman. Sara, in her time, was the greatest actress the world has ever known.

Plummer Resigns.

Mr. Nixon Plummer resigns as city editor of the Daily News. Mr. Plummer is an honest, painstaking, conscientious newspaper man, and has more than average ability. Just what he will do has not been announced, but it goes without saying that he will make good wherever he casts his line.