



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1915.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

## ELASTIC QUART

### How It Can Be Made Many Gallons.



THE Anti-Saloon League, through its state Secretary, R. L. Davis, comes into the newspapers and says that the final bill, with its quart of limitation and several other things, is a decided victory for Prohibition. It may be. Theoretically the blind tiger man cannot do much with a quart every fifteen days—but the real blind tiger man has never depended much on open shipments of whiskey. Whiskey is shipped in double barrels—one man we know shipped over a hundred barrels of whiskey—small barrels inside coal oil barrels—and carried on a blind tiger traffic that was fierce. The railroad company does not know what is in a barrel of lamp chimneys, and if there are ten gallons of whiskey in a crate of automobile tires the carrying companies cannot locate it. The blind tiger man does a big business when he runs, and doesn't depend on the railroads for all of it.

The moonshiner is the man who knows the post-office address and the place to meet the blind tiger in the dark. The moonshiner has been more plentiful in this Fifth Congressional district the last year than ever before. And with it impossible to ship in much whiskey in the open, the concealed packages will be more numerous and the moonshiner will be more active.

There is where the anti-saloon people feel they had a partial victory. We are of opinion, however, that it should have been whole or none. We cannot see how the legislature can ever explain. If we voted prohibition, and we did, we should have prohibition. Some of the quarts some of the folks will always have on hand will become amazingly elastic. Three or four gallons coming in the dark, and the one old quart in daylight. They used to tell a story that the Southern Railway owned one old mule and used him to put on a freight train on Sundays so they could claim live stock. That old mule was responsible for the movement of a million cars. And the man who receives ten quarts of likker nicely labelled MaCauley's History of England, by slow freight, will exultantly receive his part in the open, and people who are not philosophers will marvel, and wonder why it is that a quart of likker under the new law will last sixteen times as long as a quart of likker under the old law.

#### The Primary Bill.

Pruned, clipped, repainted, black-eyed and hammered to a jelly was the fate of the far heralded primary bill. The Amendments meant a primary bill that would sand bag into silence all voters. It was proposed to make a man take an oath that he would do so and—had such a measure ever passed in many counties it would have been good bye democracy.

We opposed a state wide primary bill because it was an attempt of politicians to put the party in their breechclothes pocket and walk off with it. What we want is popular representative government. We want a right to go to the polls and vote like we want to vote and for the man who will come nearer filling the bill according to our views. The proposed primary law would simply sand bag the voter. And we were glad that no such measure got through the legislature. We must all conclude that this legislature, while having a few radical men, was inclined to be sane and constructive. Let us have another like it.

#### All Of Them.

There are today more different kinds of fakes on wings than ever before in the world's history. We laugh about the old Roman augurs who put it over the credulous—but there are more Roman augurs abroad today plying their vocation than ever before. It is in every line of endeavor that the grafter is in evidence, and two thirds of them have a "personal organ" to further their game.

#### Wants To Know.

The Winston Journal wants to know what the republicans could hope to do in electing a president next year. It insists that the Senate is democratic and will remain so. Therefore if the republicans had a president and could get the House with them, the Senate would tie their hands. There might be something in this—but you never saw a politician listen to reason—he looks at pie.

## A GREATER QUESTION

### What Are We To Do With The Moonshiner.



OR ways mysterious refer us to the moonshiner; the gentlemanly blockader who goes out in the woods and sets up his plant and commences to make whiskey. He is about as daring as any man on shore. The owner of a private ship will paint his vessel, and he takes pains to conceal himself—but it seems to be an easy matter to get a dozen men and put them to making whiskey in defiance of Uncle Sam; in defiance of state laws and county laws and city laws.

Last Friday in Durham county Sheriff Harward and deputies Belvin, Morgan and Pleasants made a raid in Mangum township and caught three out of five men engaged in operating the biggest distillery ever captured in Durham county—and those who recall the raids Jack Shelburn used to make know this Friday catch was going some.

At the time of the capture the operators had on hand enough beer to make a hundred and fifty gallons of whiskey; twenty gallons of dry mash were destroyed and 2000 gallons of beer emptied. The outfit was brought to Durham and three of the men captured, one white and two colored charged with operating an illicit still were jailed.

It is said a dog was also on the job, but when he saw the officers he made a clean get-away running faster than the men and never looking back. He knew that he was doing something unlawful and didn't want his number displayed.

#### England Talks Big.

England is now saying she will not treat sub-marine officers captured according to their rank. She holds that sub-marine warfare is not civilized and those operating the boats will be tried for murder after the war. This done, perhaps, to make it hard to get officers for the submarine fleets. When they are captured, no matter what their rank, they are held prisoners and thrown in with the common stokers and all fed alike. This is pretty hard medicine for a man who wears a great uniform all sprinkled with medals. But war is war, and if the submarine can help win it is as much desired as anything else. Talk about civilized warfare—there is no such thing.

There is more chance today of Uncle Sam going to war with Mexico and with the nations now belligerent than since the trouble began. The long drawn out fight has gotten all the nations on the nerve line, and they all hate to see Uncle Sam at peace. They understand that if he remains at peace this must, preforce, be the greatest nation in the world. It will be the Great Department store from which the world must look for her supplies until order has been restored abroad, until men are born to fashion things. Knowing that this temporary commercial supremacy would become permanent commercial supremacy all the powers abroad would be mighty glad to see Uncle Sam get into it. Maybe though that Divinity which shapes our ends will keep us free of sanguinary engagement. Let us hope! Let us pray!

#### William Rockefeller.

William Rockefeller a very rich man—not as rich as his brother John D. but possessed of enough dollars to keep a million wolves from a million doors for many years, has again been asked to plead in the New England railway scandal. He says not guilty and he is sick. A very ill man. For years he has had no health, and because of some juggling in the railroad business of which he was a director, he must come into court and be annoyed and harassed. He is not an active business man; he perhaps knew nothing about what the directors did—but because some of them were trying to be crooked, all must take their medicine. Very few directors direct—that is understood.

#### Something In This.

The Wilmington Star is constrained to remark that legislators are the only class of people who work faster without pay than with it.

The members monkey along the first part of the session doing nothing. Then they get moderately busy and finally work three or four days without pay and do more real business in a week than in a month on full pay.

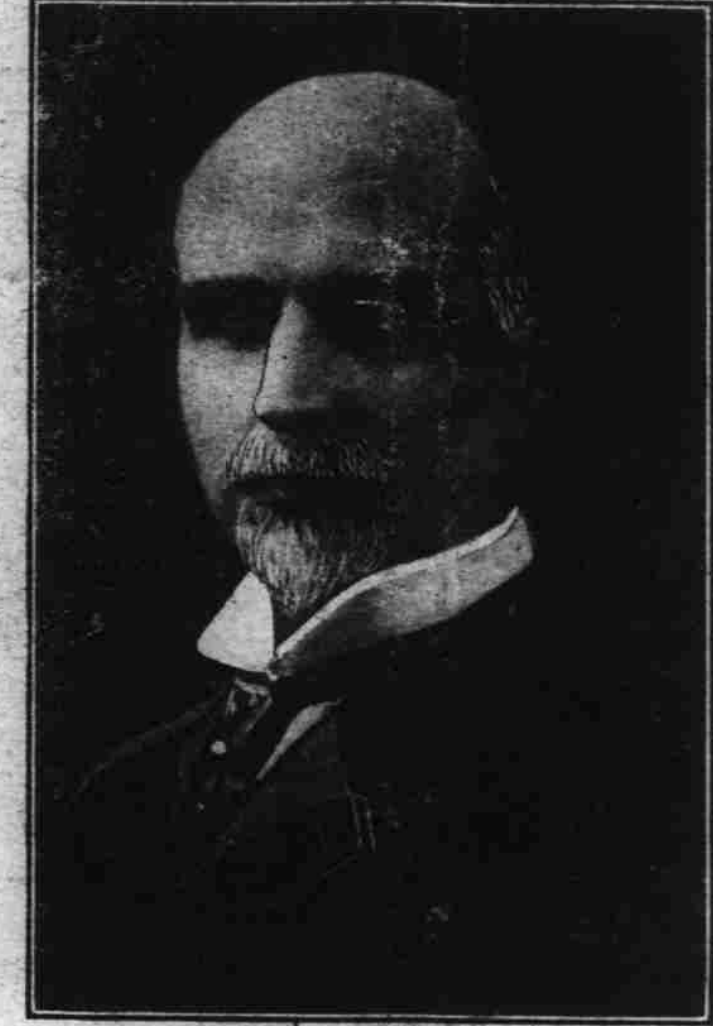
#### Watchful Waiting.

The esteemed Winston Journal says it is satisfied with the Primary bill. Well, the primary bill ought to satisfy most any one. It is full of holes and meaningless. It isn't a good primary law as Guilford had and has had for years. When they eliminated the oath part, the politician was lost. That was his cinch.

#### Ed. Farris.

We certainly regret the departure of Ed. Farris from the world of men—and from the newspaper profession. Mr. Farris was a well known lawyer as well as a newspaper man. In High Point he was universally esteemed, and his sudden death shocked the state.

## WINSTON MAY RUN



DOWN Raleigh way it is talked freely and insistently that Judge R. W. Winston will be a candidate to succeed Congressman Pou. Judge Winston is one of the big lawyers of the state. He is a good speaker. He belongs to the Winston family that always made good, and to see him in a Congressional campaign would mean that feathers—tail feathers and wing feathers, would fill the air. It has been our contention always, that when a man makes good as a public servant he should be allowed to remain as long as he wants to remain.

In the case of Congressman Pou he will have to explain more satisfactorily than he has yet done why he appointed Gatting post-master of Raleigh. But ordinarily that should make no difference. The Congressman should have explained that satisfactorily to his friends, there is yet a great talking point in it, and if there is a fight the talking points will be raised. Judge Winston would give Pou a race for his money—no doubt about that.

#### Treasurer Lacy.

State Treasurer Lacy has had a "few aspersions thrown at him" and he doesn't feel at all good over it. So he has called for expert accountants to come and go over his books and examine his system, and let them make a statement to the public. Lacy is tired of hearing the small talk. It is so easy to swat a man and blacken his character. Lacy hasn't done anything wrong—and maybe he hasn't done anything right. But he is honest, and his books will show no shortage. The chances are that the politicians want to get rid of Ben Lacy. He happened to fall into the office—was a locomotive engineer. He made good and he has been there a long time. And naturally they want to get him out. But when the auditing company gets through there will have been no mare's nest discovered. Lacy is all right.

#### A City Market.

And now Charlotte is trying to destroy the only privilege and pleasure left on earth—the opportunity to buy meat of local dealers here and there and everywhere about the city. Some of the wise ones want a city market. Better let well enough alone. Raleigh's new market isn't at all popular. Many claim Greensboro should sell her market house and let dealers have sanitary markets in different sections. Why not bunch the stores in one big building? Why not bunch all the different kinds of business in one building—and let it go at that? The City Market is a back number.

#### How About It?

An Associated Press dispatch of Saturday said that war orders for materials to Pittsburg alone had given employment to at least 150,000 men. Now if one city gets orders to put 150,000 laborers to work, and skilled laborers at that, how, in Sam Hill is the war making times hard. It is estimated that ten hundred million dollars are being expended in this country by the belligerent Nations. Had it not been for the war where would we have been? That is the way it looks to us.

#### This Grip Business.

There seems to be no doubt now but what grip is catching. There seems to be no doubt but what long continued wet weather brings it around and hatches out the Man Eating Germs. We have had the worst seige of the grip for the past two months we ever had—and the trouble seems to be that we can't get rid of it at all. We mention the fact so that any shortcomings from our think tank will be understood.

## IT GROWS IMPORTANT

### Greensboro Sends Some Things Around World.



HERE in Greensboro are some great things commercially. For instance we have life insurance companies and fire insurance companies that place business in dozens of states; we have the Cone Export Co. that sends stuff over all the world and we have many other things which we will mention later. Just now we are calling attention to Greensboro as a cotton market. The J. E. Latham Cotton Co. is one of the biggest in the South; it has immense warehouses and handles many car loads of cotton in and out each day. Last week this enterprising firm which goes after business sold to a firm in Moscow, Russia, a big order. To escape the risks of belligerent countries and their war ships and their submarines, this order will go across the Atlantic ocean and through the Panama canal and then some fifteen thousand miles over the Trans-Siberian railway—or two thirds the distance around the world—but it will arrive in Moscow. And it will be from a live cotton firm of Greensboro, N. C., and that is what we are singing about. The world isn't very big if there are live men studying its maps.

#### Our City Campaign.

It looks now as though we were to have a little ginger in our city campaign. There is a long list already announced and we understand there will be more. If the present board hasn't made good it is up to the voter to say so. An election always settles these little differences. Under our charter all the people vote regardless of politics—so there is no reason why a majority cannot express itself, and have what it wants.

#### A Difference.

England is now saying she will not treat sub-marine officers captured according to their rank. She holds that sub-marine warfare is not civilized and those operating the boats will be tried for murder after the war. This done, perhaps, to make it hard to get officers for the submarine fleets. When they are captured, no matter what their rank, they are held prisoners and thrown in with the common stokers and all fed alike. This is pretty hard medicine for a man who wears a great uniform all sprinkled with medals. But war is war, and if the submarine can help win it is as much desired as anything else. Talk about civilized warfare—there is no such thing.

#### Certainly.

The Supreme Court of the United States set aside two laws confiscatory of railway property last Monday. One was where the legislature had made a low rate on coal and another where it had made a two cent passenger rate on some West Virginia roads. Were it not for the Supreme Court some of the wild-man legislatures would bankrupt the country. We had a double dose of it in North Carolina.

#### Likes The Law.

The Winston Journal, mighty hard to please on many questions, says the new jug law is the best we ever had. That is the way, we guess to look at it. Not exactly what was wanted, but better than we ever before had. That shows progression and advancement of a cause. To have submitted the question to the people again would have been suicidal. Perhaps the Journal is right. Find cause for congratulation in the fact that it is better than any other, and maybe some day it can be made still better.

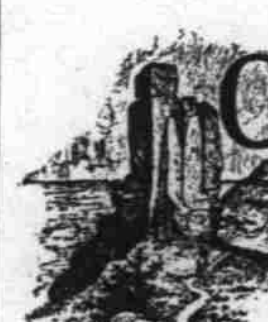
#### Too Bad All Around.

The state makes a big mistake in sustaining the office of Commissioner of Labor and Printing. The men filling the place are efficient, and are elected by the people, so no one is finding fault with them.

But there are thousands and thousands of dollars needlessly expended in sustaining such a place. There is really no need of it. The figures are worthless. They do us no good. We have government reports carrying all the information. There is simply an expenditure of money that could be used in other channels. But no one has ever investigated. The office was once established and it will perhaps remain until some day a business, instead of a political administration, comes along and wipes out a whole raft of things.

## A MANAGER PLAN

### Durham In A Big Fight For A Change.



ONE THING is certain, and that is Durham never took a dose of medicine without making a face—no matter how sugar coated things might be. Just now she is in the excitement of a city election—trying to adopt a charter which provides for a City Manager. In the Sun we see big display ads showing where one man power has advanced prices; other big ads showing that the Commission Form is the only thing—and committees are appointed to speak to the people and try to have the Manager Plan adopted. The election comes on the 16th of this month—and things political, in Durham, are at a red glow. Everybody and the Hired Man is talking; you can't hear much of anything else—and by election day a Donnybrook fair or a Roman holiday will be considered tame entertainment to an hour in the Bull City.

We have no advice to give. We favor the Manager Plan. We know the Commission Form properly executed beats the old aldermanic system and hope the good people of Durham will adopt the latest, and then get the Manager. The Manager should be employed by the aldermen; his tenure of office should be at their pleasure. His head should go in the basket on a minute's notice if he failed to make good; if he didn't measure up to requirements, specifications and expectations. Some men wonder if there are such men in the world. Thousands of them. And the city should get such a man. No matter if it sends to Kalamazoo or Umbagog—get the best you can get, and then you have a system.

The Commission Form is still politics. It is politics in our city today. The commissioners must make a fight for re-election every two years—and we know it is a world of kickers. The one man Manager would be like the Superintendent of a big cotton mill; or a railroad. When he didn't do right get another and keep getting until the right man was secured. That is the way to solve a mystery that has been on ever since municipalities were first established.

#### Harry Thaw.

No matter how often they bring him into court Harry Thaw gets the front page. It is of course because his old mother is there and his old mother has many millions of dollars and is willing to give them all to secure the freedom of her worthless son. Had Thaw been a poor devil long ago he would have been forgotten—a mound of earth somewhere, weed grown, would have been the only thing left to remind us that a fool had done the world a service. When this is written his third trial is on, and the lawyers will string it out all week, we have no doubt.

#### Exploded.

The theory that a railroad company making a profit on its freight business must use that profit for its passenger service was knocked out this week by the highest court. The country is rapidly getting some information by the wild legislatures. It costs money to test these confiscatory laws—but always they are knocked sky high. After awhile the wild man's legislature will not be doing business.

#### Incomprehensible.

The French have issued an official note declaring that the German losses since the war have been three million men. This includes the killed, the wounded, the sick and the prisoners taken.

These figures are said to be correct, and are certainly staggering. The hope of world wide peace is far off. When that many men have been lost and the fight still going on and the officers claiming successes—well, there is no use to figure on war.

#### Unable To Attend.

President Wilson has definitely announced that he will be unable to attend the Panama Exposition opening ceremonies March 20. Thousands on the coast will be disappointed, but the President sees a lot of watchful waiting in Mexico and elsewhere claiming his attention. And if he is anything—he is onto his job.

#### Pretty Soon.

Greensboro will pretty soon start to boom in the real estate way. Those who want to see things hum can look out the window not later than April 1st—and it won't be an April fool joke either. There is going to be much doing in this white man's town.