

THE PITY OF IT  
Women Hauled Into  
Undue Publicity

It doesn't make any difference what the committee finds in the Carter case and it doesn't make any difference what I think or the other fellow thinks—it is a fact that they didn't prove anything as to immoral conduct on the part of the Judge. That much is a settled fact and a fact well settled. We are glad to know this and regret that so many mouths went off half cocked. When you slander a man, you've done something. Slander is a sneak and she is slimy and slippery and has yellow teeth and a corroded breath. She hisses and she whispers and she does things in the dark. But even Slander has been caught and choked. Choked until her tongue protruded and her brazen face became white with fear. Slander is a bluffer if you have nerve to call her—and this Judge Carter is no.

It is true the Judge stopped at a hotel and while there talked with the landlady and the landlady an invalid, sixty years old, swore and emotion shook her frame, that there had never been anything in the conduct of the Judge but what was becoming a perfect gentleman. There were no accusers to swear the Judge had been guilty of immoral conduct with the lady of sixty. It was said he had gone into her room, and her room was a sitting room and not only the Judge but all other guests loitered in there; wrote in there—it was a parlor of a country hotel. And they said the Judge sat in a swing, on the porch, with this lady of sixty and because he did he violated one of the Ten Commandments that needn't be mentioned as to number here.

And what do you think of that? One of these big porch swings—big enough to hold four people—out on the porch for the very purpose of swinging, and because the lady of sixty was part of the parcel and the Judge the other part, the sensitive and virtuous town of Clinton—the town that had seen the lady of sixty for a dozen years running her hotel; the town that never suspected it would live to see such scandalous proceedings, turned its blushing eyes to the swing and, believe me my sweetheart, saw the Judge and the lady swinging.

Now wasn't that astounding. Wasn't it a terrible blow to all the hopes and loves and dreams of those virtuous people who looked upon this shocking and revolting scene. Actually swinging in a swing made to swing in; put on the porch in the presence of all the public to be used for the very purpose it was being used for—and yet because the man was a Judge and the lady of sixty was the landlady—and somebody had it in for the Judge, certainly Slander put on her best-dressed, diked to kill, and went out breathing her foul and polluting breath on the stainless character of a man she would discredit.

But by the time this is read the investigation will be over. The people of North Carolina are going to give their decision. It will be that Carter has been maligned and that he is the most fearless judge on the bench. It will be that because lawyers can't bully him and because lawyers can't run his court he was the victim of their malice. The people of North Carolina should call a meeting and pass resolutions endorsing Judge Carter and insist that he pay no attention to this unheard of proceeding. Judge Carter has come out of the fire and is pure gold. No doubt about this. Erratic? Yes, all men are deemed erratic if they have enough nerve to assert their rights and not allow a bullying bar to intimidate them, and run roughshod over them. The lawyers do not like Carter. The people should love him.

Debates. There are more debates on just now, all through the rural districts, than ever before. Woman suffrage, universal peace, capital punishment—well, everything in the way of a public question is being debated by the bright young girls and boys—those who in a few years will be called upon to grapple seriously with such questions.

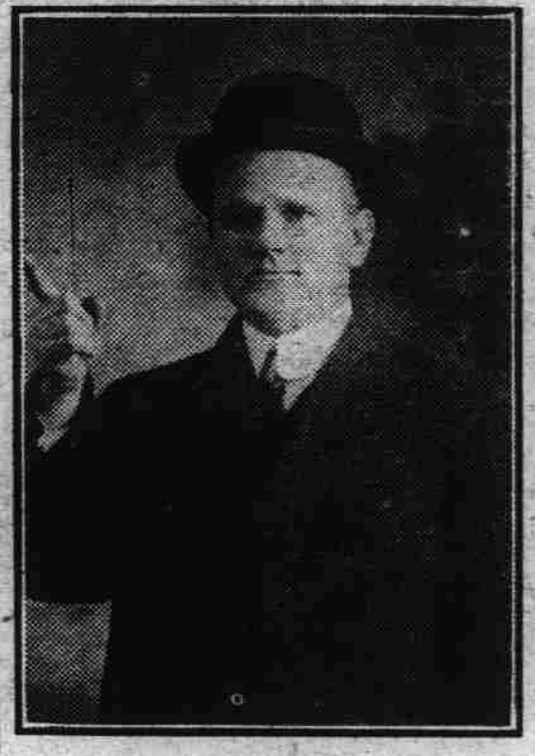
It Is On. The first game of base ball for Greensboro is announced for April 10th. The weather will be warm by that time, and as it is to be the first game of the season of course the crowd will be there.

Warming Up. The water is warming up and the fish will be doing the tango pretty soon. Colonel Zeb Conyers went fishing last week; claimed to have caught a two and a half pound bass—started home with it in his machine and lost it on the way to town. Tell that ladies and gentlemen to the deaf and dumb—they can't talk back—but don't give us anything like it so early in the season.

Of Course. Last week we were talking about Joe Rawley, the well known newspaper man, and we put it through the paper Joe "Raleigh"—but Raleigh has been the scene of so much excitement, and Joe Rawley is so calm and placid, guess he'll excuse us. He is now in High Point, where he is going to make a paper out of the Enterprise—a paper better than High Point has ever seen.

The Figures Talk. When we read of the great decrease in business month after month of the Southern railway, we do not wonder that it comes and begs the corporation commission to let it lay off some trains. Of course it must exist and it knocks off men. The men are out of work, and the people ease the Southern. Wonderful how charitable we all are.

SELLING THEM  
The Hupmobile Selling Rapidly All  
Over State.



COLONEL BOB SLOAN.

The R. G. Sloan Motor Co., headquarters Greensboro, general selling agents for the Hupmobile in many counties in North Carolina reports good business. No matter much about people complaining, the man who wants a car buys one, and the man who wants something to the minute generally takes a Hup. It calls itself the "car for the American family," and we guess it is. Asking an experienced automobile man the other day—a veteran not in the game in this section, what kind of a car he would buy, if we wanted to go a thousand or twelve hundred dollars, and he said "a Hup every time. You can always sell a Hup—it has the works in it."

And Colonel Bob Sloan tells us that he finds but little trouble to sell a Hup if the purchaser wants to pay the price. Cheaper cars have the call with some people but when a man wants something with style, speed and durability the Hup seems to fill the bill. We are glad Colonel Sloan is meeting with such great success.

Doesn't Like Him. Congressman Taylor, of Winston, takes some space in the Journal to criticize the slang of Billy Sunday. Perhaps Billy is all right. Perhaps he is the greatest on the pike—but he never did believe in these fellows who get up abnormal interest; who have wonderful magnetic power and cause a man to do something rash. Sunday is a powerful speaker. Powerful in that he takes possession and holds spell-bound his hearers.

But after the hypnotic spell is off—then the poor wretch who was hypnotized pays the bill. And the bill is usury compounded. When Sam Jones visited Durham twenty-five years ago he had several hundred men profess religion. There was a wonderful change. The whole town felt his magnetism; men threw away their gold; they climbed on his chariot and started to ride direct to heaven.

And within twelve years when we took account, but one man had remained. That man was a cripple and a Confederate soldier. He had been a drunkard, but he stuck it out for twelve years, and maybe unto the end. We hope he did.

But we have in mind several splendid men; men of character; men of exceptional ability who professed under Sam. All they had been doing was drinking likker as was a custom in those days more than in these. They were a short time—some three months some a year—but when the backsliding came they went down the toboggan with a fearful crash. One went to the lowest depths. We wrote him and begged him to again take right. He wrote us, and we have his letter, as pathetic as any we ever read and he said in that the Sam Jones experience "broke my forces—tossed me helpless in an angry sea." He died wretched—a beggar—an outcast.

Maybe Sunday is doing good. We hope to God he is—we do not want to disparage his campaign. But we fear for all who get excited. It is like marrying a woman on first sight—when we are admonished to be not too rash to make a world-wide bargain.

God Almighty is not a lightning change artist. He doesn't want you to act before you think. We find that the old preacher who hands down the eternal words each Sunday, calmly and conservatively; who asks the sinner to come up and be saved, in his year's work does more real good than the evangelist who charges big prices, who makes a crowd of himself in the pulpit and who uses any and all kinds of language. Sam Jones did some good—but his mode of procedure did great harm. He left too many men without a stimulant. Like the drunkard suddenly cut off from whiskey the release was too great—the nerves cried out and the sustaining power was gone because it was Jones instead of God who worked the change. Men cannot shed their skins in a minute unless God calls them. If they mistake the voice of the hired evangelist for the voice of God they go to pieces. This has been our observation and we have watched, closely results of all the evangelists, save Sunday. We do not know the percentage of his savings. We hope however, he does good. That he is a powerful man, there is no doubt.

A Good Rest. The Congressmen who have just returned from Washington are looking forward to a long rest. They worked hard; the President kept them on the job all the time, and the summer rest will be good for them. Those who had a big law practice at home suffered financially. The Senators who talk for sale receive in the summer months also, not much coin—and yet the man with less than thirty cents as his total paid in capital thinks \$7,500 a year is all sufficient.

CERTAINLY.  
A Correspondent Discovers A Mare's  
Nest Without Eggs.

We receive the following clipped from a paper and sent us by a correspondent who wants to know why the state can't run its own insurance and thus cut out such a vast number of "middle men—men who neither toll nor spin." The item follows:

"In the State Department of Insurance there are being issued just now local licenses to about 15,000 insurance agents, fire, life, accident, health, fraternal and otherwise. Also the annual licenses to the companies to do business in the State are being issued as of April 1, this being the beginning of the fiscal year for the department. There are 149 fire insurance, 50 life, miscellaneous, 50 fraternal, 3 live stock and 146 building and loan associations to be licensed. In connection with the issuing of all these licenses there is the income to the State of license taxes that will foot up big figures that will greatly aid the over taxed State treasury."

Well, in the first place these agents represent companies, many of them state institutions. These agents live and spend their money in the State. The people who insure pay them so much for handling the business and it is in this way that we maintain so many different kinds of industry and keep so many people in work.

The state could own all the industries that are going. It could do away with every merchant and have one big department store. It could do away with all kinds of retail and wholesale business. In fact it could manufacture its own products—but when that happened there would be nothing doing. The millions of people who now find employment by "living off each other" would have nothing to do. They could not make a living. They might farm and consume what they raised on the farm but what kind of a life would it be?

We must all understand that the "medium of exchange" which we call money is not made for us to gather and hold. We reap and then we sow. And we sow and then we reap. The dirty dollar I earn today must tomorrow be earned by some other man. I can't hide it and keep it out of action. If I do, the world of commerce would be no more. The insurance agent is all right. You don't have to buy his wares. If you want them he sells them to you. The dollar you give him goes somewhere else tomorrow. We keep on getting each dollar. It helps sustain so many lives. If we get a little ahead it is because we are more frugal or our expenses are less. The man who regrets that he is poor because he has several children to feed must remember that he didn't have to get married. The man who thinks he is hard up because gasoline for his automobile costs money will admit that he didn't need the machine. We go into these things with our eyes open. If we go in we must pay the bill. The man who dances is always supposed to pay the fiddler. We wish there were fifty thousand insurance agents all doing well in this state, instead of but fifteen thousand.

Why? Why doesn't Uncle Sam make some provision for North Carolina postmasters to keep their stamps and money in burglar proof vaults. Thursday night the post-office at Hillsboro was robbed and some \$1,500 taken. Yeggmen have robbed almost every postoffice in North Carolina a time or two. Seems that if it is always an open season for post-offices and Yeggmen do not ever fall into the hands of the law, the way to head them off would be to have some kind of a burglar proof vault. Uncle Sam could handle this matter. But he doesn't seem to care.

The Clean Up Week. The city in all states has recently awakened and has a "Clean Up Day"—once a year. Greensboro has one, all progressive towns have one day. Why not every month? Suppose the housewife would leave her house for a clean up but once a year—think what would happen. The day is here when we recognize the germ theory. Possibly it is worked too hard, but it looks good. The germ should be routed from his roosting place at least once a month. The towns should have twice clean up days officially, and each day of these hundred and sixty-five should be personally observed by citizens in keeping things clean.

Getting Clean. We were in Salisbury last Friday for a few hours. We were struck with the wonderful transformation. A few years ago we journeyed thither and the street leading to the depot was a fish market—and a concentrated and materialized stench on stilts walked the street—a phantom, and yet visible. It was in Salisbury that we saw the first and last stench on stilts. It was in the air and you could strike it with a club. It hung on the telephone wires and danced in glee on house tops. It was like a cloud, like thick mist—and at times it obscured the sun. Tom Bost was doing stunts then on the now defunct Sun and tried to apologize and excuse this materialized manifestation of carrion—but it wouldn't work. We insisted that it was fierce. Finally the women and the men got busy. They cleaned up. They kept it clean, and today Salisbury is a model of cleanliness.

Will Not Solicit. The Salisbury Post is authority for the statement that one big Virginia mail order likker house has said that it will not solicit whiskey orders after April first. The quart law makes it unprofitable for them, and the fellow who makes an order will of course get his goods, but there will be no advertising—no letters sent out to this state soliciting.

BURIED HIS MONEY.  
But Concluded To Try The Bank  
And Was Particular.

Some time ago Mr. Frank Boyles, cashier of the American Exchange Bank received from an out of town customer a deposit of some thirty-five or forty dollars, and the letter telling him what to do was rich enough. Of course it would not be in good taste to print the letter—because banking business is private. But this particular customer had very evidently concluded to get his money out of the old trunk and sent it with fear and trembling. He told Mr. Boyles to be very careful and see that the figures were plain in the book. He cautioned him not to let any one have the money unless he was certain about the signature. He said that somebody might hear that he had money in the bank and would try to get it. He said that as soon as he got time he would send Frank his photograph and he could hang it up by his desk and if any one happened to come along with a check purporting to be from him he could look at the photograph and thus perhaps catch the would be check flasher. It was a letter of several pages, and it was dead in earnest.

Now that man was getting on the right track. He never before had dealt with a bank. He didn't know that the bank hold hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money; that it was under supervision of the United States government; that there was no possible danger of some one forging a check, and if it were done the bank and not the depositor would lose the money; that with five or six thousand customers it would be pretty hard to have a photograph of each one on the wall or by the desk. But he was coming. He was on the right track. Hundreds of good honest men lose their money by not putting it in the bank. They lose interest; they run the risk of being robbed and maybe killed; they stand in their own light, and all because they do not inform themselves and understand as they could understand that a bank is as safe as any place in the world. It is funny to read this letter. Its earnestness; its fear; its honesty.

Try It. Many people are subscribing for Everything and sending it to friends. Suppose you try this a year.

W. J. SHERROD,  
Attorney.  
115 Court Square, Greensboro

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But the fine weather is coming and you'll need that SPRING SUIT.  
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For workers with hand or brain—for rich and poor—for every kind of people in every walk of life—there's delicious refreshment in a glass of  
Coca-Cola  
different and better in purity and flavor. The best drink anyone can buy.  
Be sure to get the genuine. Ask for it by its full name—to avoid imitations and substitution.  
Send for free booklet.  
Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.  
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Seven Of Them.  
It is said that seven German submarines have gone to the bottom. About as many submarines lost as there were boats sunk by them.

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"Nuff Sed"  
Sold And Guaranteed By  
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STOMACH, INTESTINES-RECTUM.  
A large per cent of rectal diseases, such as piles, fissures, ulcers, fistulae, etc., are cured in office without knife, chloroform, ether, hospital or retention from business.  
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That Roasts the Turkey on Top of the Stove as Well as Inside of it.  
have a full line of the very best quality of all kinds of Household Goods, and at the right price. Let us show you. "We've got the Goods and appreciate your patronage."  
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THE BANK OF THE TOWN  
We Strive to Oblige and Accomodate The PUBLIC  
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You Carry the  
Durham, N. C.

FOR MAYOR AND COMMISSIONER OF FINANCE.  
To The Citizens of Greensboro: I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of Mayor and Commissioner of Finance of our city, and pledge my continued efforts in behalf of efficient and progressive government. I will greatly appreciate your support in the approaching elections.  
Very respectfully,  
T. J. MURPHY.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SAFETY.  
I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of Commissioner of Public Safety. My record in that office is known to all. If I am re-elected it will be my endeavor to continue to give to my constituents the best service of which I am capable.  
R. M. REES.

FOR MAYOR.  
I hereby announce my candidacy for mayor and commissioner of Finance, subject to the action of the primaries, and respectfully ask the support of the voting public.  
JAS. H. COOK.

ANNOUNCEMENT.  
To The Citizens Of Greensboro: I beg to announce that I am a candidate for re-election to the office of Judge of the Municipal Court, subject to the action of the primaries. I most respectfully ask your support of my candidacy for a second term.  
S. Glenn Brown.

ANNOUNCEMENT.  
To The Voters Of Greensboro: I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Commissioner of Public Safety. I ask your support and promise, if elected, to give you my time and ability. Respectfully,  
J. HENRY FRIPPS.