Trade AT HOME Always!

Everything

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PAGE FOR TARIFF

Government Must Have Revenue.

WHILE we are not doing any very loud "hollering" in these days of a lung temporarily gone wrong—and while we are not one of the insistent "I told you sos" we must call attention to the fact that a North Carolina Congressman has said in Washington that he was in favor of putting on enough tariff to run the government.

Congressman Page seems broad enough to admit that the Simmons-Underwood tariff law is a joke, that it isn't producing enough revenues, and he frankly says he wants one cent on sugar; fifteen cents on wool and a tax for revenue only on other articles on the free list.

We have been handing it out that some kind of a revision must be made—and while a few of the born blind democrats have thrown fits at our "protection" position, we are happy to state that at least one half of our delegates in Congress have come out square footed, and remarked that we must have a bigger tax or go bankrupt.

You will find Overman favoring a tariff on sugar and wool—and you'll find him in the mood to make some noise about this tariff law. Doughton admits that the democrats, in their zeal, promised too much, and that now some tinkering must be done.

The low tariff hasn't helped the ultimate consumer. It has not done any good to Americans and American industries. It has helped foreign countries and made us the laughing stock of a whole world. The internal revenue departments have touched up our people on incomes and war tax—and Jefferson said an income tax was the most infamous of all taxes—but even the revenue department understands there is a limit. Then the joke of a hundred million "war tax" with exports greater than ever in the world—all this blundering stupidity shows that the Katzenjammer Kids could be more safely trusted with a tariff policy than those who brought forth this wreck.

What Booze Does.

Men who drink booze don't have to go to any doctor to learn that it is very bad to sample as a first aid to cheerfulness or as an antidote for despondency. They suffer too much from after effects to have any doubts on the subject. No man can frame such an indictment against corn or rye likker as the victim of its use. He knows how it produces in the blood a toxin which makes his head ache, his hands tremble and his stomach feel as if it had been the playground of a cyclone.

There are thousands of widows and orphans in the world who have been left in bitter poverty because husband and father thought that Booze was a promoter of digestion or an exterminator of insomnia. There are countless wives and children who know just how evil are its effects upon the human system by the kind of personal observation which has run the red-hot iron of agony into their souls. There is an army of convicts who have conducted clinics upon themselves with Booze as the poison and their bodies as culture tubes—and you can't convince them that it has any value outside of Hell. Fallen women can add some very interesting testimony as to the injurious effects of Booze upon individuals and society at large.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was as good a physician as he was writer, once told Harvard medical students that if all the medicine in the world was thrown into the sea he thought mankind would be better off, although he would be sorry for the fishes. The medical fraternity is trying as hard as it can to use as few drugs as possible in the treatment of disease. After the malady is eliminated, they have a problem on their hands to counteract the reactionary effect of the poisons which put the complaint out of business. In many diseases, like pneumonia and typhoid, they are of the opinion to date that stimulation is the only aid within their power to offer. Nature has to do its own cleansing. Some of the products of the pharmacist act as a spur but the bulk of the work must be done, if there is recovery, by the little white corpuscles in the blood known scientifically as leucoytes but which are nothing more than police or scavengers. They eat up the germs of disease as the red current of venous circulation sweeps them through the body.

When a man drinks Booze these corpuscles have to be as busy as if the cholera bug had invaded the human system or the yellow fever demon had started a colony there. The potency of alcohol as a poison is demonstrated by the superstitution that it will make a rattlesnake's bite innocuous. That it has an army of snakes of its own is no dream either.

IS FOR SMALL NAVY

Congressman Kitchin Against Expenditures

AS Representative Claude Kitchin, chairman of the Ways and Means committee and leader of the Democratic majority, declared last week in Washington, he is opposed to spending large sums of money for the construction of dreadnaught battleships. He favors, he said, a reasonable appropriation for submarines, mines and torpedo boat destroyers.

The statement of Mr. Kitchin caused a stir around Washington, in the light of the statement alleged to have been made by Secretary of the Navy Daniels in Boston Tuesday, that he would ask Congress for millions for the Navy, and also because it is believed practically certain that President Wilson will recommend a considerably larger appropriation for the army and navy, in his message to Congress in December, than ever before asked for.

The chances are that Mr. Kitchin as a "small navy" man will find hundreds of thousands of people with him. The question of preparedness does not seem by any means to be a party question. Democrats and Republicans are agreed on the proposition that we throw away entirely too much money on fifteen and twenty million dollar boats that soon become obsolete, while Republicans and Democrats, standing hand in hand and looking through the other end of the telescope, insist that we cannot have too many ironclads.

The fact that Mr. Kitchin, as leader of the House, will vigorously oppose expenditures for the big craft, the chances are the next session of congress will be altogether lively.

What, Ho!

It is claimed by Bertillion, the famous French physician, that matrimony prolongs life. This does away with all the ideas of mental anguish; of brain fag; of that tired feeling. We had supposed that married life, with its many vexations, shortened life at least ten years. We had wondered if the careless old bachelor or the prim old maid wouldn't live probably longer than the man harnessed up for life with a woman who wouldn't darn his socks and who puts too much saleratus in the biscuits.

But of course Bertillion knows. He has figured it out and therefore it follows that if a man wants to live longer he should get married. Suppose it was contended that a man who lived in a cave would have more years given him. Would he want to live in a cave? How about it? Guess we had better get up a voting contest on this question. All the papers are running voting contests, so we think seriously of putting on a voting bout to ascertain about this marrying business. It were worth while to settle a vexed question.

In Those Days.

The Roman philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, if he was a Pagan, hit the bull's eye every time he shot a thought on paper. And in reading some of the old fellows we are more forcibly impressed with the thought that really there is nothing new under the sun. While Marcus Aurelius wrote way back two thousand years ago when Rome from her throne of beauty ruled the world, he called attention to things that today interest writers and thinkers and especially stoics. For instance he said: "Forward, as occasion offers. Never look around to see whether anyone shall make a note of it."

In other words it seemed to have been a habit in those days for the grand stand stunt, just as it is today. Marcus was evidently wearied of seeing men hunt ducks with a brass band and pounding a gong when they were just about to write a subscription to build a monument to Romulus and Remus the wolf-suckled twins. It made him weary to see men of mark wanting to hang up their pictures in the Forum—and he knew that it was the custom then as now, to get a personal in the paper that T. Aurelius Antonius, assistant emperor to Hardian visited High Point yesterday on important business.

But as it was then, it is now—and stoics and philosophers—they call 'em dyspeptics these days, may rail out against the vulgar display of it all—but it will go on and intensify with the ages. Marcus Aurelius only jotted down his thoughts instead of attempting to bring up his son who proved a miserable wretch in the way he should have gone. As is often the case in telling others what to do he was so engrossed that he neglected his own household. However, as we understand it, he is dead, and it is not for us to write a sketch of his life. We only mention the fact that the great writers and thinkers of the long ago perceived the same tinsel and Vanity Fair which one sees and encounters today.

AND HE WENT DOWN

A NEW YORK dispatch of Tuesday says: "United States Senator B. R. Tillman, of South Carolina, chairman of the Senate committee on naval affairs, went to Washington today after spending a day at the Brooklyn navy yard.

"Most of the Senator's attention yesterday was devoted to submarines. He visited the U-2, which will use the new Edison batteries and then inspected the new devices on the K-6.

"Both boats were submerged with Senator Tillman on board."

When the Senator looks at these modern instruments of torture and warfare he probably concludes that the Pitchfork is obsolete.

With Uncle Sam after all kinds of grafters and succeeding in catching them, it looks like honest endeavor was about to come into its own.

The Sunday Yellow.

Some time ago one of the Sunday yellows ran the story that a professor of unknown name had been digging on a creek bank in Greece and found the whole lay-out where Homer wrote his best—found the town, the cave, the beautiful woman—and then just as he was about to get things in order to excavate further and hand to a weary and long waiting world evidence indisputable, that the greatest poet of the world had based all his beautiful imagery on cold facts, the water rose and the buried city was again submerged.

Then of course they had to wait until the water could be pumped out before the facts could be submitted and proven. How like one of these modern mining scheme advertisements that reads: The mine was producing a million a day; it was flooded—and of course the sale of a million dollars worth of beautifully lithographed stock was necessary to get enough money to pump her out.

Why not capitalize the Homer Castle Co., limited, and sell stock to people who want to boost literature. Or, are all the fools buying the mining stock in order to get rich before morning?

But between the Sunday Yellows and the Everyday gold brick artists, Truth has a hard time to skurry down the alleys to keep out of the way of the doubter who wants to throw a brick.

The way in which most all the states are going after the white slaver suggests that some day he may be put out of business.

All "Rousers."

It is at least amusing to read the papers these days and learn for a fact that political spell-binders in the state who are out jamming the wind made "rousing speeches"—speeches that sent home the truth"—speeches that "charmed the audience."

We do not know how many of our readers have heard these speeches, but generally speaking they are gems. They are the rele thynge. The pure stuph. Tadpole politicians balance themselves on the tariff tight rope and jump from the top of the tent to the ground seven hundred feet below with a large unskinned Octopus in their mouths; they ride the bare-back horses going in both directions and demand that the "pee-pul" shall have their inning.

The old orators of Rome were not in it compared to these gentlemen who discount the father of oratory before breakfast, and the correspondent who gives out the news tell how they held an enraptured audience four hours by the watch. Great are these speeches—greater still, these orators who orate while you wait. Mr. Grey never said that full many an orator was born to blush unseen. They do not blush at all. They carry with them their full nervous system. And they belong to both parties and to all parties.

The way to wreck railroads is through the newspapers. The way to bust trusts is by way of the Associated Press under a Washington date line.

CLINGMAN IS IN BAD

Is Sad Home Coming For Former Citizen.

THE fact stands out big that O. C. Clingman was a fool, but even if he made way with $30,000 of his company's money it will always be hard for us to believe that there was criminal intent. For several years in this town Mr. Clingman had charge of the business of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, of Racine, Wisconsin. He was the branch manager and necessarily had a great deal of territory under him. Speculation of some kind—bad investments, perhaps—five hundred here and a thousand there, of other people's money, and finally, it is said, the shortage was $30,000.

And he disappeared. Strange how the criminal figures it that he can make his escape when ninety-nine out of every hundred of them are caught. Just where Mr. Clingman had been for the past year is not stated. He was arrested in Seattle by the Pinkertons. Sheriff Stafford, of this city, will go after him and bring him home in handcuffs.

It is indeed a sad case that after fifty years of a blameless life he could not resist the temptation to use other people's money. Had he been satisfied with his salary, and lived within his means, there would be no such home coming as awaits this unfortunate man.

Nothing Surprising.

Because a woman in South America nursed a mining engineer who was ill, and because he admired her and "fell in love" as the phrase goes with her, and after he recovered he told his love and proposed to her that they should wed, and she accepted and he thought it would be romantic to go back to Maine and let his parents witness the marriage, a newspaper in Boston throws itself away for a half column telling what a wonderful thing it was that a woman should journey twelve thousand miles to wed a man. There is nothing remarkable about it, except that any woman would do the same thing if she loved the man. It is not regarded as remarkable to see an electric light—because we know that electricity generated will do the trick. If there was but one light and it could not be accounted for—then there might be some wonder. But women a thousand and ten thousand years ago did the same stunt—and they will do the same trick ten thousand years hence.

If a woman loves a man—no matter where he is—no matter where he may be going—if he tells her to go, also, she will commence to pack up and sing while she is doing it. She may have some regrets; she may go to her private apartments and weep a little, and she may stop in her work long enough to wipe away a rebel tear that creeps unbidden to her cheek—but she will go with him; and stay with him to the last ditch. No matter what the world says about him—if she still loves him she cares naught. If he is worth a million today and tomorrow he is reduced to poverty and want she will come down to the situation, wisely and philosophically—all she wants to know is that she loves him and he loves her. To the end of the world would be a short journey were he there and in distress—so far as fatigue to her might be concerned. Of all the wonderful things woman's nature is the most wonderful—but because some woman does something like the South American woman it is not wonderful in itself.

We saw recently where a woman, whose husband had beaten her and abused her an[illegible] threatened to kill her and struck the baby w[illegible] a knife, went into court and plead for [illegible] drunken brute and promised the m[illegible] that if he would give her but tw[illegible] would leave the city and take [illegible] Every day and every day we [illegible] what women do for the m[illegible] these are only the idle [illegible] through police courts a[illegible] world little thinks of [illegible] women make for men [illegible] please them; to help t[illegible] ant and happy. And i[illegible] ion, based upon obs[illegible] many years, that m[illegible] appreciate or stop [illegible] done for them; w[illegible] When a man sel[illegible] plans many pr[illegible] gets all that—[illegible] matter of cou[illegible] and saloons [illegible] the person [illegible] world is a[illegible] stays so lo[illegible] love anew—[illegible] little acts [illegible] thoughtf[illegible] would s[illegible] say not[illegible]

N[illegible] ba[illegible]

JITNEY MUST GO

Charlotte Lays Down The Law.

THE WHOLE State of North Carolina is to be congratulated on the stand that Charlotte has taken on the jitney business. She simply laid down some rules and usages for the conduct of public carriers on the streets of Charlotte, based entirely on justice and equity.

It has been pointed out that the jitney in most cases is an irresponsible nonentity, as it is for the most part without rating or resource, and comes along like the tumblebug, so charmingly described by Mataelinck, getting something for nothing and pretending to be outraged if it was suggested that it assumed financial responsibility for its operation.

One day last week Manager Deal of the North Carolina Public Service Company, pointed out that on one line they had already lost 20 per cent in street car fares, while on the same line the company had spent some $15,000 or $20,000 in paving the streets, over which the jitney was doing business.

It appears to us that it is manifestly up to the city authorities to lay down the proposition that the owner or driver of a jitney should make himself responsible and give a bond. He should be made maintain a regular schedule, rain or shine; and he should pay a reasonable sum for wearing out the streets. The jitney business is assuming proportions that mean a great deal to the public utilities companies of America, and no municipality should wait a minute in the passing of ordinances looking to the regulation of this innovation. All the street car company wants is simply fair competition and the same treatment as accorded others.

Taft Reads Riot Act.

Former President Taft warned California in a speech at Berkeley, California, that it was conducting a "clinical laboratory for social and political experiments," for which it would have to pay. Other states, he declared, would benefit at California's expense. Mr. Taft spoke in the open air Greek Theater at the University of California.

"This state is a laboratory for political ex[illegible] periments which we in the East are quite w[illegible] ing that you maintain, if you are willi[illegible] pay the bills, and you may be sure yo[illegible] have to pay them."

This warning comes at a time when Ca[illegible] is putting on a number of reform mo[illegible] that the "effete East" has not had th[illegible] attempt. In fact California, as th[illegible] dent said, is a "climical laborator[illegible] impossible dreams of the wildest [illegible] Hiram Johnson at the head of [illegible] we will not be surpris[illegible] charmers and beard[illegible] impossible rapidit[illegible]

It is refresh[illegible] like Presiden[illegible] wild men th[illegible] tion.

Be jus[illegible] low has [illegible]