



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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DAN RESENTS IT

Doesn't Like The Road Sentence Given.

MANY people get the idea under their sunbonnet that if they have a little wealth they are immune from all punishment. This idea obtained in the old days when courts were corrupt and when venal jurors were employed to return verdicts at so much per.

But it isn't going today. The man with the gold is just about as liable to get it in the neck as the man without any change.

Over at Roxboro a month ago, Dan Andrews, a very wealthy fancy-vest likker dealer was called into court to answer some questions about some illicit whiskey found in his possession, and before Judge Allen he pleaded guilty. He felt that his bank roll and his fancy vest and his "standing" in the community would save his bacon. After pleading guilty his friends commenced to call on Judge Allen telling what a good citizen Dan was, and asking for as light a fine as possible.

Finally the Judge announced that he wanted Dan's friends to keep away, and that every time one of them butted in to plead for a short sentence he would double what he had in mind. This stopped the pleadings.

Talk about your bolt of lightning from a clear sky, and it was nothing compared to the surprise Roxboro felt when Judge Allen sent Dan and his fancy vest to the roads for six months. And as Dan had pleaded guilty, he could not appeal—so he is taking his medicine with a wry face.

"Hon. Victor S. Bryant of this city, and Mr. Nathan Lunsford of Roxboro, have been retained to represent Dan Andrews, a wealthy citizen of Person county, in an application for a pardon from Governor Craig. The prohibition element of Roxboro have employed R. O. Everett of this city, to combat the efforts of Andrews to secure a pardon. Andrews was sentenced to six months in jail by Judge O. H. Allen on a charge of the illegal possession of spirituous liquors. The hearing on the application for a pardon will take place next Wednesday.

"Mr. Bryant, when asked regarding the case this morning, told a reporter of The Sun that a number of prominent citizens of Roxboro had signed a petition asking for the pardon. He also has other reasons for a pardon that he will bring to bear on the governor.

"Mr. Everett, who appears for the prohibition element of Roxboro, states that his clients want the pardon fought to the end. He will contend that Andrews has been dealing in liquor for a number of years and that the people of Roxboro are against the release of Andrews. Mr. Everett states that he will bring out the fact that Judge Allen was so emphatic in his sentence that he would not consent to a fine of any amount. Also that Judge Allen told the attorneys for the defendant that if any of Allen's friends came to him from Allen to discuss the sentence he would order it doubled.

"The case of Andrews has caused more discussion in court circles than any case in recent years. The defendant was charged with the illegal possession of liquor, his automobile and a large amount of whiskey being confiscated at the time of his arrest. In the trial at Roxboro a few weeks ago the state put on evidence to the effect that Andrews had been dealing in liquor for years.

"The defendant, according to those who know him, is one of Person county's wealthiest citizens. He is well known in Person and Durham counties and is considered a shrewd business man."

Roxboro evidently wants to see Dan do the good road stunt, and prohibition all over the state would petition the Governor not to interfere with Judge Allen's sentence.

Genius Versus Virtue.

For cleverness, for beauty, for tact and cunning we have given first place to Cleopatra, and what is termed her splendid libertinism has been the theme of poets, painters and sculptors. And as so great a man as Julius Caesar bowed before her shrine—and Marc Anthony tossed aside a world for her embraces. Shakespeare the immortal gave her place and position—and because of her transcendent genius we make a centre rush for the box office when Bernhardt, who laughed at virtue and defied the world, proposes to appear upon the stage and portray with her wonderful art the amours of a wicked woman. Genius, as well as charity, seems to cover a multitude of sins—and good people from time immemorial have taken the children to the circus to see the animals.

CASPER NOW IN BAD

Many Indictments In Alleged Moonshine Conspiracy.

FORT SMITH, Arkansas, dispatch says: "John L. Casper, Kansas City liquor dealer whom Government authorities designated as the head of the big 'moonshine ring' discovered here several months ago, will plead guilty when arraigned in the United States District Court next October, according to Casper's statement. Casper said also he intended advising all other defendants in the whiskey blockade to do likewise.

"Casper is a defendant in indictment carrying more than one hundred counts in the alleged moonshine conspiracy. He said he did not intend to plead guilty to the indictment charging him with bribing Knox Booth of Nashville, Tenn., former revenue agent of the Tennessee district, who turned informer and who is under indictment charged with accepting bribes from the moonshiners. Casper said the chief reason he intended pleading guilty was because he was tired of paying attorney fees."

We are afraid that our friend Casper, inasmuch as he is regarded as the head of this great conspiracy, will be very much disappointed when he hears the Judge hand down his sentence. With an indictment carrying more than one hundred counts the "year and a day" will hardly apply in this case. It looks indeed that if Casper must plead guilty he is up against it good and hard.

The Divorce Law.

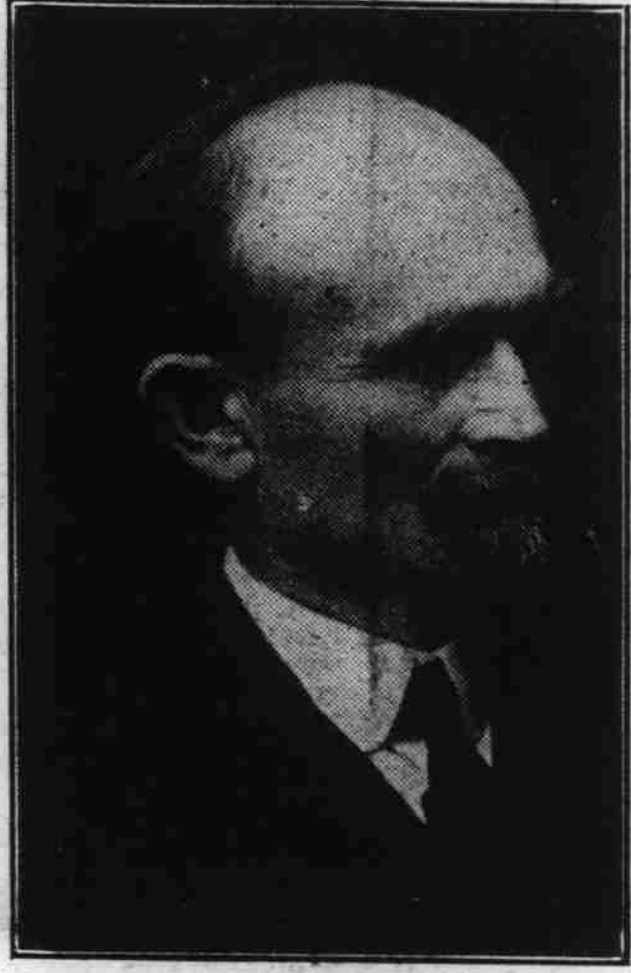
Talk about your uniform divorce law—what the country needs is a uniform marrying plan. There should be some way devised to test the

developed and mentally capable to become man and wife. Suppose the case: Down in Arkansas, last month, a young man wed a beautiful girl and they lived happily together for a period of six weeks, when it happened that by some mysterious hook or crook he got possession of a love letter that she had written to another "darling" before she wed the idiot who killed her. He raved a little—tore his hair a great deal and secured a pistol and ended the life of the woman who loved him, or who at least thought she loved him, and was making good as a wife. They were married in New York and all was merry as a marriage bell until the fool saw the letter and that was sufficient. Does any old duck imagine, or should any young buck be allowed to imagine just for a moment, that when he weds a woman that she never, never, in her fair young life had loved another? Does any man think in the fulness of his vanity that no woman ever loved twice or thrice—and that the theory that there can be but one love is true. Take the average summer girl or the average soda water man and they have loved a hundred times, and each time with the grand passion and each one believed that never before did they really know what pure love was. And after the summer is over and the next spring comes and they again go to the springs or the beach or wherever it is and they see a new idol and again it is head-over-heels, as the phrase has it. There may be only one true love—one grand outpouring of the soul, but human nature can so adjust itself that it can love pretty hard some several times.

It is an old saying, and perhaps a true one, that those we first love we seldom wed—but a man loves from a different view-point. When you were a kid didn't you imagine you loved the little girl with a freckle on her nose—you don't know just why you did, but honest, now, don't you remember that some shy little girl at school or in the neighborhood brought out the best and deepest love in you? That was gone, after a time, and until today you have not thought of her for a half-hundred years, maybe—and yet you once loved her. Maybe you were smitten with a girl because of a song she sung—because of some speech or other—perhaps her get-up charmed you and for the nonce you loved her store clothes. Again a man will fall all over himself in admiration for and hope of obtaining a woman who is not one bit good looking, but who has the gray matter up where her hair is curled and you fall in love with her intellect. Again a large and juicy bank account may cause you to imagine love and things like that—and away you go to desperation. But when a man is so silly as to kill his wife because he found a love letter that she wrote, even a day before her marriage, to another fellow—well he is the one that should have been put out of the way—and not the innocent woman who had yielded her soul and life to him.

It is a short road that has no bumps in it.

T. EARLY WHITAKER



MR. T. E. WHITAKER, secretary and treasurer of Oak Ridge Institute, stands in the front ranks of North Carolina educators. Having been so long identified with this high grade and successful school for boys and young men, it seemed the natural and proper thing for him to become the official head following the passing of the distinguished Holt brothers, under whom he had had his training as a teacher and with whose ideals he was thoroughly in accord.

Mr. Whitaker, while experienced in school work, is a young man and a progressive in matters educational. He is just the right age to understand and manage boys, which explains his popularity with the students and his control over them. He knows how to use tact with firmness and kindness and discretion with college discipline. That he will keep

The Door Of Opportunity.

No subject is of more vital interest to young person, or to ambitious peoples of any age, than "Opportunity." And no subject has been more persistently disfigured and misfigured by poets and writers who give fancy to facts. Modern soothsayers have said that "Opportunity knocks at every man's door." Others have said that we should be on the watch, lest Opportunity come when we wit not and pass before we can catch him.

The truth is Opportunity does not do much traveling around. It is not a single individual passing along the street, handing out favors to whomsoever he designs to smile upon, like an advertising man giving out his samples. The lazy philosophy of sitting around waiting for "something to turn up," or for your opportunity, and all such figures of speech, is wrong end foremost.

Opportunity, or opportunities, await those who go out after them. Those who succeed make their own opportunities. If they fail on one, they go after another, and another, until sometime, somewhere, they secure success. They merit success. Not by waiting on opportunity—but by working. Many wait on Opportunity, and Opportunity turns the corner and goes down another street before it reaches them. Go out and greet Opportunity. Shake it by the hand and take it home with you.

The tide ebbs and flows every day. Every morning begins a new day. A new life and a new chance to profit by past mistakes. Go out and meet something—"new time, new favors, and new joys," and work out of even adverse circumstances a measure of fortune that will bring contentment, which is the most certain evidence of success.

The truer ring of wisdom is that which comes from the anvil of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith":

"Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought:
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

That is the Gospel of work; and work is the key to the door of Opportunity—of any opportunity.

A Message On A Grain Of Wheat.

Three hundred words on a grain of Wheat! You cannot read them without a microscope, but they are there just the same. A farmer in Alberta, Canada, wished to do something very unusual to celebrate the visit of the Duke of Connaught, so he carved an address of welcome on a grain of wheat. He thought this would be appropriate because Alberta has such a fine wheat crop. Probably this was the strangest address of welcome any duke ever received.

ALL TO FARE ALIKE

Judge Bond Sends A White Man To Roads.

IT IS exceedingly refreshing in these times when we see the color scheme of the road force in black to find a judge who says that a white man, if guilty of crime, should take the same medicine as his black brother. Judge W. M. Bond views the matter in this way.

E. M. Baird, a former agent for the Norfolk Southern railway at Vanceboro on last Friday was convicted of embezzlement of \$119 from the company and sentenced to serve a term of six months on the roads.

D. E. Henderson and W. H. Lee who represented Baird, made every effort to induce Judge Bond to send their client to jail but this he refused to do, stating that he had all during the week been sending negroes to the roads for various crimes and that as Baird was as guilty of breaking the law as any of them he would be forced to send him to the roads also.

Of course it is hard lines, to see a white man go to the roads to assist the many negroes who are always there, but Judge Bond is to be congratulated in thus giving out even handed justice. Baird knew better than to take the company's money, and while he will find it harder working the roads for his board, a disgraced man, than in working for the railroad, a man of affairs, he sowed and it is proper that he should reap.

Settled Long Ago.

A correspondent who wants to be a little pert, as we take it, asks us what we would do if we had an opportunity to be a pig. To many people this is an absurd proposition—because it has so many times been suggested and no man ever fully made up his mind what that one wish would be.

It will be recalled that the immortal Hugo, when but a child thirteen years of age, wrote his poem "Envy and Avarice" in which he painted these two hags sauntering about one summer day. Finally the god Desire met them and proposed to grant any request, the restriction being that the first one who spoke would be granted what she asked and to the other the same would be granted, redoubled. It was a proposition which they were both up against—but finally

"Envy at last the silence broke,
And smiling, with malignant sneer,
Upon her sister deers,
Who stood in expectation by,
Ever implacable and cruel, spoke:
'I would be blinded of one eye!'"

That is what Envy wanted. Avarice could not speak first because it would have broken her heart to know that Envy would get a double dose—so she waited and got it in both eyes.

A Monster Penknife.

A penknife far too big for the pocket of the largest man that ever lived has just been finished by a knife maker in Connecticut. It is big enough to cut Connecticut in two. This knife is six feet seven inches long. When stood up on end with both blades open, it would tower above a very tall man. Shut, the knife measures three feet two and a half inches. It took four years to complete the knife, but the maker worked at it only evenings and odd moments. Before beginning this knife, he had made many very small ones. One of these measured only seven-sixteenths of an inch, closed, and three-quarters of an inch, open. It had two blades and a pearl handle.

Think Of It.

While we were enjoying a September as warm as any August, up in Montana the ground was covered with snow.

This section of the common country cannot be beaten when it comes to a matter of climate. We have yet two months before snow shoe time down here.

Different Kind Of Peach.

The peaches of which the New York World tells us there are two hundred to every person in the United States, are not of the variety credited with a tendency to turn to lemons under the metamorphic influence of matrimonial bonds.

The Divine Sara.

The divine Sara Bernhardt will make another farewell tour to this country in about two months. She has one wooden leg now—but handles herself on the stage the same as of yore.

ALL IS POLITICS

High Point Sees The Glories Now.

THE Commission Form of Government in High Point under the Brockett bill isn't giving satisfaction to all people. It is always contended that the commission form does away with politics but the truth is it makes more little peanut, cheap, dirty politics than one can imagine.

In the High Point charter the commissioners were named, and Brockett fought it out and won. So that took the election of the commissioners out of the hands of the people—but all the appointive officials—well, that is where the politics comes in. The first rumor was that the superintendent of public schools, because he was a republican, would have to go—but the commissioners re-elected him, and he is still in the saddle.

A correspondent in the Durham Herald says:

"But other town officials began to be aware their resignations were in order, and so came the resignation of the city recorder and the city prosecutor, followed by the chief of police and all his force. The chief of the fire department was at this time on an extended trip to the world's Panama exposition, so a new chief was elected over his head. Then suddenly some one remarked on the streets that Dr. D. A. Stanton, who for many years has served the city as registrar of vital statistics, had remarked: 'Here is one republican who they will not put out of office.' It is not known whether Dr. Stanton ever said this or not, but it is known he has never resigned nor given up his office, even though the city commissioners have elected Dr. H. W. McCain as city physician."

So it would seem that the old and neighborly way of having both republicans and democrats fill the offices was always the case in the aldermanic days when J. Elwood Cox and Fred N. Tate were running the thing, has passed out, and the lines of politics are to be closely drawn.

It is so in this town. While they talked about non-partisan joys if the Commission Form were adopted, a republican stands no more chance of being elected in Greensboro than a celluloid dog would stand in chasing an asbestos rabbit through hades.

Must Work Together.

In 1893, during the panic, there were three million men out of work putting idle hands into empty pockets—suffering for food and their families in dire want. Capital had hidden—was run into its hiding places and while it was not at work it could afford to loaf, but labor, which was dependent on capital, could get nothing to do. When capital again got courage and concluded to risk itself in business channels, it commenced to start factories and said to Labor—we will try it again, come on and go to work. They were dependent on each other. Capital would have remained forever idle, if of necessity must have done so, had not Labor cheerfully joined with it and commenced to delve and dig.

It is easy to answer the question why labor should be dependent on capital. Simply for the reason that labor has no capital—the poor we have always with us—and would it sustain life it must work and of necessity it must work for some one who is financially able to make the ghost walk. Men who have millions today may be reduced to poverty next year—and the man who is laboring with blackened hands and begrimed face may tomorrow be riding in his automobile. Fortune is fickle—and the laboring man for the most part spends his wage in many useless things and never hopes to have a surplus—and until he commences to save he must be dependent on the man who knows the game of money making and money saving.

War At Any Price.

Roosevelt's attempt to send up his political stock in his attack on Wilson and Bryan, didn't work. Teddy is, politically, a dead duck, and he can't hope to come again.

Soon now and the coal man will explain it to you. The ice man will have gone on his well earned vacation.

North Carolina people are about through with the spell-binder and professional reformer. They are alive to their own interests more than ever and we hope to see a business man the next Governor of this commercially progressive state.