



# Everything



SILER CITY, N. C.  
Grit  
Ex

BY AL FAIRBROTHER      SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS      SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1915      ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS      ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## POLITICS WARM

### The Ministers Taking A Hand In Richmond.



WE CAN talk all we want, and resolute until the pink and yellow cows are coming home to the effect that ministers should not mix up in politics, but when they get good and ready they go into politics just like a duck takes to water—and you can't keep 'em out.

In Richmond, where there is growing a terribly dirty mess in the council, the ministers are taking a hand. In twelve or fifteen churches in that city, according to the papers from there, is denounced the action of the Board of Police Commissioners of Richmond in dismissing Detective-Sergeant Fred L. Kregel, presumably because of the officer's testimony in the recent vice investigation. Several pastors, who have taken a deep interest in the recent reform movement in the city, made the Kregel case their theme, and the Police Board's course received condemnation in many respects more severe than has been given the proceedings of any public body in Richmond.

It seems that Kregel had furnished information to a committee which involved a couple of the police commissioners and the idea was to track Kregel. It was shown that Kregel as a police officer dealt in rings and guns and sold them to people of the underworld at big prices. This, it was contended, was everlastingly wrong, because it put the officer under certain moral obligations to his customers—but despite this fact the ministers of Richmond are up in arms, and all of them it seems are defending Kregel, the man who trafficked in jewelry.

So warm have things grown that it is altogether probable that the Police Commission will be abolished. Several officials have resigned, and all the way through there is nothing at all inviting about the situation.

#### The Poor Booze Artist.

The old drunkard gets it going and coming. He is an outcast and as the years go by he gets hit harder and harder. He suffers and suffers—not only the wild delirium which excessive use of whiskey brings but Society is slowly and surely outlawing him. A dispatch from a western city reads:

Every saloon in town is to be placarded with the names of habitual drunkards and a warning that the persons listed must not be sold any intoxicants. Cards, which are now being prepared by the police department, are to be posted in a conspicuous place in each bar room and must be printed in type large enough to be easily read. They will contain blank spaces for the insertion of names of those who may fall from the water-wagon after the date of posting.

This is tuff, my masters. Imagine an old rummy going into the bar room and ordering up a Scotch high-ball and just as his mouth begins to water to see the bar keeper look over the list in "big letters" and say to him my friend you are black-listed. The Society has decided that you can't have any more. It didn't black ball you when you first commenced to go on your downward road. It didn't try to head you off. It waited until you became an outcast—until your money and your health and friends were all gone—until you stood a wretched caricature of your former self; until you had dishonored those who loved you—until you were down and out, and then to add to your deep humiliation and fill full your cup of degradation it posted your name in large letters and said you could no longer get a drink to satisfy that strange appetite—that almost unquenchable thirst known only to a drunkard. They could have helped you years ago; they could have posted your name as a possible drunkard and thus have headed you off. But they waited until all hope was gone; until you were a wreck and of no account to God or man and then they rushed in with the big letters and posted them here and say to me that I can't let you have what now you really, sadly need. Good day, old sport—your lines are not in pleasant places.

#### The Right Man.

Durham could not have found a better man—one more practical, more progressive—for President of her Chamber of Commerce than the Hon. James H. Southgate. Durham is to be congratulated.

#### A Change.

Mr. D. O. Batchelor who has been editor of the Durham Sun the past year has sold his interest to Mr. Roger Steffan, of Columbus, Ohio, who has assumed charge. Mr. Batchelor will for the present remain in Durham.

## IT WAS YEARS AGO

### An Old Man Signed Up For Leon Brandt.



IT IS a juicy plum, this Greensboro post-office—and it dangles up there in the sunlight but it doesn't seem to be a dazler. Leon Brandt looked at it for a long time. He peddled a petition and his friends signed up to beat the band. But that was way back yonder. The other day in Leon's cotton office an old, decrepit and gray haired man came in to see Mr. Brandt. Just happened in, in fact, didn't know where he was going, but seeing Mr. Brandt, remarked that he would rest a spell. "Certainly, make yourself at home," said Mr. Brandt, cheerfully.

"What mought be your name?" queried the old man. "Brandt is my name," remarked Leon. "Brandt, Brandt, Brandt—yess, yes—didn't I sign a petition for you for postmaster when I was a boy?" asked the trembling old man. "I think you did, said Mr. Brandt. Years ago I thought I would like to be postmaster. Wilson was elected and naturally I thought that grand old soul-inspiring proposition to the effect that 'to the victors belong the spoils' would go, and I got busy. I got every man in town, almost, to sign up, and I remember now you were a boy and you signed. "But it has been so long ago I had—forgotten.

"Then you hain't postmaster yet, to any alarming extent?" the old man asked.

"No, not 'yet'—and I am out of the race. So it seems that if Mr. Wayland Cooke wants the job—wants to give up his profession to hold a piece of pie four years, it is his for the asking. If Cooke doesn't want it the chances are very much in favor of Charles Hines getting it. Hines has been a hard worker—a good citizen, and in every way capable.

#### Early In The Season.

We are a firm believer in the proposition that banks should advertise—that they should insert in proper mediums their cards to the general public with which they desire to deal—but there are some things about their attempts to obtain publicity that puzzle us.

For instance we are informed that one great bank in a western city—no use to mention names—is sending out indiscriminately, to the entire press of the country a four-page, expensively gotten up circular, printed in two colors, showing by clearance house figures that it led in the game last year and a part of this in the matter of business. On one page, incidentally, is a statement of affairs, and on other pages are figures that may or may not be instructive to the average man.

But why should a bank spend its money, thousands of dollars, in fine printing and official envelopes and two-cent stamps, in sending to every one horse and two horse editor in the country this statement of fact? What does the ordinary editor of a country weekly with patent bowels and a C. O. D. package at the express office care whether a bank has a surplus of almost two million dollars when the aforesaid editor hasn't a surplus of thirty cents.

Why should a banker or a bank want to send out a statement of business to all the editors and not send them any business? How many of these letters, although carrying a two-cent stamp and sealed, will be read by editors? When opened and found to contain nothing but a beautiful two-colored statement conveying the information that a bank has a business of forty millions, including a surplus of almost two millions, isn't it natural that the waste basket will receive such information? Tantalus held his job in the water and looked at the luscious fruits—but Tantalus was a Phrygian king—and these money kings have the editors in the water and are holding the seductive figures of big surplusage over them—and why should it be?

Of course we understand that a bank has a right to make all the display of other people's money that he wants to make; if he has forty millions of other people's money on deposit he can afford to have two-colored stationery printed conveying the information to country editors—but it looks like he would rather want a megaphone.

We have on our desk one of these beautiful two-colored folders, and the figures look all right to us—and we really wondered if they were sent broadcast.

It might be that it was intended for a Christmas offering three months ahead of time; perhaps so, and after all was direct from the heart and the advertising feature was not considered at all. Let us hope that we have solved the problem.

#### All Should Come.

The Central Carolina Fair to be held in Greensboro will be worth coming miles to see. Are you coming? You should come, and bring your neighbor.

## BENEFACTION DAY



PRESIDENT W. P. FEW.

**BENEFACTION DAY** at Trinity College was appropriately celebrated last Monday, and Colonel John F. Bruton, of Winston, made the address. Among the many interesting things he said was this:

"Speaking of benefactors I can afford to mention at least two without being invidious. One must be justly termed the great pioneer benefactor of modern Trinity. Mr. Washington Duke. Always sane, practical, simple in his manner of living, proud but not arrogant, brave but not self centered; a monument of strength grounded in a faith like unto the simple faith of a little child.

"The other is of more recent date, in the list of benefactors—a young fellow, red-headed, without a college education, but possessed of a wife, two babies and a small farm with a high-minded wife. He had a letter after advising him of his opportunity. His modest enthusiasm was a sermon in itself. Stating that he was moved by a sense of duty he declared his desire to put into the veins of Trinity College some of his life blood; that by economy and by work on the outside he could and would contribute \$50 to the endowment of Trinity College. The foregoing is my excuse for recognizing him as worthy of mention alongside of the old man who found a joy in lending of his blood to the life of this institution.

"Mr. Washington Duke's first substantial gift to Trinity was, I believe, more of a protest against ignorance and poverty than an absolute commitment of approval of character of work being done. Following this protest he without doubt watched and waited subjecting the plant and its product to severe tests. I verily believe he consulted the book with which he was most familiar in making his tests. He sought out the wonderful prayer of the man of the Old Testament whose name is a synonym of wisdom: 'Give thy servant an understanding heart' (a hearing heart) that I may know good from bad.' Did he discover evidences of hearing hearts among the students? That promise by Christ of immeasurable wealth. 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth,' was his by right. Recalling that the word 'meek' is closest akin in meaning to the compound word 'gentle-man' as used in the old days, the thought of companionship and service dominating, he must have found quiet enjoyment in discovering in the annual product turned out, gentlemen, companionable men, anxious to help their fellowmen. Always sane, always practical, he made few mistakes. His subsequent gifts, large and frequent, betrays to us his conclusions that hearing hearts and gentlemen are cheap at any price. By virtue of his own and of the benefactions of his honored family and others Trinity College stands today not so much as a protest against ignorance and poverty but as an effective, successful agency in the propagation of wisdom and wealth."

Under the Presidency of Dr. W. P. Few Trinity has taken a high place among the educational institutions of the country, and is still advancing.

#### Killed Horses.

There was a case tried in Charlotte where two young men were charged with driving to death a pair of horses. In the Recorder's court they were found guilty and fined \$100 each and part of the costs. The case was bitterly fought, and after the trial was over the defendants gave notice of appeal to Superior court.

We hope it can be proven that they didn't kill the horses. We would not like to think that in this age and in this state there were two young men so lost to all decency. If they are not guilty we hope they will be acquitted. If they are guilty we wish there was a law to send them to the roads for ten years. The man who is guilty of cruelty to animals, wantonly cruel, has no place in Society. He belongs on the roads or should be confined.

## THE HAT WAS PASSED

### And The Millions Were Poured Into It.



MAN who has less than thirty cents in his pocket and who hasn't any money elsewhere, may think that five hundred million dollars constitute quite a pile of the yellow dross, but that was the quantity the Morgan syndicate piled up for the Allies in a few days' time. Not only five hundred million, but before they closed the books the amount was over subscribed fifty millions of dollars.

Some people think and talk as though private individuals didn't have the right to loan money to their "furrin" cousins. But they have.

In this instance it wasn't the United States loaning the money, it was just a bunch of United States fellows who wanted to get in on a six per cent proposition. Of course it might happen that the old countries, England and France will go broke, and if they do, and repudiate their bonds, they will have five hundred millions of "Yankee" money without paying for it. But the average man who has a million to subscribe also has nerve enough to take the gamble.

We wired our broker to buy a block of this stock—but we waited until after the books had closed, and sent the message collect.

This country could quickly raise three billion dollars if it was thought necessary—so immense are some of the fortunes here.

#### Different Now.

The sculptors; the painters; the writers of the great epics will held dear in memory—the sculptors; the painters; the writers of the great epics will held dear in memory—day and night, and while we know that Fielding and Byron and Pope and Sterne wrote stuff that today could not go through the mails—except only because they are so-called "Classics"—never do we cry for their crucifixion nor do we destroy the priceless legacy they left to a depleted world of prudes and pretenders.

Sacred are the names of these Immortals. True were they to attempt today to write a Don Juan; a Tom Jones; A Farewell to London; a Tristram Shandy—we'd lock 'em up and put stripes on 'em and proclaim to the world that they were guilty of writing obscene literature and the Finger of Scoria would point at them with a persistence as everlasting as the needle pointing to the pole.

If some tombstone maker were today to develop a genius as rare as Phidias and attempt to chisel an Apollo Belvidere or a Venus de Medici and put out in front of his joint a placard saying, 'step within and see the statue embodying the highest ideal of manly beauty, and also cast your hazel eyes upon the elegant chaste and noble sculpture of female beauty unapproached and unapproachable—a forty dollar a month policeman would have that tombstone cutter up before hizzoner in twenty minutes, and it would be good by Venus and Apollo.

Were a merchant to expose for sale the Grecian master's "Venus rising from the Sea" he would be pulled for disorderly conduct and exhibiting obscene pictures—but still if you will go to an art gallery you will stand before these things in awe and speak in whispers—because their sublimity subdue. And these are our immortals—no chance now for any such immortality. What made a man immortal a thousand years ago would make him immoral today.

Therefore it comes down to the proposition that genius, like dogs, must wear a muzzle.

#### Sensitiveness.

A form of fear, greatly exaggerated by introspection, is sensitiveness. There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite. Like all negative emotion, sensitiveness grows with indulgence, and easily becomes a fixed habit of thought and feeling. Sensitiveness feeds on the creations of a morbid imagination. People fear what others may say about them. This kind of a fear is a deceiver. It makes one think that their neighbors are digging pit-falls in their pathway, where all is smooth and pleasant.

The remedy is to center your thoughts and interest on what you are and what you desire to become, and think less about what others think or say about you. Be something, and do something and stop turning your imagination over to things that may never happen—the "will o' the wisps" of the mind. "Half our misery from our foibles spring." Center your attention upon some noble work or aspiration. Forget yourself and what others may say about you. Thus sensitiveness can be overcome, and your heart will hear a thousand melodies unheard before.

## AND JOHN WON

### Barleycorn To Continue In Minneapolis.



MINNEAPOLIS, up by the laughing falls of Minnehaha and White Bear Lake and four hundred bar rooms has again given Sir John Barleycorn lease on life. Last fall the legislature in Minnesota passed a

local option law and some eighty-six counties in the state have voted dry under it, while but seven counties have voted wet. That looked like maybe Sir John would get it in the neck—but four hundred bar rooms constitute quite an array of "preparation" within themselves while the natural rooters, owners of buildings; clerks; drunkards; average drinkers and so forth and so on until you can't count 'em make quite a pull.

So Minneapolis remains in the wet column. The Four Hundred Bar Rooms will continue to hand out the whiskey and the beer and the wine; the 325,000 inhabitants will continue to belly the bar and drink the coffin varnish and embalming fluid and think they have won a victory. But the scales will finally fall from the eyes of the blind and deluded. "Business" was what was the matter. The saloon people showed the other people that "Business" would suffer—and business always has the right of way above a human soul. But when they learn they will find that business does not suffer—that prohibition communities have more and better business than communities carrying the cancerous scab of liquor.

#### Should Be Dispelled.

The idea of a convict will be tried and convicted for murder as he should be. If a man commits a crime and the law says he must be put out of the way—must go to prison, he should be sent to prison, and if the state undertakes to work him and he tries to escape the law does not justify the murder that is committed in trying to capture him. The state should make him secure while in its custody—it should protect his life and not take it. If the state wants to get labor out of him it must take the chance of his escaping. It can chain him but to murder him has grown to be an altogether too serious matter. Scores of men, some boys, have been shot down like dogs by these brutal and ignorant guards and one of these days there will appear on the scene a humane prosecuting attorney and the murderer will be indicted and hanged for his unlawful act.

In these times they tell us in whispers that it is unlawful to shoot a man down but if you don't shoot many will escape. The state in its greed to get work out of the condemned wretches is willing to now and then unlawfully take a human life—but some day that will cease. And it should cease. It has gone on far too long.

#### Dumping The Product.

Months ago, away last spring we wrote several stories on the subject: After the War—What? We figured it out that the old countries would want ready money. We saw the picture of the South after its devastation—saw it in its rags and its hunger in '64—and we wrote that the warring countries would be relatively in the same condition. We said that it would take a tariff wall higher than anything Payne or Aldrich ever dreamed of to keep the products of those countries out of America—that they would want coin—gold. Their people will work for twenty cents a day. They will have what they want to eat, but their gold will be gone—they will want ready money, and if they can find a market where they can dump their products they will certainly want to get into it.

The Wise Men who do not want to admit that the present tariff law is a failure, which it is, say they will frame up something that will not allow goods to be sent in here at prices below cost of production. But cost of production is what will amaze the world. Men and women will be eager to work for twenty cents a day—anything, to get goods to the market and reap something for the labor. Cost of production will be less than it ever was in the history of the world, and the American wage earner must either go up against that twenty cents a day wage or quit the game and let the foreign product come in, unless we put up a tariff wall that will keep it out.

This is just as plain as a white patch on the seat of a black pair of pantaloons with your coat off.

#### On The Job.

Major Stedman is in Washington getting after the authorities and urging them to get the cargoes of licorice tied up set loose so the tobacco manufacturers in this state can keep their wheels in motion.