



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## THE JAMES BOYS

### Last Of The Name Has Come Into Camp.



ANY people think it high time, no doubt, to close the book containing stories about the James Boys—but a new story comes drifting in—and anything concerning the James Boys is always interesting to many people.

As this is of the vintage of 1915—and perhaps the last James Boy story that will find its way into print, we talk a little about it—and make a suggestion or two.

William W. James is a cousin of the notorious bandit, Frank—and Jesse who was killed. He was a courier for Quantrell, during the war and afterwards. He has been a soldier on five continents and wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross.

It is said that he promised Frank, just before he died that some day he would take the oath of allegiance. And only the other day he set out for Washington to become a citizen of this country. He is sixty-seven years of age, and because he promised Frank he would take the oath of allegiance he feels he must do it, because it is a matter of record that no James of that family ever broke his promise.

William W. is about the last of the James crowd, and while the world has always looked with terror upon the James Boys we always had an idea that they were half way justified in all they did. They were brutally and shamefully treated—they were driven to their desperation by officers of the law acting with impunity, and they were out playing for nothing in the first instance. They became outlaws, it was because of a force of habit and sometimes we think men are not to be fully blamed for accepting the path of least resistance. When the Pinkerton crowd blew the arm off their helpless and defenceless mother with a bomb we were glad that the boys swore they would be avenged. There were other things in the life of the James boys pleading extenuation. But perhaps to stand up today and defend men so falsely presented to the world—men accepted as the very essence of all villainy and all rascality, is bad business. But as William W. happened to bob up in the lime light we felt like handing out to the devil his due—even in a small way. There have been many men more deserving of punishment than the James Boys who have gone free.

#### It Is A Mistake.

The Yanceyville Sentinel says there is a general demand for a change in the Congressman from the Fifth district—but brother Henderson is mistaken.

Apart from some sore bellies who wanted office and didn't get it; apart from those very few who want to stir up the animals, on all occasions, there is no opposition to Major Stedman. He will be nominated hands down. He will carry the district, if any man can carry it, but in these uncertain times, when the tariff has knocked the bottom out of prosperity, it looks now like a republican will stand much show in all the districts. We are for the Major and will vote for him, but the democratic party has made such a decided mess of the tariff that many people are on the war path.

#### A Woman's Devotion.

There is no other devotion like a woman's devotion, and the book got it wrong when it talked about a man's love for woman. It should have read a woman's love for man. The following story shows what a woman will do if she thinks she is in the right:

A wife, 38 years old, childless, but comely and womanly looking, sat in the Circuit Court at Geneva and in tones so low the judge had to lean from the bench to hear her, told how she had given up the husband she loved to a young and pretty girl who pleaded that the baby she expected might be given a name.

The woman reciting the usual drama of the eternal triangle was Mrs. Fred Ott, wife of an automobile dealer. The girl to whom she said she had decided to yield her husband was Miss Effie Hoyles, 22 years old. A divorce was granted.

Of course most people will say she was a fool. They will say she should have taken her husband by the slack of his trousers and thrown him out of the window and then scalded him with hot water; beat a tattoo with the rolling pin on his lacerated body and told him to walk the chalk line.

But this woman, with a woman's heart, a woman's love and feeling what she thought was a woman's duty, surrendered her love—gave up all that had made life worth while and walked alone in the shadows—while the libertine husband of course accepted his affinity and will forget his old wife within a year.

But the lonely and abandoned woman who sits in the shadows nursing her bleeding heart—she will never forget—but she has forgiven! Wonderful, wonderful is their nature.

## AS THE SEER SAW IT

### President's Marriage Revealed In A Dream.



IT WAS expected that it would come to this. We had looked for some palmist to claim that months ago the future had been foretold. We knew that some necromancer with plenty of nerve would "blow in" from somewhere, and show the weary world that he had looked into the great beyond and saw President Wilson courting the widow. When a Great Man makes a move in this world, because we are such cheap skates and love to fawn and flatter, the latter day augur, even as the Roman augurs of old, gets in his work, and cashes up on what he pretends.

But in this instance it was not an American blue sky artist; it was not an American seer who looked into his mystic glass, but a heathen—one Prof. Don Show Kodama, of Tokio, who comes forward and "makes bold to say."

He says, Don Show Kodama does, that last April he got his sengi blocks together and with prayer and imagination looked to see if he could "see things"—and behold, he saw our President marrying a widow before March—and would you believe, she was just forty. The old fraud also claims that Wilson will not be re-elected, if his vision now partially come true was real, and that he would live happily in New York and that two daughters would be born to him.

All of these kinds of stories are interesting, because many people believe them. Too many people believe in these palmists and seventh sons of the seventh son who go about the country passing the hat of easy money. But if old Don Show Kodama really predicted in April what is coming true right now, maybe which are "sacred sticks" have the power of revelation. If they have we would like to buy a cord or two of them and see when some of these fellows who are in arrears on subscription are going to come across.

#### Hot Air.

The next Congress will wrestle with a bill to prevent porters in sleeping cars from accepting a tip. That will mean, of course, that the Pullman company must raise the salaries of the black men who shine our shoes and look out for our comfort. So far as we are personally concerned we do not think such a bill should pass. It would be proper to pass a law fixing the price to be paid a porter, if interstate law can go that far, but when we travel we always want to give the porter something for his services. He can get you a drink of water; he can do many favors. If he knows he isn't to be paid for it, he will not take the interest in his passengers. A black man, unlike his white brother, expects you to give him something. He doesn't care much what it is—but he wants recognition. And no matter what kind of a law is passed, if your Uncle travels and a porter does him any favors he expects to reward him. He may have to slip the coin into the black man's pocket—but he will do it—so help him John Henry.

The Pullman people are making a lot of money, and this has aroused the ire of the politician who wants to talk for home consumption. The truth is the Pullman system is so vast, so big that it must make money. It controls the whole world, almost, in the sleeping car line, and if it only made a dime on each passenger it would groan under its income. The Pullman people's success is because of the monopoly. And if any other man or any other company has something better to offer the Pullman people can be put out of business in short order.

#### Looks Good.

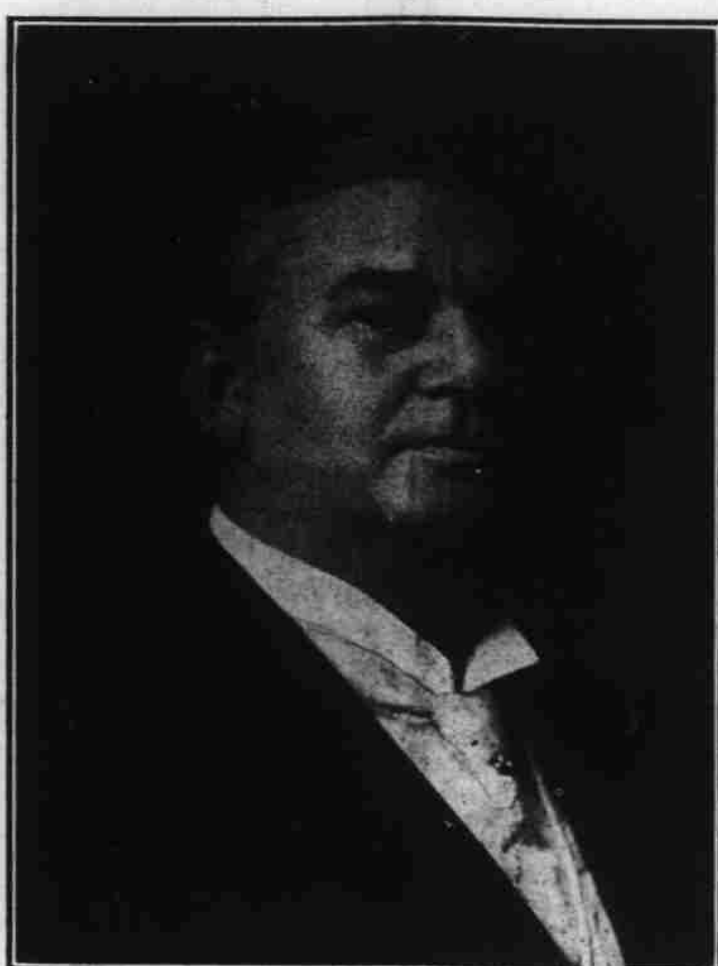
At this writing it looks like the weather gods were favoring Mr. Garland Daniel and his great Central Carolina Fair. Tuesday morning—the opening day—there were indeed fair skies, and the sun was as genial as any October sun could be.

Last year the Association played to empty seats because of a continued rain—but this year, from all indications now, the weather will be fine—(we just touched wood)—and the crowds will be large. The exhibition is all that the most exacting could ask to see.

In the light of recent developments it would be interesting to hear from those New Orleans papers that kicked up such a rumpus because of the fact that the women of the Equal Suffrage league did not think it good taste to "intrude on the sorrow of the President" in his hour of unconsolable grief.

Old Nature has been out in the woods with her paint brush the past two weeks and the artistic work done by her is all to the merry. Nature's dye pots hold some rare colors.

## JAMES H. SOUTHGATE



THE Durham correspondent of the News and Observer has this to say concerning one of the biggest men in North Carolina:

"North Carolina figured prominently in the proceedings of the twentieth annual convention of the National Association of Fire Insurance Agents convening in Indianapolis last week. Mr. James H. Southgate, a former president of the national organization, made the address in response to the introductory remarks of Counsel to the Commission William A. Pickens in behalf of the city of Indianapolis. His address struck a responsive chord of the five hundred delegates and the resultant effects were the endorsement of a popular subscription of \$5,000 for the promotion of the association's constructive plans.

"The convention edition of The Insurance Field, national organ of the fire insurance agents, in the prefatory remarks about Mr. Southgate's address, said: 'The applause that greeted Mr. Southgate was a burst of hand-clapping which grew in volume until the delegates were on their feet cheering the popular former president.' The journal carried a photograph of the Durham man on two occasions and referred to him as the eloquent ex-president of association, prominent among delegates. Thirty states were represented and Mr. Southgate was the only representative from North Carolina.

"The remarks of Mr. Southgate were clearly and succinctly presented. He contended that the American people in the administration of their governmental function have no sharply defined concept. Their goal in governmental administration is not sharply marked and hence legislation against railroads and other corporations are often misguided in their administration. Their motives may be sound but their achievements are often results of misguided judgments. The Durham man thought that evils should be remedied within the organization. He addressed his remarks to the convention thus: 'We are all united under 'Old Glory' with a determination to wipe out the national scandal of \$300,000,000 needless fire waste.'

#### High Rates.

John Skelton Williams has been out talking, and has brought to the attention of the country the fact that some banks charge as high as two hundred per cent interest. This showing is bad. Glad to say that in North Carolina there wasn't much out of the way, and then by only two or three banks which exceeded the speed limit—as fixed by law.

Money is a commodity, and the man who has it for sale is expected to drive as good a bargain as possible. Six per cent is the legal rate of interest allowed by law, but we have seen the time that we could make money by paying as high as fifteen or twenty per cent. When such a condition exists it looks like a man should have the opportunity of dealing with his neighbor. But the law says it is usury if you charge more, therefore the wonder is that some of these two hundred per cent bankers have not been pinched.

#### Good Luck To Him.

General Jule Carr has gone on a six months' trip—to San Francisco and then Japan—going out to let his mind dwell on new landscapes and water escapes, to get a rest from a long and exceedingly active business career, which has been successful from every view point. Here is wishing him abundant joy and a good time every day. There is no man in North Carolina nearer the people—and all of the State will join us in wishing him a safe return.

#### How About It?

"President using private telephone. He has had private wire strung from his dressing room to boudoir of finance."—Headline in morning papers.

Say, bud, doesn't that make you tired? Well, if it doesn't you are immune from sea sickness.

## SUICIDE A MYSTERY

### A Durham Girl Takes Poison And Dies.



ND SO Durham has a mystery. There is nothing like a mystery even if you are compelled to strain a point to see it. A Miss Ardella Riley, of the Bull City, went to Danville and secured a position as book-keeper in a clothes pressing establishment. She was twenty—and handsome, and her sister went with her, working elsewhere. It happened one day last week that Ardella took seven grains of Bichloride of Mercury and on Monday, after a lingering illness, died in the General Hospital at Danville. It is said that she refused to tell that she had taken the tablets until the doctor told her she could not live—and then she confessed taking the medicine, but would never tell why she took it.

It is said the young woman was of a cheerful disposition; was apparently happy—but those of us who have walked along the edges of the world know that something terrible happened, and she wanted to get away. What it was none of us know. It might have been a case of unrequited love; it might have been betrayal—it might have been a dozen things—but no doubt she was a desperate woman when she voluntarily took enough poison to lead her beyond this vale of tears. Her sister nursed her, and the body was taken to Durham for burial. If there was a heavy villain in the case he has not yet come to light—but young girls who are handsome hardly ever commit suicide unless there is a reason, about which we do not care to talk.

#### No Doubt Of It.

There is no doubt about the fact that tuberculosis takes a terrible toll of human life—but it isn't as terrible as many people would have us believe. The papers now-a-days are filled with pewter plates and black type, telling all about the dread disease, and playing it up to such an extent that one would have the jim-jams if it were remotely suggested to him that he was filled with the doodle-bugs.

The Great White Plague has been staged as a fright—as a scare-crow, and all kinds of fakery are in the game skinning the patient and making the man who happens to cough or spit a little blood believe that he will take his breakfast with Elijah. It is all wrong. The disease can be handled, and is handled. Hundreds of thousands of patients recover. Thousands of men said to be in the "last stages" get well. In the good old days when we didn't know anything but pulmonary tuberculosis—the days before every ache was pronounced tubercular—from the bellyache to the hiccoughs—people called it consumption. The consumptive sat around and spit up a lung before breakfast; was weak and pale and emaciated—and finally he thought he would go out and work on the farm; dig in the mines; go to war and sleep out in the rain and snow—and behold—he often came back a cured man. The old practitioners thought there was virtue in whiskey, and every consumptive was kept comfortably drunk and the low vitality following the continued debauch naturally put the poor devil under a tombstone, and consumption got the credit that was coming to John Barleycorn.

We have read considerable here of late on tuberculosis, and the authorities do not agree. They are widely apart. Many and divergent views are presented—and about all we see in so much publicity is harmful. For the reason that the man with a disease should be left to fight it with all his strength. As it is now, so much has been written under scare heads, and so many frightful bogie men have been set up that the moment the average man is told he has tuberculosis he immediately enters a state of collapse—and he hasn't the nerve to make a fight. He has been handicapped by well-intentioned alarmists.

The way to fight any disease is to keep your nerve; insist that you are going to do the best you can; make your peace with God and your fellow man and remember you can die only once—and if you die it is going to be a fight to a finish. And the man thus equipped, if he will use common sense and take care of himself, isn't in as much danger of taking his departure for the jaspered walls of the New Jerusalem as many have tried to make him think.

#### Certainly.

Some of the papers are kicking because the underwriters of the half billion loan to the allies made \$10,000,000 out of it. Underwriting is their business, and a small per cent for getting things lined up is not extortionate. The big wad of dough is what made it look like a rake off of dignified proportions.

The allies wanted to dance, and if J. P. wanted to be their fiddler, certainly they had to pay him. We were glad they had to pay the ten million, and only regret we were not in the game.

## ONCE TOO OFTEN

### Reckless Airman Meets Tragic Death.



ONE MORE unfortunate air man has met his death—this time Lieutenant Walter Talaferro, stationed at the United States army aviation corps school in California. He fell one thousand feet into San Diego Bay and was killed and his body not recovered at this writing.

The dashing lieutenant was attempting to loop the loop—trying to out do Art Smith—the greatest of them all—but Art took his cue from Beechey. All that goes up must come down—and if it is in an air ship often it comes down upside down and inside out. Beechey knew that he had to bite the dust—but he kept on with his dare devil stunts and finally paid the bill. Art Smith is perhaps the most wonderful air devil of all of them. We have seen him do things in his air ship that caused the blood of the spectators to congeal—and the more difficult his feat the more eager he seemed to be to do something still more daring.

The young lieutenant had no business to attempt the loop—because that isn't a part of the army business, and the authorities should make a rule that army officers who are learning to fly for service should not do any of the fancy work that means, in spite of all that can be done to avert it, death. The last victim was 35 years old, was married on April last, and leaves a young wife and sorrowing friends—and all because he wanted a little applause. True indeed, that man who has a canon's mouth—and true, indeed, that the path of the glory of the airman leads to death. The present world-wide war has shown the value of the flying machine, but it hasn't shown that looping the loop and flying upside down and cross wise and all other ways is necessary. Art Smith, we note, is in the east and will give a performance at the Richmond fair. His getting away with what he did in the air in San Francisco was a miracle—but he will hit the earth, instead of the ceiling, one of these days, just as sure as he continues his fool hardy game. Too bad that men invite death because a crowd stands ready to applaud recklessness.

#### Delayed.

We understand that the Southern railway will not attempt to commence its big new depot in Greensboro until about the middle of next year. This delay will cause some disappointment, but we can't expect a railway company to invest a half million dollars these times, unless there is something urgent. Greensboro is one of the most important stations on the Southern system, and the able management isn't going to kill the geese laying the golden eggs. Just as soon as the money is forthcoming you will see a magnificent station in Greensboro. Wait—because we have been told confidentially, that Rome was not built in a day. Greensboro is growing every day and when the new station and the ten story hotel get here you will witness such a boom as was never dreamed of by the wildest dreamers.

#### Well, We're Glad Of It.

Many of the people in the county are just now giving Chairman Boren, of the county commissioners "down the country" because he is building a magnificent fifty foot road along the lines of his section. What we wish is that we could have such a road over all the county. Sunday with Mr. R. C. Hood we took a spin over that new concrete, and it looked to us like the stuff. What we need are more miles of the same kind of road, and as the years go by we will get them. The man who holds public office must provide shock absorbers for the cussing he is bound to receive, and we take it that Chairman Boren is not disturbed at all.

#### Nothing Doing.

Wake county dedicated her magnificent \$235,000 courthouse—really a stately pile—a beauty viewed from any point, and here is poor old Guilford, impotent and helpless getting along with the antique.

It is said now that there will be nothing doing in the way of a court house in this county for at least a year.

The Japanese Psychic who predicted the marriage of Woodrow Wilson to a widow "about forty," made a pretty safe guess, based on a study of conditions and observations of a lifetime.