



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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A HOTEL RAIDED

Jefferson Has Long Been A Plague Spot.



HERE will be great interest in the result of the Jefferson hotel matter. The Guilford county law passed expressly for such places, says if it is proven that a building is being used for immoral purposes it can be closed, advertised for sale and offered at public auction.

The Jefferson Hotel, down by the depot, has long had an unsavory reputation. It was finally agreed that nothing but a preacher could run it and make it respectable, and a man claiming to be a preacher finally leased it and he went to the bad—was found guilty of maintaining an immoral place and he put up a bond for appearance and skipped. Several people have tried to run it, but it has had a bad name, and somehow or other it is always in the courts—and the last pull will perhaps settle it.

If the evidence is true it should. Judge Brown very properly fined the woman who was running the place \$500 and the costs. She has appealed, and if not guilty, as Brown decided she was, she has been badly treated—but the evidence seemed direct. The county got busy and locked up the place under the law and will advertise it for sale at auction. It belongs to a man named Bishop.

The evidence was that five of the soiled doves were there notoriously plying their vocation; it was alleged that the landlady was receiving her share of the money thus earned; and altogether it was a sorry exhibition.

There is no reason why public hotels should become notorious. The Jefferson has long borne an ill name, and perhaps this last raid will fumigate it and cleanse it. The case was worked up by detectives employed by the city, and the girls interested in the warrants gave information that seemed conclusive. Altogether it was a dirty mess—and it will be fought to a finish in the Superior Court.

While Judge Brown is to be congratulated for putting on the heavy fine, he is also to be slightly censured for allowing the boys to fill the court room. When such a case is being tried he should see to it that no kiddettes are admitted. Of course this is a matter of opinion—but curious small boys in such a gathering learn nothing to uplift their morals—and what they hear and see may have a tendency to do them harm. However, we are not quarreling with the Judge, we are suggesting, however, that boys be kept out of the court rooms when such cases are being aired. And in this, the Judge will agree with us. 'Twas just an oversight on his part.

Rare Coin Craze.

Millions of dollars which should be in circulation are withheld because curious people have the fad of saving what they term "rare" coins. You can go to most any man and he will have a dollar or two of rare coins in his pocket while you can go to some homes and find fifty dollars worth and oftentimes thousands of dollars worth. It is all right to save old postage stamps—they are worthless, and if they become rare the collector can have his sport. But a silver dollar is like a human being. If you put it to work it will do much good or much harm—and if it remains idle it will produce nothing.

If we could get the right kind of a law passed we would release many millions of coin, and those millions invested in machinery, and in other commercial ways would produce countless other millions. No man should have a right to tie up hopelessly a pocketful of the circulating medium. Every dollar should be treated as an individual. If you find one which is non-producing or know where one is roosting of that type, it should be put to work. We would designate what is now called "rare" as "vagrant" money—money without visible means of support, and we would see to it that the director of the mint, by issuing similar coins, destroyed the value of the others, so far as any premiums went.

When you sit down and think that because in 1804 there were a few dollars coined, and but six of them remain and people are crazy enough to bid as high as three thousand six hundred dollars for one of them, as has been done, it is simply astounding. Three thousand six hundred dollars would buy a man an automobile; it would set a rustler up in the shoe business; it would make a contribution box look like an inflated balloon—why it would do wonders—and here we have one single silver dollar worth that, much money and therefore as carefully guarded as the gems of the Persian prince who kept his jewels in sealed jars.

Uncle Sam can disturb this kind of fool-

MOUNTAIN MYSTERY

A Singular Light Which Cannot Be Accounted For.



LIGHT ahoy! North Carolina has a mountain sensation brewing in the mountains. It has really been brewing for several years—and is inexplicable. Some laugh at it, but others take it seriously. All wonder, but no one clears it up or can give a satisfactory solution to the weird and mystifying sight.

Around Brown's mountain, in Burke county, this State, in a particular ravine of that mountain, fifteen or eighteen miles away from a railroad, is seen nightly a light in the shape of a ball, as large as a gallon bucket, that moves about in straight lines, rises above the trees to twice the height of the tallest trees. It is not an illuminating light. Many have seen it yet they cannot locate the source from whence it comes. The sight of it can be verified by reliable authority; in fact many go there to see it—but they cannot explain it. The location is very near a Mr. Lovell, South of Edgemont and between that place and Linville. He is unable to explain it himself. Some have said it was the reflection from the headlights of locomotives going through the mountains, and pass it off with that. But it is there all the time, at night, and locomotives are supposed to move out of sight some times. And then, few locomotives on the railroads in North Carolina have headlights that throw light fifteen or eighteen miles. Then, again, at night, the light thrown from a headlight, or flash light, can be traced by the rays to its focus. No such rays to this mystifying light in Burk county.

What is it? Where does it come from? Will somebody tell us? There is a fine subject for some scientific job to solve; or the curious to study, and tell us what is this strange and uncanny light in our beautiful mountains.

The Print Shop Towel.

The printing office towel is born with the complexion of the lily and the freshness of the rose—it is hung in pristine purity from a roller that seldom revolves—it shakes hands with the best of fellows and the wisest of men—it comes to be populated by enough germs to entitle it to protection by the society with the long name—it loses its complexion and chaste purpose—a residuum of lye from the yellowest of soap eats out its conscience and its hope—its flexibility vanishes like the editor's scissors and the foreman's pipe—it may be rolled up like a carpet and will stand in the corner like an umbrella, but it is dear to the heart of every printer, for its damp acquaintance is the last rite that marks departure to the realm of food and likker.

The woman who thinks it is up to her to use slang and shoot off her mouth in a boisterous manner only evokes criticism which does no good. Modesty and refinement in woman is always becoming. The horse laugh and the goo-goo eyes are revolting.

Maybe it's a wise child who knows his own father—but you can't fool a dog on his master's scent.

Richness and break up the game if he will simply pass a law ordering every twenty-five years, all the coins duplicated—this in order simply to have it understood that there are no rare ones.

We met a gentleman the other day from the West and he had six vest buttons made of California two and a half pieces—they were thin and as large almost as a five dollar gold piece—and he said he had been offered a hundred dollars for the half dozen. We are willing to swear that five dollar gold pieces would look equally as well as his rare coins for vest buttons—and yet, he said he would not sell them for any price. At the rate of interest paid by savings banks, that man is wearing out four dollars in interest every year for vest buttons—and were he to turn the money loose, it might soon earn a thousand dollars.

It might be said that diamonds should also be turned loose. But diamonds do not represent money like money represents it. If one pays ten thousand dollars for a diamond the ten thousand is let loose and goes after other diamonds and men are employed. But if one takes the ten thousand and makes a watch chain of it he has decreased the power of the commercial world, just the same as though he had stopped an engine in a factory. The coin collector has a right to operate and men have a right to pay three thousand six hundred dollars for a dollar coin—but they won't have after we get out law passed calling for an issue every twenty-five years of all coins ever made at the mint or elsewhere.

MR. THOMAS F. RYAN



THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN of Virginia made his millions and didn't forget his home place. He went back and builded a splendid estate in the Old Dominion—spread his money like leaves of the forest, and now the Virginia authorities have found out that he hasn't paid enough taxes—and they are going after him.

Too bad, isn't it? Let a man invest his millions trying to help build up; let him lavish his money and there is always some fellow with hardly a change of shirts to commence to talk about him. Talk about him and malign him. And there is a neighborhood, envious and jealous, ready to insist that he isn't paying his share of the taxes. The hope is that Mr. Ryan will pass over the check for something like a quarter of a million—and let the people be satisfied. However, the great amount of taxes he pays there is on property he earned in New York and brought it back home. Such a man should at least receive a ten per cent discount—but they want him to pay more than other people—because—he has the money!

It Makes No Difference.

After all these years of recorded time the iconoclasts of today, at least a few of them, are still engaged in the questionable work of attempting to prove that there was no such a man as Job who is reputed to have lived in the land of Uz. It has been admitted by all people that the book of Job is the grandest drama ever penned by mortal man; it has been admitted that the writer of that magnificent poem lived in an age when many things were enjoyed that are enjoyed by man today—it is suggested that in many sciences the author was deeply learned—and just why they want to discredit Job and the author of the Book we do not understand. Of course the name of the author has been withheld. It will always be a Deep Mystery—because the writer's name did not accompany the original manuscripts and certainly Job did not write the book himself because it is a history of Job's life and a record of his death. The writer said as he concluded his realistic romance, "And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren. After this lived Job a hundred and forty years and saw his sons, and his son's sons even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days."

It is the fashion now to knock the pillars from under the feet of the brightest ones—fashionable to insist that Job never lived, the same as some time ago it was fashionable to declare that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays for him—not that it would prove anything, but that it would discredit a gentleman who was receiving credit for having done the greatest consecutive literary stunt recorded in all literature. Certainly the Book of Job need not be realism to prove its worth; certainly it may be a beautiful and forceful allegory—but the fact remains: It was written, and where it was written or when it was written or why it was written must only be revealed to us when the roll is called up yonder.

But why waste time speculating as to Job's authenticity? Why waste time in speculation as to where the land of Uz was really located—whether in the northern part of Arabia Deserta or Buncombe County, North Carolina? What boots it if he really lived in Wake County—the beauty of the Book and the forcefulness of what Job and his friends had to say are what appeals to us—and it doesn't matter whether Sherlock Holmes is an entity or a myth or a phantom or a spook or a hobgoblin—just so he makes his deductions and hands to us an entertaining package. Sherlock Holmes is purely a creation of Conan Doyle—and yet, so far as this world should care, Sherlock Holmes lives, and we love him.

Job may have been a purely created character; he may have been the hero of a drama written for other purposes than to adorn the Holy Bible—it has always been doubted as to whether it belonged inside the sacred covers—but no matter where or how or why let us accept Job just as we accepted, as a child, grand old Santa Claus, and believe that Job really lived and suffered and died happy.

"But" is a preposition that spoils many a proposition.

THE CALDWELL WAY

Certainly An Innovation At County Fair.



SCARCELY IS Everything in the habit of noticing County Fairs to any extended length, there are so many of them, and they are more or less of the same nature, but something new under the sun has dawned upon our vision, and is worthy of honorable mention. Caldwell county has turned the trick; and turned it most successfully. Caldwell county, one of the best in the State, is seventy-four years old, and last week she pulled off her first county fair. It was one of the most unique fairs in the history of the State. A novel object lesson. In exhibits it called the men in the displays of their handiwork. But what gives this Caldwell county fair its novel characteristic distinction is the fact that a successful county fair was had, and attracted widespread attention and interest and it was free from questionable shows, skin games, worthless trinkets, and other "fakes," and instead the Minister's Union, of Lenoir, held religious services every day at the noon hour, and it is remarkable to relate, we are told by an eye witness that the people took great interest in these exercises and heard them gladly. The Minister's Union also had an exhibit in the Floral Hall—tracts and Bibles to sell at actual cost. Did you ever hear of such a thing at a fair in North Carolina before? It is an innovation, with a moral uplift that is commendable, and we desire to call it to the attention of our thousands of readers as something refreshingly unique. Catch the moral, invigorating breeziness of it? All honor to Caldwell! Her example should electrify the State. The fair was not devoid of attractions along educational lines and innocent amusements. A great people have pulled off a great fair—great in aims, accomplishments in industry and agricultural pursuits, and an inspiring uplift.

It is not to be wondered at when there was such a splendid unity of purpose on the part of the people of the entire county, led by Mr. G. N. Goforth, the county demonstrator; and under the guiding hands of Mr. J. H. Beall, president of the Fair Association; J. W. Whitsand, secretary; and H. W. Courtney, treasurer. Wide-awake business men who are putting a splendid "call" in Caldwell county.

As To Heroes.

So it is! Go to Paris and you see Napoleon in life size bronze and marble; you see Napoleon on the coins—you see him in the World's Eternal Hall of Fame—still "grand, gloomy and peculiar—wrapped in the solitude of his own originality," you see him in History characterized as the greatest general the world has ever known; you see him in fiction—in Hugo's Le Miserables written as one so great that he disturbed the equilibrium of the universe—and wherever you go the Little Corsican's name stands first and supreme in the list as the world's greatest genius—and what he did was to slaughter men like a Chicago packing house slaughters hogs—except the Chicago concern does the bloody work for the profit that accrues—Napoleon killed men by the hundreds of thousands in order that his power might not decrease—that glory should be added to his name as a military chieftain. And on down the line—monuments are erected over men who made a profession of human butchery, and the Halls of Fame give first place to those who took the most lives. In Trafalgar square in the city of London the bloody Hinglish worship Nelson because he killed more men than some others; and go where you will it seems to be the best of human endeavor to build tombstones and monuments over the men who murdered most. In our own country they erect monuments over the men who trailed their blood and fire from Atlanta to the sea; they erect granite slabs to commemorate the fact that at Gettysburg more men were killed on both sides of a conflict that should never have occurred, than were killed in any other engagement—and History teems with the wonderful achievements of the successful butcher—of the grim warrior who counted not the cost of lives, but who summed up the result obtained and found the grand total spelled Victory.

To these men, these murderers who imbued their hands in their brother's blood, we vote with wild acclaim the greatest honor that we can bestow. They are the Rele Thyngs—because of their valor; their strategy; their intrepidity; their personal magnetism. They led men to the slaughter and overcame, and defeated, an opposing foe. Bravery—Generalship—Patriotism—one name and another applied to these men who bathed a world in woe and blood; who broke the hearts of wives and mothers as relentlessly as they broke the twigs of fallen underbrush in a forced march to overtake their brothers that they might murder them; who walked indifferently into the jaws of death to win the "bubble reputation"—these men, dead or living, are our "heroes" and it were treason to cast a stain or slur.

ALREADY A CITY

Fluctuations And Vast Concerns.



PROVIDENCE IS a city—no getting around that point. Really a city with its fluctuations and its vast concerns. Where people congregate in large numbers you find all styles and all kinds—and it seems a part of the way of Providence. Just like the fish of the sea—you get the trim and clean and pretty fish—but every now and then comes swimming up a cat-fish or a flounder or some uncanny specimen—and yet a fish. And like the birds of the air—you see the saucy jay bird; the red-breast robin, the lark, the mocking bird—and here comes an old buzzard to gorge himself on carrion—if not on slander.

And folks are just the same. On the local page of the Daily News last Tuesday morning was an epitome of the frail sister's doings; the trials of the strong men, who fell—a variety of happenings recorded which must cause us all to admit that Greensboro is a city. There was the story of a hotel being run as a bawdy house and several girls in commission and evidence submitted that the proprietress was sharing the money—the which she denied; there was a story of Policeman Wolfe and assistants running down five blind tigers; there were the details of the experience of a weak Mabel who was drunk on a principal street in broad daylight and about to start something; an account of an automobile running over a little boy on a crowded street; police court records of speeders and tigers and vagrants—why, Greensboro has grown into a city—and no mistake.

And yet this seamy side of life was not all that was recorded. The Welfare League was to meet; the corn club members were busy; woman suffragists had held forth; the Grand Opera House had been well patronized; the North Carolina Children's Society had had a special meeting; there was a page devoted to brilliant social events—and the man who thinks this town hasn't electric lights is as blind as a bat. And the fact that so many accounts of crime and dissipation were recorded speaks well from a moral view—because it shows that here is a sentiment against wrong-doing, and those inclined to follow evil paths are brought up standing. Truly—we have a city, and Greensboro is still growing!

Wherefore?

In the greatest book ever written, we find this proposition laid down as a great truth, and while not doubting it, in any way, we hasten to wonder a few things. The Proverb says, "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion." While you are talking about it, why wouldn't a jewel of gold be as much in place in a swine's snout as a jewel of gold in a milady's ear? Why hasn't a hog as much right to decorate himself with diamond stomachers, and ear-rings and gaudy breast-pins as an intelligent human being—a being that pities "Lo, the poor Indian" and speaks of his untutored mind? Why wouldn't a swine look better, indeed, with a jewel of gold in his snout if a jewel of gold in a milady's ear adds to her adornment?

A fair woman which is without discretion is rather more like a swine without any jewel of gold in his snout—more like a hog that wallows in the mire. Whether or not it was the style in the old days to adorn the swine by putting jewels of gold in their snouts we do not know—but we take it that the jewel of gold, no matter where it is found, is just as beautiful one place as another. The jewel of beauty, if placed in the face of a woman "which is without discretion" is just as much of a jewel in most men's eyes as if she were the Mother of the Proper Thing. Beauty stands on its own foundation—and when the beauty is marred by no defect it matters not where it sheds its glory. And what we are trying to prove—and we have notified the police in all the surrounding cities—is, that a jewel of gold in a swine's snout is just as beautiful as a jewel of gold in a lady's snout. Always for the under dog or the under hog—we question the force of the Proverb—and shall ask the legislature for an appropriation to aid us in defending our position. A fair woman without discretion is not as beautiful as a hog with or without a jewel in his snout.

Every soul knoweth its own sorrow and every foot in a tight shoe feelth its own corn.

The hope is that the railroads will not take off all the trains.