



# Everything



SILER CITY, N. C.

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Grit

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## OLD QUESTION UP

### What Are Necessities On Sabbath Day.



ANY men of many minds fill the benches on the courts just the same as they fill the chairs at the corner grocery. One judge holds something is law and another judge says it isn't. In our North Carolina Supreme court we always find, or most always find dissenting opinions, and the learned judge who doesn't agree with the majority hands down what he thinks and it reads good to the layman. So in the Supreme Court of the United States often the judges fail to agree, and of course a majority decides.

Out in Oregon the other day a judge of the court, pretty high up decided the Sunday closing in a rather unique fashion. There had been for many years a law on the books forbidding the sale of certain articles on the Lord's Day. Other things were allowed to be sold and other kinds of business were operated, but because a grocer wanted to sell groceries to people who wanted groceries and claimed they were necessary in their business, he was arrested for selling goods on Sunday.

The case went to the court and the court held that if the law allowed any one article to be sold all articles commonly used could be sold, and that otherwise it would be religious discrimination—and religious discrimination was unlawful.

In other words as the world progresses we think street cars are necessary. Because we all own an automobile and want to joy ride on Sunday of course it is proper to run the garage. Because some of us want our shoes to shine on the Holy Sabbath day so we will look the better at Sunday school we insist the shoe shine parlor is a necessity.

And my worthies, what would be more of a necessity than a pair of breecherlooms provided a bull dog had caught you by the bosom of your only pair and rendered them useless by a large and widening gap. But if you want a pair of breeches and a clothing store were to open out and commence selling them—gracious, me, it would not do.

In California all the grocery stores and half the dry goods stores run on Sunday—just a habit and a custom, and no kick is coming. As a general rule Sunday observance is a good thing, and where to draw the line has puzzled philosophers of all ages. The Oregon decision is something new.

#### Have You Met Him?

Have you ever met Mr. Itsnoneofmybusiness? He comes to you in a confidential sort of way—a gum shoe movement, so to speak, and he takes you off to one side, and he tells you in a low and tearful tone of voice: "Now of course it is none of my business, but I heard So and So, naming the person, say something about you, and then relates it, and of course I thought you would be glad to know it."

And of course you immediately get on your fighting clothes; you feel badly because of the information received. You believe it, and maybe it is so—but why should a man or woman burden you with such unpleasant things?

In this old ragged sleeved world we have enough to contend with that we see or hear ourselves, without Mr. Itsnoneofmybusiness coming in to tell you what he has heard. It is seldom a friend comes and says: "Old man I heard So and So saying some mighty nice things about you. He forgets that—but if he hears something that will make you feel unpleasant and angry all day he hastens to impart his information and the question is: What good has he done?"

#### Positively To Close.

The Panama Exposition at San Francisco positively closes on December 4. The man who wants to see the show must be there before that time. President Moore has written a letter and says that the rumors it would continue are not true—that December 4th is the last day. Pity that that pile of buildings must be destroyed. The figures will show the crowds were immense, but stock holders will not retire from business on account of dividends.

#### Governor Slaton.

Atlanta sends out word that ex-Governor Slaton is in that city attending to his law business; that he walks the streets and no violence has been offered him. Good enough. Maybe the Marietta band of brigands is organizing.

#### Gone.

The fly swatter is out of a job. A few sad eyed and weak flies are seen looking out across the river, but they are all in. The swatter didn't get 'em all this summer—but he can resume operations in May.

## NEW COUNTY TALK

### High Point Wants To Be A County Seat.



IT SEEMS that something new must be dug up for High Point to hang her scalping knife on, if she wants the new county. Because she couldn't get just the proper kind of road work; road work that seemed to her the only thing she immediately met and resolved about a new county. The High Point court house was seen in the air; the increased taxes that such a move meant were as nothing to the indignant citizens—but presto! the Board of County Commissioners met and ordered that road work, just such as High Point wanted should proceed.

Accordingly the blue prints for the new court house for the new county have been put away; the excuse to rebel or to secede has vanished, and there is now nothing left but the matter of state rights.

We have always contended that if High Point wanted to "leave the union," if she wanted to secede, she had the undoubted right. We have always doubted her wisdom in wanting to do such a thing—but unquestionably she has the right. But the cooler heads will think long before they vote for a new county. It means a useless expense and it doesn't mean anything in fact. To be the big sister of Greensboro is a much more desirable rating than to be the little county of Aycock or something like that—with an increased burden of taxation. Perhaps with the road building as she wants it, High Point will now subside from her belligerent attitude.

#### Taft Warns The Public.

Ex-President Taft, viewing the work of many prisons, writes:

"The theory that by treating criminals as if they had no criminal tendencies you can eliminate them is one that may work in some cases, but the exceptions will be so many as to make the policy ultimately ridiculous and worse than ridiculous—most harmful."

This may be true, and doubtless is true, but the reformer is only reforming because there is not enough leniency shown the convicted man. The real criminal—the fellow diseased, or, who is naturally a criminal because he can't help it, must not be given too much freedom and he needs but little sympathy.

The trouble with us is, however, that we do not differentiate between the born criminal and the unhappy creature of untoward circumstances. The man who lives a decent life; who is clean and upright for forty years and who falls because of high pressure of one sort or another, should never be treated in the same manner that we treat the low-browed murderer but slightly removed from the chimpanzee. But we find him guilty and huddle them all together. The sensitive man; the man who was once useful to Society, and who can again be useful if given a chance, should not be classed with the professional criminal—nor should he be treated with the same severity.

So it is with the woman who errs. There are doubtless women bent on going to hell and nothing will stop them. They become professionals—brazen and defiant—but there are other women who make a fatal error—but one misstep, and if apprehended, they are cast down in the same dirty gutter with the professional drab who scoffs at God and defies man. The erring one should be given all the sympathy that an austere world can muster. She should be given a helping hand. Because we need money for other things, than maintaining two prisons; to have the select and the elect—we have made it a custom to throw all prisoners together; to regard them as scrap—and let the world regard them as vicious and depraved. All prisoners are not of that type. Big men and honest men and good men have fallen. Not because it was their choice or their expectation—but they got mixed up in something and made the fatal error of taking things belonging to another, or passion blinded them and they took a brother's life. Those kind of men—those unfortunates, should have better treatment than the hardened self-willed murderer or thief—the professional who has it in his heart to kill and steal.

Just how we could ever regulate this no man has been able to say. Hundreds of reformers have appeared. Hundreds of theories have proved worthless—but there will some time come a day when the criminal classes will be properly separated—when the man who can yet be useful to Society will be reclaimed. But so long as we dump them all in a common heap; so long as Society refuses to recognize its own receipted bill and keeps on insisting that a man is "an ex-convict"—just that long we are not doing it right. Ex-President Taft is doubtless right in what he says—but the fact still remains that inside the penitentiary are better men than many on the outside—and those with good hearts and good blood should be saved.

## AT ELEVEN TO ONE



IN THE Atlanta Journal of Sunday we read a story concerning our friend Mr. S. C. Dobbs, of Atlanta, that really did us good. Mr. Dobbs is the sales manager of the Coca-Cola company, and his duties take him all over the United States and his hours of work are sometimes eighteen a day. Naturally he understands that continued hard work, without recreation means the wearing out of machinery, so he plans each year to take a trip. Not to pack three or four trunks with fine clothes and go to some fashionable resort—but to get away and beyond what we term the "busy haunts of men."

This year he hiked to the Rocky Mountains. He went in the vicinity of the Yellowstone Park—went out into the wild waste of mountains and snow and pines—out where there is ozone and where Nature hasn't been touched by man.

Mr. Dobbs took horses and guides and guns and threw himself into this "happy hunting ground" for just one month—wanted it understood that unless sickness at home or something terrible should happen he was not to receive a letter or a telegram; wanted nothing to interfere with the pleasure he had planned and the pleasure he realized.

He says that after finishing his hunt, camping out and sleeping in sacks on pine tips on top of two feet of snow; after killing deer and shooting at bear; after getting lost in a blizzard and fighting six hours to get back to camp, he drank in enough of Nature's Compound to give him an additional five year lease on life and enough energy to run him on high speed for another year.

It is Mr. Dobbs's philosophy that if the busy man; the hard-worked man; the man who must needs get close to brain fag and that tired feeling will simply take one month off out of twelve for rest and recreation—out in the wilds and beyond all business cares, that he will not only live longer but will enjoy living more fully and in the eleven months will do more work than he will do in twenty-four without this rest.

The Journal gives some pictures of the result of the hunt—trophies in big deer head and other evidences that Dobbs's hand was steady when he got his bead on his forest friends. Happy is the man who sees it as Dobbs sees it—who gets out into the open and takes on enough genuine fuel to feed the engine eleven months out of the twelve.

#### Where Will We Get It?

If we put over the billion dollar preparedness programme where will we get the money to pay the bills in this delightful free trade afternoon?

We already have a war tax in times of peace.

We already have an income tax which is infamous.

We all have to stick stamps on telegrams and notes when we give 'em—and how, by all the horned toads of earth are we to raise the billion, unless we put on a tariff tax which would make both Dingley and McKinley rise from their graves and in excited voices exclaim: "What's that?"

Any business man will tell you that if you make an appropriation for a billion dollars expenditure there must be devised some ways and means to secure the money.

#### Frederick Ward.

Mr. Frederick Ward, one of the old school of actors, was in Greensboro this week and delivered a lecture to the Normal girls. Mr. Ward is one of the few remaining tragedians who charmed audiences thirty and forty years ago. He is worth while as a lecturer and always pleases his audiences.

Wonder why and where the next National Exposition will be held?

It looks like Claude Kitchin isn't going to be alone by a long procession.

## CASPER HEARD FROM

### He Seems To Be Enjoying Prison Life.



HE average man adjusts himself—gets down to his environment, no matter much what it is, in short order. If it is on the plains where you can't see the end of the world you are still crowded—or if you happen to be confined in a cell you can make yourself believe you have plenty of room, and that surroundings are most pleasant. John L. Casper, let us call him Colonel John L. Casper, now doing nine years in the Federal prison at Leavenworth for defrauding the government in the whiskey business, thus booms his "home town" in the Winston Journal:

"I don't see anything wrong with the Leavenworth prison except being locked in a cell from 6.30 to 1 a. m. This is a city within itself. By that, it is meant that the prisoners make practically everything that they use."

"This is a clean place and just as up-to-date as some of the hotels. The dining-room is superb, and music is dispensed by large United States band during meal hours. The rations are first-class, and cause a man to put on weight. I think regulations in the way of sleeping and eating will make me feel younger at the expiration of my time."

"We have a half holiday each Sunday, and motion pictures half a day during each week. We have a large library. Dental and medical services as well as spectacles are free here. There are no striped clothes. The ordinary laborers wear blue overalls. I am a clerk in the clothing store and am classed as an office man. All office men wear blue pin-striped jackets, and have all privileges accorded a first-class prisoner. There are 12 men in our department, all nice fellows."

"We only work about half the time except during a rush when a lot of prisoners come in and we are kept out of our beds. I shave when needed. I expect to do a full week's work so that in the course of 30 days I can get out of a cell and have a bed in one of the dormitories where I will have a dozen fellows as company. S. L. Williams is my cell-mate, and he has a clerical job in the record clerk's office. It is a good place."

"I am only allowed to write every fifteen days, and receive visits from relatives and friends every fourteen days. But never on Sunday. Can see lawyers any time. No papers or magazines will be delivered at all unless sent by the publishers themselves. I am allowed to purchase here any kind of tobacco but none can be sent by mail. All letters are delivered after being read and resealed by the mail clerk on duty in the prison postoffice. Postal cards to reach me must be addressed in care of postoffice box No. 7, Leavenworth, Kan."

#### Hard Lines.

Hard lines befell the blind tiger man, and sometimes the authorities go beyond the speed limit as we view it. The other day in Danville a man named Albright was arrested for selling likker. The case came on and the evidence was not sufficient to prove the case. The man was set free. But another warrant was at once issued charging him with being suspected of selling likker. The Bee tells the story in this way:

Albright was, however, re-arrested after being freed of the "selling" charge and faced a warrant of being suspected of selling whiskey and in default of \$100 security, he went to jail for thirty days.

Now that is going too swift. The man was found not guilty and then thrown in jail, because he couldn't give a bond of \$100 he was deprived of his liberty.

Is that right?

We can go down town, according to a law like that, and throw a hundred men in jail if we want to swear we suspect them of selling likker. The man was found not guilty, and that ended the case. This thing of putting a man in jail because somebody suspects something is not in accord with the principles of this government.

#### The Tight Wads.

The Tight Wad family serves its purpose. It helps out when there are good bonds to buy. It contributes to the big things, and while the Tight Wads have but little social standing and while they are voted commonplace, Mr. and Mrs. Tightwad fill a place in Nature—they are creatures designed for the purpose they serve.

#### Not Until Next Year.

The big new depot isn't going to be built this year—but we have the best assurances that next year it will come. And the Great White Way will be along about that time, and also the ten story hotel and—well, that's about all you can take care of this evening.

The Reidsville Review is standing with Bryan in his platform for Peace. It is against the Preparedness programme.

## DEFIES SIR JOHN

### Chicago's Mayor Will Stand Pat.



THE OLD padded, furbished, time-worn cry of "Personal Liberty" has been parading in Chicago. All the Swedes and Poles and Italians; all the Swiss, Danes and Norwegians; all the men from the old world who have come here to share our prosperity and make the New World their home because they couldn't make it in their own world have been on street parade—to the tune of one hundred thousand carrying the gonfalon in Chicago's streets "Personal Liberty," and insisting that the bar rooms be opened on Sunday. And the saloon interests are appealing to Governor Dunn to convene the legislature in order that "home rule" can be submitted and the Chicago people can say whether or not they want bar rooms to run wide open on Sunday. Dunn may call the legislature, but if he does it means only the hastening death of Sir John Barleycorn in the windy city.

The saloons in Chicago are now allowed to run six days in the week, but that does not satisfy the men who claim they lose \$400,000 by closing on Sundays. They want perpetual motion at their mills, and this greed is what caused the prohibition sentiment to crystallize so rapidly. Had saloon men been satisfied to run their places of business like other men run theirs, the people opposed to likker would not have had the argument against the saloon they have had. The saloon man wants to open at daylight; he wants to run all night—he wants to desecrate the Sabbath and naturally it puts John Barleycorn down.

However a parade of a hundred thousand personal liberty foreigners is not much of a showing in a city the size of Chicago. The chances are that Mayor Thompson will stand pat, and it is also doubtful whether a special session would give the saloon men what they want. There would be an election to follow and that might contain a surprise or two.

#### Right Enough.

A distiller—illicit, of course, was convicted in the Federal Court in Asheville, and it looked like a year and a day for him. But his wife appeared on the scene carrying a baby in her arms, and she told the court under oath that the reason her husband was at this still where he was caught was because he had gone to get her some whiskey to use as medicine; that he wasn't guilty of anything wrong and a lot of things that a wife could say to save her husband from disgrace and prison—and of course looking on such a picture as that, and hearing the story from the wife's pleading lips, Judge Boyd let the man go free.

Maybe it wasn't just exactly what Draco would have prescribed; maybe it wasn't just what some fish-blooded Judge would have done—but the Judge had the right and the power to do as he pleased—and Judge Boyd said let the man go free.

And because he did it the world is brighter in some places—and Uncle Sam perhaps has sustained no loss. Of course the Judge gently read the riot act to the prisoner on the subject of illicit stilling, and the chances are that he will never again monkey with the worm. Judge Boyd did exactly right as we view it.

#### Prohibitionists Fight.

The prohibition question in Georgia is reaching the acute stage. Both sides have personal encounters and it is all because each patriot has a bill of his own which he is trying to get through the legislature called for the purpose of making Georgia dry. Georgia has had too many near beer joints and some of the big cities have been running wide open. To make a law to stop the big towns is the chief aim, but it seems uphill work.

#### Making Them Scarce.

In one shipment this week were ten thousand war horses from Pittsburgh going to Europe. The automobile will find more room for itself on account of the war, and the horses will be harder to find. Wonder how many million war horses have been killed—possibly the figures would be astounding.

#### Getting Over It.

There is now and then a column about that wedding, but the great convulsion—the hurricane is over. Those ghastly and sickly pictures have quit coming, and we presume all is well.

Look out for the tariff on sugar. It will be restored. If on sugar why not on other things?