



# Everything



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## THE DOPE FIEND Is Fast Being Put Out Of Business.

**W**E HAVE before said that we believed the best piece of legislation ever put over by the Congress of the United States in twenty-five years was the Harrison anti-narcotic act which almost puts out of business the dope fiend. Of course if we were measuring material things and not human souls we would say the reserve bank proposition was the best legislation, because never again can we have a panic unless there is a reason for it—but in the matter of a soul-saving proposition the Harrison act looms conspicuously as the most important.

And still safe-guards are being thrown around the distribution of the deadly and subtle drugs which have dethroned reason and made maniacs of otherwise good citizens. A recent ruling of the Treasury Department orders the discontinuance of the practice of simply indicating the serial number of the druggist on a prescription for narcotics for renewal. Hereafter the name and address of the patient, the date, the names of all the ingredients and quantities, the full name and address of the physician and his registry number must appear on all prescriptions calling for narcotic drugs or preparations or remedies coming within the scope of the law.

This makes it still harder on the doctor, maybe, but it is well worth while. The average physician doesn't want to prescribe these drugs, and the one who does and who has a easy living hereafter will be better off than the one who doesn't.

The Harrison act will eventually drive all the dope fiends out. It used to be so very easy to prescribe these drugs; many patent medicines so-called were about half something that would make "drunk come"—but they are now off the market. Certainly the reformers should feel good over this law—and doubtless the next generation will praise it to the skies. It is doing a world of good.

**Wilmington In Lime Light.**

The trial of several city officers, including the Mayor of Wilmington, charged with the unlawful use of money in securing their offices, is on this week, and naturally much interest is manifested throughout the state.

It is said that while none of the indicted men have ever been arrested they are going to fight the case just as though they had been arrested. It has long been the talk that Wilmington politicians use money to secure what they want, and Judge Rountree, of Wilmington who instigated the investigation stated from the bench that such practices had to stop.

Just what the outcome of the present indictments will be is problematical, but the chances are that future elections will be different. It doesn't do any harm to occasionally look in upon the practices of politicians.

**Mellin's Testimony.**

In the dreary proceedings of the New Haven investigation, Mr. Mellin, the ex-president, testified the other day that Roosevelt told them not to worry that he would protect them if they refused to consider a proposition from Morse to buy their steamboat lines. Of course Teddy had no right to promise the big combination protection; perhaps he will deny he did promise it—but it is very strange that all the trust busting that was ever attempted was knocked into a cocked hat by Teddy—if the stories are true. That is why he is discredited today—why his name is no longer one to conjure with.

**Still Friends.**

Mr. Bryan gives it out that he and Wilson are still friends. Yes, no doubt of that—but Mr. Bryan has often shown some of his friends what they should do, and unless the wind is blowing in an opposite direction than that indicated by the weather vane, Mr. Bryan is going to ask his friend several questions before the convention. Especially that one term plank must be explained along with some other things.

**After Kitchner.**

The talk in the House of Commons to the effect that the English will not win so long as Earl Kitchner is in the war office, looks like there is a strong under current of discontent in England, and when there is discontent and the country divided the Germans take new hope.

Good morning—Are you for Preparedness?

## TAXES IN VIRGINIA The Laws Leave Little Chance To Dodge.

**W**HE Virginia law concerning taxes is very strict. They are now digging deep into the past and exhuming lost records and finding that estates for years escaped just taxation, and they are being made to come across.

The law there also is that the people in authority have a right to go to the bank and ascertain how much money is on deposit by a certain citizen—by all the depositors, and if the deposit in the bank fails to agree with the amount listed, the authorities have a right to impose a tax to correspond with the amount of cash on deposit on a certain date.

This is a new phase, but the Attorney General has ruled that the law of the state is that all banking institutions in the State are required by law to furnish on demand complete lists of their depositors and the amount of their "time deposits" and "saving deposits."

This will doubtless increase the revenues a great deal. Heretofore the man with a few hundred dollars on deposit subject to check has felt that if he paid his debts he would have no deposit—and he should not pay taxes.

Many men go to a bank and borrow a thousand dollars, give their notes bearing six percent interest and deposit the thousand. In all justice that man should not pay taxes on money borrowed—because it really is not his own. But the tax laws are so mixed up that it is hardly worth while to discuss them. We have ever insisted and we believe we are right, that a man who owes a thousand dollars on his home should have the benefit of a rebate for that amount, because the man of whom he borrows the money gets double taxation. If he does then the state gets double taxes—and that is manifestly wrong. But the tax makers—the legislators always monkey with the revenue business, just like Congress does with the tariff and some pay double and others escape without paying anything.

**Atlanta Happy.**

Atlanta has long been looking for a new murder mystery. Accordingly a human foot has been found in the dumping grounds, and that is all the papers need for a month's glorious excitement. Of course it is understood in newspaper offices that the human foot was secured by one of the newspapers—dug up and carefully concealed in the dumping grounds, and from this time on until something else happens the great murder mystery will be the juicy theme for an all day's rag-chewing. In New York they don't need the human foot. A hat, a piece of dress with a little oil blood on it; a veil torn and evidence of what seemed a scuffle near an obscure seat in a park and the yellows there spin miles of theories. The artists draw upon paper and their imaginations have all kinds of exciting things in motion. Atlanta being younger and less pretentious concluded it best to secure a human foot before she went to it. But it is on.

**Not Necessary.**

Mr. Bryant from Washington hastened to report that there was no intention on the part of the administration to oust Kitchin as leader of the House. Well, from the way Claude is talking these days there would be no use to attempt it. He is running his own boat—and perhaps couldn't be ousted.

**Rings True.**

Zeb Vance Walzer certainly rings the bell on the suffrage question. Read his letter to the Charlotte Observer copied elsewhere in this issue. He certainly leaves the objector little room in which to stand.

**For Contempt Of Court.**

Judge Ben Lindsay still keeps on the front page and this time he has been fined \$500 for contempt of court for refusing to give up certain information. He claimed the information came to him in a privileged manner and he wouldn't come across. He has thirty days for appeal, and of course he will appeal.

**Only A Few Weeks.**

Say, bud, do you know that it is only just a few weeks until Xmas—and why don't you do your Christmas shopping now?

Mr. Kitchin says Mr. Wilson's proposed Preparedness programme will shock the civilized world. Mr. Kitchin is certainly in dead earnest—and we must admire his candor and his fearlessness. He isn't taking any orders—he is wearing his own think tank and expressing himself fully and freely.

## HON. J. ELWOOD COX



**M**R. J. ELWOOD COX, the High Point banker and prominent Guilford county citizen was honored in New York last week by being chosen Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Bank section of the American Bankers' Association. This was an honor worthily bestowed, and the many friends of Mr. Cox will congratulate him because of the recognition.

Mr. Cox has long been prominent in financial affairs of North Carolina; has been identified with many public affairs and was once the republican candidate for Governor. Everything was pleased to see that a North Carolina man was thus highly honored, and it knows Mr. Cox will take care of the duties and responsibilities of the position.

**A Great Fight On.**

Strange how the Almighty Dollar makes men forget their better selves. Strange how they fight for it; die for it—but it has been the world's master just as long as it has been from week to week by literature sent from different states concerning the climate and its effect on the fellow with a bad lung.

New Mexico fights Arizona, Colorado fights 'em all, and Nevada ascertains the fact that there is no place like the high mountain ranges of that section—while the wide plains of Texas come and say there is the only place. Then comes our own State Board of Health which is no more than ordinary mortals and proclaims boldly that the "home treatment" is the thing; that a man who goes to a far off climate without the price for treatment is foolish, etc.—and so on.

And finally it has resolved itself into this: No authority has yet appeared on tuberculosis. The so-called and self appointed ones—hundreds of them there are, disagree on most points except fresh air. And we all know that a change of climate; a change of scene is good for even that tired feeling. There is no reason why a man can't go to a new country with a weak lung and nurse it. He doesn't necessarily have to have a doctor, for the doctor will tell you frankly there is no medicine that will cure the disease, and what will he do for you? He might tell you you shouldn't make a fool of yourself by over exercise—but you know that anyway, and why employ a man to tell you that? No use at all.

Tuberculosis is a disease that claims its thousands of victims. It is a disease that is not understood. There are no medicines which check its progress. Therefore the man afflicted or affected must take his own case. He must live right. He must avoid colds; he must avoid unwholesome food and he must keep out of red hot rooms. He must have some good air to take into his lungs—and if he has good sense he can run the boat as well alone as he can with a dozen doctors.

Many of the doctors have commercialized a great plague and the bulletins issued, nonsensical and contradictory, had better not be read. It is time reason was appealed to, and the victims of the doodle bug were put wise. Any kind of a dry climate is good for weak lungs or good lungs. There is no mystery about that. And a change of climate to a depressed person will always do him good. And millions of men with tuberculosis recover—and millions die who are frightened to death by these fool bulletins issued at the expense of tax payers. Better for all concerned had the great campaign of publicity never been started.

**Bible Study.**

With all the Great Men quoting scripture to prove the war is right and wrong and that Preparedness is the stuf and isn't the stuf, those who need Bible Study may get an inspiration.

**Still Wondering.**

And they are still wondering when the Panama canal will be ready again. Some say January first—and some say, "O, pshaw." There are predictions that it will never be a success.

Of course you will this year buy more Red Cross Seals than you did last. It is a most worthy cause you are helping.

## DYING OUT OF TUNE Negro Killed For Failing To Keep Time.

**S**OMEHOW we have always thought one of the funniest things in print was when Cinna the poet, explained that he was not Cinna the conspirator, and Shakespeare made the crowd cry out: "Kill him for the verses he has made"—but as funny a thing and as strange a thing was where the Petersburg, Virginia, negro, William Hayden, killed a colored brother because the colored brother failed to "keep tune" at a singing practice.

It appears that there was a singing class and one John Flippen, black as the night, couldn't keep tune, and Hayden criticised him until finally the word "liär" was passed with the usual forceful prefix, and Hayden shot his man and killed him. Naturally he pleaded self defence, but the jury couldn't sustain such a plea under such circumstances, and accordingly Hayden was sentenced to eighteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary. Tragedy? Of course it is a tragedy—but the world brushes it aside that he was only a nigger. But no matter what he was, to think that because a man was singing out of tune—in a world of discord—it cost one life and the liberty of another.

How many men are out of tune—how many are unmolested!

**Again: Bryan.**

Since Bryan spoke here the other night the curb stone oracles have been talking, and it has been solemnly agreed by some of the wisest ones that Bryan should have resigned sooner than he did; that waiting so long it looked like he wanted purposely to embarrass the administration.

That may look pretty good on a moving picture screen—but if you stop to analyze it, it won't stand. In the first place Mr. Bryan was chosen as Secretary of State by Mr. Wilson, and accepted the position because, as he presumed, he was a man fitted for the position. It was the highest office the president could bestow, and he was rewarding Bryan because Bryan and Bryan alone made it possible for Wilson to secure the nomination. Indeed, Bryan ignored his instructions as a delegate, and refused to support Clark and went to Wilson, and thus made him possible.

But Bryan figured it that he had been a great man long before Wilson had been heard of in many sections. He was essentially a great man and had pronounced views on all subjects. As Secretary of State he expected as he unquestionably had a right to expect, that he would be consulted and that his personality would be a part of the office. If not, why choose eminent men for the big positions?

Wilson, however, ignored Bryan's views. He sought to use him as a stenographer and rubber stamp. He didn't care what Bryan thought—it was what Wilson thought, and a ten dollar a week man would have answered all the purposes.

Naturally this wouldn't go with any self-respecting gentleman of ability and reputation. Bryan felt it keenly, and was looking, doubtless a long time, for some way to escape. Finally it was unbearable and, to save a "family row" he quietly resigned.

That was fine. Now had we been in Mr. Bryan's shoes we would have gone ahead as Secretary of State in our own way, and when it became necessary for the Secretary of State to express his views it would have been our own views and not those of another. If this pinched the toes of the president, we would have regretted it, but we would have remained on the job until asked to resign. That would have caused a first-class row—but we would not have cared for that. Because we would have figured that Wilson knew who we were before he proffered us the portfolio and knowing who we were he might expect that we wouldn't "me too it"—not to a King.

But big, and genuine, Mr. Bryan, doubtless regretfully and filled with humiliation tendered a resignation that was eagerly accepted—and the moment Lansing was installed the papers were full of the fact that the president was "consulting Mr. Lansing." But we had never seen where he was consulting Bryan—not on your tin type.

It is our opinion that Mr. Bryan made a great sacrifice in resigning—he should have remained, asserted his rights and allowed Mr. Wilson to ask him to resign. But instead of that he got out of the way—didn't want to cause trouble, and we glory in all he did.

**Funny—It Is.**

Quite funny to see the republicans and democrats lined up for what has been termed Preparedness. It looks as though, while not in power, the republicans are going to get just what they wanted. Plenty of big war contracts—and there is no war. Funny—it is!

## MEN WHO DRINK Are Not Wanted In The Railway Service.

**S**INCE, INAWHILE men wake up, and when they do, they go the whole hog, to use the homely phrase. Just now the B. & O. railroad company is making a crusade against the use of likker, and it has men out with kodaks taking pictures of all employees who are caught drinking. This picture which portrays the man with the goods in his mouth is used as the evidence—and no denial can be made. The only thing would be to set up a claim that it was a picture of your double—but that would hardly go. The B. & O. has finally decided that it wants no men who drink.

It wasn't long ago that a railroad man took to his likker just like a duck takes to water, but gradually the sentiment has been growing and now it seems that to take but one drink, if caught in the act, means a loss of the situation. The railway has also made an order prohibiting serving whiskey to people injured in a wreck. We recall that it wasn't long ago that whiskey was the first thing to administer—and now it is entirely cut out.

With all this growing sentiment against whiskey; with facts proven that Sir John really has no standing in court or the druggist's—it would seem that revenues from John's sale would decrease in greater proportion. It would seem that crime would stop short. But it doesn't, and the only hope is that the line of drunkards is growing shorter—that in say twenty-five years after all the old ones are gone there will be fewer new ones. Viewed from the standpoint of the B. & O. radical, and will perhaps be followed by other great railway systems.

**All Went Through.**

After a long fight the Georgia legislature has passed all the likker laws it started out to pass. The law prohibiting advertising in the papers or in any other way in the state is the most startling because some of the Sunday papers have been filled with the mail order propositions.

The Georgia law gives the man with a sublime thirst the same rights he enjoys in North Carolina. That is he may receive two quarts a month—and two big drinks a month ought to be enough for any man. Wonder why men give such privileges and talk about prohibition in the same breath? If the whiskey is wrong why let a man debauch himself with two quarts? Why not cut it out—like men—and let it go at that. These cheap compromises only open the gates to illegal practices.

**He Had The Price.**

Mayor Mitchell, of New York, upon the revival of business, underwent an operation for appendicitis this week. The Mayor is young yet and this accounts for having postponed the fashionable operation so long. We only now and then hear of these operations. The poor white man and the nigger must go through life without enjoying the sensation of losing the appendix because they haven't the price. But after awhile, when the high cost of living rears a lower leg perhaps it will be for us all to enjoy the operation.

**Wonderful.**

Not long ago and this old town was croaking to beat the band about the monopoly of railways—we were being told that we were bottled up and no man could hope to do anything. But we hear no more about it. The old town is growing and everybody is predicting increased business, and not a word about railroad rates. It is safely predicted that the Coler road will be in here by January, 1917, and doubtless the Duke road will be along in a year or two—but we hear nothing of these glad tidings.

The town seems now to think monopoly a bloomin' good thing. It is well.

**A Great Many Notes.**

This country has sent more notes abroad the last year than you can count almost, and yet we fail to see what particular good they have done. They are still sinking ships with Americans on board; they are still holding up our commerce; they are still doing just about what they want to do—and we write notes that do not even startle us any more. Looks like the note writing business was simply a pastime and stood for nothing.

While Greensboro enjoys the initiative and referendum she never played with 'em except once upon a time when the Socialists wanted a city conducted meat market.