

Trade AT HOME Always!

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915 ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

A THANKSGIVING Country Boy Learns Too Late, Alas!

(For Everything by William Haven Ross.)

HERE is nothing doing on the farm," said the boy, and he left it for a big city to get rich as he had read of other poor country boys doing. When he arrived there he got a job lifting heavy barrels on and off wagons and lived in a room so small he could not get his old hair covered trunk into it. He had a big appetite but did not earn enough to board where food was fresh and abundant, as it was at home on the farm.

He was often half hungry and he learned to drink, smoke and stay out late at night, soon losing the glow on the cheek which made him so wholesome looking. When at last he asked for a raise in pay, his boss gruffly answered "no!" Then he went after another job and got work in a barroom. There he washed floors, cleaned spittoons and did all sorts of menial work. He hoped in time to read bar. He lived off the lunch counter and when he got a chance took sly nips of liquor. One day the saloonkeeper caught him and tried to kick him out of the dive.

There was a fight and the saloonkeeper was taken to a hospital. His skull was fractured and he was sentenced to prison for a long term.

All he could think of when in his cell was his home in the country. He thought how the air smelled and he longed to climb the hill back of the house and rest by the brook under the trees. He would like to have fed the horses, the cows and the pigs again, even if he had to get up before dawn. He never again would complain of getting out of bed at any hour if he only could open doors and walk around as he pleased. To be free—to come and go as he liked—no pleasure could equal that!

At last they took him to the prison office and gave him some money, a suit of clothes, new shoes and a new hat.

"You are free now," they said. "Your term has expired. Don't ever do anything to bring you back."

He went back to the farm on the first train. It was the day before Thanksgiving. Folks did not know him at first. His face, once so round and rosy, was long and bleached by prison pallor. There was something about his walk, which years of lock-step had instilled, that made people look at him.

He stood on the station platform and gazed around. Not a shingle seemed changed. There was Uncle Si loading groceries into his store wagon. Bill Jones was sitting on the baggage truck just as he sat the morning the boy had left for the city. There was Mandy Jane Perkins. She had been such a pretty girl when she sang in the choir. She came across the track dressed in a calico gown and wearing a sunbonnet. Her sleeves were rolled up and her arms seemed big, red and coarse. Yes, she had changed. The convict did not know she had married Sam Gray. She looked at the stranger curiously while she talked to Uncle Si about the groceries she wanted left at her house. But the convict did not notice that. He was intently watching children who had come into the world while he was immured from it. Once he had been as happy, innocent and care free as they were then. What would they do? Be healthy, happy and content in the old home, or wicked and foolish in the big city as he had been?

When he turned down the road, Mandy Jane said to Uncle Si: "Do you know who he is? That's Tom Johnson—he's been in prison; he killed a man. Isn't he dreadful! I shant sleep a wink to-night with such a character in town!"

"I declare!" exclaimed Uncle Si, peering through horn spectacles at the figure slouching down the road. "I swan I can't see what he's after here. I'll speak to Amos."

Amos was the village constable.

There were no telephones in the village and nobody passed the convict on the road—but how the news seemed to spread! At every house people he had known from childhood peered at him from windows and doors. Children he had never seen before ceased their play and gazed at him in wondering fear, or fled into houses to hide their faces in mother's aprons.

"How did they know I was coming along the road?" Tom asked of himself. He was so dazed that he did not seem to feel it much then but deep in his mind and heart he knew it was agonizing.

The houses were unchanged, there was the same turn to the road and the hills looked as green and cool as ever. But still it was so different—all was so different. He shut his eyes to recall the pictures which had haunted him while in prison, but he was free now and

FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD Modern Adam And Eve In Maine Woods.

SEVERAL ways there are of getting into print, and one of the ways is to make a fool of yourself—do something odd or accented and get a reporter on a yellow journal to play you up as having done a stunt altogether original and quite beyond the imagination of sane and sober folk who do the worth while things in a world where the freak always gets the front page.

Just now a couple up in Maine—a man and his wife—are attempting to demonstrate that they can live and be happy under conditions confronting no man or woman since the time of Adam and his introduction into the garden of Eden. Even the primal state of the First Man had advantages over that of the Maine adventurers, since, according to tradition the garden in which the father of the race found himself was located in a mild climate and filled with fruits which he was at liberty to pluck and eat.

Not so with the Adam and Eve of the modern story, appearing with stock pictures in freak pages of the more or less sensational dailies. These proposed to go into the Maine woods, in the bleak and cheerless month of November with only the wearing apparel brought with them into the world at the time of their birth. No shoes or appliances of any kind whatever known to civilization, and to prove beyond question of doubt that they could provide clothes, food and shelter, the same as primal man, could live and grow fat without assistance from the gods, depending on their own resources.

And if reports are to be believed they are doing it. They confess to feeling a little bit breezy in their improvised costumes of leaves strung together on a foundation of bark, and have had recourse to deer skin coats made from the hide of an animal caught in a dead fall. They are also getting up an appetite for bread like their mothers made, rather than the hard tack compounded of blood and roots.

But great is ambition and the desire for fame! Mr. and Mrs. Estes—that is the name if they live to get back to civilization—will doubtless show up in the movies as the originals in the Eden story and a wondering world will gaze in awe and admiration as it puts up its coin for the latest.

Whims Of The Great.

The amusements and whims of great men have always caused astonishment on the part of the masses. Diogenes thought that a tub was the only fit style of dwelling, Nero liked to set Rome on fire and then play the violin, Dr. Sam Johnson, who wrote the first unabridged dictionary, used to walk around London touching street posts, Shakespeare was given to poaching on the side, Lord Byron, who had a deformed foot, took his chief delight in swimming, Ike Walton regarded every occupation except fishing a waste of time, George Howard, the bank burglar, bought fine pictures, Andrew Carnegie gives away libraries, John D. Rockefeller plays golf, Tom Lawson writes books, Abraham Lincoln told stories, Carrie Nation chopped up pictures and William E. Gladstone chopped down trees, Zion Dowie founded a city and Pasteur found the hydrophobia bug, Billy Sunday calls men to grace and Teddy Roosevelt calls them liars.

And now they are saying that Germany is about to be starved out. If the starving out process is the only way to end the conflict the sooner this is accomplished the better.

Latest advices from Washington tell us that the White House will be "gay" following the introduction of the new First lady. How soon we are forgot.

And it looks like Claude Kitchin was rapidly becoming a national figure.

where he had longed to be, so he could not bring back the mood of anticipation framed by bars and cold gray walls.

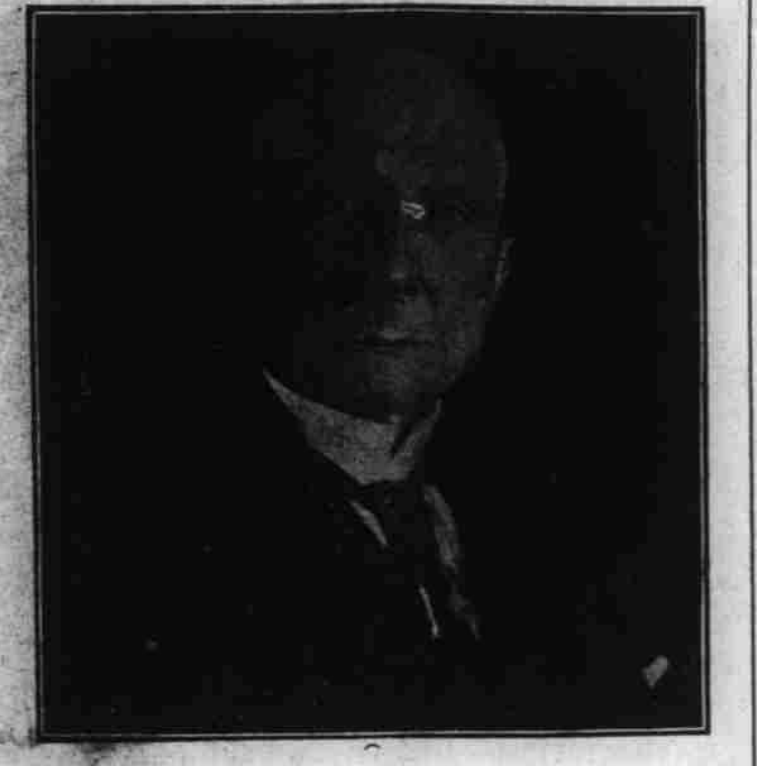
A woman—white haired, dim eyed, old and feeble—was standing at the gate when Tom got home. She could not see across the kitchen without her specs—but she had seen Tom a mile away up the road.

He tramped with downcast head through the dust under the hot noonday sun. He did not see her until right ahead of the gray, weather stained house in which he was born. When he looked up he caught her eye. He walked up to the old woman and into her arms. She held the close cropped head to her breast and patted his cheek with long, thin, shrivelled fingers that seemed all knuckles.

"Mother!" cried Tom.

"My precious boy!" said his mother.

JOHN D. HOST TO KIDS



THEY abuse him; they lampoon him; they have used him for a National pouncing bag until his flesh is hardened and his soul is sad—and yet Old John D. Rockefeller looms up big and necessary in the economy of the world. Every now and then he does something worth while. If it isn't tossing a million into the lap of a university or endowing a foundation for scientific research it is something else which shows he has a heart and a soul. The other day he was at Tarrytown, his New York home, and he telegraphed to Cleveland and invited the ninety odd thousand school children to be his guests at the flower show. A trifle you say—yet had they all accepted, and all accepted who could get there, the admission fee would have cost Old John a little over twenty-three thousand dollars.

And who shall say that in doing this any motive but the right motive moved him? If he made glad the hearts of the school children, if he stopped in his busy life to think of them, who shall say he is not a benefactor of his race? We shall see.

A Taswell, Virginia, editor who "views with alarm," the inevitable injury of the free trade policy to American farmers as well as to American manufacturers, offers advice to Chambers of Commerce in the following:

"The Portland (Ore.) Chamber of Commerce is seeking a practical solution of the problem of placing idle men on idle lands. Certainly a great problem and worthy of study, but no one remedy will be complete. There are many things that would help, and all combined would go far to bring idle men and idle land together. For one thing, every effort should be made to make farming profitable. No man likes to go into an occupation which calls for the labor of himself, his wife and his children unless he sees strong probability of fair compensation.

"There have been some happenings in the last two years that ought to shake the confidence of the American people in the permanence of profitable agriculture. For instance, the enactment of the democratic tariff law promptly closed beet sugar factories and put the sugar beet growers out of business. Canadian and Mexican and South American stockmen began shipping cattle into the American market, cutting the American farmer's price. Argentine corn was sold in Illinois. Chinese eggs flooded Pacific coast markets. Dairy products began to pour in from Australia and Europe. The war put a stop to most of this competition, but the importations had assumed a sufficient magnitude to make any cautious man hesitate to go into farming unless he is reasonably confident of the continuation of war or the restoration of a protective tariff.

"There is no probability whatever that foreign producers will be able, even under free-trade, to seize American markets completely and destroy American production. What they can and will do is cut the price the American farmer receives and make farming unprofitable. That means more idle men and more idle land. Chambers of commerce that are in real earnest about diminishing instead of increasing idleness of men and land in this country will do well to discuss this question of foreign importation from an economic standpoint, even if it is associated with politics. It is all very well for chambers of commerce to avoid political questions relating to individuals, but this question of getting idle men upon idle land in America is something more than politics, especially when existing American legislation tends to put busy men on busy land in China, Canada, Argentina, Australia and other countries."

The Compensation.

When it is very cold there are no circuses and no foot ball. Therefore we see compensation in things that at first blush look against us.

Winston-Salem is jubilant over the opening of a great white way. Didn't we hear something about Greensboro doing something of that kind about the year—so long ago we have forgotten the date.

The question of preparedness has two sides. It is altogether the way you dope it out.

HANDS BRYAN ONE

Scriptural Quotation Calls For Another One.

MAN who thinks he can make a point and clinch it by finding an apt biblical quotation is going to miss it—because the Bible is so universal that it will cover almost every thought we have. A few weeks ago Colonel Bryan sent Governor Stuart of Virginia a parcel post package in the shape of a paper weight, and it had engraved on it a quotation from Isaiah reading: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares," and a waggish friend of the Governor was inspired to turn the point of the "peace propaganda plow" against the former Secretary of State.

In a communication addressed to Governor Stuart, he comments upon the biblical quotation employed by Mr. Bryan, and remarks that in view of the desertion of the ship of state by the secretary in a crisis, Mr. Bryan's attention should be directed to that saying of Christ which is to the effect that "He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not worthy of Me."

All we could say concerning this is that Mr. Bryan put his hand to the plow in good faith. He saw that he was being used as a rubber stamp—and, big man that he is, he gracefully pulled out.

When men are plowing for other people other people should at least treat them with respect. This Wilson did not do.

Navy A Necessity.

Andrew Carnegie has said that the United States did not need a big navy. There is nothing wrong with this. The fact that we are impressed with it expressed it only because armor plate has been a big source of profit to the Steel Trust which he organized. However a man might sell rum and at the same time say it was bad to drink. The naval question is very engrossing to all nations that have a seaboard. It enters largely into getting and holding trade. Great Britain clings to the view that a big navy enters as largely into its commercial prosperity as manufacturing plants. In India, China and many other lands, it landed its goods in the beginning under the cover of its guns.

Naval warfare has shown that it is the men behind the guns who really determine a nation's naval power. Natural born sailors make the best sea-fighters, as Napoleon learned when he tried to beat England on the water. The French were exquisite ship builders although inferior to the British in handling the vessels they constructed. Some of the best fighting craft in the British navy were French built and captured in sea fights. Islanders are sailors by birthright and that is why the English beat the French on the ocean and why the Japs could so easily destroy Russian fleets.

Whatever may be individual opinions as to the value of a navy to a country, most governments are agreed that it is a prime necessity. The difficulty that confronts them today is its cost. In Lord Nelson's time, the British government could build a thousand frigates, corvettes, sloops and other style of craft for what it costs now to put one vessel of the Dreadnought's size and type into commission.

Just before the civil war in this country the United States was pushing England hard for the carrying trade of the world. At the close of the fratricidal struggle, the United States had a navy that in numbers and guns was second to none. It required an immense fleet to blockade the Southern seaboard. But that war introduced a new epoch in naval construction. The Confederacy built the first iron clad when it armored the Merrimac and, at the end of the drawn battle between that ship and the Monitor, wooden fighting craft propelled by sails were as obsolete as the oar galleys of the Carthaginians. Then the United States settled down to building railroads and Europe gave itself over to the warship industry. Now that this country has Pacific Colonies, and has taken upon itself the duties of a world power, it is a question if its naval policy for the first decade or two after the civil war was not a mistake. It takes a long time to launch a modern warship in American or European yards, although the Japs have shown that they can do it in about the time it required to build an old fashioned three-deck frigate. On the other hand naval architects are going ahead so fast that a war ship gets out of date in the light of improvements almost before its paint gets soiled. The mighty British navy is full of ships that would not stand the crucial test of actual fighting with craft launched within five years. What the ultimate ship will be like is beyond guessing.

Mr. Kitchin is in line to be the most talked about man in America.

WILL BE LIVELY

Something To Be Doing In Congress.

WHEN Congress gets down to its knitting, and the appropriation bill gets fairly under discussion, there will be more doing in this Nation by the corner grocer loafer than ever since the days of free silver agitation or when the Nation was confronted with the perplexing problem: "Is Harry Thaw Insane?" From all quarters, and in all quarters you will see the fur fly, figuratively speaking. At the present time, before the discussion takes place; before Bryan fires his long range guns from the outside and Kitchin responds with his long range guns from the inside the average man says he is in favor of it. He hasn't analyzed the question. He doesn't know what it means. He understands that the democrats and republicans are for it, and naturally he is one of these. Therefore he is for it—and he doesn't know why.

The average man, however, stops to think, finally, and it is the average man that puts on the brake. Those for it will contend that it is necessary for this country to be prepared for an assault by any or all the nations of the earth. They cannot tell us why. They cannot point to any precedent. They only simply show that we should be prepared—that we should build bigger ships and better ships; that we should have a bigger and better army; that we should have a better navy.

—because some nation might come and take it to us and we should, in all cases, be able to defend ourselves. Here we are a great and powerful nation absolutely at the mercy of all the other nations—and while it will take a billion dollars to do what should be done, the question of cost or the question of how we can get the money is not considered or suggested.

On the other hand the man who expects to oppose the preparedness programme is going to show that we haven't the price; we haven't any need at this time for all these preparations; that for all these hundreds of years we have managed to get along and that now of all times, because every aggressive and fighting nation is on crutches; has lost all their soldiers and their treasures are depleted, there is no danger, and that if we prepare like Wilson wants to prepare, a hot headed president will be sure some day to use his power and throw this nation into a terrible war. The children who are to come after us will pay the terrible toll—and a great Nation will, because of its attempt at conquest be wiped off the map—as have all the Nations of the world—as bloody and sorrowful history records it.

On the one side will be the Peace propagandists—on the other Wall Street and Mammon—and within a short time every man will be talking—and talking with all his force. There are indeed more firey times ahead than we have been promised in a long time—and when Kitchin, from the floor of the House fires his first gun, the music will be on. And it will be music that will be heard around the world.

Too Many Laws.

Most of the men who get elected to legislatures, state or national, are lawyers and of course their capitol business is to make laws. No sooner do they adjourn and return to constituents, families and personal clients than they join the great army of other lawyers who devote their working hours to learning how they can devise ways and means of beating out the provisions of the statute books. It is very profitable and educative, but a nullification process which confuses the people. One of the chief industries of the United States is law-making. The different states and Congress are busy at it for a considerable time every year and the country at large fills in intervals with infractions. On the side are town and city governments framing ordinances, and if it is true that the best governed country is the least governed the American republic is in a bad way. But the Americans dearly love to legislate. Every party has a few laws which it wants put on the books and it is as common as the announcement of an "alteration" bargain sale to hear a man say about almost anything, "There ought to be a law to prevent it."

There is a growing demand all over the state for better school houses. And so it seems that Greensboro is not the only North Carolina town whose population has gone forward faster than its bond issues.

Let us all be thankful that we are live Americans rather than dead Europeans.