



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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CLAUDE KITCHIN

Changes Views About Being In Line



ALREADY the Hon. Claude Kitchin is commencing to receive the front page stories, and we, of course, hand him one here. Down in North Carolina the folk know Claude. They know him in Greensboro because it was here that he made a speech not many years ago in which he told us all that Senator Simmons was not in line with the president's policies, and because of this he wanted his brother Bill to go to the Senate.

It appears that Senator Simmons was in line and is still in line while Brother Claude is absolutely over the traces going on high speed and throwing dust all over the turnpike. But that doesn't detract from his personality or his ability.

John Temple Graves, of the Hearst papers, is just now telling a pretty good story which is worth while, and which we reproduce as follows:

"Claude Kitchin, the new leader of the shrunken Democratic majority in the House, has some wonderful equipments for the difficult task which is before him during the coming winter.

"In the first place, Champ Clark declares that he is the best all-round debater the House of Representatives has known in two decades.

"With a mind wonderfully stored with political fact and history, he has also great magnetism, a remarkable power of expression, a swift and stinging repartee always at hand, and an absolutely imperturbable temper. No stormy colloquy in the House has ever upset his equanimity for a moment.

"The Republicans know this and have long since learned discretion in partisan discussions. One day, in the time of 'Old Joe Cannon,' Kitchin was making a wonderful speech on the tariff.

"Lenroot of Wisconsin, always bold and daring himself, interjected a question and was promptly and effectively answered. Then he rose to ask another question.

"Instantly old Joe Cannon rushed across the aisle to his party colleague and said, audibly:

"Sit down, Lenroot; sit down! Don't you know better than to interrupt Claude Kitchin? Don't you know that every time you ask him a question you simply make for him an opportunity to give a black eye to the Republican party?"

"Lenroot sat down, and since then there are few well-informed Republicans in the House who ever offer a challenging question to Claude Kitchin in debate.

And all of us must take off our hats to Claude Kitchin. He has the fire and the ardor that distinguished his father, 'Old Buck,' back thirty years ago. In fact he is a better debater than his father—a wonderful man when in action. We hope he has made no mistake in getting out of line. We admire him, however for his sincerity.

School For Convicts.

The putting on of moving pictures at the State penitentiary having revealed the fact that white illiterates among the prisoners were largely in excess of the blacks similarly disqualified, a movement is on to conduct a moonlight school for the benefit of these unfortunates. Mrs. Meredith, who teaches in prison Sunday school, is promoter of this much needed service to those for whom the State of North Carolina is now responsible, and having won the approval of Governor Craig, a teacher will probably be employed to instruct white convicts in the rudimentary arts of reading and writing.

While it is a slight jar to racial pride to know that prisoners of an inferior race make a better showing in intellectual attainment than those who by nature were intended to furnish an example for the weaker brother, it is comforting in another way—comforting to know that white men of education and refinement were far enough removed from evil tendencies, or at least had exercised sufficient self-control, to avoid the pitfalls which caused the negro's undoing. We would like to have it said that no white man who could write his name, and no negro too, for that matter, with ability to understand right from wrong, could be found behind the prison walls of any of our state institutions. The larger the percentage of ignorance and imbecility the greater the hope for the ultimate end of the prison system. We are glad that something is going to be done for this too long neglected class—glad that the State is at last becoming alive to its duty. Success to the moonlight school.

A LITTLE WAR PLAY

Of Secretary Garrison And Mr. Taft.



IN THE absence of unfriendly demonstrations on the part of any other nation, Secretary Garrison, of the War Department, appears to be getting up a little war of his own. He jumps astride the material frame of ex-President Taft, accuses him of direful deeds, chief of which is his introduction to a pamphlet written by O. Garfield Jones, entitled "The Unhappy Conditions of the Philippine Islands," and reading:

"I have read with much interest O. Garfield Jones' article on present conditions in the Philippines published recently in the Oakland Tribune. It is not news to me.

"What he says of the demoralization in the present government, due to the blind and foolish policy of President Wilson and Governor General Harrison, is confirmed by every report that I receive from the islands.

"In explaining the attitude of the present administration toward the half-civilized and incompetent wards whom this government has assumed the very grave responsibility of teaching the art of self-government, the secretary delivers himself in the following:

"The bill which was pending in the last Congress and which will be brought before the next Congress is exactly in line with all that has heretofore been done in the islands, and is simply the next proper logical step to be taken toward developing the people thereof for self-government. No honest reading and consideration of the measure can lead to any other conclusion. Because the preamble of that bill repeated in concrete language that which has been substantially stated to be the position of this country from the time of President McKinley on down, it has been falsely labeled an 'independence' bill, and the impression has been widely conveyed that it alters in some vital, radical way the orderly progress of the self-development of the Filipino people. Such an interpretation creates an absolutely false impression.

"President Taft, when governor general of the Philippine Islands, was the first one to announce that the motto of the American administration was 'The Philippines for the Filipinos.' He properly and bitterly resented criticisms against him for taking this position. He constantly stated that this was the only position which any one, acting in good faith and with the honor of his government in his keeping, could take; that from the very beginning this was the announced policy of this country constantly iterated and reiterated by the Presidents of this country, by its representatives, and by its Congress. No one had so plainly set forth as has President Taft the malicious misrepresentations, the mendacious statements, and the vicious assaults that proceeded from those in the Philippine Islands who are not permitted to exploit the natives and the country for their own benefit.

"President Taft was absolutely justified in his bitter denunciation of these attacks, which makes it all the more amazing to find him indulging in exactly the same conduct toward those who are now occupying positions of trust and responsibility in the Philippine government.

Replying Mr. Taft characterizes Secretary Garrison's arraignment of him for his attitude on Philippine affairs as "unjust, vehement and unmeasured." Declaring that there has not been the slightest tinge of partisan feeling in his interest in the Philippine problem, the ex-President says: "I have not been unmindful of the necessity for standing by this Democratic administration in a national crisis, without regard to party considerations."

In support of his position he further declared: "I am utterly opposed to the Jones bill and have always been opposed to it. Its promise of independence is certain to mislead the Filipinos into thinking it is near at hand. Its elective senate will diminish the power of the American executive most injuriously. Its requirement that appointments be confirmed by the senate will make the governor general completely subservient to the Filipino politicians and will eliminate all American guidance in the bureaus and departments."

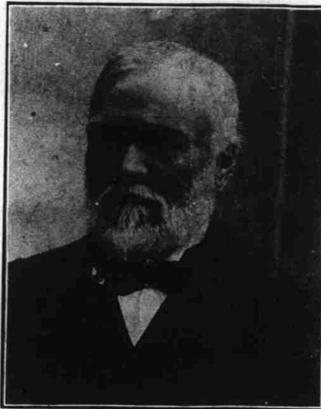
The good road advocate is about "hollered out." There was a time when it looked like the good roads advocate was building himself a turnpike on which to walk into office. But it got to be common, and there is no longer reason to suspect a man is a patriot who has nothing else to his credit except the fact that he is a good road booster. We are all that, these days.

Now that all the foot ball games are over statisticians can give us some figures on the number of soldiers killed in the wars.

It is a safe guess that editor Hurley will never give the boys a Thanksgiving holiday any more.

More trouble with No. 38. Looks like there might be such a thing as a hoodoo.

ANDY IS THANKFUL



ANDY AT EIGHTY—and celebrating his birthday Thanksgiving—telling the world he was happy and that "blessed peace" would soon come to the Nations of the earth. Just a few friends of his earlier years were entertained at dinner—and Andy, no doubt looked into the future with misty eyes. He is one of the boys of note who has wanted to live longer than the Fates have decreed—he would give all his millions, save a few dimes, if he could hand Death some hush money and stand him off for a season. He has said so. Andy has expressed a desire to die poor, but his income has been so great that he can't get rid of it, to say nothing of his accumulated millions.

And yet Andy has been a pretty good citizen. He has distributed his libraries around the world and they have done some good. We never went much on his medal business—but perhaps because he gives out the Hero medals men and women are emboldened to deeds of valor. It may be that Andy will live to be ninety but his health is not what it should be. But to have lived eighty years to enjoy what he has had to enjoy has been worth while. He certainly has gotten his basket full of the goods of life and had ample time to enjoy them.

Monroe Dentist Cures Pellagra.

Dr. W. B. Houston, a dentist of Monroe, N. C., thinks he has discovered the cause and cure of pellagra, and if he has he deserves a place among the great benefactors of the human race.

Doctors and scientific men have advanced many theories in regard to this not yet understood and much dreaded disease which has claimed many victims the past few years, especially in the South. Since the explosion of the corn bread fallacy and others equally without foundation, the medical profession has been up in the air as to the cause and treatment of this scourge which has puzzled the best of them.

The Monroe dentist in the course of his practice has observed that many diseases reveal themselves in bad teeth, and that pellagra is one of them he has proven to his own satisfaction and to that of many patients whom he has treated, by regulating the diet, leaving off the food that produced conditions in the system indicated by the teeth and gums. The remarkable success of his experiments has brought him prominently into notice, so much so that much of his time is taken up in answering letters and responding to appeals from sufferers in other localities.

In support of Dr. Houston's idea, Dr. Joseph Golberger, a United States public health expert, after months of investigation, announced that pellagra was caused by improper diet.

"Pellagra, Dr. Houston insists, is an old disease with a new name. 'Before steam power was used in navigation, he says, 'sailors in taking long voyages in sailing vessels and subsisting for a long time on certain foods, would have what was called scurvy which in its worst form was identical with an up-to-date case of pellagra. We have been treating symptoms instead of getting at the real cause. We have been hunting germs and bugs instead of teaching people how to keep their systems in a healthy condition so as to avoid or be able to throw off diseases."

Whether right or wrong in his conclusions the North Carolina man is thoroughly self-convinced, referring to the many afflicted ones now restored to health as evidence of the correctness of his diagnosis. And as what he has done for their relief has been without charge, and with no expectation of reward except the satisfaction of contributing to the relief of suffering humanity, he must be given credit for sincerity and his suggestion treated with the consideration it deserves.

The job of Attorney General in North Carolina seems to be the most alluring—and yet the salary is not large and certainly the fame is inconsequential. However there are more candidates for this position than any other among the state officers.

THE FALLEN WOMAN

The Bitter Experience Of One Reformer.



AND NOW Mrs. Millard Von Halle, of Morsemere, New Jersey, because in response to a charitable impulse she took into her home a reformatory girl and got stung, is out in the public prints telling all about her "ruined home" and advising everybody everywhere to leave this particular class of "unfortunates" to their fate, her experience having proved that there is no good in them and that sympathy for fallen women is lost sentiment and reformers along that line are all wrong. Hear her:

"Since I took that young woman into my home I have naturally given a great deal of thought to the whole subject. If I had known then what I know now and if I had given the close study and analysis to the matter which I have since given it, I would not have brought an immoral, thieving, lying ex-convict into our happy family circle.

"I have read a good deal in the newspapers about this new and widespread movement in behalf of the fallen. Everywhere I see and read of the activities in behalf of men and women criminals. Nowhere have I seen the other side of the picture presented. If the newspapers had done their duty in pointing out the danger of taking fallen women into the homes I should have read and heeded, and my home would not have been in ruins. Perhaps my experience may save the home of some woman who is as thoughtless as I was.

"No matter what the plausible arguments of the mission workers, absolutely I am convinced that it is not the duty of a reputable woman to take an ex-convict into her home. It is a sentimental fallacy. It is a wicked and dangerous experiment. Nobody knows that the girl is truly repentant and really desires to reform. All the evidence is against this assumption. Experienced men who have dealt with criminals all their lives will tell you that usually the rule holds good that 'once a thief always a thief.'

"It is a problem what, if anything, can be done for women criminals."

That is one side of it—her side, and one can hardly blame a beautiful, and heretofore happy, young wife and mother for the bitterness of her strictures upon the misguided ones who, in spite of their disappointment in the ninety and nine who insist upon going wrong, believe it their duty to give the one out of a hundred who might be induced to come back into the fold the one chance to which every erring soul is entitled.

This particular ruined home in the case of Mrs. Halle is not unlike that of other ruined homes where a fickle, weak and faithless husband needed only opportunity to prove what a disreputable scamp he really was—how entirely unworthy the confidence of a pure and true woman who had entrusted to his keeping her heart and life, as husband and companion and the father of her children.

It happened in this way: Mrs. Von Halle heard a reformer plead for "the girl who never had a chance." Her sympathies were aroused and she resolved to give at least one human castaway a seat in the life boat. She went to a reformatory and engaged a pretty girl, who had been discharged, as housemaid. The husband, forgetful of his marriage vows and his duty to his children, fell a victim to her charms and promised her jewelry and fine clothes which he never delivered. In order to get even and secure the coveted faiment, this girl who had never had a chance saw her opportunity in the check book of her mistress; committed a forgery, was arrested and placed in jail. The noble and devoted husband, like the dastardly coward that he was, left on the first train, leaving behind him a heart-broken wife and innocent children to face humiliation and disgrace. A divorce suit followed, with the girl who never had a chance as witness to prove his infidelity.

And the question naturally suggests itself: Has Mrs. Halle just grounds for complaint against this weak and perverted girl, or was not the girl the victim of a greater wrong in being made the prey of such a consummate scoundrel, to whom she should have looked for counsel and protection? Certainly the girl who never had a chance has no place in such a home.

Good Enough.

There will soon land in the federal prison at Atlanta a publisher so-called of songs. He had several names, but John T. Hall is his right name, and he advertised that he would write the music for any song a bard might sing—and in this way hundreds of amateurs are said to have been separated from hard earned coin. Hall cleared up something like \$15,000 and the men and women who wrote the songs never saw their name in print. Uncle Sam is certainly doing a good work in putting the mail order get-rich-quick fellows behind the bars.

WHAT IS OBSCENE

Tom Watson Explains To Uncle Sam.



THE CASE of Tom Watson, of Georgia, on trial this week in the Federal court on charge of sending obscene literature through the United States mails, brings up the old question as to what is obscene in literature or art.

While it is true, as is always emphasized in such cases, that the guide books of all religions, including our own Holy Bible, contain many passages that would not be permitted the privileges of Uncle Sam's postal service if such rulings were rigidly enforced, it must be taken into consideration that at the time these alleged "sacred writings" were given to the world as a mariner's compass for the true believer, the standard of morals held by the enlightened nations of the earth was altogether different than in this advanced age of intellectual preparedness, equal suffrage and world-wide prohibition—soon to be so. The Koran teems with details most disgusting and degrading, and certain parts of the old Testament Scripture would not pass muster in polite circles of Twentieth century culture and refinement.

And so with the ancient classics—those masterpieces of great minds, reflecting the manners and customs of their times, which we are glad to say, are not the manners and customs of the civilized world today. From a historic standpoint they are all of priceless value, apart from the artistic, which loses nothing on account of the incongruous setting, understood and appreciated by those who recognize art and pay homage to Genius wherever they find it.

In accordance with the generally accepted proposition that "to the pure all things are pure," the religious devotee or the earnest student sees only the good and makes allowance for whatever is offensive. To those, however, who use such passages to prejudice the mind of the reader by calling attention to what is objectionable and in that way discredit the book or its author, to that person, we contend, that matter so used is obscene and very properly comes under the ruling of the postal authorities.

The same rule applies to nude figures, when works of art, in public art galleries, as against the commercial dummy in a merchant's show window for advertising purposes.

Look To White Race.

The colored Baptist ministers and deacons recently assembled near Pelham, N. C., adopted the following resolutions:

We the Baptists stand for morals and good citizenship. We will not protect anyone who violates our laws. We will not hide or conceal any man or woman who violates the laws of our country. We are against any man who will commit a criminal assault upon any woman. The Cedar Grove Association has 72 ministers and 5,000 members, and all of us will put ourselves on record for the protection of our families. We the Negroes of Caswell county do ask the protection of our white friends. We ask to be allowed to live and co-operate with them on business lines. We know the white people are our superiors. We are willing to take their instruction for the best.

Which action calls for highest commendation from the Yanceyville Sentinel, in which they appeared, as "a very creditable piece of constructive work in the permanent upbuilding of their race. That every white man who is their real friend will commend them for this action and wish them God-speed in the education of their people to this expressed high standard of endeavor, they are assured by editor Henderson. "The best people of the South," he insists, "have always been true friends to the negroes, ready to help even the underserving and standing by the personal and property rights of them all. The 'false prophets' of their own race and the common intimacy and advice of sorry white men have been the big stumbling blocks in the negro race's climb to higher standards of living and greater thrift since they came out of slavery. The low order of their average home life, which of itself has been conducive to immorality, their evident lack of management, coupled with a superstitious nature almost past belief, have heretofore made them an easy prey to the unscrupulous evil advisers. Their best and most intelligent leaders appear to be getting away from these false ideals, harmful teachings, and low standards of home-life. "Take any neighborhood now," he continues, "and you will find in it some colored families who respect virtue, honor, intelligence, cultivate thrift, frown upon superstition, and render to the white people every politeness and consideration of the superiority of racial conditions which have (and always will) made the white man his superior. These better leaders will gradually draw with them a big part of the race. Let us hope and help."