



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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A NARROW VIEW

Old Question Of Sabbath Observance.



THE METHODISTS in Conference at Wilmington passed resolutions against the railway train that runs on Sunday and the newspaper which is printed Saturday night and distributed Sunday morning. These are the trivial, the inconsequential things that do the church infinite harm—because they suggest minds that will not broaden to the facts in the case.

When God Almighty fashioned and set in sublime array the solar universe His stars were placed there to shine forever. When God Almighty put the old world in motion and sent it spinning down the ringing grooves of change it was intended to run Monday and to run Sunday—and she spins on and on forever.

When man created his economic programme and started commerce in the world the idea was to take up the slack—to do things and not impede progress. A freight train or a mail train starts out Saturday morning and if allowed to run it gets the mail and the freight a few hundred miles nearer their destination by Monday or Tuesday. To hold up on a Sunday would mean to demoralize business each week day some place on down the road.

The river that furnishes the water to run the mill a hundred miles below a certain town doesn't check its flow Saturday night in order to observe Sunday—but it flows on and on and Monday morning the water is there to turn the wheels and on Tuesday it is there, and like the sun is forever there to do its cheerful chore.

Sunday observance in its broader sense is to abstain from worldly sports—such as base ball, prize fights, building houses and making unseemly noises. The great artery of commerce is not supposed to be strangled on Sunday—and no more harm comes from running a freight train to get materials to the next town so that workmen may resume their toil Monday morning than there is in employing a minister for money to make men better. The world of commerce is in motion. It must not be impeded. It must go on and on, and men must work and women must weep. The Conference meant well; pure minded men formed it, but they just took a narrow view of things—like, in the old days, the Blue Laws prohibited a man from kissing his wife on Sunday. They burned witches in those days in the name of God—they looked upon all sorts of innocent amusement as fiendish things—but finally men grew broader and bigger.

The commerce of the world is part of our happiness—a part of our spiritual comfort—for without it there would be no church—there would be no one to tell us of the goodness of God. Let the freight trains run and let newspapers give us the news of the day and the stories which are worth while. Let the churches grow broader and fill their pews. Let the ministers with their messages to man be willing to admit that until God Almighty closes down His Works, and throws the world in darkness for His day, that it is right and proper for the sons of God to run the great things they have set in motion—the same as it is right and proper for God to run His greater things that he keeps going forever and for aye!

Still Encouraging.

Mr. Bickett gives it out that he is still receiving encouragement from all along the line. Doubtless he will be nominated and he may be elected. But that doesn't prove that he has any claims on the party. There are men in North Carolina who have done things worth while who should now and then be honored with office. And some day this fact will be recognized. Mr. Bickett cannot show the people wherein he ever performed any particular service that calls for reward. It hasn't been written in the record. Attorney General for eight years—coming into prominence because he made a speech for a Confederate soldier who should have been nominated, Mr. Bickett wants to remove himself from one public teat to another—and the people stand for it. We congratulate him!

Nothing Doing.

In the mad holiday times we hear but little about politics. It is well. But when the glad Spring opens up and the buds burst and the birds sing we will get all the politics we want. Then will the stall fed politicians who weep for the "pec-pul" come down the pike and sweat and bellow about the rights of man.

Wonderful.

They claim now that up in Dakota they have found the remains of a one toed horse, and the spectacled professor who found it thinks it of great importance. Must be.

WHEN FIGURES TALK

The Tariff Question Will Not Down.



SEEMS to us that some of the hot talk submitted by tariff people is pretty hard to answer. Looks, indeed, as though the tariff would this time be the one great slogan—and no way around it. The attempt to get up the new issue is not working, and the old frizzled and frazzled tariff looms up bigger than ever. In a speech in Indiana the other night, Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, laid down a few running remarks worth while. We cannot quote much of what he said, but he said this:

"The leaders of the Democratic party led the people to believe they would reduce the cost of living. But have they? Mr. Redfield, secretary of commerce and labor, in a bulletin issued July 1 of this year, shows that the cost of living has risen steadily since the Democratic party came into power.

"They said Republican appropriations were 'profligate waste' of the people's money, yet the last Democratic congress appropriated \$177,000,000 more than the last Republican congress.

"The Wilson cabinet recommended appropriations \$84,000,000 in excess of what was appropriated; but the most illuminating light on the business ability of that Democratic congress lies in the fact that when they were through making appropriations and stopped to foot up how much they had spent they found they had authorized expenditures of \$100,000,000 in excess of the estimated revenues of the government.

"Had the Republican tariff law been in operation during the fiscal year just past the national treasury would have been at least \$100,000,000 better off than it is today. That is the difference between Republican thrift and Democratic incompetence in managing the affairs of the nation."

And let us tell you that when figures are available to prove these things—figures which must be admitted as evidence, unless the democratic party at once gets busy and revises its pernicious tariff laws its name is Mud. The people who favor a tariff for revenue, at least, are wildly in the majority. The present tariff does not and cannot furnish sufficient revenue. We all know this. Then why not preserve the democratic party while it is in power? And it isn't going far for a democrat to humbly ask for a tariff for revenue.

The Agitator.

Representative John Austin Moon, always an office holder and who hails from Tennessee, introduces a resolution in the House calling for the appointment of Federal Judges for fifteen years instead of for life as now provided by the Constitution.

Mr. Moon does this because he wants to show the world that because he is a freak he believes in freaks. He wants to have it so he can distribute pie to the thriving patriots. He wants to make people believe that the courts are corrupt.

And Tennessee sends Mr. Moon back to Congress and he continues in his eruptions. The hope is that there will be enough sensible men in Congress to vote Mr. Moon an ass by implication, and pass up his resolution. The Constitution concerning federal judges is as it should be. A federal judge who is remiss in his duty can be removed. Life tenure assures us against corruption. But the Moons are always in evidence.

Always Grumbling.

Mr. Hearst's papers insist that Democracy made a great blunder when it chose Mr. Kitchin for House Leader, because he is antagonistic to the president. Mr. Kitchin says he opposes the Preparedness programme as a member and not as a leader. But Hearst says this won't wash. So there you have it. Mr. Kitchin is going to fight to the last ditch—possibly doing no good, but the seed thus sown are not going to do any good in the fall election. However all must admire Kitchin for his fairness. He hasn't truckled, and that is always worth while.

Still At It.

Although Old Doc Dumba was sent home the evidence seems to pile up that he is still directing the Spy Works of the Germans in this country. The old man still does business—if not at the old stand.

While we are not usually in favor of anything remotely suggesting censorship of the press, we heartily approve of President Wilson's order, through the secret service men, that there be no pictures of himself and bride during the honeymoon. This is good news to the reading public—that part of it, at least, which wants to be able to retain its Christmas dinner.

MR. C. D. BRADHAM



A NORTH CAROLINA man who has made a big success in the business world, and while doing so has not been unmindful of his duties as a public spirited and patriotic citizen, is Mr. C. D. Bradham, of New Bern.

As the originator and owner of Pepsi-Cola—a soft drink which quickly won for itself favor and popularity as a fountain beverage—fame and fortune have come to him in the way that the commercial world measures success. But above and beyond the business of dollar getting Mr. Bradham has given liberally of his time and talents in the service of his state and county. For ten years he was examiner for the North Carolina Board of Pharmacy, and is at present commanding officer of the North Carolina Naval Militia. He is also chairman of the board of county commissioners for Craven county, a position in which he has great opportunities for assisting the many progressive movements now on throughout the state. In his home city he is a live wire and always to be counted on when large civic projects are undertaken. He is interested in the city's growth and is doing his part towards putting New Bern in the first column of North Carolina municipalities.

As Atlanta points with pride to the magnificent Candler building—a monument to the popularity and success of Coca-Cola, so does New Bern delight in calling the attention of the visiting stranger to the handsomest drug store in the south—said by traveling men to be the most artistic in design and altogether the most attractive they have seen anywhere in their travels over the entire country. And of course it carries the name of Bradham.

The name of this well-known and conspicuously prominent New Bern citizen has appeared from time to time in the list of gubernatorial possibilities and friends of Mr. Bradham have been anxious to see him enter the race. He has, however, discouraged such suggestions, at least for the present, being a young man yet with great achievements in a business way still in contemplation. But that is not saying that he might not be drafted later. What we need in the conduct of public affairs in North Carolina is more business and less politics.

Feeding The Birds.

Every man should remember that in the winter months the birds, and no matter if they are nothing but English sparrows, have a hard time to find food. A few crusts of bread thrown into the yard will not cause much trouble, and no expense, and certainly we should help keep alive all of God's creatures. No matter whether you are in Greensboro or in the country—throw out a few crumbs—it will make you feel better all day.

Everywhere.

Whenever the people pass a law against old John Barleycorn there is always a contest—but the courts are not dancing attendance upon John very much. The Supreme Court of the State of Washington has held the prohibition law constitutional, as it also did in Colorado. Nineteen sixteen will witness a whole lot more dry territory than was ever known before. The National prohibition law will be on by 1920.

The Cause.

Detectives have been looking for a cause for the big fire at Hopewell, Virginia. The thing is in sight. The police court records and the general lawlessness of the town furnish the evidence. Naturally such a wicked place would be destroyed.

Sounds Funny.

The dispatches state that in some of the great Peace demonstrations abroad great riots ensue. Naturally one would think that it would be otherwise.

A Rest.

Now that Captain Boy-ed and Captain Von Pape have hit the dust and gone back home the front page will be a little less riotous. And it is well.

Well, it's about over now, but you might do your Christmas shopping for next year.

BLEASE NOT ALONE

Other Governors Have Pardoned Many.



AND ONE might think from reading the papers this year, that Cole Blease was the only governor who issued pardons by what might be called the wholesale. We do not know how many pardons Governor Craig has issued, but we feel he has kept well within the limit of the unwritten law of reason. But Kentucky has had governors who used the pardoning power with almost as much freedom as Cole Blease—and yet the papers never roasted those executives. Governor James B. McCreary who has just retired as Governor of Kentucky issued during his four years 511 pardons to criminals—men sent up for all sorts of crime from pistol carrying to manslaughter. He also commuted five death sentences, and the man he succeeded had gone him forty-nine pardons better.

So there you are. It certainly looks like a Governor should have a board of pardons—five good men to act with him and help shift the responsibility. The honest Governor if humane sometimes finds it hard to get away from the weeping wives; from the begging lawyers; from the ambitious politicians, and no matter what he resolves he finds himself yielding. Looks like an imposition on him to put it up to him—to stand and read evidence that shows him the man should not have been convicted; to see the Judge and the Jury and the Prosecutor signing up and asking for pardon after they had convicted a man and sent him over.

A board of pardons composed of first-class citizens—not politicians, but sturdy business men with hearts and souls and good strong brains, would doubtless be best. Doubtless too, the number of pardons would be decreased and no one will deny that quite often some scoundrel walks out who should have remained.

Let 'Er Go.

The Washington news is to the effect that the District of Columbia will go dry. If it happens you may also look for a bill to go through giving the whole country the powder horn.

Strange things are happening and just today the majority of the people are largely in favor of cutting out the booze. The only thing in the way of the question is the money. The many millions that booze pays into the treasury, and just when all hands are working hard to devise ways and means to raise more money with the whiskey tax counted, makes it look a little doubtful—but as to real genuine sentiment the country says loudly: Let's go dry.

We long ago placed the date at 1920. It is then we still think that it will happen. But with sentiment crystallizing so rapidly if we could find a way to raise the additional kale seed it would happen in this year of grace, 1916. And let it happen!

Mellin Says Prosecution Did It.

Charles S. Mellin, erstwhile president of the New Haven railway says the government's prosecution ruined the railway. Of course it was too bad that innocent stock holders had to lose their property because a few officials were supposed to be crooked. That is where the brass band department of the government's prosecutions play smash. Such action as the government cares to take should be against those who offend and the great corporation owned by thousands of innocent stock holders should not be wrecked.

Let 'Em Come.

Well, if the railroads propose to introduce gasoline cars to compete with the jitney it is proper. The railway pays enormously for its right of way; is assessed enormous taxes—and it should enjoy the business. At least its competitor should pay for the public roads if he uses them exclusively to haul people for pay.

Surprising.

The more we think about it the more surprised we are that those Cabarrus county farmers fell so easily for that "turkey call." It would seem in these days of newspapers and enlightenment a swindler could hardly put it over that easy—especially in a county like Cabarrus which knows all about the tariff—and nothing about turkey dealers.

We will have several "Long Cold Spells" each month until about the first of June. When the sun comes out warm in its wooing way, don't be deceived. Down here the cold spell has the right of way until about the last of May and there is no use trying to make yourself believe something else.

WIFE PLAYS HER

The Modern Role Of Merry Wives.



WE ALL have read the thrilling stories where men have carried on the clandestine correspondence with some charming maiden; read where the married man poured out his bitter soul to listening ears away off yonder—read where, when the fair beguiler came into court and claimed damages for breach of promise the brave man stood aghast and trembling when his letters were introduced as evidence that he had betrayed. Yes, we've all read that, Pauline, and we know how you feel around your jilted heart. We know how you had planned to take in the married man; how you had sought, at first, innocently, to excite his love and take him from the bosom of his real family.

Divorce court records teem with just such happenings, and the man who often has to come across with steen or more dollars as balm for the lacerated feelings of the one deceived never lives at home happily ever after—his real wife and his own wife understands, alas! that for her his love is cold! And these are the things that worry philosophers and happy home-builders who write space at so much per. But out in Illinois there was a change of programme.

It seems as the story runs, and as it is of human interest we relate the particulars, that a Miss Melander, a Chicago nurse met Captain Scholl, of Freeport, Illinois, at Newport. They were together occasionally, and when the Captain had returned to his western home Miss Melander wrote to him. She wrote a very interesting letter and it happened that Mrs. Scholl, the wife of the gallant Captain, opened the letter—and concluded she would be the Captain's secretary. So she answered it. She put in the juice just right, and Miss Melander fell for it, and came again, and again and again.

In fact Miss Melander's young heart fluttered and made as much noise as a muffer cut-out. She was in love knee deep.

Finally she sued the Captain for \$5,000—five thousand likely plunks which were needed to soothe her bleeding soul. And the case came on for trial—and Mrs. Scholl took the stand and said:

"It was I who wrote her loving letters, sent her kisses and hopes for the future. I wanted to try her out. I have all the letters she wrote to me, thinking I was Capt. Scholl. My husband is innocent of wrongdoing."

And she proved it. Now wouldn't that jar the slats of even the most sedate. The wife, like the Merry Wives of Windsor when they had their sport with Old Jack Falstaff, played a little game that must have been interesting, indeed.

The Difference.

Out in Illinois a negro named Ellston Scott killed a man and the courts proceeded to try him and found him guilty of murder and ordered him executed.

The date was set for last October, but because several hundred men in the community wanted to see a nigger hanged and secured appointments from the sheriff as "deputies" Governor Dunne reprieved the murderer. Again something happened that didn't please the Governor and again he held up the sentence. The nigger was to die last week, but whether he got off or not we haven't seen.

We mention this only to show the difference in the Spirit in some states. Now had that been in Georgia the first time the Governor reprieved the nigger the Marietta Spirit would have obtained and a Mob of the first citizens round about would have proceeded to the jail and taken the nigger, burned him to a stake and shot his carcass full of holes. It is the difference in the Spirit of the community.

Always Asking.

Organized labor is always ready to make new demands. It is said that something like two hundred thousand engineers and firemen on the railways now want an increase—and all the time the merchants are demanding a decrease in freight rates. If the men are better paid the rates will come up—and instead of cussing out the laboring man who demands the rate the people cuss out the railroads.

Lost In The Shuffle.

Huerta, the Grand Old Man of Mexico, seems lost in the shuffle. Up to this hour he has not saluted and no bulletins have ever told whether or not he ever did get sober. Grand Old Man Huerta was—more nerve than any other character in current history. He defied the United States—defied Mexico and got away with a whole hide.