



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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HARD ON NEWSIE

The Liquor Ads Make Work For Boys.

THE NEW law being enacted and in force in several states which prohibits newspapers or periodicals from printing liquor advertisements works a great hardship just now. The news agents in the big cities in the northwest employ boys to paste white paper over the advertisements in periodicals containing them. For instance a New York periodical which reaches Seattle and has a few small ads about popular brands of champagne or "Wilson, That's All" must be covered with white paper before such publication can be sold. The regular subscriber gets his periodical delivered by Uncle Sam and the ad is there, all right, because that is interstate—goes from one state into the home in the original package, so to speak.

But gradually the periodicals will see that likker advertisements will not pay, because the burden is put on the news agent, and naturally he will get tired of pasting the white.

The mail order business will not be interfered with by these laws, because the likker men will simply pay for mailing lists and deal direct. The newspaper publicity will not be necessary because the direct personal appeal—the offer to send a Quart of Chemically Pure right to your express office for so much per will get to the man's desk and if the third abides the order will be sent.

The best part of some of the new laws is that part which makes it a penitentiary offence to receive likker by express or mail or any old way. That gives the world a chance to test prohibition. The real thing. This North Carolina law which yields the point and gives all a chance for a Sacred Quart once in two weeks is no law at all compared with what the wild and woolly west has done. Out there, where the osier sighs to the sage brush, and the Wichita Yellow Dog sleeps they put in the crimp. And if what Old Man Grant said to the effect that the way to get rid of a law that isn't popular is to enforce it holds good, they certainly are trying to get rid of the laws in some sections. A year in the penitentiary for selling one drink of booze, and no questions asked, if caught red handed, is what we would call "drastic" and to the point.

Positively A Good One.

Whenever you see a critic—a man who knows it all—he looks wise and you stand in awe—because he assumes to know more than you, and foolishly you let him put it over. And so many wise ones talk about literature and art and make us tired.

It happened out in Grand Rapids, Michigan, not long ago that the Art Association opened its doors and people flocked to see the great paintings. One called "The Blue Pool" by George Bellows hung from the walls and attracted a great deal of attention because Bellows had done the chore. For three weeks it was discussed and admired. At the top of the picture was a great dark blotch and several white specks floated about the horizon. Spectators were confused, but dared say nothing.

Two artists of international repute came to explain the picture and expatiated at length. Modern in treatment, they said, curious but interesting. School children visited the gallery. It was explained to them. Finally an officious woman walked in.

"What's the matter with that picture? It gives me a headache. Turn it upside down." After much protest the experiment was tried. The black splotch became a harmless rock, the white specks tiny ships. The blue pool descended, a sane, normal body of water surrounded by rocks—beautiful and simple—far removed from futurism.

And so it was left for a woman to tell the critics and the men of international repute that they were looking at a picture which was upside down—and they didn't know. "It is wonderful—but is it art?" is the old, old question. But this really happening does us good. We have seen these Smart Alecks trying to explain with big words and a far off look, and we knew they were bluffing. Glad in this instance they were so completely called.

How Was This For Nerve.

In New York two robbers got a man in the back of his store and as it took both of them to loot the place and they had no rope to tie their victim they put him in the coal bin and shoveled a ton of coal on him. By the time the merchant got to the robbers had done their chore and gone. That was a very clever way to hold a man down.

NEW GERM THEORY

Modern School Of Science Reverses The Old.

AND AGAIN doctors disagree. They are forming a "new school" and this new school is going to prove—as doctors have proved everything that always was later shown to be false—that disease causes germs instead of the germs causing disease. In other words this new school of delvers sets up the proposition that germs are a part of the human system; they are always in evidence; that it is only after disease takes hold that they feast on the afflicted part. It is shown that the body is reduced to a corpse immediately those worms commence their feast. And so it is claimed that if a man has allowed disease to molest, say his lung, there is a germ which asserts itself after the lung has become diseased—it has been lying in wait—Preparedness is the word—all the time, but it is impotent and can do nothing so long as the lung is healthy. And so down the catalogue of human ills. This new school says all the germicide dope that one day filled the papers and people showed conclusively that germs had nothing to do with producing disease—hence a suggestion for new exploration.

It is known that all doctors—nine-tenths of them, know nothing about disease or its origin. The science of medicine is not a science—but a theory. Chemistry does its stunts—scientifically. But because it has its causes and effects does not prove why. Men set up a guess; write a book, exploit themselves as Great Men and along come a million medical students and are obliged to accept "the authorities." And behold there are no authorities—except those who believe certain things but do not know certain things.

In the days of William Bryan's first campaign, men knew free silver was the pancea, just as much as doctors know that quinine is almost a specific for malaria. They have tried out the quinine—and some claim it a specific—but there is no specific. They tried out free silver, theoretically, and had free silver been adopted, after adjustment, the world would have gone along the same as before.

The germ alarmists have been overdoing the trick. Therefore thoughtful men, in order to head them off, to save the health of a nation which is in jeopardy because of fright, propose to hand down a new theory and prove it just as effectually as the germ man has proven his theory.

It is within the recollection of men not much over fifty years of age that all doctors insisted that men must be bled. They must give up blood no matter how weak they were. Doctors carried lancets, just the same as ten and fifteen years ago, and many today, carry a hypodermic needle, and when one has a pain squirt a horrible and subtle poison into his blood to ease a pain that is caused from some trouble that a doctor should know. The bleeding theory was absolute. It was proven to a T, but today you never hear of the indiscriminate bleeding of Pale People and you don't see so much dope shot into the system since the law says it mustn't be done.

If the theory becomes accepted that disease causes germs instead of germs causing it—behold, and you will see something new—and the young doctors coming along will perhaps gradually adopt it—because anything can be proven if the "authorities" set it up and write a book—and again the fear that now fills the world will be lifted.

Verily, we progress.

Plenty Of Them.

Some say the G. O. P. has no leaders, but the following list shows that some people think there is ample material. The Republican possibilities who are listed include Representative James R. Mann of Illinois, Republican leader of the house; Mayor Thompson, of Chicago; United States Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho; former Senator Theodore Burton, of Ohio; President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, New York; Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa; Henry D. Estabrook, of New York; former Gov. Herbert S. Hadley, of Missouri; Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, formerly American ambassador to France; Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts; Gov. Whitman, of New York, and Gov. Willis, of Ohio.

And this is taking no account of Teddy, the Terrible. And the chances are that no account will be taken of him. He would elect Wilson if nominated, and no mistake about that. Of course our friend Zeb Vance Walzer cannot see it that way, but that is the way it is.

Conscience Bunions.

A tight shoe will cause a bunion on the foot, and too much general cussedness will cause bunions on your conscience. That is why a clear conscience doesn't palpitate.

MAN WHO CAN DO IT



SERVING the public in any capacity is proverbially anything but a bed of roses. When the service is wholly and absolutely a labor of love, it is particularly trying when the wheels of any part of the machinery fail to run smoothly. What makes it doubly hard is the fact that those capable of filling such positions are always busy people—people occupied with private or public concerns for which they are responsible, and which are supposed to present difficulties of their own.

In the recent investigations into the conditions at the Soldiers' Home, Colonel Baldy Boyden, the recently elected chairman of the Board of Directors, has combined with a clear head and intelligent understanding of facts presented due consideration for all who might be affected by contemplated changes, giving those charged with laxness and incompetence a chance to prove their right to be retained before recommending their removal. In giving them a chance to make good after being shown the way, he is simply carrying out the Golden Rule as between employer and employee.

State Daughters of the Confederacy along with all citizens of North Carolina who want to do the right thing for the old soldiers, are demanding immediate reforms in the management of this important state institution. Colonel Boyden has promised that reforms would come, and they are willing to leave it to him to find a way. One of the ways in which he has begun his work is to put a woman on the Board of Directors, and now it is up to the legal authorities to decide whether or not she shall be allowed to serve.

Nobody envies Colonel Boyden the task that has been given him to perform, but all feel that if any man in North Carolina can harmonize the warring factions and make of the home the kind of place it was intended to be, Colonel A. H. Boyden of Salisbury is that man, and so there will be much interested watchful waiting.

Tough Times, These.

The Living Church, the organ of the Episcopal church in America is out with a leading article demanding that all ministers hereafter be bachelors, because the high cost of living renders it impossible for a preacher to secure salary sufficient to keep a family as it should be kept.

Seems that this is absurd, but the Church paper gives facts and figures, and appeals most solemnly for its cause. Wonder why the gay old earth doesn't cheerfully contribute to these men of God. If you go out after money for a commercial organization most always it is secured, but when a man who is in the soul saving business; who is representing God Almighty here on earth is admonished not to get married lest he starve, because of the niggardly salary given him, there is something, my brothers, radically wrong. We all know that but few ministers are paid enough, but it would seem that a church should not undertake to hold its organization if it is not able to pay a man enough money for his services to maintain his wife and family.

Heard From.

And after a long and unbroken silence Harry Thaw has been heard from. He expects now to open an automobile salesroom in New York. Truly it can be written that "a fool there is" just the same as Kipling had it "a fool there was."

Too True.

President Wilson in a dramatic appeal for Preparedness solemnly assured a western audience that he "could not tell what a day would bring forth." Too true. No man can tell what a day will bring forth. Even the president has his limitations on that.

Get Ready.

One twelfth and over of the Glad New Year is gone—so better get ready to do your Christmas shopping now.

One Already.

One month already gone and another just about to tumble off—swat the Time flies.

IS MONEY WASTED?

Extravagance Of Rich Man Prosperity For Poor.

HOW LONG, how long, we wonder, will people be fooled by the hot air of those who rail out against wealth. How long before the people understand that there is no money "tied up" in any enterprise, unless it is in jewelry, filled teeth or the arts that consume virgin gold. In New York the other day a great divine for that section railed out against the expenditure of a few dollars for a big dinner by men who have the price. In his slobbering he said:

"Already preparations on a colossal scale are afoot for New Yorkers revel at \$40 a head. Can you conceive of more infamous mockery of mankind's misery? Where do we pare down our luxuries? What to us that millions of Serbs, Poles and Belgians face death for lack of the crusts we throw away? Must we be bothered by the tears and hunger and homelessness of scores of millions of humanity in the war plighted lands?"

Didn't that poor ass know that the forty per wasn't wasted at all—that it was simply coming from the strong boxes of the rich to go into circulation to help the poor. The same day this preacher talked the New York Sun announced its bread line for New York, said it had something over \$2,000 on hand that had been contributed and as long as that lasted every man who wanted a loaf of bread could get in line and receive it. Maybe the \$40 per plate let loose a little money which didn't go to some far off country but helped the shivering and starving poor right there in the beloved pastor's beloved town. The 40 per didn't go far. It remained right in New York. If it was used for a dinner one night it was out the next morning doing other chores—maybe some hungry children got a portion of it. The waiters, the bell boys, the people who furnished the viands—it went, scattering, pell mell, but remained on the job of doing good or doing evil.

The miserable wretch who termed this dinner an infamous mockery is a man who uses words and doesn't think. It was no mockery. It brought no hardship, it did no harm—it simply let loose in New York among the many a few thousand dollars which had been held by the few. It was a good thing; it was proper, and the men who turned it loose are benefactors of their race. Some day there will be a law against the mouthings of such blather-skites as the Rev. Dr. Edward S. Young, of the Bedford Presbyterian church who employed such language to array the poor against the rich.

A New Boosting Game.

Governor Capper wants every Kansas school boy and girl to write a letter to some friend outside the state telling why Kansas is a good place in which to live.

There are about 350,000 school children in Kansas above the third grade who should be able to write letters. None of the letters would go to friends in Kansas, but all to friends, relatives, or prominent people outside the state.

If three hundred and fifty thousand letters go out, it certainly would make a noise for any state. But really the letter written by a kid, because it was a fad to write, would mean but little to a prospective settler.

But Kansas is the birth place of fads and freaks and it is fitting that Kansas should do this.

Up In The Mountains.

The east furnishes now and then some evidences of activity in the movements of the disguised Sir John Barleycorn, but nothing like the west. In fact when Sir John does a stunt in the eastern part of the state he generally wears a mask; comes in as excess baggage; floats over through a news agent; slides through in an automobile looking like a tourist party preaching prohibition—but when he goes into the mountains on the west, he tears off all disguises and walk boldly and unafraid in the Land of the Sky.

Just why this is we are not prepared to state, but it is a fact that when John is apprehended at or near Asheville he comprises many component parts—perhaps twelve dozen pints and forty or fifty half pints, ready for distribution.

It may be that Immorally Stunted in that section constitute the majority. It may be that Sir John has been promised immunity by many make believe authorities. The fact, however, that he so often is tripped; so often hailed into court and fined and imprisoned should finally show him that he is being double crossed. Asheville leads the procession in exposed blind tigers. Moralists can claim that the human sleuths are more alert in that proximity—but the chances are that the Sublime Thirst is more often heeded and subdued.

IS HERE TO STAY

Prohibition Laws Are Working All Right.

A GRATIFYING part of the New Year's news is that the recently enacted prohibition laws in the several states are being enforced. Of course as was to have been expected the court of last resort has been appealed to in order to find out if the law is "constitutional"—because it is a severe jolt to the personal liberty of many who were engaged in the likker business. It is said that something like twenty million dollars of brewery property alone was knocked out of commission; an army of bar-tenders thrown upon the mercies of a rude world; thousands of store buildings had their personal liberty interfered with, and are vacant, and to be sure there is nothing else to do but appeal to the Supreme Court.

Many people thought the Arizona law was drastic; that it would finally be the overthrow of what was termed "prohibition folly," but the laws of Arkansas and Idaho beat it all to pieces.

In Arkansas the law provides one whole year in the penitentiary for violating a law that is "lid down" all over; and in Idaho the situation is described as "drum tight."

Colorado was humane enough to give a man four ounces if the physician said he must have it, but no prescription can be refilled. It takes a new one each time and that means a hardship or prohibition.

It is early in the year yet to determine just how the new laws will finally work, but those on the ground say it looks like the officials are going to enforce the laws. In fact it is said the whiskey people are about to lend their aid in the enforcement, believing if likker is really and actually prohibited there will be a change of sentiment. It is urged that now the rich and well to do can get their supply and therefore are satisfied. The whiskey men are wondering if there was to be a universal drought; no club; no medicine—nothing doing at all, if there would not be a change.

We doubt it. Sir John Barleycorn, in our opinion, has lived his life of shame and degradation. He is passing. He will live in history as the greatest miscreant and murderer, thief, seducer and incendiary ever known to a sinned world. But his days of conquest are over. He fights far out in secluded trenches—but he is paralyzed. He is vanquished.

Can't Put 'Em Over.

The movies can do wonders—but they can't throw the human nature juice into the Life and Adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford. That unique character must be followed closely. It is the way the author tells how Jim did the trick. The pictures can't portray it. No more than the pictures can make Nancy, in Oliver Twist, when Bill Sikes is going to kill her exclaim: "Bill, I have always been true to you—upon my guilty soul I have." No picture can bring that climax spectacular to your mind. It takes the words and all the words that led up to it. Even the author's preface to Oliver Twist helps get Nancy and her character in your mind—and to see the picture of Sikes, in his desperation, and Nancy pleading doesn't make the thrill that the book makes. And when J. Rufus Wallingford does a stunt in the story it is so natural; so true to life—that the picture somehow lacks the blood, the action! Aye, the action!

The Pool Room.

The recent pool room agitation in Durham suggests several things, but the most important point is, why will proprietors of pool rooms allow the disreputable element to hang around. There are many decent pool rooms. Many of them are conducted on a high plane, while others are the places where the roughs and toughs "most do congregate."

And it is for this reason that the pool room is generally regarded with suspicion. The proprietor is alone to blame. The one running a disreputable joint spoils the whole programme. Generally it results in a war against pool rooms and the good go down with the bad. There is no reason why a crowd of bums and vagebonds should be harbored in a pool room. Any self-respecting proprietor would open the door and tell them to begone. When this is done, the pool room will assume a general reputation for decency.

California's Discovery.

California has discovered that the land which grows grapes will grow other things, and therefore the great grape industry will simply give way to better things. With Hearst coming out against whiskey it is said California will go dry. Hearst's papers are powerful on the Coast.