

Trade  
AT HOME  
Always!

# Everything

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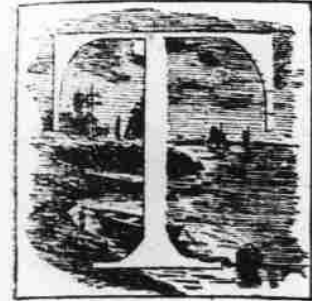
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## A PERFECT WIFE

Exacted By A Brute In Human Form.



**T**HE average man is decent. We never hear much about him, as regards his decency, because the world takes it for granted, and virtues are never played much on the front page. It is

when the man becomes a brute, a fiend, an imbecile or a direlect that we hear from him, and about him. And we hear altogether too much, these troublous days, from the divorce court. There are all kinds of reasons alleged why divorces should be granted, but a front page story in the Chicago Tribune not very long ago shocked us, and we pause to talk a little about it. Fiction never had the setting.

A doctor named J. J. Sherrill who lives at 4030 Clarendon road—we give his name and address so that Decency may in the future shun him, keep away from him, even as it would shrink from a ravaging pestilence—wanted a perfect wife he said, and the woman he chose as a mate tried her very best to be perfect, but the brute wouldn't have it that way. He treated her shamefully for years, and she, confiding, loving, hopeful, thought that maybe after a long time he would cease his abuse of her—but finally she was forced to seek the divorce court and ask for separation from the monster. The court naturally granted her request.

Her story on the witness stand was full of pathos—full of the stuff that makes the blood of indignation boil when you read it. We copy her testimony, in part, which was as follows:

"I begged him to overlook what he called my 'shortcomings,' but he said he could be satisfied with nothing less than perfection in a wife.

"One morning I started the water for his bath. He had breakfast in his bed and I always got up and fixed his tray and brought it to him, although we had a maid. On this morning, as usual, I fixed the buttons in his shirt, which I always did, and carried his clean linen to the bathroom. As the weather was cold I put his clothing on the radiator, and a few minutes later I heard him swearing at the top of his voice. He said: 'You put my union suit on the radiator and the buttons are hot, and you did it for nothing but to annoy me.' He then reached into the tub, got a wet wash cloth, and threw it in my face."

One of his endearing notes written to this woman who had done her best read as follows: "If you write anything check against this account without notifying me, I'll break your damn, selfish, sneaking neck if I have to go to the penitentiary for life."

Now that is the story. The couple was married in 1902—over a dozen years of this hell on earth he gave her. Over a dozen years she did all that loving hands and heart could do to please the monster; when it was cold she fed the brute in bed. She carried his linen to the bath room and warmed it for him—did all, anticipated all; made herself his slave—and her reward was abuse and condemnation.

Now there should be a law in this fair land of ours to fit a case like this. We return a verdict against the company for mental anguish—and Judge Walker holds that there is such a thing—then why not give a woman a chance to sue such a fiend as is above described, not only sue him, but proceed against him and put him ten years in the penitentiary for his torture and his lack of decency. The evidence is there, plain and simple. Such a brute should not be allowed to run at large. Such a brute should be confined and thus Society would be protected.

### Quite Proper.

Up in Wisconsin they passed a law that the sheets on all hotel beds must be at least eight feet long. This caused a whole lot of fun, but the law was held to be constitutional and now all the hotels are putting on the eight foot sheet. The supposition is that some traveling man froze his pink, pink toes because the sheets were short, and of course he hastened to the legislature and had that straightened out. However, if a man pays for a bed his toes should be protected.

### Not Too Late.

Not too late yet, to talk about swatting that Winter Fly. They say he is the one, or she is the one, that plays the mischief—swat early and swat late.

And the jitney fad generally plays out after the machine wears out. The man who figures he is making money counts only his gate receipts and doesn't figure the life of the machine in the deal.

## IT'S ALL A GAMBLE

The Whole Of Life More Or Less a Game of Chance.



**T**HE WORLD is always finding some one to insist that there is unclean money—and now and then you find a fellow so "touchous" on the subject that he screams loudly: "Satan, get thee behind me"—that Old Man Me-phistopholes actually takes to the woods.

It has been our belief expressed for all the years that the whole lay-out of Nature's economy is a gamble—from the cradle to the grave we are monkeying with the dice of the gods—and sometimes they are loaded and sometimes they are not. The farmer gambles when he plants his crop; the merchant gambles when he buys his stock; the woman gambles when she marries a man and the man gambles when he marries a woman. The whole long road to mystery and death is a gamble pure and simple—and yet North Carolina doesn't allow the boys to drop a nickel in the slot.

And now and then you will see a church fair with its fish pond where men pay a dime to fish for something worth a cent, or, maybe an empty package, and the church takes the money and thinks it clean. Again you will find a minister who protests against church fairs—and sometimes we have seen in North Carolina a Superior Court judge claiming that little games of cards at home where a booby prize was in sight was gambling—pure and undefiled. So it is many men's minds, but the limit seemed to us to be reached when in New Orleans refused to accept the proceeds of a lawn party given by his congregation to aid in the building of a new church. The lawn party was duly pulled and the proceeds sent to the priest. In declining to accept he said:

"Churches should not be built with money derived from questionable pleasures. The Lord prefers to have His children give their money freely. My church will not be built from the proceeds of candy raffles, grab bags, wheels of fortune and other forms of gambling. Neither does the Lord wish His temple to be built from the proceeds of dances and other entertainments. I don't wish to scold the members, but their views and the Lord's don't coincide. The church sets a mighty bad example when it profits from gambling and entertainments."

To us that seems the limit—but maybe he is right. Gambling, as we view it, is all right unless you rob your neighbor. If you are cheating him you are a thief, but to toss a card and bet on the color of it—if the card is fairly tossed doesn't seem to us like sin at all.

### The Reason.

In all of Mr. Post's, of Postum fame, advertisements, he insisted during his life, that "there was a reason."

And now that they have adjudicated the affairs in a friendly way, it seems that Mrs. Post takes six million dollars for her part and his only daughter takes twenty million—and the business goes merrily along. Certainly there was a reason—a million reason—fifty or a hundred million reason. And yet people drink ghostum and call it Postum.

### Plenty Of Time.

Those who are wondering just what the G. O. P. in North Carolina is going to do are admonished to wait. Colonel Gilliam Grissom understands the programme, and he thinks there will be time enough to reveal it to the world.

The republicans will howl long and loud for preparedness with a tariff attachment.

Secretary McAdoo's proposition to still increase the income tax, or, rather to pinch the man who earns but \$2,000 a year, isn't going to find a responsive chord among at least a million men who worry to live on that sum. And even in North Carolina the infamous income tax, worse than any tariff law ever enacted, will be swatted for fair.

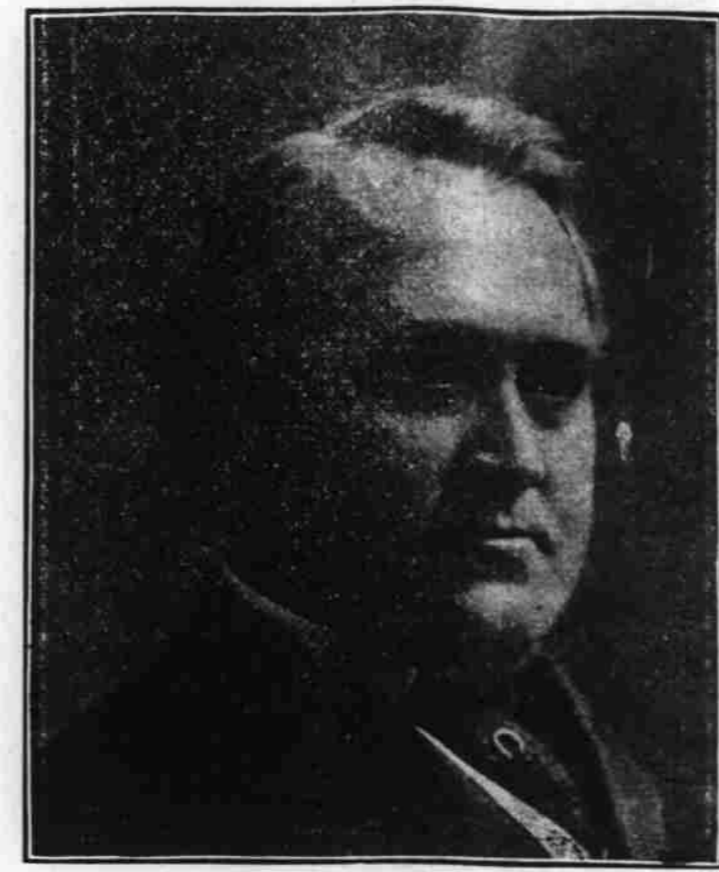
### We Wonder?

Wonder what about the unsightly hitching lot, about which so much was said in other years. Same old dirty place; same old junk and filth and yet we were told that a new hitching lot would clean up the old eye sore. But our commissioners are not worrying about hitching lots.

### North Carolina's Greed.

Whenever a vacancy occurs in Washington or elsewhere, if it is pie, North Carolina rushes in with its stalking horses. North Carolina has had enough, and more than enough if we measure some of those appointed and wonder if it is the result of supply.

## OVERMAN FOR PEACE



**S**ENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN, of North Carolina, reviewing the recent "great speech" of former Senator Elihu Root before the New York republicans, sums it all up as accentuating the republican policy of war as against the democratic policy for peace. In view of Mr. Root's utterances it is plainly evident that both the Conservatives and Progressives—represented by Root and Roosevelt—are agreed on one point, according to Mr. Overman, which is that it is the proper thing to go to war with Germany and Mexico.

The North Carolina Senator answers the attack of Mr. Root on the foreign policy of the present administration by reminding him that he must share in the responsibility of such mistakes, if mistakes have been made.

"Mr. Root was in the senate during President Taft's administration," he says, "while it now is. He was about the same as years while the President was handling the Mexican situation. He then had authority to speak and to vote. But during that time he frequently indorsed Mr. Wilson's policy in speeches on the floor of the senate."

Mr. Overman believes that the American people are for peace, and will not be misled by the clamor of interested politicians to put this peaceful and prosperous land where Europe is today. He believes that the slogan of "Republicans for war" will fail to meet with enthusiastic response even in the ranks of the genuinely patriotic and clear-headed G. O. P. He is an able advocate of the policy of peace and a loyal defender of the Wilson administration.

### Great Undertaking.

A campaign to raise \$5,000,000 before July first to establish a church pension fund for the Episcopal church has been launched. Five million dollars. A big lot of money—but for a wonderfully good cause. As it is Nation wide there is little doubt but what the fund will be raised.

If all churches could get up targer pension funds; if they made the field more attractive, assured the man who went into it that he wouldn't come almost dying in the poor house when he got old, the chances are that there would be able men in the pulpit. Of course some of our ablest men are already there—but others look out for number One.

### Taxing The Poor.

The poor devil who borrows the money must furnish the stamps to pay the internal revenue. The man loaning it does not pay. The poor devil sending the message to his wife that he is dying pays the penny to the corporation. The only time that Poverty claims a victory over Wealth is when the mail order house sends a Quart by express. It must put up the penny to the express company.

### Say, Look Here!

Up in Austin, Minnesota, a man named Smith—uncommon name of yore—was knocked down by an automobile and he cried out: "Hurry, I'm bleeding to death." Those who were rubbering rushed to his assistance and carried him to a near-by drug store. A great red stain appeared upon his shirt front—and a grave and solemn doctor carefully commenced to remove his clothing—and the crowd agreed that he was a "dead one."

Examination showed that the man was carrying a bottle of wine in his pocket—and this was broken.

Could it be, can it be—ah, trembling thought remain upon our lip—that that was what was the matter with us when we were having hemorrhages to beat the band?

If it was this trip to Arizona has been rather foolish!

### Suppose The Case?

Suppose a man was afflicted with a job lot of doodle bugs and didn't have the price to hike—don't you really believe he could get well at home if he tried? We do.

## ADVERTISING CRIME

Suggests To Morally Stunted To Go Them One Better.



**S**OME MEN, as the world grows older, are beginning to realize the enormous power, for good or evil, of publicity. They are beginning to see that a daily paper which every day publishes all criminal news and all the shady transactions only breeds crime. It has been suggested that moving pictures depicting crime which looks so easy on the screen also have a tendency to promote, rather than deter the criminal instinct which is supposed to be born in many people.

Recently in New York District Attorney Cropsey spoke on "Law and Advertising." He said that with the exception of old statutes against certain classes of advertising, such as lotteries, counterfeit money and insurance by lotteries, the present laws were of very recent enactment. He told briefly what these laws were and then said that a good advertising man needed a good lawyer. He then referred to the advertisement or publication of crime in the newspapers which does not minimize crime but on the contrary tends to spread it. "Only recently," he continued, "I took two evening newspapers, one of New York and one of Brooklyn, and looked to see what amount of space was devoted to crime. The New York paper had 18 cases and the Brooklyn paper 13, and no case was duplicated. Not one of these had an unusual feature, not one case involved a public officer, and not one was deserving of mention."

"These accounts were read by young men and boys from whom the bulk of the criminals comes. Three-quarters of our criminals are under 30 years of age and one-third under 21 crime and imagine that they would not be arrested."

"Let there be a little more effort to prevent crime. Discontinue the publication of crime indiscriminately and form instead of reform the boys."

It will perhaps be a very hard matter to suppress the publication of the news of crime, but if for police regulation a newspaper can be prohibited from running a whiskey advertisement it looks like it also might be prohibited from running advertisements which increase crime. Verily, we are progressing.

### Some Day.

In that beautiful golden sometime—that age we read about, we expect to look down from some bright shining star where we will have our abode, and see people on this earth fifteen feet high and wearing lightly at least a hundred and fifty years.

Wall-eyed Science is professing these days to do so much—and she is doing some things. The last proposition is that made by Dr. W. M. Jacobs, of Philadelphia, to the effect that we are on the threshold of discoveries that will make it possible to hasten or retard the growth of human beings—we can keep 'em any size we want for a fixed number of years, and then by turning on the protein juice make 'em go galloping to any height or weight we think proper.

He insists that it has been tried "on the dog;" on rats and other living victims where it has been tested. "We have it in our power," said Dr. Jacobs, "to say whether an animal shall do its growing in youth or old age, or whether it shall have several periods of growth. This being true, it is not too much to expect that the ultimate outcome of the forces of organic growth even in human beings."

Just what good this will do we are not informed by the enthusiastic doctor, but if a man is poor and has a big family he can hold it down to where children's clothes will take care of it for many years. Then the smaller one's body perhaps the less food it will take. Truly Wall Eyed Science never sleeps. Wakeful ever—watchful always—she has more freaks and fools telling us just about what is going to happen than you can enumerate.

However, between the straight line of equilibrium and the bug house are a million grinning men, and each of them has something to offer for the world's betterment. When they finally get on to perpetual motion and go about shouting "Eureka" we confine them—some in padded cells, but we leave outside a choice variety of interesting and nutty subjects.

Just wait a week or two now and you will see what these rads are going to do. They are looking with eager eyes on North Carolina and if democracy insists on nominating her spellbinders instead of her business men for the highest offices within the state there is going to be something doing. Take it from us, Mike.

## A DRUG VICTIM

Should Be Cared For as Others Diseased.



**T**HE PROPOSITION is now being made in many quarters to establish a Federal Hospital for drug victims—for those who find themselves in bad because of the restrictions of the Harrison act. It appears that under the law

the user is equally guilty with the one who sells the drugs and the fact that a victim is sent to jail for a few months has caused several judges to wonder if the Nation should not take care of the victims, humanely treat them until they recover. Judge Julius M. Mayer of the United States District court has recently expressed himself in very emphatic terms concerning the situation. He says the judges should all help enforce the law, but the victim should also be considered. We all agree that the drug user is diseased. As much a victim of disease as any other man down and out and under the care of his physician. The drug user is picked up and maybe thrown in jail; he suffers the agonies of the damned because he is cut off from his supply. Judge Mayer in the course of his remarks concluded in this manner:

"There is no mawkish sentiment about the suppression of this dreadful traffic in narcotics—and the Harrison act is doing effective work to stamp it out. Opium, heroin and the rest of the drugs are ruining endless numbers of people. The victims have suffered and suffered dreadfully."

"But as yet we are dealing with this problem in a primitive way. The victims of the bad habit should have the greatest help they can, for they have no means to cure the persons addicted to the use of drugs. But a user may be sentenced to three months in prison and at the end of his term he may not be cured. He goes forth into the world no better off than when he entered prison and destined to return if he comes to the attention of the police.

"Wouldn't it be more humane if such a victim was sentenced to a hospital to be cured and was not to be discharged until he had rid himself of the craving for the drug? Furthermore, a system of probation could be established by means of which persons who had been cured could have the protection and help of men or women for a time until their strength of character had been proved and they had shown themselves absolutely free from the drug and able to make their fight in the world without narcotics."

The Judge is doubtless right, but it comes back to the old question of the drunkard. The drunkard is as much in need of help and sympathy as the drug fiend. Society, however, has decreed that because the drunkard brought on his disease; because he insisted he could drink or leave it alone, he is responsible, and not Society, therefore he should suffer and pay the penalty of his folly.

We are with Judge Mayer. We think that Society should protect its unfortunates. If they are weak they should be cared for. No man ever voluntarily became a drunkard with its shame and degradation. He was too weak and Sir John claimed him. The drug victim is a more pitiable victim than the whiskey victim, because the drug is harder to get away from.

### Autographs.

Really it is strange that men will put up good money for autographs of great men. Recently an autograph letter of George Washington, a letter he had written apologizing for opening a letter by mistake was sold for \$110 and at the same sale a letter by Lincoln pardoning a soldier brought \$102.50. Think of that fifty cents being tacked on to the purchase price. Pretty soon and we will see "bargain days" in autographs of the great departed as low as 98 cents. That is when the women will commence to buy.

### The Apple Orchard.

Each year we see demonstrations that the apple orchard is a great investment. North Carolina apples are as good as any grown in the world and the crop is reasonably certain. When the world is at peace there is always a certain demand for apples, and there are thousands of acres of land in North Carolina, now idle, that would bring in immense revenues.

### Still After Him.

Collier's Weekly certainly is going after Secretary Daniels. Joe issued an order telling all naval men not to discuss matters—and the papers are seeing in this the application of the muzzle.