



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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MEANS DEFEAT

Republicans Fighting In Party Ranks.



THE usual thing happened in the state before the convention of the Grand Old Party. In each county there were fights; there were dissensions; there was bitterness engendered. In one county, Craven, for instance there was some lively talk when the name of Carl Duncan was mentioned for National Committeeman; in another county Cox was endorsed for Governor amid wild applause while in another he was bitterly opposed and almost a fight followed the mentioning of other names—and all this was seed sown which sprout weeds and does no good.

The republican party, if it stood together, is not hopelessly a minority party in this state. But it makes itself so because of the petty quarrels and the exhibitions of anger by the so-called imagined local leaders. And each county, in its round-up, showed that but few of the patriots were out for the party or its principles—but for pie alone. Had the leaders—these little two by four local leaders who tell their children that they have seen Teddy's teeth been sincere in wishing success for their party they would never fight out in convention their local prejudices; they would be big enough to make a programme and carry it out—go in to win for party principle and not for pie.

Here in our own beloved Guilford the republican party is about like a half hundred cages of wild animals, panthers, jackals, hyenas, wild cats, lions, tigers—all roaring and screaming in their cages and walking up and down and looking out the bars of the cage—and when they get into a convention the result is about the same as though the animals got loose.

They will not get together. There are a half dozen imagined leaders—we need not name them, but each one imagines that he is the Atlas with the Grand Old Party on his back.

All over the state it is the same thing. The party is hopelessly divided; it is between bull moose and elephant—it will never go to the polls and put its full strength in the ballot box—and how can such a crowd, unless it changes tactics hope to attract new members from other parties?

There was a chance this year—but it is doubtful if the party will stand together.

Two And Two Are Four.

The many millions of peoples of the world split on many things. They wrangle over the right road to heaven. They quarrel about forms of divorce. They dispute over the tariff. They fight about their politics. They are disunited on the question of preparedness. They differ as to forms of government. They can't get together on the court house site. They are up in the air and argue free silver or tariff or something or other; form parties; have churches, cults, fads and creeds—and each man perhaps thinks he is right. And so they go to the lonely grave convinced or unconvinced as the case may be.

But when you go to any one of them be he believer, deist, agnostic, infidel—what not, tell him that two and two make four—he readily agrees, and says "it is even so."

Why? Because mathematics is the only true science we have. Astronomers will disagree. Naturalists will fight over their contentions. Geologists are wrong and Science, so-called in all spheres can't get together except on the basis of a mathematical proposition—and all seers and all laymen—fool and sage alike, come in and say "yes, it is true, two and two make four."

And so, some day, as man digs and delves in the mysteries, he will bring out of the present chaos a true science, a science which he can prove as he can prove his multiplication table. And when he does, and not until then, will the sons of men dwell in harmony as the morning stars now dwell, and sing together. No friction—no noise—all pleasant and peaceful. That will be the millenium. And it will come.

Worth While.

Editor Gray of the Raleigh Times, in an editorial headed "Give The Woman Exit" certainly sized up the Warren case. We hope the Governor will read that and act.

Marion Is There.

As these pages were going to press it was stated that Marion Butler was in Raleigh denouncing Carl Duncan. One time a jackass kicked a man and the man made no complaint. He said he considered the source.

ALL CATS MUST GO

Chicago Crank Makes War On Useful Feline.

IT SEEMS that now the kittens and the cats are to come in for some of the new reforms to have their time. A Chicago man has started a crusade against cats of all kinds. He has for his slogan "Song birds forever, and a catless world in 1920." It is gravely claimed by this particular nut that cats kill song birds. That wouldn't interest the hysterical and grasping world—but he also shows that cats carry germs in their fur. And when you can run up a germ banner—good bye whatever it is that breeds it. New Orleans on a theory as doubtful as the Fourth dimension has just expended nearly five million dollars to kill rats—while the five million invested in finding out how to cure the bubonic plague would have been a surer thing. But rats, they said, carry germs—and the promoters of the rat exterminating scheme got the money.

And now, because the cat is a common carrier—a germ carrier, there will be a cult going after all the kittens and all the cats. Better save them and put them out to killing rats and mice—they kill a billion a year—and thus save the expense of killing the rats later on. Song birds toil not, neither do they spin. A good rat cat is worth more around a house or barn than a million song birds. And as we all can't build rat proof barns and houses, better have the cats. They are on the job—working over union hours.

But, pray thee, my lord, the germ theory man has the floor and the call. He can go in where angels fear to tread and bring back the goods. One of these days we will all understand the expression more fully than now: "What fools these mortals be."

The Automobile Supreme.

The automobile has practically commanded good road building all over the nation—and its commands have been heeded. The automobile has stood up in puritanical towns where Sunday was a sacred day and where nothing was allowed to keep open shop and demanded that a garage be open all day on the Lord's day—and the good folk stood for it. The automobile has made progress, but it has wiped out many traditions. The reason is so many men of so many minds own and operate automobiles that they bring mankind on a common level so far as they are concerned.

O. P. Heath A Suicide.

Charlotte was shocked last Monday when O. P. Heath, one of the best known cotton men of the state committed suicide in his office in that city. Heath was about sixty years of age. Two years ago he met with financial reverses, but it was understood that he had retrieved his fortune and was doing a fine business. Strange that men will fight for years and finally when they get just about where they wanted sit down and blow out their tired brains. Mr. Heath was a first-class citizen and many friends will mourn because of his rash act.

Goes Death One Better.

It is said that Death loves a shining mark, but not as intensely as yeggmen love the West Durham post office. For the fourth time within a little more than a year that office's safe was blown open last Sunday and the contents—some \$40 taken. All told that office has yielded some five thousand dollars to safe blowers.

The Quart Law In Virginia.

Virginia is to have a Quart Law, but on a little different scale. There will be the local option feature. If one county wants the quart law to obtain it will express itself at an election. If another county does not want the Sacred Quart to invade its territory it can say so at the polls. Say, what is the matter with that?

Missing.

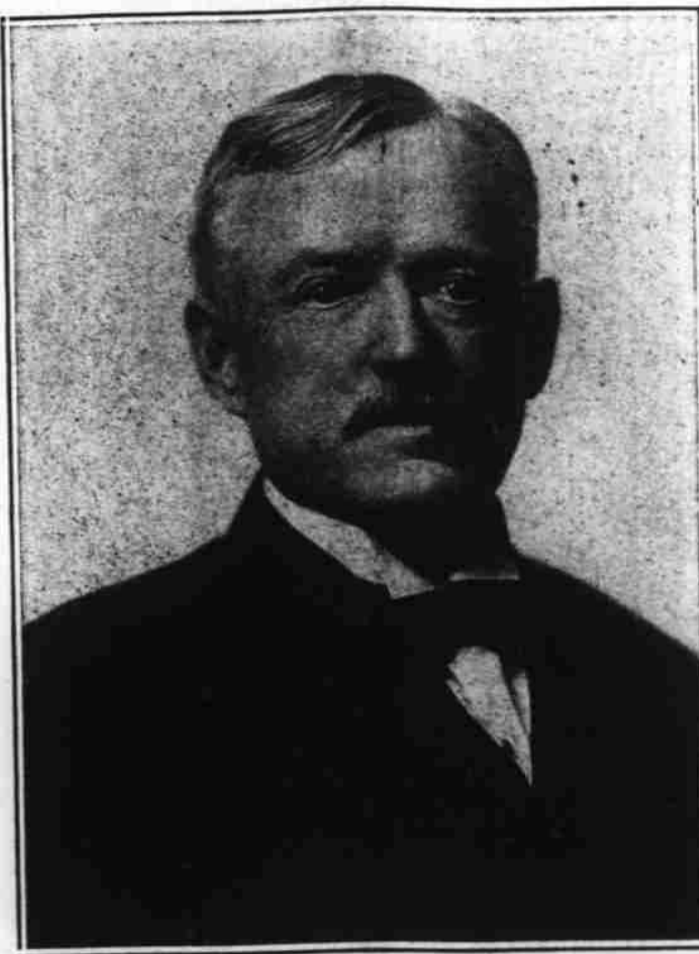
At Raleigh Wednesday it seemed that the Bull Moose were missing—or wearing masks. They did not come to the salt lick in the open.

Another One.

It is now discovered that we can vote another \$50,000 in bonds. Why not wait and some day p. d. q. make it \$250,000—and then we could do some things long needed and worth while?

They say a green Christmas makes a fat grave yard—but that is altogether according to where you celebrate Xmas.

GENTRY RE-ELECTED



IT IS gratifying to his many friends in the South and especially around this section of North Carolina to know that Mr. T. W. Gentry has again been elected president of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telephone Company. While the entire executive organization was re-elected to know that Mr. Gentry was unanimously chosen to be his own successor again is a tribute to his wonderful ability. Mr. Gentry is a native of Virginia, but has done things in North Carolina as a telegraph man before associating with the Telephone Co., and the story of his life—how he worked himself from the lowest rung of the ladder to the top one in the business he chose, reads like fiction. We never knew a man who had more energy; more pluck; more determination to do things he undertook to do. Under the management of Mr. Gentry the Bell Telephone service in the South was made as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it. It was because of his great executive ability as general manager that he was chosen president some years ago—and for the same reason he is being re-elected each year. Here is hoping he may remain at the head of this splendidly equipped organization as long as he remains on earth—and may that be many years.

Died At His Post.

Deputy Sheriff Hawkins, of Halifax county went to arrest a criminal and was wounded, fatally, dying within twenty-four hours. Hawkins was trying to arrest a man named Collins on some minor charge, and when Collins resisted arrest fired on the deputy. Collins has been captured and of course there was "strong talk" of lynching—but the question is: Should deputy sheriffs or other officers step into the face of death. If the man they are going after is notoriously a "bad man," and the fact can be established in advance, why not take two or three men armed, to make the arrest? Too often we hear of brave officers deliberately walking into death simply because they are brave. Discretion is the better part of valor—and the world does not applaud the "brave man" who gets killed unless he took plenty of precaution.

The Maxwell Case.

When it comes to figures and "figuring" Mr. Maxwell will take care of Mr. Butler. The republicans have a high plane upon which to fight just now—the proposition particularly of tariff. But if the mud geysers are to go into eruption, and it seems that is the programme, the democratic party will have an increased majority. Decency still sits the saddle in North Carolina.

Nebraska Going It Strong.

With Mr. Bryan still domiciled in Nebraska and Burkett running for vice-president and Henry Eastbrook running for President, Nebraska has a larger place on the map of the world than usual.

Had No Right.

We note where a coroner's jury in this state finds that a guard who killed a negro convict who was trying to escape was justified in shooting. There is no law for that kind of murder.

Lots Of Squealing.

The old proposition is that to shear a hog brings out much squealing and but little wool. It was something like that in the New Haven anti-bust-rust-trust case.

Judge Clark, Take Notice.

Judge Rufus Clark who discovered that there was no such thing as a cork leg, will please take notice that in Missouri willow is so scarce that one manufacturer has turned down an order for 250 artificial legs because of lack of raw material. This manufacturer willow wood altogether.

A GOODLY PILE THIS

Two Hundred Tons Of Gold Like Cord Wood.



FOR the first time in the history of the Sub-Treasury or the Assay Office in New York city a solid pile of gold bars 6 feet high by 6 feet wide by 11 feet long, larger in size than three cords of wood—valued approximately at \$102,000,000 was stored away in one of the vaults of the former building at the end of the year.

The bars are British sovereigns melted down and are 916.6 fine, which is 16.6 finer than the gold used in the United States mints. In the big cube of bullion there are 16,345 bars, averaging about thirty pounds to the bar. United States Assay Office experts say gold weighs about two tons to a million dollars, so the hoard approximates 200 tons in weight.

Doesn't that jar you? When a man goes out and looks at three cords of wood all nicely piled up, if it's his, he thinks he has a small fortune—but to think of three cords of solid gold—gold that came across the pond in coined money, given up by the English and we melted it down to bars. Three cords of solid gold at one time, and by this date doubtless it has increased to four cords. And to think that it only took about three months to accumulate so much. If Old Man Aaron could come along these days and induce the people to hand over all their gold the while he fashioned a Golden Calf—gosh, wouldn't it be a big one—bigger than the Durham Bull!

Don't Hear Of 'Em Now.

We don't see any characters in the recent fiction that take hold of the mothers of the land—like, say, the characters of St. Elmo, by Augusta Evans Wilson. That old book thirty years ago had a run for fair—the most impossible fiction ever written, but St. Elmo was the patron saint of hundreds of mothers—and the land was filled with children named St. Elmo and Edna.

But in the cheaper scribbling of today there are no immortals. They are moving picture characters—just thrown on the screen for a one night stand. The old writers writ human nature. They intensified it often and exaggerated it and elaborated it, but it found that responsive cord which makes the whole world kin. There are no longer great editors—there are no longer really great generals—there are no longer Great Characters in fiction who stand in the lime-light and who are remembered for the ages. Jack Falstaff did well to live in his age, lest he would be forgotten. Tiny Tim and David Copperfield and Squire Alsworthy and—well all that grand troupe which walked the boards—even Sancho Panza with his proverbs and wise sayings lived in a Golden Age. Had they been cast now, in our hurry and our lack of appreciation, they would have been forgotten, and the grand chorus of the people would have been John Lowlow's lines: "Bring in another horse."

Just Money.

A couple of convict guards who were escorting nine convicts to a railway camp allowed them to escape. It was proven that the guards were drunk and the convicts took their departure from the train while the guards slept. Heavy fines were imposed, but more than fines should be demanded in such a case. If all a guard need do is to pretend to be drunk and let criminals go free it might open a way for graft that would be terrible. However all interested were satisfied with the decision, so we guess we can't appeal the case.

Funny—But A Fact.

The funny thing is that the cneck flasher is always a winner. Finally he gets caught, but never until he has soaked fifteen or twenty or a hundred victims. Merchants claim to be wise; they read of the check flasher, but he comes along today and tomorrow and most always finds some one willing to give up the coin.

Plenty Of Time.

It will be July before the campaign gets really good and interesting. All these stories we hear now are pipe-dreams—preludes which amount to nothing.

Very Beautiful.

That was a very beautiful fall of the beautiful snow last Monday night. It often happens this way when the ground hog sees his shadow and when he doesn't see his shadow. Therefore the ground hog is discredited. Yet the glorious climate of North Carolina is still on and on still.

DESERVES DEATH

Ida Ball Warren Should Pay Peanlty.



VER a thousand negroes and hundreds of white men have been put to death in North Carolina. The hangman never hesitated to build the gallows; the people understood that if the murderer was guilty beyond all question, the

penalty would be paid. And men and women thought it right that the law should be enforced. Thousands of criminals, convicted for many different kinds of crime, when notoriously guilty, have served their terms and there was no commotion. It was presumed that the Law should be supreme in its majesty.

But over at Winston a murderess committed the most heartless and diabolical crime possible to imagine. She had been a wanton and a man married her and did all he could to make her respectable. But she was a speckled bird. She continued to consort with another man; she planned the killing of her husband with her paramour, was, as Judge Clark expressed it from the bench, the Lady Macbeth of the enterprise. When the body was cold she saw it thrown into a trunk and carted off and dumped into a river—and she wore the smile of a blushing bride while the tragedy was on. Brutal, heartless—no barbarian was ever more indifferent.

And yet the lawyers are sending petitions; the Governor is to be asked to pardon her; the state is talking about it, and from outside the state come the sentimentalists and butt in.

The papers are now wondering why the guilty twain has not been removed to Raleigh and placed in the death cell of the penitentiary. Governor Craig has told the attorneys to get in their evidence before the 20th of the month, and many are hoping and expecting that executive clemency will save the life of this fiendish woman—this harlot—this wayward wife who imbrued her hands in her husband's blood.

If she escapes the death penalty then we had better sell the electric chair and announce, gloriously, that we are through with capital punishment. For if ever in God's good world there was one person who should make her exit as the law prescribes and as the court ordered, that woman is Ida Bell Warren.

Perhaps.

And so Colonel Wade Harris comes in as defender of the ground hog. Wade explains that a few little snows; a few cold snaps with the machine low enough to freeze the water pipes; no sun shine and all sorts of weather will naturally come—but the ground hog theory still obtains. It would seem to us that Colonel Harris with the Mecklenburg Fact sustained would be satisfied to let well enough alone. There is no doubt now about the Declaration—but for Charlotte folk to attempt to establish the Ground Hog Theory—well it might arouse suspicion that this is a world of make believe.

The Health Bulletin.

That delightful fiction published by the State Board of Health and called the Bulletin, that beautiful publication that spent its money for pictures of nigger privies in Greensboro and thought it had a scoop, the last issue carries a horribly executed picture of a group of people and says under it: "Coughing and Spitting Spread Tuberculosis." Therefore, beloved, take it from us that you must not cough. Such atrocious things as are often perpetrated in the Bulletin are infinitely worse than all the diseases catalogued.

Again A New One.

Mr. Wilson calls for a show down regarding the question of armed merchantmen. Mr. Wilson is evidently the funniest man we have ever had for President.

To J. Hampton Rich:

Here is standing uncovered before you. Take anything you see.

Judge Justice Candidate.

It is given out that Judge Michael Justice, of Marion, will be a candidate for Congress from the Tenth district. Judge Justice is an able man and has many friends. He is not radical, but safe and sane.

The Question.

Good morning—has your cook been inspected?