



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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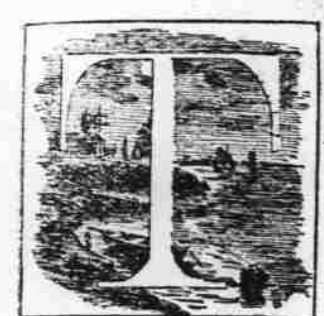
SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

THE MYSTIC DOPE

Ministers Are Warned Against New Ideas.



HERE seems to be, in this particular iconoclastic age—this age of realism, a thousand hobbies and a thousand views different than were on the boards twenty-five years ago.

It may be, however, that they were then strutting and we didn't see them, because we had no linotype machines to assist in printing freak pages of Sunday newspapers. However it may be, the ministers are every now and then calling on their followers not to read this mystic dope—these weird things that are sold by the page and oftentimes printed in colors.

Recently in Washington City, Bishop Earl Cranston handed out a few suggestions along this line, and among other things said: "Most of the present day publications are written by minds inspired of things different from the laws of Christ. Don't read these; don't let them creep into your minds and your hearts. Preachers each day should ask themselves the question: Am I God's messenger? Am I living up to the noble and grand responsibilities expected of me? There is no dissolution of the vows of the ministry."

We disagree with the Bishop. We think it the duty of the ministers—able men as the majority of them are, to take each New Thought by the slack of the pants, figuratively speaking, and cast it out the window—after it has been dissected. We all know this one fundamental truth—that the Bible, no matter whether inspired or collected from writers of different ages, contains the only sure guide for human conduct and for the soul's salvation.

The men who come along to establish the "new facts" so called are dreamers, all, and they set up the abused word Science to prove to the layman that what they claim is true. The minister's duty should be to crush, to pulverize, to annihilate all this rubbish. The Bible furnishes plenty of subjects for sermons—the texts are there, but when a man steps before the altar and proclaims the religion of Jesus Christ and makes it possible for the hearer to get it well into his system, has the best code and the best guide that was ever or that ever will be presented to mankind.

The church is awakening. There is talk of unity. There is less of strife within. There is a strong effort among the layman to Christianize the world. Every indication points to one of the greatest religious awakenings within the next few years ever witnessed on the globe. And it is not because of new cults or new creeds. It is not because of something Science has revealed—but it is because mankind is rapidly learning that after all there is no religion but the religion of Christ—epitomized in the three simple words of "Love one another." And when we love one another; when we realize that we must be helpful to the weak—when we learn the lesson that we must reverse things, as Dr. Clark pointed out last Sunday, and it must be the big "U" and the little "I"—then on earth there will be peace and good will towards all men.

But the Bishop is wrong in telling the younger preachers not to read the New Thought. We say read it; dissect it; analyze and paralyze it with the word of God.

The True Spirit.

The Oklahoma mob that listened patiently to the evidence in a preliminary trial of a negro charged with assault, and then upon a signal proceeded to hang the prisoner, using the court house balcony as a gallows, exhibited Art that was sublime.

By patiently waiting for the preliminary trial to end the Mob showed a cool spirit—suggesting that people who think mobs are frenzied are mistaken. Of course to those who do not endorse the way of barbarians and savages this Oklahoma social event is shocking. But to those who are possessed of the true artist's soul there is a maddening appeal that is irresistible.

That Child Labor Bill.

It is now given out that an effort will be made to amend the Keating-Owen Child Labor bill. If the men who framed the bill understood conditions in the states most effected by it it would doubtless never have been introduced. The trouble is that we have too many theorists attempting to regulate practical business concerns of which they are entirely ignorant, while refusing to be informed.

Query.

If it takes six thousand soldiers thirty days to catch one man, how long would it take one man to catch six thousand soldiers?

TWO MANY LOAFERS

Idle Young Men A Menace To The Community.



AS A FACT it takes something jarring to make the slats quiver. Here in Greensboro a couple of weeks ago we had to write of a frenzied man who was down and out and who feared poverty, taking the life of his four children—shooting them one by one, and then turning the deadly weapon on himself and shooting out his wearied brain.

And people talked. They concluded that there should be a Society organized to help men in such deep distress; to give them words of cheer and hope and comfort. The movement really took form—but it is about forgotten now—because the excitement has died down.

This week we are called upon to chronicle the story of where a young man went wrong because he saw some money and couldn't resist the temptation to steal it. And the whole town is talking today as we write, and the whole town agrees that there are altogether too many young men who are loafers. Young men of good families; young men physically and mentally capable of working, loafing around pool rooms and other public places.

Naturally the pool room comes in for its share of abuse—but if the young men inclined to do things they should not do didn't loaf around the pool room they would congregate somewhere else. Therefore the pool room should be deemed a good thing and from it we should gather our "raw material" and proceed to manufacture decent citizens. The young man who is idle; who feels that he can loaf and who has nothing to do; nothing to interest him generally goes wrong—for it was writ of old that "satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." And it was said that "Idleness is the devil's workshop"—and it is true.

What the grown men of this old town should do is to get busy. We have a Y. M. C. A. and men go out with banners to raise money to sustain it, but they don't go out with banners and squads and great excitement to get young men to go there and enlist for a better life.

We old codgers who have gotten through—we who have become gray beards all recall the paths where the tempter lurked. Most of us switched off and walked the wrong road at times—and happily we didn't get caught. But we know the temptations on every side. A man needn't be a sissy boy to understand this; he knows more if he is man of the world, and it is up to all men to feel an interest in the young man and get him on the right road. When we hear of a half grown man—the kid-lette from 15 to 20 years of age going wrong the first time, then it should be our duty—our cheerful task, to get busy, and see that he never went wrong again. Just at that age most any young man can be handled. He has perception and the right kind of a comrade can instill into his mind the right kind of mental serum that will make him forever immune from crime. Say, men, let us all get busy!

The Largest Check.

The other day the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. drew a check for \$70,703,600 to pay for some Canadian bonds, and the news agencies say it is the largest check ever issued. It was drawn on a local bank in New York. That's nothing. We often write checks for \$10,000,000, look at 'em and regret they are worthless.

A Good Idea.

Mr. Charles G. Dawes, a Chicago banker, and comptroller of the currency under McKinley, has just erected a hotel in Chicago as a memorial to his mother, costing over a hundred thousand dollars. The price of a room is ten cents. No woman is denied admittance, no matter about who she is. She is not questioned. Just a place where a woman in want can find a good bed for ten cents. That isn't a bad idea—in fact it is a capital idea.

The Mexican Situation.

Each day has witnessed many exciting chases at the front in Mexico. The last news was that Villa was ahead of the soldiers sixty miles and still running. Making pretty good time for a man with his hip shattered and one leg recently amputated.

The chances are that Villa hasn't been actively engaged for some time; that he is in hiding and the soldiers are following a false lead. Why don't they put blood hounds on his trail?

Read It.

Read the story of the North Carolina Children's Home Society in this issue. Make up your mind that you are going to aid this worthy cause. The story in this issue is interesting and full of human interest.

IT LOOKS LIKE TEDDY



VIEWED in any light, just now it looks like Teddy had played his game correctly, and he will force the republican party to nominate him for the presidency. The last week has demonstrated the fact that the so-called republican leaders are going to take him in. The Bull Moose men are loyal. They will howl and yell—but the radicals, the Old Guard that brings him back will dispense the patronage and run things.

That is—if Teddy is elected. We are almost certain that he will be paralyzed. Root may be for him—but it may be that the party has concluded to bury him forever. If he runs the German vote will be against him; thousands of self-respecting men will say "Never"—and Wilson stands the chance of being elected.

Roosevelt today is the Man in the Saddle. He is in command and he has the big fellows of the republican party either whipped into submission—or, they are playing the part to bury him. Unless something else develops pretty soon Roosevelt will be the nominee of the republican party—and Wilson will continue to be President of the United States.

Our Public Building.

We hope the committee of the Chamber of Commerce will get busy and try to put over the Stedman bill for an appropriation for a new post-office building in this growing city. Other cities are getting some of the pork and it looks like we should come in pretty soon.

Fact is North Carolina towns should be favored. When we are paying millions a month into the treasury looks like we at least, as a state, should have the public buildings actually needed.

Winston built a new post-office and the city paid the cost of it in revenues in one month. That Reynolds Tobacco Company puts millions into the treasury. The whole state pays big sums and we are entitled to something in return.

An Agrieved Parent.

A parent comes to us and wants us to advocate changing the law concerning minors loafing in pool rooms. He says he has just learned that his son, unbeknown to him has become an expert pool player and has also been gambling. The boy is but fifteen years of age. He says as the law is now the pool room owners are not liable. He wants the law changed so that when a minor is allowed to play pool the license will be revoked. The recent happening in this town of a young boy being accused of going wrong has caused several fathers to get busy and they are being surprised.

Another Suit.

The Charlotte Observer has also been asked to apologize for what it printed about Marion Butler. The Observer declines to apologize. It says it regrets it printed the words written by Judge Ewart, but it didn't write them, it simply quoted what Ewart said. In other words there is a chance for a suit. Editor Harris and the Observer stand pat.

The Clean Up Week.

Greensboro this week has been cleaning up. Old tin cans and rubbish of all kinds located in the back yards were brought to the front and the city hauled it away. On many streets car loads of the junk were plied high and the thought suggested itself to us; If once a year, one for each season. Certainly a whole year is too long to let such unsightly stuff lie as disease breeders. Four times a year would be better.

We Wonder?

And now they say the Panama canal will be ready for business by April 15. Wonder if it has been considered that the same sands might break loose again. In that section the quick sands are as treacherous as can be. It is perhaps a safe bet that the canal will be closed again before fall.

HE CONFESSES CRIME

Tired Of Delay And Pretense Tells Story Of Deed.



AT last came out, and Dr. Arthur Waite, the New York dentist, has confessed, in order that his soul might be free, to the murder of John E. Peck, his millionaire father-in-law.

In the presence of his attorney and of Dr. Morris J. Karpas, psychiatrist who is seeking to save Waite on the grounds of insanity, the once debonaire adventurer asked that newspaper men be called in, and that he be allowed to tell the whole story once and for all.

The statement he made is full and clear. He said:

"I'm tired of all this delay and pretense. The sooner it's over the better. I have nothing to hide. I'm not afraid to die. I've played the game and lost. I'm through.

"I'm not insane. That's all bosh, you know. I wanted to live luxuriously. I wanted money—lots of it. I wanted it so much that I took this chance. I'd rather be dead than live the life of a piker.

"I have already confessed that I killed Mr. and Mrs. Peck, my father-in-law and mother-in-law. Well, I'll go further now—I intended killing my wife, too, poor little thing. God help me! I'm sorry for that little girl back in Grand Rapids.

"Now I want to atone. I am willing to die like any murderer should, and I'm ready to face my Creator and take my punishment."

And of course they will prove him crazy. They will prove that he was addicted to drugs and was a madman; that he was down and out and the terror which filled his mind as he thought of being a pauper—a piker, as he called it, naturally made him crazy—and he will perhaps go for life to a mad house.

And there is the story in a nut shell. For gold he gives his honor and his freedom; for gold he killed his father-in-law and his mother-in-law—and then he planned to kill his wife. All innocent people. Drugs—a life of debauchery because he thought he had "Married money" and such a pitiable end. Well, he suffers. The innocent gave their lives—but maybe after all that is God's way to make a sacrifice, to warn others—to flash the danger signal across the track, so that all intent on the wrong thing may see and heed.

Good Enough.

The case of young Newell was happily disposed of by Judge Brown. Under the Guilford law Newell was a youthful offender. He was not of age. Judgment was suspended and he is on probation. Bradley is in jail. It was a pitiful spectacle to see Bradley going back to jail—going back to be tried and perhaps then to take a journey to the penitentiary. Going to hell and no real reason for it. We hope Newell who is old enough to understand will see the opportunity—wake up and become a man. There is a chance for him. He has never been in prison.

They Fight.

We are receiving many letters from men in different parts of the country who are fighting Doodle Bugs. Friends send them our paper and they write to thank us for the way we handle the question. The fight is on and when fear is eliminated there is no danger. Fresh air; rest; good food—and a fight to the finish. The Man wins over the Doodle Bug if he is unafraid.

Can Hardly Hope To Win.

Gilliam Grissom will no doubt be the nominee for Congress on the republican ticket in the Fifth district. He can hardly hope to win. We all know that majorities this year will be cut on account of peace and tariff and other things, but if Democracy gets busy it can elect Major Stedman by a handsome majority. It is a pretty hard thing to overcome 3000 majority in a single district in the South.

Funny Business.

With the republicans in this neighborhood all just now cock sure that it will be Hughes or Teddy, and of course Teddy, what are they going to do with the Weeks boom and the Burton boom? Both these gentlemen will have a big following and it might be that Mr. Root will be shown that he isn't in position to make terms with the Terrible.

No Consolation.

If Marion Butler sues all the editors for criminal libel and they are all put in the penitentiary, there will be a chance to start a new newspaper in prison that would have an able staff and doubtless do a good business.

Wonder what has become of that new county court house?

THE PROFESSION

Deaf And Dumb Role Played by Yeggmen.



E NATURALLY want to assist in warning all people who are liable to be victims of misplaced confidence, therefore we deem it appropriate to print on this page, with big headings, the story sent out from the state of Washington the other day concerning the new tactics adopted by yeggmen and gum shoe crooks.

The story is reasonable, and those who are alert will not be taken in. It reads more like a romance than truth—but it is the truth. It says: Yeggmen posing as deaf beggars have "located" many a "plant," returning at night with confederates to make "rich hauls," as the police of Portland, Ore., recently discovered by accident. While being booked, a "deaf-mute" beggar was greeted in joyful tones by a noted yegg. "Hell, pal." A hurried search of the rogues' gallery proved the "mute," W. J. Adams, alias Austin, alias McAdams, was wanted in half a dozen States.

Hearing of this, Judge Skidworth, of Toledo, Ore., recently sentenced Leroy C. White, who had been peddling "appeals of a deaf-mute," to a term of one to five years in the State Penitentiary for obtaining money under false pretenses. The faker proved able to hear a whisper in the furthest corner of the courtroom.

In Ohio the capture of two postoffice robbers with \$1,800 loot and well-worn "deaf and dumb" cards is significant, following as it does the confession of another suspect that Cincinnati has a school for training fake deaf beggars.

The National Association of the Deaf, incorporated by act of Congress, is waging a campaign of education, backed by United States statistics, that 98 per cent of the educated deaf are self-supporting. It claims pseudo "deaf and dumb" spread the false conclusion that begging is almost a necessity for those who cannot hear, which works an especial hardship on a law-abiding class, most of them skilled workmen and taxpayers. Often it is only necessary for an applicant to state he is deaf, and he cannot even get a hearing, much less land a job.

"The Deaf Do Not Beg," is the slogan of the N. A. D. It points out each State has a free school, where the deaf are taught some good trade—proving the absurdity of the cards customarily peddled by "mutes" asking "funds to enter a deaf and dumb school."

Recognizing this, last winter seven States passed laws making it a misdemeanor to beg alms under false guise of physical affliction, namely, Washington, Nevada, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Florida.

So, if it happens in North Carolina, that some nice old elderly deaf gentleman comes your way, give him a searching glance, and make sure that he isn't locating something he might be able to carry off a little later on. The deaf and dumb and the cripple always appeal to sympathetic people, and that makes it easy for the impostor to get in his work in good shape.

Eat 'Em Alive.

And now they want to investigate the meat packers' trust. According to some interested the meat trust literally eats people alive—and puts on a useless forty per cent. But we note that when the beef trust puts up high prices the farmer with a yearling steer rejoices that the "market has riz."

The ultimate consumer is the man who is pinched and he isn't pinched altogether by the fountain heads—even if they are trusts.

Let Him Come.

Colonel Victor McAdoo, of Greensboro, always a boomer, is trying to induce Arthur Abernethy to move his Yellow Jacket from Moravian Falls to this peaceful city. We say let him come—and yet we fear that the Yellow Jacket, although printed from the same types, would be different if printed in Greensboro. The fact that such a widely circulated paper comes out of the mountains—out of a small town adds to its flavor—there is really romance about it.

Root Is Surprising 'Em.

Just what Senator Root is doing is a question. Some say the old grey fox is digging a hole for Teddy's mortal political remains, while others say he is going to elect him President. Wonder which way it is. But the people will swat Teddy going and coming.

Good Enough.

We are glad to see the Charlotte Observer announce that it will treat fairly corporations attempting to help build the state. Some of the papers and politicians will not do that.