



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## AS TO MAJORITIES

### Depends On What Kind to Do Right Thing.

**N**OW inawhile our old friend, J. P. Taylor, of Winston, breaks loose. We print his stories because he thinks he is on the right road, while many socialists insist that he isn't true—that as a tobacco manufacturer he simply plays the game. One has written us and pointed out that he is a prosperous manufacturer and poses as a socialist in order to sell tobacco to the deluded ones. We do not believe that, and that is why we print him when he writes us. His last eruption is as follows:

Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Editor:

You disapprove of Danville's going into the ice making business. You say that it is "Simply Socialism creeping in." Socialism, my dear Colonel, can't "creep in." It requires a majority of the voters to have a Municipal Ice Plant. Majorities can't "creep in" doing what they wish done. That is the advantage of Socialistic ventures, they have to be carried out in the open.

Danville has tried the Municipal making and distributing of Gas and Electricity. She likes it. It is good business. She thinks it will be good business, too, to use the power which she has at her disposal, when not in use generating electricity, to make ice. She can in that way free herself from the exactions of the ice trust. She has shown that "live men" can run business for the benefit of all as well, or better, than they can for the benefit of a few stockholders.

The time is coming when there will be municipal meat markets. Since you have conquered the "doodle bugs" you will no doubt buy steaks at Greensboro's Municipal Meat Market before you "twang your harp."

Did you know that Governor Stuart of Virginia advocated before a Congressional Commission the government putting up slaughter houses and refrigerating plants to put the big meat packers out of business? Of course you have heard about Josephus and his armor plate plant scheme, and Woodrow and his mercantile marine, and U. S. Senator Smith of South Carolina and his Nitrate plant? That is Socialism "creeping in" all right. Did you notice that Milwaukee had elected a Socialist Mayor by a majority vote and that Chicago had increased her Socialist vote from 24,000 to about 50,000 in two years? It is "creeping in" all right.

J. P. TAYLOR.

Creeping in is the word. Socialism is creeping in, steadily—and there is no other way to express it. The fact that all has happened that Mr. Taylor points out in no way proves that what has happened is a good thing. We see Mormons allowing their morals to go to pieces—creeping in, so to speak, and it took the forces of the government to stop it. Because it crept in was no proof that it was right, although the "majority" of which Mr. Taylor speaks, favored it—wildly favored the plural marriage.

We see anarchy creep in in many places and the majority favors it—but that doesn't make it right. We would see the red light district in cities increase in size and strength and the "majority" of the old bats would say it was what they "wish done." But that doesn't make it right. We see the mountaineers in the "majority" saying it is proper to make likker—but Uncle Sam says nay and sends 'em on to Atlanta. When Mr. Taylor gets out of his nut the dream that a majority of a mob or of the rabble or the kings of finance make right he will wake up. Now he sleeps—he is sleeping—and we are always glad to present his side of a subject that isn't worth while.

What Then?

If it ever comes to one cent letter postage, and it will, what will we do with our mail? Happily under the present system we know what is important and what is not, because the important letter is sealed. Every day we dump into the waste basket from two to a dozen "circular letters"—one cent letters. Think of the time that will be lost when all the mail comes sealed. When we can't separate without looking at it the chaff from the wheat. The other day a man sent us a check for two dollars and in doing so used a one cent stamp and didn't seal the letter. The envelope went into the waste basket and only by mere accident was discovered. One cent letter postage will come—and when it does the hope is that a law will go with it making it imperative to mark written mail from printed mail. Time is too valuable to stop to look at all the follow up schemes which enterprising printers and writers have unloaded on the public.

## IS NOT HERE

### Where Prohibition Laws Are Being Enforced.



**I**T WILL not be long before the departure of John Barleycorn from Virginia. It will be well. The people in North Carolina who go out for a frolic these days, leave the demijohn at home. The average excursion that used to be the occasion for an inter-state jag is now an orderly and peaceful pleasure trip. But the people in Virginia, where the jug is handy and easily refilled have the same old habits. Take for instance this account of a Lynchburg excursion running into Durham this week:

The excursion train from Lynchburg rolled in at 12.15 this morning bearing a large and motley throng. John Barleycorn was much in evidence, many of the excursionists bringing considerable quantities of ardent spirits from the Virginia town. Four of the arrivals were arrested on charges of drunkenness, according to reports. Bull Johnson, a negro, inflicted severe injuries upon the persons of Mose Green and Lizzie Green, two other members of the colored race, the carving process having occurred, according to the report, on the train as it sped through Virginia. The number of excursionists from this city was estimated at 800.

When there is prohibition we read such accounts. When there is prohibition likker is hard to get and the average Coon Town inhabitant can't dike in his gay clothes and go to a neighboring city to shoot it up or to get in jail. The man who says prohibition isn't a good thing should look at that Lynchburg crowd and then compare it with some of the North Carolina excursions running since likker was abolished. Prohibition works—and works gloriously, all along the way. The locker may yet be in evidence; the Sacred Quart may be brought down the pike—but the drunk and down; the rowdy, yelling, fighting, carving crowds have gone. And it is well they have.

Politics.

We have been talking with a good democrat, and he tells us that it will be impossible to defeat Wilson in convention or at the polls. He points out to us the many reasons he has for this statement, and we conclude that it is even so. An hour later and we have been talking with a republican, a man well posted, and he tells us that Wilson will be the worst beaten man ever going before the people. He gives us his many reasons, proves conclusively from his view point his conclusions, and we again admit that it is even so.

And so through the days and the weeks now until the nominations and the elections. Each man will show you exactly how it is. All men are familiar with the "situation." A politician knows more than all other men. The wisdom of Solomon wouldn't make a noise compared to what the average politician knows. Most of them have just gotten something "in confidence." They are not allowed to mention names, but they have just had a letter which forever settles the question. They do not stop to consider that one politician knows no more than another politician—but if a country politician can get a letter from a town politician, the country politician feels as though he had just received a divine message. And when the town politician gets a letter from a politician in a big city, he reads it seven times and then confidentially informs sixteen people that he has just had a letter from a man who knows, and then proceeds to tell you the outcome. And when the man in the big city receives a letter from Washington he knows full well that at last all has been revealed. No longer is there doubt or mystery. It is all over, after that, but the shouting.

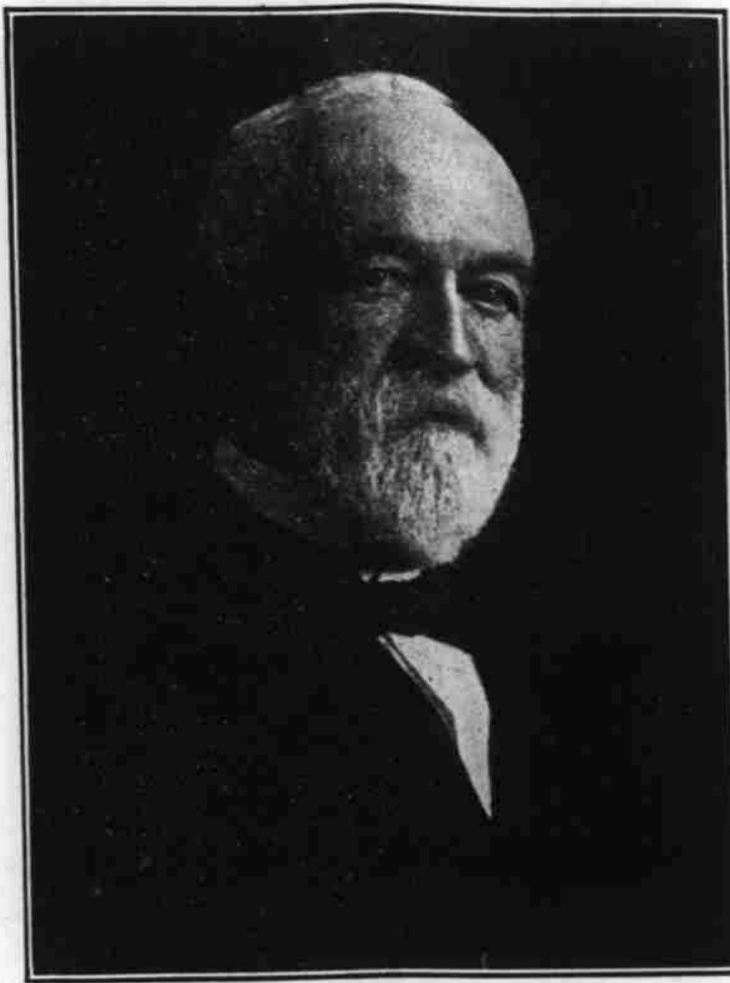
And so we go along the weary road. We hear the opinion; we read the stars as the copy is handed us; we conclude it must be so—and finally after it is over and the result is so entirely different we fail to express surprise, but confidentially remark to our neighbor, "I told you so."

Good Enough.

The Winston Sentinel finds that there is a growing sentiment in this state for a Board of Pardons. The Sentinel suggests a board composed of five men. Perhaps four men would be better and on tie let the Governor decide. That would be worth while. The idea of giving one man the power to set aside the decrees of courts is bad business. A board of pardons would assist in stopping crime.

It has been judicially decided that the Quaker Oats Co. is not a trust. Now for a judicial opinion as to why people should eat Quaker Oats or baled hay for breakfast.

## WILL BE NOMINATED



**T**HE books are closed, and after all the talk about several men proposing to enter the field against him—Major Stedman is the democratic nominee for Congress from the Fifth district. That he will be successful in carrying the district in November we have no doubt. True he will be opposed vigorously by Mr. Gilliam Grissom—but the Major, because of his personality; because of his splendid record in Washington and because of an absolutely united party in the Fifth will doubtless keep up the majority—around three thousand. At least here is hoping that he will, and his friends should see to it that he does.

In Retrospect.

Colonel Wade Harris addressed the North Carolina Medical Society at Durham recently, and among other things of the many good things he said was this paragraph:

Liquor has drenched the world in a volume of tears that would cleanse the bath-tubs of all peoples from every crimson stain.

No doubt about the ravages of Likker. Tears enough to float all the battle ships in all the world have been shed on its account, but why is it that none of us knew about what a terrible thing likker really was until our supply had been limited to One Sacred Quart every now and then? The medical men of North Carolina highly resolved that whiskey had no place in the practice of medicine—that alcohol was not necessary. That was why Colonel Harris talked about the past—and yet in many states it is recognized as a necessary evil. Paul admonished Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's Ache or sake—and men have found solace in the flowing bowl since the days that Noah planted his vineyard and debauched himself. For our own part we are of opinion that alcohol honestly and intelligently administered to aged people as a stimulant stands ace high. We are of opinion, and the highest medical authority in the world confirms it, that in many cases there is nothing to take the place of alcohol. However we would not vote to return the licensed saloon. We would not vote to allow even a Quart to come. Alcohol, used as a medicine is a rank poison—as are many of the best things prescribed by doctors. The only thing we object to is for Colonel Harris to refer to the good old days. Why not let the dead past bury its dead—why, when we have forgotten the frolics we used to have with Old John, bring up the fond recollections and present them to view?

Just Starting.

Greensboro has many miles of concrete sidewalks. She has many miles of newly paved streets. Big are the investments in these two items—but we are just starting. Some one of these days, when we are allowed by law to do it, there is going to be a half million dollar bond issue for schools, parks and streets—and when it happens, when the old town really commences to do things, the Greensboro of today will not be in it. The nervous people who are opposed to bonds already commence to realize that public improvements are the proper thing, and when the boom which is just over yonder strikes us and real estate values go much higher, then the whole town will see the necessity of school houses, of parks and play grounds—and paved streets wherever needed. Greensboro hasn't started. Geographically she has every town in the state beaten—and here is a foundation upon which to build that is most inviting.

Timely Advice.

In some interesting "Talks On Banking" now running through the press one of the articles tells the reader to never over-draw his account. That may be good advice but whenever one of our checks goes in and there is no money to pay it we understand that there is no use to overdraw. But maybe this advice is to new beginners.

## TERRIBLE PITY THIS

### Think Of A Corporation Being A Beneficiary.



**I**N INTERVIEW in the News and Observer with E. J. Justice now an attache of the office of the Attorney General as a special prosecutor, carries this item of interest: "Mr. Justice said some of the beneficiaries of the bill which has already passed through and is about to be reported from the committee would be: The Standard Oil Company, the Santa Fe Railroad Company, the General Petroleum Company and the Union Oil Company."

Wouldn't it be a terrible thing if the parties mentioned were beneficiaries. Those are the men and concerns who have developed this country; who have made the big things possible. The theory of some people is that successful men should never be the beneficiaries. The theory is to legislate against them, and if we recall we have heard here in North Carolina able spell-binders advocate putting big men in the penitentiary.

Those big concerns are the ones that have made possible the development of a country that would have remained for a thousand years a wilderness. They have wrought. They have done things. And the hope is that the men mentioned by Justice will be the beneficiaries in many things. Encourage them and we will accomplish much. Much more than if we give them the marble floor and let the modern reformers impoverish them.

North Carolina has been progressing of late—advancing, and it is because our people have learned that big men do big things and if they get more than a day laborer's share our people are not caring much about it. Give the big man a chance to do his big things and then we little fellows may get a crumb now and then. That has always been our contention and we are willing to stand on that platform.

One Legged Man Cusses.

The New Bern Sun says that a one legged man visited that city and proposed to go into business. He wanted permission to sell lead pencils on the streets. The mayor explained to him that it was against the law to allow that kind of begging. The one legged man proceeded to "cuss out" the town and the people, and took his departure. Greensboro allows one legged men and no legged men to sit on the sidewalks and beg under the guise of selling pencils. We are glad New Bern is ahead of us in this regard. We always want to help people in distress—but it makes one weary to be accosted by three or four men able to work shoving lead pencils in your face and asking you to buy one. The truth is a man able bodied excepting the loss of one leg should be made earn his living. He can find plenty to do if he is not too proud to work. But he would rather pass the hat of easy money and municipalities stand for it. When a man is clear down and out because of physical disability the community where he went down and out should be compelled to sustain him.

Out Of It.

And so Dick Hackett withdraws from the Congressional race in the Seventh district. He says he is for his friend Thomas B. Finley and he will work to the end of nominating him. Wilkes county has endorsed Finley, and Hackett thought he would not stand in the way. Somehow or other we would have liked to see Dick go back. He has had some trouble, not of his own making, and his friends would have been mighty glad to see him again in Congress. But he is young yet, and will live to try it out some other day.

The Hope.

The hope is that the new hotel project will go through. Greensboro isn't without hotels. She has some very good ones. What we lack is just one big, "busting" building to cause people to talk. We want it understood, in the meantime, that Greensboro has some pretty good places to sleep and eat. The ambitious town always wants a big hotel—and it now seems that such a building is possible. The Old Guilford will perhaps be torn down and on its site a modern structure erected.

From Now On.

From this day and date there will be more red hot politics in North Carolina than we have had for many a day. It is not only presidential year but the republicans propose to make the best showing of their lives in this state. From all over it is noticed that county officers and state officers are being selected with care. Linney will not be Governor of North Carolina, but he is a strong candidate—and on the stump he can eat 'em alive.

## VOTER NOT IN IT

### Party Organs Play Favorites for Offices.



**A** MAN up a tree sees many things that are so inconsistent in the democratic "organs" that now and then he must laugh out loud. Take for instance the "Committee" in Guilford, and it refuses to allow two democrats to meet and explain to the people where they stand and for what they stand. The Dalton-Brockett mess is a sample. In Winston, the Journal claims to be a democratic paper, a Simon pure democratic paper, and yet Colonel Martin goes in for Bickett and fails to appreciate the fact that before a primary convention all democrats are entitled to the same treatment.

Why should a democratic organ, an organ professedly for democracy rather than for candidates, write stuff like this:

"The friends of Mr. Daughtridge are working industriously these days trying to get the people interested in their man's candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination. The Journal doesn't think they are making much impression, but their efforts should not be ignored entirely by Mr. Bickett's friends."

We take it that the Journal is a part of the democratic party. We take it that it must perforce be the spokesman, in a measure, for the democratic party, and yet it takes Mr. Daughtridge and throws him down; steps on him; drags him about and shouts to democrats, "Look out or you'll lose votes for Bickett."

Isn't that a pretty how do you do? Why should the democratic party, if it is a party, and candidates go into its primaries, pick out and play its favorites at the expense of other good democrats who want a hearing?

It shows that the slate has been made; that the programme is cut and dried and unless you are a favorite you mustn't even dare to presume to go in a primary—or, if you do, be prepared for the democratic political papers to lambast you with faint praise if you happen to go up against the man slated for the position.

In all candor we suggest, not as a political paper, but one absolutely independent, that Colonel Martin, speaking for his party in Forsyth, isn't giving Daughtridge a square deal. There is no excuse for such talk as appears in the Journal. If there is, then the democratic party confesses to a frame-up.

Jake Newell's Hat.

And so Jake Newell has thrown his hat in the ring—going to try to be elected in the primary in order that he may try in November to defeat Representative Webb for Congress from the Ninth district.

Mr. Charles E. Greene, of Mitchell, has a hope to be nominated, but Jake is going to give Greene a fight. Jake Newell is one republican in North Carolina who is always ready for a political fight, and when he fights he fights fair—and so far has always reduced democratic majorities.

However, the Chicago convention—where Teddy takes possession is going to demoralize the National party. Therefore there is no chance to figure on results this year so far as the republicans are concerned. The democrats will doubtless elect Wilson and naturally the Congressmen will go along with him.

Clarence Kuester.

The Charlotte Observer prints a big picture of Clarence Kuester and devotes a three column article telling what he has done for himself, for his city and his state. No liver wire ever came down the pike than Booster-Kuester. Nothing of a public nature is passed up by him. His time, his money and his talent are always given without stint. It would take thirty columns to tell what Kuester has done for Charlotte. He is yet young and he will do much more. Long life to him.

Another "new hotel" has gotten to the blue print point in Greensboro and if the blue prints do not blow out of the window, as all the others have done, it may be that there is actually a hen on.

And it didn't rain Easter—therefore good weather is predicted. But whether rain or shine there is no climate in the world better than right around here—say from Gaston to Geene street.

And here is good luck to Cap'n Jim McNeil who has again been elected Mayor of Fayetteville. Cap'n Jim is just as much of Fayetteville as Baldy Boyden is of Salisbury or Jule Carr is of Durham. Boys of the Old School, are these sturdy sons, and their towns are always glad to honor them.