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Everything

EVERY WEEK.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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"After years of active experience in newspaper work and with newspaper men. I am more than ever convinced that a newspaper cannot afford, any more than an indi-vidual, to be without character; and that as a man's character is summed up from his life, from the good he has done, the evil he has prevented, the homes he has brightened, and the hearts he has gladdened, just so will the inexonable judgment of posterity, and of the greater public, to which no passion nor prejudice of the day can appeal, measure out merciless justice to the journal whose sole object and aim it has been to coin the woes of the human race into grist for its owner."-John A. Cockerill.



Everything

Great Talent.

The Salisbury Post prints this local item and we find in it a subject for a few words:

There are a number of boys loafing about the streets and getting into trouble and the court and officers are endeavoring to break this up. These boys are first given a chance and if they fail to take advantge of this the court deals more harshly with them. There was much weeping and pleading by two of these boys this morning but all to no avail, the court's patience had been expended. In Salisbury a boy is let loose on probation for his first offence, and so it happens in this town. But when a boy breaks to the bad-

Do We Do Our Part?

when he makes a mistake and gets where nothing will save him from the disgrace of stripes but the probation law-men remember this:

We all have a duty to perform. If we know a boy is on the streets on probation-if we know he is trying to make good, we should help him. We should help him by kindly words; by words of cheer. We should seek nim, even if he tries to avoid us, and talk things over with him. Give him the assurance that he is not wholly lost. Do not talk his troubles to him; but inspire him; let him understand that his error has been forgotten. It is a terrible period in a young man's life. He knows he did wrong. He knows the town knew it. He fears he is spotted. He seeks seclusion-he carries a heavy burden. It is our duty and should be our pleasure to help this young man wherever we find him. Right now and not hereafter is when he needs the word of encouragement. If he seeks employment he should be boosted. The fact that he went astray should not be considered. We should help him, not for his own sake alone, but to prove to those interested in penal reform that there is always yet some good in a man or boy who has gone wrong. If it happens that at any time you know of any boy on probationget busy to assist him. It will cost you nothing in dollars and cents-only a little time, and you may save to Society and his friends a youth worth while.

It really looks to us that the law should be changed and made to read that a bond would suffice for appearance and thus save the youthful offender the humiliation of reporting each month to the court. This is a serious defect of the law. It isn't giving the idea a fair chance.

To Oppose Kitchin.

Hon. Clingman W. Mitchell, of Windsor, has entered the Congressional race to oppose Hon. Claude Kitchin. His belief is that the democratic party stands firmly by President Wilson, and because Kitchin is big enough and broad enough to think for himself and stand pat because his own reason tells him to, Mitchell thinks he might defeat Claude. But it will not happen in the Second district. Claude Kitchin has made good-he has shown himself to be the kind of a representative the people want. He has refused to sacrifice his principles and his views-and North Carolina is with Kitchin two to one. If Mr. Mitchell dreams that North Carolina voters will be satisfied with a candidate who practically announces himself as a "Me Too," he will find that the money his defeat costs him would have served a better purpose had he tossed it into the tambourine of the Salvation Army.

It takes the highest order of talent to line up kale seed in the bank. Kale seed, beloved, is the Sanscrit for Money. Just why we are never satisfied with the words we have, and are always borrowing or coining, we do not know. Possibly it is to keep neologists busy on the day shift in coining them, and lexicographers busy on the night shift defining them.

But to the subject: It takes talent of a high order to make great piles of money. That's what we said in the first place, and that's what we say in the second place. Talent.

And it takes talent to paint a beautiful picture. It takes talent to write-to whip the rhetoric into line; to frame up the ornate and forceful sentences-talent it takes to do things out of the ordinary.

It takes talent of a high order to sing day vinely-to trill the lines of Sweet Belle Mahone whom we have promised to meet at heaven's gate-and if you get the notes of the nightingale or the mocking bird you have done a stunt, and if enough of a stunt, you are called a prima donna-provided you are a lady-and the box office receipts bring the kale seed.

And we go out and see the wonderful painter portray his pictures on canvasstand in awe before the mighty strokes of the master hand of an Angelo or a whitewashing committee of the Senate-and we lift our hat and do not attempt to paint anything like what we have seen. Why? Because we know we haven't the talent.

And we hear the song bird warble her flute like notes, and we pay four dollars for a dress circle seat and we applaud and declare she is ravishingly grand-that she is indeed divine.

And we go out into the dark world and tread alone the thorn-strewn path-no envy. nothing against the gifted lady who held us enthralled. But we don't try to sing.

And then we look at Rockefeller or Carnegie or James B. Duke or Thomas Ryan-or any of those wonderful jugglers-those wizards in the weary world of finance, and see them with their millions.

And what do we do? We at once refuse to admit that Talent is their gift-we insist that we should have as many millions as they. and-

We fight for them, we lie for them, we steal for them-we give our very life's blood for

High Cost Of Running.

Herbert McClammy, of Wilmington, a member of the local bar, thought for a while that he would go to Congress-that he would offer his services to a free and patriotic people; that he would quit the practice of law and for the measly stipend of \$7,500 per year go to Washington and represent those people in the halls of Congress. Just why a man who goes to Congress always wants to represent people in the "halls" we do not know. Looks like there should be a room for the purpose. But after the Wilmington lawyer figured out the cost and found that instead of landing the job or making the race for the nomination, it would cost some six thousand dollars instead of the one thousand on which he figured, he abandoned the chase for national fame and concluded to continue representing himself instead of the people.

Wise man is McClammy. But it should be remembered that the politicians were the ones who framed the primary law. It was especially idesigned to keep people out of the race; to not encourage men with means to run for office-but was framed to make it possible only for practical politicians to get in. There is little hope these days for the "common citizen." If already in, and no opposition appears, the cost is nominal. But if the expense of a double primary is to be borne-good bye, hopes, dreams and ambitions.

Yet we must stand for these things. We stand for adulterated everything-from food stuffs to clothing; from literature to whisker paint. The old days are gone. It is no longer possible for a man of moderate means to run even for the legislature-if opposition develops. Talk about popular representative government-might just as well talk about finding an original joke in an almanac. Lawyer McClammy is to be congratulated upon seeing the light before he got too deep in the quagmire.

A Chicago Judge.

It is announced that Judge Richard Tuthill, a Chicago judge, has judicially held that Francis Bacon wrote the works generally attributed to Shakespeare. This is refreshing, inspiring-but not convincing. Some thirty years ago Ignatius, Donnelly, of Minnesota, the gentleman who proved by his "Ragnarock" that Chicago was burned because a comet trailed its tail in Cook county, brought out his famous Cryptogram and by cipher proved what the Chicago judge has just as-

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Gilliam Grissom.

Gilliam Grissom has been nominated for Congress, and he is now in the running. The Fifth district has something like three thousand, perhaps almost four thousand majority for the democrats, and with Major Stedman in the field we confidently predict that Grissom will be defeated by at least the usual majority.

Grissom is a good man. An ardent republican-one who will sacrifice all his time and all his money for the success of his party. The campaign will be clean and the voters of the Fifth will vote about as usual. With all kinds of family fights; with democrats out with their scalping knife for Books; with a house divided against itself, this district gave Morenead two hundred less votes than it gave Tait, Morehead was elected by something like six hundred majority. In this election democracy is not divided. Major Stedman has no enemies in the district save perhaps a few disappointed office seekers, and their number will not exceed ten. Democracy will raily to Stedman and vote for him to a man. Grissom will get his full party vote, but that is about all. Taft made the best run ever made in the district and six hundred was his majority, Stedman is as good as elected, and Mr. Grissom will not ride into Washington on this load of poles.

The more politicians see of it, those not initiated, the more they say the primary law we have now is a farce.



WAS OVERTAKEN

There was a man in our town And he was wondrous wise: He said he thought it was a sin To swat the pretty flies.

And so they took this wise old man And hung him in the air And sent and got a wrecking crane And swatted him for fair!

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

The High Point Fire Works.

We take it that our readers have been reading the letters written by Messrs. Brockett and Dalton. These two gentlemen are candidates for the legislature. Mr. Brockett has ably represented Guilford in the legislature. He also represented a part of High Point. He was elected because he was popular in his own city, and stood ace high with the people of the county. He trimmed what is designated "the other fellows" of High Point when he put over his Commission Form of Government. In fact he went to Raleigh to put it over. He had the blue prints with him, and he carried out his plans and specifications. Those who were for him claim he did good work. Those on the other side claim that the Commission is a mess.

Brockett always rung true on moral measures-he was progressive, broad, liberal, and unafraid. It was known that Guilford had a live wire. It was understood that Brockett dealt his cards face up and from the table. He never had anything up his sleeve, and his fingers were not waxed.

Brockett wants to go back to complete some unfinished work. "The other fellows" in High Point do not want him returned. Carter Dalton has been chosen to oppose Brockett. Hence the exchange of letters printed in this paper from time to time. The "Committee" advised Dalton not to meet Brockett-the excuse was that it wouldn't do for the democrats to eat each other alive. It is a pretty pass when a Committee rules that the voters cannot be informed-that candidates are forced to wear gum shoes and speak in whis-The "Committee" should revise its pers. rules. The people of Guilford county are entitled to know all about their representatives; where they stand; what they favor-and in these days of variegated politics; of bald

High Handed.

The game now being played by the politicians of the democratic party is not going to create much enthusiasm. The move that put Judge Carter out of the running is not yet to a stand still. Other candidates are being advised to get out of the way-the Machine is in action and it has a steam roller attachment.

We do not apprehend a collapse this fall-1916 may get into the open-but the tactics now employed-the tactics of a Machine desperate and destructive, will do the party no good, and they will rend it asunder if the brake is not applied.

There is to be a primary, and the hope is that free men-men who do not want to stand for slates and combinations will go to the polls on primary day, and swat every bloomin' candidate who hastened into the trame up.

Ordinary intelligence will guide the voter -he can see where the sign posts are-he can read the signals and understand.

Judge Carter had the nomination and the Machine didn't want it that way.

Not A Jest.

The Winston Sentinel's telegraph man plays up a box on the front page and heads the story having to do with a live stock exhibition: "His Majesty, the Hog" and truly that is deserved.

We are not the official organ for the hog or the pig, but now and then we like to raise our voice in defense of the porker that is so much abused. We hear people say that a man "is as dirty as a pig"-and a hog is supposedly an unclean animal. He is, but man makes him so. The hog's environment and not his nature renders him unclean. The fact of the business is a hog is one of the most cleanly animals. Gordon Cummins tells us the tigeress in her native jungle is the most cleanly of all animals, that she bathes three times a day-but a hog, if opportunity is given him, observes sanitary rules and yearns for clean bedding and clean surroundings. The wild

them-

Instead of recognizing the fact that our talent in that line is limited, and being satisfied, happy and contented with what God Almighty handed us in the package given in by the Waiting Angel the package which was labelled "Talents.

What's That?

And now comes one Parker Anderson and sends the news down this way by way of the News that the Machine is going to side-track Bickett and put its hoisting machine back of Daughtridge. This may be more than speculation. It may be that there is such a hen on. Bickett never was of the conferences. He was incidental and accidental in the politics of North Carolina. He was a great Ashley Horne man and made a speech that captured the Charlotte convention-and it looked after the Machine had trimmed Horne that it ought to do something to placate that faction, and Rowan county's candidate for Attorney General was given the double cross and Bickett chosen for the place.

Bickett had not been conspicuous. His oratory at that time was in the condition of Gray's gem of purest ray screne-such as the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bearbut it broke loose at midnight in Charlotte and Bickett came to the front. He has been in office, or will have been, eight years, and has cut but little ice except as an orator at public gatherings. His ambition, we are told, is to be a platform orator-to chautauqua his way to glory after political honor ceases. He has never mixed much with politicians. He is running for Governor just because it is a stepping stone. Really he is the last man who should ask for further recognition because he is not a man who is constructive and certainly he has rendered no distinguished service to the state. He has not been conspicuous in making our history; he has been a plain, plodding, clean, upright citizen-and would perhaps have never dreamed of being Governor had not the accident of politics placed him in public life. Never having been considered a politician, naturally the machine would not want to stand around and see another Machine assembled-and Bickett's elevation to first place would mean just that.

Daughtridge is a farmer and a man long identified with public men, and the Machine, perhaps understands, it would be better to have him, than to take the chances on a new political house. Therefore the Washington news may be authentic.

Well, Now.

And so Colonel Bill Ragan, of High Point, is going to run for the legislature. High Point is foxy. She understands that the political fight between Dalton and Brockett will mean dissension-perhaps votes for some other candidate, and Bill Ragan, a first-class citizen, will undertake to smooth the troubled waters

serted. Donnelly's Cryptogram was a book larger than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and showed wonderful research and much pains-taking labor. The critics chewed it up. It proved nothing only to those who were willing to discredit Shakespeare.

Before that there had been those to attempt to prove somebody else the author of the transcendently beautiful embodiments of excellence, the most exquisite creations in all literature-sentiment and thought-ideas and ideals-philosophic comprehensiveness and creative comprehensiveness that made Bacon look like thirty cents. No other man ever exhibited what Shakespeare exhibited along the line of facts, laws, analogies. His perceptions were more vital, his insight more creative in one single play than all that Bacon wrote in his many volumes. Vagabond he might have been. Unlettered it may be-yet he had none of Bacon's moral defects-he was Nature's artist-and saw beyond the horizon that has obscured the view of all other men. Blind Tom was a prodigy-there have been others-and Shakespeare the master of them all. Whether divine or not-to attempt to account for what this most wonderful of all writers has put on paper would be like some unlettered man attempting to decipher the crude hieroglypics if the first Chaldean child that ever attempted to carve on stone the sad story of his life-because, like the peace of God, it passeth understanding.

When Donnelly gave the world his supposedly convincing work, Charles A. Dana, employing the same ciphers and the same mode of reasoning, proved conclusively by the works of Shakespeare that Donnelly was an ass. And so perhaps is the learned Chicago judge who has officially given Bacon honors which he did not earn.

Envious.

The bald-headed and smooth faced paragrapher of the Wilmington Star thus explains why he laid aside his whiskers:

Fashion notes for men mention that whiskers are going to be in style again. Maybe so, but men who have had their whiskers pulled in times gone by don't propose to wear any more whiskers so long as they can get a shave for 15 cents.

We had always understood that the crusade against the Whiskers was because it furnished, if worn in bunches, a roosting place for the Doodle Bug. Theoretically the Doodle Bug collected on the Whisker and subsequently explored the lungs and thus aided and abetted in encouraging the ravages of the socalled Great White Plague. Therefore it was tacitly understood between men who wanted to aid in exterminating the Doodle Bug that it were well to pass along the thought that the Whisker was not conducive to happiness; that it hid the diamond stick pin; that as Age came along it cost money to paint it; that often it was forgotten with the comb, and a smooth face was a sort of a civic proposition in the same category as the one that

The rabbit that laid the Easter egg explained, of course about the dye situation in Europe.

SELF EVIDENT.

It is a self evident fact that some of the chickens which go visiting and undertake to scratch up the neighbor's garden, do not belong to the Union. If they do they are getting in lots of overtime.

The LAST MAN.

There are many mysteries in this world of woe, but one of the things that we never could understand was how, in a great factory where hundreds of pairs were turned out daily, the fellow who did the sorting and selected the always knew which shoe had the paper bottom, so that it might match up with the one "warranted. to wear." Verily there are tricks in all trades, even that of the last man.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

Were I to sing the Old Songs that in other years I sung The report would go by wire that Tom Random man was hung.

HARD TO DIG UP.

These thoughts are set in smallest type-Because they're thoughts superb and rare-They do not come right off the reel-But come with fasting and with prayer.

MIDNIGHT ETHICS.

People who rob dentists' offices at night should observe the rules of the profession. If you enter a dentist's office to steal his gold and find a bridge which has been left for repair, do not take it with you. It causes trou-ble. At least that is what Colonel Jim Mann says who had left a bridge at the office of Dr. Betts and the prowler took it along.

ADVICE IS CHEAP.

When a fellow undertakes to do something there are great many well intentioned men who come to him and tell him what to do. We have opened a book since taking over the Record and find that advice has been proffered, unsolicited, nine thousand, three hundred and twenty times. It is a wonderful lot of advice. It runs in all channels and covers all subjects. We shall in a few days, arrange it alphabetically, and publish it under the title "How to Run a Newspaper." contains information about Putting The Cat Out Nights, and How to Miss Spitting On The Stove. Agents wanted. Liberal commissions and large territory. General Carranza writes us as follows: "Your new book en titled How to Run a Newspaper will doubtless be the Stuph. Please send a copy to Francisco Villa and one to Felix Diaz. You also might write one How to Run Au Army." Other assurances of success are at the telegraph office held for charges.

SOLVED.

In the world's broad field of battle-On the dreary walk of life-If you'd hear the money rattle Make a banker of your wife

QUERY NUMBER ONE.

If Colonel Charley McKnight goes fishing and catches three fish-two catfish and one bass, is Charley McKnight sport or a sportsman?

QUERY NUMBER TWO.

If W. G. Balsley goes fishing and rides in a boat all afternoon and his boatsman finally catches one small bass and W. G. claims it—is Mr. Balsley a fisherman or a joy rider?

QUERY NUMBER THREE.

If Deacon Allen goes to Hamburg in Zeb Convers' new car is the Deacon a guest or is Zeb his chauffeur?

AN ORDER FOR SPRING.

In cleaning the carpet and shaking the rug-Down in this fair land of the South-You'd better look out or a big Doodle Bug May hike for your lung through your mouth.

PLANTED.

And so out in Nebraska Where prairie dogs do play,

They wrapped up Billy Bryan And laid the corpse away.

This based upon telegraphic information that W.

