



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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IS BAD BUSINESS

Primary Law Not Fair To Candidates.



HE PAPERS are now talking it that under the new primary law a candidate can spend only so much money. That is to say a candidate for Governor cannot spend in his campaign over \$5,000—one year's salary. Commenting on this the Statesville Landmark says:

"Whatever else they may say of the primary, they can't justly complain that it is costing more than the old convention system. The candidates should be thankful that a limit has been placed on the money they can spend, otherwise some of them would bankrupt themselves."

And that is where the law is wrong. A candidate should be allowed to spend as much money as he wants to spend—but he should be made show how much was spent—if there was any way to find out. But there isn't. The Landmark says, for instance, in another part of its article:

"A Raleigh correspondent stated recently that the late Henry Gilliam, who was to have managed Mr. Daughtridge's campaign for Governor, had told Mr. Daughtridge that it would cost \$20,000; that Mr. Daughtridge was unwilling to spend that much but had said he would put up \$10,000."

If Mr. Daughtridge wants to spend \$10,000 he should have the right. There should be no limit, if the money is spent legitimately—and in these days it could be spent legitimately. Fifty thousand dollars would not be much of an advertising campaign for a patent medicine in this state. Many stores could spend a hundred thousand dollars for advertising in three months if they were going after the business of the whole state.

Candidates these times buy advertising space.

But the law says the candidate for Governor can spend only \$5,000. Now let us for a minute look at the injustice of this:

Suppose A is a candidate of the "interests." The "interests" want to put him over. A says he will not spend much money—he will spend \$2,500 and he puts out his advertising; his brass bands; his house to house workers—hires automobiles in each town and city for primary day—and the bills amount to fifty thousand dollars. He can't do that. But if the "interests" are interested they can make arrangements and pay the bills—and A can swear solemnly and truthfully that he spent only \$2,000 or \$3,000 as the case may be—and B, who is running against the interests and on his own hook, spends his five and must stop there because no one is interested enough in him to put the thing over.

Let there be a couple of men running for United States senator. Let one be for the "interests" if the "interests" need a man and they can spend a half million dollars and the man running needn't know anything about it. He doesn't pay it; he doesn't authorize it—and no law in this world could keep us from tomorrow, if we felt like it, printing sixteen pages in favor of a candidate if we wanted to boost him. And the candidate wouldn't know whether we were paid for it or not. It would be display advertising and it would be no man's business.

Some will say this could not happen. But it could happen—and by limiting the man who wants to go up against the Machine in politics to a certain sum the Machine has the outsider whipped to a finish. Because the Machine is interested and the Machine exists in each county and each machine man can put up till he is tired and that has nothing to do with the candidate running. For instance if Mr. Bickett had friends in each county who were willing to hire automobiles on election day, say five of them at ten dollars a day—that one item would be within one hundred dollars of the amount allowed—but his friends could do that and it would be no man's business. So could the friends of Mr. Daughtridge. But if it happened one man had friends patriotic enough and loyal enough to do this and the other didn't—the limit would put the other fellow out of the running because of the primary law. The case of Lorimer, in Illinois, shows how other people can spend money for a candidate and the candidate not know anything about it. And when a Machine is desperate it goes to it. Take it from us! And don't forget that the "interests" does not necessarily mean magnificent business enterprises as politicians use the word—but it means the "Machine" in politics which is the most unscrupulous organization in the world.

And the talk today is that Hughes is to be the next nominee of the republican party. Tomorrow we may look for some other direct information.

WE ALL KNOW HIM

Many Lukes Fail To Give Up The Gun.



ALL of us since a boy, have heard the familiar expression, and so far as we know it never had any particular origin. Like so many of our best sayings it happened, somewhere, and it was a figure of speech that filled a long felt want, and people naturally

adopted it, and use it and feel it. The chances are that some gentleman whose name is now unknown to the world was out hunting with one Luke, and they had with them but one gun, and Luke was carrying it, and they chanced to come upon a wild turkey, or a covey of quails or a partridge or a rabbit, or something or other that meant not only sport but food and it seems that Luke spent too much time in taking aim; he sighted too long—and the friend with him, in his enthusiasm, blurted out the words: "Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun."

It is too bad for history that we haven't the information as to whether or not Luke shot, whether he gave up the gun; whether the game got away—but anyhow, there are a million men who refuse to shoot and who also refuse to give up the gun. Go to a town and see where a little enterprise would set things in motion—and you have a case of where Luke ought to shoot or give up the gun. You see Luke standing around waiting for property to advance. By some chance he bought a lot in the cemetery when the town was young; when the lot wasn't worth much, and he saw property go up and up and he saw that new lots in the cemetery were worth so much more and still advancing that he was really too stingy—too close—too penurious to die, lest it would cost him more than he thought it would—so he stands around while all the town is inviting him to shoot or give up the gun—but he won't do it.

In all the avenues of love and commerce and happiness and joy you see some stolid Luke standing around with the gun drawn—but he won't shoot and he still clings with desperation to the gun. You know the Luke of your community. You meet him every day. He lives in every town in the United States. He has a lot of brothers in some towns—and they are all Lukes. Some day, when it is too late, Luke will probably conclude to shoot—and then curse himself because he did not do it sooner. Anyway, it is a popular phrase—everybody has heard it, and we have searched in vain through the pages of the Curiosities of Literature and all the compilations of popular sayings to find out whether or not Luke shot, whether he gave up the gun—and if that Luke was like unto the Lukes whom we have seen we are safe in concluding that he didn't shoot.

The Cash Basis.

The Salisbury Post writes about the cash system—but it says the cry comes this time from an automobile dealer or tire dealer who fears the plan to sell automobiles on the installment plan is going to hurt.

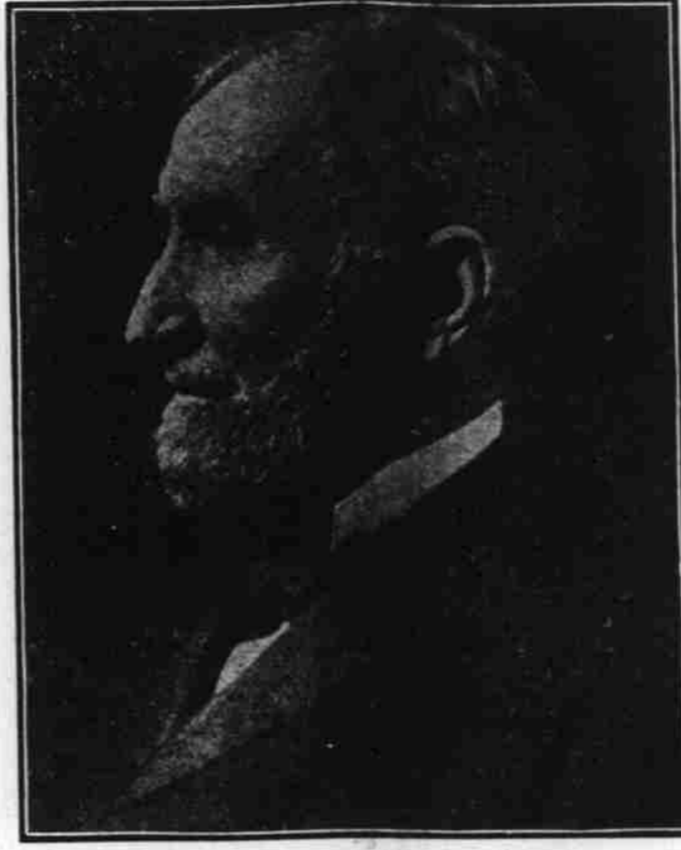
Hardly. The man who can buy an automobile on a credit will doubtless take one. The man who can pay cash will perhaps get a better bargain—because money, it hath been said, talks. However the Post needn't look alone to the automobile business to see the havoc wrought in the business world because of credit. For all the years since man has bartered with his neighbor the great question has been, how to collect debts? And the only answer is to sell for cash.

But merchants claim they can't do that. The average man will not break a five dollar bill if he can help it. The volume of trade is doubtless a third larger because of the credit system than if cash were paid. It is easy to say "charge it"—and the merchant thanks his customer. The end of the month comes and collections are slow. The man who owes the merchant intends to pay. But he keeps spending money—he must live, and when a grocer's account is three months old, it isn't worth much. The customer finds a new place to trade. He is behind and he doesn't get ahead. The Merchants' Association of Greensboro has a book printed to tell who will pay and who will not. But that isn't a sure thing, and in their zeal to sell, often a merchant takes a gamble—and behold, he loses. There are just about so many dead beats in each community. Some are professional dead beats and some want to pay, get behind, and can't.

Doc Brady.

Old Doc Brady who is putting it over on the newspapers by advertising the "old family physician" takes a fall out with osteopaths, chiropractors, specialists and all other men engaged in healing. Old Doc puffs the family physician and the dope isn't marked advertising. Funny how he can put it over every day—but he does. Therefore a crown awaits him!

HE IS EIGHTY TODAY



STRONG, Sturdy—happy and full of years already, Uncle Joe Cannon, the last of the Old School of statesmen, today celebrates his eightieth birthday. A unique tribute to him will be paid by the House today when there will be a galaxy of speech-making featured by addresses of Speaker Clark, Majority Leader Kitchin, Representatives Rodenberg, Gillette, Sherwood and others. The House will set aside eleven o'clock Saturday morning as a time for the special tribute to the Illinois Representative. It will be an odd instance of the House giving a demonstration of this character in honor of a sitting member. Speaker Clark and Leaders Kitchin and Mann, of the opposing sides, have been active in arranging the affair and a large attendance of members and of spectators in the galleries is expected.

Uncle Joe is beloved by a nation. For many years Speaker of the House—always in Congress, he is indeed our Grand Old Man. May he live to be at least a hundred.

Inconsistency.

The prohibition law which makes it impossible for a man to have over a quart of the ardent is a very good law—but the law that allows a man to sell blind tiger likker is not a good law. We read too much concerning the many automobiles found filled with the mountain dew, and too few convictions. It should not be a matter of concern who owns the automobile. The evasion there is too easy. But if we have a prohibition law that puts out of business men licensed to sell the stuff, we should have a prohibition law that would put men on the roads who sell it in open violation of law. This thing of light fines; of threats of what may happen makes the road too easy. The minimum punishment should be three months on the road and for the second offence six and so on. Were this the law there would be less blockading—fewer automobiles found carrying large supplies of John Barleycorn. And until there is a law that will cause the evil doer to stand in fear of it there will be found many people engaging in the traffic. The traffic is profitable and men take the risk of new trials and fines. Make it a road sentence in spite of all that can be done if the offender is guilty, and then you will see less lawlessness.

Muzzle The Dog.

And now comes the season when the dog is to be tortured. Evidence is accumulative that if there are mad dogs they have no season. Like men, they go mad most any old time. But in order to meet a demand made popular because of superstition, the City Commissioners designate certain periods when dogs must be muzzled. By muzzling the dog he is often unable to get water to drink; he suffers and people stand for it. This because the human family is divided in the matter of its regard for the dog. Some people have no use for dogs—and dogs have no use for some people.

Will Hardly Happen.

The story going the rounds to the effect that Bryan will form a party has, perhaps, no foundation in fact. About three months ago we predicted that Bryan and Henry Ford would get together, and that same story is just now being worked over time. Since we made our prediction Bryan seems to have come into camp. He writes that Wilson will be elected—he seems to be in earnest.

As a Peace party has not yet taken shape it is hardly possible that it could be organized in time to get a ticket in the field. There is however, no use to deny the fact that if Bryan and Henry Ford were to hitch up—go together and have a Peace Party, there would be something doing.

The style and manner in which Henry Ford ran in Nebraska, Peace being the issue, shows that the people of this country are opposed to war. Ford has the kale seed in ample measure and Bryan has the lung power. It would make a strong combination, and while it could not hope to win at the polls it certainly might keep some other people from winning.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE

Both Political Parties Are Out For Pie.



IT SEEMS that Colonel Sanford Martin is as full of the fires of youth as was Rasselas and he takes several bottles of flatteringunction to his soul, the principal one being that his political party is the only party of purity on earth. He fears the republican party is the arch enemy of democracy. He says:

"Of all times, this is the time for the Democrats of the State to preserve absolute harmony within the ranks of their own party. The approaching campaign will be no time for the Democracy to enter the battle against its arch enemy with an army divided against itself."

Why the democratic party? Why the republican party? Simply a vote-catching proposition for pie. The republican party in North Carolina in these days of grace is composed of some good men and bad—and the same is true of the democratic party.

Take the platform of both parties, shut your eyes, and apart from the tariff declaration you find but little difference. Democracy has been a long time in the saddle—and it wants pie and gets pie. The republican party yearns to get in the saddle and it wants pie and gets no pie.

The day is rapidly coming, and reverently let us thank God for it, when the cry of party will be heard by but few. Men and measures—men first, always, and pie the last concern. This is proven by the fact that leaders and followers under the gonfalon of democracy are talking about nothing but Marion Butler. If that is all then the voter can suit himself. Because Marion Butler can do us no harm. If there are no great principles involved there will not be much of a campaign. Marion Butler has been used as a pounding bag until there is nothing left to frighten people. He is no longer a bogie man or a scare-crow. If the republican party is the arch enemy of democracy it is only because democracy wants to keep what it has—pie. Both parties represent property and intelligence. If there is going to be a campaign let's see the programme. Leave Marion Butler off and let us really see what is the difference in the respective platforms.

Brockett In Action.

We have before said that when Mr. Robert Brockett, of High Point, was set to music, there was always something doing. He has fired his opening gun. The first speech was made in High Point Thursday night, and Mr. Brockett has the happy style of calling a spade a spade. The Enterprise says the store where he made his first speech called out forty or fifty voters; that they listened to Brockett and applauded him. Brockett shows what happened in High Point after he had been to Raleigh. He will stump the county and the audience that goes to hear him will always get its money's worth. In the vernacular of the day, "there are no flies on Brockett."

For The Board.

The Wilmington Star endorses the suggestion of the Winston Sentinel, which this paper also heartily approves, and says a Board of Pardons is needed in North Carolina. The Star says the press must get back of the proposition and make the need of such a board plain to every voter. True. It might cost the people something to maintain a Board of Pardons, but the expense should be cheerfully borne. As it is now the Governor has too much power. And it is too much of a responsibility to place on a man who is Governor, and especially if he wants to play politics. There are always influential interests advocating pardons, and often it is a hard task for the Governor to side track them. A board of pardons would not only relieve this situation, but it would assist in deterring crime. The man who premeditatedly commits murder might pause if he knew his chance to escape death no longer rested on the judgment of one man. By all means let us have a Board of Pardons.

A Trifle Greedy.

Durham, renowned the world around, is now talking about having a "state fair" of her own. She is full of herself because of the success of the last fair pulled, and she now wants a bigger one. Well, Durham always was a town wanting to do big things—and if she can pull a state fair let her go to it. Greensboro has an inter-state fair. We bring 'em here from two states and our fair grows bigger every year. Pretty soon and Colonel Daniels will have the biggest fair in the South. Durham can never hope to touch us in this regard, but she can play a pretty good side show to us.

BROCKETT IS OUT

To Let People Know Where He Stands



EVER High Point way the blood obscures the moon, and Robert Brockett is out making speeches. He has a message for the voters of Guilford and before the campaign closes he is going to say his say. He stands for many things worth while. As our representative two years ago he made good. He was unafraid. He fought for what he thought was right, and while some didn't like him, his record is first-class.

Everything has no quarrel with Carter Dalton. Mr. Dalton is a young man of exceptional ability. He is a lawyer and a good citizen. But he can wait awhile. Mr. Brockett has unfinished work. He has fought for a certain principle, and as is usual with us, when we are for a man we say so—and ask no questions.

We have not yet had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Brockett speak in this campaign, but they say he hands out the ideas that are in him. He calls a spade a spade and he is after a combination as he describes it. When the "Committee" refused to let Mr. Dalton meet Mr. Brockett it made a grave mistake. We hope that Mr. Dalton will yet reconsider, and despite the warning of the so-called "Committee"—just a few politicians, get busy and go on the platform and have it out with Brockett. That is the way to do. The farmers this fall are not taking orders from "Committees." They are thinking for themselves and democracy cannot put pepper in their noses as it once did. The average farmer in Guilford is thinking; is reading; and on election day is going to vote to suit himself.

Has Been Paid.

The Winston Journal loudly exclaims that it is "for Bickett because of the debt of gratitude the Democracy owes him."

Why does it owe him any debt of gratitude or any other kind of a debt? Be honest now, Colonel Martin, and give us an itemized bill. Mr. Bickett was an unknown quantity in North Carolina politics. He made a speech for Ashley Horne and because of it Democracy paid its debt then and there, and took from the Roman man an office that was pledged to him by the convention.

Mr. Bickett, because of that speech has been Attorney General of North Carolina for eight years. Isn't that payment of the debt? In all candor should he not side step and let some other man have an office that pays a salary? Looks that way to us and if the only excuse for Bickett's candidacy is that Democracy owes him something, the debt has been paid in full.

What's This?

What's this rumbling we hear from old Virginia? The story that Rorer A. James is running for National Committeeman from the Old Dominion, and that he is no longer playing the Jonathan act while Carter Glass does the David stunt? Once upon a time Rorer and Carter were as thick, politically, as two peas in a pod. The Times-Dispatch plays up a story that the parting of the ways has come and that James will oppose Glass—and that the "leaders" of democracy in Virginia have about concluded it is time to put the Lynchburg editor on the retired list. Mr. James is a politician. That has been his business for years, and we wouldn't mind seeing him made National Committeeman.

Just Now.

And just now the Winston papers are shooting paper bullets at each other because the Journal has puffed Bickett and let Daughtridge pretty severely alone. We have called the Journal's attention to its position. It claims to be a democratic newspaper; claims the primary law is divine—talks about the free expression of the people and assures us that in these democratic primaries all men have an equal show—and then it proceeds to boost Bickett and by its action shoot Daughtridge full of holes. A democratic paper, playing absolutely fair, would hands off until after the primary. The Journal is now and has been attempting to make votes for Bickett. That is personal politics—it thwarts just what the primary is supposed to do.

Watts Honored.

Mr. George W. Watts, of Durham, has been made an officer of the Layman's Missionary Congress. This is fitting. Mr. Watts spends about forty thousand a year on missionaries and feels it is the best investment he ever made.