



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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IS SOME POLITICIAN

Many Reasons Why Brockett Should Win



IF THE fight now on for legislative honors, it looks like the High Point part of it is not getting as warm as early predicted. Brockett is out among the people. Dalton is backed by the politicians and by many others who always want to see a change.

Brockett in all candor is entitled to the nomination. He went to Raleigh in order to secure certain legislation for High Point. But he did good work for the whole state. He fought for many bills, and some important ones, which failed, but which this time he will be able to put over.

High Point has not treated Brockett right. When the democratic precinct committee signed up a statement that Dalton should be chosen—when it officially boasted of the primary plan and then came out in a printed card telling the democrats to choose Dalton, it went far beyond its official right. It should be rebuked. It carried the pitcher to the well once too often and the democrats who love fair play should resent this act.

Brockett should stand an equal show with any of his opponents. The boast of democracy has been that the primary gave each candidate an equal chance. But here comes the Precinct Democratic Committee and signs up—eighteen of the twenty—and slaps Brockett in the face.

If the democrats of Guilford really believe in fair play, as they say they do, they should resent this insult to Brockett. It is not Dalton doing it—but he must stand for it. The democratic precinct committee exceeded its official authority when it declared a preference before the primary officially. The primary is for that purpose.

Brockett's friends should want no better ammunition. Just take the printed circular, show the voter what has been done in desperation in High Point and we are of opinion that every democratic voter who believes in fair play; who understands that the Committee should keep hands off and let the voters decide will go to the polls and with their ballots rebuke this high handed procedure.

If they do not, then there is no use to talk about "organization"—because this particular "organization" has officially decreed, in advance of the primary that no man, save the one it wants should dare to run for office.

What do you think of that, you who believe in fair play?

Answer at the polls.

The Mexican Situation.

This Mexican situation is a theme that time cannot wither nor custom stale. It is like the story of the stars. It never grows old. It is always something new and yet always something just the same. At this time the situation is like it was ten years ago; fifty years ago—three hundred years ago.

Once in awhile, not often, you meet these days a "Mexican veteran"—that is a man who fought in the Mexican war. During all the years before then and since then there have been revolutions on in Mexico—there will always be. Uncle Sam is now spending many millions to restrain the border bandits. After awhile peace will reign for about thirty minutes and then we will go to it again. The only way to settle this Mexican situation is for Uncle Sam to go in and take possession.

Doubtless True.

Senator John W. Kern, of Indiana, gives out a statement to the effect that Bryan will support Wilson. He says he knows Bryan well, and believes there is no doubt of the position he will take.

It all depends. Once upon a time Mr. Wilson wanted to devise some means by which Mr. Bryan could be chloroformed. Again, when Bryan was Secretary of State Mr. Wilson attempted to use him as a rubber stamp, and Mr. Bryan walked out. Mr. Bryan is opposed to Mr. Wilson's Preparedness scheme, and Mr. Bryan is big enough to do just about as he pleases. If Mr. Bryan is at the head of a Peace ticket we will not be surprised.

How About It?

If all the United States soldiers could not catch Villa what chance do they stand of capturing the whole of Mexico? Looks like here was a chance for a mathematician or a mad philosopher to figure out something.

ONE ARE YOU

A Weeping Or A Laughing Philosopher.



EARNED historians tell us that Old Man Heraclitus, of Ephesus, was gloomy and melancholy—always carrying a frown and weeping perpetually because of the vices of mankind. So persistent was he in this regard that he carried the title of Weeping Philosopher. On the other hand, Democritus, of Abdera, was of such a cheerful disposition—always saw the sunny side and made a jest of man's sorrows and cares and follies, that they gave him the name of the Laughing Philosopher—and he doubtless did the world much good.

And from these two celebrities of antiquity we should learn much. The sorrow and struggles of mankind have been, and will be, forever on, and while there can be two schools of philosophy—the pessimistic and the optimistic, really isn't it worth while to understand that the man who can see beyond the dark clouds and catch a glimpse of the sun that is shining there makes a better citizen than the one who thinks the world is going to the demitison bow-wows and registers a general kick against Nature because Marion Butler wasn't born twins?

The road from the cradle to the grave is not a long one—no matter how many divergent paths you travel to reach the goal. We have been told time and again that it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die. That is to say we have yet much to do even after passing to the dark cave of eternal night—we live again and finish a chore maybe begun by ancestors ten thousand years ago. So why, on this little journey through the planet Earth should we carry a frown? Why be bellyaching all the time? Why not understand that there are many pleasant places on this old crust; why not accept as a fact the stern ruins of Destiny which now and then upset our apple cart? Why perpetually weep—why not get in the class of the Laughing Philosopher and see the brighter side?

There are a few people in Greensboro who do not weep perpetually, but they do see nothing but desolation—no matter where they look. There are others who are half inclined to think the world all wrong—make themselves believe that there is no "rain left on the daisies and clover—there is no rain left in heaven." And these folk do not add to the happiness of the world. They themselves are miserable and make those around them unhappy. It is our philosophy, and we neither laugh nor weep, that the manufacturer of sunshine is engaged in a most laudable enterprise. We believe that if you laugh, the world laughs with you, and we believed it long before either Colonel Ella Wheeler Wilcox or Colonel John Alexander Joyce or Colonel whoever it was put the words in song.

Sunday we walked out for an hour. On every hand we saw roses and trees and shrubs—looking like they were fresh from the hands of God. We saw happy people and contented people. We saw others bearing the burden of a great sorrow—but for the hour it seemed to us that Happiness was in the majority. The man with a frown; the man who perpetually weeps; the man who prophesies that tomorrow will be bad weather and that something is going to happen, really gets but little out of life.

So we take it that the fellow who lines up with the Laughing Philosopher does himself more good and the world more good than the sad faced and sad eyed man who joins the melancholy procession marching under the gonfalon of those who weep.

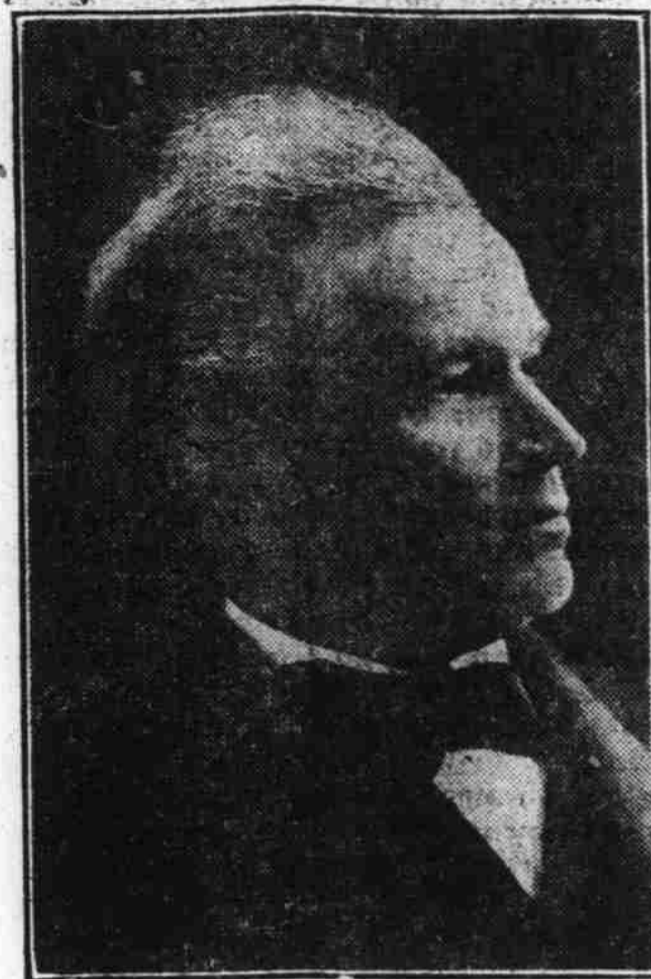
Safety First.

Danville has an ordinance that signs must not extend over the sidewalk more than four feet. Because of this law a dozen or so big electric signs in that city will be taken down.

This because some four foot man introduced an ordinance. In these days of enlightened construction a twelve foot sign is no more dangerous, and often not as dangerous as a four foot sign.

Danville makes a mistake. No better advertising for a city can be done than the electric sign of the merchant. If they reach clear across the sidewalk they can be made secure. Greensboro has some kind of an ordinance. Once she had one that prohibited any signs over the sidewalks. But broader and more progressive officials repealed the law. Danville needs some new law-makers—say law makers about eight feet broad instead of four feet.

JUDGE CONNOR TALKS



IN A most elaborate address to the grand jury in Wilmington, Judge Groves Connor devoted an hour or more to dissecting the situation and telling the jurors something about government. We regret that space forbids reprinting this wonderful address. In concluding his remarks, some three or four columns, Judge Connor said:

While, as I have undertaken to point out, the fathers of the Republic, with wise precaution, based upon profound knowledge and recent experience, safe-guarded the rights of the people against the assumption and exercise of arbitrary power, they were not visionary dreamers of idealized theorists—they knew that to enable the Government to protect liberty and property, or encourage, by protecting the fruits of industry, and conserve order, and discharge its duty to other Nations, it must have the power to make and enforce laws—to repress and punish crime. The National Government, which claims your allegiance and promises you protection is not a nerveless political makeshift, wanting in power, sinews and fibre. Wherever and whenever it acts, within its sphere of delegated power, it is supreme. It respects, and protects, the States which created it, in the exercise of the large domain of undelimited reserved powers and thereby perpetuates an indissoluble union of indestructible States—it guarantees to every State a Republican form of government. It has all of the factors and elements of a perfectly organized State, with adequate governmental power to perform its functions, discharge its trusts, defend its perpetual existence and leave to its citizens all of the rights guaranteed them by the Constitution.

The Setting.

As these May days pass away we find that it will be but a short time until the Chicago convention, and those who see things and hear things are not surprised at the setting now presented. Mr. George W. Perkins, chief fogleman and good angel for the Bull Moose party is now frank to say that it need not be Teddy. Any man who has progressive ideas will do, he explains in an interview just handed out, and we note that the New York Tribune, which tried very hard to stamper the country for Roosevelt, is saying that neither Hughes nor Teddy need be the nominee. It is hedging. In other words Mr. Roosevelt has ascertained beyond all doubting, truly, that his name is Mud. He has found to his sorrow that his name is no longer one to conjure with. He has found that those marching under his gonfalon are not strong enough to put over the programme prepared some months ago. And he is now busy aligning himself with those who are to run the Chicago convention. He is ambitious and he expects to take a hand in the campaign and will demand his reward. But as to figuring on him as a presidential possibility, the hour has passed. Mr. Roosevelt is no longer an officer. He wears no "brigalia." He is a soldier in the ranks—and Armageddon is forgotten.

A Good Fight.

Senators Sherman and Kenyon who are opposing with great vigor the river and harbors bill which carries \$43,000,000 should be applauded. These appropriations, fixed up by politicians, are a most shameful and wanton waste of money. The rivers and harbors should be kept up; there is no question about that—but often it happens that millions of dollars are blown in to dredge little tide water rivers. The only good it does is to furnish some politician a job to overlook the work, and the Congressman "points with pride" to the fact that while in Washington he secured an appropriation of so much money to dredge Pumpkin creek—which didn't need dredging.

RATHER SOCIALISTIC

Danville Seems To Wants To Own It All



INFORMATION comes that Danville's city council—with socialistic tendencies—has forced the ice company of that city to reduce the price of its commodity one dollar on each one thousand pounds. Those who were paying \$4.50 for tickets representing a thousand pounds, by reason of a threat to start a city owned plant, will now get their tickets for \$3.50.

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And the Bee exultantly shouts that the council won a victory. It did in one way. It simply picked out a private enterprise and threatened it with destruction if it didn't make a price that theoretically was correct. There is no doubt but what the city could put out of business every man running a meat market in Danville. The city could go into the butcher business and sell meat cheaper than the men now engaged in the business sell it. Because the city would not care for profit—it would only want to come out without loss.

And so on down the line. The city could go into the grocery business; the dry goods business; the coal business—sell everything needed by those living in the city and those consuming these different articles would get them at a less price.

But on the other hand, if the municipality conducted all the business under one large roof there would be no chance for the individual and naturally there would be no demand for business houses. "City blocks" in the business centre would sell at old field prices. There would be but few "business men" to live in the city because they would have no business and the city would not be there.

Danville did not win a victory. She simply cripples an independent ice company—makes it impossible for it to progress; takes away a legitimate profit which should be made and crows over the fact that she has knocked out an enterprise.

That is all Danville has done.

The Roosevelt Way.

Teddy is just now doing some of the finest figuring he ever did in his life. He is dying, figuratively speaking, to capture the Chicago convention. Ambition tells him to do and dare—but Caution says "Beware!" He has had his ear to the ground. He sees clouds in the air—he hears rumblings. He doesn't know what to do.

His old tactics—not original, will not go this time, he fears. We all know what his old tactics were. They were not original. They were first formulated by Yuba Bill—the immortal. In Bret Harte's "Jeff Brigg's Love Story" Yuba Bill, the stage driver, was made to say to his companion when road agents were expected:

"There's two plans on the road to be looked to: the woods beyond the blacksmith's shop that water bet; the fringe of pines where they kin fetch you without a show. There's two ways of meetin' them that. One way ez to pull up and trust to luck and brag. The other way is to whip up and yell, and send the whole six killing by like h—ll!"

And that has been Teddy's line. He has whipped up. He has trusted to luck and brag. Wonder where he will end this time—we hardly believe he will go "kiting by" like—the bad place.

Settled.

In a ponderous opinion which says that if you are not a democrat or a republican you are virtually disfranchised in North Carolina, Mr. Charles Hines, county chairman, insists the primary law is the stuph. He also cites the fact that the newspapers were for it.

Wonderful. And so were all the newspapers save one or two, for the Ten Sacred Amendments which were shot to pieces by the intelligent voters.

Save in the counties where politicians illegally marked the ballots on the Amendments they were overwhelmingly defeated. The entire returns snowed them under so deep that they never again reared their brazen heads.

And the present primary law will be put out of commission before another election. The Machine is agin 'em and the average voter is agin 'em. If you doubt this go talk with the Average Voter.

WILL BOOST HIM

Traveling Men Are For Mr. Daughtridge



THE TRAVELING men are generally for Daughtridge. They are working for him; perhaps because he is a successful business man. The average traveling man isn't much on flapdoodle. He wants business and therefore understands

that a business man will give North Carolina a business administration. In a letter to the editor of Everything Mr. B. H. Marsh, the well known traveling man who makes Winston his home, writes us in part as follows:

"As a traveling salesman coming in contact with fellow traveling men I think I voice the sentiment of a great majority when I say that the election of Lt. Governor Daughtridge is for the best interest of the State.

"The State's business should be run on strictly business principles, therefore a successful business man should be elected to serve this Commonwealth at this particular time.

"I urge all to vote for a natural born leader, a successful Farmer and business man who if elected will give the State a most prosperous administration. That man is Lieutenant-Governor Daughtridge. His personality appeals to all who come in contact with him. One cannot help but admire his unselfish disposition, his affable manner.

"Words are inadequate to express my high regard for this splendid wholesome gentleman, and I heartily endorse his candidacy feeling as many others do who have come out openly for him.

"Democracy of North Carolina should nominate Mr. Daughtridge in the coming primary June 3rd, for several reasons. He is a successful farmer and business man thoroughly qualified, a loyal democrat, and if nominated and elected will serve all the people and the affairs of the State will be in competent hands.

"I am glad to give my endorsement to the candidacy of Lt. Gov. E. L. Daughtridge, and urge the democratic voters to look into his record, the principles he stands for, learn of the many magnificent traits of character he possesses which make him thoroughly qualified.

"I predict a successful administration under the personal guidance of Governor Daughtridge as governor of this commonwealth. His true interpretation of democracy, 'Equal rights to all special privileges to none' will win for him admiration of all the citizens of this grand old State.

"Yours very truly,
"B. H. MARSH."
"Winston-Salem, N. C., May 15th, 1916."

The Old Faces.

We don't see many of the old faces here of late—in fact about the only one that greets our gaze is that of W. L. Douglas, the shoe man. Douglas was Governor of Massachusetts—but the title didn't stick. As a shoe man he came into fame and as a shoe man he will die.

The old familiar visage of Lydia E. Pinkham, who was ours for health doesn't loom any more as it once loomed, and we never see the picture of Saint George and the Dragon which erstwhile illumed the Hostetter's Stomach Bitters advertisement. Since they knocked all the likker out of it we see no more grim visaged Congressmen who took Peruna until they had blind staggers, and it is no more that we view the picture of Saint Jacob with his staff as he proclaimed the virtues of St. Jacobs oil.

And on down the list. The old faces are gone and the new ad writers use white space and island positions and engrave their ads and don't attempt, it seems, to familiarize the trade mark. The old Durham Bull still finds a place on the bill boards and in the newspapers—but for the most part the New Age has given place to New Faces.

Why Not?

The Raleigh News and Observer says: There is no choice left the individual Republican as to naming the candidates of his party; for they have already been named by a few "higher up" Republicans.

Then why doesn't that, in fact, amount to disfranchisement? What is to hinder the democrats from doing the same thing, under the law, if they elect to do it? And we all know that when it comes to putting over a frame-up the democrats are not without sin. Look at the way Judge Carter was treated.