

Gloating.

The editor of the Raleigh News and Observer read our story telling why we didn't go to Charlotte. Not only on these broad pages was it printed, but Editor Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, knowing the propertics of the occasion—knowing that grief gnawed deep at the vitals of our pure young heart offered consolation and shared our great sorrow. He reproduced what we, in anguish and humiliation, had written. He gave us cheer, and proffered the use of a flying machine next year. But the vandal of the Raleigh paper tears anew the heart strings. He brings back to mind that which we would forget. He fails to remember that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things—and he appears fiendish in his desire to make bleed again a heart wearied with the world's uses. He says:

We yet fail to understand why the Colonel of the Greensboro Record failed to get to Charlotte to mingle with the President, the Secretaries, the Governors, the Mayors, and the other Colonels, not to say the Majors and the Minors on the Glorious Twentieth, after his fervid declaration of May Nineteen that "Going, yes, we're going if we have to walk. We're going to give the seal of approval to the Event."

Editor Britton or his Able Hired Man, whoever he may be, knows full well the whichness of the why. He knows that we tried to flag the train. He knows that when we were seen at the depot the engineer pulled the throttle wide open and exceeded the speed limit. He knows, and that is why he rubs it in, that Disappointment engulfed us and submerged us. But he does not know, base catfish that he is, that a lacerated heart is healed only by the kindly touch of Time. And just as we were recovering he steps in and throws a bushel of salt on the fresh made wound. But there will come a time!

Now Then.

Just where Berryman Green, a member of the Virginia legislature, stands on the ever interesting question of woman suffrage, we do not know. That he isn't qualified to assume that a woman is not man's equal we are certain. The following news item in the Danville Bee proves what we are saying:

Hon. Berryman Green, member of the House of Delegates from Danville, is walking around today with his head swathed in bandages as result of a culinary experience he underwent yesterday afternoon. The member of the House says that he was boiling a ham and while in the act of removing it from the stew pot it slipped and fell back in the boiling water, splashing scalding water about his head and face, causing severe injuries which necessitated the attention of a physician. Fortunately his eyes and other facial organs escaped and he hopes soon to recover from his little accident.

Think of that, all ye culinary artists since the days of Hannah's Song of Thanksgiving. It was there related that it was the custom of the priests that when any man offered sacrifice the priest's servant came along and while the flesh was seething took a flesh-hook with three teeth and struck it in the pot, or kettle or caldron and 't' that stuck to the flesh hook the priest took and kept. Now had Mr. Green been a good Bible student he would have known how to proceed with his ham. Or, had he been as well qualified as the average woman, he never would have allowed that ham to fall back into the kettle.

Were Mr. Green just a plain private we would refrain from commenting. But when a man is a law-maker, a member of the House of Delegates, and doesn't know how to cook a ham he reminds of us some doctors who do not know how to cure one.

However, we hope the scald will not last long. We hope the ham was nicely cooked, and that the servant's of the priest didn't come in and take the most of it. There is always something about a ham that is inspiring. poet, it will be recalled, struck his flute and sang:

"Ham fat, ham fat, frying in the pan— There's a mighty sight of gristle on a ham fat man."

Hush.

With an audacity unequalled since the custom of gift-giving was established by the Indians, the Charlotte Observer unqualifiedly says:

Sixty babies were recently entered in a prize show at the Saxon Mill village. The two winners, under strict medical rules for the best health and physical form, were children of parents who began mill work at the age of 16 years. It cannot be possible. The mill children, according to all the devotees of the child labor propaganda are imbeciles, dwarfs and degenerates. The absurd idea of there being a perfect baby born to parents who soil their hands with honest toil. The Observer prints this and still wears a box head that if you see it in the Observer it is so.

But seriously such contests—such examples knock into a cocked hat all the fume and foam of the people paid to weep.

Good Enough.

The great alienation suit which was to have been pulled at Durham and which would have been food for the human buzzards who feast on certain kinds of carion has been settled out of court, and we are glad it has.

The only suggestion we have to make is that we do not see how a man or woman can place a price on love. If a fellow really stole the love of someone—well, in this world that is a commodity that cannot be bought—then why can it be sold?

A Great Industry.

The gold production of North Carolina increases. The output for 1915 was over 2,000 ounces more than in 1914. In other words the production of gold in this state last year was \$172,000. If each state in the Union would do as well as that we would never in the world hear anything more about free silver.

Bruce Wright.

We were pained to learn of the death of Mr. Bruce Wright of Raleigh. For many years we have enjoyed his friendship. Always with a glad hand and a warm heart he welcomed us. As a traveling salesman he was known by thousands of people in North Carolina—all of whom will miss him. He had a charming personality—thought along his own lines and was always brave enough to tell what he thought. We know that beyond the lines his soul is at peace.

Mostly In The Mind.

These Preparedness people talk wildly and glibly and really they do not know what they are saying. We are already prepared for all that has happened. Our friend, the Wilmington Star says:

It's poor politics and also pennants to delay adequate preparedness in this country. It is like camping on the edge of a volcano under the belief that it is not liable to erupt.

We have been running this Western World for several years now and up to this sad hour we have been prepared for all that came along. We weren't half as well prepared when the Hanko-Spanko war came as we are today—and all we did was to roll up our sleeves, buckle up our suspenders and whip Spain in about a two forty gait. We put on a war tax and got so much money we had to take the tax off before the war was over.

With all the world on crutches; with its men filling trenches; with no nation in shape to fight—save Japan which wouldn't dare to do it, there is no reason for any great amount of Preparedness.

It is a propaganda put out by munition makers and men big in commerce. There is no country coming here to fight America and if there is we can prepare in ample time. The fact that we are already furnishing munitions for all the fighting countries save Germany, shows that from our plants we could get things to going in a few days and manufacture all the needed supplies.

We may be camping on a volcano. But because we are we are not picking the tufts out of our eyes before eruption. We might have an earthquake tomorrow that would put us all to the bad—but because of what might happen we are not tearing down our brick and stone houses and replacing them with reinforced concrete. There might be a drought lasting for ten years but we are not filling our warehouses with grain anticipating such an event—because we know it would rot before we needed it. And those who think a little bit about it, and do not throw a fit of hysteria because the publicity campaign of the Preparedness munition makers is run on such a large scale as to frighten nervous people, are opposed to building a navy that would become obsolete before we could use it.

The Preparedness programme is purely one of money making. The hope is to get Congress excited—to stir up the people and let loose a few billion dollars to enrich those engaged in commerce. There is no more need of the United States spending big money on a navy than there is of her building two post-offices in each town. The United States is a pretty big concern and before any invading army could do much damage you would see us ready to repel it.

What nation could fight us? None save Japan—and outside the Hobson sobs she couldn't last long. Wonderful how we all fall for the programme put out by the men who see dollars and want dollars.

We are better prepared today than ever in our history. Each year we are preparing—and no Nation has ever yet got our scalp. And no Nation is going to get it.

As The Law Reads.

It was not long ago that Melville Davisson Post, a government employe and a learned lawyer, wrote articles for the Saturday Evening Post in which he deplored the tendency of the times as regards the multiplicity of laws on the books and the millions of so-called "precedents" which have been established. We quoted from these articles and regretted he did not continue.

Here is a little story from the Monroe Journal which contains enough food to cause a whole state to stand up on its immediate hind legs and demand that such things should be impossible under the name and guise of justice:

After being out for about 40 hours the Jury in the case of Denton Telephone Company vs. Varner, in Davidson County Court, returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. Only about \$10 in actual property value was concerned in the case, but it took nine lawyers, over a day of Superior Court and about 20 witnesses to untangle it. The witness fees amounted to \$138.45. The issue was whether Will Varner, who lives near Denton, should be allowed to rent a telephone on a country line or whether he would have to surrender it to another man who was a stockholder in the company.

In all candor courts should be for other and higher purposes.

This Will Suffice.

It was duly recorded in these pages of a passing day why we didn't go to Charlotte. And in commenting on what we had said the Observer gives us an assurance for the sweet subsequent. It says:

There was disappointment at this end of the line, too, because of Fairbrother's failure to materialize, but next year we shall hope for better luck. We will send for him in a flying machine, should there be no other way of getting him here.

A flying machine will suffice. Ordinarily we would prefer going by wireless—but were we to get mixed up in an S. O. S. call and land somewhere else, again it would be disappointing. Therefore, my children, we live in the Grand Hope of doing the stunt as stunts similar should be done, and on dress parade in Charlotte next year we hope to be not only the Principal Attraction—but with our Whiskers, Paramount.

Don't Tell Us.

Don't tell us that the women are not business. Business from the shoulder and immediately off the reel. Charming the while, but business still. We note that at the forthcoming Biennial Convention to be held next week or very soon in New York City, the business women have already engaged two hundred women doctors to be the Susans On The Spot in case of illness of any of the visiting delegates.

Think of that. Who ever saw a man made convention think about supplying doctors in advance. Preparedness—well, we should say. All the political conventions we ever attended in the old days the only concern was to see that an army of bell boys were in action carrying ice water the morning after the night before!

Certainly.

The Raleigh News and Observer, in discussing the claim of this paper that voters are practically disfranchised by the new primary law hands down this as part of a rejoinder:

The legalized State-wide primary takes the place of the political conventions. Of course no man who is not a Democrat would ask to take part in a Democratic convention, for that is a party matter, and if it was found that a man whose political affiliations were not known was attempting to take part in making nominations he would be asked to say where he stood. The same rule applies, of course, to the Republican conventions.

It also takes the place of the primary law under which people in Guilford county voted their choice for years. Under the former primary law a voter could go to the primary and there declare his intentions of voting for the state democratic ticket and he was allowed to vote. All he had to do was to declare himself and tell the names of those for whom he was voting. We have voted this way for many years and thus had a right to express our choice.

The new law absolutely disfranchises the voter. He must tell the registrar his politics. He must tell the poll holder his politics. It has been the proud boast of this country that the ballot was free. That at the polls a man could express his choice. It was for this that we adopted in many states the Australian ballot.

Because of the new primary law a man is disfranchised. True he can vote in the general election. But he must vote for the men handed him by the political party that assumes to take possession of his business. There is no other way for him.

It is the same thing as though a man were at a hotel and the bill of fare was passed him. He can read it, but when he goes to order, the waiter tells him to take corn bread and bacon—that is all there is.

And if he doesn't take corn bread and bacon he goes hungry. He can't order chicken and he can't order beef steak.

The democrats and republicans hold an election. They do not let the average citizen who is independent in this section, have a chance to express a choice. The average citizen holds back and takes what the waiter brings him and then the "leaders" declare he has had a choice.

The new primary law will be repealed. It will be amended so it would not know its own father. The voters are already in revolt. And all the cheap talk about a man "having the right to vote at the November election" is tommy-rot. As the law now stands a thousand good citizens in Guilford are absolutely disfranchised—and many of them are on the war path.

Wonderful, Wonderful.

And while we have been pointing out the manifest unfairness of the new primary law the democratic papers have been insisting that the "primary should be given a trial"—and especially strong as its defender has been the Winston Journal.

But behold it now comes forward and makes this astounding proposition:

We like the suggestion made by Mr. J. A. Hartness of Statesville that candidates agree among themselves not to have a second primary. That is the sensible thing to do. Mr. Hartness is himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination of Secretary of State. He has written a letter to his opponents offering to waive his right to enter a second primary, provided no one gets a majority in the first and asking the other candidates to agree to let the one receiving the largest number of votes in the first primary be declared the party's nominee. Mr. Hartness very sensibly takes the position that the second primary is a needless expense for two of the candidates, will almost certainly come out in the lead in the second and that the second contest is useless. It is fair to all candidates to let the man receiving a plurality be declared the winner, and not only saves the candidates much time, worry and expense, but likewise is a boon to the people. A second primary would mean that thousands of our best men at the busiest time of the year would have to lose business and other affairs in order to decide something that is as good as decided before they go to the polls. We hope Mr. Hartness' opponents will agree to his suggestion, and that other candidates will follow the good example, thus doing away with the necessity of a second primary in North Carolina this year.

We print the entire article because it so plainly states our position. We have insisted that the second primary was a farce and a useless expense, and because we said so we were held up and charged with treason.

But here comes the democratic candidate for Secretary of State and says we are everlastingly right without mentioning our name—and whoop-a-lee—here comes Sanford Martin yelling "Me Too," "Me Too"—and agreeing that the proposition to hold men up for their money is foolishness.

We want to know and have asked repeatedly: "Why have two or three elections when one should suffice?" and now the candidates themselves are wanting to do what we said should have been done in the first place.

This paper feels fully and completely vindicated. Already all people who think have come to the conclusion that it is a hardship to ask candidates to go through two or three elections in one year for the same office.

What the democratic party should do and will be forced to do is to repeal the present primary law. That is what we early said and if you will listen and look out just that thing will happen.

Something Should Be Done.

In the "local doings" of the Danville Register this item appears:

Much complaint was heard about town yesterday because of the high winds and at times this was very severe. Dust was kicked from the streets and carried in all directions. It was noticeable that but a small part of the usual afternoon crowd of shoppers was on the streets. The temperature was several degrees lower than normal for the date.

The complaint was unquestionably just. And something should have been done. When the people didn't like to let an ice plant make a reasonable profit on its risk and capital invested, the city council got busy and threatened to start a "municipal ice plant," and why the same socialistic theory should not obtain in this case we are at a loss to know. What business have the present high winds to operate to the discomfort of Danville citizens? Why not start a new Wind Works, or least make a threat along that line. The attention of the socialistic Danville council is called to this matter with a suggestion that it act p. d. q.

The Wrong End Of It.

Perhaps well intentioned, but certainly misinformed, the Lincoln Times says a say like this in talking about the fact that 144 dozen bottles of Pepsi-Cola are brought from Charlotte to its town and consumed there by the thirsty sons of toil.

The writer believes these drinks are injurious. Not only physically, though there is no doubt in the world that they are continually carrying chemical agents to the stomach that the system has no need of and that the system will be better and stronger if it is saved the work of carrying off these unnecessary things, but they are causing our young children to grow up to spend money idly—to waste it, and that is not God's purpose for it.

Of course the editor of the Times is entitled to his belief, but inasmuch as Coca-Cola went through all the courts and proved conclusively that Coca-Cola was not an injurious drink, handed down evidence that is absolute and irrefutable, writers should not jump too hastily into print with beliefs. Pepsi-Cola also has been proven harmless, and if people want to drink it they should not be charged with taking dope.

The children do not drink as much of the soft drinks as is believed. You hardly ever see a kidlette rushing with his nickel to buy a soft drink—he wants candy or chewing gum. And if he did spend his nickel for a soft drink he should have the undoubted right. It is highly proper for young men to save their money; to get a start in the world—but to campaign for children in arms to save their pennies and their nickel, to deny themselves the little pleasure that they get from spending their mite, well we say let them go to it. In the first place children have no money but what their parents give them. Therefore if the kid spends it "idly" as the Lincoln Times suggests, the parent is to blame. And it would be a hard father who would give his darling kid a nickel and then take it away from him and put it in the bank. The child doesn't know the value of money. To it the nickel is as big as a dollar, because it knows a nickel will buy candy—and the dollar could do no more. Quantity with the kid does not enter the equation. To it "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It may be that soft drinks are "unnecessary things," as the Times points out. And so are three fourths of the articles consumed by the human race. Why jewelry? Why neckties? Why black your shoes? Why wear anything but hand-me-downs—blue overalls? Why have dishes when tin pans will suffice. Why have a table cloth—because the bare table would hold the meals. Why have a million things we consume and enjoy? Why save all the money and not spend any—what good would it do? The soft drink people give employment to people. They build business blocks; they spend money as they make it, therefore nothing is lost to commerce, and if the kid enjoys a cool and refreshing drink why not let him have it?

But the Times perhaps doesn't tarry long on the above proposition. The milk in the cocoa-nut is found in the next paragraph of its article which says:

Yet the idea remains that if our people will drink these things we have a home concern that is putting out as good an article as is made in that line and that spreads the profits at home, that helps our churches, our schools, our charities and interests.

There you have it. The children are spending their money "idly" if they buy the soft drink made elsewhere—but if it is made at home—gadzoos! the money spent idly helps churches, schools and charities.

We see. The Times should remember that we do not live to ourselves alone—and if a soft drink made in one town will help schools and churches and charities it will help the same worthy cause in another town.

The soft drink has come to stay. Those which are not harmful, and we know of none that are harmful, have taken the place of the vile near beer; the whiskey and wine that not long ago made men drunkards and outcasts. The soft drink has been a blessing to humanity.

An Important Case.

Whenever we have an important case brought before us for adjudication, and the papers recording the doings of the world bring many such cases, we "most in general" attempt to go to the bottom of the cause and then try to impartially render a judicial opinion that will be pleasing to all parties. When we find that we cannot satisfy ourself on certain points we invariably refer the case to Judge Rufus Clark, of the Statesville Landmark, who always disagrees with us and then taxes us with the costs. But we feel that as the court of last appeal, Judge Rufe is safe, sound and conservative.

The other day in New York, it is recorded that Isaac Goldman who owned the finest pair of dark flowing whiskers ever worn by mortal man had them out for a personally conducted airing. These whiskers reached to his waist and looked like an alfalfa field in an irrigated district.

As Ike beheld them in the glistening sun his heart was glad. He thanked the Giver of all good for this wonderful bunch of asparagus—for it was pleasing to his eye.

But as he looked in wrapt admiration along came one Frank Gallagher who made a plunge and grabbed the whiskers and pulled so hard that he extracted by the roots a full hand of them.

Naturally Ike was indignant. His crowning glory had departed from the earth—his wide flowing beard was forever ruined. Naturally Ike had the fiend arrested. It was claimed in court that it was all an accident.

Gallagher claimed that just as he was passing Ike his foot slipped and in that mad gesture which a desperate man will make to sustain his balance he clutched blindly in the air and the death grip was on the beard.

Now what we want to know is could such an accident have occurred? We want Judge Clark of Statesville to review this case and put the costs on Ike, if he can. If he can't we will stand for it—as enlightenment at any price save honor is what we seek.

What's This?

"Do me ears deceive me eyesight? What Ho—I hear footsteps approaching on horse-back"—and here comes Colonel Sanford Martin and writes in cold type:

The people are not ready to tackle any more constitutional amendments yet awhile and won't be for some time, we fear.

And 'twas only a summer ago that Colonel Martin said all the people of North Carolina were in favor of the Ten Sacred Amendments. He printed a parallel column and in one were all the lawyers and politicians in the state—a unanimous thing for 'em—and in the other was the name of Chairman Travis and yours truly—and he said gravely and reproachfully that we were the only two men in the state opposed to them.

And here he comes with the above utterance. How can it be possible? What change has come o'er the dream of his sad, young heart? We pause. We ponder. We are distressed.

Problematical.

The Durham Herald puts it in this way: Colonel Fairbrother, along with some of the rest of us, cannot take part in the primary; but wonder would the Colonel take part in and bind himself by the action of a party convention.

Being a direct question we evade the point at this time. Because that is not the question before the house. We claimed the right to be tested. Under the primary law as administered in this county the registrar informed us that because we were independent we could not vote in the primary. We were to be denied the opportunity to bind ourself to support anyone.

That was where we came in with the kick. We claimed the right to have opportunity to join the party if we wanted to join it. We claimed the right to look over the field and go to the polls to vote. But because we had not proclaimed ourself a democrat or republican we were to be denied the right to go to the primary. Heretofore when we participated we bound ourself to support the candidate nominated if we took part. This has been denied us. Therefore we have been disfranchised. And there is no way around the proposition. Since the new registration in this county was knocked into a cocked hat by the state board perhaps the embargo has been raised. We hitherto have been singing about what they were doing. But as their proceedings have been declared illegal there may be another hen on.

Willing To Let It Stand.

The opposition to Lieutenant Governor Daughtridge plays the populist song. It understands that with the rag-tag and bobtailed element of humanity; the Weary Willies of the curb and the slubberdegullions of the gutter, the successful man is not wanted. They understand that by an attempt to poison the minds of the "plain people" so-called by them, but in fact the irresponsible rabble that has a voice, they can get votes. To paint a Banker, a railroad man—any one successful, as a "malefactor of great wealth" is the happy chore of the professional politician.

The Journal, in exultant glee, attempts to prove to us that the managers of Daughtridge have denied that he was a banker. We can't help what some of them have done. We have quoted Mr. Daughtridge's manager in this county as boldly proclaiming him a banker. We know he is a successful business man. Our regret is that he isn't also a railroad man.

Our choice is Daughtridge—Bickett is a politician. He has been attorney general for eight years. He hasn't done the big constructive things Daughtridge has done. We have insisted that North Carolina needs a business governor. This long before Bickett announced himself. We didn't know that Daughtridge was a banker and business man until we investigated. We found that he is big and broad and successful. That is why we would rather see him Governor than Bickett. Oratory which Bickett possesses in a great measure is good stuff for gate receipts—but what we need just now, and more than ever, is a broad minded, progressive business man as Governor. Linney is not a business man—he is a lawyer and politician. So is Bickett. Therefore the Business man and Banker and Farmer will get more votes from the free thinking people of North Carolina than any other candidate. The primary may nominate Daughtridge and it may not. But the primary will not be the expression of the people by a long shot. The Journal says its say in this manner:

Colonel Fairbrother, through the Greensboro Record, continues to proclaim Lieutenant Governor Daughtridge to be one of the successful bankers of the State. Since we called the Colonel's attention to the fact that the managers of Mr. Daughtridge's campaign for the gubernatorial nomination deny that their man is a banker, and insist that the newspapers do not refer to him as a banker, he comes back with an attempt to prove that Mr. Daughtridge is a banker. And we must confess that the Colonel makes a pretty good showing, having obtained the facts in support of his contention from the literature sent out from the Daughtridge headquarters and from an interview published in the Record by Mr. Daughtridge's manager in Greensboro.

We are willing to let it go at that, and hope the aggressively-progressive citizens of North Carolina, those who want to see our old state take forward steps in the great commercial revival that will soon be on, vote for a Business man as against a Politician. But if they do not do it, we shall still stand firm in the conviction that they should.

If this old Nation will sit up and take notice of the business methods of the four or five thousand women in New York this week, it will conclude that perhaps the woman part of the world is a great intellectual lamp which should be lighted on election day.