



Everything



BY AL FAIBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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POLITICS IS TAME

Both Sides Claim They Will Win Fight



HE politicians are talking. They are insisting that they are winners. We have talked with some of the most prominent democrats and they tell us, in enthusiastic numbers, that Wilson is bound to be elected. Then we go out and talk with the republicans and they tell us that Hughes is just as good as elected right now. And that is the political situation in this bright month of June.

There doesn't seem to be any reason for the claims of either side except:

The democrats say Wilson has made good; that his stand on all questions has pleased the American people and surely the American people, ever discriminating, will vote to return him. The republicans insist that Wilson has been vacillating; that his previous stand on the Mexican situation has been weak and childish, and then they come along and insist with earnestness that the Tariff is still paramount, and that the farmers, the business men and the wage workers will not vote to continue free trade.

But this is only the commencement. As the campaign progresses the issues will be more clearly defined. The newspapers and the speakers and the headquarters of the two parties will commence to let loose the lurid things in literature and within six weeks there will be a chance for a calm philosopher to sit back, take his bearings and predict with some sort of certainty what will happen. But the man who is a politician and who is prejudiced can never predict accurately.

Wouldn't Touch Hughes.

The Kinston Free Press sees it this way: The Hughes example is a dangerous one for the maintenance of the high standard of the Supreme Court. The resolution of Senator Thomas of Colorado, already introduced, to detain members of the Supreme Court from running for public office is worthy of some consideration.

But no law would reach a case like that presented by Hughes. He wasn't running for office. He was sawing wood in the court room. He was writing opinions and paying strict attention to his knitting. He refused to talk, just as any good judge should refuse. He couldn't help it. Might as well talk about passing a law prohibiting a man from allowing himself to be struck by lightning. There could be no law passed that would put a man on the bench for life. He has a right to resign when he feels like it. And if it happens in the course of human events that a great party feels called upon to ask an associate justice to run for the presidency—hands it to him, no law introduced by Thomas or any other man would cause him to remain on the bench if he wanted to get off. That is carrying the thing too far. The idea is to make some people think Hughes had no right to accept the nomination. But he had a right. There was nothing to hold him. Hughes simply loomed big and the politicians didn't want him but they saw they had to take him. And they have taken him and he will make a good run.

The Wet June.

All this talk about June doesn't refer to this year. The poet wanted to know what is so rare as a day in June—because he had never ordered a beefsteak on a Pullman. Then they talk about June brides and their finery, and old Jim Riley told us about them when he sat under the trellis and drank in the June. If it was a June like this it was pretty well diluted with water. This has been more like October. Today and it is cold, damp and altogether disagreeable. Men talking politics would fight in a minute and nobody said anything about buying a Palm Beach suit or going to the sea shore. This weather factory is all out of order.

The New Law.

When Brother Davis gets his new bill passed this winter there will be no more cider sold in this great commonwealth. The farmer who has heretofore brought in his gallon and his five gallon jugs and sold cider to thirsty humanity will find another source of revenue gone. But what boots it? When it happens you will not walk through weed grown cemeteries and read on weather stained slabs inscriptions like this:

Beneath this stone there lies a man—
His name was William Rider—
He hit the earth before his time—
By drinking too much cider.

J. W. Osborne's Case.

Mr. J. W. Osborne, formerly of North Carolina, but now big in the profession of law in New York is having some fun proving he was not the man who married another woman. The case has been rather interesting and it appears conclusively that J. W. is the victim of a double.

THE EDITORS MEET

Invade Durham Early In July For Annual Session



PROGRAMME has been arranged for the State Press Association which meets at Durham in July that will please all the pencil pushers. It used to be pencil pushers, but in these days of type writing machines and Mergenthalers, there are no longer the pushers or the typos. But Durham will give the boys a rousing welcome. Years ago, so many that we cannot count the Press Association met in Durham. In those days sturdy Buck Backwell was there; the Tobacco Plant, red-headed was in action. It was before the days of the Daily Globe. Caleb Green was doing editorial work then; Jim Robinson had just started his Daily Sun—and Joe King of the Herald was setting type in Kinston.

Durham was a little city then—a hamlet—but the Bull tobacco was there and the Dukes were just commencing to lay the foundation to their magnificent fortune. There will be a few of the old boys to go back to Durham—but very few. And those who do go back will see a flourishing and progressive city—a city alive and up to the minute in all respects. Where Buck Backwell had his race track Trinity College, a great institution of learning now stands and where on the main street were vacant lots now marble fronts appear. 'Twill be an eye opener to those who haven't recently visited the Bull City—renowned the world around.

Just A Little Too Flowery.

Speaker Glynn used a few fire works in his keynote speech that might have been better used at the county fair this fall. But he was addressing the country and naturally, being an eloquent man, he painted pictures with words. President Wilson has made a good president. Of course he hasn't extracted any teeth as Glynn imagined; he hasn't added anything to the bravery of America—as the record at Vera Cruz will always show—but all in all he has made a record of which no one need be ashamed. And perhaps the fire works were not in as bad taste as they might have been had they been addressed to some other presidential aspirants whose names have been on the slate.

Do It Now.

The story is in circulation that James J. Hill, the great empire builder, had intended to write a strong story endorsing National prohibition. But he delayed doing it and death took him. Every day we read of lost opportunity—of procrastination. The man who intends doing something worth while; of saying something that may benefit his brothers—of speaking kindly about a fellow being should do it now. True it is that tomorrow never comes—and often the strong are overtaken. Delays are not only dangerous—but they often rob the world of much that it needs. Had James J. Hill written and endorsed national prohibition it would have been a wonderful help to the cause.

The Children's Home Society.

We are all busy and we haven't time to stop and figure out our duty. There are so many things needing our time and our money. We must be excused if we fail to hear all appeals or if we find it impossible to respond to all demands. But we should carefully consider what is most needed when we give to charity. There is no doubt in our mind but what the North Carolina Children's Home Society is one of the most deserving institutions in the State. Hon. A. M. Scales has interested himself in the work, and as President of the Society an appeal is now being made for help. The Society works for the love of the labor involved. Its mission is to secure a home for the orphan tot—to find it a home with Christian people. Human souls are what the Society saves. Saves them from want and torture. Restores them to Society and to God. If you haven't five dollars—get busy to find one dollar. Every penny helps. The time is now and we would like to see all people who can possibly afford it give something.

North Carolina Ready.

The Washington news is that Senator Simmons thinks we will be forced to go into Mexico, while Senator Overman is of opinion that there is nothing to the little flurry. However, all of the members of Congress from this state will stand by the President, and if he concludes to ask Congress to declare war he will be backed by a great majority of that body. The chances are that this first bluff will not materialize, but the fact stands out in bold relief that it is only a matter of time until we must go into Mexico. And why not now?

At Any Price.

Peace at any price—provided it doesn't cost over 98 cents is our motto.

LET WALTER WIN IT



MANY of his friends are urging Mr. Walter Murphy, member from Rowan, to be Speaker of the House. This, of course, provided "Pete" as his friends call him, is elected. But when Walter Murphy heads a ticket in Rowan county it is a sure thing that he will be successful. Mr. Murphy is a staunch democrat—Progressive enough to be safe and sane, and while there are other good men seeking the Speakership, the party will make no mistake in calling Mr. Murphy to the chair. In fact the party owes him something. One of these days it is going to insist that he run for Congress.

John Henderson.

John Henderson who has been for eleven years running the Yanceyville News was a visitor in this print shop yesterday. For eleven years Henderson has been running his paper and attempting to show the voters of his county that there existed, right there, in plain, full view, a Ring. A Court House ring—a crowd of men who farmed out politics; who set the pins; who baited the hooks; who looked after the rabbit guns and who ate the pie. Week in and week out—month after month and year after year Henderson has told the voters about the existing conditions and pointed out the black-winged birds of evil omen soaring around the court house—and he called on the "pee-pul" to pick up their ballots and follow him.

But they didn't do it. They heard not the voice of this modern John the Baptist who claimed great truths in the wilderness of Caswell—they not only refused to listen but they saw to it that the locust and wild honey supply was cut short—so this week he locked the doors of his print shop—threw up the sponge, and was journeying to Lexington where he expects to assist in producing the Lexington Herald. Eleven years fighting. Eleven years of toil and drudgery—on half rations part of the time—only to at last surrender, acknowledging there was no room for such preachers as his. Henderson thinks he was right. Perhaps he was—but should a man allow himself to do what Henderson has done. Should a man proclaim himself the friend of a people and try to lead them out of the wilderness when they refuse to be led? We should say not.

Mr. Bryan There.

The news from St. Louis is to the effect that Mr. Bryan states that he has no plank for the democratic platform—that he is for Wilson and will go before the people for him. This suggests that Mr. Bryan will again pour coals of fire on the heads of his traducers. The record of Bryan is singularly free of errors. He may not like what is going on—but he has never betrayed his party. Mr. Wilson wanted to chloroform Bryan—but Mr. Bryan wants to boost Wilson. And as we journey down the pike and mentally take measurements of men we must put that fact in our pipe and smoke it.

Floundering.

It is said that the New York Tribune was so completely knocked off its pins in the defeat of Teddy that it hasn't been rational since the convention. It has pulled itself together and is now trying to support Hughes. Politically the New York Tribune cuts little ice. Once there was a time—in the days of Old Horace Greeley, when the Tribune was the greatest paper in the country. But it is now a reminiscence. It has neither ability nor stability. What it says for or against will cut but little ice.

They Are Coming.

The snake stories are drifting in. We see several worth while, perhaps, in little towns—but nothing Greensboro's size as yet. In fact we have issued orders to reporters to take no notice of snake stories unless the principal Snake in the story is over Seventeen Feet Long. We haven't time to monkey with ten and twelve feet snakes. Get to it with length if you bring a Snake Story to our Snake editor who is very busy.

NO MUD IN CAMPAIGN.

Clean Candidates and But One Issue Before Country



IT WILL BE interesting to know what the mud slingers will do in this campaign. Hughes is a clean man—has been through the fire and came out not wanting. Wilson is clean. He has been before the public and no shame attaches to him. Two big men—strong men, running for the highest office in the land—and each one standing for about the same thing—save the tariff.

Peace and Preparedness have been juggled. The country is in favor of Peace, but not at any price, and it will feel as secure with Wilson as with Hughes, therefore there is but one issue.

And another thing now comes home to all of us. We have had democrats and republicans run this country. We have passed along and the average man wouldn't know whether his president was a republican or a democrat if he didn't read. The democrats have imposed a war tax and explain it because of conditions abroad. The man in Big Business hasn't made as much money as he would otherwise have made, but the average man has lived; his property and his person have been protected—therefore he doesn't know and doesn't care who is president so far as his real interest is concerned.

The fight will be purely one of personality. Democrats who want pie will whoop it up for Wilson and republicans who want pie will whoop it up for Hughes. Those in business who want protection will vote for Hughes and try to show the farmer and laboring man that it is to their interest to vote for him. That is all the campaign can be. There will be no mud to throw, and let us all be thankful to God for that.

Something Doing.

We had concluded that the days of the fight for county printing had passed. We had concluded that in this day of fierce commercialism the patriots who administer to county affairs simply handed out what notices must be printed, and never once thought of rewarding the editor who had come to stay and who filled the long felt want with neatness and dispatch. We knew there was a time when to get the county printing, the delinquent tax-list and a few other sustaining columns of solid nonpareil, meant a great deal to the pale and emaciated patriot who each week whooped it up for the "party" and who lived on cord wood and watermelons. But we suspected that in the days of the Mergenthaler, the days when a man no longer could take, as Sam Jones put it, a shirt tail full of type and a cider press and print the Clarion of Truth, that the business office was part of the newspaper and the business office sawed wood according to the modern rules. But not so. Listen to this from the Hillsboro Enterprise:

It seems to puzzle Bro. Thompson why the County Fathers could let the County printing to the Enterprise at \$10.00 per year instead of giving it to the two other County papers at \$250.00 per year—why save the County \$240.00 per year? Bro. Thompson cannot see how a paper can be independent. We fear Bro. Thompson has kept company with "The White Stickers" and the Dog Law Makers" until his vision is not clear. Why have the farmers not received a square deal at Chapel Hill? Why have the farmers no telephone connection with the Exchange at Chapel Hill? Orange County farmers have been led around about as long as they care to be by their office seekers who claim to be their friends every two years. From now on watch 'em think and vote for their Rights.

Now then, plague take 'em—what has the esteemed Chapel Hill News to say to this? What can it say—when it is an apparent fact that in their wisdom the County Fathers had saved to the horny fisted sons of toil at least two hundred cold and clumsy plunks. And the square deal and the other things mentioned, only incidentally of course. Hark back, fond memory—go back to those other and sweeter days—the days recorded by Artemus Ward when he wrote in his Bungtown Bugle: "We have added to our office a new wash trough through which the water flows in an entirely new hole below. What has the hell hound of the Clarion to say to this?"

To Be Sure.

Washington news with a big head says the democrats plan an aggressive campaign to elect Wilson. To be sure. And the republicans plan an aggressive campaign to elect Hughes. And by September there will be the warmest campaign witnessed in this country for many a year. The democrats claim Wilson can win and the republicans, always audacious, insist that Hughes is already elected.

The Pity Of It.

It is understood that Sherman's Army is marching this way to join the county newspaper onslaught on the democratic party. If this happens we fear the worst will have come to worst. All sorts of preparatory measures are being taken, but it is the opinion of Chairman Hines that if this news is confirmed all will be lost.

MEXICO MUDDLE

Uncle Sam Getting In Readiness Now



MIX-UP IS ON over in Mexico and there is something doing. As we go to press the army is being mobilized; the National Guard is going into different camps at different places and each soldier is expecting to be called to the front—to go to Mexico. Uncle Sam has been guilty of watchful waiting already too long. Carranza is about ready to see that he made a mistake in allowing Pershing to go in there. The United States has sent him a note refusing to grant his request which was that Uncle Sam pull out.

It may be that right now there will be nothing doing. But so sure as a gun is iron there will be something doing before much time passes. If this little misunderstanding is fixed it will only be a day or a week or a month until other bandits cross the border and fill with terror the settler. The interests of the Americans not only in Mexico but along the border from Texas to California are in jeopardy, and these border bandits are a part and parcel of the citizenry of Mexico.

For all the years since Mexico has been on the map she has given us trouble in one way or another, and in all the years to come it will continue. Uncle Sam doesn't want to fight. Peace is always preferable, but our duty is clear and has been clear. It is up to us to take Mexico and control her. Better do it peacefully if we can—but if we can't, then force of arms. There are times, in the history of Nations, that force is the only thing that can be used to promote civilization and lasting peace. This is one of the times.

Painting A Church.

In Durham they have found a way to paint a church that is rather novel. Some time ago in an address to the West Durham Baptist church Mr. W. A. Erwin handed the congregation this:

"Save all of the money for two weeks that you have been in the habit of spending for tobacco, moving pictures and soft drinks." Mr. Erwin told the congregation, "and place it in the paint fund. Should there be any deficit, I will make up the total amount needed."

They all got busy and the plan worked. The church will be painted immediately. This was a rather interesting proposition. The way is here opened for many improvements in schools and churches. Self denial for a short time—soft drinks, tobacco and chewing gum—and presto—a church is painted. That is all right.

Unless the democrats get away from this Hundred Million Dollar so-called war tax and put some tariff on the free goods they will have a hard time to hold lots of good business men in line. Tariff will be paramount—no matter what some may think just now.

And They Will Be Missed.

And now each town and city will commence to pack up soldier boys and send them to the front. Some will come home and tell about it, while others will perhaps bite the dust. The spirit of adventure; the energy and vim of youth cause them to rush forward. The old gray beard sits back and thinks that maybe, after all, Father Time did him a kindly chore when he painted his whiskers white.

You can hardly pick up a paper these days without reading about the capture of a big still in some county. It is seldom the men operating the stills are taken, but the still is always found. Just where these moonshiners dispose of their likker is a question. Colonel John Staple characterizes the Greer law as a "Statutory Exasperation"—but if so many stills operate, and apparently successfully, it need not be as bad as that.

Something Doing.

This news from Mexico isn't anything compared to what will happen when Major General Earl Godbey, Brigadier General Joe Rawley and Colonel Al Fairbrother align their guns and ambush Colonel Coble, this Fall—just a few days before election. In that sanguinary conflict which has been predicted in the democratic meeting; when brother thus meets brother on the field of battle and the red blood flows and the candidates are "skulped"; when Major General Godbey orders his Mergenthaler men to cast bullets instead of lines 'o type—then, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen we will all know what gore means.

They are now calling Hughes and Fairbanks the Cold Storage Twins—inasmuch as how both gentlemen are supposed to be able to congeal hot air. If this be true some of the opposition spell-binders will find themselves in an ice floe—and Doc Cook will be called in to help them out.