



Everything



BY AL FAIRBRO

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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OLD JOHN IS HIT

Anti-Saloon League Says He Must Go Now



THE anti-saloon league of America has been holding its annual convention in Indianapolis this week, and among other things it declared for a nation free of intoxicating beverages. It had figures to show that prohibition and local option, the Twin Sisters of Good have made wonderful progress in the past few years. It was shown that universally there is a sentiment against Old John's being openly sold. The figures coming from the revenue department of the country show, however, that while the open saloon is getting to be a thing of the past the private bottle consumption goes merrily along.

The question is: Will the present generation, the generation used to taking its toddy and believing that the individual can handle himself if he drinks at home, give Old John the high ball, and let him go? The man who will go into thousands of homes will find a "little likker" hidden here or there. The old folk who have been drinking all their lives still want their toddy; the women use it for illness in the household, and it will be many years before whiskey is unknown.

But the saloon will go. The open bar room where youth finds a shelter; the open bar room where the laboring man spends his last dime and goes home to mistreat his family; the open bar-room, a brooding place of hell, will soon be numbered with the things that were. Universal is the belief among men who employ men that whiskey has no place. And the sooner we have Old John outlawed in all the states, the better for all concerned.

The meeting held this week furnished the world with some gratifying, yet startling figures. We hope to see 1920 bring us universal prohibition. Then as a Nation we can rejoice.

The Truth In Advertising.

There has been a great campaign on here of late, the idea of which has been to make merchants be truthful in their advertisements. It seems that because the New York Tribune printed a big article showing wherein the truth was not observed in many ads a libel suit for something like a half million dollars is now being defended. The average merchant tells the truth in his announcements. Now and then there is an artist who tries to put it over, but generally the public is not deceived. The "old reliable" merchant; the up to date merchant; the progressive merchant understands, as other men understand, that the public will not be humbugged for a long period of time. Therefore it is true that stores, like newspapers and individuals, must have character, and most of them have.

Was It The Whiskers.

When Mr. Roosevelt was making his bid for the nomination he wildly insisted that the candidate must be one of heroic mould. He looked over this fair land and saw but one man—that was himself, and he solemnly declared that if the country really wanted such a man he was its oyster. And it didn't want him—but as Teddy did, the question is: Is Hughes heroic or are his whiskers heroic? Little things like this should be answered. They have great bearing on what might happen. Teddy has certainly found some new virtue in Hughes and it may be that a study of the Whiskers has revealed the light.

The Full Dinner Pail.

When the republicans undertook to come back with McKinley they had the cry of the full dinner pail to assist them. Big factories all over the country were closed. Men were walking, hungry, the streets of over crowded cities. Everywhere the distress signal was flying.

Different today. People are at work. A war seems inevitable. Money will be plentiful and no matter about taxes, the patriotic citizens will cheerfully pay what it costs to defend the flag.

There can be no great rallying cry. In fact, while Champ Clark says it will be a horse race, we fear the people in the grand stand will not be very enthusiastic. The rosters will go to sleep and the boys peddling peanuts will find nothing to do. The procession to the polls will resemble a funeral procession more than a party of joyous people going to bet five dollars on their favorite "hoss."

Buttermilk Charley is receiving quite a lot of puffery from all over. But Buttermilk Charley doesn't understand why he isn't asked to walk in front once in awhile. This is the second time he has been drafted to help carry Indiana.

GREENSBORO IS IN IT

To Have Big Fourth of July Celebration This Year



THE county is going to have a big Fourth of July Celebration this year—and Greensboro is not behind. The Chamber of Commerce has gotten behind a movement of our live men and already as many as five hundred dollars have been subscribed, and Old Glory will float with greater significance than usual on the approaching natal day.

Everything, on behalf of the citizens of Greensboro extends to all people a most cordial invitation to come to Greensboro and enjoy the day. There will be all kinds of amusements—fire works at night, and the visitor who comes will be most welcome. We are glad our people and the people over the state are more seriously considering this great day. For a long time we forgot it, almost, but we note with pleasure that many cities are awake and propose to have an appropriate celebration. Come to Greensboro if you can find the time. Our country friends are invited. People from nearby towns are also asked to come and see a real live town.

They Are Excited.

Editor Joe King wonders how it is that so much Mexican war news comes that was never on the wires. Well, everybody is excited. Take for instance the story printed that the letter of Carranza had been received in Washington yesterday. Many thought it was a cinch. But the real news today is that Carranza's reply had not left Mexico up to this morning. So runs the world away. The two news gathering agencies vie with each other in doing things—but "most in generally" you will find that the Associated Press is reliable and hardly ever asleep at the switch.

Generally Sound.

Every week, and sometimes every day, the Governor pardons from the Walled City some unfortunate wretch who was sentenced to serve time. And under the law the Governor must give a reason for his official act. And in reading the reasons given the average man will conclude that they are good.

And seriously, Cole Bleas was not far from right. We dare say that in the penitentiary at Raleigh are hundreds of men who are not lost to Society, men who could be turned out, pardoned, and the state would suffer nothing from it. But there must be a reason—all health, doubt, something, and we are not blaming the Governor for letting loose those unfortunates already receiving his pardoning power.

It Came High.

The following news item from Raleigh tells the sad story of man's disappointment and man's coughing up his loose change:

All candidates in the recent state-wide primaries have submitted their final statements of expenses and they are being classified and finally filed in the department of state. Very few of the candidates reported any considerable expenses in addition to the amounts certified to in their first filings. Lieutenant Governor Daughtride reported something over \$200 additional expenses after his first statement. The biggest expense account in the final stretch went to Lt. Governor Daughtride, Col. J. Bryan Grimes and J. K. Hartness for secretary of state.

Colonel J. Bryan Grimes was the winner—but Messrs. Daughtride and Hartness paid for their whistles. They didn't get in. They took their medicine and the great primary system didn't work their way. Those who took part in the primary will vote this fall. But the figures show that thousands didn't take part. Now the question remaining unanswered until November is: Are some of the erstwhile going to vote some other way? It will be interesting to compare figures this presidential campaign with figures of four years ago.

What Will Happen?

If John Parker, Bull Moose nominee for vice-president concludes to remain on the ticket, why will not that force the Progressives, if any of them are left, to have another meeting and declare that John is the Hero Teddy had been looking for, and proclaim him the presidential nominee instead of the nominee for Vice-President? It would be interesting to see this performance. Then we could tell whether the Bull Moose people really had a platform and principle or whether they were simply blinded by the wonderful personality of their leader who deserted them on the field of battle.

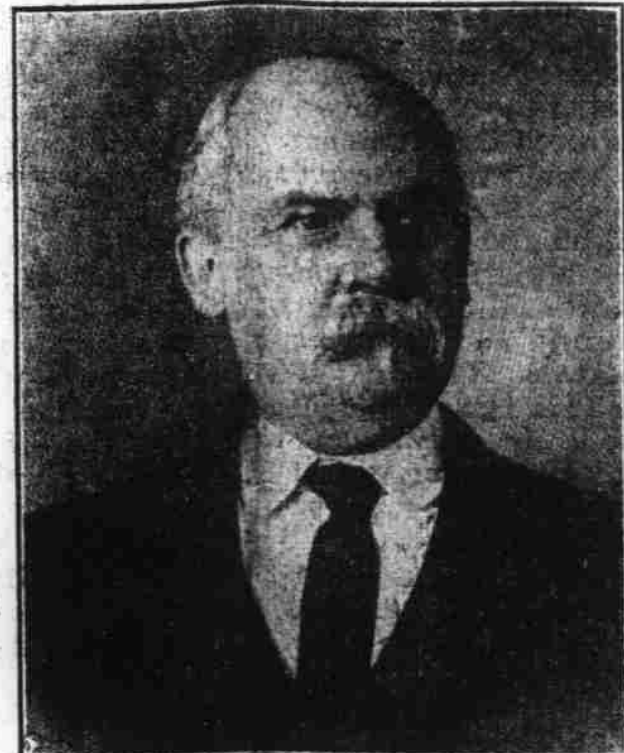
The Back Seat.

Base ball news is flat these days; politics isn't in it; gossip is commonplace. The War and What About The War?—those are the topics coming under the head of live ones.

Mr. Carranza is doubtless feeling the weight of his position more than Mr. Huerta felt it.

Now that we are about to have a war we will be told that until it is settled it will be impossible to build a new depot.

A WONDERFUL MAN



SURELY if ever in this world there was a man untiring and in earnest in what he advocates, it is Judge Walter Clark, of Raleigh. He is just now devoting some of his spare time to telling people about woman suffrage, and the interview in another part of this paper today, where the Judge expresses his delight to know that Miss May Jones has been appointed private Secretary to Governor Craig, shows that the Judge gets busy even when attending to other things. He was at Wrightsville, attending a meeting of the North Carolina Bar Association but he found time to give out an interview that is as snappy and as bright as any enthusiast ever wrote. Judge Clark is a wonderful man.

Runless.

Our Mr. Davis at Indianapolis declared that there was soon to be a rumless nation—that from Maine to California the people would outlaw John Barleycorn. This declaration is nothing new. We have heard it since the gray dawn of our existence. The twilight gathers—it deepens—and yet above the din we hear the same emphatic proposition.

We look about us and around us and behold that within the past few years many states have swatted old John. For many years there had been Iowa and Kansas and Vermont and Maine—and those opposed to prohibition showed that the law wasn't working. But when other states commenced to come into line, when local option seemed to clear the way for total prohibition—when the South went dry in fact—it made the difference.

Before we depart from this old earth—in fact we have predicted 1920 as the time—not for our departure but for John's—we expect to see total prohibition—practically a rumless nation.

And those who have been hardest up against likker in its various forms; those who have talked loudest for its perpetuation and its legalized sale are seeing that to have a rumless nation would be the greatest thing that could happen.

How Comes?

If the Chicago convention of 1912 was controlled by "criminals"—and that famous and infamous crime was perpetrated of which Teddy told us—why were not the same criminals in Chicago in 1916 and isn't it a fact that they put over the man now endorsed by Roosevelt? Looks to us like Teddy's return lacks much of the redfire. There wasn't any yell on the rack. There wasn't any of the real stuff that made the return of the Original Pro a historical fact—a theme upon which ten million sermons have been preached. Looks like Teddy's return to the feast was observed with a few cold dishes—and not a bit of the fatted calf.

Perhaps.

The esteemed News and Observer looks at things in a strange light, and offers this in extension of what it saw:

Gnashing his teeth with impotent rage, (note the classic touch of that expression "impotent rage"), the Greensboro reward man who failed to find any June Bugs in June is now calling for Snake Stories. Behold, my countrymen, what a crawl we have here!

The News and Observer was the sole cause of our desertion of the June Bug. It admonished to look for other things and we saw snakes. And because we explained the situation it now accuses us of gnashing our porcelain store teeth. Well, we are willing to forsake the snakes. Pretty soon and we will be driven from the border.

More Exciting Than War News.

The women of Durham are on the war path—one thousand strong they are going to petition the city commissioners to have one general market where vegetables and meats shall be sold. If they can have a general market—not make it just an ordinary meat shop, they will do a stunt not at all bad. But to make the meat business a monopoly, like it is here in Greensboro, just so many stalls and hours to regulate it, it becomes a joke with Whiskers in no way resembling those worn by Carranza or Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Wilson asks the democratic friends to refrain from anything about the Whiskers of Mr. Hughes in this campaign. He doubtless thinks they speak for themselves.

IS A MATTER OF TIME

We Must Finally Go Into Old Mexico And Show Her



FOR MANY years we have advocated going into Mexico—simply because we know, as all men know that it must finally come. Those of us who have lived on the border—those of us who have fought Indians and understand what it means to be exposed to savages, can more fully appreciate the condition existing today on the Mexican border. We spent some months in Arizona last winter and those people—say the inhabitants of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and lower California live in terror. Their families are exposed; their property is in jeopardy.

We understand that to go to war means a great deal. It may involve us in trouble with other nations; it may cost millions of money—but a great Nation if it is self-respecting, must count neither money nor lives when it becomes a duty for it to defend those who live under its flag. If the flag means nothing, then give citizens a chance to organize and defend themselves. One of these days, it may be years and it may be only hours, and Uncle Sam will be forced to go into Mexico. It has been our opinion that the sooner he goes the better for all concerned.

To The Front.

Colonel Roosevelt now proposes to raise some twelve thousand men and go with them to Mexico. But the question is: Would he stick? He raised a couple of million men and went with them to the slaughter house—but he didn't go through "into the open grave" as described by Mars Henri Watterson. When he got them or their representatives all rounded up at Chicago, when they were there with banners floating and colors flying, ready to follow their great chieftain to the last ditch, Teddy suddenly recalled that Lodge would be acceptable to him; told them he couldn't lead them to the path of dusty death—and turned around and accepted a man he didn't really want for his candidate.

Now the wonder is could he get his twelve thousand men to follow him and if he did would he remain steadfast. Teddy has established a record that isn't just what all people think it should be.

Old Ben In Motion.

Ben Tillman wants this country to go the limit in building battleships. He wants them made as large as possible—just so they will go through the Panama canal, and he wants all that it is possible to build. Mr. Tillman has changed wonderfully. Older, more conservative, he sees things differently than when he was the "corn field" lawyer talking against all things progressive. The idea holds with him that this nation should be better equipped than any other nation. And in this view he is sustained by a great number of people. Preparedness, in his philosophy, means that we will never get into trouble. The other school, with Bryan as leader, feels that if fully prepared we will fight. And the only way to settle the question is to prepare. Then if we fight we can lick 'em—so what's the odds.

The Right Ring.

Mr. Lansing has handed Mexico a note that sounds exactly right. He concludes as follows:

Whenever Mexico will assume and effectively exercise that responsibility the United States, as it has many times before publicly declared, will be glad to have this obligation fulfilled by the de facto Government of Mexico. If, on the contrary, the de facto Government is pleased to ignore this obligation and to believe that in case of a refusal to retire those troops there is no further recourse than to defend its territory by an appeal to arms, the Government of the United States would surely be lacking in sincerity and friendship if it did not frankly impress upon the de facto Government that the execution of this threat will lead to the gravest consequences. While this Government would deeply regret such a result, it cannot recede from its settled determination to maintain its National rights, and to the territory of the United States and in removing the peril which Americans along the international boundary have borne so long with patience and fortitude.

That is the whole bottle of milk. This country must eventually take Mexico in hand. Whether Carranza wants to accept the note and do what it tells him to do is to be determined later. But no matter how often we patch up differences, this country must finally straighten out things in Mexico. When we fought before we took a lot of territory, paid Mexico fifteen million dollars for it, settled about three million dollars in claims and let it go at that. This time we do not want territory. We simply must insist that order be preserved and that the lives of foreigners on that soil must be protected. This it will take Uncle Sam to do. And perhaps the sooner it is done the better.

President Varner.

H. B. Varner has again been elected as President of the Good Roads Association of this state. In this position Varner has made good. We congratulate the good road boosters on securing the services of Varner for another year.

HUGHES & TEDDY

A New Business Firm Just Starting Out



E HAVE read with interest the letter Mr. Roosevelt wrote to the Bull Moose people at Chicago. We see where-in he concludes that Judge Hughes is the very man he was looking for—a man with a clean record, and a man who will do about all the Progressives wanted done. He assails Wilson with brutal force—calls him something worse than Buchanan who stands in history discredited. And the republicans are saying that all the Progressives will fall in one grand procession and vote with Teddy—do what he tells them.

We cannot believe this. If the Progressive party was really a party with principles it cannot fall for all the leaders of the republican party have done. They have calmly and deliberately—yet fiendishly, crucified their leader. They have put him out of business so far as he is concerned on his own hook—and he sees the point and rather than allow himself to be forever effaced he comes up smiling, breaks bread with Hughes, the man used to put him under a political tombstone, spends two hours and a half with him and says he will take the stump for him. This is not because Roosevelt loves Hughes but he does this for self-preservation. He sees in this play a chance to come again.

If the members of the Bull Moose party now come into camp and say they endorse the platform prepared by the Old Guard, if they say Hughes offers them all they hoped for—then they admit that their scheme all the time was not a matter of principle, but a matter of pig. Roosevelt should be rebuked. Those sturdy men who followed him in his desperate fortunes of the campaign of 1912 should say to him that Bull Moose principles still live, even if he be dead, and there should be men brave enough to carry the flag. Principle is never surrendered to expediency or pig.

Don't You Believe It.

The Winston Journal says: With his action yesterday Theodore Roosevelt passed off of the political stage forever. Having deserted the party and cringed before the power of another, he has the respect and confidence of neither. Never in all his life did the Colonel speak quite so truthfully as when he said he was out of politics.

And again Colonel Martin is mistaken. Colonel Roosevelt yesterday came back to political life. He was a dead cock in the pit. He was trimmed for fair. He was a dead one—but he was wise. Instead of allowing himself to be embalmed and interred he simply furnished another corpse—and that was the Bull Moose party. It leaves Roosevelt a possibility in 1920. It makes him again conspicuous. It gives him an audience with the Old Guard. Hughes welcomes him into his companionship. Teddy was a dead one—but he came back to life. No doubt of that. No matter how this election goes—Teddy will be there with a record to show that he did all he could. He will await his reward—and having purged and cleansed himself he will be restored. We regret all this—but the facts stand before us and will not down.

Human Nature.

The Philosopher of the Wilmington Star sees it this way:

People who want to put the blame on you don't care whether you like it or not so long as they like it themselves.

But the question is, should you allow people to put the blame on you if you do not deserve it? It is just as easy to knock off the blame if it has been thrown on you without cause as it is to dust your whiskers and free them of Doodle Bugs. Blame and Doodle Bugs seem to take to good natured people—but the good natured man isn't forced to stand for it. We are all to blame for a whole lot of things, but when a man comes to see us about the extended rains and wants to know what we are going to do about it, we get busy and read the riot act. Some people think we are responsible for the death of the Bull Moose party and others have reckoned that maybe we had something to do with putting the flies in Noah's ark. Other people have attempted to make it appear that we are responsible for this war tax in times of peace, and still other envious and jaundiced folk have stated that if it hadn't been for us Carranza would have shaved before this. But we treat all such idlers with scorn. We refuse to share the burden of such blame, and go gaily along chewing plug tobacco to beat the band.

And now that the line up is in sight—let all attempt to prove how the election will go in November. We have it straight from several well intentioned gentlemen that both Hughes and Wilson will be elected. Possibly some mistake here, but the men are good citizens and men of veracity.