



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## CARRANZA BOWS IN BLACK AND WHITE WANTS THE BIGGEST MAJOR MAKES GOOD OF HETTY GREEN

### Sees Folly of Attempting War With U. S.

VER THE border Old Man Carranza took counsel of himself, and finally decided that it was best not to go up against the United States. His note seems to make the waters clear, and for the present, at least, there will be no war with Mexico. President Wilson's Watchful Waiting has averted war—but it hasn't averted what many people want—and that is security to life and property.

It is all right for people living in the center of the United States or living far removed from the Mexican border to say "O, pshaw," at the suggestion of intervention. But there is a duty that the United States government owes all its people—and that duty is protection. That is why we cherish and honor Old Glory. That is why we believe the stars and stripes stand for something. If they do not offer and guarantee and give protection to every citizen living under them, then they stand for naught. Merely a piece of bunting embodying a fictitious sentiment. A rag. A bit of cloth.

But they stand for more. Those people on the border, settlers and business men live in daily, hourly terror. The bandits, carrying the flag of some revolutionist, rush across the Rio Grande and pillage, despoil and burn. They are Mexicans—and Mexico should be made to keep hands off. This is what it will finally come to. Were it not for the world war now on and the horrors which it mutely depicts to us far removed from the scenes of carnage we wouldn't wait five minutes. But just now we are making munitions to kill other people. Our factories are busy supplying powder and guns and machines to mow down, ruthlessly and brutally, kindred spirits—but not our own blood. And so long as the factories run there is no great hurry to go into the butchering business ourselves. But when the world wide war is over; when peace thinks it again has a foot-hold the United States of America will feel that it is their duty to go into Mexico and establish a protectorate government—do something that will insure peace of mind to those men who dwell upon the Southern border. Perhaps it is better that the task has been postponed—but it has only been postponed.

#### To The Hague.

It seems that Governor Craig and Judge Walter Clark are continuing their discussion of the appointment of Miss Jones to a point where it will have to be sent to the Hague for settlement. But it should not be. Governor Craig is opposed to universal suffrage. His party platform endorses it. Judge Clark, between the lines, therefore, feels justified in intimating that maybe Craig isn't a true blue democrat. Governor Craig insists that he appointed Miss Jones because she was competent. Well, about there is where the matter should rest. We all know that women are competent to fill many positions heretofore filled by men. We all know that some men are opposed to woman suffrage. That is a right vouchsafed us all. For ourselves we are for universal suffrage. We see in the appointment of Miss Jones a step forward. It needn't follow that Craig be for suffrage if he yields to one point, i. e. that woman is capable of voting. This he yields by his official act. Then the way is clear. Nothing remains in the discussion but expediency. The two great parties believe it expedient to give woman the ballot and woman will have the ballot in all the states in America before very many years. And Governor Craig's official act will help her get it. Therefore both Clark and Craig should be happy and contented. Both have won out.

#### But Didn't Invent Enough.

It was Sancho Panza, the grim Squire of the enchanted Don Quixote who wanted God's richest blessings to fall upon the man who first invented sleep. But he should have gone further and asked for some sort of an invention that would automatically pull the covers back when the night grows cold. In these hot days the man who lays him down to sleep and asks the Lord his soul to keep, gets most of the "kivers" off before he goes to dreamland. And then the midnight brings on a temperature somewhere down about forty-two or three and the aforesaid man is chilled before he awakens. And that is how comes the cold. Sancho Panza might have helped out in that early day by calling for an automatic invention that would slide back the sheets and blankets before it is too late.

The fly swatting campaign goes merrily on—but these new fangled traps put out by Colonel Wharton seem to beat the swatting process all to pieces.

### Whispered Talk Does Not Cut Much Ice It Seems



GREAT many people are afraid of black and white—not the black and white worn by milady these days—but the black and white made by the printing press, the ink and types. To know that a whole community is whispering; that a whole community has been apprised of some shortcoming, and you the luckless victim, doesn't seem to disturb your equanimity—but let the details be printed on the white pages of a newspaper, and presto, friends and all think the jig is immediately up.

Recently there has been a lot of talk about a young girl who was operated upon and the physician was held to answer for criminal practice, and many have been the requests in different printshops to say nothing about it. And nothing of name or detail will likely appear. And yet on every lip in the old town the story clings; people are whispering it to one another, and so far as publicity is concerned an extra every twenty minutes couldn't give it wider circulation. But those who feel that black and white record the history, those who feel that there is something in a printed statement unsubstantiated stronger than in the verbal utterance where every detail is fortified, rejoice to know that "the papers didn't print it."

Happy indeed is the individual who can see no further. Happy indeed is the one who can feel sure in an atmosphere laden with rumor provided the "papers didn't get it."

#### All Agreed.

All are agreed that the Fourth of July celebration in Greensboro was an unqualified success. Every citizen is eager to bear testimony to this fact. And what does it suggest? Simply that there was nothing doing. There would have been no celebration had not some one man suggested it and others at once got busy. It was concentrated effort. It was a little enthusiasm that made a big blaze and the big blaze got results.

Therefore the object lesson is plain. Things do not come just so. Hotels are not built by wishes. It takes a few men to get busy to accomplish results. Greensboro has shown that she has the men and she has the enthusiasm. In the campaigns for Y. M. C. A. buildings this spirit has been on exhibition. What we need now is a little more energy; a little more enthusiasm and one of these days the big hotel will have an existence.

Greensboro has the men. She has the money. She has the spirit. All we need is a get together crowd—a few men who will assert themselves as leaders for this cause or that—and, well, if we can't move mountains we can do things worth while.

#### A Building Genius.

Colonel Sanford Martin, of the esteemed Winston Journal, deals not alone in prose. He writes poetry—real heart-touching and tear fetching poetry with as much ease as an umbrella sheds water. It is an intangible proposition. When but three years old, with hands tied behind him and his tongue between his teeth he wrote these touching lines:

I love to look way over yander—  
Where the tall fence stands so high  
And where the geese and the gander  
Catch the June Bugs in the rye.

This poem is said by J. Hampton Rich, Dr. Waters and other experts in the Poetry Business to be one of the most beautiful ever written. In other issues, however, we shall, by special permission of the gifted poet, print running yards of his Works. We shall show what we want to term for a better word, The Evolution of A Poet. Those who have been thrilled with the above lines should prepare for what is coming. Remember this chore above printed was written when the Colonel was but three years of age. Those at five and seven and ten and twelve are corks. Watch for them. This paper, ever alive to securing the best that is made, has the exclusive right in the Piedmont section and it will print them if it busts a belly band.

#### Congressman Stedman.

Washington talked about Major Stedman last Saturday—the members of Congress talked about him—and the galleries went wild. When the question of paying soldiers a decent wage was under discussion Major Stedman, as a soldier—a Confederate soldier who had marched under the stars and bars and starved under them and fought under them gave Congress a piece of his mind—and when the vote was taken but two men voted against the bill.

People in Greensboro were mightily pleased, as they should have been, to know that our Congressman was there. It was a great speech and we congratulate the Major. Those who have talked about the Major being an old man should see him in action.



UNCLE BEN TILLMAN, once known to fame as Pitchfork Ben, but now a quiet, calm and conservative statesman still insists that we have the biggest battle ship in the world. He wants it larger by odds than any other nation ever dreamed of building. He wants it big enough to wipe out a whole fleet of any other nation which is now afloat, and he says it can be done.

Well, why not? If we are going into the ship building business why not take fifty millions and build one that cannot be equalled anywhere. And if some other nation builds a bigger one, then let us get busy and build a still larger one. That would be business. Nothing but business. If big ships can stand the fire and they say they can, why not have the biggest one in the world—and keep on having it?

#### He Can't Do It.

The esteemed Winston Journal says: If Colonel Roosevelt should take the stump for Hughes, in which case he would find it necessary to defend the G. O. P. organization, Penrose, Root, Cannon and the rest of the Old Guard, leaders who are backing Hughes in this campaign, all the Democrats would have to do to answer T. R. effectively would be to entertain the audience with a graphophone selection entitled, "Theodore Roosevelt's Keynote Speech in the Campaign of 1912."

It is all right, if he feels that way about it, for Mr. Roosevelt to come back to the fold. It is perfectly proper and not inconsistent for him to say he thinks he was mistaken and that the best way to get what he wants is by supporting Hughes. But unless he has the unblushing effrontery of a cast iron man Roosevelt cannot go out over the country making speeches for the republican party. He has denounced all its leaders. When asked to name a choice he knew that Hughes was strong in the west; he knew that Hughes was the man—but he sent word to name Lodge. He was whipped to a frazzle. He was put out of business and if he wants to come in he should be allowed that privilege, but for him to go out over the country telling his followers and other people to vote for the party he tried to wreck; to vote for a party dominated by men he has vilified and abused—in a word to swallow all he has said, it will never do. We are of opinion that but few people will take Teddy's advice in this campaign. If the Bull Moose people go back to the republican party it will not be because Roosevelt invites them. He certainly is the last man in this world of sin to ask people to vote for those whom he has vilified.

#### After The Lynchers.

Colonel Tom Bost, through the News, tells a story worth while if the full programme is carried out. He says the evidence is now complete against the lynchers who took an old negro and hanged him because his son had committed a crime. The scene of the lynching was in Lenoir county. The mob tore down a jail and took an innocent man out and killed him. He was a negro and that seemed to justify the act. It might be said in extenuation of the crime that the father, following the primal instincts of man, had furnished his son with weapons of defense—but that was all that could be laid at his door. The old man was mobbed. The party quietly returned to their several homes and concluded that that was the end of it.

But according to Colonel Bost there is going to be something doing. Judge Bond is going after the guilty ones—it appears that their numbers have been obtained. In all candor something should be done. There was never a more high handed piece of criminality. That mob should be taught a lesson—and one that the whole state should remember always.

When Teddy gets his twelve thousand men into Mexico he may shift again and have himself declared emperor of that republic. Then there would be a job to his liking.

Six months of the Glad New Year gone. Six months more and we'll be writing it 1917—and Whisker Paint they tell us, because of scarcity of Diamond Dyes, is going higher in price all the time.

### A Speech That Thrilled All The Members In Congress



IT WAS gratifying to his many friends to know that Major Charles M. Stedman made a national hit when he arose in Congress to talk about paying the soldiers. He talked from the shoulder—it was an old soldier reviewing what he had lived, what he had seen, what he had felt when marching under the flag of Lee. It is said that the whole House congratulated him, the galleries applauded their approval and the Major let it be known that the Fifth district of North Carolina had a competent representative.

It wasn't any play to the galleries which cheered; it wasn't any politics to a House which responded unanimously in its vote—it was just a statesman talking and telling what should be done. Perhaps never before was a North Carolina congressman so universally applauded. Everything is glad of this—because it has urged upon the people the fact that Major Stedman was not an old man—that he was able and fully capable of holding down the position of trust and honor which is now his.

#### We Had Promised.

In our verdancy and our youth we allowed the News and Observer to drive us from the pleasant task of sitting at the feet of the June Bug and extolling him. We had seen in this gold-plated insect a thing of beauty. We knew he had been debased. We knew he had been the subject of ribald song and jest. We knew that the man who would come to the rescue of a helpless bug and not put his foot upon him, along the lines suggested by the poet Gowper had hopes of believing a heart beat within his breast. But the News and Observer attempted to side-track us. It wanted us to sing of June brides—happy and careless and fancy free—wanted us to let the June Bug, the only gold-plated insect in all the world walk his weary way in silence. Finally we fell for it. We promised. Then Britton hiked to St. Louis and left us boosting the June bride to beat the band. Then he wanted to switch us to fighting the fly instead of singing June Bug ditties. We explained why we couldn't—usurp the place of Colonel E. P. Wharton who was making Greensboro a flyless town. Then this base and ungrateful fiend in human form with a typewriter attachment throws at us from his trenches this withering volley of linotype metal:

Al! We have him on the hip! Editor Fairbrother attempts to slide from under our advice to him to seek now the July Fly, as the June Bug escaped him, by saying that Colonel What's His Name of Greensboro has a monopoly on fly swatting to make a Flyless Greensboro. We are of the firm opinion from his remarks that he is not acquainted with a July Fly, which is no ordinary house fly. And his attempt to have us believe that a lady sent him a June Bug at the last moment to save the day will not work, for Colonel Fairbrother says he let the June Bug go, thus destroying the evidence.

But it will not work. There are others. There are fair-minded men standing upon the beach and they look on and tell us what they think. They know that our task has been a hard one—that the June Bug because of wretched weather couldn't get out to thank us; to tell us how much appreciated our efforts were. One lady sent us a Living June Bug. We exhibited him to many people and all will bear testimony that it was even so. And the esteemed News of this city, our neighbor, informs the world in this fashion that it was a poor month for June Bugs:

The late lamented June was, as Col. Fairbrother has oft testified, a poor June for June Bugs. But we aver that the 1916 model chigger is present in full force, and terribly survigous.

Therefore we feel vindicated. And it is now our solemn purpose just as soon as we get through with the proposed skirmish of assaulting from ambush the democratic party, as predicted in this town, to align our guns upon the "terribly survigous" chigger and chase him to his grave. Our war paint is on. Our sword is unseathed. Our canteen is full of corn likker and we are going to the front. The Chigger must go—and yours truly expects to go with him to the last ditch—and then tumble him in the ditch.

#### We Wonder.

The news from the world war is in effect that the English have gotten things to their way of thinking and that now with a couple of million fighting men they are going to push things to a finish. It may be. There is no man living who thought this great war would last as long as it has lasted. Those who figured on a year have been appalled. Two years will have passed next month, and still the forces are there by the millions, the countries involved seem still to have plenty of money, and the fact looms big that it is simply a matter of wearing out one side or the other. Germany insists that she is only starting, and the fact that England still brings in fresh troops by the two hundred thousand at a time suggests that she has plenty of reserve forces. The man who undertakes to predict the end simply shuts his eyes and guesses.

### Died Poor Worth Many Million Dollars



AND Hetty Green, supposedly the richest woman in the world, and undoubtedly one of the most peculiar, died in New York, and the great news gathering agencies sent the word around the globe, and columns were devoted to her departure from the material world. Today and thousands of editorials are being written about her—millions of people have spoken her name. For the nonce her memory lives. But it is in the current gossip of the world. Tomorrow and she will be forgotten. In the years to come, when curious strangers pass the mausoleum where repose the remains of this world's richest woman, there will be related, as her name is read, that in her day and generation she was the richest woman—had more of the world's dross than any other of her sex—and then another tomb, or another name, will engross attention, and that will be all. Brief and simple annals were hers! No name left resplendent. No more than a passing sorrow that she had gone—merely an incident in the world's doings. In that eternal Hall of Fame where live the immortals of her sex—not the grandly gifted like George Eliot or Rosalie Bonheur or Ellen Terry or Adeline Patti—those with the ten talents who left forever names that nothing can efface from the tablets of the earth—but we speak of women no more gifted than Hetty Green—women like Susan B. Anthony, like Frances Willard, like Florence Nightingale, like Annie C. Shaw, like Jane Adams—well, the list is long and brilliant, and the name of Hetty Green will not appear.

Anna Gould had her many millions and of them she gave liberally—even Mrs. Russell Sage, so long held down in bondage by the close-fisted Uncle Russ, has broken away and will leave a name far-reaching—but Mrs. Green, like Silas Marner of old, seemed only to count her gold, and wear clothes that showed a miser's greed.

Supposed to have died possessed of a hundred million dollars—money enough to have endowed and supported a thousand charitable institutions and the loss not felt—money so great that it piled higher than the ransom of a king—and yet she laid down to die, and left it all in stocks and bonds and gold. Went out to stand before the Great Judge, and the wonder is, will her monumental sin of omission be forgiven. When those staring eyes were closed—those eyes that greedily looked upon the totals of her uncounted wealth—those eyes that seemed to see no good in God's many bounties—those eyes that strained to feast upon the figures of the books that revealed to her additional gain—eyes that never in joy feasted upon what had caused happiness to others—darkness came, and her mighty fortune gained at such great cost, was swept away—was her's no longer to enjoy.

Did it pay? Did she from the one source derive happiness? She stood, as it were, in the centre of an immense vault surrounded only by gold. No flowers, no stinging birds—no heart made light, because it is more blessed to give than to receive—nothing, nothing but the daily scene of gold, gold, gold.

The old writers in their intense desire to draw man to the narrow path which leads to heaven painted the New Jerusalem with gold paved streets and precious stones—painted nothing but what would appeal to the sordid mind—and in such a heaven Hetty Green lived. The philosopher who dissects; who looks to long continued sojourning, knows full well that heaven must be full of song and music and flowers and joy and peace and happiness—and that beyond the grave gold is no longer current with the merchant and precious stones are without a market value. But in the heaven dreamed of by those old Hebrew writers—those men who knew that an appeal to greed would claim attention, Hetty Green lived and counted her treasure—and held it and hoarded it with miser's care.

Let us hope that as she stepped on the peaceful shores beyond the dark waters of the river Styx she saw there the unnamed and unnumbered blisses, a glimpse of which she might have caught in this world had she only had the time, or, had she only known!

Black and white is the prevailing style in the summer dresses—but it has always been in this country—the whites predominating.

After the Mexican muddle is settled we suspect it will be time for the newspapers of Guilford to move on the "party."

With all the great parties declaring for woman suffrage it looks like all that is necessary to put it over nationally is for the women in the several states to get busy.