



Everything



BY AL FAIREBROTHER

Subscription \$1.00 a Year, Single Copy 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

IS REAL SOURCE AT THEM FOR FAIR

Where the Spread Starts In the Disease.



ANY things have happened in this state, but nothing that strikes us with greater force than the admission of the State Board of Health that it is all of a roll to fool with infantile paralysis. Dr. Rankin states that hundreds of deaths occur from tuberculosis where one occurs from infantile paralysis—and yet for awhile all cities and all towns were throwing nervous fits about a disease that is absolutely a stranger to the profession.

And the suggestion that doctors know nothing about infantile paralysis; that it is folly to quarantine one unless all are quarantined; that all human beings are carriers of the disease, suggests that maybe we have been dreaming about other diseases.

The editor of Everything several years ago wrote an article that attracted considerable attention concerning the development of tuberculosis. He asserted and insisted that tuberculosis was not contagious. He said that it might, under certain conditions, be passed to another person, and he pointed out that the great transcontinental railways, carrying hundreds of tubercular patients each day in their Pullman cars were instrumental in the spread of the disease. And yet the government which insists that it is interested has never done anything to force fumigation of the cars. States sit supinely down and allow the germ laden car that carried a tubercular patient in the last stages to Colorado to bring back a child in the state of health.

be washed if you have been treating a patient all sorts of sanitary measures are urged, and yet the railways of America carry each day in the Pullman cars these germs direct from patients in the last stages, and not a voice is raised to check the outrage. Funny how we stand for so much—and yet we do.

To Be Regretted.

It is to be regretted that the North Carolina Children's Home received something of a setback in Durham, because of some advance literature furnished the papers for publication. The article furnished the Herald stated that General J. S. Carr has secured the services of the present superintendent, whereupon General Carr, in a letter to the Herald says that when these services were secured he resigned as President, and the Herald throws anything but warmth on the general subject by saying it made a mistake and that is the penalty for publishing stuff furnished by interested parties. While there may have been some misunderstandings and while all might not have been smooth at one time in the internal workings of the Children's Home Society, we think everything is all right now—and we know a more worthy cause never appealed to rational man for support.

We hope the good people of Durham will contribute their mite to this Home. The Hon. A. M. Scales, of this city, is now President; a receiving home has been secured; much good work is being done, and we hope it will continue.

There was a time when the Home was in hard lines—but right now it has bright prospects before it. We would like to see our good friend General Carr again actively behind this organization.

Where Was It?

In the dispatches yesterday there was a story about a man who had just received a drum head sent to him by mail twenty-five or thirty years ago. The question naturally came up, where had the package been through all the years? No one knows and no one will ever know. But this shows the lack of system of the mail service. If Uncle Sam ever takes over the railroad business and the express business and goes to it in the same blundering way he has always conducted his post-office there will be more confusion than one ever dreamed was possible.

But there is this about it: Had the drum head been sent by express or freight in these days the company would have paid for it. If not there would have been a suit. As it is you can't sue Uncle Sam for negligence. Think what it would mean to the people if the law suit against express, telegraph, telephone and railway companies was cut off the bill of fare. No more mental anguish. No more contingent fees. No more ambulance chasing or railroad baiting. Happy world—and men predict that with government ownership will come perhaps the millennium of which men have dreamed!

Wait for the fire-works when Bickett and Linney get on the stump together!

The Four Sacred Amendments Should Be Defeated.



CAREFUL reading of our exchanges, and Everything tries to exchange pretty generally with the papers in the state, discloses the fact that but few, if any of the papers are boosting the Four Sacred Amendments. We are glad of this. Because if those amendments carry the state legislature in other years will have nothing to do but consider appropriations and things that should never come before a North Carolina law making body.

It is our hope that every farmer will see to it that the proposition to adopt the four amendments is defeated. There is no reason for their adoption. Politicians will tell you, like they told us before about the Ten Sacred Amendments, that we must have 'em. But really and seriously, haven't we gotten along pretty well without the amendments proposed two years ago? You bet we have. That was a lot of politics—but the farmers arose in their wrath and swatted them.

As a resident of this state, as a tax payer and a law abiding citizen, we urge all who are interested, to swat the amendments. They mean nothing for our good—they mean a great deal for our harm. Tell your neighbor to vote against them.

The Bad Egg.

Presumably a bad egg is the superlative of all things bad. And accordingly the merchants of Statesville have agreed that all eggs purchased hereafter shall be "candled." This means, as we understand it, and we don't know much about it, that each egg delivered must bear the candle test—a lighted candle held to

Eggs in the Greensboro market are selling at 35 cents a dozen—therefore when one is bad the purchaser has lost something. And it often happens that a whole nest of stale ones find their way to market. This is accounted for from the fact that some wise old hen had secreted herself and laid her eggs and perhaps laid a dozen or so before they were found. And the honest farmer proceeds to bring them to town and the man who is waiting for his soft boiled egg and keeps waiting only to discover alas; that there were no "good" ones in the last purchase uses explosive epithets sounding a good deal like cussing in the Mexican language. The candle system is the thing—and all merchants in the hot days should light the candle and insist on getting the pure stuf.

No Use To Wait.

One of our reporters today writes a story wondering what will become of the speed maniac when the new High Point road is opened. There is no use to wonder. The speed maniac will do as he has always done—use any street that looks good to him. Last night, or rather last evening, three cars went down north Davie street at least thirty miles an hour and one of them came within a hair's breadth, to use a figure of speech, of running into a horse and buggy. North Davie street this summer has been a veritable race track. Cars have gone down with such a great rate of speed that no officer, had there been one patrolling the street, could have distinguished the number. We know nothing about other streets but are familiar with Davie. There day after day the law is violated and there is no way to avoid it. To patrol a street would cost too much. And if you patrol one you will be forced to patrol all. The speed maniac has not yet been prevented. Some day there will be a device brought forth that will call him.

One Cent Postage.

Postmaster General Bursleson announces that he hopes pretty soon to be able to give us one cent postage on letters of the first class. And then what a time we will have opening the mail. Hitherto we could throw the one cent circular into the waste basket and not take time to look at it. Now if one cent postage comes and everything is sealed we will be compelled to open the thousands of circulars. However stenographers are multiplying and an extra helper to open the mail order likker invitations and the circulars telling about the beauties of the last health resort will be in order. The hope was that Uncle Sam was going to have the nerve to make publications pay what it costs to transport them and remove its limitations as to entry, number published, and all that monkey work now imposed.

Somehow or other we feel pretty well vindicated to know that when Hughes got into the west Tariff became Paramount. We have all along insisted that that is the only real question before the American people. And it is on that question the election will be decided. For ourselves, be it known, we are for enough tariff to pay running expenses.

IS HE STILL LIVING?



IF EVER a man went into Silence, after a garrulous existence of many years, that man is our beloved Teddy. We print his picture in order to keep alive, in the heart of the erstwhile Bull Moose, the fire that burned. Since the great Chicago convention, when Teddy admitted that he had been up all night for many nights hand-running; that he was at the end of a long distance telephone; that he was trying to serve the people he loved—we have heard nothing from him or of him. True, he attended a dinner and talked it over with Hughes. But no more we hear the welcoming words of "Bully"—no more we see a Great Man posing a heroic sacrifice—in fact it seems that Mr. Roosevelt is dead.

Looks like the Bull Moose people should make inquiries. Read the records at the morgue. Go about over the land searching for the whereabouts of one Theodore Roosevelt who, when last heard from, was offering himself as a sacrifice to the American people.

The silence is painful, and past belief if he be

Old John And The Soldiers.

And now comes the information, startling and disheartening to many in the field, that around Camp Glenn there is gloom and lack of cheer. It is stated that military police from Colonel McGee's force will be stationed at near-by express offices, and any soldier attempting to carry from that office a package resembling likker will be confiscated. That is to say, as we understand it, both the soldier and the package will be confiscated.

The report goes on to say that there has been no great amount of booze received or delivered by the express office, but in order to see that Old John does not take up rooms with the boys this precautionary measure has been adopted.

With the likker cut out of the navy; with soldiers guarding express offices to see that the soldiers on land are denied the after effects of ice water and swollen heads—with a world gone dry, why is it that the revenues from whiskey loom up so big?

Again Settled.

An esteemed contemporary, nameless here forever more, writes in a paper received this morning that "All the drift is toward Wilson." Why, we wonder, why, does Mr. Hughes continue in the race; why doesn't he get back on the earth? All for Wilson the democratic papers say—and all for Hughes say the republicans. And the American people—that vast army of silent voters haven't yet spoken. Because a few poppin-jays with lungs and a desire for pie express themselves the papers rush headlong and headline to explain that the jig is up. The situation is such that no man knows anything about it, and why weary the reader with long stories about the "drift" being for So and So. There is no drift yet—and there will be none until the ballots are counted.

Handing Them One.

Those belligerent Senators are told today by the President that if they pass the immigration bill containing the literacy clause he will promptly veto it. This is supposed to be a clincher. The Senators who put on their war paint would be foolish to waste time to pass a bill that they know will go to the waste basket. However the immigration bill is a political measure and it may pass just the same. The democrats unhappily are having some little family quarrels that should be avoided just now.

They Rush In.

Judge Caleb Green was not yet buried when the men looking for his position—the place he had held so long were busy with petitions and their talk. It would seem like a decent respect for the dead would cause those ambitious to wait, at least, until the funeral services were over. But politics knows no shame—it has a nervous system all its own—and it is sublime.

If that Jamaica ginger storm ever started this way some fellow in a prohibition state further South must have swiped it.

TRAVESTY ON JUSTICE

Four Hundred and Thirty-Five Dollars The Price.



IT TRANSPIRED that Mrs. Slaughter didn't get her husband. She didn't bid enough, and then the joke was so absurd that the Commissioners who hired him out thought perhaps they had better let another party have him, so they rented him to his bondsman. It was the case where Slaughter, as Chief of Police of Draper, N. C., shot a man. He was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. He was sentenced for two years in prison, but the commissioners were given the right to hire him out—to save him the disgrace of prison life. His wife put in a bid, but later on a man, his bondsman, offered \$435 for two years—\$18 a month, and Slaughter will work for him.

And it is just such things as this—bold and reckless evasions of justice, that make mob law in the South. Slaughter was guilty and should have been punished as other men are punished, or he was innocent and should have gone free. There are no two ways about it. But he pretends to be serving time when he isn't. And he killed a man and for less than five hundred dollars the state seems satisfied. What sort of justice is this—and what can we finally expect if we allow such things? Think it over, seriously, you law abiding and peace loving men. You must conclude that justice isn't always given.

The Conscience Fund.

In the telegraph there is a story to the effect that a man in Texas has returned to the conscience fund four dollars, this amount he one time stole from Uncle Sam. He claims that he has recently seen God—and this troubles him so much that he is forced to return it. How many of us forget to tough up for sins of the past when we try to turn a new leaf.

The new fangled way of keeping books is the old fangled way of conducting our affairs with conscience. The new fangled way of the loose leaf ledger simply removes the bad accounts, destroys them. The old way the bad account remained in the ledger. And man, for all we know to the contrary, has always kept a loose leaf ledger account with his own conscience. Were all the people who have defrauded Uncle Sam to return their loot there would be no need of additional bonds to meet expenses.

Cutting Down.

All the Philadelphia papers have signed an agreement to cut down the size of their papers, no one of them to exceed eighty pages per week. They have investigated and find that there is a scarcity of paper material; that the mills have no supply of raw material and that a paper famine doubtless is on. These papers gravely announce that it is feared many newspapers will be forced to suspend. And to think of the waste in former years, and to wonder why all this great scarcity and high prices came on so suddenly! The chances are that there is an African somewhere in the wood pile. But the federal investigation failed to reveal him.

Good Enough.

We were mighty glad to see the Governor commute the sentence of that man Horne. Horne was not crazy—he was just an imbecile who didn't care. His actions all the way through the piece showed him to be as stolid as an Indian. He killed his man without provocation—but the man's intellectual works were insufficient to guide him properly. A life term is a hard and bitter pill—and that in this case will suffice. The State should not have the blood of such creatures on its hands, and we congratulate the Governor for interfering. His reasons are good.

Guess That Ends It.

We read in several papers that Candidate Hughes didn't entuse the republicans; that his speeches aroused no enthusiasm and the leaders are wondering what to do. If this be the case, and it must be as it has been in the papers, the best thing for Hughes to do is to go home and call it off. But when you read the republican papers it is a horse of a different color. They say the west is aroused as it has never been before; that Hughes will carry everything before him like a cyclone. What liars some of us must be!

An Old One.

We receive the Virginia Gazette, published at Williamsburg, and it claims as its particular right to distinction that it was the first paper to publish the Declaration of Independence. This paper was established in 1736 by Park Williams and has been jogging ever since. Some age, that.

DEMOCRACY GAY

Think the State In Peril and Get Excited.



WE WOULD think to see the democrats getting enthused because Mr. Bickett has commenced to shell the woods, that the result in North Carolina was doubtful. Mr. Bickett has already been at several places, notably Graham, Danbury and High Point. The campaign is doubtless on. Mr. Linney has not yet taken to the stump. Interviews so far have satisfied him, but in a couple of weeks he will be out telling the people what is what, viewed from a republican stand-point.

As a matter of fact there is no difference in North Carolina between the democratic platform and the republican platform. The National issue is different because in that we have the tariff. But here in North Carolina there would be no noticeable difference were the whole republican ticket to be elected.

Mr. Linney has nothing to offer. The republican party has nothing new. It has made a little poise about a few things immaterial, but when it comes down to the brass tacks there is nothing to fight over. Of course we understand that the democrats do not propose to let the republicans get into power—but so far as the average man is concerned it wouldn't make to him a particle of difference.

That is why we are glad we are big enough not to be wedded to a party. Big enough to vote for whomsoever we please. Big enough to see the sore spots on both parties—and both are sore.

It is amusing to see the little fellow talk politics, promising to hear and then not listening. But that is just one of the things that politics is nothing in God's beautiful world but pie and power, naturally all men want some of it and all men fight for it.

Talk About Whiskers.

Five thousand New York barbers are out on a strike and others are to follow. The cause is the barbers asked for one dollar more a week, and the bosses wouldn't stand for it. This may mean an over production of alfalfa, and it might mean a great increase in the sale of the safety razor. It is said to be an ill wind that blows good to nobody—at least Laurence Sterne said it was—and if this barber business spreads those of us who wear wide-flowing whiskers will be in style.

Like Romance.

That is rather a romantic story coming from Danville—the holding up of two sweet girls for further orders. It reads like a romance in a book might read—and the final chapter to be concluded in our next will doubtless also be of interest.

High Point Growing.

High Point keeps on growing. Professor Claude Smith, who is taking the school census of that city, thinks that there will be about 3,500 names when he completes his task. It will take him some two or three weeks yet to complete the census, the Enterprise says, but the figures will go around the thirty-five hundred mark. It is a pains-taking task to secure all the names but just why it should take two or three weeks longer is a mystery. Greensboro employed a capable man who took the census in two weeks—and surely Greensboro is much larger than High Point.

We'll Go A Hat On It.

We are not much of a sportsman, but we are willing to wager a new hat with most any man in town that Mr. Bryan is not a candidate for the United States senate from North Carolina. Because he has expressed some inclination to make North Carolina his home, and because he has bought land here, all the wise ones are saying that he is coming direct from Nebraska as a candidate for the Senate. Mr. Bryan will be welcome to North Carolina. Should it transpire during the course of his residence in the state that the people wanted him to offer for office he might do so, but we'll bet there is no such bee in his bonnet as has been represented.

Women Win In Georgia.

Late last Saturday Governor Harris, of Georgia, signed the bill passed by the last legislature of that state allowing women lawyers to practice in that state. Judge Pendleton, of Atlanta, admitted four this week, and now we will see in the Georgia towns the signs of the women lawyers—and it is quite an innovation as before this a woman could not practice. Gradually she takes her place and the wonder grows when women are in all professions; when women crowd in to take the place of men—what will the men do, then, poor things?