



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

THE WAY OF MEN

PROSPERITY LEAGUE

FOLK IS A BIG MAN

DOUBTS WISDOM OF IT

IT IS SOCIALISM

All According To The Way You See It.

Will Not Bring Back Whiskey To Nebraska.

Thinks Osborne Should be Satisfied With Vindication

Socialist Editor Sees End Of Democracy.



AN MUST bear the heat and burden of the day—he cannot escape his responsibility unless he breaks into jail for respite. Seems to us if we could find a lodge in some vast wilderness—far removed from telegraph, telephone, human beings and newspapers for about three months, we would rejoice. Every day we must read the papers. The democratic papers tell us that Hughes has "fizzled;" that democracy has won—and the republican papers say Wilson has made such a bust in the recent railway adjustment that he will never carry a state north of the famous line.

You meet people on the street—people well intentioned but who know more politics and less politics than all the others of the earth and they tell you how it is. It was Monday, Labor Day, a day of rest, supposedly, and one good citizen told us, he was a democrat, that the next Congress would be republican because of Wilson's insistence of eight hours and refusing to demand arbitration. This good citizen was in earnest—and before we had proceeded two blocks a good republican, with Progressive tendencies, said the American people would applaud Wilson for what he had done—he had not only averted a national calamity—but he had given justice to those who toil.

Another good citizen told us that he had heard Linney at Ashboro and that his talk about taxes and extravagance would almost win him the state. And so on and so forth—from early dawn to dewy eve. And it is all right to be enthused. As the campaign progresses all this talk will grow more intense; new things will come and pretty soon squads of men will be seen on the corners and the debates will run high. It is for this reason that we would like to ship somewhere east of Suez and wait for the clouds to pass over. But you can't go when the call bids you depart. There are chores you must look after and therefore the brave man girds up his loins and takes it as he gets it.

This campaign will be tame, however, compared to some of them we have seen. In the first go around of William J. Bryan, while we were a resident of this state, we went to Omaha to do some work and if there was ever bedlam let loose it was in that free silver campaign. Omaha was the storm centre—and to see a dozen street fights before dinner and twenty after dinner was nothing unusual. Men really got warm in those days and they would fight for their opinions.

As October approached all the banks posted notices that nothing but gold would be the medium; that no money was there to be loaned—and while organized capital did all it could to defeat Bryan—he was elected and counted out. There was never any doubt but that two or three states were given credit of casting a third more votes than they had people—but Mark Hanna had decreed that William J. should not be president, and he wasn't. This year there will be nothing of personal antagonism. Democrats will talk about their men—republicans will do the same—but in the Fall of the year when a man could enjoy the beauties of Nature and the grand climate we have down here it is a matter of regret that politics must surcharge the air. Three more months and it will all be over.

And in all candor it makes no difference to the average man. We have lived through democratic administrations—we have lived through republican administrations. There have been droughts and good crops; there have been panics and good times—and no man, who hustled starved to death—no one really suffered because of politics. But those wanting pie, position or power paint wonderful pictures of gloom or happiness—they tell you what terrible things will happen if their favorites are not elected—whereas it is all buncombe. This country will never fall into the hands of men who can wreck it—and whether Wilson is elected or Hughes is elected the three meals will come, at least so far as results in the election are concerned. But it is the game to get excited—therefore beloved, we admonish you to take sides—go to it with zeal and emotion, bet some fellow five dollars, and then talk a hundred dollars worth in order to win your money.

The base ball season is about over—and foot ball will be along by Thanksgiving. Just one bloomin' thing after another—and it is well that it is so ordered.

Now if they will get up a law giving all laboring people eight hours a day and fixing the price, it will not be long until we have the six hour a day accepted.

NEBRASKA maintains what she is pleased to call her Prosperity League—that is some of the business men maintain this League and its principal mission is to convince voters that Prohibition does not prohibit. It is an old story. A thrice told tale—an invention of those interested sustained by manufactured plausibility and where the Hope is a fond father to the Thought. In the other years, and years until North Carolina adopted prohibition as a law, it was our belief, firmly rooted, as we thought, that the cry adopted by the Nebraska Prosperity League, that Prohibition did not prohibit, was true. We worked against state prohibition and we voted against it. It was our belief, strengthened by observation and figures supplied by the government, that Prohibition was an idealist's dream—that Utopia was further away than prohibition geographers had claimed.

But it came. Came with a majority of forty thousand. Saloons and distilleries, authorized by law passed. The moonshiner or the blind tiger continued at the old stand for a day or a week and then he changed his abode to the public roads in stripes or a temporary sojourn in a federal prison. And still men are coming and going over these two routes—still whiskey is sold and men are arraigned before His Honor for being drunk and down.

The same however, is true of men who do murder; of men who do other crimes, and as yet no man has come in and advocated a law to license murder because now and then the law against it is violated.

Prohibition has worked real wonders in North Carolina. It has banished the saloon; it has assisted the wife and the children who hitherto were hungry. It has made useful citizens of many men—but that is nothing. It is conserving the manhood that is developing—it is protecting Youth which is here today in knee pants—but which will be here tomorrow as the managers of the business of the hemisphere. It is all right and well within the law for the Nebraska people to advocate high license; to insist that prohibition interferes with trade—but the honest man who will come to North Carolina for information will find that prohibition comes near enough prohibiting in this state to cause rejoicing all along the line.

A Moral Here.

The sensational case which has just been on at Danville carries a moral too plain to be pointed out. It is, that it is possible for doctors to be mistaken, and that it is a serious thing to destroy the good name of one whose reputation you hold without absolute proof that your suspicions are well founded.

In consequence of the incorrect diagnosis of a physician—as shown in the autopsy—the Governor of South Carolina, along with a number of private citizens, is involved in what may prove an ugly scrape when aired in the courts, as now appears likely.

And the question that arises in the minds of the unprejudiced is: Which is the more guilty—the doctor who murdered her reputation through lack of knowledge or the surgeon who murdered her body through lack of skill—provided her death was due to such cause, as those conducting the investigation hoped to prove.

The medical men are quite right and should be applauded certainly for their efforts to put down any and every attempt at criminal practice. In the prosecution of such professional abuses, however, they should be sure they are on safe ground before they handle lightly the name of a helpless young woman. In this case the dead girl appeared to have been the victim of a malignant disease which was bad enough in itself, without the added affliction of having her honor questioned by those whose business it should have been to protect her.

Whittling Close.

Some of the state papers announce that they are cutting off all free lists; that even the office boy and business managers must hereafter pay for the copy of the paper they receive. The scarcity of white paper; the cost of what is on hand makes these new changes necessary it is said. But it does seem to us that the office boy should at least get a copy at half price.

Two Notables Absent.

Colonel Wade Harris who was at Shadow Lawn looking over things from a newspaper man's view point writes in his paper, the Charlotte Observer, that ex-Governor Glenn reported to have been in the throng was absent, also William J. Bryan. Well, we don't know what Mr. Glenn is doing, but William J. is whooping things up for Wilson with great vigor. Bryan has done more real campaigning for Wilson, so far, than any other man.



THE Salisbury Post says: "Former Governor of Missouri, Folk, who is to be in Salisbury for a speech real soon, unless present plans go wrong, is one of the leading men of the nation, one of the most interesting men in public life. He made a reputation as attorney general for his state and became governor. There he added to his reputation as a big man and became a national figure. He is a strong speaker and many Tar Heels will travel miles to see and hear him when he comes to Salisbury. In getting this distinguished man to come to the county following the gubernatorial candidate Chairman Woodson indicates that he proposes a campaign of unusual interest and force from now on until the election.

When We Are Young.

It happened yesterday, Sunday being the day off, that we took time to do a few stunts, and one of them was looking over an old scrap book. We took some pages out of our life thirty years ago—pages dusty and musty with the use of Time—and we read, with more than passing interest, some things we wrote. In those days we were doing things in black and white—doing them for a great newspaper—but to what we thought then, what we thought we thought then we knew, in spite of all opposition—in this broader and calmer light, we file a most solemn protest.

Our premises were wrong; our deductions far from what they would be today, and yet, in spite of the chastening rod of experience, there are low-browed critics who will say that even today we are far, far off the track.

Maybe we are, but Age brings with it caution; brings with it the result of experience; brings with it a burden laden with reverses and failures, and the Old Man who can pick himself up and think that at last he is on the right track, should at least be heard.

If he be wrong, if Youth decide that he is a back number, let it so decide. The same kindly Time that brought him into camp; the same kindly Time that followed and chastened the Youth of yesterday will finally administer to the Youth of today.

There were follies in those days as there are in these, and there will be folly in all the days to come, because those of us of earth are far from perfect.

Difference Of Opinion.

Some of the big papers insist that Congress did wrong in making a law, under a threat, to do what a labor union wanted, while others of them insist Congress did exactly what it should have done. The way we figure it out is that Congress passed the law that averted the strike, and the greatest national calamity ever threatened was averted. This being true, it looks like Congress did the proper thing. However some politics has mixed into the question and for the nonce this will blind some partisans.

The ice man will soon now find a place to hibernate—but bless us, the coal man will come right along in his tracks.



WRITER in the New York Times doubts the wisdom of Warden Osborne in following up his complete vindication by a prosecution of those who sought to destroy him. He says: "It is with what are vaguely but intelligibly described as 'mingled emotions' that the friends of Thomas Mott Osborne will learn of the proceedings instituted by him to bring to the sort of justice allotted by courts men who, partly as a means, partly as an incident, of restoring a system of prison management from which they had profited for many years, coolly undertook to destroy his reputation both as a man and as an official.

"On the one hand, it is, of course, desirable that those who originated and as far as they could carried out this method of ousting a Warden of Sing Sing whom they found worse than useless for their purposes should get the publicity and the punishment deserved by them. So if Mr. Osborne is sure of proving his case in court—which is a very different thing from feeling a moral certainty of their guilt—the Grand Jury investigation now in progress is a commendable beginning of action and all good citizens will hope for its success.

"On the other hand, however, conspiracy is of all crimes the hardest to establish, and in this instance it will be especially difficult because the case involves to such a large extent questions whether discretionary powers were or were not honestly exercised, and also those of motive—where all certainty ceases.

"A third consideration is the fact that Mr. Osborne has already won a brilliant victory over his foes, and it is properly held superfluous to beat the bones of the thoroughly dead. To do so will distract his own and the public's attention from a more important task—that of carrying into effective operation the new ideas of prison management, of which, in no small degree because of the attacks to which he was subjected, he has become the best known and therefore most effective exponent. In a way, therefore, he owes a sort of gratitude to those who made his triumph possible. He even might have strained magnanimity to the point of remembering that his conflict was with men who by misfortune rather than fault were survivors from a political era in which the practices he interfered with were so customary as sincerely to be held legitimate. So remembering, he might have seen that animosity on his part was unnecessary, and have been content with having reduced the 'prison ring' to permanent helplessness."

But What Will They Do?

One of our exchanges, we believe it was the Salisbury Post, has this to say:

The Greensboro Record does not think much of the meeting of the newspaper men to be held in Greensboro tomorrow to discuss print paper. The Record may be right altogether, but if the publishers sit still and do nothing they will be run into bankruptcy on a short notice.

But what will they do? The paper makers insist that they have but little raw material; they tell us when we ask for quotations that they can make no new contracts; they insist that they are interested in keeping down prices but they cannot do it—and if we want paper we must pay the price they ask.

The only thing the publishers can do is to start a paper mill—meaning an investment of many hundreds of thousands of dollars—and that is a wild dream.

If the publisher meets and declares he will not submit to what he thinks extortion he can do nothing but close up his shop. That is all he can do. If he wants paper he must pay the price and if, after printing on it, he wants to sell it, he must charge a profit, or his finish is in sight. That is the white paper situation and all the meetings and resolutions in the world could not alter the situation.

No Doubt About It.

The editor of the Kinston Daily Free Press stopped a minute, but he didn't stop long enough. He simply threw his eyes across the cityscape and the landscape, and he says:

A squint at the home town of Editors Middlebrand and Fairbrother, in the few moments allotted one in changing trains, is enough to convince that the progress, which is making such manifest strides all over our fair State, is no stranger in the "Gite City." Good streets and extension of desirable residential sections as well as a bun and bottle, characteristic of good times, are favorable signs, which greet the eye of the visitor.

And had he tarried long enough to look over our schools, the State Normal, The Greensboro College for women—the mills, the beautiful homes far off from "between trains"—Fisher Park and Irvin Park and other sections; had he gone inside some of our stores the largest in the state—had he had time to see what our big life insurance companies and fire insurance companies are doing—well, he would have seen things to actually astonish him. They are here—not only in their beauty and their progress—but here in volume of business that reaches throughout the south. Come again, old man—come tarry a day or two and we'll show you things that will bewilder.



HEN Victor Berger, editor of the Milwaukee Leader, a socialist daily, and the first socialist to be elected to Congress, was in New York this week he discussed the recent action of Congress in passing the railroad eight-hour law. He said the passage of the law was a step toward government ownership of the railroads, which Congress had taken unwittingly.

While he welcomes the passage of the law as a step in the direction of government ownership, Mr. Berger added that in his opinion the settling or "temporary postponement" of the strike was, after all, a piece of buncombe in which Congress and the public generally were the dupes.

"Congress," said Mr. Berger, "has taken one of the most momentous steps in the history of our country, one of the greatest steps in the direction of socialism ever taken, and when it took that step Congress did so without knowing what it was doing. For the first time in the history of our country, Congress has passed legislation fixing the hours of work and practically also the scale of wages in privately owned enterprises, for the railroads of America are privately owned. Heretofore Congress has scrupulously refrained from enacting legislation of this kind.

"In my opinion, everybody has been buncoed, Congress, the general public, and the workers. In the first place, Congress has passed a law which it has not the ways and means to enforce. You cannot force the railroads to pay a certain wage as long as they are privately owned. You cannot compel the railroads to do this any more than you can compel the owner of an American newspaper or any other privately owned enterprise to pay a certain wage.

"I do not know what the United States Supreme Court is going to do. But, unless President Wilson appoints enough new members of the Interstate Commerce Commission to make possible the granting of an increase in passenger and freight rates to the railroads, the railroads will simply say that they cannot pay the new wage scale because they must pay dividends and interest on bonds or declare themselves bankrupt. Then the Government will have to step in and run the railroads. This is all said under the supposition that the Supreme Court decides that the law is constitutional.

"But now, let us suppose that the Supreme Court decides that the law is unconstitutional and void. In that event the men will get neither the eight hours nor the increased wage, and then there will be nothing to keep them from striking again, and we will be face to face with the same situation we were up against last week, the only difference being that it won't be seven or eight weeks before a national election, and that Mr. Wilson, or whoever happens to be President, will not hasten to send special messages to both houses of Congress to pass laws for his especial favor in order to help along the personal boom of a nominee.

"The worst buncoed element in any case, however, is the great public, including the working classes, who not only will have to pay the difference in wages for the men, but also \$5 in profits, dividends, and interest for every \$1 of increased wages paid by the railroads to the men. Moreover, in the event the wrangle between the managers and the brotherhoods leads to a strike after all, business will be paralyzed, there will be a general cessation of work, and the people will face starvation during the period the managers and brotherhoods are fighting the matter to a finish.

"Very soon the country will have to come to the only solution of this matter, which is collective ownership and governmental management of the railroads.

"However, I am glad that Congress has taken this step, because in doing so it has unwittingly established the principle that when the welfare of the people collectively is at stake the question of profits and dividends takes second place. That is what Congress has done. From this it is only a short step to collective ownership.

"That step must, and will, be taken very soon, because this settlement has settled nothing at all. I even question whether it has settled the re-election of President Wilson. The only settlement possible is government ownership and operation."

If Mr. Dixon had postponed the writing of his play until after the settlement of the railroad strike, there would have been more justification for the title of it.

Now that Guilford has set the pace Durham and Raleigh will have one too.