

# Everything

EVERY WEEK.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Legitimate Advertisements Solicited—Terms on Application  
Subscription Books Open to All Advertisers.

OFFICE: Record Bldg. W. Market Street.  
PHONE No. 1036.

Everything was Established May, 1905, and is Independent  
in All Things and Neutral in Nothing.

Everything is Sold at All News Stands in North Carolina—  
If You Fail to be Supplied Favor us by Dropping a Card.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Greens-  
boro, N. C., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Address all business communications to Everything,  
Greensboro, North Carolina.

"After years of active experience in newspaper work,  
and with newspaper men, I am more than ever convinced  
that a newspaper cannot afford, any more than an individ-  
ual, to be without character; and that as a man's  
character is summed up from his life, from the good he  
has done, the evil he has prevented, the homes he has  
brightened, and the hearts he has gladdened, just so  
will the inexorable judgment of posterity, and of the  
greater public, to which no passion nor prejudice of the  
day can appeal, measure out merciless justice to the  
Journal whose sole object and aim it has been to coin the  
cross of the human race into grist for its owner."—John A.  
Cockerill.



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916.

### Wonderful Loss.

And now Professor Fisher, of Yale, has compiled some figures which those assisting in frightening nervous people print. In regard to tuberculosis he finds that each year Society loses \$570,000,000. The Charlotte News says:

The annual loss to society, not counting the loss to victims and their families, it not less than \$570,000,000. In the same way we calculate the losses to the victims themselves, including the losses before death and the capitalized earning power cut off by death, we reach a still larger sum, making the total loss well above \$1,000,000,000 a year, says Prof. Fisher.

These cold calculations take no account, of course, of the fact that a man's own life is worth more to him than the earnings he expects it to bring and that the loss of monetary support is not the chief loss which widows and orphans suffer, nor does the calculation take any account of the impairment of working efficiency in the years preceding the breakdown from tuberculosis.

Colonel Fairbrother is on the wrong track when he opposes the propaganda of the state board of health. It is doing a work in this regard that is meritorious and deserving of the sympathetic support of the people of the entire state.

And these figures are based on the fact that men with tuberculosis die. They presume that all the tuberculosis victims, were they free of that particular disease, would live right through the average life. They do not take into consideration the fact that possibly half of them would die from some other disease; they do not take into consideration the fact that thousands of people die who have tuberculosis along with other complications. In other words they are figures that can not be proven. They are the figures of the alarmist. They have no place in the public prints.

The study of tuberculosis is open to all. A man of ordinary intelligence can acquaint himself with the disease and he need not be a doctor. All the doctor knows is from observation and what he reads in his text books. The text books differ, widely differ. We have read all the writers, not once, but a dozen times. We have talked with at least two thousand victims of tuberculosis—seen them in all stages of the disease, and we are here to insist that fright and homesickness and poverty kills more than the disease. And we as a good citizen, object to the boards of health frightening people unduly. And we shall continue to object.

### Hughes Goes After It.

Hughes has been in Ohio and the Press dispatches say he gets much applause and draws big crowds. That doesn't signify much. We have seen so many men following Bryan and yelling for him that you couldn't count 'em, and when election day came they were most all voting for the other fellow.

### The Terry Case.

It took the jury but a short time to arrive at the conclusion that Terry was not insane when he killed John R. Stewart. The evidence was that he had been doing business before the killing and that after the killing he was sending to friends to be as easy on him as possible, if they were witnesses. He evidently had a weather eye on the main chance, and he evidently knew what he was doing the night he took the life of his neighbor.

The scientific man who preaches prohibition tells us that the long continued use of alcohol will derange the brain—that men who indulge too freely for a long period of time will see things—that delusion ensnares them. They will tell us that a distorted brain is the sure result of excessive use of drugs or whiskey—and in the Terry case the defense argued that because Terry had for years drunk to excess he was irresponsible.

The jury didn't take that into account. It is said that right off the reel nine were for conviction and it took only a few moments to get them all of one mind. In the celebrated Thomas case at Raleigh, recently tried, it seemed that because the defendant was drunk or alleged to be drunk, his sentence was much lighter than it otherwise would have been. This whiskey excuse didn't go in the Terry case.

Men who have drunk whiskey to excess know that there is a lapse—acts are committed which are not remembered, but those best posted insist that at the time of the commission of a crime the drunken man understands perfectly well what he is doing. It is because of this that criminals of the lower type always resort to strong drink to give them what they call "courage."

The prosecution argued that because Terry, while half drunk, had accused a man of stealing his money and afterwards found he was mistaken, and had to pay five hundred dollars for libelling his neighbor, that it was the loss of the five hundred that caused him to commit the murder. Five hundred dollars to a man in Terry's physical condition, financial condition, and at his time of life was a likely pile of gold. It had doubtless been gained by long days of work. And to lose it because, while drunk, he had slandered a neighbor, naturally caused him to grieve. That was the great sorrow that sat upon him and was ever with him. And it appeared that so deeply did he mourn this loss that whenever he got under the influence of whiskey the thought that was uppermost in his mind found expression, and he kept threatening to shoot somebody. That somebody was evidently John Stewart. Because John had been instrumental in seeing that Terry retracted his slander.

And all that is left now to be done is to wait for the Supreme Court to act, to see if Terry gets a new trial. If not they will send him to the chair and out of the world. We take it that his friends will continue the fight; no doubt they will attempt to convince Governor Craig that he was not himself mentally when the crime was committed, and commutation of sentence will be asked for—all condemned people wanting a life sentence rather than death. And no matter what the outcome, there was perhaps never a stronger temperance lecture delivered than the sentence that will be imposed upon Terry—that he go to the electric chair and die. There were hundreds of young men and old men who sat through this trial. And as the burden of it was the fact that Terry was a drunkard—that he drank whiskey to excess, there was more evidence adduced against whiskey drinking in the five days of the trial than was ever printed in all the tracts sent out by prohibition propagandists.

As we have often stated we are opposed to capital punishment. We regard it as a relic of barbarism—we feel that the old Mosaic law which called for an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was repealed when Christ came to save the world and gave man a new line of conduct. Many states have done away with capital punishment, and it is our hope that all states will finally pass it up. The man who knew John Stewart—big hearted, kindly disposed, quiet, a good neighbor and a good citizen, wants to know what you would do with men like Terry when they shoot down such men with no provocation worth while. And almost instinctively you say "hang them." But Society only wants protection. Those who commit depredations should be confined—should be placed and kept where they can no longer be a menace to Society—but the theory, as we understand it is not to kill other people—simply to protect those who might be exposed to the vicious.

While there was no exultant rejoicing over the verdict in the Terry case it is generally understood that most people were satisfied. Those who oppose capital punishment, in this case, stretch the point, and conclude that perhaps it was best to put him out of the way. The county has spent a lot of money—but if it had cost fifty times the amount, so much the better. It shows that men who commit crimes in Guilford will be punished. It shows that the community is law abiding. There was no lynching—the law, in its majesty proceeded quietly and orderly—and a human life not worth while has been thrown aside. The mere incident of Terry's passing—the momentary humiliation to know that he is to be hanged; the heart ache to know that he forfeited his life because he drank whiskey—those things are but of the moment. It will be when he stands before the judgment bar of God with his hands imbrued with his brother's blood that his real punishment will be inflicted.

### Still Worse.

Later news from the Philadelphia tragedy makes it all the worse. It appears to have been a bad mix-up and one husband, at least, is wondering how he had been fooled so long. Perhaps there is still more to come out in the wash.

### The Thimble Rig Game.

When a campaign is on, both parties claim a lot of things that never happened, or, if they did happen, amounted to nothing. In order to plainly show this point, the Raleigh News and Observer writes a column editorial in which it takes issue with Hughes concerning the eight hour law; quotes the republican governor of Kansas, and others, and concludes its article as follows:

The summing up of the case by the paper of the Republican Governor of Kansas is a clear knock out for the Republican nominee for President, that paper saying: "It is unfair to the brotherhood to jump to the conclusion which the managers ask the public to do, that the eight-hour day issue was merely a blind for a wage advance, with the Railway Age Gazette for authority that this is a problem for management, and that the difficulty is the crowding of trains with maximum loads for the sake of maximum profits."

Now that is all right. But the question is: Did the Railway Gazette say what it is quoted as saying? When did it say it? And if it said it, it is worth nothing, because in its issue of September 8, it gave prominence to this paragraph in a long editorial headed "The Triumph of Mobocracy":

"With a pistol at its head and a bayonet between its coat tails, Congress with an unprecedented celerity rushed through the so-called 'eight-hour day' bill. The defects of this measure are so palpable and vital that it is inconceivable it can ever go into effect. First, it was passed under duress. Everybody in the United States knows that Congress never seriously considered enacting such a law until President Wilson demanded that this price be paid instantly to buy off those who were threatening a strike. Second, the law does not provide for an eight-hour day. It merely provides that the railways shall pay employees in their train service a day's pay for eight hours' work. It does not provide that train employees shall give the railways eight hours' work for a day's pay. It does not provide that any train employee shall quit work at the end of eight hours, but by requiring them to be paid overtime after eight hours it clearly contemplates that they shall work any number of hours up to the sixteen-hour limit fixed by the hours-of-service act. Third, it attempts to provide that the wages paid for the basic ten-hour day shall be the minimum paid for the basic eight-hour day.

Now, if the Railway Gazette Age insists that the eight hours had nothing to do with it and then insists that it is a question of management, in all candor is what it says worth anything? The Railway-Age Gazette further said in its issue of September 8:

"Let us not deceive ourselves as to what occurred. It was an insurrection of 400,000 men, who threatened to ruin and starve the nation unless the nation's Congress within a week passed a law to promote the selfish interest of the insurrectionists at the expense of the rest of the people. It was a revolution; for it was successful, and successful insurrection is revolution.

So it would appear that Hughes is hewing right along the lines laid down by the Railway-Age Gazette on September 8, and certainly up to that time it was not a favorable witness to the proceedings which gave us the Adamson bill which Hughes denounces.

### Strenuous Session.

We have no doubt Judge Webb was glad when his court was over. He had a very strenuous week—the murder trial no doubt being a task he did not relish. But as usual he made good. Judge Webb is one of the strong judges of the state.

### Another One.

Because The Raleigh Times doesn't confess the democratic faith and join what it designates as "the modern four-ring circus of the democratic party" it has been accused by a democratic office holder in Chatham county of being a republican paper. Answering this charge of high treason the Times ably says:

As to being a Republican paper, the charge will appear absurd to all who have been considerate enough to read what we have had to say. We are running no "organ" for either party, chiefly for the reason that we wish to do some good as well as to have some profit and some fun and good nature, and we are convinced that when a paper commences to be an "organ" it works for the closed mind instead of in favor of the open intelligence, and thus to the height of its ability works in the interest of ignorance instead of light.

It seems to be absolutely incomprehensible to the dyed-in-the-wool democrat how a man can be entirely independent in his politics; how he can sit on the fence and see the follies and foibles of both parties and talk out in meeting about them. But there are such newspapers—absolutely independent. And The Times is one of them.

In these days the people should welcome the newspaper that has no axe to grind; the newspaper that plays no politics; the newspaper that is big enough and brave enough to give both sides a fair and respectful hearing. When this is done there will be better government and better citizenship.

### Happy Day.

Tell it not in Gath—keep it out of The Record—proclaim it not on the streets of Askelon or Raleigh—but some of the papers do tell us that a circus is in this state—Robinson's circus at that—and—the broad vista, it opens!

The newspapers keep on talking about the high cost of paper and the manufacturers have met that talk and send word that they have no paper to sell at any price.

If that New York strike doesn't get more action it looks like it might be counted the latest comedy of the season—but not enough motion to call it a movie.

### A New Superintendent.

It is well that the Soldiers' Home is to have a new superintendent. Whether those inmates who were continually objecting to Lineberry, resigned, were justified is not the question. That they did object and that the Soldiers' Home under his management was continually in the papers makes it a matter of rejoicing to know that a new man has been chosen. We all know that the old soldier—down and out in both health and finances, often diseased because of wounds received in the earlier years, is not the kind of a man to see things as those better situated see them. We have no doubt but what they are hard to please. They are often old and childish, and the man assuming the position of superintendent must be especially fitted for the place. Of Colonel D. H. Milton, of High Point, appointed to succeed Lineberry, the Enterprise gives this pen picture:

The board of directors of the North Carolina Soldiers' home did well in selecting Col. D. H. Milton, of High Point, as superintendent of the institution to succeed Capt. W. S. Lineberry, resigned. Colonel Milton's friendliness, typical of the old time southern gentleman, will go far toward making the days of the veterans lighter and give peace to their minds, while his executive ability is such that the affairs of the home will no doubt be conducted in a manner entirely satisfactory to the directors. Colonel Milton is a good mixer, jovial, kind-hearted and with a wide business experience. The directors and inmates of the Soldiers' home are to be congratulated upon securing his services.

And we take it that that kind of a citizen would be just the one to have charge of those old people—those gray beards hastening to the end. They are old, but they are our charge and we should humor them and make life as pleasant as possible for them. And here is hoping that Colonel Milton will be the right man in the right place.

### The Great Strike.

It appears that the great strike didn't cut much ice. New York officials say that had it not happened on the Jewish New Year, when some hundred thousand Jews were out for three days on a holiday, there would have been no indications at all that a strike was on.

The strike leaders say that today and tomorrow they will call for more sympathetic workers to join, but if the response is no greater than to the first call, the much heralded tie-up will prove a fiasco. The union is a great old girl, and those who have "joined" are generally zealous. But the man who responds in this strike, where it has been abundantly proven that both the railway people and the unions have violated their agreements is simply a blooming idiot. Other trades are not interested. Both sides to the present difficulty have violated their agreements and the federated unions should insist that they fight it out alone and single handed.

The truth of the matter is, since the railway brotherhoods put one over on Congress there is not as much sympathy for strikers as there might have been. New York made it its business to see that no concessions were made. The threat didn't bluff the other people—and unless the strikers get up a great deal more steam than they had on yesterday, they might as well bank their fires. In this connection it is interesting to note that the grand jury is returning indictments against those who threw bricks and bottles and other missiles. Some thirteen indictments were returned yesterday, and the law is going to see about the destruction of property.

### Rev. H. M. Blair Back.

Rev. H. M. Blair, of the Christian Advocate, who has been for several weeks very ill has been fully restored to health, a fact which will cause his many friends in the State to rejoice. He had a close call along the banks of the dread river, but he climbed the heights and this is the brave and manly way in which he reviews his case:

On Thursday, July 27th, I was taken violently ill and for some days seemed to linger on the borderland. While there was no intense suffering at any time I fully realized for days in succession that only a fragile thread kept me moored on the shores of mortality. It seems almost a miracle that I am, at the end of eight weeks, ready to resume my work, and who will say that it is not the answer to many prayers in my behalf. God has been very graciously manifest and I feel that I am coming back clothed with the strength of a new covenant to finish the task which the church has given me and to be a more faithful witness to the simplicity of our faith.

All are glad to know that he is again in the harness and all hope that Mr. Blair will be spared many years to continue the good work in which he is engaged.

### Smoked Out.

They have been telling us right along that Hughes was cutting no ice; that his speeches were foolish, but we note that the democratic National Committee has shifted. Instead of allowing Mr. Wilson to conduct that "dignified campaign" from the porch of Shadow Lawn, the papers say that he is to plunge right into the heat of the campaign and take the stump. This adds to the gaiety of nations. It makes the sparks fly. It puts the ginger in the bottle and gives the average American citizen something to assist him in enthusing. We are glad it has come to pass in this manner.

### Unless.

The Durham Herald suggests: Nine gallons of good liquor is more than any man should be permitted to have at one time, law or no law. The Herald is judicially right unless every man is permitted to have nine gallons.

### They Say.

They say that when Teddy delivers his double-barrelled speech at Battle Creek, Michigan, it will be a hummer. It has been described as the "skin 'em alive" speech of the campaign. And had Teddy remained steadfast four years ago; side-stepped and let his friend Taft go along as it was intended, today Mr. Roosevelt would have been the republican standard bearer and he would have wiped up the earth with any opponent. But ambition caused him to kick out of the traces—to get back on his hind legs, and as he goes down the hill today, figuratively speaking, with his tail over the dashboard, he is viewed as men view a run-away horse, and what he says does not bring the erstwhile thrill.

However he feels that he helped season the bread in Maine and he now feels that with his skin 'em alive speech he will build new fires on what he regards as the altar of patriotism. Michigan will always respond—respond as it did in the days of sturdy Zach Chandler if it gets the right kind of dope. But whether Teddy is the man to administer it this campaign is a question. His speeches are designed to thrill the whole nation—and his ability no one doubts.

### Accepted.

The esteemed Asheville Times, under a heading "Apologies to Colonel Fairbrother," proceeds to say that "the Times regrets exceedingly, that in the issue of September 25, a clipping from the facile pen of Colonel Fairbrother, reprinted in the third column of this page, appeared without the credit line. The explanation and apology is made freely and gladly. The credit line was in the copy—but inadvertently was overlooked in the proof."

No apology was necessary. Those who read The Times know full well that its editor—as versatile as any writer in the state—doesn't need swipe his articles. Every now and then we see some glittering gem from these columns being passed along without due credit, but it only gives us assurance that once in awhile we write something.

There is this about it: No matter what happens the fashion makers get out something each year that appeals to the man with the price. The Greensboro show windows are things of beauty—at least full of things of beauty.

### High Point Proud.

High Point is proud, and she has a right to be. The other day she sold her \$50,000 issue of 30 year bonds at a premium of \$7.21 on the hundred. This shows the credit High Point enjoys, and when a town can issue bonds for improvements and sell them at such a premium she certainly should never hesitate to issue them.

### At Kanaom



AS IT WAS.  
The boy stood on the burning deck—  
And swore that he'd stand put—  
If he stood there all winter  
He'd wear his old straw hat!

DO NOT DESERVE IT.  
The lawyer always comes in for jokes that he does not deserve. The latest is that in the recent case on life for murder a Quaker was asked if he was opposed to capital punishment.  
"With one exception," replied the mild mannered man who had just refused to swear, but who affirmed.  
"And what is that exception?" asked the lawyer.  
"Well, I reckon I would be in favor of hanging a lawyer now and then," replied the Quaker.

VERY GENERAL.  
Many papers of the state are wondering why Thomas escaped so easily. They all insist, so far as we have been able to see, that he richly deserved more punishment than he received.

AS IT WAS.  
The boy stood on the burning deck  
He heard his sweetest last  
So he put the First Mate on the stand  
To prove he was insane!

STILL AT IT.  
The advertisers again take possession of The Record. They are out today with a hundred bargains—and wise is the man or woman who will read these special invitations. The merchant who advertises has something worth while, and he pays out his good money to tell you about it. Read the advertisements—it means money to you.

INDIAN SUMMER.  
This feels a good deal like Indian summer—not quite hot enough to burn for it. The real Indian summer does not come until the first week in November—let us hope these advance days of it will continue until late Fall.

THE GAY BANNERS.  
The streets are lined with gay banners proclaiming the Central Carolina Fair—and Secretary Daniel has his wagons out posting paper over all the county. The Fair this year will be great.

AS IT WAS.  
The boy stood on the burning deck  
He heard his sweetest last  
"O, John, my dear, turn on the hose  
And put the durned thing out."

PROFESSIONAL.  
The lawyer who undertakes to convict a man and send him to the electric chair, explains that he is an officer of the court, that he is protecting Society.  
Very good. But in states where the people have revolted at the horrors of capital punishment and decreed that it should not be, the lawyer doesn't engage in the judicial murder.

SOON NOW.  
Pretty soon now, and the 'possum hunting will be on. After a frost or two and brave men will walk all night with a cool dog and land a 'possum. We once walked Nine Hundred Miles and the Cool Dog stopped to bark, and we cut down the tree and there was no 'possum there. It was afterwards discovered by a Scientist who was with the party that the dog was Baying the Moon. We would have believed it had the moon been shining. Joe Stone and Charley Harrison who were along said dogs often did that.

AS IT WAS.  
The boy stood on the burning deck  
And vainly tried to light  
He had drunk up all his likker  
And was out of cigarettes!

FOUGHT HARD.  
While the state had a great array of able counsel in the Terry case, it must not be forgotten that Terry's lawyers were there. Mr. Oscar Sapp never made a stronger fight—and in making it he showed that he knew what he was doing. With all odds against him, he was there with some of the goods.

WANTS BAGGAGE CHECKED.  
What in the world does Ed Britton propose to do with baggage checks? He calls for 'em in this fashion:  
"From the Greensboro Record we learn that The Boy has 'checked his straw hat." This confirms us in the belief that checks are in fashion this fall, as for us we are always in favor of checks. Send 'em along.

ONLY FIVE WEEKS.  
Just about five weeks more of election talk—and then the vote is on. Hasn't been very lurid yet, the atmosphere, but we suspect that by the middle of October the heavens will be illuminated with the red fire of both sides.