Admit Failure.

The strike leaders in New York, according to reports sent out, admit failure. They failed to secure enough people who wanted to commit suicide. The intelligent union labor man did not see why he should jump into the mixed up street car strike where both sides had violated their contracts. He could not see why he should leave his happy home to throw bricks at defenseless and inoffensive passengers. He could not understand why a walking delegate should come in and start something when there was no occasion for starting it. Accordingly he failed to respond.

Had President Shonts given up the ghost like Congress gave it up when a strike was threatened all would have been different. run his own works and the result is that the great industrial army of seven hundred and fifty thousand people who were to parade with banners and stop work kept on at their knit-

ting and all is well. Union labor is some of these days going to put the calf weaner on the professional labor leader and agitator. It is going to intelligently deal with the men for whom it proposes to work. Arbitration will settle its disputes and its misunderstandings. The strike will be a thing of the past-because labor and capital understand that it takes both to make things

The walking delegate; the man who wants to carry the banner and start something has no place in commerce these days. Each labor union has its officers and they are intelligent and are capable of maintaining their honor and dignity without calling in some loud-mouthed anarchist who, for pay, wants to disturb the commercial peace and bring hardship to those who toil.

It was a great day for union labor and all kinds of labor when the loudly proclaimed New York strike fizzled. Because there was no occasion for a strike. There was no reason in the world why men remotely interested should join in the wild hub bub.

A State Wide Citizen.

In the death of Mr. John C. Drewry, of Raleigh, North Carolina loses another distinguished man, Mr. Drewry was prominent in many things and was a successful business man and good citizen. His departure will be mourned by many. He was high in the Masonic fraternity and his brothers of that order buried him.

We would like to hear a little of the Sixteen to One dope along about now. Not but what money is plentiful but we need a little more free silver to meet the advance in all prices.

A Milk Shortage.

The farmers are now holding out in New York state for what they think their eternal rights. They want a certain price for milk. The distributors will not pay it and the result is a milk shortage that threatens the health of the city. Funny old world. From one thing to another. Last week it was a threatened strike of men who work in factories and other week a strike of the tillers of the soil the men who have milk to sell. Truly the man

who observed that life was just one grand thing after another was a philosopher of the moreld school.

But It Doesn't Pay.

We have just been reading The Agitator, published at North Ben, Oregon, and see where the editor has been fined \$500 because he printed an article exposing the horrible conditions of the poor farm-told how helpless women were inhumanly treated; how crippled men were beaten like unruly beasts-just turned the light on a sorrowing and sickening mess of official corruption. And the tax payer applauded. He read and was ready to pat on the back the editor who waded into the murky ground and threw on the light. And now the editor explains that he hasn't with him the five hundred; that he will have to go to jail unless his subscribers and friends come across and lay down enough of the long green to pay a fine that should never have been imposed. All of the other papers of the county explain that the Agitator editor was right. One opposition paper has made the Agitator's cause it's cause and subscribed \$25 and the men working on it subscribed another \$25 and it appeals to all the honest people in the county to come across and help raise the fine.

The newspaper which undertakes to be the defender of the people's rights-if a ring of politicians is in control, might just as well understand one time as another, and many of them understand it, that the "populace" which applauds the utterances of the brave editor most always takes to the woods when the acid test is applied. Better for the editor to quietly go to enough citizens and demand an investigation of the books; insist that the poor house be cleansed or what not-and keep the dope out of the paper until the fact is established. When the paper assumes the responsibility alone it generally goes to jail or pays a fine.

A veteran North Carolinian who has been living under our strict prohibition laws asserts that to him it is incomprehensible how a worker in a brewry would go on a strike.

Says There Is No Joker.

It has been freely charged that the Keating child labor law contained a joker which made it really a warehouse law instead of a child labor law. President Wilson warns all who undertake to violate it that they will be punished-that the law means what it says and contains no joker.

The Red Cross seals will soon be on and every man, woman and child should buy a book. The fund goes to aid those ill with tuberculosis-a grand work and it should receive all sorts of encouragement.

Growing In Grace.

As an evidence that the country is paying more attention to its spiritual welfare, the wonderful success of Rally Day at the different churches throughout the country gave ample evidence.

would have brought it on.

Watermelon Bill.

in the Superior Court that reads more like a Bret Harte short story than anything happening in real life since the Outcasts of Poker Flat were driven to their mountain death-or since Mliss played her part in the sharty theatre, Watermelon Bill is a farmer near Durham. For years he has been a truckerworked early and worked late-and Gold was his only god. So miserly was he that he took his scant earnings each day and placed them in a sugar sack, it was alleged in court, and made his boy follow his through the field, carrying the money, through fear that his wife might get a part of it if left at home. Watermelon Bill-he gained this soubriquet because Shorts simply called a bluff, decided he would of his success in raising the melon-finally got together and now holds some fifteen thousand golden gods-worth one dollar each-coin current with the merchant.

It was alleged in court that now and then his wife would have an altercation with himand she was called by him the endearing name of Red Devil. Now and then, in playful fancy, it was alleged, he would furbish up an old revolver, and like Quilp, of old, point it at her and threaten to shoot. In other moods he would raise a chair over her head and threaten her with immediate destruction. The descending chair never fell upon the brow of the so-called Red Devil because the members of the household would appear just in time to save the impact. It was recounted that in twenty-three vears Watermelon Bill had purchased for his help-meet but two articles of apparel-one a pair of shoes and at another time, in reckless liberality he bought her a calico dress.

Mrs. Watermelon Bill had to rustle for herself. For herself and for fifteen children who had come into the world through the love pact of this eccentric twain.

These and other things were recounted in the court house, according to the printed reports sent out, and Mrs. Watermelon Bill had asked the court for a divorce; for alimony and such other things as a court, in justice might

If all these things recounted in the story elsewhere printed today from the News and Observer are true, they certainly go a long way to prove that truth is stranger than fiction. George Eliot in her wonderful presentation of Silas Marner drew a character of a miser that did exist-and Dickens when he created Quilp did not much overdraw the real thing. Bret Harte had made some wonderful human beings in his short stories-vet they had had existence, but we do not recall in fiction anything that approaches Watermelon Bill for his miserly qualities—or the Red Devil, as he lovingly named his wife, for lovalty and self sacri-

Handed It Them.

Taking off his gloves President Wilson handed the republican party a dose last Saturday that also might come in under the head of "skin 'em alive." He used all kinds of weapons, wit, sarcasm, facts, logic, rhetoric-and it pleased the democrats to know that there was

Still some ginger left. And all this argues that you can talk about 'dignified" campaigns; insist that there will be no personalities; that the "living issues" will be left to appeal to the "intelligence of the voter"-but behold, before the campaign is over you see 'em all into it up to their knees throwing volley after volley of all kinds of stuff. Politics can never be dignified. It is a dirty mess no matter who tries to handle it. This month will witness a great many things that it should not witness. There will be some surprises sprung-there will be dirt in this campaign as there has been in all campaigns. And both parties will participate.

The Successful Big Business.

The Standard Oil Company was declared a trust and the court ordered that it do certain things; that it be dissolved; that its subsidiary companies must act independently of the parent company, and immediately the law's demand was met. But the Standard Oil Company and all the others continued in business -and conducted the business in a lawful manner. And last Thursday, on the curb in New York city, the boom in Standard Oil stocks carried the price of shares in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey to more than \$2,000 per share—the highest price on record and more than three times its value per share at the time of the famous dissolution five years ago. On the day that the decree of dissolution was handed down Standard Oil sold at \$675. On the basis of this valuation of his holdings in the company, with his immense interests in other large corporations, Mr. Rockefeller is a full-fledged billionaire.

Speaking of this the Columbia Daily Record, a conservative paper and not one owned by "predatory interests" says it this way:

As a matter of fact the business of "trust-busting" has never amounted to anything much except by way of furnishing sound and fury to the politicians. Business combinations, however large, which are soundly made to meet prevailing conditions of trade will invariably succeed if their operations are directed along efficient and economic lines, and will eventually meet disaster if they are unsoundly or dishonestly managed. Small competitors can be crushed down and kept out of business for a time by a crooked trust, but a situation of that sort can by no means be perpetuated.

And that is what we have always claimed. Big Business is simply a ponderous affairand not necessarily dishonest business. There are hundreds of great concerns and the bigger legitimate Big Business is possible and must come if the men who handle it are honest men.

Tennessee On.

The Higher Cost.

There has been and is on at Durham a case will The dispatches bring us word that the cost of living still soars upward, and there is no particular reason for all this, except' that prices are advanced and the average American citizen, feeling that he should continue to live, stands the raise and hopes for better things which never come.

Some articles of consumption have advanced fifty and even seventy per cent., and the wages do not climb with the things necessary for existence. It seems that we are a nation drunk and staggering under a temporary prosperity-under a wave of prosperity that must recede the moment munition factories stop paying the enormous wages now paid on hurry up orders. Everything entering into the equation of living advances-a strip of bacon is as costly as diamonds were when we were a boy. Indeed, bacon now sells at about forty cents a karat-and still goes up. In the other and happier days we could buy a slab of sow bosom as big as a tombstone for a dollar and a half, and now a little shoat pig costs as much as a race horse cost fifty years ago. Milady's shoes are priced around nine and ten and twelve dollars, whereas, when she was a little girl with golden ringlets hanging on her bare brown shoulders her mother bediked herself in foot gear for a dollar and a half-and one pair went through the four seasons.

Recently we bought a pair of shoes on the installment plan, paid seven hundred dollars down and gave forty-three promissory notes for fifteen hundred dollars each, bearing six per cent interest, and put up nine pounds of bacon as collateral security. It takes money to do things-and the money is floating. Munition makers who expect to be blown up in a powder mill before they collect their wage are offered twelve dollars a day and some of them escape alive to tell what they did inside the works. The most of them are keeping the undertakers busy who also have received the hunch and advanced prices accordingly.

We have made arrangements with a New York syndicate to float a loan whereby we expect to piece our short sleeved undervestand hope to get through the winter. If the Spring is backward, we shall be lost-but the hope is ours, and we falter not upon the way.

Southgate.

Durham has buried many of her loved ones -but not one more beloved than James H. Southgate who will tomorrow be laid in the narrow house. All day Thursday Mr. Southgate was in town attending to his many business duties-Friday his soul had left its tenement of clay and all Durham spoke in whispers. In that sudden death the whole country lost a valuable citizen. We had known Jim Southgate for over a quarter of a century—he was one of the first men to call upon us on October first-twenty-six years ago tomorrow -and he gave us the glad hand of welcomeand for all those years a friendship speedily formed has remained unbroken. In all our ups and downs and downs and ups Jim Southgate believed in us-as we believed in him. When we were an ardent advocate of legalized whiskey Jim Southenterway a strong prohibitionist and he said he would not quarrel with us-that eventually we would see it as he did. Wherever we have been we have exchanged letters with him; we have kept up the friendship so early formed, and to us his death comes as a severe blow. Men form few friendships after the fifty mark has passed; the friends made in the days of youth and dreams and ambitions are the real friends-and to see them go one by one; to pass out of the path of life brings sadness to the soul.

Mr. Southgate was a most exemplary citizen. A man always temperate in his habits, in his mind and conduct, he was ever an inspiring force to youth. Clean morally and mentally; a Christian gentleman-endowed by nature with many talents, wherever Jim Southgate went his presence was felt. When he invaded New England a few years ago at a national insurance gathering he delivered a speech that made Boston talk. The big daily papers were quick to his hotel for photograp and every daily paper in Boston played him up as a Southern gentleman who had charmed the city by his eloquence and his learning. As a trustee of Trinity College he materially aided

that institution of learning. As president of the Chamber of Commerce of his city Mr. Southgate was always progressive-always as he expressed it stood "for construction and not destruction." He had no patience with the demagogue. He stood with every window of his purposes open to the public-he was fair minded; he was liberaland he loved Nature. His intense love of wood and field and bird and flower was what caused him to build his cabin on the highest peak in Orange county. There in his solitude he spent his evenings and his mornings communing with Nature-enraptured by the manifold myteries and miracles of a living God. It seemed that in his early youth he had caught, as a personal revelation direct to him the message, "Peace on earth-good will to men" and that was the platform upon which he uncompromisingly stood,

When such grand characters go out from us-when we feel that never again will their voice be heard for the betterment of the race; for the upbuilding of community; for the advancement of education and religion and morals we must, perforce, feel that we all have sustained a loss so great that it cannot be estimated.

Wall Street

Henry Ford, not long a star in the bright galaxy of money grubbers, says the reason he will support Wilson is because Wall Street is they get the richer of course—and the spell- against him. We had suspected that under them-not because they are illegal-but be- the new bank law Wall Street was about out cause they are prosperous. There was a time of the buccaneering business. And if great when the voter heard. But now he sees that wealth is what Mr. Ford is afraid of he should employ an attendant to accompany him. The way his product multiplies and the way his millions roll in, pretty soon he can buy Wall Street and make a garage out of it. We can Tennessee, a little laggard here of late, re- understand why Wall Street would be afraid deemed herself yesterday as being a sister of Henry, but can't understand why Henry is state of Georgia when some of her leading afraid of Wall Street. It certainly didn't inter-It didn't snow, but a little encouragement citizens took two negroes from the ja'l and fere with him either in making or controlling his many millions.

And They Speculate.

The republicans are insisting that Teddy's skin 'em alive speech delivered at Battle Creek last Saturday will bring back to the fold at least ninety per cent of the recreant moosersso many of whom had gone far astray. If ever an ex-President employed epithet and sarcasm; satire and fish-woman's language to abuse another man, it is not a matter of record. But Teddy didn't care. He didn't warm up for the occasion. The big crowd in the great tent wasn't his inspiration. Because the speech had been prepared and printed and sent out days in advance by the Associated Press. In the quiet of his room at Oyster Bay Roosevelt had prepared the scathing talk. It was with deliberation and premeditation. It wasn't as though he had warmed up because of a mighty reception-"rose to the occasion" as they say-but like the hangman or the executioner who goes down to decapitate his fellow brother, under an order of the court, Roosevelt went to Battle Creek and in cold blood and with methodical neatness and dispatch handed out a roast that has not been equalled on the stump in any campaign. Truly it was a "skin 'em alive speech"-and the question is: Will it bring the boys into camp? The republicans say yes, but we do not know.

It appears that Michigan is in doubt or was in doubt, and if the Moose people loved Teddy for his sanguinary and belligerent exhibitions of other years-surely the hero of San Juan Hill never displayed more stage blood or made more stage thunder than at Battle Creek. The dispatches say he had the speech pretty well committed, and while reading it he dotted it with all kinds of gesture-and grew tragic at times. He was at Battle Creek with his Battle Axe-he had on his war paint and he didn't care where the chips fell. He went after the President's Mexican policy, his German policy -and when he got to the Adamson bill he made mince meat out of it for his hearers. And they say he has in keeping five or six more shafts of the same kind of thunder and lightning-he proposes to paint the whole westclear to the calm Pacific, a lurid hue. He proposes to leave no shred of Wilson. So far as Teddy's man-eating propesities are concerned, he has just sharpened his teeth. He is going to consume democracy-he is going to elect Hughes if he has the power.

And if the wild west and the rugh ridersthe men who applaud the heroes of buck-skin and carbine-the citizens who followed Teddy in 1912 still find in him their beloved, he will accomplish his purpose. The republicans have only to keep their erstwhile members in linedemocracy to win must make at least three million converts. Ouestion?

The Defensive. Linney's campaign joke concerning corrup- strong and decent. He didn't abuse peopletion in the democratic party and proceeds to he said he was there to attempt to tell the read to Mr. Linney the riot act, in which he incorporates the words "deliberate falsehood." We had presumed that Mr. Lacey had been too long a politician to allow the placid waters to be disturbed by the rocks thrown into them by a republican spell binder. Truth is if we take the two grand old parties and sift from the campaign thunder the falsehood there isa wouldn't be enough left to reverberate throughout Orange county. In fact there wouldn't be any thunder at all.

Mr. Lacey has been state treasurer a long time; his books have been audited; his method of book keeping is perhaps as good as any other method, and Candidate Linney is just having a little fun in stirring up the animals and because the prod he uses has to do with money Lacey jumps out of bed and hands down some red hot stuph fashioned into words and sentences. But there is no use. The democrats are not going to get excited. They are not going to be stampeded by campaign

The people who intend to vote the democratic ticket have already made up their minds, Those who intend to vote the republican tiened have likewise reached a definite conclusion. The campaign oratory; the red fire; the stuffed clubs; the stage thunder; the charges of fraud and corruption simply constitute a job lot of campaign effects delivered solely to get the boys in line on election day. The election is most always lost or won by people remaining away from the polls, rather than going to them, paradoxical as this may seem. So it is the intention of the campaign orator to enthuse the voters-to get them excited in order that they will vote early and often as the day

Were we in the shoes of Ben Lacey we wouldn't care a doughnut about what Frank Linney says. Frank understands that to put a man on the defensive is good politics-to have him smart under charges and get him to explaining his conduct when in fact no explanation is necessary is a good play. That is what the republicans are doing-and they are having great sport. The democrats tried to get the republicans in the same hole by playing up Marion Butler-but no republican has undertaken to explain Butler's part in the play-he is just left as he is without one single plea. No excuse for Marion. No attempt to make it appear that he isn't in the game. Rather a rigid silence, and the effect of the Butler abuse is lost. Ben Lacey should sit steady in the boat.

Was Worth While.

We went over to Durham to the Southgate funeral, and to see the church running over with friends who wanted to pay their last tribute; to see hundreds turned away and to know that Jim Southgate was poor in the stuff men call gold, but rich in Character, suggested that after all a man doesn't have to have money to make him popular. Southgate could have had all kinds of riches-but he didn't binder goes before his hearers and denounces the trust-busting Sherman law and then under want money. And he had more in that splendid character than some men have in their uncounted gold. Durham to a man mourned the loss. As Bishop Kilgo said: "Durham has been hit-and hit hard." And cretainly there will be no one to take the place of the remarkable man who died and died too soon.

> The automobile multiplies-over a million and a half made this year. And gasoline lingers around the two-bits a gallon and men Let joy be unconfined.

Give The South A Chance.

Ecslie's Weekly has the following to concerning the South and its politics, which we endorse all the way through:

Unnecessary! It is unnecessary to raise a sectional issue in this Presidential campaign. Let the dead past be buried. If the South is the controlling factor in the present government it is because the people voted to have it so. The solid South is the mainstay of the Democratic party. and under all the rules of the game it is therefore entitled to dominate in the councils of the administration. Nor should it be forgotten that the Southern States have made it a rule for years to return to Congress their representative men and to keep them there so that they might become trained in the practice of legislation. It would be infinitely better if the West and North were to follow this excellent example instead of changing their representatives at Washington at the time when they are beginning to be useful. There are sufficient issues in this great Presidential campaign on which to make an appeal to the votes without seeking to divide them on sectional lines. The South is prosperous. It has marvelous riches undeveloped which are attracting capital liberally from the North. Its thoughtful men are changing their opinions to some extent regarding the need of a tariff to protect Southern industries and of an adequate ship subsidy to give the South facilities for the transportation of its cotton and other crops which are sought for in the market of the world. Give the South a chance.

It has always seemed to us that a faithful servant should be retained. That is the custom in all other kinds of business except in running the government. We feel that Congress is a great body of men entrusted to conduct the business affairs of the biggest business concern in the world. Then why every year talk about running some new man? If you send to Congress a representative it takes him two or four years to get in line. And about the time he learns the ropes, becomes familiar with rules and usages and gets to a point where he can really render service to his constituents, some other aspiring statesman bobs up and demands that he shall represent the people. North Carolina has in Congress today representative men. Her senators and her members of the lower house have all made good And for this reason, this newspaper, strictly independent in its politics, is of opinion that all of them should be retained.

Shaw's Talk.

Ex-secretary of the treasury, Leslie M Shaw, spoke to a goodly sized audience at the State Treasurer Lacey, takes seriously, Mr. Municipal theatre, and his speech was clean voters something about their responsibility. And he proceeded to tell them-and as the audience was for the most part composed of republicans he was liberally applauded. Shaw makes a first-class talk. Mr. S. G. Bradshaw, in his introduction said that Mr. Shaw was held to be the best political orator in Amer-

Tonight Congressman Tom Heflin will speak. He will take the other side and the Municipal theatre will be filled with democrats, and the applause will be for Wilson. And this is the story.

We have always had an idea that political speaking made no voters. So few at least they are not worth counting. The speaker simply gets the boys stirred. He puts the fire in them and they get busy to bring out their friends and do the election day chore.

The young man who intends to cast his first ballot has about as hard a job as he ever encounters in all his life. In the matter of selecting his wife he is inflamed with the passion of love which men call divine, and he isn't long in reaching a conclusion if pretty face or pretty ways hold him captive. He is the Sir Johnny on the Spot and he proclaims himself-he announces that that election has

gone unanimous. But when he assumes the responsibility of citizen, if he pauses to consider the great responsibility which it is, and alone undertakes to decide whether he is for protection or for free trade; whether he is for Preparedness and possible bloody war or for peace with honor; whether he is in favor of adopting any of the issues of a certain party or of opposing them -he has a great struggle with his mind-aye, with his soul, because he realizes that it will be only until tomorrow when the first voter

will be the only voter. So he doesn't go out tonight and hear the orator of one party and say: "By ginger, that's so-I'm for all he said and then go out the next night and hear the orator of the other party and use the same exclamatory sentence. Not on your life! That young man has been thinking for a year or two. He has read as he passed along and every now and then he reached a conclusion. Not a definite conclusion, but a conclusion, nevertheless, and finally the chaff was sifted and the conclusion crystalized-and that is the way he will vote. We know a dozen young men in this town who during the past two years have insisted that they were going to vote against Wilson and vote for hime. They were undecidedbut all the time they were getting nearer the home plate. On election day they will votebut it will not be according to what some spell-binder has told them-it will be because gradually they assumed the responsibility of citizenship and reached a conclusion. And if they keep out of politics they will always vote for the same principles they adopted the first time. If they become politicians they will bend with every straw; they will seek new gods and false gods proclaim them old and real and undertake, because of their desire for pie or glory, to make the average voter bow before them. And so runs the world away.

Good Enough.

North Carolina progresses. This fall she will hold forty fairs. Twenty-five years ago and you could count on the fingers of one hand the fairs that were to be held. True's state should progress in twenty-five years, but owing grocery bills joy ride to beat the band. back of that were a couple of hundred years when there was nothing much doing.