



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

PROBATION ROAST

Handed Evangelist by a Catholic Priest



AND SO IT appears that Brother Ham, the evangelist who often confesses to some faults, but in the past tense, has started something in Durham. He said something or other about the Catholic church—something that didn't suit the Catholics, and a priest there of the name of O'Brien, took his pen in hand and writ a great deal—the last and closing sentences being as follows:

Durham has been in the past a democracy in itself and unto itself. In a democracy the majority always respects the rights of the minority, as Durham virtually has in the past. I do not believe Durham has ceased to respect the rights of the minority of its citizens because a group of individuals, not by any means the majority, requested a person to speak upon a subject he was wholly incapable of treating, and that person vomit forth filth, misrepresentation, discord, instead of preaching peace and Jesus Christ crucified and show his true colors as an advocate and a supporter of the Menace, the polecat of the American press. I do not believe the authorities of Durham, the business men of Durham, the majority of the self-respecting ministers and self-respecting Christians of the various denominations approve of such ungodly and unchristian-like methods. Above all, the American people want cleanliness of speech in the pulpit. How can a man bitter and unclean of speech and employed in the business of vilification speak with effectiveness on peace and morality? Is this not an imposition on the intelligence of the people of Durham? In his wholesale, wild, reckless and ungovernable lust of mind, he accuses souls who have vowed their virginity to God as prostitutes. Is not this a direct insult to some of our own people who have relatives as nuns in convents? At this moment I recall to mind a nun who is a dear relative of one of the most respected non-Catholic families in the city. In his zeal without knowledge of and in his ignorant stupidity of the Confessional, does he not insult some of the most respected women in the city and by inference their non-Catholic Christian relatives? And yet this man would preach at a special meeting to the Christian women of Durham about morality, and moreover too, he would declare that our government should pass laws against divorce and then from the same platform vilify the only church on earth that is and has been the only uncompromising champion against divorce even against states. Oh, the hypocrisy of it all! The old Mother church has a place for two classes of people—the saints and the sinners; but she has no place for hypocrites.

We unhesitatingly pronounce this hot stuf. It shows that Father O'Brien proposes to defend his Church and he doesn't seem to be afraid of the evangelist. It has long been our opinion that any church which does good should be encouraged. That all ministers should assist all other ministers in securing the ultimate end—in sending people to the kingdom of heaven. The Catholic church has had to fight—perhaps in a great measure its strength is because of persecution. We glory in O'Brien's spunk—we are glad he called the evangelist. Brother Ham often tells about things that had better be left unsaid. The good old fashion minister; the man who plods along; who uses no intemperate language in his pulpit; who visits the sick and ministers to the poor and friendless—that sort of a preacher always got nearer us than the evangelistic fellows who come with a set of fire works and find it necessary to start something. The religion of Jesus Christ doesn't call for what many evangelists indulge in these times.

How About Mars?

About fifteen years ago the whole world was talking about signalling Mars and getting into communication with that supposedly interesting planet. If it be true, as is asserted by many serious minded men that anything the human mind dreams will some day be accomplished, we are looking forward to an expression from Mars on the tariff or some other subject in which the people of this planet seem just now to be interested.

The Sunday closing law does not go into effect until the last of this month—which suggests that maybe the weather will be so cold that we won't need any Sunday closing law. Shut the door!

GOOD A FEW HOURS

Greensboro's Closing Law Pnts the Lid On Briefly



T HAS been some years since the Sunday closing law was talked much about in Greensboro. Ten years ago we put up a law here that caused the town much trouble—inconvenienced traveling men; made it necessary for citizens to become violators of the law, and pretty soon the lid was raised.

For the past five or six years we have been going along under the impression that we had a wide open town, which of course we didn't have. Drug stores kept open all day Sunday. News stand and soda fountains were running; cigars were sold and boot black stands were operated.

To this the Ministerial association objected. Accordingly they went about the matter in a liberal way; they consulted the druggists and the majority of those people were eager and willing to observe some hours, and accordingly an ordinance has been passed which closes the drug stores from 10.45 to 1.30 p. m., and again closes them at 7.20 p. m. This will be tried out.

The ministers who were spokesmen explained that they hadn't asked for all they wanted, but they understood that a compromise was necessary. The Mayor pointed out that the law proposed was not a moral proposition because if it was immoral to run business on Sunday it couldn't be said that certain hours would be immoral and certain hours would not be.

The contention of the ministers was that the drug store afforded a loafing place and the loafers would not leave the drug store to go to church. It hardly follows, however, with the drug stores closed that the habitual loafer will find his way to church. The hope is that he will. The other point was, and the strong point, that the numerous clerks and soda fountain boys had to be on their jobs seven days in the week; that they forgot what Sunday was for, and many of them were denied the privilege of attending services.

Naturally those who believe in keeping open all day will not like the new law. Others who are conservative understand that it is always better for a community to be satisfied and keep down agitation. The new ordinance doubtless settles for some time the Sunday closing question. With opportunity to secure drugs and soft drinks, nine hours a day and opportunity to get the newspapers and cigars at any hour, we do not see how any citizen can object to the new ordinance. At least no one should object until it has been tried out.

A Correction.

We receive a communication from a gentleman who does not want to print his name calling our attention to the fact that Wilson was not a two million minority president—just a million and some hundred thousand. We had not taken figures—we picked up the hear say evidence. We are obliged to our correspondent for calling our attention to the error and assure him that we do not give a snap of the finger how general results stack up. If he is for Wilson he may be a winner and if he is for Hughes he may be a winner. Reports from all over the country are absolutely contradictory—according only to which party one belongs. The straw votes of the New York Herald have about as much basis for a conclusion as the guess on when the war across the seas will end. There is a campaign on which is exciting but little interest. The women are going to vote in eleven states—hundreds of thousands of them, and they say no line can be gotten on what they are doing. Men are wondering what to do—and the Middle West is claimed by both parties. We have letters from observing democrats who say the Middle West is all for Wilson whereas we have letters from observing republicans—life time friends these men are—and they are absolutely as far apart as the poles. So we take it that no man knows—and from the noise being made but few men care. Along about the tenth of November we are going to undertake a prophecy and make bold to say what we think about it.

All Came Out In The Wash.

And after all the weather man did the square thing. Made it a little cool and then handed us the old time sunshine. Today is beautiful, the crowds at the fair are all sufficient, and tomorrow, the really big day promises to be all that could be asked. We knew Secretary Dan could do it. Tuesday it looked rather blue—looked like the whole jig was up. But Secretary Dan concluded that there was still a hope and by some sleigh of hand performance he put it over the Weather Man—gave him a pass, perhaps, and we got all we could have gotten had we given orders with a blue print accompaniment.

OVERMAN AMONG 'EM



WHILE many orators are in the field it is gratifying to know that Senator Lee S. Overman is allowing no grass to grow, and is out among them. He is in the campaign until the night of the election, and of course he feels confident of Wilson's election. Senator Overman is one of the central figures in the United States Senate. He is big and able and has perhaps been on more important committees and more in the public eye because of service rendered than any Southern Senator. He is drawing large crowds and doing his share toward rallying the voters for the election next month.

The Mystery Revealed.

The News and Observer in undertaking to show why the amendments proposed should be adopted clears up a long standing mystery. We have often marveled at some of the legislation put over by the state law-makers and now we know the reason. It appears that the average legislator cannot stand the mental strain for the full forty days. Physically, too, forty days seem to cause collapse. The News and Observer says:

The members of the House and Senate are not at fault in the matter, for the law of the State which directs is such that they had to give the matters presented to them their time and attention. In this way the State was the loser. This has been shown in the fact that matters of vital interest to the State have been thrust into the background until the very last days of the session, and then given scant consideration, because of the lack of time, and the very physical and mental let-down of the legislators.

Think of it, and weep. Weep for the loved ones who are thus relentlessly thrown from their mental balance and who fall physical wrecks in the service of their state. Now the average Congressman, under Mr. Wilson, who believes in working law makers as other men are worked, puts in about nine months of hard labor—then comes home and enters strenuously into his campaign of spell-binding the people. But the legislator of a state, after forty days is down and out. And the real legislation we should get seems to be passed while the law maker is mentally and physically incapacitated.

This beloved, is the argument why the amendments should pass and the legislature be relieved of doing any work for the people. All the little bills in which counties and towns are interested are to be thrown out of the hopper and only big things to be considered by the Wise Men who sit for forty days and forty nights in fasting and in prayer.

In the meantime there should be no meeting of the legislature oftener than every five or ten years, and then only upon call of the Governor to consider the things pointed out in the message calling the members together. Because a hundred years ago it was thought wise to meet every two years and pass all kinds of laws the custom has been continued. Might as well have a meeting of the stock holders of a business corporation and pass new by-laws every two years—not that they are needed but because of a custom that may have once obtained. The amendments are not necessary—any more than the Ten Sacred Amendments hammered into the earth with neatness and dispatch two years ago.

No Protest.

There will be no protest because Governor Craig handed back to his mother, B. F. Vann, sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary for murdering a fellow brother. Vann is in the last stages of consumption—prison physicians say he cannot live, and the pardon is conditional. It may be revoked at any time, so should Vann recover he still owes a duty to the state. His bill has not been paid in full—but as his end is supposed to be so near, the Governor is willing that the man may die under his mother's care.

Such official acts suggest a broader humanity than we knew in the old days. They suggest that Society is not unreasonable in its demands.

THE COST OF DYING

Judge Rufus Clark Wants Coffins to Come Cheaper



AND THE Statesville Landmark with the able assistance of Dr. Anderson, of that city, is engaged in a campaign to reduce the cost of burials. It is the contention of the Landmark, if we read aright, that no coffin should cost over twelve dollars, and that perhaps, it would be more sensible to have no coffin at all—that the body of the departed should be allowed to return to dust as quickly as possible.

This is a bold campaign, but Judge Rufus Clark does bold things when he thinks he is right. And of course he is right in this. We have often contended that the Moravian plan of a common tombstone to mark the grave of all people—rich and poor, high and low, was quite the thing. Just why a marble shaft should be run up over the grave of a loved one we have never understood, except it be to display a little money or a little pride. If one will go and walk through cemeteries two and three hundred years old, look at the weather stained and decaying slabs and monuments—epitaphs and names deciphered by the corroding finger of Time, he will at once see the folly and the vanity of spending great sums to erect a shaft in memory of one near and dear.

And while undertakers must meet the demands of the times—must be ready to sell what Custom demands, there is no real reason why a casket costing an immense sum of money—to be seen but for a day, should be used to bury the dead. But real reasons are not taken into account. No one can see the real reason for nine-tenths of the display which Fashion or Custom demands. No one can understand why a man will spend three hundred dollars for a diamond ring—a stone with really no value—except that it is rare and comes high—but men will do it. We have often wondered why the North American Indian wanted feathers in his hair and rings in his ears and in his nose—but he felt that his dignity demanded it—and accordingly he diked in all kinds of colors.

The campaign for a twelve dollar coffin will go merrily on in Statesville and as the people die those with the price for a casket costing ten times that amount will cheerfully buy—and so on to the end of time. We all know that as a matter of fact cremation is the really sensible thing—but men and women shudder at the thought and accordingly this scientific process will never become popular until law makes it necessary.

Wilson In The West.

Wilson made three speeches in Omaha—political speeches and the reports are to the effect that large and enthusiastic crowds greeted him and cheered him. Hughes goes west again next week. Roosevelt will also be in the west, and out in that country the tariff will be the "burning" issue.

October rapidly hastens to the end—and it is now less than a month until election. As we view the situation there has been really little interest manifested. Maybe we haven't kept up with it; maybe we are too indifferent as to results to enthuse, but it seems to us that the usual fire of a national campaign is lacking.

However within the month the interest may increase. Within the month the whole situation may be different. All of us, no doubt, will be glad when it is over.

Miracles.

We marvel and many doubt when they read about some of the miracles recorded in the Holy Bible. But miracles greater than any recorded there are being performed in this day and age. This week communication was established between San Francisco and Tokio, Japan—a distance of 5,800 miles by wireless. Nothing in the world to carry the message that appears tangible—just sending out on the air currents the message and Tokio picking it up and replying. It is said that within a few weeks a regular commercial service between the United States and Japan will be on. And yet some of us seem to want to doubt miracles of far less importance.

The Women And The Library.

The High Point women who have been actively engaged in attempting to secure a library building for that interesting and progressive manufacturing town are going to succeed. Well, who doubted it? When the organized women of a community make up their minds that something is going to happen, it happens.

That German U boat submarine—the marvel of the age—knocked off the great world series out and took the whole front page.

SLANDER'S SLIME

The Poison That Destroys Character



THE OTHER day Mr. Asa Biggs, of the staff of The Record, wrote a story having to do with the slanderers of this town—the busy foul-tongued gossips who, like hungry buzzards gorging on carrion, make feast of Character. This little incidental article—a part of a contribution of a busy day's work, has caused many people to stop and think—they have had brought home to them the fact that maybe they, too, have gone beyond the limit prescribed by common justice, in suggesting evil things of people who are pure.

It was Shakespeare who said that good name in man or woman was the immediate jewel of the soul—as he also said: "Who steals my purse steals trash. 'Twas mine, 'twas his, and hath been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor, indeed." Perhaps in all the catalogue of varicolored crime there is nothing more reprehensible, more fiendish, than the overt act of character assassination. Before the poisoned breath of scandal the rarest flowers droop and fade—womanhood, "chaste as ice and as pure as snow" is pillowed before a pitiless public which stops to neither think nor reason—but which, in wild acclaim, takes up the threads of fabricated plausibility and passes it from neighbor to neighbor as the living truth.

The slanderer, the gossip monger, always wants to know, in whispers, if you have heard the latest—and then, attempting to absolve himself from the crime he with premeditation commits, explains he doesn't vouch for its truth—but he heard so and so—and then the lie is repeated and magnified, and pretty soon a vestal maiden is proclaimed a common drab.

Impossible to chase down the characterless scoundrel who coined the falsehood—impossible to explain or attempt explanation, friends are helpless and the hapless victim of the poisoned arrow walks her way shunned and heavy laden, often ignorant of the changed attitude of those she supposed to be her friends.

Good citizens are saying, boldly, that this is the worst town for scandal they have ever known, and it looks indeed, as though it were time for some one to become interested and ascertain if Character is to be used as a foot ball. Men can stand the lies, but innocent women are entitled to protection. Search yourself, O, brother mine, and see if you have been guilty of talking a little too much—of making suggestions that might mean the sowing of seed that would blight forever the life of one innocent and helpless—one who has a right to protection.

The Sensational Trial.

Durham has had another sensational trial. This time a white doctor was accused of taking from a negro a valuable tract of land without proper compensation, and in the trial the white man was given a great deal of publicity that the average citizen would not relish. The jury was laboring with the problem at last accounts, and the men who gossip about such things were chewing tobacco and deciding the case in advance.

How About It?

And here is betting two to one (if we were a betting man) that you have entirely forgotten the injunction to swat the fly. Colonel Wharton has ceased in his campaign, because of cool weather, but right now is the time to swat Mr. Fly who expects to sojourn in the warm places in your home this winter. Seek him and swat him. He is the fellow who will do much harm in the sweet spring time which is coming. Make it a rule of life to always swat the fly—and remember that all seasons belong to him.

Uncle Sam Takes Notice.

Uncle Sam each year takes notice of our Fair. Tomorrow the post-office will close at noon; the whole town will attempt to go to the Fair Grounds. Thursday is the really big day at the Fair and that Uncle Sam thinks enough of it to allow the United States mail to rest a few hours while the observance is in progress suggests that our Fair is worth while.

We knew it would come back. We mean the glorious weather which this glorious climate brings.

There is this about it: That policeman who undertakes to make people keep out of the yellow square marked off by the court house is earning his salary every day.