



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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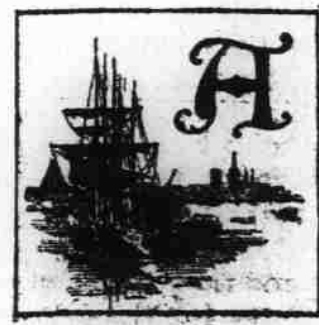
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

TEST LIQUOR LAW

Supreme Court Upheld Prohibition In S. C.



ALREADY South Carolina's Supreme court has upheld the new prohibition law in that State and the gallon-a-month law and the Webb-Kenyon law are upheld, and the men who are going to sell likker and import likker are now wondering what about it. There is no use. Back of these prohibition laws in the South is a public sentiment—and when public sentiment is strong the law is supreme. South Carolina a long time had the shameful and shameless dispensary law—a law that undertook to put God in the whiskey business. But happily that has passed and we believe now that all Southern states are free of this farcical attempt to regulate whiskey.

The big fight on in Baltimore means a great deal to the mail order people. With Virginia dry the first of the month; with North Carolina and South Carolina and Georgia out of the traffic, Jacksonville is about the only southern depot for the mail order business. If Baltimore goes dry Washington could yet do a mail order business, but that town is liable to go dry any day if it undertakes to debauch the South by the mail order route. Congress settles that and Congress has a half notion to vote National prohibition.

Of course our moonshiners are doing a big business. The stills are being captured all over the South and as those who operate them are never caught a new still is easily installed. But gradually that will be different. It isn't going to be always that the mountain dew can be found. Gradually, but certainly surely, the country is driving Old John beyond the outposts of civilization.

Misunderstood.

In this old topsy-turvy world, where all the wrongs come uppermost, many people go to the grave thoroughly misunderstood. They are well intentioned people, people who mean to do the right thing—but who do the wrong thing because their intentions are not at all understood. Public Opinion is said to be a stern old Judge—it never errs, we are told. Oftentimes it gets the wrong view point, but it rights itself and renders a fair and impartial verdict. We doubt this.

Take the case of the special train composed of New York women—high brows they were, and mostly rich, but they were human beings, and their intentions were all right. They were old time friends and neighbors of Hughes; they were for woman suffrage, and they conceived the idea of going through the west in their special train, thinking they might do him good. But, contrariwise, they did him harm. The west didn't understand, or, if it understood, it took advantage of what the women really intended, and made the trip what plain Anglo-Saxon would denominate a bust.

The scenes at Portland, Oregon, reflected no credit on those opposed to the special train—but they had an effect that reached farther than the candidacy of Hughes. By putting up a wanton to talk against the virtuous women—an old hag who had been arrested for trampling on the American flag and who had been driven from a Christian city for another cause, brought womanhood into the spotlight in a manner calculated to do the cause irreparable harm.

Those opposed to woman suffrage seem to forget that both the democratic party and the republican party endorse it. Hughes, Wilson, Roosevelt, Bryan—all the big men of the country have unqualifiedly endorsed woman suffrage, and finally it will be adopted nationally. But those zealous friends of Hughes, those kindly disposed neighbors, on their special train of Pullman cars did the suffrage cause harm—and certainly did themselves no good. Therefore they were misunderstood.

A Second Trip.

President Wilson has again been as far west as Indianapolis, and along the route he was cheered by the multitudes. We do not take any particular stock in the cheering business—we have heard the wild screams of men following Bryan and other defeated ones. What we would like to know is: How will the women vote? What are the farmers of the Middle West going to do on the proposition of tariff. Those are the two questions that would settle in advance the presidential result so far as speculation goes. But it seems that the woman isn't talking for publication and the farmer is just as quiet. Therefore it will take the result in November to give any of us an idea of what is what in politics. And it was never this way before.

And now "injun" summer is on the way.

THE BED BUGS WILL BE RETURNED

Uncle Sam Takes Time To Do This Chore.



IS GRATIFYING to know that Uncle Sam, although in the busy throes of a national campaign; although bothered about sub-marines and the Mexican situation, still finds time to look after a few little chores around the house. The Department of agriculture has just been making a study of bed bugs. It is disclosed by Uncle Sam's men that the bed bug will hide in the day time; that he will migrate from an unoccupied building and seek habitation where he can get a human meal ticket without trouble. All the things that women who have kept house have known for a hundred years—and perhaps ten thousand years, are again related, fresh from the hands and mind of the man who has been making a study of the pest.

It is proposed to send free, and no questions asked, a booklet on this subject, and those who want to sleep well, and who object to being eaten alive by the festive bed bug can write on to Washington and be supplied with information that most people possess.

However there is nothing like having an Uncle Samuel to look after these little things. In these days of the scarcity of white paper maybe so many bulletins should not be printed, but in all departments men must be given some chore to do and when there is nothing else to study the Bed Bug is always there.

About The Brigalia.

It is said that a negro secret order wouldn't stand five minutes by the watch were it not for the loud and glittering "brigalia" authorized by the ritual. Let a colored man see his brother beddied in the brass and gay colors of the "brigalia" and to secure an application for membership is as easy as to lift a sleeping hen off the roost.

And perhaps the white brother has a weakness for the gaudy display—for when we see him diked up in his uniform of many colors he assumes a strut that is grander than civilian clothes will produce. Referring to an order of the war department concerning the National Guard, it appears, according to Judge Rufus Clark, that the Governor can no longer appoint colonels and majors on his staff unless they belong to the National Guard if they expect to wear the uniforms made and provided.

And after turning in the alarm Judge Clark in his Landmark exclaims:

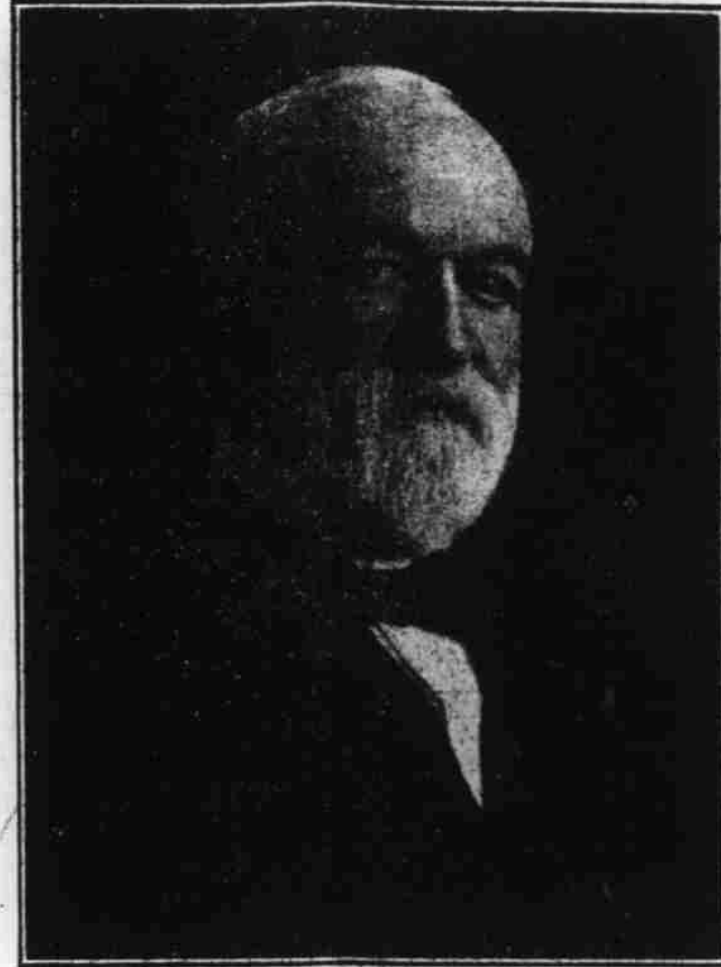
This is awful. What good will it do one to be appointed a colonel, captain or major on the Governor's staff unless he can wear the brass buttons and gold braid?

Awful, Judge, why, its worse than awful. It is appalling. It is heart crushing. It is terrible. It is judgment day. Imagine the Governor's Majors and colonels coming down the pike dressed only in their best Sunday clothes—no glittering stars—no gold braid—nothing to suggest the insignia of office—no "bragalia"—simply some creased pants and an ordinary coat. Banish such a thought. Avaunt feverish dreams and stand not on the order of thy availing. If a man can't be Kernel on the Governor's staff and wear gold braid and brass buttons and plumes and filigree work what's the use of being a Kernel? None, at all, and Congress should meet at once in special session and remedy this defect which threatens the peace of a commonwealth. Imagine a state without the Governor's kernels.

What Might Happen.

The last loan of two hundred and fifty million dollars now being raised by this country for the allies will make an even billion dollars loaned those fighting countries. A billion dollars—more money than any man could count if it were in bills or coins of the present denominations. A billion dollars—millions more than the ordinary mind can comprehend. And when the war is over and those foreign countries want to pay us back by shipping in their foreign made goods, what will we do? It is said if we build a tariff wall to keep them out they will plead they cannot pay, and if we don't if they undertake to give us a trade balance of a billion it will put every wage worker in America to the soup house. And those men who have loaned the money, those many millions, may go broke. That may be their punishment for aiding and abetting the allies. For had America remained neutral—taken no part, Germany long ago would have mopped the floor with the allies. This country has not only furnished them the money to carry on things, but also furnished the munitions and machinery of war. And it may be that we have something coming to us—besides what we call coin.

And now some astrologer has found that the stars are not just right for Hughes. When the astrologer commences to get busy you can make up your mind that there is some doubt.



MAJOR CHARLES M. STEDMAN issues a statement in which he says that because he has been suffering with a kidney stone, and has been detained in Washington, he will be unable to enter the campaign actively. His friends tell us that apart from this temporary trouble he is in the best of health, and therefore all that is necessary is for those who want to see our Grand Old Man from the Fifth returned to Congress by the usual majority to get busy and see that all democratic votes are cast.

There is every reason why the Major should secure a large majority. His work during his terms in Congress has been to the credit of the state. He has held and holds important positions; he has attended to his duties with as much vigor as any man in Congress. He has, in a word, made good, and as he is the last of the Old Guard, the last of the Confederate soldiers we can honor, every citizen of the Fifth district should feel proud to vote for Major Stedman, to assure him that while he is temporarily disqualified to appear on the stump there are thousands of friends willing to cheerfully see to it that the full vote for him is registered. Everything predicts that the Major will be returned by at least three thousand majority. It should be all of that and will be all of that if each friend does his duty.

The Good That Is In Us.

It is a true bill that no man is wholly bad. He may be dissolute; he may be a murderer; he may be all that the law says makes an undesirable citizen, and yet there is good in him—somewhere can be found genuine sincerity and honesty. This is not a paradoxical proposition. It is a fact. And this fact has always been known to close observers of human nature—and that is why novelists always found something good and perfectly natural in the most abandoned wretch. Brete Hart found one virtue in a mountain of vice and this he made the taking part of the hero's life. John Oakhurst displayed his goodness when he carried the pine boughs to keep warm the sleeping women and Mother Shipton, the old abandoned hag who starved herself that the innocent girl might live when the Outcasts saw death was certain exhibited the good part that was left in her. And all the way through we find, always, evidences, that no matter how much one may debase himself he cannot destroy that God-given attribute which men call goodness. There is something pathetic in the story coming from the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, where a Count named Brunswick, who claims to belong to the Austrian nobility is serving time. A little child, a girl, had fallen into a fire and was so badly burned that the physicians said she could not recover unless her body heals and this can only be accomplished by putting on new skin. The Count wrote to the doctor and said, "if the people who want this skin to save the little girl's life have not already received answers to their appeal I should be very happy to give a part of my skin. Although I am in prison, I don't think that should make any difference. The child has all her life before her. I have most of mine behind. Besides, for me it is nothing but a little skin and for her it means life. I am so useless here and I'd like a chance to do something good. I beg you to lose no time for the child's sake."

Now here was an exhibition of goodness in all that the word can imply. There were doubtless many relatives; hundreds of Christian men and women, but no one of them had come across. The prisoner saw the situation—he felt for the innocent child with a life before her, and was willing and eager to assist. Such a man is not and could not be wholly bad.

The cost of advertising and subscription will soon advance. The big papers will next year be compelled to pay at least eighty per cent more for white paper than they paid this year. The contracts expire. The little papers are already paying over a hundred per cent more than they ever paid.

FACE COAL SHORTAGE

Just One Thing After Another Is Always On.



SO NOW New York claims that she is facing a coal shortage and the newspaper people cannot buy white paper, and all kinds of things necessary to sustain life are either short or so high in price they are hard to get. The Federal trade commission has appealed to big newspapers to curtail the Sunday editions, to save enough white paper to keep the little publishers from being ruined, and men and women are wondering if they will freeze to death this winter because of a shortage of coal. The trade commission does not seem able to get at the facts, find the cause of the wonderful shortage. It appears before the war abroad there were some several hundred thousand idle men and when the munition factories started all who wanted work got it. And it must further appear that we have taken too much time to help the allies and forgotten our own demands. Few people realize, or if they realize, refuse to acknowledge, the serious situation now confronting many people. The newspaper man is up against a proposition that threatens his very existence—and reports indicate that there is no relief in sight. With a coal famine just as cold weather approaches—well, there is no use to talk hard luck, but really hard luck seems to be on the way. Too much prosperity is proving about as bad as no prosperity at all.

Where Jerry Simpson Would Have Lost.

In Danville, Virginia, that classic city on the Dan lying just North of us and situated hard by the North Carolina line, they have a play house, and at this play house last week a vaudeville company put on one attraction where the ladies wore neither shoes nor stockings.

The chief of police viewed this shocking exhibition of uncovered ankles and feet and told the managers they must cut it out—that such an exhibition in Danville was indecent. And the management assured the chief that in no other town had objection been filed, but of course he was there to obey the law and the nude feet would be covered. But the chief found his orders had not been observed, and the manager was told to come to court.

The Bec writing of the matter said the chief explained that no patron of the show or no citizen of the town had complained, but he thought this was an indecent exhibition, and what he thought of course had to go.

Funny what particular difference a pair of stockings or a pair of socks would make to a Danville audience. Wonder what would have happened in Danville had Sockless Jerry, the Kansas statesman undertaken to have done a song and dance stunt in the "opery" house when he was out campaigning in other years. To think that bare footed women dancing to beat the band would shock a chief of police in Danville, not only suggests that the world is growing better but that it is growing better very rapidly.

Some Day.

Some day science will reveal to us the hidden mysteries of the planets. We are progressing in our making of telescopes, and one of these days there will be completed a glass powerful enough to bring to our eyes all that exists at least on the near by planets. Dr. Percival Lowell, who for twenty-two years has been at the head of the Harvard Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, in a recent speech to the students of the University of California said that his latest observations of the planet Mars had disclosed to him that what erstwhile were taken for canals were not canals at all, but wide strips of vegetation, doubtless irrigated by artificial canals. He said that the smallest observable spot on Mars would be at least ten miles wide, therefore what had been mistaken for canals were strips of vegetation under human cultivation. Dr. Lowell also said it was absurd to assume that the earth was the only planet having intelligent inhabitants.

Slowly, and yet all things considered, not slowly, we are getting an insight into far away heavenly bodies. Perhaps the time will come, it has been the dream of man and dreams of men come true, when we will communicate with Mars. When we will understand all about that beautiful planet—and when the enterprising newspaper will have a department of Maritan news—and those predisposed to boast will doubtless claim some subscribers there.

That woman, Miss Owen, who wrote one hundred and thirty seven words a minute for a whole hour, didn't do any gossiping between paragraphs. She won her thousand dollars and lowered her own record. Marvelous performance, that.

The man who allows a bundle of money to swell his head and make him imagine that he is really important, generally hits the ceiling and hits it hard.

A DIVORCE CANON

Fails to Pass at Episcopal Convention.



THE Protestant Episcopal church, three years ago appointed a joint committee of five bishops, five clergymen and five laymen to study the question of whether or not the clergyman of that church would be allowed to solemnize a marriage for a person divorced from a living spouse. The question had been seriously considered and the committee recommended that such a provision be embodied in the canons of the church.

But when the question was brought before the general convention in St. Louis this week, the house voted it down—and the same custom prevails that did prevail. It was argued that if the law passed there were men who would defy it, and that seemed to be the reason for its defeat. That was a very flimsy excuse, as we view it. There is no law, perhaps, anywhere, but what is defied, or, rather, violated by some man. Murder is punishable by death—and yet we see murders done, and men knowingly do them with premeditation.

The church, however, sometimes feels called upon to pass certain laws governing its own body—laws that other churches do not endorse—laws that make the particular church distinctive. The divorce law is one that all churches have grappled with, and most all law makers outside the church.

Someday there will be a general law—a government law, and that will perhaps finally get about what people want. The first general divorce law to be passed by the government will of course allow divorces for the "scriptural reasons," and perhaps some other reasons. Then the agitators will find in it a new field of endeavor, and finally, say in a thousand years, the divorce law will perhaps be where it should have been in the beginning.

There is much in favor of divorce. Where the laws seem lame to us is in allowing hasty marriages. If a man signs a promissory note, if he has the property he must come across. If he brings into the world a deformed child he must care for it and treat it with kindness. He can't say he guesses he'll repudiate his note and he can't say he'll strangle his off-spring because it isn't good looking. But the law has been made so that a man can take a woman and use her until he grows weary and make so much hell in her home that he can find a dozen reasons for a divorce.

It wasn't very long ago in England that a man could marry a woman and finally lock her up in a room in her own home; declare she was insane and take to himself a mistress and she had no right to secure a divorce and if she went out into the world, left the roof where she was held a maniac, the husband was not obliged to pay for the food she might buy to sustain life. When that law was tried in this country it was held that no Christian civilization could maintain it. Yet it shows where we once were. True the man is not always to blame. Now and then in his blinded passion when he mistakes lust for love he harnesses himself up with a beautiful wild-cat, and she makes life one grand thing after another for him. And she isn't particular about her morals or her conduct—and he goes into court and asks a divorce—but if he has the price he most always has to pay the thing we call alimony.

In Guilford county we have too many divorces. Sometimes one term of court grants a dozen—young people having grown tired of each other think it proper to rush in and their parents often aid and abet in the separation. But it has always looked to us like this: That unless one party or the other is notoriously immoral there should be no hope for separation. This talk about incompatibility of temperament; the charge that one party threw a rolling pin at another party; the foolish excuses offered should not separate the twain. If the wife throws a rolling pin at her leige lord and he establishes the fact let her be fined for assault and battery—but leave her still tied to the apple of her eye. If the husband in his endearments forgets and breaks a rib or two or beats his wife to insensibility, let the courts put him on the roads for thirty days—but let him remain the adoring husband of the lady. In other words there are too many to suffer. It is the same argument advanced and accepted by a thoughtful world concerning whiskey. If the man who drank whiskey suffered alone it might not be so bad. But the innocent are the real sufferers. And when children are brought into the world and are innocent and are made fatherless simply because a couple of fools cannot agree they should be made to agree and make the most of a bargain into which they voluntarily entered. And it will take a national law to say this—no matter what the churches decree.