



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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## DID THEY BRYAN SEES LIGHT

### The Buncombe Scandal Shocks State.



HE ABOVE heading is properly employed. That is what it has reached—the Buncombe scandal. It now appears that in Buncombe county—the Land of the Sky, the beautiful mountains to the west—up where the Rambler sings in the Asheville Times and where the Mount Mitchell climbs nearer the skies than all others of the majestic hills, that votes were sold on election day at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$8. Just what difference there is in a one fifty vote and an eight dollar vote we are not informed, but Solicitor Swain finds that these prices obtained on election day. Also it is said that guarantees of offices were given—that some men were offered positions running as high as ten thousand likely plunks a year just for their “floence”—and altogether the sorry mess approximates a scandal.

Just how far the probe will go is problematical. Just who sold their votes has not yet been determined and the names of the purchasers are for the present withheld. But any way you look at it it appears that our election laws are yet violated; that good citizens when they get into politics stop at nothing; that to secure the majority is the bloom in Paramount on parade—and perhaps both parties are guilty.

Of course it could not be done, but it strikes us that the cleanest and best way out of the Tenth district muddle would be to show that there had been no election held and call a special election to elect a Congressman from that district. The Weaver people think they are clean—the Britt people think the same concerning themselves, and the whole mess is sorry and dirty and shameful.

#### His Record Great.

The National Grange at its annual meeting passed strong resolutions thanking Colonel W. H. Osborn, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for enforcing the oleomargarine laws. This is highly complimentary. When Colonel Osborn took hold he found that these artificial butter makers had for years been openly violating the laws. He got busy. He not only collected millions of back taxes but he prosecuted and heavily fined many of the guilty ones; some were sent to jail and some to the penitentiary—and perhaps the illicit traffic is now broken.

But it is gratifying to us to know that the Colonel has made good in every way. The chances are that he will soon surrender his position—that he will return to his home town to live, because he is weary of well doing. He has saved the government millions of dollars and his gratitude is in paying a salary on which no man in that position can live. Colonel Osborn has certainly won lasting fame, and when he comes home he can have the satisfaction of knowing that he filled the place better than it has ever been filled before—and that is worth more than all the salaries with work half done.

We but express the opinion of all our people when we say that Greensboro is proud of Colonel Osborn. He made good.

#### Deliver Us From Our Friends.

It has often been accepted as a fact that often well intentioned friends spill the beans. And there is accumulative evidence that the special train of the rich women who journeyed across the continent to whoop it up for Hughes cost him thousands of votes. As the fog lifts and we see the small plurality Wilson received in California it is apparent that the rich woman's special cost him the presidency. There were many causes in California, but had just one been eliminated he would have carried the state.

So had the women remained at home, as they should have done, or, had they gone in calico and gingham and looked like washwomen he would have carried California. The ranch woman of the west who goes out in the fields and orchards; who currys the mules and who rides bare back to town; who does her own washing and who works early and late, naturally doesn't want a car load of New York's best gowned ladies coming out her way to tell her what to do. And if the aforesaid ranch woman imagines that those richly dressed and bepowdered dames are interested in the election of a certain candidate—better look out. She isn't jealous—she isn't envious—but she has a half notion that if they will attend to their own business she will attend to hers. And so runs the world away.

That Washington man who took his life by drinking concentrated lye might have died a bit easier death had he struck a blind tiger and asked for some likker.

North Carolina 7, Virginia 0. Well, that's nothing to brag of, because it showed Virginia wasn't playing.

### Says Suffrage and Prohibition Are The Issues.



IN his talk at Raleigh Mr. Bryan declared that woman suffrage and prohibition were both growing, and in this proposition we guess all are agreed. The woman suffrage question has grown more rapidly than prohibition. And a strange thing.

In the old days the main plea of women was that if they could but secure the ballot they would, with one fell swoop, wipe whiskey off the map. And it looks now as though national prohibition and national woman suffrage would both come in at the same time. Of course the claim of the women was not valid, because in California where women vote prohibition was this year defeated. Out there they made a great fight. The prohibitionists spent time and money—did about all that could be done, and yet the liquor interests won. In Oregon, in Washington, in Arizona and Colorado where women vote prohibition has triumphed, but the credit is not due to women any more than the prohibition in North Carolina is due to women. The woman's influence to a certain degree is always back of it—but the woman's vote didn't seem to make much difference.

Mr. Bryan declared to his Raleigh audience that prohibition and woman suffrage were the two really great questions before the country. He finds them growing; he finds new recruits to the causes every day, and the chances are that he will live to see both of the questions settled by the government adopting what each petitioner wants.

Mr. Bryan also claimed that the fight against trusts had been won, but we fail to see what good it did—if it has been won. Prices were never higher—the poor man is no better off than he was when the great trusts were flourishing. In fact the poor man isn't standing the show he used to stand. There is much prosperity on just now—but in all candor there is no difference today in the big business world than when trusts so-called flourished. Maybe individuals are not reaping a great harvest—but they seem to be. And each subsidiary company of the trusts which was forced to sever its relations with the parent concern seems to be doing better than ever before. Steel stock is higher; Standard Oil is higher—every thing that was a trust is doing a bigger business, making more money and selling its stock at a higher figure than under the old regime. The question therefore comes to the top and will not go down: Were the trusts such vicious organizations as politicians pictured? We do not think they were.

#### It Opens.

The broad vista, it opens! The News and Observer is recovering from the election and getting over the Tenth district excitement, and finds time to write an editorial headed: “Money In Bees.” That is the stuf. To get away from politics and charges of corruption and the high price of eggs and the carnage of the European war and sit down and write that there is money in bees.

Money in bees—cert! There has always been money in bees, and if we all could buy a bee hive and live on honey—celestial food—ambrosia—corn bread and soy bosom now soaring upward could keep on soaring.

Money in bees—and boys' pig clubs. Opportunity knocks but once—answer the door bell, quick!

#### Now And Then.

Now and then we like to write about the Mexican “situation.” We have been writing about it for forty years. It is just about the same. Some of our troops are being withdrawn from the border. Each day there is startling news of what Carranza or Villa may be doing. The same old turmoil is on. Revolution is still there, and nothing has been accomplished. Years ago, way back in forty when our soldiers were in the “Mexican war” it was thought something would happen. But the history of those days reads just like the history of these days. We only write about the Mexican situation every two weeks. It is a delightful pastime. It is the same old story and therefore easy writing.

#### “Them Elks.”

The Elks will give their big minstrel show—two nights of real fun and enjoyment—and it goes without saying that Greensboro will turn out and laugh. The Elks never do anything by halves. It is always the whole cheese, and inasmuch as they have before entertained Greensboro audiences in a similar way, the house should be, and perhaps will be packed.

With coal advancing in price it looks like the Giver of All Good was taking a hand and giving us a few days of weather which makes us forget all about the coal.

## HON. JAMES J. BRITT IS A COUNTY AFFAIR



THE most talked about man in North Carolina since the election is Congressman J. J. Britt, of the Tenth district, who is contesting the claims of Mr. Weaver, democrat, and who won a partial victory in Raleigh this week when Judge Bond ruled to continue the injunction ordered by Judge Frank Carter, at Salisbury, restraining the canvassing board from issuing to Weaver his certificate of election.

#### What It Means.

Primarily the banker is out for business for his own profit. That is what most men engaged in business are out for—but the banker, in many ways is a public benefactor. He is there with the kale seed when you need money—and he is there to help you husband your money—to save it—and cause you to get some real and lasting benefit from it. Take here in Greensboro as an illustration and our banks have started novel savings schemes which have done wonders. Not the regular old fashioned savings banks which they conduct—but a special stunt—called by different names, and thousands joined these clubs and the result is this year that considerably over a hundred thousand dollars of special savings will be distributed this month to several thousand people who otherwise would not have saved a red dime.

The idea of these novel clubs was popularized and hundreds of people who had never thought of starting a savings account were attracted and the consequence is that the Yule tide days finds them with quite a little bunch of money that in no other way would they have had. Over a hundred thousand dollars of dimes and nickels placed in the bank and to be distributed means a great deal.

And what is best about these savings clubs those who were saving for Christmas do not rush out, because it is Christmas, and because they have the money, and spend it all. Many of them have seen a new vision. They see that by saving a little each week; by putting it in the bank and waiting until Christmas it means a start in the world—it means capital. It has shown them that it doesn't take long to get together a few hundred dollars—more money than they had dreamed of having so soon—so they leave it; they let it draw interest and they dream about how much larger it will be by next Christmas. Then they see they have enough to buy a piece of ground—pay part down and maybe build a home. It is the start. The start is always hardest.

That is why we make bold to say that bankers are really benefactors. They help communities and they help individuals. Were it not for these savings clubs those who today have fifty and twenty-five and a hundred dollars in the bank would not have a copper. They would have spent the small change for soft drinks and other things not particularly worth while or at least not necessary, and Christmas would have found them empty handed. The savings clubs are a good thing. The savings account is a good thing. The bank account is a good thing because all these things save your money for you. If you have ten dollars in your pocket it is very easy for it to get away—because you have the money at hand. But if it is in an open account in the bank you explain to yourself that you “have no change” and you guess you will pass up some contemplated purchase because you do not want to write a check. A check is a good name for it—because it is a check, often, on your extravagance, although you do not use it.

We are glad the Greensboro bankers are progressive enough to maintain these clubs. Of course as we said in the beginning the banker does this as part of his business system—he makes some money out of it—but he makes money for you and that is why we repeat that he is a benefactor.

#### The Great Commoner.

It must be pleasing to Mr. Bryan to know that notwithstanding the fact he is forever out of politics, says so, and means it, he is always shown distinguished consideration by his fellow citizens. He is easily the First Citizen of the land—a great Commoner, indeed, and has scores of friends in every town and city in the United States—real, genuine friends—and what greater distinction could a man have—even were he a king?

### Sanatorium Urged For Care Of Tuberculosis.



LOOKS like there is no doubt about there being in this county an almost unanimous desire on the part of the citizens to build a county sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis victims. The physicians point out that this disease is on the increase and that at a sanatorium is the only way to properly treat many of the cases.

We hope that if it is built it will be built large enough to take care of all who are unfortunate enough to need special attention. As we have often insisted more men die when they are sent far from home than ever recover. The distance and the worry and the despondency which follows from being among strangers hastens death. If each county had a place to care for the unfortunates many more would recover. Taken in time, and with proper treatment, tuberculosis is not half as bad as romancers have made it seem. The fool who named it the “great white plague” perhaps is guilty of taking ten thousand lives. The disease can be conquered. Indeed, one Greensboro physician boldly asserts that perhaps ninety per cent of all our people have at some time or other in their lives had tuberculosis. This being true, it shows that it can be overcome. All there is of tuberculosis is the ascendancy of the germ—and proper food, proper exercise, the right way of living gives nature a chance to repel or subdue this particular germ, and he rides on his raid no more.

We hope our legislators will see to it that the county is authorized to issue bonds to build a sanatorium worth while. The progressive citizens and nine-tenths of the tax payers will vote for such bonds if the question is fully explained to them. The county should do this. It is not for individuals to do—the whole people are interested, and vitally interested, in eradicating as far as possible the one disease which seems to fill with dread the unfortunate victim of it.

#### Soup?

For many years, Horatio, as long as we can remember the first question that was asked at the American plan hotel by the waiter was “Soup?”

And so it appears, that yesterday all over this favored land where the sun was shining bright, the Salvation Army at its dinners served soup instead of turkey, it being understood that that organization had boycotted turkey and eggs because of the high prices obtaining.

Therefore when the question was fairly put to the thousands partaking of their dinners—it was answered “yes”—because apart from a few vegetables that was all that was served.

Brave men die on the battle field—but braver men yesterday took soup instead of turkey. Imagine a Thanksgiving Dinner of a public nature without at least a little of the breast or a little of the dark meat of the Great American Bird. Impossible.

#### Not This Year.

Not this year, and perhaps not next, but it is a safe bet that Uncle Sam will own the railways before Wilson's next term expires. That is what all this investigation; all these threatened strikes; all this noise is leading to. Well, it will be indeed a sorry day for this country—but perhaps there will be sorer days from other causes. We are running sixty-five miles and hour and we're going to skid or hit a telegraph pole pretty soon. Just a matter of time. The whole nation is drunk with prosperity—with big business deals and a thousand things so high up in the air that we must come down. And when we come it will be with a dull, sickening thud.

If it should happen that the adoption of the amendments plays smash with our park and playground programme then what will the boosters of the amendments have to say about it? And those who are lawyers say it will do that very thing.

#### In Cultured Boston.

In one of his bursts of eloquence, in Boston on Sunday, Billy Sunday in paying his double breasted respects to Sir John Barleycorn said he would fight “Rum till hell froze over” and “then he would buy a pair of skates.” Perhaps that didn't shock the cultured hub of the universe. It is an old saying—as old as the hands that pen these lines. As a boy we heard it; as a man we have perhaps repeated it concerning some other things, and for Billy to spring such a chestnut, carrying its profanity and force on a Boston audience—well, wasn't John L. Sullivan a respected and honored citizen of the Hub? To be sure he was.

The Elks will make the whole town laugh when they pull that minstrel show.

Just a few more days now and it will be here. We are speaking of Christmas.

## HE LIVES ON NUTS

### But The Farmer Cashes In For Him.



HY THE high cost of living? No one knows. There is no way to solve the problem. For instance, it came our way the other day to purchase of a grocer man two young squirrels. They looked appetizing—looked like a little change from gutta percha beef to something right from the woods would taste pretty good—and the little squirrels cost twenty cents each. Time was, Augustus, when we could buy squirrel as big as a chimpanzee for ten cents—and fifteen cents would have been the limit. These squirrels were not still fed. It cost the man who sold them nothing—because he killed them for sport. Perhaps a charge of powder—but that was all. Why should a squirrel advance in price? Simply because the man who had him for sale to a hungry world made a demand—the demand was granted. The farmer brings his eggs to town and the average farm hen costs no more to keep today than a year ago because she does her own chores and has no help to pay. And yet the farmer man has an eye on the market page and he knows just about what will happen. He understands that the price is a certain figure and the certain figure comes. Somewhere, perhaps in this favored land where the sun is shining bright a cold storage man holds forth—and he has locked up a million eggs in order to keep a “scarcity” of them. This gives the farmer man a chance to unload—and the fellow who toils wants eggs and he lays down the price and then cusses—if he is a “cussin” man. The high cost is our own fault—cut out these things and let it go at that.

#### The Shop Windows.

A trifle early yet, and still the merchant is putting in his Christmas windows. We note that several have decorated—placed their tinsel and their evergreens and their cotton—to imitate snow—in the windows—and the boys and girls and the old folk too are peeping in. They are looking it over. They are dreaming about their gifts. In about a week, perhaps ten days, and the city will have the holiday spirit permeating it. The Salvation Army is already out with its iron pot and the sign to drop in your coin. The old man stands with his bell calling your attention to his enterprise. But dollars are not yet dropping, but they will. It takes a little more Christmas in our bones than the first few days of December bring to get the action. But about five days before the Great Day and then we all feel it. It is there and you can't get rid of it. The old wallet which has long been tied tight is opened and a few coins are shelled out in gladness. Great institution is this day we all celebrate and feel the spirit of the celebration. But a trifle early yet. Yet Christmas is coming!

#### Hogging The Game.

Mr. Reid, the Associated Press man in charge of the leased wire in The Record office tells us that yesterday he, save one other lone operator at Richmond, was the only man who remained at the key after twelve o'clock. All the other afternoon newspapers went to press at twelve o'clock and let the force eat turkey while it was hot.

Perhaps The Record should have done the same—perhaps it hogged the game by staying with it until the regular hour, but we had just read a Bulletin from the North Carolina State Board of Health stating that cold turkey was better for the health than hot turkey—so, in order to conserve health and do what we thought was right we gave the usual paper. And then there was another reason. Yesterday's Thanksgiving Day was the first time in the history of the paper—twenty-six years that it had furnished its subscribers a paper on Turkey Day. Therefore we concluded if a thing was worth doing it was worth doing well—and we did it.

If however we over-stepped the bounds of propriety we ask to be excused and promise that we will never do it again—until next Thanksgiving.

#### Mr. Wax.

It seems that Mr. Wax, arrested in Chicago, and who confesses that he is the man who impersonated Attorney Osborne, wants to do the square thing. There were few people who thought Osborne guilty of the charges when the trial was on, and now that Mr. Wax voluntarily confesses—well, that ought to settle it. Except insofar as Mr. Wax is concerned.

The News and Observer thinks Teddy will be the nominee in 1920. We do not know just how long it takes for decomposition to “set in,” but as we understand it a corpse is pretty well all in in four years.