



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY

YOUR UNCLE SAM LIKES

Needs More Kale Seed and Talks Bonds.



THE New Year is here and Uncle Sam finds himself almost four hundred million dollars behind in his ready money. To get this great sum together he is talking of floating Panama canal bonds to the extent of one hundred and twenty-five million. He wants to raise the revenue on tobacco and cigars and cigarettes and whiskey—hoping, as an illustration to get some twenty millions on increased revenues of cigarettes alone. Whiskey goes higher, beer goes up—and then the income tax.

With fiendish delight this administration has gone after the frugal man who has saved his money and now is trying to enjoy the income from it. Thomas Jefferson said the income tax was an iniquity—and it is. There should be an inheritance tax, but for a man to know that if he saves or excels he is to be fleeced by his government to pay its foolish and extravagant bills, well, it takes out of him the ambition to be frugal or to excel.

This government, with its salary grab; with its postal laws; with its army of useless clerks annually squandering, needlessly, millions of dollars—but instead of retrenching, instead of stopping the leaks shameful and frightful, it proceeds to tax the well to do and impose additional burdens on the working people. It is now suggested that coffee and tea be taxed more than ever—and on down the line. Any tax that is in sight is made to bear revenue. At the same time we boast of a wonderful free trade law—a law that does the ultimate consumer no good, but does him great harm. However, the American people by a half million vote have elected the free trade law and the tariff, of which we are one, has no right to kick.

New Year has come—Leap Year has gone—and the Old Maid who didn't tell her love, but let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on her damaged cheek will have a good long wait coming.

Rather A Bad Start.

Speaking as to the weather, the New Year made a bad start. Pretty tuff was the stuff the weather man handed us on the First day of the Glad New Year—one of those days calculated to knock a man's good resolutions sky high. In fact had it not been that we are always blessed with a Sacred Quart law and the said Sacred Quart was gone because of Christmas times, many a man yesterday would have reached into his sideboard and taken out the big bottle and dashed off a flagon of rum. It was one of those days when Old John Barleycorn used to do his best work. But inasmuch as how there was no Sacred Quart; inasmuch as how there could be nothing doing—all hands just managed to get along as best they could. And without the likker it is a safe presumption that the cussing was also on slow speed.

That Arizona Election.

It seems that Campbell, the republican who claims to have been elected Governor of Arizona by some thirty majority has proceeded to be sworn in; been inaugurated and the erstwhile Governor, Hunt, declines to let the newly elected into the executive mansion. Hunt claims all kinds of irregularities and swears he is elected and will stay with the ship. Naturally things around Phoenix are rather warm. Campbell is a lawyer—a tall, dark complected, smooth faced man who will do what he thinks right. He will doubtless be the next Governor. He has a long time had his eye on the job and now that he has been sworn in by a notary public he will remain in. Hunt is a big, good natured fellow who made a great grand stand play or two to labor while Governor, and he hates to give up the ship.

Another Big Victory.

Newfoundland, the island and the entire coast of Labrador has gone dry—and dry as a powder horn at that. It is unlawful to import likker; unlawful to manufacture it; unlawful to drink it—and those people mean business. For forty years it is said they have been after total prohibition and in this New Year they see their dream come true. Looks like all over the world the clock has struck. Looks like the time had come, and in countries where is was never suspected that prohibition could be possible the law went into effect, it some over night, and glorious have been the results. Wonder why it came all of a sudden? Wonder why the whole world seemed to have awakened at once? Once in awhile we must wonder if certain things are not planned, and no matter what man thinks about it they must come true?

ENFORCING PROHIBITION IN THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST.

Enforcing Prohibition In The Wild and Woolly West.



LOOKS like the colored man has had his day in Montgomery, Alabama. In crowds he gathered and recited the wrongs heaped upon him, as he sees things. The explanation of the great exodus of colored people from the South was explained in convention by saying that at the north and west there was a broader freedom for the black man. That he enjoyed better educational facilities—and that he wasn't so apt to get shot to pieces. Along about the same time we receive from Tuskegee, a story to the same effect. The letter states that the black man hasn't had a square deal in the South. It may be even so. But we have noticed that when the black man at the north attempts any of the crimes for which he is cooked in oil in the south the same fate awaits him there. It may be that at the north he doesn't undertake so many of his fiendish tricks. Because there are a few lynchings of negroes in the South the world thinks it a popular pastime down here to lynch a negro—but it isn't so. The black man who is self respecting gets along better in the south than he does at the north. He understands our people and our people understand him. When a nigger is lynched down here, most always he deserves it. Once in awhile he doesn't—but he is also lynched in the north. Here in Greensboro are many first-class colored citizens. They own property; they attend to their own business and in their different lines of business are patronized by the whites. Only when a negro becomes an outlaw does he become a nigger—and the nigger is the only one lynched. No one ever heard of the Southern people lynching a Negro. There is as much difference between a Negro and a nigger as there is between a Mexican and a Greaser—an Italian and a Dago—a Chinaman and a Coolie. The Negro prospers in the South and he fares better here than at the north. As for the nigger he is liable to be lynched anywhere.

Governor Whitman has again been sworn in in the Empire State. The great talk about his extravagance and his spectacular ways seemed to appeal to the "pee-pul" and the people. His majority was all right.

The New Income Tax Law.

The democratic party makes one big mistake in thinking that the income tax is the way to raise revenues. We all admit that there should be a heavy inheritance tax, but to tax a married man two per cent on his income if he happens to earn over four thousand dollars a year is purely a hold up. And to tax a single man two per cent on his salary exceeding three thousand dollars is altogether wrong. In this sin-shot world there are many single men, men who have remained single in order to support members of the family—some mothers, some sisters—some relatives—and their earnings are just as sacred to them as the earnings of a married man. And one married man may have a family of a half dozen children to support and another may have no children and all the way down, the income tax is an iniquity—as Thomas Jefferson pronounced it.

In the days of protection—the days when this western world took its place as foremost in the commercial line—when it built up wonderful institutions and made the wage earner a prince—we had no income tax; we had a surplus instead of a deficit in the treasury—and all the pretense about free trade will never put us right.

And we make the prediction that before the four new years of Wilson's administration are over, the democratic party will be a party of protection. Right now we are selling bonds—some claim because of a war in Mexico—but that grand triumphal march of Pershings cost only \$60,000,000 and we are facing a deficit of several hundred millions. Protection, or, rather enough taxes to run the government is the only thing. That is the way we prospered—and no harm was done. The ultimate consumer gets his articles no cheaper under free trade—then why free trade?

Those who go to Raleigh to lobby for their pet bills will perhaps be referred to the county commissioners. The statesmen this year will not wrestle with the little things of life.

Again Reported.

After Uncle Sam had already spent sixty million dollars trying to catch him, Villa was reported one day last week enjoying himself at Concho—not far from his base of supplies and activities. Mr. Villa, with his charmed life and charming ways is having more fun than any box of monkeys ever imported.

It is really to be regretted that Tom Lawson is getting so much for nothing. Tom is in his glory. For a long time he has been unable to get on the front page—but just now he is there with both feet.

SPEAKER OF HOUSE



THE selection of Walter Murphy, as Speaker of the House, will be gratifying to many people in North Carolina. Mr. Murphy is an able lawyer; he has had experience as a legislator; and he is one of the men of the State who is level headed—not easily excited, and who will give to all an even handed deal. The people of Salisbury, Murphy's home town, will rejoice to know that he made his fight and won. His competitors, Messrs. Page and Roberts were good men—but Walter simply had the lead and when the time came to go into a caucus he was the only pebble on the beach.

Early in the game, before election, because we knew Murphy would be elected, unless all signs failed, this paper nominated him for Speaker, and feels that it felt the public pulse in doing so. So Murphy isn't through yet. One of these days he is going to loom big for Congress, and when he does the man who goes against him will be obliged to do some tall running if he defeats the Rowan county man. Peter, my boy, here is to you!

It Came High.

The figures have been made available and it is shown that up to this sad minute Uncle Sam has spent something like sixty-seven million dollars in attempting to catch Villa—and he hasn't caught him yet.

And yet the Watchful Waiting myth was believed by many. Carranza isn't worth the place he occupies. And then it cost some millions, doubtless, to put up the bluff about making old man Huerta salute our flag—and he didn't salute.

Naturally it is for those commanding the army—for the war department, to determine these things, but a hundred million dollars blown in monkeying with a crowd of desperate revolutionists, to say nothing of the many lives sacrificed, looks more like boy's play than it looks like generalship. Mexico should have been cleaned up—we should have gone in and helped them do something. Cuba was straightened out by the kindly assistance of Uncle Sam—Mexico is in a more demoralized condition today than before Pershing went on his expedition. The expedition has amounted to nothing. There is yet a big job of work to be done beyond the Rio Grand—and the sooner Uncle Sam gets busy and does it the better and cheaper it will be in the end.

The Railroads Issue Ultimatum.

The railway companies of America have notified those interested that they will pay no attention to the Adamson law until the Supreme Court passes on its constitutionality. They will proceed as heretofore, and if the court upholds the law they will proceed with back pay.

This is a new phase of the question, and if the strike order still holds good, and only a flash is necessary to tie up traffic, looks like it was up to the four brotherhoods to flash.

The Adamson law will soon be reviewed by the Supreme Court. Those who are corporation lawyers declare that it will be held unconstitutional because it is class legislation, while those who are agitators the railroads on general principles are sure the court will find the Adamson law all right.

It will take the decision to decide the question. In the meantime there will be some other legislation, and altogether it looks like the railways and brotherhoods were yet far apart.

The Fun In It.

We have before commented on the resolution introduced by Congressman Wood to investigate the leak concerning the peace note. Congressman Wood has heard that the democrats will try to side track his resolution, so he comes back stronger than ever and says the statement of Tom Lawson to the effect that he had the inside information in time to clean up a few millions, makes it imperative to proceed with a thorough investigation. If it is pressed, the chances are that the old line or administration democrats will pigeon hole the resolution, and this will cause a great deal of talk and some consternation. Therefore when Congress convenes next week it will be interesting to see how the resolution is handled. This thing of accusing the family of wrong doing sometimes scents.

NEGRO OR A NIGGER?

Case in Which There Is a Difference and Distinction.



IT WAS related in the telegraph that at Phoenix, Arizona, under the new prohibition law five hundred gallons of whiskey were confiscated in raids on private houses and other places, and these five hundred gallons of whiskey used to lay the dust of the desert town.

This in Arizona, A. D. 1916.

This is Arizona, not long ago a territory filled with gamblers and bar rooms and outlaws. But it happened, Phoenix is a wonderful town. Its inhabitants—its real citizens are of all classes. Many Indians, hundreds of them, laborers and farmers; reservations also there controlled by the government; Mexicans galore; men from the Hawaiian Islands—greasers from across the border—white men and some as good people as ever lived on God's footstool. Thoroughly cosmopolitan—a city of people where you would naturally expect the wide open town. But no matter about nationality—the majority of the people of the state believe in state wide prohibition and no frills. No sacred quarts. No half way business. Real prohibition with laws to enforce it; officers with power to act and behind it all a public sentiment that calls for action. That is why it was possible to make the street parade. That is why those who had likker yielded it without using a gun in defense. It hardly seems possible that a new country—so recently transformed from the home of the outlaw could give, as an illustration, North Carolina points for her moral conduct.

And yet the staid and sober North Carolina man would be shocked at many things happening in Phoenix on the Holy Sabbath Day. They run their play houses wide open; they sell soft drinks all day long—there is no particular law about closing stores—it is up to the merchant—but if you want to monkey with booze you must hit a new trail. They are not fanatics on the prohibition question—but just determined people who have learned that whiskey is a menace; a stumbling block; a needless commodity—and they wiped it out.

The churches in Phoenix are filled every Sunday morning and evening—they have most all denominations there; the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are there and strong—and altogether there is a moral atmosphere worth while—except carpenters build houses or move houses on Sunday; masons work with their mortar and the business proceeds. But every day is a Blue Law day when booze is on exhibition. It certainly would have been a sight worth while to see the water wagon temporarily changed into a booze cart—but the booze being used to lay the dust on the streets. Strange how quickly sentiment changes—how quickly a few men with an idea can convert a state.

Those who are waiting for the Fourth of July should do their shopping now.

Pessimistic Again.

The note sent in by the allies rather knocks the Peace hope, it is said. But it doesn't shatter our dreams. The Wilson note will get to the trenches. Naturally there will be some different plans suggested, but the first message has gone—the seed will germinate—and Peace will soon be with us. It isn't what Germany thinks; it isn't what France thinks—no matter about Great Britain—it is on the wireless circuit that Peace should come, and it will be here before we know it.

The Double Building.

Mayor Murphy who looked things over in Springfield, Massachusetts a few weeks ago is of opinion that the county and city should get together and group their buildings. It is a fact that a new court house is to come and the old city building was never what it should have been.

If the city and county could do this it would be a great step forward, but we hope that the proposition, if considered, will not delay the sale of the present court house site. That old building is an eye sore, and if delay is caused people having locations will get the thing mixed again.

The county commissioners will doubtless settle the question of location their way but if the whole town again gets busy we suggest that each proposed location that is feasible be written down and let some child draw from a hat, after being well shaken, the number and let that settle it.

We cannot understand why location makes any difference to the general public. Of course those who have property interests may want the building here or there, but any place within reach will do. What we need is a new court house and the location should be a secondary consideration.

IS IT BUNCOM

Is Asheville Really Home of Crooks



ASHEVILLE for short weight coals and now even in the town that he has been changed, and makes his fire it give out the glow that full weight coal would. The average citizen sits before his fire and shivers and sees where he was for a couple of hundred pounds. He is warm, only under the collar, as he thinks it, and even the pleasures of Christmas were taken from him.

Had it happened that the scales were more than he was really expecting, would have burned more brightly; in warmth would have filled the room, would have blessed his stars for the Christmas which had come to him.

The official weighers are now doing quickly; weighing all sorts of loads and holding from the general public the chances are that every ton of coal these days weighs full two thousand. The chances are that retailers who were the cause of the shortage, by speaking, and this a true ball, the man, established in business, gives his mers down weight. A grocer will take a pound box of goods, weigh it out, lots to his customers, and more often otherwise he will serve but about right. He will lose two pounds in the year. He doesn't know it.

or three ounces lost in a week's run to considerable in a week's run.

Of course there are men now and then who decide to give short weights. But it always detected early in the game, and willing to wager that but few Asheville men were gold-bricked. And yet a summer thinks he was victimized. And publicity the matter gets the more come the feelings and the more certain man is that he got but fifteen hundred of coal when he paid for two thousand. And so runs the world away.

Wilson's Majority.

The popular vote this last election gave son about a half million more votes Hughes received. In other words the of the United States who voted ex themselves for Wilson over Hughes by million votes—and this should forever rest the fellows who claimed that a vote would have elected Hughes if the South could have her votes counted. electoral college cut no ice this time in lar majority so far as Woodrow was concerned. When he ran the last time Taft had him beaten on numbers.

The California vote was the one of the race—and the official figures show Wilson beat Hughes in that state in votes. However a beat of one is as good as a million—but neither party had much to crow—no matter which way the Gold went. We have no doubt but what Wilson feels better to be a majority President second term, than a minority President he was in his first.

The Allies On Peace.

The response of the Allies to the peace note was not just what was expected. It was full of bluff—because no matter Germany did; no matter how much she gressed in the start, if she wants peace some terms to submit, the Allies were bound to treat her seriously and look at the situation.

The war cannot proceed forever. A neither side can secure a substantial has long ago been conceded. Then w continue the carnage? Why not, if one side for peace—or asks for peace—considers terms are to be offered. It strikes Germany right now has the best of it, ter whether her intentions were honest or not. Before the world she comes for Peace and before the world the Allies hooting at the suggestion. Then G has a hand to say: "Death to all w their hands raised against us," and with submarines and whatever else find in the way of death dealing destruction. However, we are still of opinion that much nearer than it was before Wilson his note. The neutral powers are interested, and it may be up to them to make the next move.

The glorious climate was on deck for Day—it is on deck about three hours in the year down here.