



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$10 A YEAR, SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1917.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

SAW EXPERIENCE IN REAL LIFE

It was Caleb Cornstalks who went to the great city and was touched by one of the soiled doves who flutter in such places, and he gave exclamation to the old lines, "Blast this city, blast that feller, blast the day I left my Ma," and doubtless the young man from the Scotland Neck district echoed what Caleb said. The Virginian-Pilot in its news items of a busy day, carried this story:

Willie Price, a husky young farmer of Scotland Neck, N. C., was fined \$50 and costs by Justice Arnold in police court yesterday morning for carrying a concealed pistol. In consideration of the young man's plea that he was intoxicated when he caused the disturbance in Charlotte street that brought about his arrest and that a term in jail would "just naturally ruin" him, Justice Arnold revoked a sentence of thirty days in jail originally imposed.

According to two women living at 107 Charlotte street, the young farmer entered their apartment flourishing an ugly looking revolver and expressed the intention of shooting things up generally if the girl he had come all the way from North Carolina to see did not immediately materialize.

And yet no doubt Willie was one of those young men who can drink or leave it alone; doubtless Willie thought he needed a gun in these days of Preparedness; perhaps Willie believed as the tangle-foot and coffin varnish bedeviled his brain that the charming sorceress who was domiciled with the two women he was going to shoot up was really waiting for him, whereas she had forgotten Willie the day he left her the last time. Perhaps now somewhere in Scotland Neck district Willie sits on the stool of repentance, thanking his stars that he didn't go to jail; happy in the thought that he had kale seed sufficient to get him out of trouble, but perhaps forgetting that a kindly disposed judge gave him liberty that he really didn't deserve.

But 'twas ever thus in the larger cities, where they have electric lights and red lights, and many a mother who sings "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight" can perhaps gain information by inquiring at the place where Willie spilled his beans.

Both Sides.

There are indeed two sides to most all, if not all, questions. In New York state a bill that met favorable consideration, to tax cats, was presented to the legislature, and since that time hundreds, ay, thousands of people have gone before the committee protesting. The bill required that cats be tagged and pay the fee. It also gave any man with a gunner's license to shoot on sight, regardless of the overt act, any cat found without a tag.

One man who was against the cats insisted that cats killed the birds which killed the insects, and thus made the cost of living higher, while another stoutly maintained that the cat killed the rats which destroyed much food and thus kept the cost of living lower. And it is on this question that the wise men will decide. The chances are that the cat will be taxed, but only humane societies will have the right to kill them. And it is interesting to note that figures showed that in one year in New York state four hundred thousand cats had been killed. Just how these figures were secured we do not know, but truly it looks like that was a pretty big crop of cats.

We have never insisted that a cat should be taxed, but we never liked the single standard, that of taxing dogs and letting the cat go free. The truth is there is no reason why a dog should be taxed. Just an arbitrary freak. It is known that some men love dogs and will stand for the squeeze. The dog has his rights in the world if he behaves himself, but the law says that the innocent ownerless dog shall die in order to make the dog with an owner put a dollar a year in the treasury. Just a neat little graft by Society, without sense or reason to it.

We take it that it may be a long way to Viperary, but not as long as between drinks in South Carolina since the bone-dry law went into effect.

A Beautiful Graft.

The free seed graft is gradually being eliminated. The story from Washington is that thousands of requests are coming in for free seeds, and the information is that this year but two hundred thousand dollars were expended for this folly and the seeds have been done for weeks, and there will be no more until late in the summer. Just why a Congressman or Senator should have so many mail bags of free seeds to send his beloved constituents we do not know. Naturally favoritism must be played, and why seeds? Why not a pair of socks to each beloved constituent of the "district?"

Why have it garden and flower seeds every year? Looks to us like a diversity would be the thing—socks one year, collar buttons one year, and so on down the catalogue. That would give the fellow without a garden a chance to come in on the free list.

SEEKING PARDON FOR GUILTY PAIR

And now come the two lustful sports, one Maury I. Diggs and one F. Drew Caminetti and ask President Wilson for pardon. They were the white slave artists who left their wives and induced two foolish girls to go with them to Nevada, where they took rooms and lived under assumed names, and were apprehended and arrested and brought back to San Francisco. One of these pretty boys is the son of Old Man Caminetti, who was Commissioner of Immigration or something or other under Wilson, and because of the prominence of the old gentleman, McReynolds, then Attorney General, refused to look into the case and passed it up as "nothing doing."

But there was something doing. Attorney McNab, for the United States, and Judge Herrington as prosecutor in those kind of cases, sent up a few skyrocketts which were seen around the world. There was a scandal brewing—and the Department of Justice was to be made the place of attack. Then it was, as the papers carried their big head-lines, and the bachelor attorney general was about to receive his, that Senator Overman looked about and recalled that the President had said there was a pernicious lobby around about. And the Senate got busy. Without even authority of law the safe of Old Man Oxnard, the erstwhile sugar king, was opened and papers extracted, and then around the world went the story of the famous investigation of the lobbyists. The white slave case and the failure to do duty in the attorney general's office was lost in the murmur of many voices, in the rush of many waters, in the clamor of the grandstander to see that the "pee-pul" were no longer outraged in purse, regardless of the ravishment of defenseless womanhood. And it won. The Caminetti case was forgotten. McNab resigned and wrote some history, which was printed in full in the Washington Post, that should have brought the blush of shame to every decent man; so appalling were the details in their shocking recital, Herrington resigned, and the courts proceeded to handle the two lawless ones. An appeal was taken; to the highest court the case went, and every step of the weary way it dragged there was no hope. They are sentenced to prison, are in prison as we understand it now, and a plea comes up to pardon them. And perhaps they will be pardoned, but they should not be pardoned.

The Hard Worked Man.

Colonel W. H. Osborn, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in conversation with us the other day, said that while the President was a hard worked man, while he had been giving eighteen hours a day to the nation's cause, that Secretary McAdoo was the hardest worked man in Washington City. It wasn't just working day and night and hanging up his hands, with the towel when he washed his hands, but the wonderful load of mental worry was enough to kill the average man. And it is true.

We see men enjoying big positions, but when they are active, when they do things like Secretary McAdoo does things, the man who envies them the job is foolish. The salary is nothing. No man can live on the salaries paid and maintain the position of cabinet officer. And there are offices not as high as cabinet offices where the gray matter is churned almost into curds every day. The office of Internal Revenue Commissioner should long ago have been a cabinet office. It is one of the most important in the government, and yet it pays but a measly seven thousand a year, and the work is tremendous. Colonel Osborn, because he was in earnest, because he was vigilant, because he was able and unafraid, made many millions of dollars for Uncle Sam. He went after tax dodgers; after men who for years had defrauded the government and made them come across with the money they had stolen. Some he had to put in the prisons, but he collected millions of dollars that other Commissioners had never thought of going after. Such a man in such a position should be paid salary enough to at least allow him to live as one in such a position ought to live without drawing on his private resources. Suppose some big mercantile concern could find a man who would bring to its coffers millions of dollars which were practically lost—why fifty fifty would be a glad settlement. But had Osborn collected a billion dollars in back taxes, and had he been capable of working thirty-six hours in the twenty-four to do it, not one more dime would he receive. Therefore salaries should be adjusted. It wasn't long ago that the President received but twenty-five thousand dollars a year; now he receives fifty thousand, but it should be a hundred thousand. Those who have recently seen President Wilson are alarmed over his physical condition. On the job day and night, a mighty responsibility always on his shoulders, and now a double and twice double responsibility—giving his life blood—and some men say the "honor" of being President should be glory enough. But it isn't.

And the City Planner might look at our last year straw hat and tell us what to do about it.

IS BAD BUSINESS FOR THE SOUTH

The law that puts the postmasters on the civil service list will cause some commotion at some time or other down in Dixie. As sure as men live there will be some bright gentleman of color on the waiting list and he will be proclaimed the postmaster of some thriving city, and then we will see something no man wants to see. This civil service proposition has been run into the ground. When it started it looked good, but it was a fad of reformers. It knocked out the time-honored and revered proposition that to the victors belong the spoils. It put men in place and kept them as long as they made good. That was all right, so far as it went at first, but it has gone too far. If the postmaster is to be under civil service, why not the President and the Congress of the United States? Why not put men in power and hold them there forever and let them run things to suit themselves? That would cut the politics out of it, and that was the theory of civil service. But that will never happen. The President made a serious mistake when he gave the postmaster appointment up. That should have been left for the Congressman and the people to fight over. Pretty soon, and if there are no appointive offices, how can a man get up enthusiasm to yell for his particular candidate? How can we raise the kale seed to conduct an election? Most always the man who puts up his contribution, either in time or money, is looking for some reward, and if there is no pie to pass how can a patriot generate steam? We wonder.

And while it snowed a little Sunday the Weather Man has been kind since then, and garden seed are now displayed in the merchant's windows and people are dreaming of the first plate of home-grown snaps.

We Wish He Could Go.

Major Stedman tells us that he fears he will be unable to accept Mayor Gurley's invitation and make the speech in Boston in April. The Boston people have promised him a great ovation if he goes, but the Major says it comes just when the democratic caucus will be at its height, when the organization of the next house is on, and naturally he must remain in Washington to help his friends. Major Stedman has made many friends in Washington. He is beloved by his colleagues, and some are exceptionally friendly, and they may need his help. Naturally he is devoted to Speaker Clark, because Speaker Clark is devoted to him, and if Clark needs him he will remain in Washington and pass up the kind invitation coming from Boston.

But we would like to see the Major go to Boston on this particular occasion. It is a meeting where the patriotism of the country will be displayed. To see an old Confederate soldier, one among the last holding important position, going up from where was once the hotbed of secession to where was once the hotbed of the Abolitionist—going to that enchanted city known as the Hub of the Universe and telling them what he knows, would be worth while. And Major Stedman would make a speech that would captivate those cold-blooded Yankees—those New England mercenaries who first traded in slaves, cod-fish and rum, and finally saddled off their colored product on the South. The Major would, in his charming manner, tell them a thing or two; it would not be offensive, but it would be an eye-opener. It would be worth money to the South to have the Major the guest of Boston on this occasion. Let us hope that he can see his way clear, and let us hope that he goes.

The man who thinks it an easy job to be President has another think coming. Even the president of a pressing club has plenty to keep him busy.

You Bet!

The following from the police court news in Raleigh is suggestive: Judgment was suspended on payment of the costs Tuesday morning in city court in the case against T. O. Morris, the white man found guilty at Monday's session of having whiskey in his possession for the purpose of sale. The costs amounted to \$7.95.

You bet! He was a white man, and he knew better. But had it been an ignorant nigger—a nigger wanting to make a little easy money—he would have gone to the roads and nothing could have saved him. But because it was a white man, and a man of "good character" and his "first offense," he was fined. Other white men of "good character" with such a precedent will perhaps get in another cargo of likker and thus keep Raleigh well supplied with the real article.

But it is funny how the courts refuse to hand out even justice to all. If a white man is to be let loose by the payment of a fine because it is his first offense, then, by all the gods of justice, the nigger should ride in the same boat.

The Glorious Climate failed to glorify for several days; but be patient—it will come again. It must.

A FOOLISH MISER GETS DESERTS

The old fools are not all dead yet, and a few young ones, we suspect, are coming on. This, from the Kansas City Times, relates briefly the life and adventures of a certain fool living on the banks of the placid Kaw:

Nearly \$1,000 in gold that for twenty years he had carried back and forth in a dinner bucket from his home in Gallatin to his farm two miles away was stolen Saturday from Lee Rogers. Known as a man of frugal habits, Rogers long had been suspected of having hidden treasure and thieves had made efforts to locate his hoard. Saturday he started out for the farm, as was his custom, carrying a sack in the bottom of which was the dinner bucket bank. While he was watering the cattle some one found the gold and took it.

With the banks these days as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, with so few bank failures that we forget where the last one happened, a man who will carry a thousand dollars around with him deserves to be robbed. The pity of it was that he wasn't sooner relieved of his burden. The folk who hide money in old trunks; who bury it; who fear that some bank might go wrong, always deserve to lose all they lose. The man who thinks so much of his dirty dross that he is afraid to let it work for him; afraid to trust it to old and established institutions of integrity and honor, should of course be examined and have his money taken from him by a process of law. But there being no such law it is well that highwaymen and robbers appear upon the scene and relieve the fellow of his great trouble.

Imagine a man carrying a thousand dollars in gold for twenty years in his dinner bucket—think of his loss of happiness while he carried it and his greater grief when it disappeared. Silas Marner was not a fiction. He lived, and he still lives, in so far as the part of his life concerning greed is concerned.

The question is, will the barrel skirt be allowed in dry territory?

Scandalous Proceedings.

Dr. Johnson, of Charity and Children, got up great excitement by advocating the mule instead of the bloodhound to track fugitives from justice. We had always been a firm advocate of the bloodhound, but Dr. Johnson so carefully and forcefully presented his case that we fell for it and became at once an ardent advocate in favor of supplanting the dog with the mule. True, we thought maybe it might interfere with farming operations—that is to say, if the mule were hitched to the plow and the fugitive passed, by the time the mule was taken from the field much time would be lost, not only in pursuing the fugitive, but in getting in the crop. However, we reluctantly, albeit enthusiastically, became an avowed champion of the mule. But we noticed that Judge Rufe Clark went to Raleigh and lobbied for the bloodhound, and Dr. Johnson never showed his face before that august assembly, nor did he lift his voice in favor of the orphaned mule. And now Judge Clark hands this to us:

It is related that bloodhounds were recently called into action to chase chicken thieves at Spencer, and the hounds "tracked the thief some distance, but lost the scent in a negro neighborhood," says the veracious chronicler who sends this information to the public prints. The inference is that there was such a confusion of scents when the "negro neighborhood" was reached that the noble bloodhounds were unable to distinguish the particular scent they had followed from the disturbed chicken coop. It is submitted to Colonel Fairbrother of the Greensboro Record that in a case of this sort it should be permissible to call on Dr. Johnson to fetch his mules to the relief of the bloodhounds.

A pretty time, after the prisoner had escaped, gotten mixed up with the trenchant stanches which walk on stilts in the negro neighborhoods; after he was lost in the labyrinth of variegated and assorted stanches which disport themselves in such sections; after he had hidden behind a mountain of stench which there rears its steaming head, Judge Clark calls on us to go and hitch up the mule and send Dr. Johnson after the escaping fugitive. Not on your life. The mule will not play second fiddle to the bloodhound. The bloodhound must retire from the field—he must sidestep, and if he does we will harness the mule and start in pursuit.

Henderson Falls In Line.

Henderson is organizing a board of trade. Good stuff. A live board of trade or chamber of commerce in a city helps more than most anything else. The board of trade, if intelligently conducted, can do things that individuals will never do. Henderson is to be congratulated. A live town, it will now become more alive.

Well, it is well the strike didn't come off, because a great many joy riders might have run out of gasoline.

MRS. CATT ASKS WOMEN TO FARM

Mrs. Catt, at the head of the suffrage association of America, is again showing the country that women are competent, capable and progressive. She has called for two million of the suffrage women to get ready and commence this spring to raise foodstuffs—to do some kind of clothing adapted to the field and garden and get busy. And the women are going to respond. Millions of vacant plots of ground will be plowed or dug up with a spade, and on those plots will be seen all kinds of vegetables—not roses and jonquils and daisies and buttercups, but snaps and radishes and onions and beans and potatoes, the things necessary to sustain life.

If the war comes and we are short on food supplies, these two million women who will respond to the call will make it possible to take up the shortage. This is a practical illustration of what women can do and will do. But why illustrate?

Every living man knows that the women of America have been at once its guardian and its mainstay. A world without woman, and it would be a world of disorder and discontent. Woman has ever been man's managing editor, and in all the dark things and the bright things of a man's life a woman has been at the bottom of it. And when these intelligent citizens—more conservative and more honest in politics than man can be—ask for the right to vote, to protect their property; to say where the money they pay for taxes on their property shall go, man says they haven't enough sense. When they ask that they may have a voice in making laws to protect their sons and daughters—in making laws that will at least give them a fair chance—the men rush in and fear the "nigger women" might get control, and what a terrible thing it would be. But happily the majority is in favor of the women. It will be some time, perhaps, before an expression can be obtained, but it will be obtained, and, as Mr. Bryan has pointed out, woman suffrage is one of the leading questions before the country today. And leading questions are soon settled, and settled satisfactorily to those who demand equal rights. We congratulate Mrs. Catt on her call; we hope the two million women will respond and that unsightly vacant plots will soon be plowed and made to blossom, not as the rose, but as the snap bean and the red onion.

It will not be long until the bone-dry law goes into effect and the mail order man will be out of a job.

Better Remain At Home.

It is said that the trainload of well intentioned women who journeyed west defeated Hughes. In other words, they were "sticking their nose" if we may be allowed the expression, into business which the western women did not think concerned them. And now comes the news from Washington that suffragette cohorts will make a journey through Dixie and stop at every home town of all Southern Congressmen and press their claims for the federal amendment.

Advice is cheap, and therefore in these strenuous times of the high cost of living we proffer this regardless of expense: Better remain at home. An invasion of Northern women into the South demanding the right to vote will set the suffrage cause back in this section just ten years. The people down here are not of the ranting and howling mind. The good women enlisted in the suffrage cause are doing a great work in their own way. It is not necessary for the Northern sister to come here and plead for the rights of the down-trodden. Quietly, but effectually, the Southern women are gaining adherents every day. But if the Northern ladies come and make a grand display many of the more sober-minded men just about to enlist in the cause will in disgust turn away. However, this is only advice. There is no law against the reformers coming, but if they are in earnest for their cause they will remain at home.

What will the strike breakers do now—those who had signed up?

It Is War.

There is no doubt but what we are now practically in war with Germany. There will be some sport chasing submarines. The German warships will never dare come out of the North Sea, because the English navy is waiting for that—and if they come, if Uncle Sam is there with some of his fighting craft, the greatest naval engagement the world ever witnessed will doubtless take place.

The war will give our munition makers plenty to do at home, and thus will in a great measure cripple the allies. Germany doubtless wants to get us into war for that reason, and certainly she has done about all she can. She ascertained what would constitute the Overt Act, and then stood in the open to give us a chance. Germany has done all she well could do to get us in, and it looks like she has succeeded.