

Raleigh Daily Times

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ARE NOT QUITTERS.

It is time for the University of North Carolina boys to quit the gridiron after the walloping the University of Virginia boys gave them in Richmond.—Greenville Reflector. Oh, No! The University of North Carolina boys nor the North Carolina boys of any other institution or in any capacity are not quitters, we hope. If they are, they will make men that are quitters and that would be failing to live up to the standards of the past. The men who have brought the state thus far on the way have suffered many reverses, some of them overwhelming, but they have never lost their courage and have never given up. And they have won many victories and cleared the way for the winning of many more for those who come after them. The sons of these men are not going to flinch and fall out of ranks when they take up the serious work of life and they are not going to "lie down" when they meet defeat in the formative period of life, whether it be in the striving after knowledge or in the field of sports. Defeats are to be expected, and they do good. But they would not do good if they were ever accepted as the final verdict. Men of the right mould do not accept them as final so long as strength lasts and boys with the ingredients in their make-up that are going to win them success in after life have their ambition fired to a brighter red when they meet disaster. The fighting spirit, the ambition to retrieve and save the day makes the disaster only temporary. This rather long sermon is only to say that the University of North Carolina boys, while "beaten to a frazzle," are not conquered. They didn't run away. They took their "kicking" like men. But they will "live to fight another day." There is no reason why they should quit the gridiron. They are clean, manly, sportsmen. They played the game with boys of the same stamp and lost. But they would not be the boys they ought to be if they had not already determined to make the defeat of today the victory of tomorrow. They are looking forward with hope and eagerness to next Thanksgiving day. And that is the spirit that counts and that will carry them successfully through life. Those who cannot meet defeat with that spirit will soon drop by the wayside.

THE FISHING INDUSTRY.

The Wilmington Star, emphasizing the importance of the proposed fish convention, calls attention to some of the conditions which the present system, or lack of system, in dealing with this great resource of the state have brought about:

"The fish, oyster and game problem of North Carolina demands serious attention and vigorous remedies for their restoration. We hang our heads in shame when Wilmington restaurateurs advertise Norfolk oysters while the once famous New River oyster has practically disappeared from the market. Now we have only excuses for the large and luscious New River oysters, the premier of all the shell fish from Peconic Bay to Bull's Bay. The New River oyster has so constantly disappeared and the demand has become so widespread that the whoppers are shipped away for the connoisseurs of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Those markets have literally robbed us of the New River oyster, and what we get are mixed with Myrtle Grove Sound and Stump Sound products.

"However, our Myrtle Grove and Stump Sound oysters would be the equal of New River if the state were to do the right thing by the industry. Fine oysters and fish, from Currituck to Brunswick, could be produced in such abundance as not only to supply North Carolina, but other states. Intelligent legislation must be substituted for selfish interests. When Wilmington buys oysters from Norfolk and soft shell crabs from Baltimore, something is radically wrong. The wrong should be righted by knocking out peanut politics with good hard common sense."

"Good, hard common sense" is all that is needed to solve the question and solve it rightly so that instead of robbing our rivers and bays and sounds of their fish and oysters, we should be conserving them, taking plenty and leaving plenty to increase the supply. But like many other matters that have to be solved by our law-making bodies, it is hard to get an application of common sense. Statesmen would apply that remedy, but politicians either predominate or are able in one way and another to defeat the passage of any comprehensive laws on the subject. Some of the people, perhaps the majority of them, engaged in fishing and oystering, think it is their right to pursue their business without any interference whatever from the law. These people have a vote and so hold a club over their representatives. But they should begin to see by this time that they stand to lose more than anybody else by their policy. The remarks of the Star are so timely that we quote again:

"The broadest view to be taken of it is the importance of conserving and fostering a state source of wealth and food, a necessity which should be recognized as of equal importance as the conservation of the waterpower and forest wealth of the state. For the same reason that every North Carolinian is concerned in the Appalachian forest reserve, which aims to protect wide areas from overflow and conserve the vast waterpower interests of the state, all the people of the state should be concerned in fostering and preserving the state's fish and oyster industry. It is not specially the industry of eastern North Carolina, for when we get away from the individuals actually engaged in the fishing and oyster business for the purpose of making a living and acquiring a competency, the people of eastern North Carolina are no more individually concerned than are the inhabitants of middle and western Carolina. It is a state resource, and not a local industry, that must be conserved.

"If the people of this state would display half as much interest and zeal in practical and conservatory undertakings as they do in politics, there would be constructive progress and material development on a huge scale in North Carolina. If every man were as anxious about fish, oysters and game as he is about the initiative, the referendum and the recall, we would be doing something to the real advantage and development of the state. It is not the theoretical but the practical questions which should make us bestir ourselves. Of course, it is all right to keep abreast of all fundamental public questions of the day, but while we are doing it we should not be guilty of such woeful neglect as to let our fish and oyster interests go to smash, permit our great forests to be destroyed, and fail to protect our immense waterpower and land resources.

This is the way the Greensboro News looks at it:

The boisterous and impolite methods of the political convention were employed to howl down the president of the Teachers' Assembly when he showed the courage to say things he believed. The incident furnishes corroborative evidence that our public school system is too much of a

political machine. But it will take more than the discourteous acts of politicians to stifle the convictions of a courageous man like Charles L. Coon.

It seems to us that the incident has been a little overdrawn. It was impolite, certainly, but not boisterous, and the speaker was not "howled down." Not more than two or three dozen people engaged in the hand-clapping that caused the speaker to give up and take his seat, and if he had held his ground he could have finished his speech without serious interruption or any boisterousness. But he had said what he wanted to say, his speech was practically finished. And he thought it better to let it end in anticlimax, because of the fact that the audience was waiting for another speaker, than to contend for the floor, even for a minute. But the incident does show that we have some mighty "sorry" county superintendents for one of them led the hand-clapping. The system of education will not be what it ought to be, no matter what its other qualities, so long as even one man who is not a gentleman can aspire to and succeed in getting that office.

"Well, I hope that you are feeling duly thankful," was the greeting of one Charlestonian to another as they met on the street yesterday morning. "I do," was the response. "I could not feel otherwise, for I have just finished reading The News and Courier.—The News and Courier.

Does that mean that the Charlestonian was so dull that he could not appreciate the delightful pages of the News and Courier, and that he was thankful that he had completed a task which all Charlestonians feel obligated to impose on themselves every day in the year?

Press Comment.

Willing to Help. Now that Raleigh is really doing something she finds that the other towns of the state are not unwilling to give her credit for it.—Durham Herald.

Sounds Like Old Times. How familiar sounds this quotation from a wireless dispatch from the grounded steamship. "So soon as the extent of the disaster had been ascertained we were informed that Mr. Bryan had gone to bed and had no comments to make."—Virginian-Pilot.

Gaugers for Fair. The Raleigh money lenders are surely gaugers "for fair." The Times says money lenders in the capital city in some cases charged five times the legal rate of interest, which means 25 per cent.; and that paper very properly thinks it is time to invoke the law against usury.—Statesville Landmark.

Our Gridiron Classic. The Tarheels came yesterday, they saw, and they were conquered—on the gridiron. In spirit a North Carolinian is never defeated and a stranger hearing the White and Blue hosts yesterday after the game, lifting their voices in "The Old North State Forever," would have thought that they were the victors, and not the vanquished. There is a never-say-die spirit about the North Carolinian, particularly the son of Chapel Hill, that commands the admiration of all who know it.

And so it was yesterday, when the air was crisp and the sunshine bright upon the field where a great interstate football battle was fought. As soon as the smoke of the first assault had cleared away it was apparent that the Virginians were carrying the day, but the great Blue bank shouted louder than before and waved its banners more vigorously, putting even more emphasis into the "dear old U. N. C." of their college hymn.

After all, it isn't the touchdown and it isn't the winning that means most in a contest like this. The finest thing about it all is the spirit of loyalty. Every North Carolinian is glad that he is one, and every Virginian is glad he is a son of the Old Dominion on this great red-letter day in southern athletics. And every mother's son of them is glad that he went or goes to Chapel Hill or Virginia, as the case may be. State pride and pride in one's alma mater—these are begotten of noble sentiment and generous feelings. Both state and college are in a sense intangible, but they seem living and breathing and striving on such a day as yesterday. The Tarheel, with his armet in colors, comes tramping down the way shouting "Clivis North Carolina sum!" while right abreast of him is the personification: "I am a citizen of Virginia, no mean state."

That Virginia eleven yesterday was a "cracking" combination of artillery, infantry and cavalry, mostly cavalry, with Joachim Murat Todd's white helmet leading far ahead. The Light Brigade, metaphorically speak-



Miss Mabel Boardman, of Washington, D. C., whose sister is the wife of Senator Crane, of Massachusetts. Miss Boardman dominates and practically directs the activities of the American Red Cross Society. She has complete control of the organization's rescue department and it is upon her word that aid is sent to stricken communities, both here and abroad. Miss Boardman has a commanding presence and is a public speaker of great power and brilliancy.

ing, for some of the Tarheels are direct descendants of that great North Carolina, Samson, charged and charged, "but the Orange and Blue warriors were talking to the right of them, sneering and capturing. Stonewall Rich was a whole hornets' nest, and Andrew Jackson Tillett used all the tactics in the book; but the psychology of the game was against them, and their men demonstrated that there's many a slip 'twixt 'midfield and the line that counts.

But what of it? North Carolina has a thousand more chances, and so has Virginia. There are still mighty men to come to Chapel Hill out of the mountains, and Virginia's Goodhue clan is not dead in Texas. The point of the matter is that carloads of North Carolinians, joyous, hopeful, bubbling with state spirit, came over the line yesterday and shook hands with the Virginians, who were glad to see them and wish they would come a little oftener. North Carolinians and Virginians jest at expense of each other in an amiable, kindly way, knowing that they have much in common—much good to look back to and no unfriendliness—sometimes realizing that the ardor of battle shown by these twenty-two young men on a grassy field is reminiscent of that superb fighting spirit which sent North Carolinians and Virginians, side by side, up the red hills of wartime Virginia to the crest of glory.—Times-Dispatch.

"Between Two Stations." In the authorized interview with Mr. Taft in the Outlook the president confesses that if he were to make the Winona speech over again he would express himself differently. "I dictated that speech to a stenographer on the cars between two stations and glanced through it only enough to straighten its grammar. It was sent out by the press with correspondingly little ceremony, so that the papers received it in all sorts of shapes. If I had prepared it two or three weeks before and revised it deliberately, as I ought to have

done, I should have clarified several passages. And particularly I should have changed the sentence where I proclaim the Payne tariff act the best ever passed."

"Between two stations"—in that pathetic admission Mr. Taft reveals the fatal weakness of his admiration. Honest, frank, sympathetic, well-meaning, he has blundered along tactlessly, even stupidly, doing the work of government from day to day without foresight and without weighing consequences. Ever since entering the white house he has led a sort of happy-go-lucky existence. It was not enough that a good part of his official life should be spent on wheels; important acts that were to determine the future of his administration and his party were improvised between stops.

It was "between two stations" that Mr. Taft composed the fatal Winona speech that still plagues him. He dictated it in haste and repented it at leisure.

It was "between two stations" that Mr. Taft involved himself hopelessly in the Ballinger affair. The antedating of official papers and the suppression of evidence discredited his administration and shook public confidence beyond repair.

It was "between two stations" that Mr. Taft mobilized the army and ordered it to the Mexican border. He is quoted in the Outlook as saying: "The whole thing was done between two days. Congress was in recess and Knox was out of town. I had no one to counsel with on foreign affairs." If he had made at the time such an explanation of the move as he now offers, it would have had a reassuring effect upon the public mind. Instead, there were only mystery and conflicting rumors. The pretext of "military manoeuvres" was too thin to fool anybody. In the circumstances it was absurd.

It was "between two stations" that Mr. Taft, according to his private secretary, Mr. Norton, offered to surrender the insurgent republicans in

congress with patronage after withholding it from them when they opposed him.

It was "between two stations" that Mr. Taft permitted Attorney-General Wickersham to lend his aid to the conspiracy to remove Dr. Wiley. As he says of the Winona speech, "Had I known as much then as I do now, I should have realized that there are some things one cannot leave to be taken for granted."

That a president of long judicial training should have fallen into habits so improvident during his brief stay in the white house makes Mr. Taft's case the more pitiful. An ordinary sense of prudence should have guarded him against the errors he committed in his haste "between two stations." A fuller sense of responsibility should have restrained him on more occasions than that of the unfortunate Winona speech from acting without deliberation.

In his loss of popularity, in his political decline, Mr. Taft is paying the cost of trying to run the government as an impromptu affair "between two stations."—New York World.

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Women Say "Over 21."

Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 4.—California's women voters are to be relieved of an embarrassing formality in registration if a bill introduced today in the legislature should become a law. The measure provides that "over 21" shall be sufficient answer to the age interrogation at registration.

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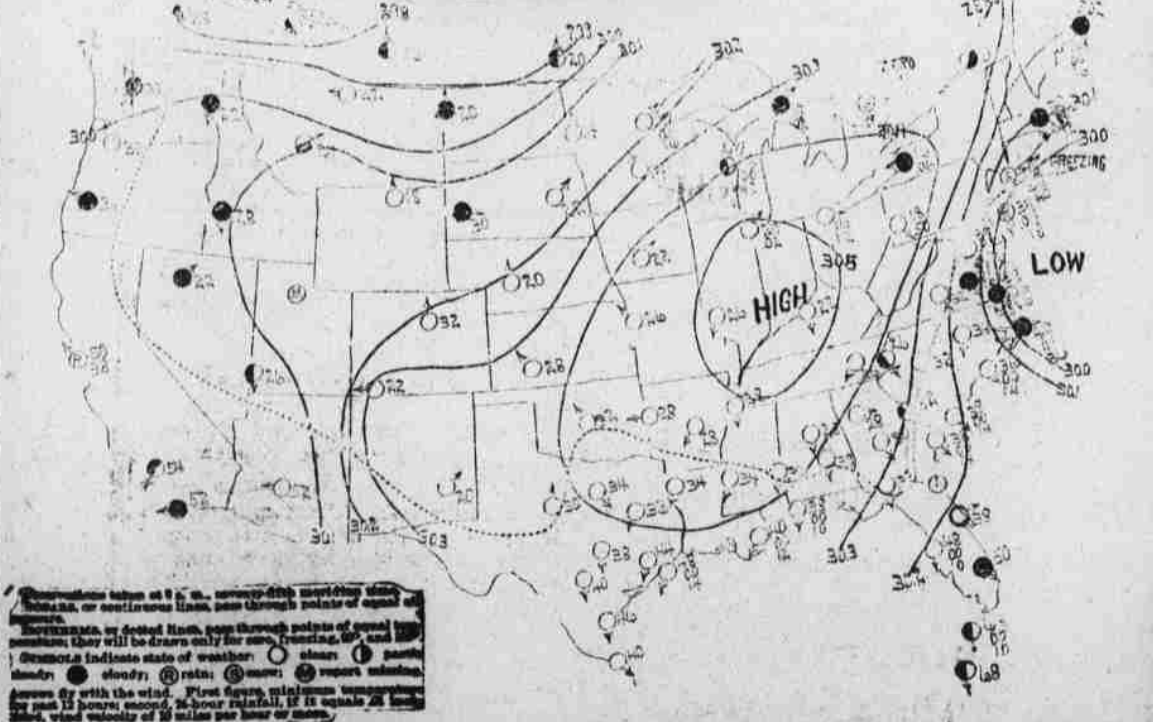
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U. S. Department of Agriculture, WEATHER BUREAU, WILLIS L. MOORE, CHIEF



December 4, 1911: Forecast.—For Raleigh and vicinity: Fair tonight with freezing temperature; Tuesday, fair. For North Carolina: Fair tonight, freezing temperature in east portion; Tuesday, fair, slightly warmer west portion; moderate north winds.

Weather Conditions: A disturbance that was central in the Ohio valley on Sunday has moved off the middle Atlantic coast, causing light rain or snow in the lake region and middle Atlantic states. High barometric pressure, attended by clear and colder weather covers all eastern and southern districts this morning. In the northwest and the Pacific coast states the weather is warmer and unsettled. The high pressure over the Ohio valley will advance eastward, and during tonight the temperature will fall below the freezing point in this vicinity.

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VALUABLE CITY LOT AND PERSONAL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

By virtue of authority conferred by a certain Mortgage from Isham Fields and Callie Fields his wife, and Central Mercantile Company, registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wake County, N. C., in Book 235, at page 10, I will at 1 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, December 5th, 1911, sell at public outcry, at the County Court House Door in Raleigh, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash, real and personal property as follows:

A certain lot adjoining the Trustees of Rex Hospital Lands, in the Southwest portion of the City of Raleigh, N. C., bounded by a line as follows:

By a line beginning at a point on the South side of South Street, as extended, 42 feet East of where said Street would intersect Wm Boylan's line if extended across it; running thence East 52 1-2 feet; thence South 198 1-2 feet; thence West 52 1-2 feet; thence North 198 1-2 feet to the beginning on South Street, and being lot No. 17 in Block 6 of the lands of the said Trustees of Rex Hospital, in the Southwest part of the city of Raleigh as shown in a map recorded in Book 125, page 199, records of the Register of Deeds Office for Wake County, and being the same lot conveyed to Isham Fields, by the Trustees of Rex Hospital, as shown by deed recorded in Book 125, page 779, records of said Register's office.

Also one hearse and one wagon and all poles, shafts, fixtures and attachments purchased by the Central Mercantile Company, of James Cunningham Sons & Company.

This November 3rd, 1911. Leo D. Heartt, Administrator, C. T. A. of Giles Edgar Leach, deceased. Ernest Haywood, Attorney, 11-4d.1a.

VALUABLE CITY LOT FOR SALE.

By virtue of authority conferred by a certain Mortgage from David Sanders and Sylvia Sanders, his wife, registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wake County, N. C., in Book 246 at page 444, I will, at 12:30 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday, December 5th, 1911, sell at public outcry, at the County Court House Door in Raleigh, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot of land in the Southeastern portion of the City of Raleigh, at the southwest corner of the intersection of East and Worth Streets, adjoining the W. H. Perry, the Holloway and John Gary lands, and bounded by a line as follows:

Beginning at the Southwest corner of East and Worth Streets, runs thence South with the Western line of East Street 130 feet to W. H. Perry's Northern line; thence West in a line parallel with Worth Street and with the Northern line of said Perry 108 feet; thence North in a line parallel with East Street 130 feet to Worth Street; thence East along the Southern line of Worth Street 108 feet to the place of beginning. Being the lot conveyed to David Sanders by Isaac J. Kittrell and wife by deed recorded in Book 245, at page 286 in Register of Deeds office of Wake County, N. C.

This November 3rd, 1911. Leo D. Heartt, Administrator, C. T. A. of Giles Edgar Leach, deceased. Ernest Haywood, Attorney, 11-4d.1a.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Circulation," and Nearly Everybody Reads The Raleigh Daily Times.