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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

Cheerfulness is a tonic for mind and body. It has a directly beneficial influence upon the blood, nerves and physical organs. Cheerfulness is a valuable business asset. It is one of the greatest forces in winning and keeping friends. Cheerfulness, the co-partner of optimism, radiates confidence and enthusiasm wherever it projects its penetrating power. Cheerfulness is the antidote to worry, fear, discouragement, perplexity and discord. Cheerfulness gives mental distinctness, serenity of mind and broadened sympathies. Cheerfulness brings contentment and tranquility, safeguarding its possessor from indigestion, depression and the mental strain of haste and anxiety. Daily affirmations of cheerfulness build life and vigor.—Greenville Kiester.

A sweet young thing told us today that a girl should have a chaperone until she had a chaperon.

It was a mean man who said that Tom Edison invented the best known substitute for marriage.

Somebody rises to inquire why Noah took those two flwers into the ark with him.

We learned a new dance the other night, the elevator. The idea is that there are no steps in it.

The banker and the automobile are now almost synonymous. Also the bricklayer and the "digger."

Divorces have become so costly in Craven county that quite a few of our married couples are living together in order to save money.

We love to idle by the sea and spend the day in reverie and dream of glories yet to come—Yep, so does every other gink.

George Washington and Carrie Nation achieved fame with a hatchet but nobody ever did it with a hammer.

An advertisement in a state paper says that: "man with left leg desires to meet man with right leg and wearing No. 8 shoe—object, economy."

The other day we read that there were twenty seniors at Harvard who never kissed a girl. We didn't realize before what sacrifices one had to make to secure a college education.

Some of the members of Governor Cox's campaign committee are of the opinion that because of the wharf rats. We presume it is possible to keep the other kind of chicks safe from the human rats.

Governor Cox opines that if he is elected president a real dirt farmer will be secretary of agriculture—that is, a farmer who has tilled the soil and made a success of it, and not a theorist who learned his agriculture out of books.

James J. Britt, who served one term in Congress from the Tenth District and, according to congressional vote, counted out of another, is now editor of The Asheville Times, the only Republican daily newspaper in the State. Bet he doesn't take politics anything like so seriously after he has been newspapering a year.

"We have," says Herbert Peale, of The Elizabeth City Advance, "subscribed to the Fayetteville Observer, the Greenville Daily News and the NEW BERN SUN-JOURNAL. Maybe if John Park could raise enough money to buy another paper, we can raise the money for a trial subscription to it." And if Herbert can't raise the money, he has only to ask for a place on the exchange list.

OUR EVENING SPASM

The truth is mighty
And will prevail
But a lie is mighty
And hard to nail.

SOME PERTINENT ADVICE TO LABOR UNIONS

Governor Bickett spoke to the people of the little mill village of Landis Saturday afternoon and gave good advice to the mill operatives. He went to Landis to endeavor to adjust strike troubles there, and found that conditions were bad. The operatives had struck because the mill owners refused to reinstate a man and woman who had been discharged. Becoming convinced that the operatives were wrong in striking, Governor Bickett called a mass meeting of the citizens and did some straight talking containing excellent advice, in which was laid down the inalienable right of a man to work, free from annoyance of any kind. And the Governor assured the strikers that he would use the utmost power of the state, if necessary, to protect operatives who wished to work.

The practice of "picketing" should be declared unlawful, and the special session of the Legislature called to meet in August should pass an act to that effect. It is a travesty on justice and freedom that individuals or organizations should be allowed to use any means whatsoever—"picketing" or what not—in order to prevent other individuals from engaging in work where they may support themselves and families.

The main issue in the work problem was well put by Governor Bickett to the Landis workers in the following:

"I have no interest in the issues that brought about the strike, but I am here to lay down the principle that every man in North Carolina has a right to work unmolested if he wants to, or to quit work if he wants to, and without the molestation of any living man. Every employer has the right to hire whom he wants to hire, and fire whom he wants to fire, and nobody has the right to molest him. You cannot force a man to work against his will, and you cannot force a man to idleness against his will."

There is no reason why organized labor should be allowed the privilege of coercion in order to carry out their purposes any more than organized capital, but organized labor does use coercion in nearly every strike. Let the evil be stopped and conditions will improve.

SINGLE-TAXERS KEEP POON COMPANY

What purports to have been the keynote of the discordant pack of lame, halt and blind gathered together at Chicago to form a third party was struck by John Fitzpatrick when he announced that the "day will come when the working people of this country will get together and do such a job as the workers of Russia have done." Reports have it that this statement met with wild applause, the while cheers were given for Russian sovietism.

The incident serves to illustrate the reason third parties are well-nigh impossible in the United States. It's the long-haired, wild-eyed asses who have been denied an audience in the two established parties that quadruple propose to save the country by raising some nonentity for President. Debs has been nominated by a so-called labor party, about as representative of labor as William Jennings Bryan is of Wall Street. Now it is suggested that Henry Ford

be just about the right size for a presidential candidate of a party that it is proposed to form from the ranks of single-taxers and as many disgruntled as will join in. Ford has one requirement of a presidential candidate—to spend. He has made money on automobiles; that lets him out when as he has tried to make a name for himself in national or international politics he has gone down for the count. If he wants to run, however, nobody is holding him. Let him go to it, and then see if some of his warmest and most disinterested adherents do not force the campaign to show them a net profit.

The single-taxers are in bad company. Single taxation hasn't sufficient bottom for a government, anyhow; in theory, where it bids fair to stay until somewhere near the shank of the Millennium, it is the one honest manner of collecting for the government. The government is with us. Instead of wasting their time listening to biasthories who have no idea of paying any sort of taxes or accepting any of the other responsibilities of citizenship, the single-taxers would do well to devote their time to the conversion of responsible folk to single-taxation.

ONE QUESTION RESERVED FOR WOMEN

The Women's Christian Temperance Union in its recent decision to launch a drive against the "cosmetic evil" is getting into territory where its many male admirers will hesitate to follow out. How evil the cosmetic evil is few mere men would dare attempt to say, notwithstanding the inherent masculine distaste for painted lips and cheeks.

The fact of the matter is that cosmetics have been wisely left to the women. So in the Nation-wide campaign that is forecast the Women's Christian Temperance Union might as well make up its mind to do its

work among women, by and with women. Legislation will simply not be forthcoming, nor will any man wear a white ribbon signifying that he would deprive the girls of their coloring.

Sometimes the women folk are going to learn than cosmetics in the long run—and for the most part in the short—have exactly the opposite effect from that desired. Then the intelligent ones are going to give them up. But nothing will come of crusading against the use of bare-foot or lip-stick as a menace to morals.

DOESN'T THAT MAKE HIM DRY ENOUGH?

Governor Cox has given Hobson of Alabama—the same Hobson who didn't bottle up Cevera's feet in Santiago Bay or take Oscar Underwood's seat in the Senate away from that alleged moist statesman—an answer to his query regarding how the Democratic nominee for president stands on prohibition. The answer is not a stump speech for or against liquor, but a simple statement of belief in the tenet of Jeffersonian democracy which says that the will of the majority is supreme.

A majority (some say it is a voracious minority) has put prohibition into force; a majority can undo it. As an officer of the law—especially as President—Mr. Cox will be sworn to uphold the Constitution. Until the Constitution is changed Mr. Cox, as President at least, will be dry. That ought to be dry enough for Mr. Bryan, even.

The old-fashioned woman who was suffocated by cigarette smoke now has a daughter who throws down a young man because he can't smoke Camels.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

By O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 13.—The fire escapes in the tenement districts are now bulging with balloon like bedding. Hokey-pokey ice cream men are reaping their harvest of pennies. The evening arrival of the street washers is hailed with rare enthusiasm. Sweating humid nights have come to the East Side. The pungent smell of sun on asphalt clings all through the long torrid evenings. Dawn reveals row after row of naked bodies, half-clad men and women who have lost all sense of modesty in common suffering. Old men sit out at the curb in pillowed chairs all night long fanning until they nod from sheer exhaustion. Children of 9 and 10 run about clad only in the familiar loin cloths of the South Sea savages.

There are no childish whoops in the slums in hot weather. A languor affects the young and old. The carols of the hurdy-gurdy fall on unheeding ears. Tony, the fat man, in his dark cellar level, is the tenement summer idol. For Tony may press his own wares to a heated brow and find succor. And no wonder Tony is such an idol, for in the winter he sells coal by the bucket. Coal and ice are slum luxuries. The slum folk look forward to that little bit of heaven that comes now and then—charity trips to Coney Island. It gives them something to talk about the rest of the summer. If little Maggie has been to the seashore twice in a season, she is regarded with the same light of admiration that is bestowed upon the wearer of a million dollar necklace on Fifth Avenue. It is something to brag about.

All the heads are closely clipped. It costs a dime to have the hair closely clipped at The Clippers, run by an enterprising young Italian on Delancey street. When the first hot days come a line forms several blocks long and even some of the girls sacrifice their curls to keep cool.

They caught Chick-a-dee the other day on a Broadway subway express train. He had while reading a newspaper lifted a pearl stick-pin from a Wall Street magnate and he would have been safe had it not happened that a central office man was at his side. Chick-a-dee is the only Chinese pickpocket known in police annals. Just as Old Horse and Wagon was the only known Chinese vagrant so was Chick-a-dee alone of his race to become skilled as a subway dip.

Sometimes popular tunes like Top-sy just grow. There is one called "Mystery." The origin of the song is a mystery. It started as a stray tune of a New York dance orchestra. It grew into a real melody and words were written for it. Now all the singers and orchestras along the Great White Way play it. Even Art Hickman has picked it up. Its popularity grows—and the author will probably never be known.

The apartment court troubadours have arrived for the summer. In the winter, like the birds, they fly south. But when spring comes they drift back to town. There is one that comes annually to our neighborhood. He is a sad faced fellow with dirty gray hair and across his shoulders is a harp. He plucks away at the classics and the modern jazz, furnishing nothing more musical than caterwauls by night. But he always gets his shower of small coins. He told me his story the other day. He once played in an orchestra when Jenny Lind sang. But drink got him and he became a veritable modern minstrel. Somewhere he left a wife and four children. "I always look up at windows expecting perhaps to see some of them," he said. And he has visited almost every city of importance in America.

INJURED NEWSIE THOUGHT FIRST OF MOTHER AT HOME

In Grip of Pain His Sole Thought Was of Loved One Far Away

BLUE RIDGE, N. C., July 13.—Edward Hale, age 12, of Fayetteville, N. C., knows that there is a true world-wide brotherhood of man and today he received as a priceless heritage a true outpouring of man's generosity. Young Hale is the proud possessor of a check for \$150.00 and more money is coming into the fund as a result of a benefit given for him by the American Industries Quarter, in the lobby of Robert E. Lee Hall, at the Young Men's Christian Association Summer School here.

Newsies like Patry Tale. The story which leads to the benefit reads more like a tale from gilded fairy lips than the record of modern man. Here it is: Young Hale with a number of other youngsters were sent to Blue Ridge by John A. Park, owner of the Park publications, as a result of efficient work done by him as a carrier of the paper. He came, saw, and enjoyed. But the same spirit which resulted in his being sent here resulted in the accident which led to good fortune.

In company with other boys he was jumping the "horse" in the gymnasium. Not to be outdone by his larger companions he tried the jump when it was too high for him, fell, and broke both bones in his left arm.

Helps Mother. But, this boy did not cry out in pain. Instead he thought first of mother, just out of the hospital. And it was of mother that he first thought when he said to those carrying him to the hospital ward: "I wonder what mother will think of this." During the painful ordeal undergone when the fracture was being reduced there was no cry, but only again words of a mother he knew to be watching for his safe return. And never once was there any hint of money to be lost or money to be spent for doctor bills. Indeed it was only with a great deal of patience that his story was ever learned.

Hearts Touched. The tale once out, however, touched the hearts of the men who composed the American Industries Quarter, and without a word to Edward Hale, who was sent out on a hike, the impromptu concert was given. There was a talk announcing the cause of the benefit by Byron C. Platt, bass; there was a comic song by Almon V. T. Pine, tenor, and then, joined by W. Charles Manson and by Arthur Downing, the other

members of the organization, the quartet gave other numbers. As the great audience of Y. M. C. A. workers and visitors filed out of the doors they were asked to contribute to the fund to the extent of \$100, and the final total shows how far the brotherhood of man feels the hurt of others, and how it appreciates true worth as displayed by the fortunate unfortunate newsie, Edward Hale, age 12, of Fayetteville.

KINSTON GROWS RAPIDLY IN LAST TWO DECADES

KINSTON, July 13.—Announcement of the population of Kinston yesterday as 9,771 brought to mind to many the fairly rapid growth of the town during the past three decades. In 1890 Kinston was a village. In 1900 it was little better. In 1910 its population increased to 8,998. During these decades Kinston had passed Goldsboro, Wilson and Washington, and other towns. Kinston is a "new-old" town. Arthur Dobbs, colonial governor, gave consent to the founding of "Kinston" in 1762. Richard Caswell was an original trustee. In 1849 the town of "Kinston" was incorporated, with John Peebles, John F. Wooten, Pickney Hardee, James W. Cox and W. C. Lottin as commissioners. The families of all five are prominent here today.



WE HAVE THE MACHINERY

THE S. B. PARKER COMPANY
46-48 Craven Street
NEW BERN, N. C.

TO TRY TO SECURE NUMBER RECRUITS

Naval Recruiting Party Is To Make a Determined Drive in This City

The naval recruiting party which is to visit NEW BERN this week have made arrangements to give free moving picture exhibitions in their tent on the school campus and the gentlemen in charge are trustful that these will aid them in securing new men for Uncle Sam's first line of defense—the navy.

PROCTOR TO LOOK AFTER THE TRUANTS

Superintendent of Public Instruction is Given Additional Duties

The Craven county commissioners Monday relieved Mrs. Leah Jones Stevens of the duties attendant to the public welfare worker in this county and placed this office in charge of the superintendent of public instruction.

Mrs. Stevens had been receiving a salary of \$150 per month for this work, half of this being paid by the county and the remainder by the board of education.

It was deemed best to place the conduct of the office under the supervision of the county superintendent and this was done at a greatly decreased salary.

Davenport College

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA

For Young Women

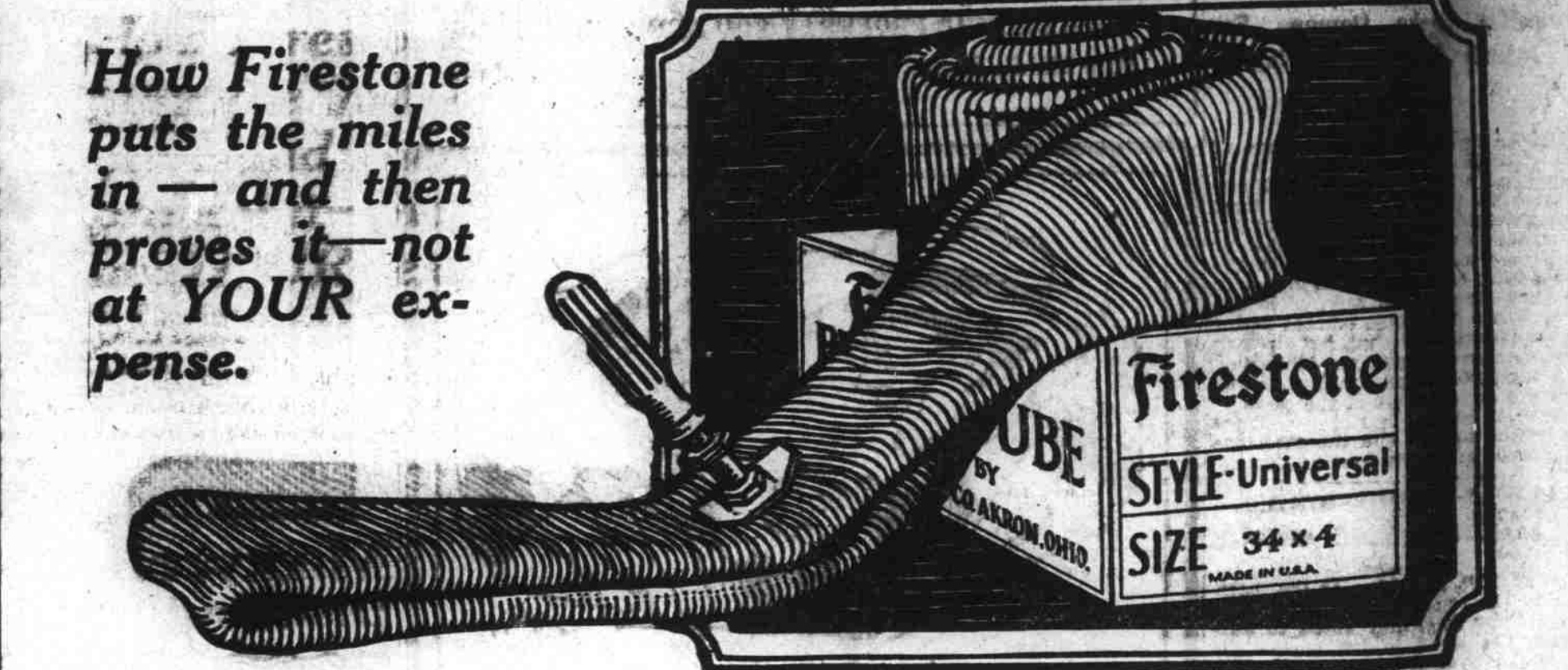
High School and College Courses. Three years of Standard College work, leading to diploma. Courses in Piano, Voice, Expression, Art, Domestic Scienc, Secretarial, etc. Send your daughter to the best endowed Methodist woman's college in North Carolina.

Ideal climate and surroundings. Modern dormitories. Faculty of highly trained specialists. Moderate rates.

CATALOGUE UPON APPLICATION

JAMES BRAXTON CRAVEN, President

A big-scale road test on 3,200 tubes



No other tubes in the world are road tested on so big a scale as Firestones. The Yellow Cab Company of Chicago uses Firestone Tubes exclusively on its 800 taxi cabs. The service of these tubes is checked constantly—improvements and developments are arrived at.

By close watching of a large number of tubes in service—not confined to isolated instances, the conclusions are accurate and definite.

Firestone puts the best in materials into tubes by establishing purchasing experts at Singapore, center of the world's rubber market. Firestone puts the best in workmanship into tubes by organizing the crack manufacturing organization of the industry on a profit-sharing basis.

And then subjects the finished product to this big-scale road test—in order to get you more for your tube money and more miles out of your tires. And yet Firestone Tubes cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Firestone Tubes