

THE WILMINGTON DISPATCH PUBLISHED DAILY AND SUNDAY BY DISPATCH PUBLISHING CO.

TELEPHONES Business Office 176 Editorial Rooms 205

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICE.

PAYABLE STRICTLY CASH IN ADVANCE.

Daily and Sunday \$5.00 Daily and Sunday, Six Months \$2.50 Daily and Sunday, Three Months \$1.25

Entered at the Postoffice in Wilmington, N. C., as Second-class Matter.

Foreign Advertising Representatives: MacQuoid-Miller Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT 30, 1916.

Maryland is now all awry over Maryland Rye.

Well, Mr. Hughes is getting exercise if not votes.

The bakers certainly appear to be rising young men.

No State has laws against oratorical pugilism.

The Bremen may not be afloat, but rumors are.

Wilson is indulging in straight talk to crooked people.

Just so the Mexican joint commission doesn't get out of joint.

No picture of Theodore Roosevelt is genuine unless a speaking likeness.

Hughes is working the eight-hour day twenty-four hours each day.

What doesn't seem to be the flour of any man's family these days.

Hold the game! Maybe the bakers got the yeast in the price instead of in the bread.

"Shot Him in Rage." Waving aside the mystery of the anatomical reference, isn't it what may be called cross-fire?

Colonel Roosevelt is so appropriate. He opened his speech-making tour last night in Battle Creek, Mich. He should finish it in Waterloo, Iowa.

Japan asserts that she intends to keep China's door open. In other words, ajar—with the accent on the jar.

New London has lost the International Commission as a source of publicity, but still has the coming of the Bremen.

We doubt if Mr. Hughes professes to be a follower of Terpsichore, but as a sidestepper he is not only nimble, but often gracefully disgraceful.

News of the death of a famous French alienist reminds that the alienistic business is not what it used to be when Harry Thaw was in the limelight.

We can understand that Mr. Taft measures up to the G. O. P. elephant in size and Mr. Roosevelt in bellowing, but what about Mr. Hughes? Is it the thickness of his hide?

The King of Greece, according to report, called a conference of Premier Kalogeropoulos and General Moschopoulos. After which he was, no doubt, out of breath, and couldn't confer.

A New Yorker indignantly wants to know if Secretary Lansing sang the "Marseillaise." The only doubt about an atrocity in the case, however, is the character of Mr. Lansing's voice.

The spirit of revolt indeed appears to be contagious among the bewhiskered of the human species. A glimpse at a picture of Venizelos shows that he also has a big hirsute attachment.

The Columbia State wonders what has become of Bill Sulzer. Unless the State feels that it should locate the danger spot, so it can be avoided, we fall to understand its craving not to let trouble remain asleep.

We would indeed tremble for the Christianity of Charles Evans Hughes if President Wilson had occasion to publicly defend the Ten Commandments, because Hughes would be compelled to disagree and assail Wilson for his position.

Live your life so that when age has dimmed the eye and halted the step you won't have to be forced into the comradeship of Old B. E. Gret, but can enjoy the boon-companionship of Young R. E. Joice.

WARNING AND BATTLECRY.

It may be so as human nature goes, especially in this great cosmopolitan country, where all classes, all creeds, all voices, are on the same plane—and no one who has watched America grow would have it otherwise—that Woodrow Wilson will be defeated. It may be so that emotional commotion and thoughtless recklessness will prove too much of a burden for him to shake off; that the numbers of those who place envy and spite above all else, combined with those who honestly think differently on the big questions, may be sufficient to overwhelm Wilson and he will be vanquished. It is not impossible that a majority of loyal Americans may be whipped at the polls. Not that there is in this country a majority of people who do not believe first in America, who are not broad-minded enough to weigh the great domestic problems of this country against International questions; who are so insatiated with madness and so intoxicated with desire, for vengeance that they would place any one foreign question above all else. But there is an army of such folks that when combined with a minority of loyal Americans, who may differ on domestic problems, could prove of sufficient strength to reach the goal. That is unfortunate, and may be far reaching in its evil effect.

Nothing will serve the purpose of arousing the loyal minority better than such telegrams as Jeremiah O'Leary sent the President of the United States. Nothing will do more to stir all loyal Americans to the necessity for action, to make them cast aside bickerings and cement themselves than such a display of spleen and un-Americanism. Nothing could better trumpet the warning than O'Leary's telegram, and no greater shibboleth could be sounded than the answer thereto.

O'Leary, as unpleasant as is the incident, has made a valuable contribution to the Wilson campaign. Like the drunken man who, by voice and action, discloses the sober man's thoughts, O'Leary has pointed to the ambush. In his joy of gloating, in his hysteria for vengeance, O'Leary oversteps the bounds. He discloses the dirt, and forewarned is to be forearmed. As painful as may be the revelation to American citizens, it is better to have the revelation than to be led into ambush.

"Your telegram received," replied Mr. Wilson to O'Leary. "I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them."

There is no quibbling in this answer. It rises to the heights and sounds the battlecry. All patriots may not respond, as some may be engrossed with so many other things that they will fail to hear, or hearing that they will appreciate the danger, and for that reason a loyal minority, linked with disloyal Americans, may be in the majority—but Woodrow Wilson will go down with his flag flying. That is worth something. A triumphant conscience is worth more than a victorious political cause that does not beat in accord.

WHERE THE WORLD LOSES.

A splendid type of manhood—attractive in personality, commanding in character, lovable in disposition, admirable in ability—laid down life's burdens when James H. Southgate, of Durham, passed into eternity. His ideal was God, and he showed his faith in his ideal and his loyalty to that faith by deeds. Of course, few men there are who do not acknowledge this ideal and proclaim it, but so many fall short by failing to serve him in deeds.

"Not every one who saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father that is in heaven." James H. Southgate belonged to the faithful band; he understood and did not delay. He labored vigorously and incessantly, not fanatically, for those things which helped his fellow-man, bringing them nearer the Throne by their own realization and appreciation. He was tolerant with the weak, ready to forgive and help those who had sinned, and encouraging to those who were faltering. He was a man of marked ability; he was a progressive citizen; an orator of matchless power, and he a successful business man. Yet all these things, as great as they may be and as fascinating as they are to the public, paled alongside the heart of the man, and that militant spirit of Christianity that while fighting evil yet made him hold out his hand to the sinner to lift him to his feet, and to battle by his side for atonement, though the public might want to be unforgiving; at least suspicious.

The world suffers indeed when it loses a man of this type, and the people cannot help but mourn.

It is reported that the Bleasites in South Carolina are getting up a "Reform party." Move to amend by striking out the letter "R" and substituting therefor the letter "D" in the first word.

THE PARADOX OF IT.

If the Republican leaders are not playing both sides against the middle they are guilty of contributory negligence and therefore should be held accountable by the people for damages. If success at the polls crowns such a game what is bound to result from that success? Nothing short of bitter disappointment for one side—cajoled, tricked or, perhaps, coerced into enlisting in the cause—with attendant general melee.

The ink had hardly grown cold on the telegram sent by Jeremiah O'Leary, who heads a violent anti-Wilson movement, before Theodore Roosevelt was assailing the President for his attitude in direct opposition from that which O'Leary would have had. The public found O'Leary attacking the President for being pro-British, for not favoring the Teutonic allies, by indulging in the clearly unneutral action of attempting to prohibit the flotation of bonds and the shipment of munitions of war, neither of which positions would have been upheld by International law, nor had called forth a protest from Germany, and in less than twenty-four hours afterwards Theodore Roosevelt, sought by Republican leaders to take the stump in behalf of Charles E. Hughes, was found denouncing the President for not warring on Germany.

Those who would follow O'Leary blindly should at least digest the denunciation by Roosevelt and understand that the moneyed men who made possible the flotation of Anglo-French bonds are backing the Republican candidate.

"He (President Wilson) did not hold Germany to strict accountability," shouted Theodore Roosevelt in his speech yesterday at Battle Creek, Mich. "He did not hold her to any accountability, strict or loose," he continued.

Of course, Roosevelt, the grafted, not volunteer advocate of Hughes, lugged in the conquest of Belgium by the Germans. While ancient history now, it keeps repeating itself.

FOR A BIGGER MEMBERSHIP.

"It's 800 by October 10th or 'bust,'" writes Secretary Huntington, of the Wilmington Young Men's Christian Association, in a stirring rally cry to increase the membership of that institution. As this addition would only mean sixty new members in ten days it would seem that the task should be easily accomplished. It should be three-score and more; many more. The Y. M. C. A. means a big thing to the young men of the city, and in building them stronger—morally, mentally and physically—it means a big thing to the community.

There is nothing namby-pamby about the Y. M. C. A. It is an institution for red-blooded young men. It appeals with thoughts that are strong of physique, and it provides an indoor playground, where young men develop into healthy specimens.

And the Y. M. C. A. of Wilmington. Ah, we do not believe there is a better one anywhere. Not only in the handsomeness of the modern appointed building, but in the great equipment, including swimming pool and gymnasium, and in the many ways for mental exercise and development that are offered.

Secretary Huntington has thrown a good slogan to the breeze in "It's 800 by October 10th or 'bust.'" It is fascinating, stimulating and should prove a winner. Here's hoping!

WOMEN SEEK AN EMBARGO.

Club women of Chicago, not the frivolous kind, but those who think of the home, those who keep the household together and safe, and who link humanity with happiness, are seeking an embargo on the shipment of grain.

Women everywhere are feeling the pressure of the high price of flour, but these Chicago women are near the great wheat belt; they rub shoulders, so to speak, with the great wheat market; they have opportunity for seeing what women in the East do not see. So they ask for an embargo, which is necessary. If not what is the cause of the high price? The government can serve the people in no better way than in facing this problem and fighting it out to a finish; to a quick finish.

Of course, it may be so that there is a corner-growers, brokers or bakers. If so, bare it, but do something. Whatever is the remedy it cannot be doubted that the disease prevails. Governmental diagnosis and governmental treatment, cure are necessary.

It is indeed a sorrowful spectacle to behold a man of ability having to resort to sensational novelty, forced to seek mud-slinging ways in order to be different and therefore be noticed. Such appears to be the fate, however, of Thomas Watson, of Georgia. Before the Georgia State Democratic convention he fought endorsement of Woodrow Wilson. Of course, the convention turned a deaf ear and Wilson was rousing endorsed—but Watson had injected the sensational novelty—and was notified

THOSE UNEARTHLY EARTHLY TRACTORS.

Just what merit that new mechanical fighting engine, veritable demon of throbbing iron and steel, possesses is puzzling, as reports conflict, London proclaims it irresistible and the stunts that it performs seem more like the actions of some ogre of witchery tales, while dispatches from Berlin describe it as a failure.

While the world might gasp, it would hardly be surprised if it did even all the gruesomely grotesque and monumentally horrible things that Hall Caine claims. So astounding has been inventions for dealing out death, wholesale death, that nothing now seems impossible.

But if the English have an armored car of the strength told of it will only be a little while before Germany will have such and better. The Germans cannot be matched for ingenuity and initiative, and cannot be surpassed in daring.

WHAT IS THE REWARD?

While interrogations are in order, would Theodore Roosevelt mind telling the public what office he has been promised, or what office he expects to get if Charles Evans Hughes is elected? This might help clarify the atmosphere.

Will the Colonel not confide in the public, which will promise to believe him this time, in the face of the fact that he once pledged himself not to run again for President—and did, Or, perhaps, Mr. Hughes will condescend to answer, even though he once proclaimed that a member of the Supreme Court should not leave that tribunal to run for President.

Straw votes may or may not show how the political winds blow. But at that the wind is apt to shift; generally does, many times, in the period of a month. So the straw vote is probably like the man of straw, which is created to be knocked down.

SOME COME BACKS.

We Didn't Have Nerve to Say It. (Raleigh News and Observer.)

The Wilmington Dispatch hastens to inform the public that it is three months to Christmas. We chime in to suggest that you "Do your Christmas shopping early."

About to Lose Our Reputation. (Rocky Mount Telegram.)

To think of this suggestion from that model of the fashion plate—James Cowan, of the Wilmington Dispatch, who declares, "If the barbers raise the price of hair cuts to 35 cents and men are not willing for their wives to place a soupbowl on their heads and ruin their looks, we can see where the tonsorial artists will pretty soon be using their scissors to clip coupons instead of hair."

Sure, the Sign is Most Promising. (Greensboro Daily News.)

Congressman Godwin and his Republican opponent, Mr. McCaskill, of Fayetteville, have been joint debating. The latter, it seems, criticised the former in "no gentle way" and Mr. Godwin seems to observed that Mr. McCaskill was a liar. The Wilmington Dispatch thinks that, having got this start, the gentlemen may gradually warm up to a real lively discussion.

Britton Also Has an Alibi. (Kinston Free Press.)

Here comes Britton and alleges, as did Cowan, non-receipt of our invite to attend a real fair in October. He says: "The Kinston Free Press reproaches us for failing to respond to its 'cordial invite' to attend a real fair that is to be pulled off in Kinston in October. Never touched us. For we never got that invite. 'Kum! Kum!' along with it."—No reproach intended. Old Man, just didn't want to plead lack of time for making ready to leave your "mill" for the occasion. The dates are October 24 to 27, and don't forget to Kum! Kum! (R. S. V. P. in your columns with a boost for the second annual exhibition of the big ten county fair at Kinston.)

COLONEL "MV" EXPLAINS. (Fayetteville Observer.)

Wilmington Dispatch: "Will Editor Myrover, of the Fayetteville Observer, kindly explain if there is anything significant in the announcement that the capital of Upper Cape Fear is to erect a theatre and a hospital? Is the latter for the actors when they incur the wrath of a Fayetteville audience?" The hospital, Brother Cowan, is being erected to take care of the overflow from the excellent hospitals now in operation in Fayetteville. The bad actors and other bad folks will be taken to the Stein roof garden, where the lessee and manager, Mr. R. H. Buckingham, will heap coals of fire on their heads by killing the fatted calf, and then if they don't be good, he'll shove 'em overboard.

New interest quarter began at the AMERICAN BANK & TRUST CO. yesterday. Deposits made on or before October 2nd, will bear 4 per cent. compound interest from October 1st. Interest will be computed January 1st. (adv.)

SCHOOL SHOES Built for Service at Peterson & Rulls.



You remember! When a girl sat in the seat behind you—you always wanted to look your best. Of course you did.

Ding Dong Ding! Ding Dong Ding! The Old School Bell Rings Tomorrow

Your boy will need a new suit of clothes for school opening that will stand the rough usage of the average American school boy. We are prepared to outfit him with just that sort of a Suit, Overcoat, Hat, Sweater or Pants. Our stock is unusually complete and it will be well for you to call at our store tomorrow and see what we can do about outfitting him. Our prices are LOWER—materials are the best.

Boys' School Suits

These are handsome suits of 1-2 Wool in neat and wanted mixtures. Pretty models. Made of fabrics known for their great wear resistance. A good, serviceable school suit for that "lad" of yours. Sizes 8 to 18 \$2.98

Boys' School Hats

Large stock of new Fall Hats and Caps for boys. All the newest shapes. Made of finest quality Wool cloths, Cassimeres, Serges and Flannels. Handsome plaids, Checks and Mixtures, also plain blues. Easily worth from 75c to \$1.00. Selling at from 50c to \$1.00

Boys' Knee Pants

If your boy needs a pair of Knickers, here's a chance for you. New Fall Knickers, in scores of pretty patterns—neat Serges, Cassimeres, and Worsteds. Made of high-class suitings, strongly sewed, cut generous in size and will render excellent wearing service 49c to \$2.98.



Get the Latest Style Waist from New York

You don't have to run the risk of buying out-of-date waists any longer because we are receiving shipments weekly. And what wonderful value for the money—smart materials and excellent in make and finish. You can afford to buy more waists, now that you can get the "Seal-Pac Waist," of high grade quality, and the latest style from New York. The waists are always fresh and clean because they are sold in the dainty, white, transparent green envelope. They are not touched or tried on by anyone until you break the original envelope. In organdy and laced trimmed 98c. Crepe de Chine Shirt Waists in Flesh, White and Black, all sizes \$2.48

See Our Millinery Display New Shipments to Arrive Monday



Fall Millinery For Your Approval Come in and View the Display

Of those who have much to offer, much is asked—or, rather, demanded. We have a mighty high reputation to live up to where men's and boys' and women's apparel is concerned and we bend our every effort to keep it where it belongs—in the forefront. Our policy of buying and selling everything strictly for cash enables us to offer standard new Fall apparel for men, women and boys at lower prices.

J. W. H. Fuchs' Department Store WILMINGTON, N. C. "The Store of Service." Lumberton, N. C.