

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

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

State of North Carolina, County of New Hanover, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. E. Lawson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Wilmington Dispatch, published Daily and Sunday at Wilmington, N. C., for October 1st, 1916.

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Dispatch Publishing Co., Wilmington, N. C.

Editor, Jas. H. Taylor, Wilmington, N. C. Managing Editor, W. E. Lawson, Wilmington, N. C. Business Manager, W. E. Lawson, Wilmington, N. C.

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That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is 3,742.

W. E. LAWSON, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1916. JAS. H. TAYLOR, Notary Public. My commission expires Feb. 15, 1917.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1916.

After all—Charles Evans Hughes.

A fizzle—the soda water fountain.

Time draweth nigh when one will have to have coal cash.

Frequently a tale of woo turns out to be a tale of woe.

"Hughes to Make a Whirlwind Tour." Mostly wind, we suppose.

Oh, if some folks would only do things instead of people.

"Carload of Phonographs" goes an advertisement. That brings on more talk.

It seems that such a chilly running mate as Mr. Fairbanks can't even make Mr. Hughes keep cool.

Some ball in Boston yesterday, but also SOME bawl at Shadow Lawn, fellow-citizens.

About the only way they seem to be able to make Germany take water is with the submarine.

Hughes will, whoop-up and Wall Street will cough-up, all in a strenuous effort to beat Wilson.

Too few young people appreciate that the march of time is really a run.

The arnica market should certainly be stimulated by the advent of the football season.

Berlin says the British "tanks" are failures. According to the prohis. American tanks are always failures.

The "jint" debate in the Sixth district between Godwin and McCaskill instead of being elevating is rather bellevating.

Another war loan is to be made by America. An heirress of this country is to marry an Italian prince.

That ninth inning of yesterday's game for a mental anguish made political suspense seem like solid comfort.

Yet a wee while and the price of cotton will probably be able to personally find out whether or not Mars is inhabited.

Yes, indeed, the chap who declared that "politics make strange bedfellows" sure had the right dope. From shaking fists at each other, Taft and Roosevelt have gone to shaking hands with one another.

SMALL DIFFERENCES AND BIG LOSSES.

To a Durham audience Representative Claude Kitchin frankly admitted that he had swallowed his differences with the President and was enthusiastically supporting him. It was a manly utterance, and nothing at all humiliating or inconsistent. Many Democrats differ with Mr. Wilson as to certain things, but these are minor in comparison with the great accord—that of the "greatest good for the greatest number." It is not only foolish, but tragic to allow minor differences to separate people on the big issues of the day. In making the measurement of a man's capability to hold office, and as no man has reached the perfection stage, the test must be merit against demerit, and surely Mr. Wilson's merit outweighs his demerit.

Why should any man, because he does not agree to all details of the army bill or believe in all the ramifications of the navy measure, or because he doesn't like the naming of Bill Jones as fourth class postmaster at Crossroads Corner, lose sight of the glory of the country out of war, the Federal Reserve act, the rural credits system and the many other big deeds and vote against Wilson? Simply because a citizen does not believe the eight-hour legislation was the correct thing, why should he forget the many benefits of the Wilson administration and fail to realize that Mr. Wilson averted a great nationwide calamity by his railroad legislation, or be oblivious to the fact that the railroads have not yet been injured (railroad stock has gone up since that memorable time in September) and, in a frenzy of rage, in hysterical forgetfulness, commit suicide?

Why should the masses fall out over small differences when the Wall Street gang is forgetting them in order to massacre the people? Why should the common folks lose control of reason and fail to pull together merely because of slight differences, when Roosevelt and Taft are shaking hands, Bill Flynn and Boies Penrose are slapping each other on the back, Bacon and Calder are smiling at each other, George Perkins is helping to elect Hughes and Giff. Pinchot is willing to take a chance on retrogression, in preference to assured progression, in order to wallow in the Federal feed trough and deny the people? Why, fellow-citizens, why?

THE DRAFTING OF NEGRO LABORERS.

The Dispatch yesterday afternoon contained an article from its Washington correspondent citing the seriousness of the drafting of negro laborers of the South, a grave problem being presented for the cotton and tobacco growing States. Representative Bent of Montgomery, Ala., was quoted as declaring that the "black belt of Alabama has been stripped of a large number of farm hands." Naturally, this has caused something of a problem. Yet this shortage would only be temporary but for the fact, according to Mr. Bent, that there is a sequel in that most of the negroes become dissatisfied with conditions up North and come back. When they return they are out of funds and have to be assisted, which places a burden on the Southern people. Mr. Bent adds that the better element of the negroes realize the inadvisability of migrating to the North.

No doubt the drafting of negro laborers is causing a big problem in the South, but we are much of the opinion of Representative Bent—that the better element of the negroes realize they are better off in the South. No doubt, in the rural sections and among some in the cities worthy negroes, who are easily influenced, may be lead away by the plausible tales of the labor agents who come from the North and whose only object is to induce them to go to other fields so they (the agents) can earn their pay. But this faith on the part of negroes worth while is largely on the wane, and we believe it will be found that most of the negroes who are going to other fields are the worthless brand. Several thoughtful Wilmington citizens, whose business has lead them amid scenes where they could take cognizance of conditions, found that it was only the worthless class of negroes who are leaving this city; that those worth while realize that underneath the sugar coating of the words of the Northern labor agent is the bitter, and turn a deaf ear. So Wilmington is probably well off in this way, after all. Surely it must be admitted that Wilmington would be better off if the shiftless type found other climes in which to loaf and hatch up devilment during their idle hours.

The serious problem is that cited by the Alabama Congressman. It is the burden of the return of the shiftless negroes—strapped and absolutely dependent upon both whites and those worthy ones of their own race. Of course, the remedy to be applied when such a class wanders back is to strictly enforce the vagrancy laws.

TRULY A TRAGEDY.

Up in Durham county "Watermelon Bill" and his wife have parted. We do not know who "Watermelon Bill" is, nor does the title tend to bring serious thought. Yet, there is tragedy written deep in the story. One of the Durham papers tells that "Watermelon Bill," whose real name is W. A. Ferrell, white, and his wife have agreed to separate after a married life of twenty years and wedlock that begot fifteen children. The mutual agreement follows proceedings for a divorce instituted by the wife, who admitted sixteen years of happy life; not life wherein she reveled in luxury—yet, why should luxury be a necessary ingredient to happiness—but four years ago the trouble started and he treated her cruelly. A divorce suit followed, and now the mutual separation. So Mr. Ferrell will go one way and Mrs. Ferrell another. After twenty years of married life, after having struggled with the raising of eight children and mingled their tears together by the bier of seven others, they are to separate.

The dusty pages of time may contain as strange a happening, but certainly none sadder. It is tragedy as great as enacted on battlefield or presented in some murderous brawl. One of the sweetest sights in life is to behold a couple, that has been married for many years, still the same old sweethearts; one of the saddest is to see a comradeship of many years broken by the grave. As husband and wife grow older that is when they need each other's companionship more. After having fought life's battle side-by-side there is no peace that can surpass, no happiness that can go beyond that of each other's company. So it is one of life's greatest sorrows when the Grim Reaper separates folks of this kind; one of life's deepest tragedies when the hand of man does so.

"Watermelon Bill" may possess a name that ordinarily makes a person smile and his wife may not have possessed the silks and satins of the "grand dame;" their life may have been so ordinary as not to attract even passing notice, but when, after twenty years of married life, they separate, they add to life's sorrows and wet the pages of history with tears.

WHEN THE BOMERANG HIT.

By entering suit against Chairman Vance McCormick for libel, Mr. Jeremiah O'Leary but adds to his dilemma, and demonstrates that though not in retreat and still in command of his voice, he is in utter confusion. He is merely making his plight worse and imparting strength to the Wilson campaign.

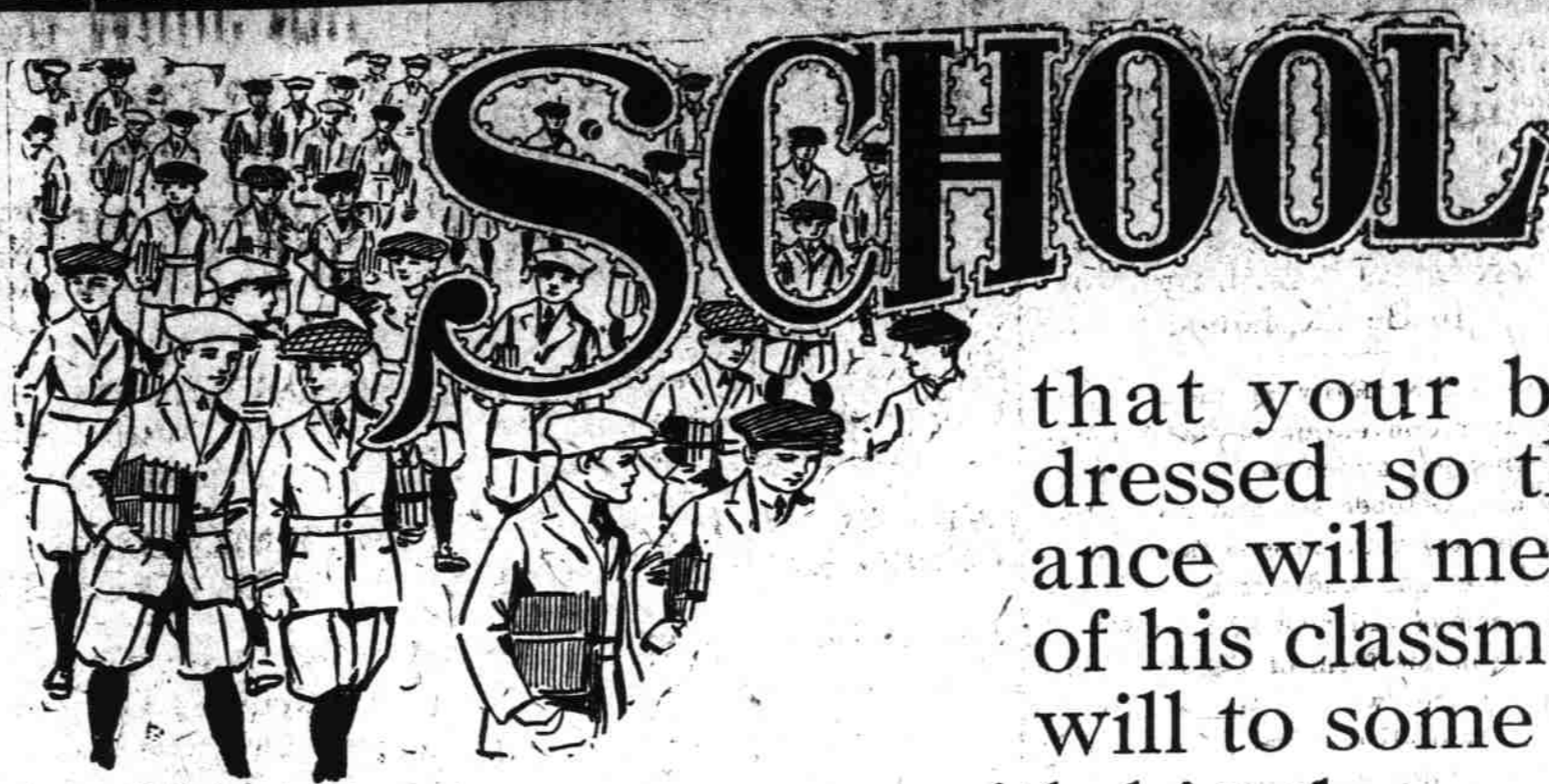
It was Mr. O'Leary who, in his rejoinder to the President's reply, after having initiated the telegraphic method of warfare, boasted about somebody not being brave enough to make the charge to his face, and yet the country now finds him resorting to the libel suit. This is especially strange as Mr. O'Leary has been decidedly belligerent in his demeanor and words. He wanted the United States to walk around with a chip on its shoulder and if the chip was not even swiped at to fight, anyhow. Yet, now he has resorted to the courts. Verily, Mr. O'Leary's cutlass seems to be but a bodkin, fater all.

There is a strange thing about the O'Leary procedure, too; one that carries a moral with it, as well. The gentleman threatens to sue the President for libel. In this is presented a double contrast. Mr. Wilson was most liberal in his construction of free speech. Not for one instance did he attempt to bridle Mr. O'Leary's tongue, but just the moment that repartee became too much for the latter gentleman he showed disposition to lash free speech to the mast and hit it with a tarred rope. Contrast No 2 is found as the position of President Wilson is an exact reversal of that of ex-President Roosevelt, who, when attacked by criticism, had several newspaper publishers haled into court. Of course, the courts could not make American liberty subservient to Roosevelt's spleen, so the cases were dismissed. The moral is plain: Free speech, a sacred American principle, is not safe in the hands of the Republicans.

The Republican campaign committee has just taboed a harmony button presenting pictures of Roosevelt, Hughes and Taft. Fie! Nothing more touching could have been presented. Not even the framed motto, "Home, Sweet Home," swung on the wall of the house where hubby takes a crack at wifery with a plate and wifery returns the compliment by hurling a flat-iron at hubby's cranium, could be more appealing and inspiring.

The trouble in New York has not been due to the cows not doing their part, but because some cowards have been lacking in the milk of human kindness.

The Newporters certainly appear to have the American market cornered for getting in the limelight with German ships. First it was Virginia and now 'tis Rhode Island.



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Avery nice assortment of All Wool grey, brown, and blue mixtures. In the most desirable styles, each one designed for hard usage during the school months. Priced \$2.00 up to \$8.00. sizes 6 to 18 years.

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THE FIGHT AT KINGS MOUNTAIN.

In memory, preserved by the hand of the historian and kept fresh by the admiration and loyalty of generations that come and go, a great battle, the turning point many claim of the American revolution, was lived again yesterday in North Carolina. Just one hundred and thirty-six years ago yesterday North Carolina soil was the scene of the great battle of Kings Mountain, and so yesterday the anniversary was once more celebrated. Indeed, it was fittingly observed yesterday as the Governors of Virginia and North Carolina met and vied with each other in mingling their tributes. It was appropriate and well, as it was the mountaineers of these two great commonwealths who, on the morning of October 7, 1780, lead by William Campbell, surrounded General Ferguson's force of eleven hundred men, trying to form a juncture with Cornwallis. Dismounting at the foot of the hills, they picked their way, from rock to rock, historians tell the world, and attacked the invaders. The entire British command was either killed or captured. Thus was Cornwallis forced to turn back, when a juncture with Ferguson would have been a great menace to the cause of the colonists.

An addition to human suffering must be realized when one beholds in the newspapers scenes on countryroads around New York when milk is being dumped on the ground by the infuriated dairymen, and then reads how mothers clamored, and in vain, at New York milk stations for the fluid necessary to the health, in many cases, no doubt, life of their babes. It would seem that human despair grows greater, but for the spread of Christianity. Back of all laws that bring better conditions must stand Christianity—to make people realize clearer and better; to have lawmakers create that which will give the fullest protection to the people; who will not quibble over State or Federal rights when life is in the balance; who will not tarry to bow and scrape while chaos reigns and human existence is propelled towards the precipice.

J. B. McCABE & CO., Certified Public Accountants.

No. 215 Merchants Bank Bldg. Phone: 896. WILMINGTON, N. C.



Sickle Pears, Apples, Lemons, Cranberries, Potatoes. Carload Gibbons New Hampshire Potatoes, also car York Imperial Apples from West Virginia expected about October 10th.

Just received nice lot Florida Limes and Porto Rico Oranges.

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Beautiful Bust and Shoulders are possible if you will wear a scientifically constructed Bien Jolie Brassiere. The dragging weight of an unconditioned bust so stretches the supporting muscles that the contour of the figure is spoiled. put the bust back where it belongs, prevent the full bust from having the appearance of flatness, eliminate the danger of dragging muscles and confine the shape of the shoulder giving a graceful line to the entire upper body. They are the daintiest and most serviceable garments imaginable—come in all materials and styles: Cross Back, Hook Front, Surplice, Bandeau, etc. Bowed with "Walton," the rustless boning—permitting washing without removal. Have your dealer show you Bien Jolie Brassieres, if not stocked, we will gladly send him, prepaid, samples to show you. BENJAMIN & JOHNS, 51 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.

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