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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1920

THE WAR DEMON'S SOLILOQUY.

At Washington, D. C.—At time when President Wilson presented the treaty to the senate for ratification.

War Demon (gloomily)—I don't like this league of nations idea; it's a menace to my life. I must kill it; but I must use machiavellian diplomacy, for everybody seems to want it. My hypnotic powers must now be brought to bear upon the senators from those states most benefited by me. I will also hypnotize several presidential aspirants.

At Chicago, June 8, 1920.

War Demon (cheerfully)—Much pleased with the Lodge tactics that have shelved the league and allowed my influence in Europe to continue. That hypnotic suggestion of mine about 'playing up' American seclusion, for all it was worth, was certainly some trump card.

At Chicago, June 9, 1920.

War Demon (doubtfully)—Those Lodge reservations take the heart out of league, but that don't do the killing trick that I'm after. Must use concentrated hypnotic force on whole convention and also make Johnson and Borah the king-bee bluffers.

At Chicago, June 11, 1920.

War Demon (in great glee)—Talk about your "knock-out drops," but come to me when you want the real thing. That mean-anything-you-wish-it-to-mean peace plank don't scare me even a little bit. It's 'old stuff' tried out through many years at the Hague by Choate, Root and Knox, and fizzled to my entire satisfaction. It did not hold back Germany's effort, in 1914 (nor would it in any future attempt), to enslave the entire world, with eyes greedily concentrated on the Aladdin-lamp feast of untold-wealth-tribute from the United States.

That convention certainly was good to me, for its league stragulation paves the way for a resumption, on a tremendously larger scale, of the old time competitive war armaments, while the masses of the people, burdened now to a distressful point with the taxes of my recent herculean effort, must groan, bend and break with the blood sweating load of enormously higher taxes to keep me from playing hell with the whole world again. The poor fools don't realize that 'getting chesty' only makes an easy fight at the drop of a hat.

At Chicago, June 12, 1920.

War Demon (uproariously frantic with delight)—That private telephone from Filly to Chic was certainly some boss stunt, all right, all right. Yum te tum tum; they've nominated the Senator—I mean a senator, Senator Penrose—pshaw, can't I get it right, I mean Senator Penrose, Harding—confound it, my joy has befuddled my wits—I mean Senator Warren G. Harding, the genial gentleman, quite agreeable, perhaps too agreeable, he's spineless enough to fit a fence—I mean a platform—that has no backbone. Glor-ri-rum—I have another dandy idea. I'll try to have Harding Penrose, doggone it, I mean Harding, elected through the superbly altruistic, sugar patriotic, self-abnegating influences of those

super-Americans who flourish as a bay tree when I flourish. I'll form an irresistible phalanx of the chief profiteer stealers of peace, some armor plate lovers of the league, and have them led by General International Banker in the great push—I mean pull—of a victorious election, and on March 5, 1921, I'll see that the aforementioned boss telephone stunt is duplicated with one end in the office of the honorary president—the president, at the White House and the others and in the office of the real president—shucks—I mean—of Sen. Pen. Rose in the real executive mansion—there I go again—in the senate office building.

In the Dumps, June 16, 1920.

War Demon (morosely)—Have had time for sober reflection; because drunk on convention enthusiasm. Notice that dozens of Republican papers are afraid of the strength of a platform composed mostly of sap and very little heart planks; some of them even accuse it of being composed of super-abundant political sops with a very small trace of statesmanship mops for cleaning the nation's body. Maybe I did my hilarious shouting too soon, for I just recall the fact that my hair is shorn so far as the San Francisco convention is concerned; they won't stand for my doped duping. Getting more scared every minute. Republican's fool-trick of deserting Fort Reservations gives Democracy sole privilege of occupying, in unmolested advance, that powerful vote-getting fort and of course, confound it, they'll make real honest regular, every-day American reservations that won't impair its essential integrity instead of the conceived-by-spite, political peanut, hypocritical super-duper-American travesty that gave the opportunity to continue in Europe the wonderfully successful work of causing strife, starvation, infamy, horror, murder and earth's direst woe thru hell's foulest most malicious, most damnable devil, my own cursed self.

At the Ditch of Despair, Hour Later.

War Demon (most dejectedly)—My doom looks certain. I overplayed the hand at Chicago. The marks on the cards were too plain. Looks bad, very bad for me, I just can't pull wool over all the people's eyes and my grave will be dug when those pesky Democrats show up my supposedly hidden hand.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER AND "JAMIE," HER BOY, WHO SLEEPS OVER THERE.

In a happy home, in a village nestling by the mountain side, in Pennsylvania, a fond mother and her loving son gave part of their evenings, in the years 1914 to 1917, to a discussion of the great war beyond the sea.

The tragedy of Belgium, through a dishonored treaty, the approaching peril of Paris, the Hun defeat on the Marne, the sting of the under-rater scorpions, all contributed their quota to fears and hopes for the patriots struggling to resist the Juggernaut invasion.

In breathless haste, Jamie rushed home to tell his mother of a cousin's fate, as a victim of the Lusitania horror. Sadness at his untimely death, was followed by burning indignation at an outrage portraying hell-depths of war's infamy, and Jamie pacing the floor, fuming with a consuming hate for the human-devils behind such dregs of malice, burst forth with fiery words: "Our nation must now join the contest to avenge its murdered citizens."

Again, Jamie rushed home, feverish with excitement, and showed his mother the headlines calling for volunteers to help crush the Hun demons. "I must go, mother," was his decision. "Yes, you must Jamie," was hers.

The day of parting came, and the tears, of mingled joy and sorrow, dampened the farewell kiss of the mother to Jamie, her darling boy. To her oft repeated request: "Write, Jamie boy, write as often as you can," he said: "I will, mother dear—I'll always be thinking of you—always of the best mother on earth."

The mail man glowed with joy as he handed the waiting mother the regular missives from the training camp. Then one day, as he lingered to hear of Jamie, beloved of all the townsfolk, he noticed a faltering quail—Jamie was embarking for "over there."

To the great White Throne went the daily appeal, "over here, "Save, dear God, save for me my precious boy," and from "over there," "Bless, dear Lord, bless my darling mother." The missives became fewer, but reg-

ular as conditions would permit, and the fond mother's face brightened with proud joy at her boy's marital of his promotion for heroic deeds on the battle front.

On a dismal night, midst the loud shriek of shrapnel, and roar of the bursting shells, a form was gasping for breath and murmuring, "I'm going, mother dear, going to the Great Beyond—meet me, meet me, mother dear—over—over there."

A sleeping mother awoke, her eyes streaming with tears; pressing her trembling hands upon a breaking heart, she, too, murmured: "Yes, Jamie, darling boy—I'll meet—meet you, right now, right now—my Jamie boy—over there."

Oh mothers of America—sons of America, shall such be the legacy of sorrow for our rising generation?

Why not, I plead with you, why not give full earnestness of soul in the moement to end earth's greatest curse by the grand exaltation of mankind and womankind in the noble conjoint purposes of a League of Nations? Will you—will you?

LOOKING OUT FOR THEIR OWN PIE.

The log rolling that goes on in Washington when a new tariff bill is in process has been likened to the readjustment of railroad freight and passenger rates. For several weeks the great business interests have been giving their views upon this question to the interstate commerce commission, and that body has patiently listened to the farmers, cement manufacturers, coal producers, lumbermen and other national industrial units, and the trend of their arguments has been identical. Just as manufacturers and producers advocating a protective tariff always look for a little the "best of it" for their own products; or if advocating a tariff for revenue only, single out their own enterprise for favored high tariff rates, so have the different business interests of the country unanimously consented and approved of higher transportation charges, but usually with the proviso that their own properties shall be favored. The western lumbermen laid great emphasis upon their need for rates that would allow them to make the "long haul" and deliver their products three thousand miles away at about the same freight rate to be paid by Southern lumbermen. But these Southern lumbermen have asked that the freight increases be made upon the basis of straight percentage increases. The results are obvious. Naturally the man nearest to the market wants definite rates of so much per mile, while the man farthest from the market wants the government to compel the railroads to rebate enough of his freight charges so that he may meet his competitors more easily on their own ground. The situation with reference to lumber has been duplicated in the other industries.

In the "reincarnation" and "reconstruction" of railroading during the past fifteen or twenty years, the whole trend of the situation is to adjust rates at "so much per mile." Every attempt to secure preferential rates meets with official discouragement, for the echo of historic "rebates," or anything like them, are unpleasant sounds. The policy of the interstate commerce commission has for years been to compel shipper to pay at whatever rate is imposed on a basis that is the same for everybody.

Since everyone is agreed that the roads must have more money to keep going, the question only seems to hinge on the amount of the increases. It therefore seems comparatively easy to forecast the action of the commission with respect to increasing rates. The railroads are asking for an average increase on freight rates of about 28 per cent, and the disposition of the government is to give it to them. There is, however, considerable question as to how these increased rates will be distributed in various parts of the country, so as to even up railroad finances and make the various roads self-sustaining.

LOST—Fisk non-skid tire, size 34x4, between Rocky Mount and Sparta. Return to The Southerner and receive reward.

WANTED—Men or women to take orders among friends and neighbors for the genuine guaranteed hosiery, full lines for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. We pay 50c an hour for spare time or \$24 for full time. Experience unnecessary. Write International Stocking Mill, Norristown, Pa. Mr25-101-in-wk

The Everlasting Truth About Morrison's Political Record.

These are FACTS not RUMORS:

1. Morrison was born in the latter part of November, 1869.
2. Morrison, the son of a life-long Republican, went with his father to the Republican Convention in August, 1890—which was before he was 21 years old.
3. That convention, recognizing the talent and ability of young Morrison and that he would develop into a great leader, anxious to tie him to the organization, made him a delegate at large, along with two other white men and two negroes.
4. Before that convention adjourned, and as soon as the appointment was made, Morrison declined the honor (?) and notified his father that it would be dangerous for the republicans to take control of the State and that HE WOULD NEVER VOTE THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.
5. Immediately upon his return to Richmond County, in August, 1890, he joined the Democratic party and stumped the county for the DEMOCRATIC TICKET—and he was still under 21 years of age.
6. The election occurred on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1890, but Morrison was not old enough to vote. However, he had contributed his talents and influence to the Democratic ticket.
7. Morrison was too young to vote in the election of 1890, but he had found his bearings, had cut loose from the party of his father, and thrown aside the tempting honors offered him by the Republican party, and had started upon his life long work as a fighting DEMOCRAT to redeem and keep safe the State of North Carolina. Within a few years he had converted his father and his record since that time has been one of constant party service and devotion.

Any person who makes a statement contrary to any of the above stated facts is either misinformed or speaks a malicious falsehood with the purpose of injuring one of the State's greatest Democrats.

These facts disclose the only POLITICAL SIN ever committed by Mr. Morrison. Do they justify this eleventh hour attack being made upon him? In all fairness, DEMOCRATS OF EDGEcombe, do you approve of it? There was nothing to be said against Mr. Morrison during the twenty-five years of faithful and effective work which he gave to the Democratic party in the interest of other candidates; and there was very little to be said against him before the first primary on June 5th; but now those who oppose him in the primary to be held on July 3rd would have the Democratic voters of North Carolina believe him unworthy to be Governor of the State, and they have quit telling the people what a fine fellow Max Gardner is and are spending their time abusing and villifying Cam Morrison.

THE SAME GAME HAS BEEN PLAYED BEFORE. IT ALWAYS HAS LOST AND IT WILL LOSE ON JULY 3RD, NEXT.

As to MR. GARDNER: We have nothing to say now and we have had nothing to say in the past about his politics or his character. We intend to fight the campaign out just as we began it and just as we fought it before the first primary. We believe Mr. Gardner is a nice fellow and some day, when the women get to voting, as he hopes they will, he may be Governor of the State; BUT, in this year of grace 1920, the voters of the State intend to reward Cameron Morrison. He is gaining daily. He lead before in County and State. He will lead again on July 3rd, and will be nominated by a safe majority.

AND WHAT'S MORE, he will be nominated without MUD-SLINGING HIS OPPONENT.

EDGEcombe COUNTY MORRISON COMMITTEE.

Hon. Cameron Morrison

Candidate For Governor

—Will Speak in Tarboro at the—

COURT HOUSE

—ON—

Friday Morning, July 2nd

At 10 O'Clock

BE SURE AND HEAR

THIS GREAT SPEAKER

Edgecombe Co. Morrison Committee.