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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

THE MEN WHO SERVE

Money-making is no longer the prime concern of American business. It is a question of service now, and we are all serving under the same banner of freedom and democracy.

The aristocracy of the future will not be the aristocracy of birth or wealth, but of men who serve, who do things for their country and their fellow men. The great prize to be won by men of ambition today is not money but recognition as members of the aristocracy of service; the aristocracy that is open to every man, instead of the old dead-and-gone aristocracy that was open to those of particular birth or great wealth.—Charles M. Schwab.

CHAPEL HILL PATRIOTISM

The war stamp drive in Chapel Hill township last week took us over the top with \$10,000 more than our allotment of eighty thousand dollars.

Few of us at the start believed that it could be done. Twenty dollars per person, counting men, women and children of both races, or \$100 per household, looked like sheer impossibility. To raise in one war stamp campaign more money than all three of the local liberty loan quotas called for seemed a hopeless undertaking. Nevertheless it was done.

But it could not have been done without the help of our splendid country people. The farmers and their families in eleven country communities of Chapel Hill township took nearly forty thousand dollars worth of stamps. The man who thinks the farmers are stupid or stingy does not know the country people of North Carolina. All they need is information and understanding, and then they always do their full duty.

Then, too, the negroes conducted their own house-to-house canvass and secured sales and pledges amounting to \$5,015. There are only 391 negro taxpayers in the township; but their pledge cards numbered 301. Of the negroes solicited only one declined to buy.

The merchants of Chapel Hill bought \$7,500 worth of stamps, or \$1,500 more than their allotment. Only one merchant refused to buy.

Carrboro, which is our neighboring cotton mill village, took stamps amounting to \$14,000.

Chapel Hill households took the balance—some \$30,000. The good women of the Community Club were true-blue patriots in the village campaign.

All told, Chapel Hill township now has a little more than two hundred thousand dollars worth of liberty bonds and war stamps. That's an average of \$50 per inhabitant. The federal interest money coming back into the township amounts to \$9,000 a year.

Chapel Hill township has a high class quality of patriotism.

And superb business sense as well.

THE TEACHERS TOOK \$42,800

Four hundred and twenty-eight teachers in the University summer school pledged themselves during the national war stamp week to sell a hundred dollars worth of war stamps apiece to their school children and through them to the people of their school communities before January 1. It makes a grand total of \$42,800, and it is a magnificent exhibition of patriotism.

The campaign was headed by Supt. I. C. Griffin of Shelby, Miss Lilly Jones of the Durham schools, and Miss Bettie A. Land of the Guilford county schools.

A Blue Ribbon School

What a teacher can do in developing patriotic thrift in her school is well illustrated by the war stamp campaign of Mrs. Mary Wynn McCoy, the teacher of Fork school in a country community down in Pasquotank.

Under her leadership 52 children in six weeks sold \$5,116.25 worth of war stamps. That's an average of nearly \$100 apiece; and we rather think this little country school takes the blue ribbon in North Carolina.

The Fork School Plan

We organized, said Mrs. McCoy, on March 28th, and from that date until

May 10th we sold \$5,116.25 worth of War Savings stamps. Our membership was fifty-two. We met each Friday afternoon and gave our reports. The War Savings work was begun in the advanced grades of which I had charge. I divided the children into groups with a girl leading one side and a boy the other. We allowed them first to work the school to secure members and sell stamps. First one side and then the other would lead. The enthusiasm became contagious and it was interesting to watch the children's interest grow. Even the tiny ones caught the spirit. Almost every morning a great number would bring their pocket-books stuffed with pennies to buy Thrift Stamps. When the children began to work in the community they received a hearty response. They came not with one dollar but with hundreds of dollars, and so for six weeks we worked vigorously for Uncle Sam and "the boys," with no thought of a prize. We only tried to do our bit before school closed on May 10th. I left the work in charge of Mr. F. P. Pritchard, who will carry it on during vacation.

AT THE FOOT OF THE LIST

We are giving below a table worked out of an article on federal income taxes in 1916-17, in Financial America.

There are 13 million farmers in the United States but in 1917 only 14,407 of them paid any personal income taxes to the government. The farmers are at the foot of the list.

Our farmers are not having much of a chance to pay war taxes. When the exemption limit was \$3,000, fewer than fifteen thousand farmers in the United States paid any federal income tax. Only one farmer in every four hundred confessed to a net taxable income of more than \$3,000. With the exemption lowered to \$2,000 for married men, a larger number of farmers will now be paying war taxes, but when compared with other professions, farming is less punished by federal taxes than any other known occupation in America.

Meantime the farmer is getting better prices than ever before for everything he has to sell.

Which is to say, the war so far is enriching the farmer and every other man who produces anything to sell, while it is doubly hard on consumers who have everything to buy.

It is very clear that if the farmers have any part in financing this world war they will have to become war stamp and liberty bond buyers on a large scale. Instead of paying war taxes, they have a chance to get interest on war loans to the government. This federal interest total in North Carolina will be nearly five million dollars next year; and we'd a little rather see the farmers get it than any other people in the state.

The farmers of Chapel Hill township have been clever enough to seize upon this chance. They took almost exactly half of the war stamp allotment of \$80,000 last week. Heretofore they have had almost no share in the liberty bond issues of this state.

Occupations	Pr. ct. paying income tax
Engineers, civil, mining, etc.	61.24
Insurance agents	28.2
Stock- and bond-brokers.....	20.
Other brokers	20.
Lawyers and judges.....	19.
Mine owners and operators	18.
Lumbermen	10.75
Manufacturers	10.
Architects	8.5
Army and Navy officers.....	7.
Medical profession	7.
Editors, authors, and reporters...	6.5
Real estate dealers.....	4.8
Commercial travelers.....	4.5
Merchants and dealers.....	4.5
Theatrical owners, managers, etc.	2.5
Saloon keepers.....	1.9
Clergymen	1.4
Public employees, officials.....	.78
Actors, musicians.....	.55
Teachers, professors.....	.47
Farmers, agriculturists25

IT DOES NOT BOTHER HIM

"The war ain't botherin' me. It's none of my business. Maybe them Germans

A CALL TO PRAYER

A Proclamation by
Governor Bickett

"God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

The people of North Carolina believe in God, in His Mercy, and in His Might. So believing it behooves us to pray that our daily offerings of blood and treasure may be acceptable in His sight, and that He may use them to establish perfect justice and perfect peace among all the children of men.

To this end I earnestly request all Christian ministers to have the bells of their several churches rung for two minutes every evening at 7 o'clock from Sunday June 30th, 1918, until the end of this war. At the ringing of the Church bells I earnestly beseech every person in the state, the citizens and also the strangers within our gates, to bow their heads in fervent prayer to the God of battles, to give our forces on land and sea wisdom of foresight, courage of fortitude and make them more than conquerors of the powers of evil arrayed against them.

will sink a lot of ships but they ain't my ships, and maybe they'll bomb a few Yankee towns along the coast, but we won't never see any Germans around here. If they'll let me alone, I'm going let them alone. No, I ain't going to buy any war stamps, I reckon."

These are the words of a good man—honest and upright in his little way of life. We say that of him because we know him well. He's a well-to-do farmer, whose life is lived far from the maddening crowd. Indeed, he could not be more aloof and remote from this sorely troubled world of ours, if he lived on the tail of Halley's comet.

He knows that he is getting four times as much for his cotton as he got in the fall of 1914 when this world war began, three times as much for his tobacco, and twice as much for his corn and wheat, poultry, eggs and butter; but he thinks these fine prices are all in the natural course of events. That the war we are waging against Germany has anything to do with the high prices he's getting for his farm products does not occur to him for a moment.

And so he really is not bothering about this war. The fighting is too far off. He has no sons of draft age and he is sure that he and his are safely beyond the reach of it. And so they are, let us hope—cannon, shells, and poison gases considered. Not even an 80-mile gun is ever likely to destroy his home.

Nevertheless he is in this war, whether he realizes it or not. Getting him to realize it has been our very hardest job during the drive of National War Stamp Week.

What He Cannot Realize

This man and many another like him is never likely to realize that the war is related to him personally and directly, unless Germany wins. Then the farm products we are now shipping abroad will be left to rot on the farmer's hands at home here, and the prices he will get for his crops will drop to nothing—or nearly so, as they did when war was declared.

Cotton sold around six cents in 1914-15 when war broke out in Europe. The farmers all remember the panic and hardships of those days. And cotton would not sell for more than that now if the navy of America and her Allies were not keeping the sea lanes open.

The Kaiser said that if America would stay out of the war he'd let us send one ten-thousand ton boat a week through the submarine zone. The four and a half million bales of cotton we send to Europe annually would not get across the seas in a hundred years at that rate. And the same thing would be true of our tobacco, meat, and wheat.

Instead of lying down to the Kaiser like a coward, we said we'd send across the sea as many ships as we pleased. And we are doing that very thing. These ships are now taking fifteen hundred million dollars worth of farm products abroad.

That's why the supply at home is scarce and the prices high.

That's why the farmers are getting good

money for everything they have to sell.

The Big German Bully

How long would a farmer allow a big bully to stand in the middle of the road and say to him, You shan't go to market but once a month and then only in a light spring wagon? Not longer than he could reach around for his old shot gun. You can be sure of that. The farmers are no cowards, but the big German bully is out of sight and they have not all learned yet that they are being bullied.

How much will the Germans give the farmer for his cotton and tobacco if we lose this war?

And talking about taxes, how much taxes will the farmers pay when Germany calls on us for fifty billion dollars with which to pay her war debt?

Oh yes, the farmers are in this war, whether they know it or not.

If we win they will be the first to profit; but if we lose they will be the first to feel the pinch of hard times.

SWELL CLUB LOAFERS

Maryland is taking its anti-loafing law very much in earnest. It is putting the rich to work along with the poor. It has no more regard for a retired capitalist than a hobo. Indeed, the authorities seem to be going out of their way to make life miserable for men who in happier times would have been honored as leading citizens.

In Baltimore recently they arrested James Madison Thompson a descendant of President James Madison, and the former head of a big banking and brokerage house. His only apparent occupation was playing golf and attending to his social duties. He was ordered to appear in court and give reasons why he should not be punished as a loafer.

It is significant of the new order of things that the alleged culprit himself took the matter seriously. He immediately got busy collecting evidence that he had been trying to get into some branch of government war service.

What a world—when a retired capitalist can't be let alone to enjoy his moneyed leisure! And the best of it is, he finds mighty little sympathy even among his own class.—Concord Times.

RELIGION IN THE TRENCHES

A new and elemental conception of religion has developed in France among the soldiers. It has little creed, and certainly no sectarianism; ecclesiastics back home might be startled into something like awakeness could they but realize how little the things that bulk so large in their life mean to the soldier.

These soldiers care nothing for the differences that divide Episcopalians and Methodists and Presbyterians and Baptists. They are interested in God, and the relation between him and the great considerations of righteousness for which the Allies stand. As for the shop talk of the churches, over here they confess that they never were in the habit of paying any attention to that.

These words characterize the religion of the American soldier—simplicity, brotherhood, and service. Faith is stripped to the buff in the trenches. Nobody cares for any elaborate expression of belief. These men believe they are doing their bit for God when they help break the grip of the Hun upon the earth. They are convinced that the essential righteousness of our cause makes it God's cause. If we have much at stake in this war, God has more. Therefore, they are serving him when they go ahead in uncomplaining loyalty to do their part in winning the war. Fidelity to the task is the first expression of worship.—William T. Ellis.

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN

Knit, and teach the young girls of your town to knit. Organize a unit of the Comforts Committee of the Navy League.

2. Make a war garden at least large enough to supply your own table this summer.

3. Put your kitchen on a war footing—conserve, save and serve! Urge your neighbors to do the same.

4. Be faithful in your attendance at your local Red Cross work-room. No matter if the weather is hot, or you are tired. The boys are hot and tired often in the trenches, but they cannot stop

work, and you must not.

5. Make over out grown clothes for destitute French and Belgian children.

6. Send to the Chicago Chapter of the American Fund for French Wounded for their patterns for the little refugee comfort bags.

7. Adopt a French or Belgian orphan through the American Girls' Aid, by paying a small monthly sum for its support. If you cannot undertake this alone let your My America League or your sewing circle club together for this purpose.

8. Form a canning club in your community and secure the services of your county demonstrator.

9. Ransack your scrapbag and your store-room. You can make ambulance pillows, cup-covers, trinket bags, etc., for men in the hospital abroad out of clean scraps of white or colored waste materials.

10. Collect books and magazines for the army.

11. Keep a Sacrifice Bank—any sealed box will answer the purpose—and deny yourself little luxuries in order to buy Thrift Stamps.

12. If there is a cantonment near your town make your house a place where the boys can come for a bit of home life. Invite a soldier or two to Sunday dinner once in a while, or to some little evening gathering or dance.

Write to McClures League Editor today and start something. McClures Publications, 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

I WILL!

Jewett E. Ricker, Jr.

I will accept and steadfastly practise the doctrine of Washington—"To the interest of our country; all inferior considerations must yield"

I will adopt as my own the creed of Lincoln: "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

I will subscribe to the platform of Rufus Choate that "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

I will pledge myself to the principles of Webster: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

I will stand ready to make any sacrifice required of me toward the end that my country may be strengthened in "the great task remaining before us."

I will practise conservation in my business and my home—gladly foregoing any comforts and pleasures not compatible with the common need of the hour.

I will lay aside the hammer for the period of war and confine myself to constructive criticism, realizing full well in a time like this that the knocker is a public nuisance and a national enemy.

I will uphold at all times the honor of the United States and our Allies, making it my personal business to see that all enemy propaganda and anti-American sentiment are promptly and properly dealt with.

I will realize with the president that "The supreme test of the Nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together." And—toward that end

I will pledge my money, my strength, my life—all I have or ever hope to have—to the successful prosecution of this war; that "This Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—McClures.

USE FOR WORTHLESS DOGS

Secretary Dunn of the Winston Salem board of trade learns that the war department wants all stray dogs they can possibly get for experimental purposes on new gases Uncle Sam intends to use on the Germans.

Realizing that there are in the State of North Carolina thousands of dogs running loose, fed, and owned by nobody, and that they could serve this patriotic purpose, he wired the war department asking how many dogs could be used from this state in testing gas. Today he received the following telegram from the war department:

"Will be glad get dogs two weeks from date. Will be able to handle at least 100 dogs per week. Will send crates at your order."

Secretary Dunn thinks this is a rare opportunity for North Carolina to get rid of her worthless curs.