

AFTER THE WAR.

A New York newspaper offered fifty dollars for the best essay of not to exceed fifteen hundred words upon the subject of what will happen after this war. The Louisville Courier-Journal claimed the prize for its essay of two words, "Other Wars," and a good many of us would be willing to give the brilliant paragrapher the money. But there is a more serious side to the proposition.

Of course nobody knows what will happen after this war; there is no way of knowing. We have no precedents by which to be governed. There have been no other wars like this one. But it is dragging along toward its end—or ought to be—and all of us are interested in what is going to happen afterward.

Are we going to have a stream of immigrants pouring into this country? Are the people of Europe going to be so burdened with war taxes, and are they going to find life so altogether unpleasant in the scarred and marred world they now know, that they are going to seek relief from it all and come to these shores, or are they going to stay at home and help to repair the damage? It might be worth something to us to have an answer to the question.

There are those among us who believe that there will be little migration toward this country after the war. They base their belief upon history, for it is a well known fact that after a war the scarcity of labor in the country tends to keep the men at home, to recoup the damage. But this war has been so much greater than other struggles, the damage has been so great, it will require so long to repair the damage done, and it is going to require so much money, that there are those also among us who believe we shall be overrun with the unfortunate people of Europe.

Then, another question which cannot be answered, is that of the state of commerce after the war. The world's supply of manufactured products, for instance, will have been used up when the war ends. Everything made by man will be needed. It will require years for all of the factories of the world to catch up with the demand, if all of the property destroyed is to be replaced. So from that standpoint, every industry in the land ought to be running over-time as soon as the war ends.

But where are the people of Europe going to get money with which to replace the things that have been destroyed or used up by war? That is a question which will have to be settled before we figure too seriously upon a world-wide era of prosperity. It is inevitable that the people of Europe will be bankrupt when the war is over with few exceptions, nobody have used up, as a general thing, all of the funds they have on hand. Their businesses have been shot to pieces. Their trade is gone. The working men must all be in debt—so deeply they will never get out. So it is a serious thing to think about—after the war is ended.

SINGERS OF PROSPERITY.

There has been added to the Administration prosperity glee club another voice, that of the Federal Reserve Board. This musical organization is distinctly and entirely an official body. It is made up wholly of Federal office holders under the present regime. Its duties are to keep up the song of how well off the United States is; to portray constantly a better business outlook; and as strongly as discretion permits, to insist that good business is the development and the fruit of Democratic rule.

This organization of sweet singers of prosperity has had an interesting and a picturesque career. At first it was confined to the members of the Cabinet. These were sent forth into all parts of the land at short intervals to preach the existence of good times and the blindness of the people who could not see the prosperity that Democratic policies had brought into existence. One one of the Cabinet members spoke their little piece, and then expectantly waited for the change in public sentiment that they assumed was certain to come as the result of their efforts.

But this sentiment did not materialize. It became necessary for the White House to take further steps. New recruits were accordingly mustered in, and new forces put to work to find a prosperity. The bank examiners of the Treasury were appealed to for reports, and from these there was made up a statement that proved to the satisfaction of the Administration that the country was going along at full speed on the road to good times. Now comes the Federal Reserve Board with a statement of the financial condition of the country, one that is supposed to show flourishing business conditions, but which neglects to state how much present conditions are due to the war abroad.

What difference this is from the Democratic crusade of 1912. In that campaign the air was filled with songs pitched to the opposite tune. There were frenzied periods about the awful social, economic and industrial conditions which made the United States an unfit place in which to dwell, unless the Democratic party was put in charge of affairs and Democratic policies put in effect at once. This country was growing richer, and the poor poorer; where high taxes are high living cost sapped the substance of the toiler. There were shrieks of anguish over the tottering liberties of the people and the perils of the situation.

Today this same Democratic party is busy endeavoring to convince the country that the outlook is, that some time in the future there will be the same prosperity in the nation that existed in 1912. That party is now loud in its denunciation of any one who dares to refer to idle workmen, silent factories, unused freight cars and failing revenues. It is centering its attention upon attributing whatever industrial depression may exist to a war which has turned an approaching deficit in our exchange account with foreign nations into an enormous trade balance.

But sophistry cannot long hold sway in the United States. All of the office holders in the land, joined in one loud chorus, cannot be blind either to the facts or the issue. Their singing of the prosperity song is off the key and the people know it. And this knowledge cannot be taken away by any crusade on the part of the Administration.

There is a very general disposition to know what has become of Great Britain's mastery of the sea. It looks as if something was the matter when she cannot protect her own shipping on her own coasts, and then wants to know what the United States is going to do about it when a British ship is destroyed.

Of course, if Germany thinks we will stand for it she will just keep right on doing it.

If history will only give Mr. Bryan credit for writing the notes to which his name is signed, he may yet acquire fame as a statesman.

OFFICERS MAY INVESTIGATE.

Shipments Of Liquors Into State Billed as Apples, Potatoes Cabbins or Other False Billing.

That the inter-state commerce commission and federal authorities will begin an investigation of the shipment of liquors into North Carolina under false pretenses, is the belief of local authorities who expect to aid, if such an action is taken. Yesterday a barrel of liquor was received here under the pretense of apples, while in Greensboro a barrel of liquor was detected billed as seed potatoes. In the eastern part of the state it was found that a large amount of liquor had been shipped in a common wooden coffin. The last mentioned false pretense case was thought by the authorities to have been the most original, "dead men tell no tales," idea ever brought to light in the handling of the coffin juice traffic.

It is the belief of the local authorities that the inter-state commerce officials and the federal authorities will make rigid investigations and it is believed that many violations will be unearthed.

For several weeks the officers of the various cities in North Carolina have been attempting to find out how liquor was being shipped into the state. The finding of the liquor in the coffin and the barrels brought about the necessary knowledge and in the future regular inspections will be made to stop this scheme.

It will now be up to the liquor retailers to find a better plan than they have had in the past. Up until the present time the officers have succeeded in blocking their every move and it now seems as if the handlers of liquor will have to use their thinking apparatus toward concocting a better idea.

If the inter-state commerce and federal authorities can find out who shipped the liquor into this state they can have them arrested under several different charges. However, it is believed that in each instance the liquor was shipped under fictitious names.

"SOMETHING ELSE BEAUTIFUL."

A little girl named Hilda and her mother stood one cold winter morning looking out upon the landscape, in which everything was covered with icy armor that sparkled with glittering beauty in the sunshine.

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Hilda. "Yes," answered her mother; "but it will be all gone before noontime."

The little girl was quiet for a moment as she gazed upon the fairylike scene that lay stretched out before her. Then she looked up and said brightly: "Never mind, mother; there'll be something else beautiful tomorrow."

What a charming thought was uttered by that little girl in those words! What a comfort it is to know that, though some beautiful things may pass away, God will send others just as beautiful to take their place.—Exchange.

PROHIBITION BOOZE.

"But When You Take Your Drink, Get Out: for You Can't Die in Here."

Says Luke McLuke, in the Cincinnati Enquirer:

The state was dry, and so was I, But as I walked around Some old blind tigers I could spy Where whiskey could be found.

I entered one and asked for booze, The keeper said to me;

"Just look around and you can choose Your brand from what you see."

I looked around, and there I found Train oil and japalac, Carbolic acid, liquid glue, Wood alcohol, shellac, Strong turpentine and lizard stew, All for two bits a crack.

The keeper said: "This stuff is stout, Although it may taste queer, But when you take your drink, get out, For you can't die in here."

A boy named Clarence Cecil committed suicide after stealing a mule. And her name was Maude.

THE APPLES WERE LOADED.

Sixty Pints of Booze Get Mixed Up With What Should Have Been A Barrel of Virginia Apples.

There seems to be an enormous demand for whiskey in Durham, and that the liquor dealers of Virginia and the blind tigers of this city are resorting to ingenious methods to smuggle enough booze into the city to satisfy this demand is a fact that was brought to light yesterday afternoon by the officials of the local Seaboard freight depot.

There was received at the freight depot yesterday afternoon a barrel marked "apples," which was consigned to a Mr. J. Floyd of Durham, but when an inspector of the Seaboard freight office became suspicious and opened the barrel to find out why it weighed so much more than an ordinary barrel of apples, he unearthed a method of side-stepping the new Grier quart law. The barrel at both ends was filled with apples but in the center safely stored away were sixty pints of Sunny Brook whiskey.

The barrel of apples and booze was turned over to the police, who will attempt to get hold of the party to whom the apples were shipped. However no one seems to know of a J. Floyd, and it is thought that this is a fictitious name under which some local blind tiger was to have received the sixty pints. The liquor traffic in Durham certainly received a bad blow when the sixty pints got into the hands of the police, and those who have been longing for a draught of the "bur juice" will continue with an unsatisfied craving.

Durham is not the only city in which this method of smuggling booze has been resorted to, as the Greensboro papers state that three barrels marked "potatoes" were found to contain about 200 pints of whiskey. The consignees there were known by the police and have been arrested.

So far as known, this is the first discovery made of the methods used on smuggling whiskey in this state; but hereafter the freight agents intend keeping a strict lookout for suspicious looking shipments.

THE TONGUE OF THE SLANDERER.

Diogenes was asked what beast had the most dangerous bite. He answered: "Of wild beasts that of the slanderer; of tame ones that of the flatterer." In the third chapter of Genesis we have the first recorded and authentic account of a slanderer. Silently, noiselessly he creeps along until he hisses temptation in the ear of Eve slandering Almighty God. Today the trial of slanderer is all over the world. The greatest curse that ever befell a community was to have in it a talebearer and a scandal monger. They are a blot upon civilization and a running sore in the social life of a nation. As Henry Ward Beecher said, "The talebearer kindles a fire that burns to the lowest hell." The sly hint innuendo, the question of inquiry which conveys a hint of evil—how infamous all these may be! It is hard to trace a slanderer, it is hard to evaporate the truth by the slow process of the crucible and leave the residuum of falsehood visible and glittering. Often one cannot fasten upon any word or sentence and say, "That is a calumny. God forgive the wretch who, under the guise of secrecy, goes from man to man with his story, his story, his half-truth, his innuendo, leaving in his wake venom to inflame hearts and to poison human society at its fountain springs. Despise the slanderer, refuse him audience, tell him candidly what you think of him, and be sure not to follow his footsteps.—Exchange.

GERMAN LOSSES IN WAR ESTIMATED AT 2,000,000.

London, May 19.—The total of German losses in the war on both fronts down to March 31 is close to 1,800,000 men, and losses since that date are certainly sufficient to put the present total over the 2,000,000 mark, in the opinion of the "Chronicle."

Some men who have been president once never get over it.

What shall I prepare for breakfast?

Serve Washington CRISPS —the natural flavored CORN FLAKES with the national reputation for quality.



Every member of your family will like CRISPS —they're so tasty and satisfying with milk or cream and sugar. Add your favorite fruit, if you like.

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UNTRIMMED SHAPES, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, RIBBONS, ETC.

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BURDENS.

We'll bear our burdens till nightfall To where the shadows creep; Then with weary feet in a pauper's retreat, Forget it all and—sleep.

Sleep, sleep, O! blessed sleep. Where we forget all wrong. But we'll wake up fresh in the morning.

And join the Thrush's song!

We'll do our toiling sweetly. Till the sun goes down; For the poor man's rest is a heavenly bequest.

The rich man cannot own. Rest, rest, O! happy rest, The day alas was long; But we'll wake up fresh in the morning. And join the Robin's song!

Yes, we'll strive to do our duty Up life's rugged steep, Then with tear-dimmed eyes and broken ties, Forget it all and—sleep.

Sleep, sleep, O! sad sleep. All must join this throng; But we'll wake up fresh in the morning. And join life's merry song!

—JAS. W. HEATHERLY.

NOT A PERFECT HOG.

Rather than seem a perfect hog and oblivious of the world's good opinion, I can cancel a few of its demands upon China, at least temporarily.—Kansas City Star.


CERTAIN PERSONS.

"Certain persons ignorant of their own ignorance," began Secretary Daniels. Bless you, those persons are always certain persons, very certain.—Minneapolis Journal.

We Have One Too Many.

Ex-Presidents? the folks declare Who ought to know We haven't any problem there Like Mexico.

—Grand Rapids Press.



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