

WASHINGTON CLOSE-UP

Staff Correspondence

Washington, Jan. 19.—A sour-dough from California and the middle west, a fellow like many who have had only long-distant view of war management, is most decidedly impressed by the powerful war atmosphere of this national headquarters. We are here, fighting each other with a thoroughness and abandon not equalled in any other capital in the world.

The main concern of congress isn't legislation and war preparation, but largely the domestic business of exposing administration mistakes and weaknesses, to the aid and comfort of the enemy. The opinion seems to prevail that the country demands the head of some cabinet member on a platter, for about as good a reason as that ancient maiden gave for the head of John the Baptist. So, congress has on a half dozen investigations, with more cooking, some of a degree, maliciously conducted.

Go into the senate chamber and you find, say, Hardwick of Georgia, posing, moderating, thundering, efforts to get out of his system, and into the Congressional Record, a splendid specimen of Georgia oratory, to empty seats, including the press gallery. The majority of the august senate is down in committee rooms frying, not department of our war management to the kaister's taste.

I called on Secretary Baker. He, Tom Johnson and I used to try to sleep in the same political bed, years ago, only Newton had a beastly penchant for kicking in his sleep and pulling the bed clothes away. The secretary looked overworked and very care-worn, and for every minute he gave me I felt as if I had treacherously rolled a barrel of war flour into deep waters, somewhere. In his ante-room was a crowd of about a hundred brigadier generals, secretaries, senators, common rabble with various important than war and, interlopers, like myself, who merely desired to see the secretary.

Mr. Baker went through the whole crowd, talking with and patting his hand to everybody. This is part of his labor six days of the week. It is old, old story of a conscientious, ambitious man, at the head of a mighty labor, feeling that everything will go to the devil, if he does not personally attend to it. And I don't believe that there's a man living who can, for long, successfully fill Baker's job with that obsession. The mental, physical and business limitations are against it, if nothing else, if they don't break Baker, Baker will break.

I called on Bob La Follette, first, because I always call on men who stick up for their honest convictions, regardless of political expediency, because, to me, the most interesting creature in a menagerie is that pugnaeous, thick-skinned, horned and horned animal, the rhinoceros. What do you suppose Bob was mainly stirred up about? Ships! He more fully than any other statesman, or near-statesman I have met.

izes that this war rests on plenty of ships, in time. The U-boats are doing a business of shipping at the rate of 7,000,000 tons per year. The best that our shipbuilding management experts will promise is 3,000,000 tons, and they won't swear to that, and heaven only knows what our ship management will be after it gets out of the investigators' frying pan. At present it closely resembles a miscellaneous conglomeration of promiscuous functioning.

But where we have ships, we must have sailors to sail 'em. I met Andy Ferarash, head of the seamen's organization. Some 30 years ago, Andy and I used to riot and bleed on the Cleveland docks in behalf of the lake sailors' unionism. Governor Charles Foster appointed ex-Prize-fighter Al Rumsay a state policeman, and Mark Hanna got him located on the Cuyahoga water front to pound Andy, unionism and me into docility, which he did frequent and plenty. Now Andy turns up here in Washington as the reliable authority on seamen.

One of LaFollette's biggest products, when he was on earth the first time, was the seamen's act, intended to liberate and humanize the sea slaves. Congress, however, so loaded this act with administrative power to interpret it and it is being so interpreted and administered by Secretary of Commerce Redfield that, Redfield declares the final war problem is not ships, but sailors to sail them. As in appendicitis, an operation on Redfield would be stylish.

Every fellow I met in the west, last fall, returning from Washington, reported that our war management was pessimistic. The administration has neglected to inform me whether it is or is not pessimistic. I am pessimistic, and I came here glorying in the splendid patriotism of the common folk of the Pacific Coast and the middle west. The first six months of 1918 are pregnant with the mightiest events. France and Italy are almost without bread. England is going to strictly ration all foodstuffs. We will not have more ships. The U-boat has not been mastered. Behind the battle lines, in the industries of England, France and Italy, are smouldering fires that may start conflagrations rivaling the furnaces of hell. We have sent abroad all our surpluses of sugar and wheat. We send no more save at direct sacrifice. But saving of food is by no means the most vital saving. We have got to save time, every minute of time possible, and yet the very basis of our plans of war preparation, as legislated and as executed, is a time-waster. Just one illustration, being that it is a fresh one:

Washington is het up over a proposition to create a cabinet minister of munitions and war transportation. It is exactly the thing to do, provided congress does not, as usual, fail to empower such a boss with full authority to be boss. Secretary Baker probably will object. It would give hunters of his scalp some satisfaction. It would deprive him of some authority. He can rightly say, "Your munitions minister would be as helpless as I am—if he wanted cars, he'd have to wait on McAdoo, and if he wanted fuel he'd have to wait on Gierhard." But would he leave the secretary of part of an impossible load and speed up war action.

Miscellaneous functioning and red tape by the mile. There is no organization, business, family or other enterprise which in an emergency can be successfully conducted in such manner. To save the essential essentials, time, we've got to have more of Prussian autocracy, more action by the wrought iron fist of a Kaiser Wilson.

Later—I see that President Wilson undertakes to whale congress into freeing the mothers and wives of our soldier boys today. Hanged if I had come to believe that our great minds ran in the same channel as to wrought iron fists. But it's beautiful to think it.

WISDOM OF WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY DEMONSTRATED BY WAR'S EVENTS

(By N. D. Cochran.)

Washington, Jan. 19.—The Chicago Tribune—widely recognized as the organ of its ex-editor, Congressman Medill McCormick of Illinois, whose mother is one of the principal owners—wants congress to take into its own hands the matter of selecting America's representatives at the peace conference, which must come soon or late.

What the Tribune is driving at will doubtless be revealed later. It is content at this time to question President Wilson's ability wisely to select representatives to this country and demands that congress jump in now and take that important job of the President's hands.

Doubtless the Tribune believes it knows more about war and peace than President Wilson does, but it is well to remember the past history of the Tribune as a national adviser.

A short time before we got into the big war, the Tribune, in its vision, practically demanded that President Wilson send an army of 500,000 American soldiers into Mexico to lick the Mexicans and pacify and police that unhappy country. Instead of following such fool advice, President Wilson pursued a policy that prevented us from getting so busy on our southern border that we couldn't take a hand in the great world war for democracy. That policy also prevented German conspirators turning all South America against us and made it possible for the country to save the confidence of the South American republics by deserving it.

Under the policy of Root, as Secretary of State, our relations with our neighbors to the south were cordial. The confidence Root had built up was kicked over by the dollar diplomacy of Knox, and suspicion took the place of confidence. The feeling grew in South America that Uncle Sam's game was to grab Mexico, and then march on down to the Panama Canal and swing the big stick over all South America.

When big American investors, hold-ers of Mexican concessions, and German agents, sought to force Wilson into a war of aggression and conquest on Mexico, he refused to judge an inch. And even when the Villa raid at Columbus was organized to grab Mexico, and then march on down to the Panama Canal and swing the big stick over all South America, he sent Pershing over the border in time to prevent a big drive on congress to declare war on Mexico in spite of the President.

There were many then who fell for the Tribune's demand for war on Mexico, but they can now see what it would have meant. That army of 500,000 men necessarily would have been thrown together swiftly and then sent against the seasoned veterans of Mexico, untrained, unseasoned, unfit. That would have meant an awful sacrifice of thousands of American boys—and would have had us too busy with Mexico to defend our institutions and our liberty against the aggression of Prussian autocracy. It can be seen how how nicely such a program would have fitted in with Prussian plans, German propaganda, no doubt, would have been successful. We had practically all of South America rushing to the aid of Mexico and engaging us while the Kaiser was conquering Europe.

And when he had finished the job in Europe, he could have come over here to help all the enemies to our south to finish us.

How much, if anything, the Tribune knew of Germany's connection with the Mexican conspiracy, is something I know nothing about. But even if I knew nothing at all, and was merely the unwitting tool of the Kaiser, the fact remains that Wilson's policy was much wiser for Uncle Sam than the suicidal policy so frantically urged at that time by the McCormick paper.

So when the Tribune urges that a commission to provide a basis of informed action, at the world congress of peace ought not to be made up merely of Mr. Wilson or Colonel House's personal friends, or of men of little note or mediocre ability, some of us, caring for nothing whose personal friends the Tribune wants congress to pick, would the Tribune wish that personal friends of Von Hornstorf be picked?

Why does the Tribune so persistently nag and nester President Wilson? Has it a grievance? If so, what is it? Can it be that the Tribune is still peeved because we are not fighting Mexico?

Inasmuch as the Tribune enthusiastically joined the colors when we went to war with Prussian autocracy, why can't it come clear over and be glad to see the rest of that we are not at war with Mexico, but have a far-sighted President who was wise enough to outwit Prussian diplomacy and make our South American neighbors our good friends instead of our blood enemies?

people—there were six or seven millions of them—had a queer delusion about a much they also called "legitimate" and it was so stubbornly engrained in the very fabric of their being that they would—and really did—die in thousands rather than overthrow it, and millions of them suffered the most extreme misery and destruction rather than that it should be touched.

This city lay in latitude where severe cold might be expected in the winter season. It was a rather lucky city and usually escaped lightly, but there had been many severe colds during which hundreds died of cold, thousands suffered fearfully. Every body knew that ten more degrees of cold would mean wholesale disaster, and that ten degrees lower than had been recorded was in no sense impossible.

big meetings and write books and distributed literature pointing out the danger, but nobody worth speaking of took any notice of them. They demanded that the city should go into the business of supplying fuel for just such emergencies, but the city authorities haughtily ignored them. Everybody said it was all nonsense and that it would interfere with "legitimate business," which was their fetish just as the fetish of the Germans is their Kaiser.

And finally an unusually severe winter did set in. The ten degrees more of cold did actually come. There was little or no coal in the city. "Legitimate business" hand't bothered about it. The river froze over solidly and water transportation for coal was stopped; then, fearful blizzards and cold snaps stopped the railroad supplies of fuel. Thousands of people died of pneumonia and other diseases acting upon low vitality in low temperatures. Millions endured the agony of the damned while constantly complaining that "something ought to be done about it." The cold, instead of abating, got worse. Not a scrap of fuel was left in the household coal bins. Then the public institutions went cold; then the schools; then the offices, and finally the factories themselves. Then, as the fuel supply failed, and all transportation broke down, the food supply failed also, and hunger added to the terrors of the city winter, and thousands more died. Finally the winter passed and seasonable weather once again came and spring grew in.

So, when you hear the Germans called "boogymen" always remember there are others; that no people have a monopoly of stupidity, but that all show the same general manifestations in various different ways. That is, nearly all. For, of course, we Americans are too intelligent to bow down to these fetiches. We're different altogether. It is inconceivable, for example, to imagine New Yorkers being as dense and stupid and pig-headed as the people of that other great city we have described. But with this exception it is a positive fact that the rest of the world in one way or another is actually as stupid and pig-headed as the Germans are in their own particular fetichism.

Mr. Editor, I most earnestly implored our honorable board of aldermen last October to prepare fuel for the coming winter, but they smiled me to scorn.

W. B. TAYLOR.

Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside, no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bath outside. This is, lastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel—ores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach. Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your pharmacist. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation. To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. (Advt.)

to summer and the survivors apparently forgot all about what they had gone through.

When a group of the aforementioned small number of intelligent people among them called a mass meeting, and in view of the recurrent peril demanded that the city should see to it that every fall there should be half a million tons of coal in storage for such an emergency, what did the people do? They did nothing. Their press told them it would interfere with their fetish, "legitimate business," and that it would upset society and bring on all kinds of disaster—and they believed it all. At least they did nothing, demanded nothing, and nothing was done.

And the next year brought the same conditions, and the next and the next. And every year thousands of them died, and millions suffered torture, but they would not provide themselves with fuel collectively, through their city, because they feared injuring "legitimate business," and "legitimate business" let them freeze and starve. And it served them right. The only regrettable feature was that the few intelligent ones had to suffer with them.

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SERVICE FLAG DISPLAYED BY TRAINING SCHOOL

Boone, Jan. 19.—A most pleasing and enthusiastic exercise held at the Training school on Thursday at 11:15 was the raising of a "service flag" for the students of the school who are in the service of their country. The exercise was well planned by Miss Matney and consisted of patriotic songs, a talk by Rev. M. A. Adams, prayer by Rev. H. F. Powell, a paper, "Where Our Boys Are," by Mary Lizzie Taylor.

Two young men, Messrs. Bower Duncan and James Fartling, raised the flag amid the cheers of the students and visitors. The design of the flag was a square bordered by two stripes, red and white, and a center of blue filled with white stars representing the students of the school who are in the service of their country. One special feature of the program was a song, "Joan of Arc," sung most effectively by Miss Sattie Hunt.

The flag was designed by the Art class and made by the Art teacher, Miss Matney. It is to be hung up in the school chapel in memory of the boys, 49 of whom are in the service.

Principal L. Lea White of the city high school has returned to the city from Graham to resume his duties at the city high school Monday.

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Mayodon, Jan. 19.—Jack Dodd, a colored minister of Mayodon, baptised a candidate in Mayo River Sunday, having to break the ice to get water of sufficient depth. The man is to be ordained for the ministry and he could not wait for proper weather conditions.

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