



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

A POSTAGE BILL

Stedman Would Reduce Local Rate.



NOTE that Congressman Stedman has a bill before Congress which provides "That upon all mail matter of the first class when deposited in any regular postoffice or branch postoffice or letter box for delivery within the limits of said postoffice, including the rural routes, postage shall be charged at the rate of one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof on and after the first day of August, 1916."

We can see no benefits to be derived from such a law, and can see why such a law should not be passed. The post office department reports a deficit each year and the general fund must make it up. The general fund is gathered from all the people—the rich and the poor. The poor man who takes sugar in his coffee—the man who eats and consumes, pays his part of the revenue, and part of that revenue is taken to pay running expenses of the postoffice department. The postoffice department has never been run on business principles. It allows millionaire publishers to send their glorified advertising sheets, called magazines over the whole country at much less than cost—and charges about five times cost on a letter from a friend announcing a death in the family.

The bill proposed by Congressman Stedman would cut in half the revenues now derived from first-class mail distributed within the limits of the county where each postoffice is located.

And who, pray, would be the beneficiaries? The poor man, the poor woman—not on your life. Poor people write but few letters. The big business man writes letters, galore. In this white man's town for instance, the Public Service Company sends out bills each month to its thousands of patrons—and to the Public Service Company and similar concerns this proposed bill would be quite a saving. But every dollar that went into its pocket saved would come out of all the people to make up the annual deficit in the postal service.

There is no reason why Congressman Stedman's bill should become a law, and there is every reason why it should not. Why do not both the Congressmen and Senators pass a law saying that newspapers and periodicals shall pay their just part of the freight? Why allow them to send out big Sunday papers full of punk and junk and dope at a cost to all the people? Why not let each man pay his freight—and then we could have one cent letter postage all over the country. It is because the powerful publications go to Congress and always defeat the bills thus proposed. But there is no real reason why this should happen.

Some say it is absurd to charge two cents for a letter mailed in Greensboro and delivered in Greensboro, the cost of transportation saved. It may be—but not as absurd as carrying an advertising magazine across the continent below cost—charging no more to haul it from New York City to San Francisco than to haul it from one sub-station to another. There is no business in the post-office department and never has been. And if the country should be so unfortunate as to own its telegraph and telephone lines—then the Good Lord deliver us.

The Chance.

This is Leap Year—are you ready girls? Any woman of character who proposes to propose to us during this year must furnish us a signed statement of age and expectations. We are not going to be misled. We are not going to have our young heart thrown crushed and bleeding at our feet. If any woman wants to propose to us it must be by sealed proposal. And we reserve the right to reject any and all bids. A certified check for ten per cent of the amount must accompany all proposals.

Leap year comes only once in a while, and of course Men must look out. This watchful waiting business the last four years has told on us some—but we are still hoping.

Now Again.

What we need is about two hundred thousand dollar bonds to buy some play grounds and parks. And the sooner we buy 'em the more ground we'll get for the two hundred thousand. Things are going to be lively in this old town one of these days, in a real estate way, and the city should get ready right now to have the play grounds before real estate gets any higher in price. Old Man Tight Wad will chew this and make a face—but no matter about that, what we need is another and a bigger band issue. Are you on?

BRYAN TO BE THERE

And, As Usual, He Will Be Heard From.



OR SOME reason there is a wide spread belief that William J. Bryan is going to spring a surprise and bring out a candidate against Mr. Wilson—not in the convention—but before the people. We note that an observer of things political as astute as Mr. Samuel G. Blythe writes about it in the Saturday Evening Post—but in no way makes a suggestion who the candidate will be. It is to be noted that Mr. Bryan refused to accompany Mr. Ford on his peace trip to Europe, but signified his intention of coming later. Bryan was to remain on this side fighting preparedness, against which Mr. Ford is very bitter, and Mr. Ford was on the other side talking Peace.

The democratic platform on which Mr. Wilson was elected declared in favor of one term. If Wilson accepts the nomination for a second term then Mr. Bryan can, with a clear conscience, oppose him and the party—and have a little democratic party all his own—a One Term Party—a Peace Party—and why not Henry Ford with plenty of money and plenty of nerve the candidate for President on a Peace ticket?

All this looks like a possible outcome, and the way the cards are now being dealt, it looks altogether probable. There is no use for democrats to think Mr. Bryan is a dead one. Mr. Blythe who studied the west carefully before writing his articles, went everywhere and gained all possible information, tells his two million readers that Mr. Bryan has lost some friends and strength—but he isn't as lonesome as many would try to make themselves believe. And he isn't. Bryan will rally to his cause a million men at the outset and if the campaign gets warm there is no telling what he will not do. There is a hen on—listen for her to cackle.

Think Of It.

And now some eminent Germans in this country are predicting that the German vote here will demand that Roosevelt run for the presidency. But the German vote isn't as large as some Germans are inclined to think. Bryan also stands ace high with the Germans just now. But we fear that Billy and Teddy will be wallflowers in the next waltz.

They Have The Price.

Pastor Russell and his flock have the price. Each Monday morning in all the big newspapers the Pastor's sermon appears—about three columns of small type—and this costs money. The only thing about it all that is gratifying is, the Pastor is getting old. He can't last long enough to do much damage. And Russellism will doubtless wane when he crosses over.

But Is Best.

Some of the papers think that Guilford is blowing herself in spending \$10,000 a mile for the High Point road—but we guess not. A road that will last a hundred years is worth building. These little throw-me-togethers which go to pieces every few months are worse than nothing. And they have cost us lots of money. It is a pretty good general proposition, and you'll find it true in all walks of life, that "the best is the cheapest."

Certainly.

And now the Georgia Spirit is again manifest, this time in an organization known as the Twentieth Century K. K. K. It is a company of night riders bent upon getting rid of all negroes. To fire a negro's property is a pleasant pastime. It is the Spirit which murdered Frank regardless of law.

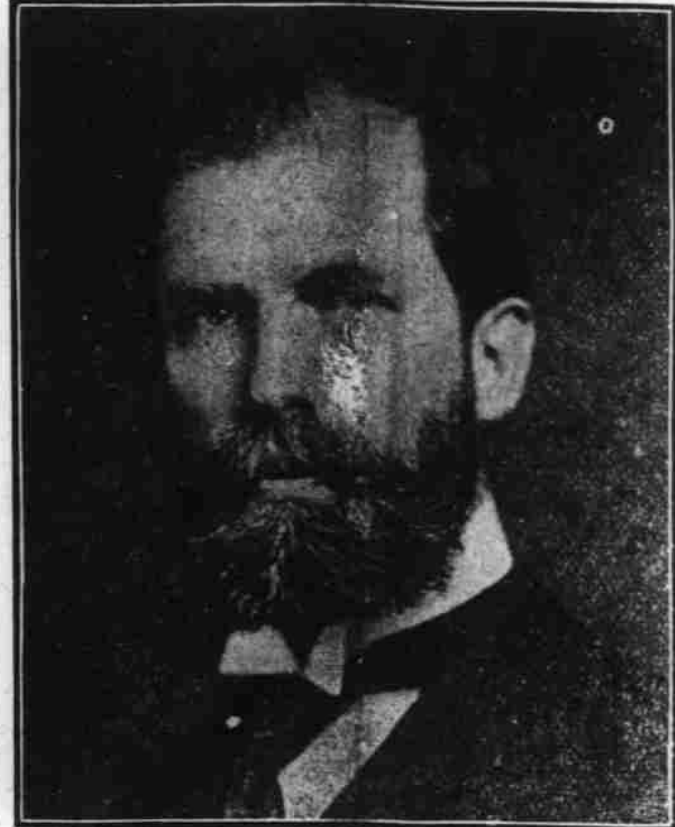
A Bad Example.

An Atlanta minister bought cotton at 7 cents and kept on buying and kept on dealing, investing \$100 and finally made good enough to withdraw \$30,000 and with this little fortune he proposes now to establish a trade school for poor children. The object is most worthy—but whether it was quite the thing for a minister to "buck the tiger" to get money to use even for a noble purpose is a question that many will consider a long time before they agree that it was.

Good Enough.

England finally announces, and praise be, that she will allow the Red Cross to ship medical supplies to Germany to be used exclusively by the Red Cross people. This is one spark of humanity that is left. It is one hope that war and carnage have not entirely destroyed the finer sensibilities. It is worth recording.

HUGHES IS THE MAN



FROM almost everywhere the sentiment seems to be that Justice Hughes will be the nominee of the republican party for President. He has said he didn't want it; the leaders of the party do not want him, and yet they see in him the only certain winner. A Washington dispatch to the New York Sun perhaps sizes up the situation when it says:

"There is no enthusiasm for Hughes among the leaders. The idea of nominating him they found distasteful, but the fact remains that the thought uppermost in the minds of most of the leaders is how to win and many of them, after reviewing the qualifications of the long list of Republican aspirants, acknowledge grudgingly that Hughes probably possesses the greatest element of strength.

"In the opinion of many political observers it is this sentiment—this question of expediency—which is likely to find expression in the Republican national convention.

"Justice Hughes would make the most popular candidate and the most unpopular President," said one of the old timers.

Root was next, but leaders were afraid he would not get the rallying support necessary. Too long a corporation lawyer—too long mixed with Wall Street and the so-called Money Power—that strange Wild Beast that gives the leather lungs a chance to howl and which throws nervous people into hysteria. Hughes doubtless is the Man of the Minute—wonder if he will be in June?

Disability Lifted.

With all the freight terminals congested; with the country enjoying more money than it ever knew in private coffers and in banks; with the freight increasing and travel wonderful, seems to us that just about now our Chamber of Commerce should get busy and again visit President Harrison and get some new facts about that Union Depot—or rather that New Depot.

All the towns in the state are after the Southern for something or other, at least all the towns where this splendid railway enters, and we must not be asleep at the switch. Greensboro is an important point, one of the Southern's best towns. The intention of the Southern is to give us a new depot—but it is easy to put off. Let the Committee get busy. Secretary Forester knows his business—as does President Gold—we are only reminding them in this busy Christmas season that something ought to be started by the first of the year.

What's That?

Commissioner Osborn's report showed that last year the decrease in the consumption of likker was over nine million gallons. Perhaps that doesn't "argufy" to some people, but it looks to us that prohibition is gradually getting to the good. Nine million gallons of whiskey in one year—that is a whole river of it. The prohibitionists can certainly "point with pride" to these figures. It has been claimed all along, up to the past year that the consumption was increasing. But if it decreased nine million gallons in 1916 with so many other states now dry—what will it be in this year? Gradually the Old Spring is going dry.

A Crazy Bill.

One of the craziest bills ever introduced into Congress is the one proposing to buy the suit of clothes Lincoln wore the night he was assassinated. The modest price of \$7,500 is asked for it, and Representative Roberts, of Massachusetts has been fool enough to introduce such a bill. The world will always remember and revere the name of Lincoln without pointing out a suit of clothes he wore as a reminder.

Looks Like He Was In.

Roosevelt refuses to be a candidate in any state having primaries. This is authoritatively announced. Teddy is either going to come back to the fold or he has a new pattern up his sleeve from which he intends to work a centre piece.

KNEW WHEN TO QUIT

One Man Wise Enough To Know Himself.



HERE was something refreshing in the tone of the interview given out by L. M. Bowers, formerly executive head of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's strike, who resigned a \$30,000 a year office with the Rockefeller interests, declaring that "there is nothing more to be avoided in old men than the notion that they are as young and brisk and bright at sixty or seventy as they ever were."

Mr. Bowers is over seventy, and he seemed to want to quit while he was a force, rather than consider himself a pensioned Has Been. He further said that men at seventy often imagined they were as young as they used to be and in that way fooled themselves, but nobody else. Mr. Bowers said he was unloading a lot of burdens and among them a big salary, and while he expected to do a lot of things it would be for fun, and no responsibility would rest upon him.

Perhaps he is right. But we find that when a man lets go—when he himself admits he is all in and becomes a "thumb twiddler"—he generally rapidly goes to seed; becomes senile and impotent. Whereas if he even thinks he is driving the horse and the horse is going a two-third gait when it is going only seven miles in eight days, the old man is there—there with some enthusiasm and is fooling himself, perhaps, but fooling himself in a way that prolongs life and adds pleasure and happiness to the sunset of his life.

What, Ho!

A correspondent in the New York Sun says that our Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Joseph Daniels, is playing politics, and expects to go to the United States Senate. Hear him:

In consequence, all of Daniels' recommendations, without exception, are viewed with suspicion. It is safe to assume that every one of them is framed to help him achieve his ambition of representing North Carolina in the Senate. His scheme of promotion by selection (I will not discuss his merits here) suffers from this universal taint. The navy will fight hard and long against any project which places the final selection in the hands of a Daniels. It is this power, to be used for political effect, which he unquestionably seeks and which it is fair to predict he will never be permitted to exercise.

The navy and its friends in the press and Congress are not to be gulled, and they will wage relentless war against this contemplated promotion of the first line of the national defence to sordid, personal aims. If Daniels, eliminating his preposterous self, will place the final designation of the fortunate officer to be promoted over the heads of his fellows absolutely and unreservedly with the service he may possibly get such a bill through, but not otherwise.

And in an editorial, the same day, the Sun, in its sly way has this to say in an article on the subject of Promotion in the Navy by Selection:

Some officers are ingenious self-advertisers, others never have a word to say in their own behalf. Some are politicians and not too scrupulous; others abhor the arts of success.

And so it is believed in New York that Our Joe has an eye on the United States senate. We never suspected such a thing!

Then It Will Hum.

Whenever Greensboro gets a new big depot under way and a ten story modern hotel commences to loom toward the skies, then Greensboro is going to have what conservative men, even, would call a boom.

Like a race horse led to the track the old town is impatient for the bell to ring. She is actually quivering under her wonderful opportunities—therefore we should see to it that the hotel and the depot are not only on paper.

A Thought Worth While.

We wish to call especial attention to a letter in this issue addressed to Mr. Paul Lindley. We think the scheme a good one—a thought worth while, and we want all the people in Greensboro to consider it. If it isn't no harm is done. If it is, some good results may follow. If Colonel Godbey of the News or Colonel Wayne of the Record see anything in the suggestion we invite them to go to it.

If they don't and see any flaws in it—go to it. Let's start something.

The High And The Low.

It was too bad that Joseph E. Willard, of Richmond, ambassador to Spain should be accused of dodging taxes on \$1,750,000 worth of property and forcing his lawyer to come into print and explain that these values were offset by loans. But 'twas ever thus—always somebody to throw a rock through the other man's glass house.

Will Help Some.

With Mexico going dry for ninety days that ought to help some. Old Man Huerta isn't there now to consume the surplus rum.

Except.

To the pure, all things are pure—except a garbage can.

IS NOT NEEDED

Government Ownership Great Calamity.



THE HOPE is, and the guess is, that Postmaster General Burleson's insistent demand for government owned telephone and telegraph lines will fall on idle ears. There is no greater calamity in store for this nation than government owned railways, telephone and telegraph lines.

The perfection that is being attained in these wonderful public utilities would suffer dry rot—the mammoth machinery now in such splendid motion would be palsied by politics, and the commerce of the country and the convenience of the people would suffer beyond measure.

Postmaster General Burleson says the war caused a deficit of \$61,000,000 this past year in the postal service, and had the great commercial giants owned the postal plant and operated it, it would have shown a handsome profit despite the war—and the service would have been infinitely better and fully as cheap. The man who can suggest government ownership of anything when he looks at the wretched way in which the postal business is run in this country is a grim humorist. Millions of dollars are thrown away and the service, if given by private individuals, would not be accepted one minute by the General Public. There would be more complaints than were ever registered anywhere on earth, and there would be a half million suits, justified and won, each month by a public that is imposed upon because the postal service fails to do what individuals would do with it.

We hope the Congress that is now in session and all that are to be in session will steer clear of this proposed catastrophe. Uncle Sam is never and has never been progressive. The railway business would suffer; new lines would never be built until the demand came and people were along the proposed route waiting to be served, whereas, the individual builds the lines and then sees to it that people come. Those who have the postoffice habit know how wretched the service necessarily is under so-called government rules, and to think of the telephone and telegraph lines passing over to a crowd of politicians and incompetents is something to think of worse than war.

Quite Wordy.

Mr. Charles Mellin who finally in last year finished his testimony in time for the holiday season, was guilty of uttering One Million words while a witness. Think of the enormous amount of talk he indulged in—and yet it was all necessary. Truly, he had a remarkable memory to think up a million words to say about the sad story of his life. A million words—almost as long as a hyperthetical question by a loud mouthed lawyer.

To Mexico.

Anti-Saloon League Davis who sanctions a Sacred Quart in this country is respectfully referred to Mexico where now it is unlawful to sell any one man more than a half pint a day. To think that a Mexican revolutionist is cut down from a gallon to a half pint suggests that the war path will be weed grown. Old Man Huerta, they said, drunk a gallon before breakfast. A half pint wouldn't get up steam for a common citizen.

The Recall Farce.

If those interested in the workings of the recall will keep their eyes on the Arizona situation, where politicians are attempting to recall Governor Hunt, they will find what a dangerous and expensive farce the recall becomes. The old law, malfeasance in office, covers all the ground, and if a man can't be pinched under the old law, then he doesn't deserve pinching. We regret to say the recall serum was brought to this country by the socialists and men innoculated with it by our friend Bryan.

Preparedness.

It is also to be noticed that the armor plate we are now obliged to buy is one third higher than a year ago—brought about by the foreign war. But if we go into the business big of course we must pay current prices.

The Worst Of It.

And the worst of it is they now accuse Mr. Wilson of plagiarism in his state papers. Too bad. We never suspected that it would come to this.

Now watch out for the fellows who want to save the country. Washington city will consume no coal for sixty days. Hot air will furnish all the heat necessary—and we'll get it at \$7,500 per.