



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## ATLANTA SANE

### Business Men Will Not Stand For Recall.



WE HAVE been trying to find time to write something about the Atlanta election held not long ago, and the more we think the matter over, the prouder we are of Atlanta. There was an election, as our readers know, where the exercise of the sacred Recall was on. Mayor Jim Woodward and five police commissioners were under fire, and the idea was that they had been crooked; had assisted Vice; had not done their duty—and with the machinery in the charter to recall a man who wasn't just what a certain number of voters wanted, the machinery was applied.

Be it known that Jim Woodward is not the man to be Mayor of Atlanta. He is not, and never was, a big man. Addicted to the consuming passion of rum he has gotten drunk when Mayor—he has been mayor several times—repented and the people have voted for him again and again. Jim is a good fellow. A well meaning fellow, no doubt, but withal, a weakling. As to the part the police commissioners played we are not advised, but the business men of Atlanta called a meeting and pointed out that a recall would not do, and the fight was on. It was bitter and dirty and had better never been made. The "moral element" rallied to the recall and expected the help of the jews, who had it in for Woodward because he defended the Marietta mob which murdered Frank. But the jews, sagacious business men—and big enough to see principle and not look at the individual voted with the business interests—and the recall crowd lost two to one.

All the newspapers lined up against the recall. The business men lined up. It wasn't that they cared anything for Woodward, but they cared for their city—and that the recall forces were slandering the fair name of Atlanta, and they must be rebuked. In other words too much zeal on the part of those who wanted to win lost them their battle. It was a lesson they needed—a lesson needed in many places. The Constitution sizes the situation up in the following paragraph:

"There is going to be no turning backward or lowering of the city's moral standard. Should it be attempted, there is none who will be more speedily or more determinedly on the job to stop it short, than the Constitution. Atlantans must organize for the election of Councils and city administrations which will hereafter make a recall election for anybody impossible."

The recall is a dangerous proposition. Not dangerous for the candidate, but it gives the unreasonable one-ideaed man a chance to slander his city; to incur expense; to engender strife; to foment feuds—and never does any good. We all know that if an official is flagrantly wrong there is already machinery to remove him. The Atlanta outcome shows that conservative people will not sit still and listen to slander against their city. Jim Woodward needn't take the flattering unctious to his soul that the result of that election was an endorsement of him. It was simply a rebuke to those who are too zealous to see straight.

#### The Trouble.

The trouble about the City Market question is, there are too many people in Greensboro who think that public questions do not concern them. If the town would take hold of all public questions, and the town is vitally interested, if it only knew it, there would be some radical changes.

When we think that Greensboro is in debt over a million dollars and has nothing worth while to show for it, there is no wonder that we maintain markets at a cost to the people; no wonder that we try to run an opera house; no wonder that we have no school buildings or parks or play grounds. There has been no interest displayed by the people—no business, and therefore we owe over a million dollars and the water works are our only real asset.

#### The Dollar.

When the discussion finally came in the Senate Senator Reed, of Missouri, defended the sale of munitions, and attributed much of the prosperity of the country to the war trade.

It was then that Senator Works, of California, retorted by saying the whole trouble was that the American people thought more of the dollars they are making out of the war than of the human life being destroyed.

And that is about the size of the story—even if padded to twenty pages. The dollars dazzle. No doubt about that. With them in sight most of us become what might be termed "near murderers."

## COMES FROM TEXAS

### People Pay For Such Self-Exploitation.



IT IS a shame that the tax payers are robbed annually of thousands of dollars by the so-called law-makers in Congress. But they are. Tell one of them that he was looting his government, and he would perhaps become very indignant, but the fact remains, nevertheless. Cyclone Davis, the bewhiskered Congressman from Texas delivered himself soon after the re-convening of Congress after the holiday recess, and the time he consumed cost the tax payers a mint of money. He devoted his speech to lambasting the republicans and telling what a wonderful fellow he himself was. Told of his early years; of his living close to the grass and therefore insisting he was with the "common people."

He made the house laugh—whether at his whiskers or what he said wasn't stated—but all he said was the veriest rot. We would like to know what right a man has to pull down \$7,500 a year and mileage and hold the whole Congress for hours telling about himself—about how he "riz" from the ranks and brought himself and whiskers all the way from Texas. He claimed that for years all he heard was the howling of cattle, the shrieks of the prairie wolves and the hooting of owls. Pity that he didn't stay among them and pity it is that men are sent to Congress, presumably to grapple with the grave affairs of a nation and allowed to shoot off their individual fireworks.

In its account of the Whiskered Man's debut the correspondent of the New York Sun says he started in to say "Now gentlemen, way back there in 1890—"

"It was at this point that Uncle Joe picked up his hat and wandered wearily out into the corridor, where he sat for thirty minutes smoking a big black cigar in silent meditation."

And we wonder what Uncle Joe really thought.

#### Alas, Poor Yorick!

And now because a few billion grip germs took an excursive flight into this country from some No-Man's Land, Dr. Rucker, assistant surgeon general of the United States sent out a royal edict that all kissing should stop.

It was suggested by this dignity that:

"Children's kissing games spread the grip. Kissing between infected and non-infected persons should be avoided. Guard against being sneezed or coughed at or upon. Isolation of infected persons if possible, and avoidance of towels or other articles they may touch to their hands, mouths, or noses should be observed."

This is getting tuff, indeed, my masters. It spoils poetry; it spoils art; it spoils love—it makes a howling wilderness in an otherwise happy world.

Didst ever gaze on a lovely maid,  
With cheeks all radiant, fair;  
And think, as thou sawest those rich red lips,  
Of the unbidden kisses there?

And to think that is all called off—that Science has come along with another jolt and another jar. Why it is as though vandals threw cross ties in front of the vestibuled limited.

But in these days when we are listening more to titled professional men than we are to reason, we take it that their edicts will stand.

#### Must Have Been.

The early part of this winter must really have been the worst for years. Many sections report it so; the oldest inhabitant who has kept tab says it is true—and it looks that way to us.

Onward and forever onward is the earth's motto, it seems, in all things—so how do we know but what there may be an entire, an absolute change of seasons. No use to expect the same thing always—for Change is the underlying—the one grand principle of Nature.

#### Too Bad.

Too bad that legitimate business must send men to Washington to assist in defeating legislation that would simply put out of business a great industry and which could possibly do no good. Congress is getting to be worse than a band of infuriated Indians. The members for the most part are willing to vote away all the money; they are willing to introduce bills that could confiscate property—any and every old thing to get the unwashed at home to howl for them. It is a joke, but one so serious that you can't laugh.

#### Hard Lines.

Don't you know that it was a jarring proposition when union labor in London munition shops had to agree to work alongside non-union men or "scabs," as they are poetically called by the man with a card. Of course it was.

## IT WILL NOT WORK



THE attempt of the Bull Moose party to meet the same day the republican convention meets: the further attempt to crowd Roosevelt on the republican convention—all looks good at a distance, but it will never succeed. Teddy is dying to be president again. He wants preparedness; he wants a great army and then he wants to go forth to conquer the world—but people who are for peace; people who are against a Czar; people who are not yet bug-house, will vote for Wilson—would vote for Debbs, any thing to defeat Roosevelt.

God Almighty is wonderful in his plans and purposes. It may be that the timid republicans will take Teddy—and then the End will come. Roosevelt would be so completely annihilated that there wouldn't be even a grease spot left showing where he disappeared. He would then be shown what is meant by the Retribution. Annihilation seems the only thing that will take from him his conceit—and if the Bull Moose people have it their way, as they planned at the Chicago gathering recently, annihilation it will be. Let us hope the weak kneed republicans will accept him as their leader—and then Wilson will be elected by the largest majority ever given a president, and The Terrible will be no more.

#### The Flood Of Bills.

It really looks like Congress could and would adopt some plan to head off the flood of bills that is rushed into the hopper. Hundreds of them are introduced for pure buncombe—bills without sense or reason. But it takes time—it takes money to print them and hear them read.

Strange that the same old rules and no system ever gets into the methods of the government's way of doing business. Looks like some wise guy would come along and give us something that would make Congress at least a business body. As it is now, just a crowd of men offering bills that, if passed, would bankrupt the country before breakfast. And the man who introduces the impossible bill goes back home and from the platform tells his constituents that "I introduced a bill"—but alas—the "interests" wouldn't let it pass. Then he retires to the corner, like youthful Jack Horner, and shouts "What a brave boy am I."

#### \$15,000 Per.

Just the modest sum of fifteen thousand plunks is all that Mrs. Glenn, of Cleveland, Ohio, wants for one kiss, administered against her will. The plot was that she was in a box at a theatre and some unhung scoundrel jumped in and kissed her before she knew what was happening.

So she goes to her attorney—brave and learned man, no doubt, and he is bringing a suit against the theatre company and the management and wants \$15,000 for the assault.

And of course the courts will listen to such foolishness. Because the lawyers are in it! The judge should have the power to throw it out of court. Some fool jurymen will think it all right to give the woman damages—whereas she sustained no damage. A horse-whipping administered to the bold, bad man who walked on the grass might be all right—but to bring a suit and demand fifteen thousand dollars damages when there were no damages—well, it is wonderful. But more preposterous still that we call law a science. It should be called graft, pure and simple.

#### All Of Them.

We hear a great deal about the "deserving poor," and take it from us, Mike, all the poor are deserving. No man is poor if he can help it. If down and out and out and down—he is a cripple of some kind—he hasn't the strength to meet the demands. Therefore he is deserving—if not of coin, help to let him know himself.

#### Good Enough.

Frau Skolik, of Gleiwitz, Germany, has been presented by the Kaiser the Iron Cross, the first woman ever to receive that honor. She frustrated a bomb scheme. Good enough. The woman generally gets the double cross.

## AFTER SOFT DRINKS

### Congressman Hood Wants To Start Something.



SURE THING—somebody must spring it, and we see by the papers that Congressman Hood has become impressed with the idea that soft drinks, if taxed, would pay millions into the treasury. How are you going to tax soft drinks? How would you get at it—and why tax soft drinks any more than you would tax candy?

The only man who would be hit, even if you could arrive at some way to tax soft drinks would be the retail druggist or fountain man, who isn't making any great fortune off his soft drink department. The syrup for the soft drink is an inconsequential item. You can buy a whole gallon of Coca-Cola for about \$1.35 and the question is, how many drinks does the druggist sell out of the gallon. The five cents the customer pays goes to the druggist to pay for his fountain; his clerk hire and his ice and rent—and the man who furnishes the syrup gets but a fraction of a cent out of each glass sold—and we'd like to know how you could tax that syrup enough to raise millions. Surely you couldn't tax the drink as it goes over the fountain. In taxing coffee they tax it by the pound—and so with sugar. They don't go around the homes taxing each individual cup prepared, and if a revenue tax were placed on the syrups, say even a dollar a gallon the man who manufactures it would still charge the same, plus the revenue, and the retail man would be hardest hit or the customer would get less syrup for his money.

We suspected a soft drink at a nickel would be about as far as Hood's vision would go—but there are other things—other and more important things to tax. Why not tax the man who wears a diamond. If you tax an automobile because it is a luxury, why not stick on a dollar a carat for each diamond worn or owned by the proud wearer. A diamond is no good in the world except to flash the vanity of the one who wears it—and there are millions of carats of them worn. They even escape state and county taxes—but they should not, and would not, if the law were enforced. To tax soft drinks means nothing but a hardship to the druggist and the revenues would be but small.

#### Uncle Sam's Duties.

There is now a bill before Congress to establish a federal board of moving picture censorship. And it will perhaps pass. It won't cost much—just a few thousand dollars a year, and we have so much money we are going to tax the farmer's Fords, and then pie is essential.

Of course this board will have its ideas. What suits it may suit some other people, but not all. It is a joke. The moving picture is not seen by one twentieth the number of people who see and read the newspaper. The newspaper is at liberty to print columns of reeking and ribald rot about divorces; murders; intrigues—and no federal board has ever been asked to stop that. But because the moving picture business is new and there is a chance to give a dozen patriots a comfortable berth, at the expense of Uncle Sam, in the name of education there are those who want such an organization. Why not censor some of the yellow journals. Why let them poison and pervert the minds of youth and age—and nothing said.

Simply because the wild men are afraid to tackle the newspapers—and the newspapers wouldn't stand for it. There is the constitution for the press—but nothing but the grafter for the movie.

#### A Sun Spot.

This is the first spot we have seen on the New York Sun in many a year. It says:

"Dr. Cook says that overcrowded Europe can find an outlet in the Arctic regions. How does he know?"

If the esteemed Sun will read what Commodore Peary said of Cook, when the original Discoverer of the North Pole was with Peary on a polar expedition it will understand fully. Cook knows all about it.

#### Wonder.

We wonder what Carl Duncan thinks about the attempt to put Teddy over. As a National Committeeman his opinion would be worth reading—but Carl is a man who doesn't wear his opinions pinned to his hat. He is thinking but not saying anything for publication just now. He is too good a politician for that.

#### Not A Dead One.

We notice that when Mr. Bryan issues a statement these days it occupies full front page position in the big dailies—wherefore we conclude that he is not a dead one—as some of his erstwhile supporters have tried to make it appear.

## IS MONEY OR LIFE

### The Man Without Coin Is Left to Die.



THE MONEY idea has permeated almost every business and almost every profession. But most shameless is the proposition getting to be among the doctors and officials. If a man has money or property no matter much about his condition, there will be those to dance attendance; to do his bidding; to lick his boots and perform most any kind of service required. But let a poor devil drift off to some strange land to try to get health and give it out that he is short on money—and presto the smiling snake that a minute ago was ready to do most anything for him becomes cold and slimy—leaves him in his loneliness and desolation.

We have heard some terrible stories recently—things that shocked us and made us almost despair of believing there was any of the milk of human kindness left. Investigation verified the stories we had heard but perhaps the most brutal of all things recently recorded was a happening in Chicago. In order to state it as it was stated, in double leads of the front page of the Chicago Tribune, we quote as follows:

"Elmer Venrich had no friends. He had no money with which to pay hospital bills. So he paid with the only thing he had left—his life. "And now Coroner Peter M. Hoffman wants to know why."

"Venrich was picked up unconscious after a street car had struck him at Van Buren and Loomis streets on December 19. The police rushed him to the nearest hospital, the Jefferson Park. His skull was fractured. His case was diagnosed as hopeless."

"The street car company disavowed liability and refused to stand sponsor for his bills. The hospital authorities found he had neither money nor friends willing to pay, and 'as long as he was going to die anyway' they turned him over to the police again and he was carted over to the county hospital on December 24. There he died late Wednesday night."

So shocking was the treatment accorded the unfortunate victim that even a great newspaper like the Tribune played it in double leads on its front page—but that makes it no worse or no better. But think of it. There was an innocent victim knocked down by a street car—and carried to a hospital where it was ascertained he had no money. Then when the street car company disclaimed any liability the policemen dragged the victim out to a county home and left him to die.

There is no use to comment. Any human mind can see all sorts of horrible pictures as he reads. And if the man who reads has a soul it will revolt, and it will wonder, as well it may, what we are coming to in the matter of decency. It is the old story of "rattle his bones over the stones; he is only a pauper whom nobody owns." We thought we were progressing, but it is going the other way. Even a barbarian savage would have left that dying man in his tent—he wouldn't have allowed him to be carted away only because he had not the wherewithal to pay for lodging. For shame—and then for shame!

#### Think Of It.

We were astounded to read in the editorial columns of such a big paper as the Los Angeles Times a paragraph like this:

Capt. Boy-Ed says he never saw any United States navy report and never stole one. Neither does the clever lawyer who is scoundrel enough to bribe a jury ever see a member of the jury who is bribed or the money that pays for him. He merely has a shrewd suspicion of what has happened.

Think of the preposterousness of the proposition. Think of a lawyer even remotely being scoundrel enough to bribe a jury or have it done. Who ever heard of a lawyer doing such a thing. Banish the thought—and sue the Times for slander!

#### We Hope Not.

An Indiana man has introduced into Congress a bill to allow railroads to exchange mileage for advertising. We hope this bill will not pass. Let the newspaper man pay for his railroad fare. He will have more money at the end of the year; be just as happy and won't be put again in the list of beggars.

#### Let Us Hope.

The news has been sent out that the recently chosen principal of the Tuckeegee Institute has received a letter of congratulation from President Wilson. Just so it isn't an invitation to dine at the White House all will be well.

The Keating Child Labor bill has been favorably reported by the committee and friends of the bill say it will pass. It will be hard fought, however, by representatives from the manufacturing sections.