

Everything

EVERY WEEK.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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"After years of active experience in newspaper work and with newspaper men, I am more than ever convinced that a newspaper cannot afford, any more than an individual, to be without character; and that as a man's character is summed up from his life, from the good he has done, the evil he has prevented, the homes he has brightened, and the hearts he has gladdened, just so will the inexorable judgment of posterity, and of the greater public, to which no passion nor prejudice of the day can appeal, measure out merciless justice to the Journal whose sole object and aim it has been to coin the woes of the human race into grist for its owner."—John A. Cockerill.



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1916.

A Big Thing For Guilford.

The action of the county commissioners in session this week puts Guilford county at the head of the list of North Carolina counties in the matter of road building, a position most enviable in this hustling age of high speed and sharp competition along all lines. To have more miles of good roads and those good roads the very best that can be built, is something worth working for and worth talking about.

To the efforts of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Club of High Point, and the Good Roads Bureau of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce much credit is due for the early realization of a dream which progressive citizens of these two leading Guilford towns have long cherished, and now that it is about to become a reality there is a general feeling that the completion of the new highway will result in a closer community spirit which will mean bigger things and better things for both towns and the entire county. Some especially optimistic go so far as to believe that a concrete-asphalt highway between Greensboro and High Point will put to rest forever, or for a long time, the talk of a new county, to which many citizens are opposed. It will be a bond of union which will bring the people in such close touch that Greensboro and High Point will be practically one—each the suburb of the other according to the point from which you start. And in course of time—not necessarily a very long time either, the Inter-Urban trolley will come along and the highway will be a long street of beautiful homes in which will reside men and women doing business in one or the other of the "twin" cities.

Yes, it was a great day for Guilford when the commissioners voted unanimously to make it the leading county in the state in the matter of road building. Already it is the leading county in the state in the number of automobiles owned and operated, and to hold that place there must be the inducement of good roads over which to travel. It is charged that the machine wears out the county road, but how about the county road wearing out the machine? As the machine is taxed to keep up the county road looks like the owner should have some protection.

Pretty Soon.

One of these days and some other county will come to the front with a lynching bee and the performance in Wayne county will be forgotten. The state should have a fund—many thousands of dollars, to punish such offenders as disgraced Wayne county. That is the only way to stop lynching. The newspapers with one accord wrote stent columns a day—but that didn't do any good. The murderers are still at large and will doubtless remain at large right along.

The Laymen's Convention.

Meeting in Greensboro this week is the greatest convention held this year in North Carolina—a year which has been marked by many notable gatherings at which world problems have been discussed.

The laymen's convention is greatest of all because it deals with the vital things or basic principles upon which all other movements for human welfare are founded. No matter what the method, no matter what the name, underlying the countless endeavors to build the ideal in human character and human institution is the common foundation stone—The Rock of Ages, indestructible, unchanging—the same yesterday, today and forever.

The tendency towards unity in the service of a common Master; the spirit of religious tolerance and co-operation which has made it possible for men of all denominations to labor together harmoniously for the humanizing before the attempted christianizing of the world, is eloquently expressed in the personnel no less than in the size of the gathering which Greensboro is honored in entertaining. Busy business men—men of large commercial interests who never get out of reach of the uniformed messenger boy; men with large public responsibilities pressing heavily upon them; men of all ages, all classes and all creeds, have heard, and obeyed, for the time at least, the command to "Follow me."

The laymen's movement, organized only a few years ago, has made rapid progress in the stupendous undertaking of sending the gospel to all people. It has given an impetus to all other missionary effort and brought the thoughtful layman to a realizing sense of individual responsibility. It is a wonderful organization with a wonderful work ahead of it, and all of Greensboro feels the inspiration of its presence.

"Standing Together."

In the dim after-glow of the fight to secure for Judge Allen the place made vacant by Lamar on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, we can't get away from Colonel Britton's famous editorial on "Standing Together." In that he said that "the signs" that Allen would be appointed looked most favorable, and pointed with wonderful pride, as it appeared, to the fact that Congressman Britt, although a republican, was first a North Carolinian, and had placed his support back of Allen.

We have been informed that many people who saw the Allen campaign worked from North Carolina knew there was not the remotest chance for his appointment. It was shown that North Carolina had already secured more than her basket full of the pie, and the President never once dreamed of appointing Judge Allen.

It was a nice thing for Judge Allen's friends to support him; it was a recognition by neighbors, which is always the best possible endorsement, but Colonel Britton celebrated the event in advance—and naturally it made a joke of the whole business. Hereafter we suggest that when a North Carolina man is running for an office or his friends are asking for an appointment for him, that we do not shoot off the fire-works until the election is over or the appointment is made. It is embarrassing to celebrate the advent of twins when there is nothing doing. All the North Carolina delegation was busy—but that didn't indicate anything. Wilson had never suggested that he would appoint Allen; he never gave any one an intimation, and to celebrate the event before it happened, inasmuch as it never happened, is at least embarrassing. However we hasten to assure our friend Britton that we are still "Standing Together."

Suppose The Case.

What would Old Guilford think if our commissioners proposed to spend over three million dollars in one year on good roads? Wouldn't there be heart failures and nervous prostration and suspended animation? And yet out in the state of Washington, in King County in the year just closed \$3,018,988 were spent for construction and maintenance of good roads, and the end is not yet. This was all spent outside city limits—the people of the county paying for it and enjoying it.

And that is the only way to do a thing. Men who build sky scrapers build them as they want them. Men who build houses which are fit, build them all at once and then they have something. Guilford county has spent a whole lot of money on good roads and many of the good roads because of lack of funds for maintenance have gone to the bad—and it was just so much money thrown away. In road building and bridge building the county should build the very best—and then have a fund to maintain them like a railroad company—maintains its tracks.

Mr. J. E. Latham suggested a plan which was to have young men become road superintendents—give out about five or six miles of road to keep up. Put up a sign that this six miles of road is maintained by John Smith, or whoever he might be, and the best kept stretch to be rewarded. And of course the young man would receive something for his daily services—but take it from us there would be competition for the prize and the roads would be maintained. But think of it—and gasp. Three million in a year by one county for good roads and all satisfied!

Clark Is Right.

Speaker Clark is going to fight the stamp tax. Good enough. Let the revenue come from something that gives less trouble. This thing of putting a one cent stamp on telegrams and express receipts and bills of lading is a nuisance pure and simple. If we must pay, let us pay without any more trouble than necessary. Champ Clark says he will fight the stamp act to the last ditch. May he win.

Cut It Out.

Cut out the internal revenue stamp on notes, deeds, telegrams and bills of lading. Simply a lot of trouble and annoyance. Put it on something that will collect itself.

Asks Daniels To Resign.

The New York Sun in a recent leading editorial of over a column accused Secretary Daniels of attempting to smother facts concerning the condition of the Navy. It showed what Fletcher said was necessary and proceeded to hand the North Carolina man a few hard ones.

The Sun said: During his administration of the Navy Department Secretary Daniels has done nothing that demonstrates his incompetence and irresponsibility more completely than his remarkable performance in suppressing the annual report which Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, commanding the Atlantic Fleet, made on August 15, 1915.

Then it went on to show what Daniels said and what Fletcher said, and then concluded: Mr. Daniels interlarded his report with verses, quoted from Carlyle's "Hero Worship," spilled sentiment over page after page, glorified the Vera Cruz exploit, which he said "this man would not have done," and wound up by saying that "this has been a proud and solemn year for the American navy." But nowhere in his report did Mr. Daniels show an intelligent knowledge of the navy or seem to realize its limitations and shortcomings.

The inescapable truth is that Josephus Daniels suppressed and concealed Admiral Fletcher's report because the confidence nor the respect of the public would be given to an utter incompetency of the official head of the navy. It was an outrage upon the people of the United States, who are entitled to know the state of the service at all times and to judge for themselves whether the Secretary is equal to his responsibilities and a help to or a drag on the navy. We do not hesitate to say that Josephus Daniels is the most unfit administrator of our first line of defense in living memory, and we know that he enjoys neither the confidence nor the respect of the public. Except Mr. Bryan in his conduct of the State Department, no American has done the country greater injury than Josephus Daniels in the use of his power and opportunities as the head of the Navy Department. The service would rejoice and the country experience a sense of relief if he would resign an office for which he never had any qualifications.

Of course Mr. Daniels has his side—but the fact that the Fletcher report was to be confidential until it was smoked out, and the fact that Daniels insisted the navy was all right when it wasn't will be hard to explain.

About Right.

Several years ago when we insisted that the Panama Canal would never be a success we were held up as a pessimist and a man with a grouch. We kept on insisting until it was opened, then, like the brave boy we are, we came into camp and bowed to "public opinion" and admitted that we guessed we were mistaken. But in the middle of last year the old ditch was closed. It was heralded that it would be open before January. A great committee of specialists was sent to look at it. The members of that Committee knew nothing at all about it of course, and they wisely and gravely informed the world that the slides would soon disappear and the canal would be running. But January has come and gone, and this is the last message from General Goethals:

"It is not intended to open the canal until a safe and practicable permanent channel is assured. This is not possible at present, although dredging in the past four months has shown that they can maintain an ample channel when not interrupted by passing ships. Reasonable assurance is desired that this can be maintained under navigating conditions. The slides are being watched carefully and as soon as observations are sufficient to justify a prediction will be made. Meantime it is recommended that the canal be not considered in routing shipping. As long in advance as possible notice will be given to shipping in order that preparations for using the canal route may be adequate."

Now to the man who knows anything about quick sands—take the yards say of the Platte river in the west, and he knows that the more you scoop 'em out the more they return. They constitute a subterranean ocean—millions of gallons—aye, billions, and they will never cease. The Panama canal we have no doubt, will prove a failure. We said so before it was dug; we said so when it was completed—and we say so now. We can see in it the finger of Retribution. We stole the country; we burned homes; we murdered people to get the right of way—and now it is being seen to that we do not enjoy the fruits discolored by the blood of innocence.

And all in all, we guess we are getting just about what is really coming to us.

Senate Will Fight It.

The twenty-five million dollars appropriation for good roads, to be allotted to states in just proportion to what they need and deserve, has passed the House, but it is feared the Senate will knock it out.

Here is where the city fellow and the country cousin clash. The great cities claim they will receive no benefit from good roads. That the rural districts where favoritism will be played will be enriched; privately owned land will be enhanced, and the city taxpayer—the consumer, will pay the greater part of the vast sum.

And in order to defeat the bill the Senate will be worked to a finish. Looks to us like the city would be benefitted. If the whole United States is made more valuable and the land made more profitable to the each man who makes a living will be a beneficiary.

After All.

When we read of the twenty feet of snow in Colorado where seven locomotives could not push a snow plow through it; when we read of floods never approached in Illinois and all over the Pacific coast; when we read of the machine registering forty degrees below in the great Northwest—and then look at our notes on North Carolina weather, guess we must perforce conclude that right here, after all, is God's country.

Because we have had a better winter, taken from all angles than any other section. North Carolina is destined, some day, to be the great winter resort in America. Southern California this year has had two storms that cost many lives and property not to be estimated. Even the arid countries, New Mexico and Arizona have suffered floods and snows, and Florida has seen freezing weather more than once. Right here—the Old North State is just about as good as any you will find. Distance may lend enchantment to the view—but if you go take your overcoat and umbrella with you.

But She Will Hang.

They say there will be a Nation wide campaign to save the Winston murderer from the chair. But it will avail nothing. Governor Craig is not going to interfere. The lady deserves death; the jury says she is guilty and the higher court finds no error. Then, in the face of lynchings and all this disorder—let's hang the guilty lady and forget it.

Hardly Consistent.

Mr. Hearst writes another big type letter to his papers and explains that he has always been for Temperance but is not for prohibition, because in prohibition territory you can always get a drink, and that drink is whiskey—more dangerous than a lighter drink.

If that is true, and Mr. Hearst is really in earnest about temperance, why doesn't he advocate prohibition of whiskey. In New York and Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles where Mr. Hearst publishes newspapers and refuses to accept whiskey advertisements there are possibly fifteen thousand saloons selling whiskey—and whiskey is the thing that chains a man to rum's terrible chair.

Looks like if Mr. Hearst is really in earnest about his temperance ideas he would align his guns against whiskey. If he wanted to advocate lighter alcoholic beverages he could do that and be consistent. But to be against prohibition of whiskey is being for it.

Mr. Hearst says prohibition doesn't prohibit. But that is an old song—because prohibition comes almost prohibiting. It prohibits at least eighty-five per cent and that is worth while.

For years we were against prohibition. But we saw it tried in several states, and we are here to say it not only prohibits, in a large measure, the old toper, but certainly keeps the bar room from the gaze of the boy growing into manhood.

Mr. Hearst is not consistent—though he may be well intentioned.

Going After Henry.

It hath been observed that the evil men do lives after them, and here already the envious ones have dug into the Sacred Past and found among the ruins that Henry Ford, the votary of Peace, once belonged to a rifle team and gave out medals to the best shooters, claiming that every man should learn to shoot.

Maybe it is true. It hath also been observed by able philosophers of the past that a wise man can get his mind, and that a fool doth never do so—therefore Henry stands up among the Wise—the men of wisdom.

No doubt when the fires of Youth burned brighter Henry thought a whole lot of things that now find no lodgment in his mind. If he once was a warrior and scalped men—and reformed and changed his mind and seeks to make amends for his sanguinary career of youth, let us give him the glad hand and forget the Past—the Past with its dreams and sorrows.

Fame Reinforced.

It once was, and not so long ago, that the ex-Governor; the ex-President; the ex-Haas could take the lecture platform and do a stunt under some lecture bureau and thus separate a rubber-necking world from its coin.

But only those endowed with leather lungs and the thrill of the bird could hope for the job. The man who couldn't "make a speech" was not in it.

But now all is different. The moving pictures hold hope for the inarticulate statesman out of a job. Not long ago Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, now down and out politically, was offered \$15,000 a week to stand before the camera and do silent stunts. He refused, but it was a bona fide offer.

So the man who holds the job and uses the first page to record his official stunts can be in it. Think of the opportunities Cole Bleasie will have some day.

The Vice President.

It is said that the present vice-president, Mr. Marshall, of Indiana, is not just the man Mr. Wilson will want as his running mate. Therefore the friends of Mr. J. Ham Lewis the gentleman of historic whiskers, are pushing him mildly to the front.

Mr. Lewis was born in Danville, Virginia. He has spoken in Greensboro. Those who saw his wide wealth of whiskers in the old auditorium will never forget their splendor. His speech was commonplace, but his whiskers were brilliant—brilliant as Diamond dye.

Mr. Lewis also lived in Atlanta where he practiced law and had a meal ticket punched twice a day. With this hope—the fact that he is a Southern gentleman and has whiskers which literally beat the band, looks like he might add strength. The whiskers would pull him through Mississippi.

Senator Borah Misguided.

Senator Borah, who would like to be president, but who never will be, is out with a proposition looking for government ownership of railroads. He exploded the other day. He wanted an investigation looking to the end of final ownership by the government. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, headed him off by explaining that such an investigation just at this time would paralyze the markets. And if the markets are again shot to pieces, good bye the hope of democracy. Government ownership is the last thing America wants. When that happens then the grand commercial fabric we have woven here goes to pieces. Let every man write his Congressman to vote against any such foolishness.

Desperate Measures.

Men out of jobs in New York are parading the streets carrying banners on which are painted signs telling the public that the bearer is out of work; that he seeks employment; he wants a job—and if this is Leap Year and Prosperity to offer him something. It is said several men have in this way landed employment. Certainly it pays to advertise—but this looks almost like desperation.

Pretty Soon.

And now the saucy jonquil will commence to show his head and he won't wear a sleeping cap, either. He is a brave flower, is the jaunty jonquil—he is all yellow—but not a streak in him!

Wonderful Prophets.

Now and then a politician goes to Washington, remains about three days or maybe but two days, and he comes back and gives out an interview to the effect that the whole country is for Wilson. Now and then a man travels across the continent, like our friend Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, and comes home and says the whole thing is solid.

Now my brethren listen to me. A man can learn no more of what is going to take place in this country by visiting Washington than if he visited a Raleigh cemetery. There are no soothsayers or Roman augurs in these days who can tell what will happen. It is absurd, but excurtatingly funny to see newspapers play up in big headlines the prediction of the man who has "been to Washington."

But, advertising pays, it hath been observed, and we take it that the politician who goes to Washington wants to see the home paper play him up, and naturally he tells what he heard. He doubtless asked the bell boy who brought him ice water, and the bell boy says "the whole country is for Wilson"—and these glad tidings are brought home. If the G. O. P. gets together that two million votes lost last time will elect a president in spite of all that can be done.

Censorship.

The movie men are doing all they can against the Hughes bill for government censorship of moving pictures. There is no need for such a commission. The vulgar picture, like the vulgar drama, is already a thing of the past—and just why another set of public officials, at public expense, should be put on the public we do not see. The picture show has come to stay. It is already an institution, and the public will take care of its morals.

Hard To Understand.

Only a year ago President Wilson was opposed to Preparedness. Just now he isn't. Bryan's Peace propaganda forced Wilson to get on the other side lest Bryan would swallow Wilson. So Wilson goes out to make the people see things he himself couldn't see until he felt his political fortunes were involved. It looks at this distance that Mr. Wilson will soon be an ex-President. He is trying to play politics—and is a novice at the game.

At Random.



AS IT WAS.

The boy stood on the burning deck—
He held a union card;
And as the clock hands pointed 5,
He walked out in the yard.

THE PICTURES DON'T TALK.

The attempt to put our old friend John Rufus Wallingford into the movies doesn't do that eminent grafter justice. There was such an abrupt and snare way in John's conversation that half the charm is lost when he remains mute if not motionless.

AND THEN THE BUST.

If Uncle Sam puts through his six billion dollar rural credits scheme and gives every man a chance to buy a farm, the price of real estate with such a market before it will soar upward, and if every man goes to farming the price of farm products will come down, and the business is the most delightful and profitable business in rural credit bill is a sop to farmers—and has no place in sound business economy.

JUST A HABIT.

The republicans in Tarbella are looking very wise just now. They make one think they are going to "spring" inside their weakest men.

WONDER.

The story is that Saint Matthew was a tax collector and when he was hidden to follow the Master he left his job and went right along. We never have heard in what condition he left his books. Had it been in that condition and such a thing had happened he would have been accused of being short in his accounts.

HAPPY MAN.

Mr. Bryan sits in his study in Miami, Florida, writes his editorials for the Commonwealth, sends them in by mail, and after his paper is out the Associated Press wires all over the country under a Lincoln date line what the peace he is not "a dead one." This is conclusive evidence that he is not "a dead one."

CROP IS SHORT.

The crop of Virginia statesmen is short in these later years. It used to be that Virginia always had a favorite son and they played him and he won. But the South doesn't seem to furnish much presidential timber. Oscar Underwood was at one time supposed to measure up, but we don't hear that Alabama is doing anything.

NEVER AGAIN.

In these days of numerous affluities and marrying-on-sight we never hear that grand old song of the Girl I Left Behind Me.

WHERE IT COMES HIGH.

People in Greensboro and North Carolina who kick about street paving should dwell awhile in Phoenix, Arizona, and own some property there. On one street we happen down sidewalks. The frontage was 150 feet and the assessment against the property was the modest sum of \$1,365. That would take the breath of the average North Carolina man.

ONE MORE.

About one more Shirley act in the fight on patent medicines and the doctors will have things their own way. The last interpretation is that no matter how good an article you have you can't claim it.

TOUCHED HIM.

I saw her once, angelic face!
Estate were my joys then—
And yet those eyes I can't efface—
Because she touched me up for ten!

IN LUCK.

"Some of these leather-lunged politicians are in luck."
"What is that?"
"Because if a man has leather lungs and the doodle bugs bother them all he need do is to send down to the harness shop and get a new pad."

TO ADD TO THE GAUZEY.

They say that to add to the gauzey of the 1916 election—with a president and a governor and all the congressmen there will also be a great county seat fight on in Guilford. High Point folk say they want to get their election before Greensboro builds a new court house. Well, if that is what they are going to wait for, there is no danger of a new court house. There think "the old one is good enough."