

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 words of the human race into grist for its owner."—John A. Cockerill.



SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916.

Germany Is Right.

If a man is found in Greensboro toting a gun he is arrested charged with carrying concealed weapons. The presumption is that he is going to shoot somebody, if opportunity offers.

Germany proposes to sink ships carrying guns, because it has a right to presume they are armed in order to shoot something—and presumably a German submarine would be that something.

The absurd idea of merchantmen carrying guns, claiming that they fear pirates when they know Marion Butler is in Raleigh raising hades with Duncan is laughable. If the English vessels are armed they are armed for business. Their idea and their orders are to destroy submarines. And if passengers want to go on these ships let them assume the entire responsibility. Do not let the United States intimate that there must be reprisal for the dead if the dead happens to be American.

The United States has no honor to defend. When she sent her ships and soldiers to Mexico and made the bluff at Old Man Huerta, now in glory, she forfeited her honor. Huerta never saluted the flag. He defied the United States and the soldiers who fell at Vera Cruz died and were forgotten. Mr. Wilson in his watchful waiting did not see that his country lost her honor. But it did. So this noise Wilson is making about holding Germany accountable if she kills any American adventurers who might be on armed ships is all buncombe. If the ships are armed the hope is they will be sunk by the Germans. For the reason that good citizenship demands that we do not tote revolvers. There are no pirates on the high seas in these days. There is no need for armed merchantmen. Were there need France would arm her boats—but she doesn't.

England, the swaggering old bully is wearing gum shoes. She is making believe—but Germany is wise and on to her curves—and we are glad that Germany proposes to sink every armed English vessel she sees. And if Americans are foolishly enough to take the chance, let them take it. But they should not be allowed to thus furnish an excuse to throw this country into war.

Looks Better.

Since it appears regularly now in its new spring dress the Winston Journal is along with the first in typographical beauty. And from the other end Colonel Martin always makes an interesting paper. We are glad to note the prosperity of the Winston newspapers.

Harrison's Address.

Before the Chamber of Commerce at Charlotte last week President Harrison, of the Southern railway made a notable address. His subject was "What the Southern Railway Means to Charlotte and North Carolina," and it was a speech that should forever silence the spell binder and the man who worries about the cost of shipping a gallon of sorghum molasses from New Orleans to Norfolk cheaper than it is shipped to Greensboro, although it passes through Greensboro to get to Norfolk. The molasses sorrow and the banana grief have caused more people to be filled full of prunes than anything else we can now recall.

President Harrison gave interesting and instructive figures as to pay rolls; as to improvements made and contemplated, and finally concluded by saying:

"For the considerations I have stated I do not feel that I am claiming too much when I assert confidently that the interests of Charlotte, of North Carolina, and of the South are inseparably bound up with the interests of the Southern Railway Company. I credit our advertising department by the assumption that you have all heard that 'The Southern serves the South.' That alliteration is not only the statement of a fact of which I trust I have given you some proof tonight—but it is also the expression of an ambition. Under that device we propose to demonstrate that patriotism is not a monopoly of the politician; that efficiency is not a monopoly of the theorist. We propose to use our great opportunity in constructive work on the lines of sound business. We have a country worth working for; a country with an elastic quality which indicates vitality.

President Harrison has made it his duty and pleasure to go before the people and tell them that the Southern railway was a part of the South—that every man is interested or should be in its growth and development, and his talks have done much good.

For years we have pioneered alone in this field. We are glad the policy of the Southern railway has been changed. We are glad that the company is making it plain to all citizens that when the railroad prospers the sections which it traverses must necessarily prosper. Half the money paid to the company goes back to citizens who work for it. But the railway develops lands; it locates factories—and while municipalities employ men to exploit their advantages and pay them for their labor, the Southern railway is working without reward and adding every day material wealth to the state.

The Industrial department goes into Europe, goes into other states and brings here desirable citizens. Of course the Southern expects to get its share in increased freights, as these new farms are developed or as the factories ship their output—but we stand here to say that the Southern railway has done more for the material development of North Carolina than all other agencies combined.

And yet there be men—well intentioned, but misguided citizens, who would crucify this great commercial enterprise.

Fol De Rol.

All this talk about Butler taking the Hammer case to the floor of the House is moon shine on a shovel. In the first place the floor of the House wouldn't be the place for it, and in the second place there was nothing but some politics in the Hammer case. Hammer might have aided and abetted in a thousand things in Randolph and if the things suited the politicians there would have never been a voice raised. As we have often pointed out, there is no better agricultural county in the state of North Carolina than Randolph. There is no better all round section anywhere, and were it not for the political feud which has been on there for years Randolph would quickly take her place among the first counties. But every year there is a great political fight. The republicans there can see no good in the democrats and the democrats there can see no good in the republicans. We have lived many years in North Carolina and cannot recall a single year when ballot box stuffing was not charged by one side or the other.

The fact that Hammer has been a politician and an editor and then when he was made district attorney, naturally to take his scalp would be business. But the charges made against him, even if sustained, were not enough to oust a man from the democratic crib. We again offer, gratuitously, our oft given advice to the good fellows of both parties in Randolph: Forget the past—get busy for development of your towns and county and when you die you will die happier and leave much more of the world's goods for your children to enjoy.

W. F. Burbank Dead.

We were shocked the other morning to read of the death of Mr. W. F. Burbank, president of the Winston Sentinel. We were in San Francisco and had intended going the next day to see him. He had gone to a hospital a few days before—not, he informed us, for an operation, but for observation.

He had written us cheerfully at Phoenix and given us advice to keep a stiff upper lip. We had expected to see him on Tuesday and on Sunday he died. All that we could do was to send a tribute of beautiful California lilies to the undertaker at Oakland—the funeral was to be held at Los Angeles—and again were we reminded how uncertain is this little life of ours. Mr. Burbank had not been feeling himself for over a year—but hoped to make a fight and win. We first formed his acquaintance twenty-five years ago when he lived in Winston and conducted the Sentinel which he purchased from Mr. J. O. Foy. He was a native of California, married there, and had great property interests in San Francisco and San Jose. Burbank was a man of good parts—a "good citizen" as Joe Caldwell used to say. He leaves a wife and several children and hundreds of admirers.

Not On The Stump.

Judge Frank Carter, candidate for Attorney General, gives out the story that he has not written a letter or made a speech nor does he intend to. He says he is attending strictly to the duties of his present office. Well, perhaps his hired men know more about campaigning than the Judge. He has headquarters and it is very easy these days to tell the stenographer what to do.

It All Is True.

We read in a wail of woe:

We see here and there, painful evidence of corruption among law-makers and even among the judges, who should know only justice and integrity. We see rich men who do betray their country and foul their hands and soil their souls with most infamous dealings and most shameful profits. We see American dollars do duty above the claims of our common humanity.

No doubt about it.

And we see men drunkards and we see their wife beaters—but not all men are drunkards and the per centage of wife beaters is small.

And we see beautiful women, girls, sell their souls for fine clothes and we see virtue side-step and go hurling down to hell—but not all women or girls go wrong.

Now and then there is a corrupt judge—but not one in a thousand. Now and then a rich man might betray his country—the same as now and then a poor man betrays his country. Prisons are filled with all classes of people—but because a few go wrong; because a certain per centage of the race fails in its duty to man's prescribed laws or does not observe the stern mandates of God is no reason why we should conclude that all is lost.

Just now in a world with countless billion people the criminal class is smaller than the soldier class—a class being called up to be butchered because of man's written law.

The dollar is often put above all other considerations—but not always and here and there on life's broad highway we really find men with millions doing great good.

The old idea, an idea that obtained but a few short years ago to the effect that dollars stained men's souls is being surrendered.

The great men of the country are beginning to see that those talented money makers are wholly human; that they are essential in the race of life; that men with a million do big things and great things, and without them there would be little happiness.

No longer is the multi-millionaire pilloried before the world as a human vulture; no longer does the mob cry crucify the man in Big Business. The world is rapidly learning or at least accepting what it should have always known that the rich man is essentially the prop of the commercial fabric, and without him there would be a world of starving people. The rich man who may see more in a dollar than the profligate is the man who makes it possible for the wage earner to live in happiness. Cut out the rich man and Labor would find itself begging from door to door.

A Demagogue.

Lexicographers have finally taken notice. Too long, and far too long the demagogue escaped definition. He wore the patriot's masque—he fooled the people by posing as a voice in the wilderness. The Century Dictionary thus places him in his pew—hands to a long waiting world his number. It defines him as follows:

"An unprincipled popular orator or leader; one who endeavors to carry favor with the people or some particular portion of them by pandering to their prejudices or wishes, or by playing on their ignorance or passions; specifically, an unprincipled political agitator; one who seeks to obtain political power or the furtherance of some sinister purpose by pandering to the ignorance or prejudice of the populace."

Now when you call a man a demagogue you have authority, if he looks like the above pen photograph. And how many of them have you seen in North Carolina? How many of them have "curried favor" with the people by "pandering to their prejudices or wishes" or "playing on their ignorance or passions?" You can count a score of them—men who played the game unblushingly and successfully. Now that the lexicographers have defined this menace to Society why not make a law to punish him—to put him on the roads for disturbing the commercial peace?

We take a man by the slack of the pants and drag him before the bar of justice if he disturbs the "peace and dignity" of a city—by boisterous noises; by interfering with churches or schools or public gatherings—then why, by the same token, inasmuch as now we have the picture and number of the demagogue, not take him when caught red-handed disturbing the commercial peace and interfering with the well ordered conditions, and yank him before the bar of justice and put him on the roads for say six months?

These leather lunged blatherskites, described above, appear in all states and in all sections. They should be suppressed by law the same as any other disturbing force.

Sure Mike!

The Yanceyville Sentinel says: The new primary law is the biggest bowl of mush we ever saw dished out to professional politicians. It possesses dozens of objectionable features to the honest, conscientious voter, but its worst trait is that under it the office can no longer seek the man; a man must go job-busting and pay for his tackle. The inalienable right of the people to select fit servants for their offices is ruthlessly swept away.

We are not one of those who delight in exultantly shouting "I told you so"—but in this case when the politicians were putting the mess over we raised our voice long and loud. But the politicians were on the job—and why concern oneself about the people if the politician is at the crib?

The Sentinel has diagnosed the case—but too late now.

Our Manners.

We make our manners to the many newspaper publishers who sent to us, during our sojourn in the wilds of Arizona, their papers. They were more interesting in Arizona than we ever found them here—at least we thought so, and those sent to us were always interesting reading in Greensboro. Guess when a fellow is a few thousand miles from home he gets lonesome and doesn't know it until he picks up a paper from his home state—then he reads every line in it.

Strange, Isn't It?

People have just about quit talking about the war. When it first came on the bulletin boards were scanned by the hour. Now the head lines suffice, and often they are not read. How soon we become accustomed to things—no matter how dreadful they are.

One Way To Look At It.

There are several ways to look at a proposition and several ways may be the right ways, but we hardly see the logic of the following from the Omaha Bee:

If the parole business were operating to turn criminal characters loose in Nebraska alone we might put some check upon it, but unfortunately, the parole mills are grinding convicts out from prison walls in more than half of the states of the union and, once out, they roam at large until they strike some community in which they come to grief.

Inferentially the Bee says that all paroled prisoners finally come to grief the second or third or fourth time. It says in as many words that once a convict, always a convict. It silently suggests between the lines that no matter what a man earns in prison he is entitled to nothing in the way of reward. It places the helpful, industrious, rube observing prisoner in the same class with the trouble maker; the mischief brewer. In other words because a man has erred, no matter how, the Bee suggests that there to him should be no reward of merit.

At school, in Society, in business, everywhere else what has been termed "good citizenship" counts. The Bee would say that all prisoners are the same. But even admitting that, in the nature of things nine tenths of the prisoners are finally discharged—their term expires—and they will naturally again "roam at large" and of course "strike some other community in which they will come to grief" according to the Bee. Well wouldn't the chance for "roaming at large" be less if the convict had been rewarded with some time rather than pluck him for the last minute?

Looks to us that way—and that is why we favor paroling men who have to their credit the one best thing in a convict—Good Behavior.

Ten Thousand Columns.

Within the past month there have been wasted at least ten thousand columns of more or less valuable space by high browed prophets telling us about the G. O. P. situation. Even the Saturday Evening Post has allowed Sam Blythe to consume pages telling just what would happen, and what Teddy might do—and yet with all the prophecies, no man has arrived at any definite conclusion.

Generally after the situation is carefully analyzed the conclusion is that if Roosevelt doesn't do something then something else might happen. This year of all others is the Year of Mystery. In both parties there is much doubt as to the stage setting just before November. There may be a Peace party in the running; there may be an Independent Party to oppose Roosevelt if he captures the nomination; there may be a Bull Moose party to oppose the stand patters if they win at Chicago, and therefore no telling what will happen.

And that is why all these wonderful predictions made from week to week are of no avail. No matter how the conventions put it—it may not stay put. There is Revolution in the air—the Mexican germ has crossed the border. The big ones of both parties are on the war path, and no man can tell what will happen—and this time what may happen before the conventions is more important than what ever happened before.

An Old Subject.

The Charlotte Observer some time ago carried a leading editorial on what it termed "Charity Advertising." It is an old subject, but the Observer perhaps rendered conspicuous service to the craft when it gave the space to it. The General Public—that general public which has facts pounded into it year in and year out; which is reminded personally and publicly by every newspaper in the land that it costs money to print; that General Public which wants something from the publisher for nothing, never seems to understand, or, if understanding, to heed.

The Observer makes the point that if a church is going to give an ice cream supper it understands that it must pay for its ice; for its milk; for the room; for the labor—but it comes expectantly tripping up to the business office of the newspaper and tries to put over a five dollar advertisement, the one thing essential to success, for nothing.

But no matter how often told each recurring season the committee has a grouch if the paper undertakes to charge for its wares, the same as other business people charge for theirs. It might be news—a two line item to announce that a certain kind of supper was to be given—but to pad it; to puff it; to occupy space insisting that people attend—why, then, as a matter of course it becomes purely a business proposition and the servant, or the vehicle, is worthy of its hire.

The Poor Worm And Ant.

Walking along the street not long ago with a friend a worm was crawling over the sidewalk and pretty soon a big red ant was seen hurriedly going to the post office, or somewhere.

Our friend remarked, "You are always talking about animals having so much intelligence. Do you think insects have any?" "Sure," we told him. We insisted that everything God made had intelligence. "Then why do these creatures walk over the sidewalk? If they had intelligence they know they would be killed."

That might have seemed to one not a philosopher a knock-out proposition but we explained to him that according to the figures published by the Raleigh Age Gazette sixty per cent of the people killed by railways was the result of trespassing. And are you going to deny that a red headed man hasn't intelligence, we wanted to know. And so has a red headed ant.

It is now given out that Henry Ford will spend a million dollars in a campaign of education against the preparedness program, in which he sees war as the inevitable result. The suggestion that large sums of money will be spent with the magazines and newspapers will give the patent side house a new lease on life.

How Would It Sound?

If the worst came to worst and we had to have another ticket, just in order to let the people pent up with peace explode themselves, how would it look to see one in the field like this: For President, W. J. Bryan. For Vice President, Henry Ford. Or, if Henry felt that way about it how would it look if it read: For President, Henry Ford—for Vice President W. J. Bryan. If Bryan would magnanimously put himself at the tail end of the ticket and go out with Henry for a killing there would be many votes, fall in such a basket. And if it be true, as it seems true, that Mr. Bryan has his knife out for Wilson, you can't tell what he won't do. He is not a dead one, and he is the strongest personality in the United States.

And then if Teddy concludes that after all the Bull Moose party must not die and he puts up his friend Hiram Johnson, of California, and takes the stump for him—there will be votes falling rapidly in that basket, too. Perhaps never before on the political checker board was there such a mystery as is on this year—right now. Early Spring will perhaps give us something definite, but right now it is nothing but mystery.

Captain McNeill.

Captain McNeill, of Fayetteville, was a long time Mayor. And no better man ever lived. But the Captain finally found he had some enemies, politically, and the last go round in a municipal election the Captain was defeated.

And now they say there will be something doing in Fayetteville. Many of those who opposed the Captain and thus contributed to his defeat have come into camp and gone to the Captain and told him they made a mistake; that he was indeed the man to be Mayor—and it is said that already the campaign is on with the Captain's hat in the ring.

It is not known whether the present incumbent, Mayor Gibbs, will run again, but it is said that R. H. Buckingham, a former alderman will perhaps announce, and this means if the Captain gets into the race, and he doubtless will as friends are loyal and insistent, there will be more doing this year in Fayetteville politics than has been on for a long time.

Colonel Blair Talks.

Colonel W. A. Blair, of Winston, one of the most delightful speakers in the state, the other evening delivered an address on Longfellow at Salem College. Colonel Blair, while at Harvard, knew personally the world's gentlest poet, and no doubt the talk given by the Winston banker was a treat from every standpoint.

No Doubt About It.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor wrote Governor Craig wanting to know about prohibition and its workings as applied to North Carolina under our present law, and the Governor, replying, said:

"Prohibition in North Carolina has done much good, conducing to the economic, moral and intellectual development of the State. There is no disposition to return to the license system."

A proposition to return to the license system in North Carolina would be snowed under by at least one hundred thousand majority. Prohibition may not prohibit all the likker but it prohibits at least nine tenths of it. And that is worth while.

The centipede has the pace that kills.

At Random.



AS IT WAS.

The boy stood on the burning deck (He seemed to be in doubt)— And then he went below, by Heck, (And put the fire out.)

RIGHT NOW.

There were a few winter plants— And they should be potted— And a few winter flies— And they should be swatted.

CHANGE.

Funny to read that General Coxe who led the Hoboes on to Washington was back in 1903; who had his son-in-law, Carl Brown, and his daughter, Nelly, on the White Horse of Victory get on the grass for spectacular effect, would today be a big man—and talking of running for Congress on the Big Business Ticket!

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not the goal; The Doodle Bugs must all be routed And we have to pay for coal!

SCIENTIFIC.

We used to think that Johnny had A chronic case of worms; But when we called the doctor in Why Johnny he had germs!

WOULD DIMINISH IT.

If it came to pass that Teddy forced himself on the republican machine, even that Gilliam Grissom smile would come partially off.

THE YEGGMEN.

This is surely a world of change—and short change at that. Safe blowing was once the business of the princes of the criminal world and now it has got to be a staple with the American tramp. But the hobo that introduced it to the Weary Wilkes was one of the few who ever fastened his name on a class. He was John Yegg and he begun breaking into safes with a high explosive in the sunny clime of California. Now all the low class burglars in the land are called Yegg men.

The band wagon is the place to ride—and you can get a seat in it if you accept what has been prepared. If you want to blaze a new way you must lead the procession and walk through the tall timber.

The fleece that a lamb loses in Wall Street is woven into automobiles, steam yachts, private cars, picture galleries and lordly mansions on Fifth Avenue. But the lamb is not.

The wettest throat has the thirstiest morn.

The man who said wealth has wings referred to the bird on the dollar.