



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

State Library, Raleigh, N. C. Comp

SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

RAILWAY STRIKE

Brotherhood Planning to Walk Out In May.



THE STORY is that in May there will be the greatest railway strike ever known in America. It is claimed that the voting has been on all this year, and that by May everything will be in readiness. The arbitration policy it is said has never been satisfactory to the brotherhoods. For awhile they had internal dissensions, but now they are together and propose to simply demand eight hours a day at the present ten hour wage, and time and half time for all over time put in.

The railroad men insist that such a demand cannot be met; that already the men employed get 45 per cent of the gross earnings and that to accede to the increased demand would spell ruin instant.

One of the officers of one of the brotherhoods sets the case concisely in this statement:

"I don't think there will be any arbitration this time. I think all the arguments will follow the strike order, not precede and delay it."

"I am not authorized to speak officially, but I have had ample opportunity to observe the temper of the men. It is my whole-hearted belief that they have had enough of this so-called arbitration."

"Arbitration no doubt is quite all right. But the principle has been much abused. The men have submitted to meditation in the past. It never produced the justice promised. This is the spirit of the men. It is not the mere words of their leaders. The men are running this."

"Our present demands are brief and cannot be misconstrued. We shall ask for an eight-hour day at ten-hour wages and time and half time for overtime work. If our demands are not acceded to the men will walk out. The arguments will have to come later. Every railroad in the United States is affected."

The magnitude of the threatened strike is indicated by statistics. The capital securities of the railroads directly affected total no less than \$20,247,300,000. The number of strikers would be between 350,000 and 400,000, while the mileage affected totals about 250,000 miles, every steam railroad in the United States being involved.

The wages of the men threatening to strike in 1914 amounted to \$400,000,000; the revenues of the roads involved were \$3,047,019,908 in 1914. Thus the proportion of gross revenues that the roads paid to their employees under the present schedules is 45 per cent, while the proportion of total expenses of these roads represented by employees' wages was 66 2-3 per cent.

It is estimated that the increase over the present wage schedules, should the new demands be granted, would be between 25 and 40 per cent.

The number of stockholders in the affected roads is about 600,000. The unions involved are the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors.

If this goes through—well, it would naturally paralyze all business if the railroads refused to yield, and if they yielded according to their side of the story it would also paralyze business. So we shall see what we shall see in May.

A Little Foxy.

Henry Ford's name was filed as a candidate for President in Michigan. It was advertised that he was running. It was talked that he was wanting to be on hand provided anything happened. But the other day he became excited and demanded that his name be taken off the ballot. But it happened that he had waited until too late. He was informed that the name must remain. Wonder, really, if Henry didn't wait until he knew it was too late before he made his demand. Looks that way to those who have watched Henry at his best.

Bryan And Gore.

Bryan and Gore will be the Peace orators at Durham in April. These two distinguished gentlemen will doubtless draw large crowds. And when it comes to talking Peace they are certainly at home. But it might be before April we would have no Peace.

A True Bill.

It isn't always how much you know, but how much you can make the other fellow think you know.

IS BACK TO NATURE

Study Of Ape A Hunch For Man To Imitate.



HERE is, after all, something new, now and then, under the sun, despite the observation of Solomon to the contrary. And the newest thing pulled as a health measure doesn't come from the doctors—and that makes it look good. Out in Chicago there lived a man whom you may know as Matt Roeder, and Matt claimed that he was a physical wreck—rheumatism and stomach trouble putting him almost out of business. He was unable to sleep; he walked a great deal and in his walking passed the zoo in Lincoln park. Looking in at the animals he observed that the giant ape, the nearest thing to man in appearance, always slept sitting up with his arms folded and his head on his arms.

There was a hunch hidden somewhere in the park. And the hunch came to Matt and told him to ape the ape. Matt couldn't shake off the idea and finally, in despair, he concluded to try sleeping sitting up. He tried an old straight backed chair and the first few nights it was a hard luck story. Every muscle in his body ached, but he kept on listening to the whispered words of the invisible hunch, and in six months the sight of a bed made him feel sick. Then he discovered the all night shows were running and he went to them and slept till morning. Matt hands it out this way:

"To sprawl upon one's stomach or back in a stuffy bed is ridiculous and injurious as well. In such a posture the heart, stomach, and lungs are compressed until they nearly cease their functions, as is attested to by the weakened pulsation noticed several hours after retiring, and by the uncomfortable feeling in the region of the stomach when one has retired after having eaten a hearty meal, the greatest injury, however, is done to the nervous system by compression of the important nerve centers."

"I formerly weighed about 160 pounds. Now I weigh more than 190. In the year I have saved considerable sums in room rent. I use a room merely to keep my clothes in." Take it, gentlemen of the jury, take it, but not from us, but as Matt hands it down. There is a lot of reason in what he says about changing the position; cramping the heart and all that. The wise old ape sits up and sleeps and certainly he enjoys good health. Man stands up half the time and lies down at least a third of the time. Even a cow when she lies down doesn't cramp her organs. Nor a horse. But a man absolutely reverses his machinery, and it may be, that after all half our aches and pains and illness is caused by lying down when we ought to be in a sitting posture. Wonder who invented the lying down process. Sancho Panza wanted God's richest blessings to fall upon the man who first invented sleep—but did he say to lie down to it.

Maybe if we would all start a cult now to ape the ape we might get better health; better heart action; better muscle result. But who would give up a first class bed for a straight backed chair. Few, we dare say.

With Germany.

If we get into a war with Germany it will not add anything to our glory. It will be useless and foolish. But it seems that some of the men who make munitions; some of the men who know how to get the fat insist that we shall mix up. However nine tenths of the American people are against war—and we have a half notion that Congress would hesitate a long time before it declared war. President Wilson can bring us only so close. It takes a vote of Congress to say whether or not we shall fight. And when it gets to that point, as no honor will be involved, we believe Congress will vote No three to one.

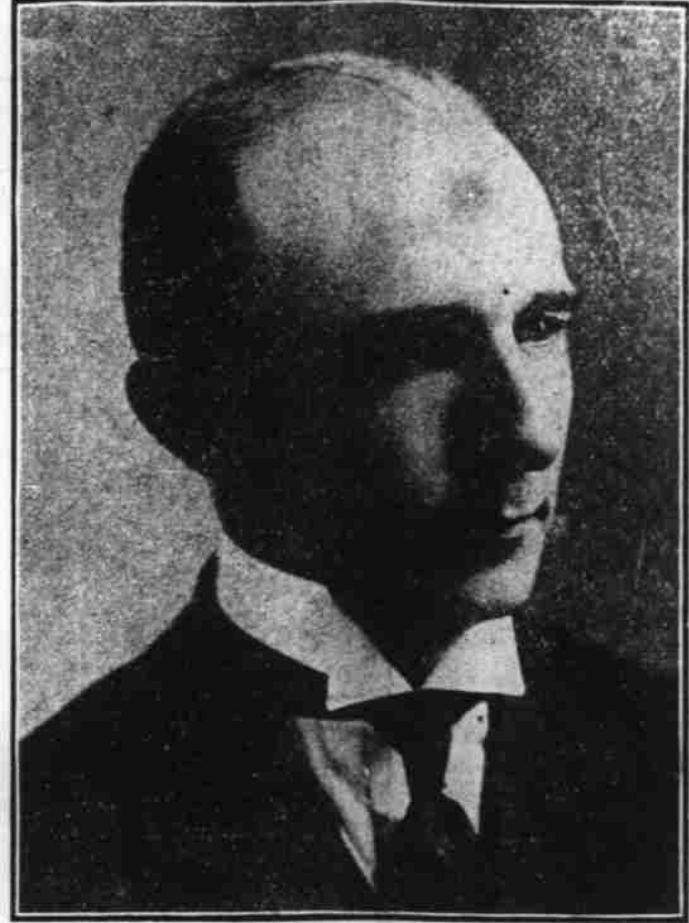
They Met.

The Executive Committee of the democratic party met in Raleigh Wednesday, and of course the glorious news was given out, confidentially, by Chairman Warren, who ought to know, that the country this fall will go democratic. In Raleigh the week before, it was given out confidentially by men who ought to know, that the country will go republican.

Self Defence.

So it is said that the gentleman who killed the mill foreman will plead self-defence. The hope is that it was self defence, but the facts so far given out indicate that it was nothing of the sort. However the taxpayers will cheerfully bear the expense of the trial—and the man who killed his boss will have sympathy in many quarters. 'Twas ever thus and 'twill be always thus.

HE IS IN BIG BUSINESS



IN THE names of those big concerns on the western coast signing up against the government censorship of moving pictures, it looks good to the North Carolina and especially Greensboro folk to see the name of P. D. Gold, Jr., as President of the National Drama Corporation.

Mr. Gold has always been busy, and whether in insurance or moving pictures he is at the front. The National Drama Corporation is staging its movies on the coast, near Los Angeles. Thomas Dixon is writing the story, and Mr. Gold is President of the corporation. Many North Carolina people have stock in the new production, to be called, we believe, The Death of a Nation—and as Dixon wrote it it will be good.

As we said above it pleases us to see the name of P. D. among the big concerns of the new period.

It was a pleasure to his Greensboro friends to see Mr. Gold in this city this week. He was enroute to New York, and will return at once to Los Angeles. The other day when we were in Los Angeles P. D. took us over his plant and it is an immense affair. All are glad to know he is making good.

Now Then.

And now comes the Journal of the American Medical Association and says doctors should not send consumptives to a mild climate during the winter.

Of course the cheap skate who writes that sort of dope knows just about as much about consumption as anybody knows—because nobody knows anything about it. Each day the learned doctors disagree and each day they are giving nervous people additional fear. They are breaking down the forces of the victims—they are filling them full of prunes, and no man knows anything about consumption. It is doubtful if the germ has ever been found. It is not doubtful, however, that the newspapers and doctors are killing more people than consumption kills. They are spreading out a lot of theories and filling the patient with fear—taking from him his nerve and making him give up the ghost without the fight that would win.

These theorists should be suppressed. If they refuse to hold their yawp they should be imprisoned. The time has come when men who talk about these things should be made admit that it is all theory and that they have no absolute knowledge. This will save fifty per cent of consumptive patients.

Free Trade.

California citrus fruit growers go to Washington to insist that the United States put a tariff on citrus fruits because Italy and Sicily were dumping in their products at such low figures that the home growers were losing money. It is also observed that the ultimate consumer gets his fruit no cheaper—but because of a lack of tariff to keep the foreign product out the home man is losing money. But free trade is the motto of democracy—and what difference does it make if the citrus growers of this country are put out of business? None at all, it seems.

A Suggestion.

In order to add zeal and zest to the bull beef business and to give the sacred City Market a little life why not have the city pull off a free wrestling match down in the market every day—say about four o'clock? This would draw a crowd and help out in the sales.

Will Be Great.

They say the San Diego fair will be as great as the Frisco show. We tried to go look at it, but there hadn't been a train running to that city for two weeks and we were told there would be none for three weeks. Five weeks cut off from the world is a long time. Those who held tickets can wait until next year—and then buy some more tickets.

UNCLE RUSS KNEW

The Sage Millions A Power For Good Today.



IT SEEMS that money bags plays his part, and an important part, in the economy of this old world. Were it not for money bags, indeed, there would be no princely endowments; no magnificent bequests; no great things done on a magnificent scale. There would be no available money to buy bonds when the small town wanted to pave her streets; there would be no way to float a hundred different kinds of semi-public enterprises, such as street car companies and the like. And the schools and churches and colleges would go begging and never have the splendid equipments they now enjoy. It is essential that some men save and keep together the wealth they make. All of us pitied Uncle Russ—Russell Sage—in his days of money lending. We wondered why he would save and save and scrape to keep together his great fortune of many millions. We shuddered when we saw him wear a straw hat for three seasons in order to avoid expense—and yet he left intact a great many millions and made his wife the person to disburse them. The other day she gave to the Syracuse University a college of agriculture to cost several thousand dollars, and for years since the death of her husband she has been lavish in aiding different charities. Had Uncle Russ dissipated his fortune; had he lived along in riotous expenditures for this and that and left nothing but a little handful of gold, there would be no Mrs. Sage with her wonderful magic box of wealth. Uncle Russ knew how to get it together—his help meet after he is gone knows how to spend it in the right way—and therefore, while we regarded Sage in his life time as a miserable miser—he was indeed a benefactor of his race. And so are all who save their wealth—because finally it breaks through the iron vaults and like water coursing through a desert freshens and gives life to many things that otherwise would wither and die.

Changed His Views.

Rev. Richard Wilkinson, D. D., of Petersburg, Virginia, after being a Methodist minister all his life, since he was 17 years of age, preached his last sermon and joined the Episcopal church. He has been a preacher in many Southern states—is well known and well liked. It is said he didn't like the four-year term pastorate. He wanted to settle down somewhere and identify himself with his town. In his letter he said:

"The only word I have is that there has been no change of faith whatever. The theology of the communion to which I go is the identical theology of Methodism. The twenty-five articles in the book of discipline of the Methodist Church of America were taken from the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, but their condensation and adaptation involved no change whatever in theological statement. I am going to the communion where the thirty-nine articles unabridged are the basis of the doctrine, so that I continue to preach the same old gospel I have always preached. On next Sunday morning, March 12, God willing, I shall preach my first sermon as the minister in charge of the Church of the Good Shepherd of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of Lexington, Ky."

If all this is true, again we have a good reason for unity. One day that must come.

Greensboro's Trade Carnival.

The first week of April will be devoted to a trade carnival by the merchants of Greensboro. During that week everything for sale will be exposed—and the chances are that a big crowd of buyers will come from the surrounding country. Trade carnivals are quite popular in many states and Greensboro of course wants to keep up with the procession.

Wouldn't It Be A Mess?

Look over Congress and look over its manner of running the post-office and then ask yourself what kind of a mess the government would make trying to run railways and telephones and telegraphs. Wouldn't it be a sorry mess? It sure would, sister.

Great Hurling.

Almost every day for the past two years we have been reading that another "French Line Has Been Hurling Back." Seems to us that with so much hurling something really serious would happen one of these days.

All We Want.

The inter state commerce commission and other federal authorities are just now devoting some time to the freedom of the pipe lines. Just so they do not interfere with the freedom of the pipe dream we will be satisfied.

FRESH AIR FAKE

Chicago Doctor Springs Theory On T. B.



HAT, HO! And now comes a Wise Man in Chicago, a man with legal right to place M. D., after his name; a man prominent in Chicago; a man who claims to know, and he upsets a theory which has been cherished for, lo, these many moons. This bold, bad man—this idol crusher—this stern iconoclast is Dr. Charles E. M. Fischer, and he says that this hobby about fresh air is all a joke—that the real fact is all human beings are full of the germs which play havoc with the system if they get the upper hand, and that drafts and cold decrease the power of resistance and Mr. Doodle Bug takes advantage of it and comes into his own.

In other words we are to take it from Dr. Fischer that the man who goes out in the cold to sleep and naturally gets colder than he would in a sheltered room is voluntarily throwing himself under the Doodle Bug chariot and seeking self destruction. If it be true that cold decreases the power of resistance, and these Bugs are alert and ready and waiting to overcome the victim, then these porch sleepers and these fresh air fiends will be obliged to take another guess at the Mystery.

We are glad to see the doctors start something. They follow the bell sheep. Let some titled gentleman put out a theory about germs or about any old thing and the medical journals are full of it and along come about ten thousand doctors yelling "Me too, me too."

The truth is medical science is mis-named. It is not a science. There is but one true science—mathematics. The medicine game is a puzzle. It is guess work. It is theory. It is often absurd. Let the man who builds the engine of an automobile, who knows every part and piece and recognizes every sound of the throbbing engine be called in to see "what is the matter" and he doesn't put his ear to the hood and reach a conclusion. He opens the hood, he examines every part and discovers what the trouble is. A doctor does not "go into the works." He simply thumps and listens and tests and then concludes so and so—and in all candor who would expect his conclusions to be accurate? No one. The man who suffers takes the decree. He says the doctor said so and so—and from time immemorial it has been proverbial that "doctors disagree." We hope the Chicago man will go further.

Good Enough.

The Winston Sentinel, like the little man of good manners that it is, comes into camp and frankly admits that the ground hog has been discredited. One by one the roses fall, and while the ground hog has been a long time bluffing he has finally been called, and never again will people nervously await the approach of February second to see whether or not the sun is shining. The ground hog has played his last card. He has been a bluffer.

About Time.

It is now about time when the snake finishes up his winter's sleep and crawls out to look at the world. Accordingly the snake story follows and we hope, inasmuch as one Sacred Quart is all we are allowed, that the snake stories this year will be told accordingly. And a quart, you know, isn't much—so have the snakes small.

Smooth Ones.

It is reported that in the eastern part of the state a couple of men are going through the country selling spectacles at \$50 and \$100 per pair. It appears that the men are about as smooth talkers as ever went down the pike, and every once in awhile they separate a man from his coin. All men, and women, should know that spectacles are not worth any such price, and if the smooth talkers succeed in selling them at such figures it hardly seems that they are to blame.

Bring It Out.

If there is any other brand of weather not yet exhibited this March we would like to see it. Snow. Rain. Freezing. Sunshine. Sixty in the shade—and yet the month not half gone. Indeed, March is a bloomin' old blusterer.

Looks Like It.

Things are running pretty smoothly now, and it looks like some wild man from Borneo who wants to go to the Senate after awhile should start another freight rate war. Start something to inflame people.