



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1909.

SHOULD GO SLOW ON THIS

Some of the papers are now talking about a two cent passenger fare on the railroads in this state. Because the railroads have been enjoying a little spurt of prosperity, and many of them spending more money in improvements than they have taken in, floating bonds to get the money, some people think that the general public should demand cheaper rates. We do not agree to this. We insist as we go along that the present so-called "good times" cannot be counted on. They have no substantial foundation. It is all artificial. The munition makers and the billions of dollars coming to this country because of the war have given us an exaggerated total. Let the munition plants stop work, and they must be millions of unemployed men in America. We will also face the most serious problem in our national commercial life because of the foreign goods that will be dumped on our shores. This is no theory. It is a fact.

To pass a law in temporary good times controlling passenger rates until another legislature meets, two years, might bankrupt our railroads. The Southern railway is spending more money than it makes. Because it has a chance to earn money it is possible to sell bonds—but put the passenger rate below what it now is, and earnings must drop to such a degree that stock holders will be disgusted and bond purchasers cannot be found.

What we should do is to pay all the toll we can pay. Let the roads build their depots, double track their systems; give us service, and after the improvements are made then cut down the receipts. But while they are trying to expand; while they are assisting so materially in developing our country, we are opposed to cutting to the core the traffic rates. The railroads, in fact belong to the people. The government controls them and the people are the beneficiaries. The better service we get the more prosperous we are as a state or nation. It is grand stand play to talk about reducing rates in face of the advancing cost of everything used by the railroads. And we are of opinion that the present legislature will go very slow in such a proposed attempt. Good enough for the paper that plays to the galleries and the "pee-pul" to insist. Here in Greensboro we want another railway—but they are not going to build railways unless they can stand a chance to make a reasonable interest on the investment.

The Good Resolution.

Just now the Good Resolution is on Parade. Many men today will cut out tobacco—and stick to it just about thirty-six hours. In the likker drinking towns many a young man has resolved "never again"—but it will be but a few days and he will be waiting for 1918 to make another start. The New Year resolution isn't of that binding character it once was.

Years ago, we do not know how many, we concluded that with the New Year we would cut out smoking. We were young then, too young to smoke, but we smoked, and we made a resolution and were serious. With us in the great moral undertaking was a companion. And for some three weeks we heroically stood the test. Never was the motto more strongly impressed, and we meant it. To be sure we did.

At the end of three weeks we concluded that a New Year resolution wasn't a legal document. So with our companion we went down to what was called the Town Branch, a little creek that flowed and sang and sang and flowed along the eastern outskirts of the city. Adorned with trees were the banks of this little stream and in the woods we hid ourselves and then and there, as though we were deceiving our friends and ourselves, we took from our pockets two big black cigars and lighted them and smoked them—and came back to the town. For two or three weeks we smoked "on the sly"—but finally that was off. We had broken over and that ended the New Year resolution. Just why we thought that to smoke and let it be our secret was within the meaning of the resolution adopted, we do not know. But that is about the way nine-tenths of the good resolutions go—and sometimes we wonder if it were worth while to make them. It was Shakespeare who said that "man resolves and re-resolves, and dies the same." And Shakespeare had sounded all the depths and shallows of human nature.

And then, after the fog, the sun was shining brightly.

The Climate.

With information of ring-tailed blizzards in Texas, with freezing weather reported in the sunshine land of Florida—with the machine forty below at Cheyenne and trains lost in the northwest because of continued snow—looks to us like this North Carolina climate which we enjoy all the year round would attract more people. But they are coming—and when one comes the neighbor hears about it and finally he hikes. Some day these pine woods will be filled with people who erstwhile shivered all winter.

AGAINST ALL COMMON SENSE

And the new law proposed in the corrupt practices act, and which has been introduced in the Senate, looks into the newspaper advertising side of political life. It suggests that if a publisher charges more than his regular rates for a political advertisement, or refuses to accept the advertisement of a party opposite to his faith, he will be denied the use of the mails for ten days. That is a very queer law. The average publisher counts on a regular run of about so many columns of advertising from legitimate sources—merchants and play houses, etc. If it happens, as it has happened, even in a town as small as Greensboro, that the space was all sold and it was practically impossible to add more pages, and a candidate comes down at ten o'clock in the morning and wants a half page and you can't give it to him, why should a publisher be compelled, at a loss to make arrangements to take care of that one day's business.

The Record mortally offended some politicians this last campaign. Our facilities were such that we could print but eight pages. The space was really oversold, and one morning at ten o'clock some enthusiastic republicans brought in a half page advertisement and wanted it printed that night. We couldn't do it. It was a physical impossibility. The columns were already overloaded. To have accepted the half page would have meant to either kill this page or the front page—and that would not have done. To make more pages wasn't possible. According to the new law proposed we would have been compelled to omit the other political advertising or take care of all of it.

Looks like the government was about to take over the newspapers. Already it noses about; makes you tell under oath who owns your stock, who has a mortgage or holds bonds—forces you to reveal your private business affairs, often embarrassing, and then makes you tell the number of papers you print—when, in fact it is none, or should be none of the government's business. Now it proposes to go into the composing room and force you to accept advertisements if offered when you haven't room for them and if you want to make room at additional expense throws you out of the mails for a period of time because you wanted to charge the cost of additional pages in the edition. Seems to us that a newspaper publisher should have the right to establish a rate for political advertising, because the politician comes but one season a year whereas the merchant is in every day. But under this wise law proposed if you charge the politician more than your regular rates you are denied the use of the mails for ten days. That is the limit. Political advertisements should be worth fifty per cent more than merchandise advertisements. Because they generally call for increased pages; they come but once a year and half the time the committee regrets that it is short of funds and you wait months for your bill or never get it.

Lacking the Space.

A doctor down Raleigh way has sent us a few running pages of closely written manuscript and it is devoted to skinning in a strong style, the medical trust, as he terms it. He thought that because we now and then suggest that the Health Bulletins issued by the State of North Carolina go too far, that perhaps we would like to illumine our columns with his rhetoric.

The medical profession contains some of the best men in the world. It has as members of the profession men who give of their time and money to help the poor and needy and afflicted. The doctor gets up at any hour of the night; he never wonders about his pay—that is some of them—and such men are indeed adornments to the human race.

But as a collective organization they have gone too far in many ways. They have undertaken things collectively which individually they condemn. At least they have individually, not only in North Carolina, but in a dozen states, personally to this writer, condemned practices which are universal. It is to this that we object. We understand that organization is necessary, but we feel that other people have some rights. The Health Bulletin as issued by this state has contained many things that it should not have contained. But we are not jumping the doctors. We recognize the profession as one necessary; we know that in it are first-class honorable men who are well intentioned and whose lives are clean. If we had plenty of space we might print the Raleigh doctor's talks and then claim the privilege of reviewing them. But they are too long and the topic is of not enough general interest.

He Comes Back.

It was only the other day that we were wondering in this page what had become of Harry Thaw, erstwhile so prominent on the front pages of newspapers. We saw in him a man wearied of notoriety and concluded he had settled down to peaceful pursuits. But alack and alas—he comes back. This time it is stated that a bench warrant has been issued for him and he must report to Kansas City for assaulting a school boy in the city of the west. This will doubtless give him front page—and that will satisfy him.

THE REAL CAUSE OF IT

The Adamson law now presented Congress is not what the brotherhoods want and isn't what the railroads want. It is a law that doesn't meet the demands of the times. The eight hour proposition is all right, perhaps, but people are worrying about the high cost of living—and forgetting that they are the sole cause.

Any human being must understand that an hour employed in labor will produce so much product. If it is laying bricks, more bricks will be laid in nine hours than are laid in eight. If in setting type more type will be set in nine hours than will be set in eight hours. If in making paper more paper will be manufactured in nine hours than in eight hours—and so on down the road of manufacturing and production. It wasn't very long ago as we reckon time—in our day, and we are yet young enough to dream of doing many things—that ten hours constituted a day's labor. Now eight hours is the standard. Naturally with two hours of production gone, the output of the mill is either decreased or the expense of bringing about the same result is increased by the employment of more labor. If the seven hours a day as now advocated by labor leaders is adopted another hour will be lost in production and naturally the manufactured product will continue to increase. The prices are not too high. Labor is responsible for the prices. It says it would rather loaf another hour; rest, if you want to call it that—but that hour among the millions of laborers means years in a day—and for that reason what was once called over production is unknown—and because of the scarcity of products and labor, prices go up. The raw material brought from the earth is scarcer because less hours are devoted to bringing it to the surface—if not less hours more men employed at increased prices. You can't get away from it. It is all right to have high prices for the men at work—for the single man—but for the man out of work—nothing there.

A case in point. We received today from a New York manufacturing concern with whom we are dealing, a letter telling us that a motor which we bought three months ago was worth today something like \$350 more than we paid for it. That a second hand motor just like ours, though with slower speed was worth two hundred and twenty dollars more than we paid for a new one, built to order. Why? Well because people want motors and men are working over time at increased salaries to build them. The raw materials are scarce because of decreased hours of production and any price demanded will be paid because men with machinery must start it or go broke. Some say the hours of labor have nothing to do with it, and some men will tell you the moon is made of green cheese. But "facts is facts." Let the seven hour a day, come and again prices will advance. Make it six and they will go still higher. And if labor wants it that way we say let it have it—but it is in bad taste to complain about what happens.

This weather—a topic always fresh—just as fine as silk, and yet some of our North Carolina people are going to Florida to catch cold.

At Last.

We feared that it would come to this. A great scientist out in California, after four years of endeavor—research that was painful and far-reaching has found the substance that produces growth in the human body. He calls it tethelin, and says it is located at the base of the brain. Of course no one of us ever thought about that. We took it for granted that we were like Topsy, of Uncle Tom Cabin fame, that we "just growed" and that was all there was of it. But this scientific man—this grim explorer in things mystic and beyond the layman's veil has found for us the seat of the juice that enlarges our bodies—that causes us to grow, and he calls it tethelin. Of course it is the real thing. Trees and weeds and vegetables, we take it, have concealed somewhere about them a substance which can be called tethelin, also, which causes them to grow. But the great point of this wonderful discovery is that by knowing where the particular key is located on what we might term the switch of human life we can feed that substance and make it produce giants or we can dilute it and make it inactive and pigmies will be the result. If it takes, for instance a slab of bacon weighing a pound to feed a man six feet tall, why not get your finger on the tethelin camp when the kid is young and let the man develop only two feet. Instead of having six feet men, broad and big, let the race be but two feet tall and naturally in these days of high prices of high living we could skimp along. Surely a little runt of a fellow but two feet tall, fully matured, isn't going to say, "please pass the eggs," the second or third time. Surely he isn't going to surround a twenty-seven dollar beef-steak at one sitting. This is a lucky find, this chore of the California scientist. He has spent four years in doing it, but he has certainly rendered great service to a world that delights in nursing fads—which grows joyous when it hears of some new crazy proposition.

AS TO THE SWIF PACE

Because a New York broker got mixed up with a woman who wasn't his wife; who had a quarrel with her over money matters; who had himself gone broke and when accused of killing the woman and a warrant was about to be served on him killed himself, several papers in editorials and headlines are asking the question: "Does such a Pace Pay?" and others similar to it.

Perhaps these questions are not addressed to us, but perhaps we might for a moment enter into the realm of speculative fancy and make a few remarks not altogether out of order. Certainly such a pace does not pay—no one would be fool enough to even suggest that it would—but after all such happenings are worth while. If in this sin cursed world there was no evil, there would be no rewards. All is by comparison and if every pebble was as rich in brilliancy as the diamond the diamond would be commonplace. If all men were honest, industrious, energetic and filled with the milk of brotherly love there would be a monotony and there would be no goal for others to reach. The harlot who creeps in the shadows furnishes to the virtuous sister her reward, because she shows the depths of depravity to which one can descend, and her object lesson places on virtue its priceless seal.

The man who is honest, who resists temptation would get no credit for what he does were there no dishonest men. The world would naturally think that certainly a man is honest—and think no further. But because now and then a community is shocked by the story of some good man going wrong, that community receives a warning and the collective city thinks about what has happened. Every now and then we receive a shock—the story is told of the man gone wrong or the woman gone wrong—and while the individual who errs suffers physical and mental pain—the sacrifice is for the good of others. These happenings are the red lights—the danger signals thrown across our path—to warn us to beware—to be careful to stop, look, and listen.

When we see some man who goes the pace—who walks the primrose path of dalliance—who seems not to care, and who puts in jeopardy his life and honor—and finally puts to his disordered brain a pistol and ends it all, we have supreme pity for that unfortunate wretch—he has not only paid his bill—but he has left society a solemn warning that it will not pay.

We are all going a pace that does not pay. The man out for money grubbing; the man led by ambition's seductive whisper; the man bent on doing still greater things lives a pace that does not pay. There is no longer the simple life. There is no longer time to make close friendships; there is neither desire nor opportunity to stop—because the demands of the times grow greater with the passing years. In the old days a man understood that he couldn't afford a piano, a carriage, a mansion for a home. He was satisfied and, aye, by the God in heaven, he was contented with his humble lot—he worked and sang—and dreamed only of a few hundred dollars. Because beyond him, and far beyond him seemed the things the very rich possessed. To be the owner of an estate worth ten thousand dollars was quite an interesting thing—and the man owning so much was reckoned rich. We recall in our time when Jay Gould was considered one of the most daring and wonderful men of the age—and now there are men doing what Gould did, in different ways, so rich and wonderful that Jay Gould would look like thirty cents and his achievements nothing but kindergarten lessons.

Multi-millionaires on every hand. Every shack owning a piano—a mere toy, these days, and men owing grocery bills long over due joy riding in six cylinder cars and dreaming of the day they are to have a million! And that is the pace we are all living—or, most all, and there is no use to wait until some fellow hits the ceiling, plays against the loaded dice of the Fates and blows out his weary brains, to ask does the pace pay. We are all going a pace too fast—and just now, as we have said before, it is a nation drunk and on high speed with an unlicensed chauffeur. Some day we all will skid—some day we will turn turtle as a collective whole—and then, maybe, hard to tell, we may start in again and go to the snail, consider his speed, and be wise. Let us hope.

Should Not be Allowed.

A Wilmington man, a civil engineer, pays two dollars to file a suit against two railroad companies for the insignificant sum of fifty cents. If he wins each company will be forced to pay him twenty-five cents. The plaintiff alleges that these two corporations which he sues, the Tidewater Power Company and the Atlantic Coast Line charged him fifty cents too much for baggage one day last summer. If they owe him fifty cents they should pay it. But to allow a man to come in and take up the time of courts to settle such a claim; let it cost the taxpayers perhaps hundreds of dollars, is something that should not be allowed. It may be claimed that as a matter of principle a man has a right to do this—if he has he should enjoy no such rights.

WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN NOW

Let us hope that the County Commissioners will appreciate the full value of the bid offered by the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Co. Of course that bid is made as a proposition of what the Jefferson will do. The property will be sold at public outcry and the Jefferson has had the nerve to say in advance that it will give for it one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, that if it succeeds in securing it it will as quickly as possible commence the erection on the land of a building to cost at least a quarter of million dollars.

There are some citizens who want to buy the land or parts of it for speculative purposes. We hope the County Commissioners will understand that if the Jefferson Standard gives \$150,000 for the land and then erects a building costing \$250,000 on the site, that that will mean a great deal for the town and county. It means that right off the reel the county can commence to collect taxes on a quarter of a million dollar building—and that beats having the ground lie until the town's growth makes it worth more to the speculator than he gave for it. It means that if Greensboro could have a magnificent office building there would come to this town men to fill the offices. Therefore in considering the bid if the Jefferson Standard we hope the Commissioners will not conclude that what is offered is all that is offered.

Some say we do not need more office buildings. They point out that there are now a few vacant offices in certain buildings in the city. True. But let a northern man come down this way looking for headquarters for his northern concern and he wants something up to the minute. Atlanta built fourteen story office buildings and not a tenant in sight. Before they were completed the offices were occupied by high salaried Southern Agents for big concerns at the north. Charlotte has been building some splendid office buildings and as she keeps on building we take it there is a demand for them. Two big office buildings, modern and up to the minute would be added in a short time in Greensboro.

Not to get off the subject, but the hotel situation is the same. When the O. Henry is opened with its two hundred rooms we will be crying for a new hotel—because one hotel will not meet the increased demands.

The courthouse location to us is an immaterial thing. We think the proposition made by Mr. Ceasar Cone is a good one. It gives the county a good site at a small cost—at half what the land is really worth. But no matter where it goes the present site is too expensive for a courthouse. Some people think the courthouse should be on the public thoroughfare along with stores and office buildings. But it should not. The whole county uses the courthouse and a block or two or three should make no difference. At one time some of the lawyers thought that the court house should be built near their offices—as though the people cared anything about where the lawyers had their place of business. Other people think that the courthouse is a city affair. It isn't. It belongs to the whole county and at some time or other in the year most every man in the county has business at the courthouse.

However, the Commissioners have a hard job. They are not going to please all the people and the thing for them to do is to please themselves—and let those disappointed whistle. We are all interested, therefore all of us have an undoubted right to make suggestions. All of us who pay taxes will foot the bill, and therefore we feel a proprietary right in the new building. What we need is a new courthouse—and it looks like we are going to get it. That should be pleasing to all.

Now that we have secured the new hotel, the depot, the new court house and the million dollar bond issue for good roads, what's the matter with trying to erect a drinking fountain for horses?

The Cost.

They say it will cost five hundred thousand dollars to transform some of the paper mills south into a mill to produce print paper. The matter of handling a five hundred thousand dollar proposition is no small item. Let us hope that some capitalist will appear. His output will be taken at a good figure. The papers of the South will give a justified bond to patronize him and will contract in advance. No matter what may happen as to lower prices the papers will sign now. Is there any enterprising man or set of men looking for a first-class investment? If so, now is the opportunity. To have a guaranteed sale of the entire product of a plant before a wheel is in motion should mean a great deal. Such a sale will be absolutely guaranteed.

The leak news spread out wonderfully, but really there doesn't seem much to it.

As we understand the situation the legislature is still in session.

The new hotel will now be overshadowed by courthouse talk—but the ground will be broken next month.