



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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DELINQUENT WANTS HEARING

This editor has insisted for the last fifteen years in North Carolina and for thirty years elsewhere insisted that the delinquent woman should be given more consideration. He has insisted that if we have life-saving stations on the storm swept shores of the ocean we should have soul saving stations in every state. The life saving station is only of use when men are ship-wrecked—the soul saving station would be used when women are beguiled; when they trip and fall—and see their fatal mistake and look blindly in the dark for some sheltering place. The average woman who makes the mistake understands her folly. She understands that a scandal has generally accompanied her fall—and society-fish blooded and cruel, draws back its dainty garments lest a touch of the wretched one would bring pollution.

We have contended that a State Home for these delinquent women—these women who with no decent place to go must become bits of the night—vampires and hags—is what society owes them. We have contended that such a Home could be made self-sustaining.

It is our idea that such a home would find shelter for the majority of women who have made what they feel is the fatal mistake. Instead of becoming outcasts and creeping in the shadows like hunted things; they would go to this home—be sent there by an order of the court—an indeterminate sentence. While there they could work. They could do needle work; basket work; fancy work—many things they could do and do well, and their product could be sold. From the revenues derived each worker would receive her profit—whatever amount might be determined. She could remain indefinitely. It would be her new Home—there she would have companions—there she would have sympathy—and there would be purity and decency.

After she had remained until she earned, with her own hands, enough money to take her to some strange city—far removed from her early life of shame—where she could take rooms in a respectable boarding house and go out and seek honest employment—where she could feel that her past life was behind her and a new hope and a new future were to be hers—and that woman would live to ornament society. You needn't tell us that because a woman errs she is lost to herself, to the world and to her God. The promise is that the sinner may repent—that he may come back. The real reason why the erring woman goes on and on until she strikes the down grade to hell is because decency shuts the door in her face—and the only hope she sees is the scarlet flag that floats from the house of sin. Shelter, sympathy she must have, and there she goes and there she remains—because there is no place else in all the world. Other refuge has she none—hangs her guilty soul right there. The Home proposed by the people of North Carolina, and which the legislature will be asked to endorse, would furnish a place of purity for these unfortunate victims despoiled by men. We take care of our sick; we take care of our insane—but we allow the fallen woman to go on and on contaminating and degrading youth—propagating disease that is visited to the third generation. If each state had such a Home—a hundred thousand women, we dare say, would be saved each year. If not saved they would be restricted—they would not be in dives here and there and every where, in their desperation and wretchedness contaminating youth.

While this legislature is going to be careful about appropriations we do hope that it will see its way clear to make arrangements for this Home for Delinquent Women—because a greater work could not be done. We have seen here in Greensboro young girls scarce out of their teens—many not even "sweet sixteen" held on the charge of vagrancy—and by making a few promises they have been allowed to go on. Go on where? Simply to another station and then another—all leading on the road to hell. We have seen others, a little further advanced in their depravity, yet young enough to be reclaimed, sent to the work house for thirty days—and then they packed their gaudy belongings and started for another town. Why not stop such a pestilential scourge? Why not have a Home and let the courts send the weaklings there—reform them, let them earn money of their own—and at least give them a half chance. That is our idea of the great evil that has been ever on—and the success of the Crittenton Home and other places of shelter have proven that among the demi monde hundreds yearn and cry for a better life, which, under present conditions, is absolutely impossible. Is a soul saving station worth while?

But One Song

Buffalo Bill was kind to his friends. It was said that he had never been heard to sing but one song, "Tenting On The Old Camp Ground." A man who has lived seventy years and never tried to sing but one song is entitled to a crown—and Bill will get it.

THE PAPERS ARE TO BLAME

Colonel Robert Gray, of the Raleigh Times, wants to know "Why not a Law Against Thaw?" Colonel Robert wants to know:

Why, after seventeen years of hashing and rehashing in a nauseating steam, should Thaw be served again? Why cannot the postal authorities, or the Comstocks, or somebody, say to the newspapers—"Here, enough of a rotten thing is enough!" As for the liberty of the press, as for the right to write, it has been abused sufficiently in matters that involve injustice and oppression to make its exercise in the way of unlimited repetitions of scandal of entirely secondary importance.

Why should we be expected to feature and refeature Thaw? Have we not been dosed with him ad nauseam? Is every putrid skin with a gold-stuffing to be excuse for furnishing putrid meat for public consumption?

Here is one case where a law in violation of the constitutional right of free speech would be all a gain and no way a loss.

The question is, however, who is featuring Thaw? Who is hashing him and rehashing him and serving him stewed and steamed and raw and well done? The Raleigh Times seems to be doing that. We plead guilty to the offense, in fact we gave him front page and a scare head and only lacked the pictures of we would have run 'em up—regular scare crow or buzzard style. The newspapers have the matter in hand. It is not Thaw's fault. He is simply going along, a crazy man, doing stunts in blood and fashion—and when he makes a little side play the newsgathering agencies get busy; the picture makers get busy—and then the newspapers, the least of the conspirators, spread the rocking filth and on the front page and the little newsboy sees a well-earned penny before the sun goes down. Why should it take a law against Thaw? Because Thaw some day will drop out and another wild man will take his place. Why not have a law against Tom Lawson talking through his hat and receiving serious consideration by our law-makers? It is up to the newspaper publisher to insist that certain characters will not be admitted. A drunken man is kicked out of a theatre; a rowdy is forcibly ejected from a hotel; a man with disease is quarantined and hustled off to the pest house—to protect people. But the newspaper opens its columns and invites in the man drunk and down and then in big scare head lines relates what he says; it pays men to invite the harlot in for an afternoon or morning exhibition; it insists that what is deemed objectionable in other places should be made wildly at home in its columns. Thaw is not to blame. The newspapers, of which we are one, are the ones who should be censured. Isn't it even so, Colonel Robert?

Eugenics In Eggs And Chickens.

It seems that Uncle Sam has been making tests and is trying to produce a hen that will carry ample tonnage in the matter of meat and lay more eggs than any hen yet appearing on the North American continent. The new hen is to be rather fantastic in appearance, according to our Associated Press report. She is to have white plumage, yellow limbs, red ear lobes and a moderate sized comb. Nothing is said about her wearing her feathers decollete or having a diamond stomacher for state occasions, but we take it that such provisions will be considered. At the poultry show, somewhere in Maryland this particular breed of hen will be exhibited. But what boots it if we have hens that will lay on the day shift and the night shift if the cold storage man comes along and picks up all her product? What we want is freedom of eggs—not quantity.

Papers Won.

The newspapers won their fight against increased postage in the House when it acted on the general recommendations of the postmaster general. It is said these matters will again come up—perhaps in separate bills. Penny postage seems also to have been lost in the shuffle and the proposed plan for flying machines to get the mail to some places in a hurry also lost.

The zone system would cripple the papers. What Congress should do is to ascertain what it costs to deliver newspapers, by the pound; make a law covering the cost, and then remove its embargo. As it is now the publisher is accused of receiving a subsidy, and he should be relieved of this. If he can't pay for what he gets then he should quit business. The big magazines are the ones reaping a fortune because Uncle Sam carries their product at less than cost. Why should he do this? We all know that two thirds of the magazines are simply advertising schemes—why carry them cheaper than other advertising matter? No reason, except they work Congress.

We received a farewell card from General Carr. He is going on a long trip—he is not yet young, and he figured he would tell all his friends good bye. But the General will return younger than when he started.

THE MAJORITY SAID ITS SAY

The Durham Sun, after the election, in commenting on what Ambassador Gerard is reputed to have said in a recent speech, finds this conclusion:

There is much that is not understandable by our ordinary folk in the conduct of our international affairs these days, but even the dullest of us can understand the meaning of the words imputed to Ambassador Gerard. They mean that the United States not only has fully forgiven Germany for torpedoing the Lusitania and in cold blood murdering more than a hundred American men, women and children, but that we feel more cordial toward her than before she committed this crime against humanity in general and against this nation in particular.

Now this may be Ambassador Gerard's state of mind, but we do not believe that it is the state of mind of the great majority of the self-respecting men and women of the United States.

And it is here that we would respectfully challenge the Sun's statement. It is here that we would remind it that in the west where millions of placards were used with the slogan: "He kept us out of war"—Wilson secured his majorities and election. Because he kept the country out of war was why the women of the west—voting by the hundreds of thousands—cast a ballot for Wilson, and in thus voting they gave their seal of approval to his ignoring the "torpedoing the Lusitania and in cold blood murdering more than a hundred American men, women and children." It was on the issue that he did not go to war when Germany thus assailed the rights of American citizens. It was on the direct issue that he kept us out of war—and of course the Lusitania incident was not forgotten. Roosevelt was out attempting to fire the voters of the coast by telling them what the republicans would do when such murderous assaults were attempted, and because the majority of the American citizens do not want to go to war—Wilson was chosen. There was no other issue in the west. That slogan and those millions of lithographs—literally strewn on the streets and decorating a million windows, saved the day.

And it may be said in passing that The Sun manfully and energetically supported Wilson, presumably because he had kept us out of war, because to it was known the terrible particulars of the murder at sea of innocent and helpless American citizens. And we would ask, if Gerard's state of mind does not dovetail with the state of mind of the "great majority of the self-respecting men and women of the United States" what would it do about it? Would it have President Wilson who kept us out of war before election go now and get us into war after election? We see no other way out of it if that "great majority" really feels as the Sun seems to feel.

Wonderful Figures.

The North Carolina Public Service Co., in an advertisement, one of the instructive and interesting bulletins being printed from time to time by President Hole, shows the people what is happening. President Hole takes figures on the cost of materials entering into their business in 1914 and in 1915 and shows that today they are paying over fifty per cent—nearly seventy-five per cent more for what they use, and at the same time charging the people of Greensboro not one cent more for what they furnish. In all candor and all reason prices should be advanced for service the same as prices are advanced for the raw material—but the general public will not stand for it. And if a corporation is the one suffering it is more natural to cuss it out than to sympathize with it.

In our business we are paying several thousand dollars more a year for materials than we paid last year—but we cannot raise our subscription price. The cost of white paper, is about three times what it was—so high that the subscription list will not pay for itself, and yet the public doesn't care. If you try to advance with the advancing prices there is a kick. The grocer puts up the price of his goods as the market changes—but the banker must still charge but six per cent; the street car people would run empty cars if they attempted to raise the price in proportion to what they must pay to procure the service; the newspaper man would find himself with empty columns were he to charge for advertising what it costs him and for subscription enough to break even. Why? Bless the general public, it figures that it might get along without some things.

The figures to be found elsewhere printed in the advertisement mentioned are very interesting. And those who use gas; those who use electricity; those who ride the cars should seriously consider them and conclude that perhaps the Public Service Company like some other kinds of business, is just now walking a very hard row.

The legislature is now relieved of small bills and we suspect that some heavy weight legislation is in store for us. And we need it so badly.

THE DOG HAS OFFICIAL STATUS

The Farmers' Union, which now and then dips in as a local branch, has taken action by resolution in Rowan county against the dog. The farmers of Rowan believe that dogs should not be taxed. Hear them resolute as follows:

"Whereas, the State union which met at Raleigh passed a resolution in favor of taxing male dogs \$1 and females at \$5, and believing such a law, as well as the one now in force in Rowan county, which levies a tax of \$1 and \$2 respectively—is unjust and unconstitutional, and places an unnecessary burden upon the poorer class of our people, therefore be it resolved, That Rowan County Farmers' Union go on record as being opposed to any such State-wide law, and that the present law in force in Rowan county be abolished."

We do not know anything about the unconstitutionality of the law. We know that we never yet heard of a law that was not deemed by some "unconstitutional." We do know, however, that it is an unjust law—a mere arbitrary law, passed because it presented a chance to get a little money into the treasury of state and county. The man who loves a dog—and God pity the man who doesn't—will pay the tax, no matter what it is if a dog has come to the home of a lover of dogs and ingratiated himself.

The Farmers' Union perhaps knows more about the great hue and cry concerning the sheep-killing dogs—raised by editors who do not know the difference between a sheep and a billy goat. They know that North Carolina doesn't raise enough sheep or couldn't raise enough sheep to make the celebrated sheep skin to wrap the baby bunting in, which was sung from the tree top when the gray beards were kiddies.

Members of the Farmers' Union of Rowan have done a good work. They have let it be understood that the intelligent and organized farmers of at least one county do not want any of the law makers to kick their hound dog around.

Altogether Wrong.

The Virginia-Pilot, an able paper, makes a mistake when it assumes that a wet state has no right to suggest things to a dry state or that a dry state has no business to dictate to a wet state. It says that it is proper to have a law passed by Congress to keep whiskey out of dry territory—but if Pennsylvania wants to remain wet Congress has no right to make it dry because several dry states insist that the whole country go dry.

Of course that gets us back to state's rights, and that question has about been settled by inter-state traffic and business. But if the position of the Virginia-Pilot is correct, then we might as well claim here in North Carolina that if Winston wanted to sell whiskey by licensing bar rooms it should be none of the business of other towns in the state. That was the theory of local option. But it has been discovered that a state can pass laws governing the state, and it will be discovered that the Nation can pass laws governing the nation. If New York and Pennsylvania want to remain wet, according to the doctrine of state's rights, certainly they should be allowed to do so—but the prohibitionists claim that the whole people of the United States should express themselves on the subject, and if the majority of the whole people said dry—why dry it would have to be.

The local option man loudly maintained that what was one town's business was not the concern of another town. It really looks, at first blush, that if Norfolk wants saloons—all her people or a majority of her people; her tax payers; her citizens, she should have the right of local self government—but the Constitution says the whole state may come in and tell Norfolk, as long as she remains in the state, just what kind of liquor laws will obtain. And so the Nation is going to presume that it can say the same thing. That is why 1920 will witness the country, theoretically as dry as a powder horn, and that is why the moonshiners will not organize a union. They will not only work overtime, but to supply the demand will be obliged to work all the time. And then the importations from a road will be worth looking at.

A Monument To Jeff Davis.

General J. S. Carr, just before his departure for the Orient, announced that a gigantic monument will be erected at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of the Confederate chieftain. General Carr announces that it will be the highest monument in the world barring the Washington monument. It will be 350 feet high and cost \$150,000. Immediately upon his return from the far East General Carr will get busy. The South certainly owes it to the memory of Davis to do the handsome thing. While he didn't win the fight—he was ready to do so—was loyal to his country—as he saw the light. Build the monument—and build it high.

Those expecting to celebrate Saint Valentine's Day or George Washington's birthday are advised to do their shopping now.

CUT IT ALL OUT TO BE HONEST

The Charlotte Observer raises its voice for the grape industry and wants the legislature to let the law stand so that those folk in the Fayetteville belt can continue to grow grapes for wine. Why? What right has the state to make fish of one section and fowl of another? What about the apple industry—the brandy and the cider which once was the boast of the mountain men. Ruthlessly the legislature cut them off the visiting list—and now they tell us apples decay and no sale for them. In the new law even cider is outlawed, and why should the grape—the seductive wine that starts the man on his moonshine course be protected? No reason in the world. Might as well have claimed that men with bar rooms, mahogany counters and cut glass, and other fancy trimmings should be spared when prohibition was voted on. The distilleries were closed. The bar rooms were closed. The brandy industry was destroyed—and why should wine be permitted? The law now says, as we recall it; that North Carolina people can make wine to sell to outside neighbors—make them drunk, also, but you can't sell it in the state. It is all right to be sentimental. It may look hard to destroy a vineyard—but if the juice of the grape, made into wine, destroys human souls, as claimed by the anti-saloon people, why allow wine to be made inside prohibition states. To. If we are to have prohibition—let us have it strong and all over. Let's cut out the sale, the importation, the harboring of the stuff. Let's put on the lid so tight that those who think they need it for medical purposes can't get it. The anti-saloon league's bill has teeth—but teeth are needed to make it a dry state.

We understand that the law will not make it dry. The moonshiner will still do business at the old stand and the new stand—but we can rest assured that it is not with the state's approval that drunkards are made.

The Income Tax.

The story that Uncle Sam proposes to tax people who earn as much as \$1,000 a year—or, rather tax all over that sum with a two per cent burden is the proper thing. Of course the man on a small salary will rebel. He will say that he can't live on what he is getting—but in all candor the man who is able to command a salary of five thousand should pay no more for his comforts or his protection than the man who earns but one thousand. That is proportionately.

If a man has nothing but a cabin and a team of horses, if the value exceeds a certain sum he pays the same rate of taxation as the man with a million. The man with a million may dodge some of his taxes, but theoretically we are all supposed to pay our part to run the city, county and state government. If we must have warships to defend our country every man who is to be the beneficiary—who is to be protected, should eagerly pay his part. There is no reason, in fact, why one should pay and the other escape.

We realize that but few small salaried people will agree with this statement at first blush—but the honest man will see the point and finally remark, "that's so." The revenues we demand are only taxes. The government must have sufficient money to pay its way. The democrats cut off the protective tariff and therefore we must, among ourselves raise the deficit and enough besides, to run the government. And if Smith gets but one thousand a year Smith should pay as much, proportionately, as the man who gets two thousand a year. Why should any person be exempt when all persons are the beneficiaries? We can't see any excuse for exemption. If a man has but five dollars he should pay his part. In other words it isn't his until the running expenses have been paid. To think otherwise is to claim exemption without excuse or reason.

In The Mountains.

When Colorado went dry it was a big undertaking. The moon shiner and the boot-legger didn't subscribe to the document. The present Governor was elected on the platform of driving out illicit vendors of whiskey. The good people are interested and the new governor, just inaugurated, at a great mass meeting promised to do all he could to drive out the men who unlawfully traffic in the alcoholic beverages. But in that mountain country it is a harder job than it is among these pine woods. The wild and woolly west doesn't take to the new laws. Where there are mining camps it is hard to stop the boot-legger. Arizona is wrestling hard with the problem, and it looks now like she was going to succeed. But if the boot-legger does thrive those who have fought the battle understand full well that they have made great headway. The man who twenty years ago had predicted that the South would have such prohibition laws as she now has, would have been voted a lunatic and incurable. To subdue the West is a still harder proposition—but the West is in line and trying mighty hard to make it a go. Washington and Oregon are holding out splendidly and California is about two-thirds dry already. And when the National bill goes through—then, in fact, good bye John.