

# For People Who Think Everything For People Who Think

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## A CONSPIRACY BEING EXPOSED

If the news of last week was correct, it appears that there has been a conspiracy among paper makers, and the general public has been robbed blind. Because of the fact that newspaper publishers were hard hit, they have been talking for the most part about the advance in price of the news print. But there has been a more outrageous steal. The job printer—the man who sells you your stationery—your letter heads and envelopes and hand bills—he was told to come across as much as two and three and four hundred percent increase, and he came, but the public paid the bill.

The successful job printer simply advanced his prices as cost of raw material advanced. That is where the public got it in the neck. The general public has paid millions of tribute to this trust conspiracy, and it appears beyond all question that a conspiracy in restraint of trade existed.

We never much admired Francis J. Heney—didn't admire him because of his Arizona reputation—and we always believed he went too far with Roosevelt and tried to persecute Pat Calhoun. But we are glad to know that a man of his character was employed by the government to prosecute the paper trust. Heney suddenly saw the light when his idol Teddy was lost, voted for Wilson, joined the party and is already holding office. So from politics comes a little good. Heney proposed to go after the paper makers, the government was back of him, and the news we printed yesterday via Associated Press was to the effect that the fellows had come into camp, had signed up, and that after all there has been no shortage—just a combination of thieves robbing people blind because they were helpless. If that is what it has been, the government should send the last one of them to the penitentiary. There should be no compromise. Let us hope that the A. P. carried straight was yesterday.

### The News Of It.

And now because some seventy odd sailors are being detained somewhere and because Uncle Sam is going to take vigorous measures to find out about them, the news-gathering agencies gave us a thrill this morning.

No one of us wants war. Perhaps among the so-called hundred million people under the stars and stripes but a scant five per cent would say the word to let loose the dogs of war. But we all like to talk war. We like to explain what we would do, and especially it is this true of that noble warrior Theodore Roosevelt—but after all secretly we applaud Wilson. He can take those "vigorous measures"—a sentence and a phrase constructed during the war between the states, the war of the Rebellion the old Confeds down here like to call it—and the Vigorous Measure is the stomp.

The truth is Germany will finally make a mistake. She doesn't intend to spill our beans if she can help it, but she will, accidentally, and then Uncle Sam will be obliged to say the fatal word. But it has been so long withheld, and so many of us expect it, when it comes there will be no panic. It will be accepted as a matter of course.

And here is great philosophy. Let the well known citizen die and the town is all excitement. Topsy-turvy do things go. Rush here and there and the home is besieged by anxious friends. But let him linger, let it be announced each day that he is desperately ill; that last night he was no better, and pretty soon the announcement of his death comes as a matter of course, and the Average Citizen says "I expected to hear it." And so the Average Citizen is already prepared for war. The business interests have adjusted themselves, and if war comes with Germany it comes as a matter of course and there will not be a ripple on the waters.

Well it is that it is ordained this way. Well it is that we have the great diplomats—those who break the news gently. The incident of the sailors being held doesn't, in fact, amount to the snap of your finger. Or, as Judge W. P. Bynum once remarked on an historic occasion, "to the twist in a pig's tail."

The Boy who stood on the burning deck has had a pretty cold job the past six weeks and the ground hog weather is still booked for a month.

### All Going.

They say that this time there will be more Southern people at the inaugural of the President than ever before. Last time the democrats didn't know just how it was—Taft and Roosevelt had split things—but this time there is definite information that the democrats, appealing to the entire country, won out, and Southern Democracy, so long out of the saddle, is going to Washington to see its President inaugurated. Well, perhaps that is the thing to do.

The dogs of war, so far as this country is concerned, are still muzzled. Let us hope that will continue to be the situation.

## A CONVENTION NOT NECESSARY

We read a great deal more about the proposed constitutional convention, and we somehow wonder what the legislature means.

It wasn't long ago that the people of this state walked to the polls and voted down the Ten Sacred Amendments. And if there is submitted to the people the chance to vote on a Constitutional convention the proposition, we hope, will be swatted for fair.

We do not need a constitutional convention any more than a cow needs two tails. It is simply a scheme to get something over—something not needed.

It has been pointed out that the Constitution of the United States has met its requirements. There have been a few amendments added, but the Constitution has stood the test of time, and the attempt to monkey with it has been met by earnest men who said it would not do. North Carolina has a constitution made by people who understood, and there is no use to undertake to change it. If we need honest amendments, submit them to the people, but don't try to work the voter. That was tried with the Amendments and they went down in defeat. Those last ones adopted were foolish, and now there is regret. A constitutional convention would be a disaster.

### Not Afraid Of Them.

The Charlotte News in an article headed "Not Afraid Of Them" has this to say about the Charlotte women who are out for suffrage:

We have no fault to find with the women of Charlotte who have promoted the organization of an Equal Rights League. We have nothing to fear from them, for they will exercise patience and prudence and eminent discretion in entering upon their organized career to fight for the ballot in their hands. Not so with their kindred across the waters, and perhaps not so with some of their host in this country; but we are not alarmed when an aggregation of southern women get together for any cause. They can be relied upon to do the sensible thing. They are not militants. They are constructionists, and as much as we may parade our masculine chagrin that some of these days the women may be running the political affairs of this country we may as well face the conclusion that the dear ladies are coming into their kingdom. They are already more influential at the polls ballotless than many a man armed and equipped with a full-fledged vote. It is behind the throne that they have been doing their work, and after all there is not much in their movement except a personal ambition to get out into the open, where their efforts can reach more spectacular skies.

The woman needs the ballot to defend herself; to insist that her measures receive consideration. The woman who pays taxes should have a right to say what becomes of her money; the mother should have a right to say at the polls what kind of laws should govern the conduct of her son—and certainly the ballot would assist in giving woman more consideration in the matter of the daily wage. Men make laws for men for the most part. Women should have the right to attempt to make laws for women. Why not? There is no reason in the world why the ballot should be withheld.

Of course there may be those who think the World should come to an end just about now, and their conclusions may be justified—except we would like to see the price of eggs go down a little before the scroll of heaven rolls together.

### Not Much About It.

It was only a few months ago and the country was up in arms because of the high cost of living. Boycotts were on; people were reducing their rations; certain articles were cut from the bill of fare and great excitement was on.

But you don't see anything more about it. The cold storage man continues to run his boat; the articles of food, like eggs and bacon and sugar and flour, continue at high water mark prices—but the agitation has ceased.

The man who eats has concluded it might be worse; he pays the freight and not until another material advance will you hear complaint. Then more boycotts; then more agitation; then acceptance of the inevitable and let it go at that.

Funny how emotional we are as a people. Funny how we resolve and re-resolve and eat the bacon just the same.

### Getting Along.

It was about three weeks ago that the country was all agog because we had severed our diplomatic relations with Germany. It looked then as though war would follow within twenty-four hours—but nothing doing when this is written. The hope is and the prayer has been that there will be no trouble. Count Bernstorff might as well come back if there is nothing more on.

And now for the new railroad. Bonds can be voted—who will put the ball in motion?

## TAKING CENSUS COSTS MONEY

We all like to sit up all night to get the election returns, but just why we should spend millions of dollars every ten years to have the census taken is one of the funny things. Somebody, some time, possibly suggested that we should have the census every ten years, and that ended it. Why not every fifteen years? Why ten years? Simply a suggestion. Just now Uncle Sam is getting ready for the 1920 census, and it takes a long time to prepare for it and means the expenditure of much money. Naturally we like to know how many people there are in this bloomin' land of ours; we want to know how many horses and cows and sheep there may be; all these things simply to satisfy curiosity and give us a working basis provided we wanted to raise a few billion dollars. It is said that this country, counting its possessions, has about one hundred million people. It is said that in the event of war we could raise about sixteen or eighteen million soldiers. Think of that as an army—eighteen million men. And the chances are that the 1920 census will show us that we have considerably in excess of the hundred million. And it wasn't so very long ago, as time is reckoned, that Mr. Columbus set sail to discover this country.

If the world is a million years of age, or ten million as they say, what will finally become of the people, and why has it been so long being peopled? The last few hundred years have witnessed an increase of many millions—a billion, perhaps—and at the present rate where would we be, say, five thousand years from now? Be? Why, there wouldn't be room enough to stand. That is why many men insist that war must always be; that disease and famine must come in order to keep down the men who would overrun the earth. And it looks altogether reasonable.

### Henry Advertiser.

There are advertising experts in America; there are advertising clubs; there are hundreds of advertising schools; but the greatest advertiser this country has is Henry Ford, who gets more pure reading matter for nothing than any man in the city directory. Not that he needs it. Not that self-exploitation does any good for a vehicle that already fills the roads—but when it comes to getting the real thing for nothing Henry Ford is the foremost of the crew.

Tom Lawson paid fifteen thousand dollars for publicity to have it said of him that he had named a pink. Tom later learned how to climb on the front pages without getting his hands into his own pocketbook; but Henry Ford saw the game from the day he started and has made himself famous—not as a car builder, but as a multimillionaire.

Of course Henry Ford has ability. But the man who stepped from the job of elevator boy into a great manufacturer should not have been so hurried. Yet the people took Ford seriously. About the first we heard of him was his wonderful bird farm—how he fed the birds. Then as a messenger of Peace, and now, b'gosh, he comes in and proposes to loan Uncle Sam the mere trifle of a hundred million dollars and not charge him interest—provided Uncle Sam gets into war.

It was a coming and going game. Peace if possible and Ford the messenger—War if necessary and Henry loaded down with the sinews.

Funny game he plays. And the newspapers, poor prostrated press, take the fellows and advertise them free, whereas, if a neighbor moves his grocery store and wants it announced it costs seven cents per line.

There should be a real publishers' association. And when the men who seek exploitation come along, those who want personal puffery—insist on the front page—if they break in they should pay some part of the overhead.

But we take the man of the hour and give him ten thousand dollars' worth of publicity—publicity which brings him maybe a hundred thousand—and perhaps he buys of the newsboy a paper for a penny. Yet we boast of the liberty of the press, the power of the press, and—well, there should be a new alignment.

Of course if this Glorious Climate refuses to act much longer the City planner may help us out.

### Perhaps Right.

Governor Bickett has announced that he will not pardon H. A. Hayes, who was convicted of embezzling funds from the Orphans' Home of the Western North Carolina Conference. Hayes was sent up for ten years. His son has been working hard for a pardon and ill health was urged as the reason. The Governor perhaps cannot understand why a man who would steal the money of orphans should be turned loose. And especially when all had a right to expect better things from the man entrusted with the funds. It doesn't look like Governor Bickett is going to make a record as a pardon governor. Of course there are times when a pardon should be granted, and again many are pardoned when they should not be. Hayes should serve his full time and be thankful if wasn't a longer sentence.

## THE JONAS BILL MEETS DEEEAT

The Jonas bill for real prohibition doesn't seem to be getting much support from the legislature, although many of the newspapers favor the genuine article. The Reidsville Review, quoting the Durham Herald, says:

The desert-like dryness of the prohibition bill introduced by Senator Jones does not appeal to some of the very ones who should want to see real prohibition in the State. The esteemed Durham Herald rings the bell in the following utterance: "We do not see any more sense in the State tapering off to prohibition than there is in a man tapering off on whiskey. If we are going to have prohibition, let's have the Simon pure variety. We like the dry tang of the latest bill, which its author says he wrote on Sunday, without the assistance of the Anti-Saloon League."

There is one mistake. It is said that the alcoholic patient must be let down by degrees; that he can't quit all of a sudden; that the poison must be gradually reduced in order to hold the patient steady. Of course one might say that two quarts a month constituted a little too much, and Brother Davis proposed to make it but two quarts a year, a reduction of twenty-two quarts. That would be going some, and yet it would be nearer real prohibition. But why any at all? That is the question the Herald asks. That is the logical question. The doctors of this State have said in convention that whiskey is not necessary as a medicine. Then, if it is only necessary as a beverage, necessary to the man poisoned with it, why not make a law like Virginia has—send the victim to a State institution for treatment, let him get it out of his hide and then not let him be able to legally purchase any more of it. We are in favor of the Jonas bill—but we fear it will never receive the sanction of the lawmakers. And many men think the present law meets all demands—that it is about perfect. Maybe so.

Funny how a fellow feels his oats if he makes a few millions. Of course we never felt our oats, but we have looked in wonder on Henry Ford.

### That Man McAdoo.

We must all take off our hats to that man McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. We all remember when the country was facing what seemed to be a panic, before the federal law was in effect, when he came down to his office one day and said that the United States treasury was open for all the money that was needed. That put the quietus on things, and McAdoo was praised everywhere. And when the paper trust was attempting to put out of business the publishers who were bewildered McAdoo just simply did some business. The paper magnates came into camp and told him frankly that they were ready to play quits. It was that man McAdoo who built the subway in New York; the man who came South and secured the southern states for Wilson the first go round, and it seems that it is that man McAdoo who has kept things pretty steady in the nation when the money trusts and other big things were trying to run over the people. We must all take off our hats to that man McAdoo. He is on the square.

It appears that Mr. Bernstorff is having a very pleasant trip home. Up to date the German submarines haven't mistaken the good ship Frederick for a British liner.

### The Dog Tax.

Every time the legislature meets some statesman and patriot introduces a bill to tax dogs. Perhaps this is all right, but the bill hardly ever gets through. In fact, it never did get through. Municipalities levy a dog tax—but why? Simply because the man who owns a dog stands for it. But why not tax cats? Why let the old fellow get out on the roof and pour out his soul to his lost mate, much to the annoyance of the entire neighborhood, without taxing him for his display of vocal powers? Why? Because a cat doesn't get close to a man—because the family would disappear if it became necessary to put up money. And yet, in all candor, the cat is more of a disturbing element than the dog. But as the dog is man's best friend, the city sees where it should hold up somebody—and Somebody comes across.

The legislature is said to be getting down to business. We feared it would eventually come to this.

### What We Shall Do.

It had been our intention to write about the Glorious Climate, and write at some length. Our writing hours are before the sun climbs over the trees, and therefore we can't get a line on what the weather man really intends for the day. This morning it looked like rain; it did yesterday and it did the day before—so we have concluded that we will simply say that this Glorious Climate is Glorious only when it is glorious, and as disappointing as a pretty woman when she has a mood to not only dissemble her love but also to kick you down stairs.

## GOOD ROADS BILL SHOULD PASS

Representative Clark, of Pitt county, is ambitious to do something big for the state, and his bill to issue thirty million dollars in bonds to be used in the next forty years in building good roads; to loan money to the counties at five per cent, while perhaps it will never pass, is still worth while.

Gradually the farmer who votes the bonds has become convinced that no better investment can be made than good roads. They cost money and they wear out, but good roads mean a wonderful saving to all sections. The hope is that Clark's bill or one like it may go through and become a law. Thirty million dollars invested in good roads in this state would be worth five times the amount.

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Funny about the good roads propaganda. When Brownlow, of Tennessee, thirty years ago had good roads for his hobby in Congress, people didn't even stop to think about his theme; they simply laughed at what was then termed his wild ideas. But good roads have come, far greater than Brownlow's dream, and the next thirty years will witness more good roads than the wildest dreamer ever imagined. The automobile has assisted in winning the public's favor, but the man who rides the road has found that it is money in his pocket to have them passable. Thirty years ago and an automobile could not have gone thirty miles a day. The automobile was the silent voice in the wilderness and the mud—it came ahead and the good roads are following.

When a jay bird tells you it is spring, and he looks it, what are you to think of the Weather Man?

### Don't Say I Told You.

In his conning tower the editor of the Danville Register, in quite a lengthy editorial, finally draws this conclusion:

Beware of the person who comes to you with a "Don't say I told you," as a preliminary to divulging some injurious or unkind statement alleged to have been made by another. The person conveying the information may be actuated by good intent, but this is marred utterly by bad judgment. The person who is sincere and has the courage of his convictions will leave you free to corroborate what he volunteers to tell you.

There used to be a popular song "But For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You," and that perhaps embodies what the editor of the Register had in mind. The "don't say I told you" crowd is large and ever growing. And another crowd that is strong is the one that says "I have heard." Both of them are bad business. If a person hears something good about a man or woman he seldom repeats it; he hears day in and day out that Mrs. So and So is a hard-working woman and that Mr. So and So is a good citizen—and he goes his way and never thinks to tell the other fellow.

But let it be whispered that Mrs. So and So slipped the trolley or that Mr. So and So made a mistake, and the whole street or the whole town knows about it in just about five minutes by the town clock.

Perverse and mystifying is human nature. Instead of carrying the good news, it insists on carrying the ill news. It is willing to send flowers to the dead that it maligned when the dead were living. It will weep tears for the departed when it laughs before departure. Long and many are the years that all honest folk have tried to show that flowers should be sent to the living rather than to the dead—and yet the most poison of all things is the sentence "Don't say I told you." The Register has done well to read the riot act—but it is a riot act that will not be heeded.

That was a pretty sad accident at Charlotte when a fire truck at high rate of speed ran into a street car, killing several people. But the speed limit is never observed when firemen are responding to a call. It should always be.

### We Feared Something Like This.

The Danville Common or Uncommonly Common council did what we thought it might do—on a vote to endorse President Wilson it couldn't get unanimous. Four dissenting votes bobbed up—bobbed up just like a cork before the mill dam—and Hawkins, Fretwell, Fair and Luther said nay.

Of course it is understood that President Wilson will proceed, but this lack of harmony may mean a great deal in the world-wide war. If Messrs. Hawkins, Fretwell, Fair and Luther insist on their position, it might mean a great deal. If the submarine warfare continues and these men of the common council of Danville do not recede, we think that is the word, what will we do? Large crowds are just now assembled in front of our office wanting to know. We can offer no explanation—we only await, impatiently, results. The pain is intense.

Of course we couldn't help it if the City Planner suggested that we all should get our hair cut—well, say twice a year. Civic beauty is one thing, but a barber's bill is another.