



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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LET OLD GLORY PROUDLY WAVE

Addressing the Rotary Club of this city, Mr. J. E. Latham made a remarkably strong talk. He concluded by saying:

The time has come when we must turn our faces to the flag we love. There is no middle ground and nothing can be more completely false than the vapors of a few pro-German newspapers. It is no use to tolerate traitors.

I cannot fathom the workings of the German mind. The Teutonic leaders are insane and it is our duty to sequester every people where they can do no harm. If a man is not willing to defend his country with his newspaper, his pen, his heart, his purse and his sword, let him be set down and treated as one unworthy.

In threshing grain you must blow out the chaff; in making iron, you must get rid of the slag; in building a Greater America all hyphens must go in the melting pot. All who come forth from the melting pot as aliens must be dealt with as those who are unafraid. But if from the melting pot they come forth ready to support "our elemental rights as a neutral nation" salute them as worthy citizens and extend to them the friendship that one manly man may extend to another, regardless of his race or religion.

That is just one hundred per cent American. It has the true ring and points the way for all men under our flag. Just whether the Teutonic leaders are insane we do not know; they may be simply conscienceless and heartless, grim demons who have dreamed of world supremacy; but whether insane or not, as Mr. Latham says, "the time has come when we must turn our faces to the flag we love." That whole story, "turn our faces to the flag we love," and he should have added, fight for it and die for it if need be.

Nothing Doing. There is nothing startling. Every day dozens of men call at this office along about the moonlight hour and ask, "Has there been any startling news today?" We tell them there has been nothing over our wire except the ordinary news of the day—the same old stories of suicides and murders, of sinking ships and claims of the foreign powers across the sea. Nothing startling.

But, pray, what kind of news is expected? Would it be startling news to hear that Germany had sunk another ship or another dozen carrying American citizens? We wot not. Would it be startling news to hear that Germany had attempted to make reparation for her wrongs and didn't want the United States to declare war against her? Certainly not, for Germany has already declared war and is warring against this Nation. And certainly when Congress meets and our position is defined, which will be that a state of war now exists between this country and Germany, it will not be startling news, because we have already been startled by Germany's defiance and the murders she has done.

We cannot conceive any particularly startling news just now concerning the relation of this country with the foreign powers, and we take it that that is the subject upon which enquiries are being made.

All we must do now is to stop talking about peace until this thing is settled. All of us must, if we are loyal to the flag, stand squarely behind the President—talk for him, act with him—and insist that he is the One Man in this Nation to be heard in this crisis. After the present war is over then we may all go back to our peace talk; we may insist that there shall be no more wars; we may spend our time and our money to bring about such a happy and desired consummation; but now we must all be for war, because Germany is warring against us, and the flag must be defended.

No matter whether we join the allies or not, our work must be to help them in whipping Germany—whipping her to a standstill. She is the original aggressor; she was the one who shot Belgium full of holes when Belgium was as innocent as a newly born babe and who is the supposed security of a treaty solemnly signed.

Those who want to think we are helping England may think so, but we are first helping ourselves and our Nation's honor.

Every man who is eligible will enlist. Every man who can serve his country will do so. Come forward when the call is made. Those who cannot go to war can at least give moral support to the government—and as the time has come for War, Peace must sidestep and take her turn.

The New York American finds that Mr. Wood and Mr. Choate and Mr. Depew, all now calling for war, failed to respond when the nation was in danger in 1861. A pretty good point, we take it.

The internal struggle is what is most to be feared if the war comes. There are ten million Germans in this country—and to them the name Fatherland is dear. And it hath been remarked that blood is thicker than water.

NO PEACE NOW; WE MUST FIGHT

The New York Herald, which wants war with Germany and wants it right now with no ifs nor ands, in commenting on the Peace meeting in New York the other night makes this assertion, which, we take it, is rather severe:

The highest compliment that has been paid to Mr. Wilson was the hissing of his name at that Garden meeting Saturday night. Mr. Wilson is for peace, but he is not for skulk or scuttle or surrender. In all the time he has been working for peace in his own way no man has suspected that he was a willing tool of the Prussian propaganda in this country. It is impossible to believe anything else than that some of the men now advocating skulk and scuttle and surrender are not only tools of Prussianism but have full knowledge of the fact.

We fear the Herald goes too far. We understand perfectly well that there are hundreds of thousands of people in this country who want peace, and who will finally see the necessity of fighting Germany. But the thrill must come. Let a man go down town today and buy a pound of beefsteak, and if he had been paying fifteen cents for it and the price had gone up over night to forty cents he would be shocked. He would curse the day that he was born and wonder what the world was coming to. He couldn't be comforted for about a week. But, unlike Rachel, he would not keep on crying. In a week he would be paying his forty cents and complacently eating his beefsteak. In other words, the thrill was gone—he accepted what was naturally taken for granted.

Had Mr. Wilson, when the first American ship was sunk without provocation, declared war against Germany or insisted that we were in war, that Germany by her overt act had declared it against us, behind him in an hour's time would have been a whole nation and a thought of peace. But so long has he postponed the inevitable many people have come to think, and honestly think, that we need not go to war. But we must. We are already at war, and it is time now for all Peace advocates to withdraw and let the war be prosecuted with a united nation behind it, each citizen standing squarely by the President and the flag.

Let this house burn up and then organize a fire company to fight the next fire. The continued talk of Peace now is like sending for a doctor after the patient has expired. There should be no more peace meetings. The talk only keeps down the enthusiasm of those still hoping—but hoping against hope. We feel that those insisting that we can still escape, by our own surrender of honor, are misguided, but we do not believe they are allies of the Prussians or that they wish dishonor to come to their flag or country.

Planting Day. As April Fifth approaches people should not lose sight of the fact that Governor Bickett has designated that day as "planting day" and calls upon every man, woman and child to get out and plant something. He wants the Mayors of all the towns to call the people out and see to it that all vacant lots are plowed and planted to grass, peas, potatoes—anything that will produce food for man and beast.

This is a most excellent idea, and if war comes will be doubly appreciated by our people. If war doesn't last long, the high price of living will be met and the cost lowered if foodstuffs worth a million dollars is produced—and if every citizen would heed this call and exert himself the crop would run over a million dollars in this state.

The people are living at too high a rate of speed. They are not stopping to think what is ahead. This idea of taking a day off and planting something, getting the ground in readiness, if carried out as intended, would be worth more than any one imagines. Let us hope that all back lots and vacant lots will be prepared, and let the fall witness an increased crop of foodstuffs in North Carolina. Preparedness, my brothers, Preparedness.

"The Contractor." There is running in this paper a column under the heading "The Contractor," and the idea of running it is to impress upon the citizens of Greensboro the importance of patronizing home builders and contractors.

Each day there is a new story setting forth the reasons, and yesterday we were doubly pleased to see that the contractors were delighted because in giving out the order for plans for the new Y. W. C. A. building a home architect had been employed with no ifs nor ands.

This is as it should be. The home man is here; he is capable, and when all things are equal he should be first considered.

And in all this hurly burly we haven't heard the voice of Old Ben Tillman. He is perhaps reserving his wasted strength to hand out a patriotic appeal when Congress meets. The old pitchfork soldier will ring true.

WAS IT CHANCE WE GOT WILSON?

Funny how we put all our trust in the hands of one man—follow him blindly if he has the semblance of right in his favor. Just now this Nation is going to follow Wilson. It is to be taken for granted that Congress will do just about what he wants done in this question of war.

But suppose the case. Wilson has been for Peace. He has delayed week after week and month after month, hesitating, doubting, hoping and doubtless praying for some other course to pursue rather than declare war or declare that war already exists. He is one type, yet our destiny as a Nation is in his hands.

Had Mr. Roosevelt been President—Teddy of the Eat-'Em-Alive school of warriors—two years ago, no doubt he would have had two million men in Europe attempting to avenge the outrage perpetrated against Belgium. He even now wants to be given two million men in order that he may sail the seas, land them on European soil and go after the gentlemen of hyphenated colors. He is another type—yet our destiny as a Nation might have been in his hands.

Had Mr. Bryan been President, without any shadow of doubt he would have implored Congress to secure peace; he would have cracked his party whips; he would have pleaded as no man ever pleaded before for all, the Congress to hold hands off and at least submit it to a vote, knowing the vote, where so many women vote, would be against the measure. He is still another type—yet our destiny as a Nation might have been in his hands.

We mention these three men, one a President, another an ex-President and ambitious to come again, and one three times a candidate for that high office. So it must occur to us, after all, that there is a destiny that shapes our ends—tougher than we know. And that destiny apparently chose Mr. Wilson for this hour when the world-wide crisis is on. No doubt of that. There be men who devoutly believe that Abraham Lincoln was called from the log cabin in Kentucky to do the great work which he did. Apparently obscure—in one of the greatest campaigns this country ever knew he was seated in the White House and made a name and fame that will endure forever.

We mustn't, in criticising people who are placed in such responsible positions, to rule, in a way, millions of people, think that it is their own doings—they doubtless are guided by a Higher Power. It may be that the insane work of the Kaiser is not his own work. It may be, in order to accomplish some great end, he is the chosen instrument and must, perforce, perform what he was sent to perform. Those who look not deeply into the subject, those who fail to read the histories of Nations, will assume that God Almighty could not have a hand in such murderous work. But in order to save to us the plan of Salvation and give to the world the Christian hope it was necessary to murder the only-begotten Son of God, and it was necessary for Judas Iscariot, gentleman, to play the part of traitor. It took the betrayal and the crucifixion to present the great picture—to do what had been foretold.

And it isn't necessarily dope from a bug house to say that this world-wide war in which perhaps all nations will become involved before it ends, is for a great purpose which we cannot see beyond the veil.

Certainly it is true that the three most conspicuous men in America are widely divided on what policy to pursue—and the one chosen to lead the people has acted with more moderation than ordinarily a man in his position would act. However, we are not preaching a sermon, we are not asking you to think as we think; we are just handing down our opinion and theorizing a little.

Old Glory. Dr. Banner, who owns the handsome office building on North Elm street, yesterday threw to the breeze a flag about forty feet long—and Old Glory certainly looks proud floating from that high eminence. We would like to see every store and every house adorned with Old Glory. There is something about the flag, something about those stars and stripes that makes even an old fellow feel proud that he lives under them. Up with the flag, and if any man dare to pull it down, in the language of the immortal John A. Dix, "shoot him on the spot."

Wants Men In The Navy. Secretary Daniels is calling for men for the Navy. There should be response at once and on the first call as on the last conscription should not be necessary. While it is understood that the navy boys will see more service than the land forces, yet for all of that there should be half a million men respond to the call, if that many are needed. And it should be done in ten minutes' time.

The good news comes from the eastern part of the state that the outlook for the berry crop is exceedingly good this year. That means some of the up North money coming down this way, and right soon now.

END OF UNION MAY RESULT

The Columbia State, original in its utterances, finds, it thinks, some good to come from the eight-hour a day law concerning railway engineers. It says their labor is shortened, but their pay remains the same, and this is an easy job, and that enginemens will finally be drawn from those highly educated in technical schools, and then it argues:

We might go further and suggest that when the enginemans' ceiling attracts educated men it will become individualistic and there will be no "brotherhood," just as there is now no "union labor" among lawyers, surgeons and railroad managers. So far in the history of the labor movement it seems impossible to level or standardize any calling in which the rank and file are composed of highly educated men. When the enginemans have lifted their trade to the rank of a profession they will have taken it out of the ranks of "labor," using that term in its narrowed sense.

The State should remember that it was once given as a reason why the lawyers didn't have a union was because they took it all any way and could make no further demands. This, of course, is a joke, because the poor lawyer has been held up to ridicule so many times. But the State must remember that an enginemans assumes what is known as an extra hazardous risk; insurance companies will fight shy of him, and every day he stands a greater chance of being killed than any one else, unless an aviator. Engineers on railway locomotives generally are well informed men; good mechanics; know their engines and are good citizens. The "brotherhood" would doubtless always exist, because the enginemans must "take orders." The lawyer, the railroad manager, the surgeon, the newspaper editor, many professions are not unionized because the men composing them are their own bosses—and they could make no demands. Surgeons generally fix their fees according to skill and reputation, as does also the lawyer. If Charley Chaplin receives three-quarters of a million dollars a year to act the fool, why should he want to belong to a union? If a great surgeon demands five thousand dollars to swipe the bloomin' vermiform appendix of a multi-millionaire one day and the next day performs the same chore for the moneyless man for nothing, how could he belong to a union and observe the rules? He couldn't do it.

We take it that the average union man is as enlightened as the average non-union man. The union is essential—it is for protection. The trouble with the union is it doesn't act square with itself—it hurts itself when it could improve itself.

Take it in the printing line. The union allows blacksmiths to join—men who have had practically no experience, and if, having experience, shown such inaptitude for the "art preservative of all arts" that they stumble, pull their card and think that it is a diploma for efficiency. All unions should have an examination of the candidate who wants to join. They should see that he knows the game, whatever it is, and if he doesn't he should be sent on to work out his own salvation without a great union's endorsement.

We cannot agree with the State. So long as Capital employs human beings, just so long will those human beings be in rebellion. They will make their laws and they will fight for them. It isn't a matter of enlightenment—it is self-preservation. The man who today curses out the union and says he will not join, he doesn't endorse it, must remember that, after all, the union is what establishes the scale of wages which he receives.

Christian Science. After all is said and done, Christian Science is nothing in the world but an illustration of mind over matter. It takes a clear head and a pure heart to catch a glimpse of God. A man must look to see Him—and He isn't as far away as many suppose. Many men who have gone their way and not paid as much attention to their religion as they should have paid found disease and sin consuming them. When they switch to the teachings of Christian Science they have better discipline—they are put on their mettle, so to speak—and wonderful results are accomplished. The votaries of Christian Science will perhaps not subscribe to what we say, but we say it and feel sure of our ground. The man who has the faith, who has the mind and controls matter—and it can be done—call it what you will, gets more out of life, and is the master of his own destiny—because he is nearer God. That is all.

We Didn't Mean To Interfere. The Durham Herald has been quoting our articles on the fight over there about a change of city government. We hope we haven't butted in and spilled the beans of any one. We are strongly in favor of a City Manager as the best way to conduct a city, and are sowing seed along that line. The fact that Durham was changing made the subject current and of more interest. That was all. We have enough to do right here and do not expect to help shape the destiny of Durham knowned the world around.

A FAMILY ROW IS PREDICTED

It is freely predicted that when the lower house of Congress attempts to organize next week there will be "family quarrels," and wise ones say there is no telling how things may come out of the wash.

It is said that the wet democrats, and there are a great many of them, have it in for the dry democrats and seek reprisal of some sort. It is further claimed that the Northern democrats have just awakened to the fact that the South is and has been in the saddle under the Wilson administration, and they are liable to cause some opposition. Whether or not they will throw a monkey wrench in the works is a matter of conjecture, but perhaps there will be something doing.

It is said that when Wilson was inaugurated there were but few people in Washington. A resident of Washington City informed us a few days ago that it was hard to tell that any strangers were within the gates. This was accounted for by the fact that no longer was there much pie to distribute; civil service had taken all in sight and what civil service hadn't taken the South had—then why a pilgrimage to Washington to see the President? No reason in the world.

In the old days, when pie and plunder were the unwritten law; in the old days, when patriots were rewarded and it was understood that to the victors belonged the spoils; the old days, the days of old when offices grew on trees and were to be had for the gathering, Washington filled up with politicians from Kisseme to Kalamazoo.

But, alas! no more. In those rare old days it was a sorry sight to visit Washington after a presidential election and inauguration. The home papers would announce that Judge So and So had been called to Washington and would perhaps take a seat on the bench. And the judge of the home town, dressed in his best, would journey there and wait and wait for the parks—still waiting—and finally the only bench on which he sat was a wooden one under the friendly shade of a tree, where he dreamed and slept. Finally he would return home, a sadder but a wiser man.

But in these days Civil Service, one of the great humbugs of the country, demands about all that is worth while. It has now taken all the first-class postoffices, and wherefore should a patriot howl? Why generate steam to whoop it up for the party or the candidate? Why journey to Washington to look for pie when there is no pie? Why should Northern and Southern democrats be in full accord when the apple is being eaten by the Southern gentlemen—and there is no core?

No reason on earth, my worthies, and unless the war scare causes prompt and immediate action, there will doubtless be, as predicted, a family row of some dimensions.

A State Scandal. This Britt-Weaver hearing which has been going on for some weeks in the wilds of Buncombe county has now gotten as far as Asheville and this week a "hearing" was had there. These hearings and their weary details—details of fraud and corruption on the part of both democrats and republicans—have a tendency to disgust people who have been used to hear the fairy tales about the "purity of the ballot" and the "voice of the sovereign people."

It has been brought out in evidence that both political parties were out to win, and didn't seem to care much how the end was accomplished.

We have before suggested that there should be a law that when fraud was proven on both sides, as has been amply proven in this case, there should be a declaration that the seat was empty and a new election ordered.

If this were done in the Britt-Weaver case perhaps the fraud would not rear its face. The people who were guilty of fraudulent practices should be dealt with in a manner becoming any other law breaker, and after a while we might see things a little bit different than they are now.

But as politicians are the ones who make the laws and corrupt the voter we need look for no such needed law. No, not now.

Not Too Soon. The Asheville Times suggests that we are a trifle early in nominating the Honorable Claude Kitchin for President of the United States. Not at all. It takes a few years to get things in motion. In the meantime Kitchin is already presidential timber and is growing bigger each year. When the four years have rolled around, or rather the three and a half, and the nominating convention comes on you will see Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, looming big as a candidate. He has the ability—and happily he has made a record for independence and fearlessness that is worth while. Again we repeat the proposition: For President in 1920 the Hon. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina.

Real estate is said to be just about to jump. It has been getting ready to do this a long time. However, we note that it doesn't jump—it just walks slowly, but surely, to higher prices. And that is the better way.