

Everything

Twas Ever Thus.

The poor printer man has always raised his voice and passed the hat. He has never, unless in a great city, raised his voice to command and demand—he has stood, like patience on a monument, smiling at grief—and yearned for a hand out—but never said it must come. The New York Herald reproduces from a copy of the New York Gazette printed in December, 1747, a hundred and a half years ago, this plaintive appeal:

We have very little news, and the posts not expected in till next Saturday. But as we have lately been obliged to give several supplements, we hope all such of our kind customers as are upward of one year in arrears will now think it time to discharge the same, as the weather continues very severe and the printer but illly provided to stand the brunt of a long winter.

And it has been ever thus. The newspaper is as much a necessity in a home as the light and the fuel. It brings the news of the world and the gossip of the town. It prints the bargains the merchants have to offer, and why the First Publisher allowed himself to be discredited, and why those who followed in his melancholy path allowed themselves to do so, we could never understand.

But today, here and there and everywhere, the country editor and the editor of the small city paper raises his voice and implores the subscriber to come across or watch the emaciated and half-fed intelligence die. In those bleak December days of over a hundred and a half years ago there was a pining printer who feared he could not stand the brunt of a long winter unless the subscribers in arrears for over a year got busy and shook down some kale seed.

And today from the four quarters of the Continent come the appeals of publishers insisting that the cost of white paper, almost prohibitive, makes it necessary to call on all in arrears to lay down the dollar or the two dollars and do it now or watch a transformation scene—the editor departing from the material world and going to glory as thin as a shad at the season's end.

Wonder why it is that publishers allow men to dead beat them? To stand them off for subscription? And wonder again why men will wantonly do such things? The paper is necessary; it is worth twice what is asked for it; it should be liberally and patriotically supported and enthusiastically paid for. But it isn't. It takes dynamite to make some people come across for a subscription who willingly lay down a five-spot for two tickets to the theater. And with all associations; with all cash in advance rules—the subscription list has always and always will carry dead weight. Why, we wonder?

This Is Well Said.

The Morning New Bernian, not necessarily following in our footsteps, every Sunday morning now prints an appeal to people and tells them to go to church. It has been our custom to hand out this advice each Saturday evening since we have been connected with this paper. The last issue of the New Bernian hands down this, which is as true as the gospel it talks about:

We make no apology for urging our citizens to attend the sanctuary. It is the only reasonable thing to do. By looking over the list of subjects one may see at a glance that our clergy are wide awake and will have something worth while. Besides the fact of good preaching, the example of strong men on the streets at preaching hours is depressing to our youth and very harmful to the religious life of the community. Every man needs the church, and the church needs every man. And no man is fair to himself nor his Maker who does not live the most noble life of which he is capable, and that, too, saying nothing of the patriotic duty every man is under to his neighbor.

No doubt about the church-going habit. It doesn't take long. The first time a man goes, if he hasn't been attending church he thinks the water cold, but he soon finds that he feels at home, and when he comes out he feels, somehow, better for having listened to the earnest words of the minister.

No matter what a man believes about creed, let him go somewhere every Sunday to a church and he will be a happier man. Happiness is what we all seek in this world, and the comforting words of the minister will make any man happier. Naturally we do not endorse the wild evangelist who wants all sinners thrown into hell p. d. q., but the grave and earnest minister who tells you about the great Christ who died, who recounts what men have done in the service of the Lord, and who asks you to stop and consider—that will make any man feel better, and when you feel all right you are happy.

All the newspapers should boost the churches. The church is the greatest civilizer of the world. The Christian religion has done more to humanize mankind than all the other agencies for good. Go to church next Sunday and every Sunday. And it doesn't take a churchman to tender this advice—a worldly man can do it if he really knows what he is talking about. We claim to know.

Their Use.

And while people thought it a crazy idea to build skyscrapers—buildings twenty-five and thirty and forty stories high—the present war cloud has caused wise men to find a use for them. In New York, where skyscrapers are as thick as blackbirds in a western forest, the skyscraper will be used to defend the city from submarine attack. And all other kinds of attack. Guns will be placed on the roofs and from the great altitude the enemy may be seen many miles away and sighted and shot to pieces before he knows what has happened. The man who had carefully put away a forty-story skyscraper, remarking to himself "it might come in handy some time," never thought for a minute that it would be used for coast defense. But it will be.

Those people who voted for Wilson because he kept us out of war will be the first to endorse his proposal to bring Germany to terms. Wilson waited too long, no doubt, but that is purely a matter of opinion.

Buying The Stuff.

The navy department is ordering all kinds of boats and ships and submarine chasers; the army is getting busy, and the chances are that Congress will call upon the country for several million young men to go into training—conscript them if necessary—and they will have to go. Taft insists that to send an army of untrained Americans to the front would be a massacre. All army men insist that there must be an army trained in military tactics, and because the Nation thinks it wise to have kept out of war, the army can never be strengthened until there is a law that gives the government authority to "draft" the number of men it wants. Therefore it is argued that in times of peace each citizen between the ages of twenty-one and forty years must give up one of those years to his country, to military training, and if he is wanted he will know what to do.

All this will perhaps take place, and before the first of May you will see what we call the "flower of the country" in uniforms, drilling and shooting and under the order of uniformed officers.

This seems rather sudden, but it appears to be a military necessity, and under our laws military necessity knows no bounds.

We have always favored military training in the public schools, and had the public schools of America taught the youth today we would have a trained army that could take its place and do three times the effectual work that untrained men can do.

However, April second is not far off. That first week in April will mark some new things in America. There will be millions of money appropriated; there will be calls for soldiers; there will be enlistments; there will be excitement and confusion. And all—for the honor and the glory of a flag that proposes to protect our Commerce.

When Old Grover Cleveland got into Benedict's yacht and wrote his famous message to England concerning his views on the Bering sea matter there was a wild thrill that encircled this continent. But the reason was it was sudden and dramatic. We have waited too long to get the thrill at first, but it will come. Men will enlist and men will fight.

The Wrong Conception.

The Wilmington Dispatch falls into the common error of presenting a proposition that does a great class of citizens harm. It is not meant to be misleading, but it is. It says:

The way the "morally stunted" smile over the "bone-dry" law and the hypocritical prohibitionists laugh makes one think the former, after all, are human and the latter, perhaps, know where a still is located.

Now be it known that all men who delight in placing a flag on old rye or new corn to their lips and receive inspiration therefrom are Morally Stunted. This goes without saying, and from the impeachment there is no hope, aye, no desire, to escape. But the phrase "and the hypocritical prohibitionists" seems to include all prohibitionists, and this makes against the real, honest, sincere prohibitionist—and his name is Legion. We all know that there are hypocrites and dissemblers in all walks of life, but perhaps there are no more hypocrites pretending to be prohibitionists who are not than there are hypocrites in church, in business, in social life.

So it looks to us that there should be a new phrase coined; something that would exempt the man who sincerely fights John Barleycorn—fights him in the open and finds no place for him in his sideboard. Such there are—such pilgrims as these on the pike—men who have battled and bravely battled all their lives against the greatest foe ever confronting mankind. This is only a suggestion to the Dispatch. It didn't include them all—but the phrase sounds like it did.

The Fourth of July Celebration should at once assume form. That we should have all of Guilford county on the Battle Ground July Fourth, to celebrate the fact that Uncle Sam has taken it over, goes without saying. Let the Committee of Arrangements form at once and get busy.

Starting Early.

Danville's Junior Order is already announcing what is going to happen in that city on the Fourth of July. It will be a big celebration. And this reminds us, now that our Battle Ground is owned by Uncle Sam, that all of Guilford county should assemble there on the Fourth of July and not only celebrate the birth of the nation's freedom, but also celebrate because we have a National Park in Guilford county—something—that in the years to come will mean much to the county.

Of course it is pretty hard for a man to purchase much about an Easter bonnet that he thinks he will buy his wife until a few weeks before Easter. It is hard to do your Christmas shopping now, if Now happens to be in November, and it is equally hard to work up much enthusiasm over a Fourth of July celebration with snow lying on the ground and with forests bare and the price of coal still going up and the supply still going down.

But if the Junior Order of Danville can make an announcement at this time, so should we. It should be well worked, and when the great day comes every man and woman and child in Guilford county should be on the Battle Ground. There have been some rousing big celebrations there. Major Morehead used to rally the people, but this year it should be larger and better than ever. We throw this pebble into the sea. We drop this seed upon the unplowed ground. We hope we have started something.

Censorship.

The United States has placed a rather strict censorship over the newspapers of the country, demanding that anything that might help the enemy in the way of publication of movement of troops, etc., shall not be published. This is entirely proper, and we dare say the American press will cheerfully do its part. It will be there with the news that should be printed—but nothing else.

Only a few days now until next Christmas—do your Christmas shopping now.

Run Out Old Glory.

These be times when patriotism should be suggested from every standpoint. Old Glory should proudly wave from every building. The Kinston News says:

The Kinston Chamber of Commerce shows its patriotism in the flying of Old Glory from its windows in the Hunter building. A large American flag was yesterday unfurled and proudly waves over all. The example is one well worthy of emulation.

The Record put out its flags early last week, and it hopes to see them proudly wave until all difficulties have been surmounted. Old Glory will not lead soldiers to battle in this country—she will float over the warships and the submarine chasers and torpedo boats; but on land we will be ready for whatever happens, and the stars and stripes will give men faith and valor.

Every store and every home that can secure a flag should put it in the breeze. We are now at war, practically, unless the improbable and unforeseen happens, and there is nothing to give a man the thrill that Old Glory gives—if war is upon us.

Unless a man has been dealt with in a manner not to his liking by a foreign country he doesn't appreciate what the sight of an American flag means to him. Once upon a time we had been quarantined in the straits of Juan de Fuca for a period of twenty-four days—smallpox aboard the vessel—and the English hadn't given us a square deal. We were all at war, but could accomplish nothing. The day before the time for our departure a revenue cutter came proudly sailing up and an American flag—apparently brand new—with stars and stripes as bright as colors could make them, and we are here to tell you that there was a thrill never felt before. And the way the ship's passengers cheered and yelled and fairly howled in recognition of Old Glory showed us and proved to us that there was more in that bit of bunting than the embodiment of a fictitious sentiment. So we say, run out the flags—let Old Glory wave from every door and every house top. Let us feel the thrill and let us understand that, while maybe we didn't want to get into war, we have been forced in and we propose to get out with victory.

Thousands of women all over the country are enlisting in the Red Cross work. Those who enlist agree to do anything they can do in furnishing supplies, type writing—all sorts of things.

Its War Paint.

The Durham Sun puts on its war paint, writes in double column and double leads a long spiel about the war and concludes:

We are going to help England and France defeat Germany because we know that if Germany defeats them we shall have to accept German domination, which is unthinkable, or fight her and whatever allies she may have, alone.

What's the matter, Bud? Don't you know that ever since the war started we have been helping England and France? We have loaned them billions of treasure; we have overworked every man who would accept a job in making munitions for those two countries; we have practically furnished them with half their shells and—well, everything they needed. What's the matter with that? Of course if we declare war we will naturally be obliged to withdraw our supplies from them and use them ourselves. But it looked a better way for us to furnish the powder and the guns and let them furnish the men who are to be killed. What more can we do than we have done, except sacrifice our men?

And then in passing it might be well, before the Sun concludes that Germany is coming here to dominate the United States, to wait until Germany has whipped England and France and Russia. Up to this hour nothing of that kind has happened, and if we can keep on furnishing England and France with munitions Germany never will whip them—but they will whip Germany. To withdraw our supplies—well, that may be a horse of another color.

Thinks He Will Go.

Just before departing for Washington Major Stedman received another letter from Mayor Curley of Boston insisting that he make that speech to the Boston people on the tenth day of April. And the Major has concluded that he will go. He thinks inasmuch as Congress will convene the second of April he can spare a couple of days to run over to Boston, talk a half hour about the days of the Confederacy and a reunited country, and get back to Washington.

We are glad the Major will do this. It will be a great card for North Carolina; it will help in many ways, and then Boston will give the Major as good a time as he ever had in his life. And Uncle Joe Cannon will be with him—two of the Old War Horses, and it will be a team that will give Boston a treat.

Of course you never see where an Easter Hat is sold on the installment plan. All right to sell a suit of clothes that way, but the Easter Bonnet is not long enough with us to wait for the weekly visit of the collector.

Young America.

A teacher of German in one of the high schools of Washington City was loved by her pupils and they were going to present her with a picture of Emperor William of Germany. But before the picture could be placed the other pupils tore the picture into scraps and instead put up one of President Wilson decorated with American flags. And thus the spirit of patriotism is in us all. No matter what you say about peace; no matter about The Hague and its preachments; no matter about theory—Fact remains and is there always to prove that the love of country is strong within us. And that is why we fear trouble with what has been termed our hyphenated citizens.

It will only take about five million men, they tell us, to put the army where it should be. Only five million—and think what a wonderful lot of human beings that means.

Rockefeller's Great Gifts.

We have all, in different moods, cursed out more or less that old man whose name is John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the United States, perhaps in the world, his fortune estimated at something like a billion dollars.

He has been used as America's pounding bag. "People wanting mental exercise have struck him above the belt and below the belt. They have walked on him, danced on him, knifed him, cuffed him, hammered him, figuratively speaking, to their heart's content. Yellow magazines and newspapers have painted him as a ghou, as a man who walked over dead men's bones, used them as stepping stones to amass his wonderful pile of yellow gold. Courts have tried him; the public has execrated him; men have denounced him and few have praised him.

Why? Simply because Old John, in the great international and world-wide game of money grubbing, was first to the home plate. All of us were after what John was after—he got more than the rest, and envy came in, walking in the shoes of outraged decency, and denounced John because he made a billion.

When we look at the base ball game we cheer the fellow who makes a home run. Wild are the plaudits. Cheers rend the air. Excitement runs high and the Hero is crowned and flattered. In all games is this true, except in the game of Money Getting. Let a man make his million and at once a set of harpies light upon his character; at once the spell-binding and wind-jammering politician in his fume and foam wants to know "where did he get it?" and a world impoverished and hungry at once sets down the winner as an unspeakable highwayman who double-crossed Society and robbed its individual members.

John Rockefeller started in life an honest man and a pious man—a poor boy without a dollar. He was patient; he was frugal; he was endowed with good business sense, and he "struck it rich"—not that it was luck, but because he saw something and had the ability to put it in his basket. So far as we know, as a matter of fact, and so far as the world knows, he has remained honest. He has piled high his gold, mountains of it, more money than he knows what to do with; more money than he can spend; more money than any other individual in the whole world—and this in the eyes of Society is his great sin.

And yet John D. Rockefeller is a benefactor of his race. Because John D. Rockefeller did what he did he has helped mankind in a thousand ways. The figures just given out show that the Rockefeller Foundation last year gave freely away eight and one-half million dollars. For what? The modest announcement is: "To promote the well being of mankind throughout the world."

To promote the well being of mankind throughout the world—and eight and a half million dollars tossed in the hat to do it. In scientific research, in education, in church work, in all that has to do with the betterment of mankind, not only in this country, but in the whole world, John D. Rockefeller paid in, in gold, eight and a half million dollars.

Was there ever before such a philanthropist? Wasn't it a good thing that Rockefeller, instead of spending his money as he earned it, a few dollars at a time, spending it in dissipation and riotous living, kept his little mite together and made it grow, and finally made it possible to aid in scientific research, thus promoting the well being of mankind throughout the world? Indeed it was.

And that was not all. Because of the great Standard Oil Company which he formed it was made possible to obtain all the by-products which were never known; it was made possible to sell kerosene at half price; it was made possible to do a thousand things for the benefit of mankind; and they use Old John for a pounding bag and abuse him for doing what they tried to do—and failed.

And Old John hasn't used the megaphone to proclaim his charities. The Rockefeller Foundation of course must make reports. But John's private charities will never be known. For instance, when the great disaster occurred in San Francisco, when people were homeless and helpless, when their homes had been destroyed and the furniture with them; when sewing women had lost their machines and poor families had lost their stoves, an agent of John D. Rockefeller went to San Francisco, and every man and woman whom he found needing help was helped. To the women sewing machines were given without price; stoves were sent to thousands of families, and with them fuel for a month; mechanics who had lost their tools were supplied—and the chances are that Rockefeller spent a half million dollars when it was needed, and even the newspapers were asked not to print the news. And yet we "cuss out" Old John D. Rockefeller, America's greatest philanthropist, and perhaps as good a man as there is in the world. Shall we say it? For shame!

The metropolitan press is happy. It smells war—and the news butchers are saving up all their coins. There will be something doing—"Hextra" every few minutes.

A Sermon.

The great play "Experience" to be presented in this city is said to be a sermon which is most impressive. Many church people do not attend the play house entertainments. The exchanges coming into this office speak in the highest praise of the play, and Manager Harrison says it is first class. A full house is expected both nights.

Where Does It Come From?

We always like to know where the money comes from. England's financial men announce that the expenditure by that Nation to prosecute the war is six million pounds a day, or thirty million dollars. Thirty million dollars! The statement is incomprehensible. Thirty million dollars a day—figure on what a year of it means and you run out of ciphers. Where does such a vast sum of money come from? How do they get it together and how long will such foolishness last? We all look over the figures and in despair give it up.

Teddy Wants To Go.

Teddy, the Great and The Terrible, wants to be allowed to take two million American citizens—not soldiers, because they would be in training—to Europe and help France and England wallop Germany. He would lead them into the cannon's mouth—into the jaws of death—even as he charged San Juan Hill.

But it might be well to think it over before dispatching Teddy with two million musket totes. It might occur if we sent our ships and our men across the sea—that some other nation—perhaps one with almond eyes and a skin lightly tinged with Yellow—would cast greedy eyes this way and come take possession while the two million men were gone and the two million suffragists, ably led by Mrs. Colonel Catt, were making gardens.

The fact that we are not in a "state of war" lacking only the declaration which will perhaps follow soon after the convening of Congress, now called in special session for April the second, instead of the sixteenth, it might be well to understand that we need coast defense.

It was back in 1875 that old Sam Tilden, perhaps the noblest Roman of them all, wanted to put a million men on coast defense, to build the grandest fortresses in the world, because he saw the time would come when possibly we would need such defense. Those were the days before the evangel of Peace were filling the air with their murmurings and complainings—long before the submarine and the wireless, and the airship. But Tilden saw what might happen, and we may live now, in these days of peace talk, to see how sadly we have neglected our own protection.

With the coming of war the corner grocery and the country store in the sticks will be the place where wisdom will flow, and flow as freely as molasses in July. It will be there we will hear about our troops going to England; there we will hear about a thousand things. Those grim strategists of war will fully discuss all the essential details—and perhaps know as much about it as any living man.

Offhand it looks to us that we should never send a soldier to foreign soil. It looks like we might attempt to convoy some merchantmen through the barred zone with our battleships. It looks like it is altogether possible that if we do the German fleets may come out of the North Sea and be entertained by England and the United States. But that is problematical. Along our coasts we will be obliged to have a watchful eye for German submarines. Those living in New York City and Boston and Charleston and other sea coast towns will live in dread of being shelled—but the United States can probably protect those cities from harm. Our munition makers will be busy in manufacturing shells for our own country; the ship builders will rush things day and night. We spend a billion dollars perhaps in hurried Preparedness, but we predict the loss of soldiers on the land will amount to nothing. What may happen in naval engagements, if there are such, is of course matter for speculation.

However, this is one opinion among ten million and then ten million more that will be offered. In the meantime we suggest that Teddy man himself with a submarine or two and go out duck hunting in the barred zones for submarines carrying other flags than ours. He is sanguinary, and every inch an American and patriot. We do not doubt his sincerity—simply question his judgment.

Making Stills.

The unexpected always happens. The arrest of the members of a defunct hardware company in Danville, charged with making stills for the moonshiners, created something more than a "mild sensation" in Danville. It appears that the firm had gone out of business on the fifteenth of February, but the tinner was still working and was making stills for those who wanted to make the good old corn likker.

The story is, as the Register prints it, that many stills have been made in that establishment—some large ones and some small ones. Mr. W. P. Hodnett was president of the company. It used to be the firm of Hodnett, Vass & Watson, and at one time was the leading hardware store in Danville. Mr. Hodnett, who is interested in a dozen different kinds of business in Danville, and who was and is considered one of her best citizens, served as President at the princely salary of \$150 a year—just looked after the creditors, did nothing and perhaps knew nothing about what was going on. He asserted that he wouldn't know a still if he saw one; that he had nothing to do with selling goods or contracting goods—in short, knew nothing about what was going on. The government claimed, however, that inasmuch as he was president of the concern he should have known something about it, and had him bond over to a grand jury in the sum of \$1,000 bond. This was very humiliating to Mr. Hodnett, and the chances are that when the trial comes on he will be completely vindicated. But it is another lesson. The officers of so many companies seldom know what is going on—they thoughtlessly allow the use of their names, often as an accommodation to a friend, and very often get into trouble. It was Old Man Dorritt, in the debtor's prison, as told by Dickens, who remained there twenty-four years and never did know and even the Circumlocution Office didn't know what he was there for, except some company of which he was an officer and of which he knew nothing failed. But the moral is often lost, as we go along.

We had often wondered why it was that Uncle Sam didn't pay more attention to finding out where these stills for illicit use were made; where they came from and how the moonshiners secured them. Naturally no person in Danville would have suspected that particular hardware store of running such an establishment. And naturally there may be other hardware stores in the country of good character doing things that way. Certainly they are made somewhere, these worms and stills, and now that a new avenue has been opened maybe illicit stilling will be stopped to a great extent.