



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## WANTS NEGRO AT THE NORTH

The story that planters in this county are organizing along Ku Klux lines, printed by the New York Tribune and then by the Associated Press, is not true. The so-called German agents are more likely labor agents from the North down here attempting to get the negro frightened and hustle him off to the North. The North is sadly in need of help. The foreign laborer is not as much in evidence as he was before the war, and the whole North has been for months making heavy bids for the negro. In fact, thousands of them have been beguiled by northern labor agents and from some districts farm help is already scarce because of the exodus.

The talk about the farmer organizing to get rid of the negro is to laugh. What the farmer wants is the help of the negro. Only the other day we printed a story from Atlanta which told that the labor problem, because of the exodus of so many negroes, was a very serious matter in Georgia. The German spies, so-called, were doubtless Northern labor agents in disguise, and it is time the white men of Guilford county, instead of allowing voices to obtain that they were going to organize the Ku Klux to run the negro out, were getting busy and organizing something to run the labor agents from the North out.

We have investigated these negro stories and will not believe it true that German spies have done any work until we are shown more proof than is now obtainable. We do not credit the A. P. story which Birmingham agents confirm. We are rather inclined to believe that northern labor agents bent on securing help from the South are the ones who have set in motion the story which has been so widely exaggerated.

The white men of Guilford can very easily determine the truth or the falsity of the story, and it is time to invite the colored man out to some patriotic meetings, and this would finally settle the matter.

It will cost us a cool billion dollars to have the trouble with Germany—that is, the first round. If the war runs into the months and years it will cost us several cool billion dollars—and perhaps a great amount of blood. But war is as necessary as flour in the kitchen.

### Roscower Pinched.

Editor Roscower, who was going to sue a bunch of newspapers for printing the story that he had falsified his circulation figures, was in court this week and found guilty of willful fraud. He claimed to have over six thousand subscribers, whereas it was proven he had less than one thousand subscribers. Judge Connor fined him two hundred dollars and made him agree to keep his actual figures of circulation at the masthead of his paper for a year.

Roscower has been a money lender and a great hot-air artist about circulation. It is well that he has been called. The circulation part of a newspaper isn't very much after all to said and done. Some of these Home Journals printed at the North terrify people with figures about circulation, showing they have a million, and the million, possibly possessed, is made up of people dead, moved away and those who throw the publication in the waste basket. We have a post office box in this town and then we receive one of these million a month publications addressed to men who haven't been here for years, but who at one time had our box, and they come addressed to the box number as well as the name of the deceased or absent one, and that is how we get them.

Roscower has been printing the Headlight for thirty years; has made a lot of money one way and another, and to claim six thousand eight hundred and fifty when he had but a few over eight hundred and fifty, according to the postmaster—well, that six thousand exaggeration was a joke. But it cost him humiliation and two hundred dollars besides the costs. Roscower refused to go on the stand. It was well.

Andy Carnegie, rare old soul, and where is he these days when the wild alarms of war are on—should immediately dispatch to Senator Lodge a medal for his bravery.

### In The Air.

This war business must be in the air before the war gets the thrill. For instance, in London as soon as the war news got these five hundred American citizens sojourning in that metropolis sent their names to the consul general and wanted to raise a battalion to fight under the stars and stripes. Perhaps every American qualified for duty is ready to enlist, because there is the war spirit in the very air they breathe. Over here, where we haven't any smoke or Zeppelins hovering over us, where we are not reading the lists of the dead and wounded and missing, we pay but little heed to what is happening. Let this country once be shelled by submarines; let there be a few hundred spies apprehended and hanged, and you'll see every American citizen allow his blood to boil, and he'll get under Old Glory and want to march. That is the thing that will happen.

## EASY TO RAISE LARGE ARMY

As we count them we have forty-eight states—they multiplied so fast not long ago that we really lost track of 'em—and if each state were to give but ten thousand volunteers they would practically fill the first call.

But the first call will be followed by a second call. It will take no less than a million soldiers to take care of things in this country. There are six million German-Americans in this country and one million six hundred thousand Germans who are not naturalized. Take it from us that blood is thicker than water, and many of these German people are going to talk; many of them will have trouble, and it will take soldiers to keep the peace. No doubt about this. The German spies in this country are plentiful. Railroad bridges will be wrecked with dynamite unless carefully guarded; tunnels will be blown up, terminals destroyed and all sorts of internal trouble unless the soldiers are on duty. And in these forty-eight states will be found enough territory to require at least several hundred thousand to patrol it.

So it seems safe to say that a million men must be raised at once; that means an average of a little more than twenty thousand to each state; and it would seem that to raise a million men would be an easy task—that they would respond to the first call. It is conservatively estimated that our fighting strength is at least ten million; so it would seem that easily one-tenth of that number would be anxious and eager to join. But one thing about it—if the response, because of the general lack of enthusiasm, isn't heard Uncle Sam has ways and means to bring the people into camp. Just an order, and presto! the man who arises in the morning and sweareth that he will never go to war finds himself at the recruiting office before breakfast and the beans are spilled. He automatically becomes a soldier under orders, and no matter what he thinks about it he must go and fight. That is one of the rules of a free country or a monarchy. The man who enjoys the rights of citizenship can be forced to fight for his flag, and his only hope of escape is to desert the country—and he can't often do that. In the old days men who didn't want to fight hired substitutes. Whether that opportunity now exists we do not know. Even Grover Cleveland hired a man to represent him on the battlefield. But in these days we take it that all loyal citizens who are able bodied will gladly respond.

The New York Herald regrets that we have no rallying song for the army, and suggests that songsmiths get busy. It thinks "There's a Hot time in Cuba tonight" was worth while. Let us hope the atrocity will not be repeated.

### The Difference.

North Carolina isn't showing much war spirit. The North is all aflutter with war and war's alarms. Down here we are not enlisting to beat the band; we are walking around and wondering what will happen. But wait. North Carolina isn't very swift in some things. She was among the last to secede in the old days, but when she finally got organized and got in motion she was—set to music. She fought and she kept on fighting with the demon of a tiger or a madman. She never gave up, and when she finally gets herself in readiness to take part in the war now on you can count on the Old North State to deliver her share of the goods. She will be there and her colors will be in the thickest of the fray. That is North Carolina. We are not worrying over her apparent apathy just now—we are waiting to see her in action. And she will act.

And "enduring of the war" we suspect the man with the child labor bill will take a day off.

### And Finally.

And, finally after telling the people that if the President wanted war he would vote for it, Gum Shoe Bill Stone voted against the resolution. We fear Mr. Stone will find but few friends to endorse him. When he voted against giving the President authority to arm ships he was within his rights and had an undoubted right to vote as his conscience dictated. But when he saw that war was on; when he saw that this country was going to wage war with Germany, and it was inevitable, then was the time for him to come into camp, as he said he would. But he remained outside and will go back to Missouri to seek vindication. But it will hardly come his way.

### When It Is Bone Dry.

The men in North Carolina who sell whiskey and serve a few months on the road or pay a fine think the hardships of life are something terrible, but they get off very easily compared to what is happening in Mexico. A dispatch from Juarez says that General Francisco Murgie, commander of the northeastern military zone has issued an order that any man guilty of selling liquor shall be put to death and no questions asked. Three saloon keepers at Chihuahua City have been executed for violating the General's order, and if that isn't a bone-dry country, what is it?



## THREE BILLION FOR FIRST YEAR

The first dash out of the box the departments want over three billion dollars to start the war. Three billion dollars, my son—think of that. Three billion dollars, and that will be but a drop in the bucket. But this Nation can raise three times three billion in a very short time. It costs money to murder people, but when it is necessary to go into the murdering business it should never be done in any half-way fashion. England has spent more treasure than she was supposed to possess; Germany's treasury seems never to run short, and now that Uncle Sam is going into the business we will show the world that we can raise more money than any of them.

Three billion dollars constitute a sum that staggers the mind, even in these days of big figures. Just how we will raise it is not known, but when the Union was fighting the South it seemed that there was no end of money. The last resort will be the Greenback, if we want to put it out—three billion of Uncle Sam's I O U's will pass current with the merchant—without any bullion piled in the vaults to make it good. In other words, Uncle Sam's personal notes for thirty billion are just as good as gold, and therefore there is no chance to cripple us in money matters.

Naturally the German sympathizers don't like what's coming, but the man who skulks when his country calls—well, they used to call 'em traitors.

### The Negro Is All Right.

Before we have talked about the negro scare. An interview with President Dudley of the Agricultural and Technical College sets us all at rest concerning the negro's place in this forthcoming war. Dr. Dudley says that when the Star Spangled Banner was sung by the student body of his college he never saw such enthusiasm, and when those students were asked if they would go to war, with one wild acclaim they said yes. Not only the students, but the faculty pledged support to the flag and the country.

And we note that in Wilmington a negro regiment is being organized; we see that Charlotte is also filled with loyal black men; and we will wager most anything we possess that when the call is made the African in this country will be found as loyal as any other race.

We are glad that this is true. The rumors, based on the stories printed in the northern papers, caused some concern down this way, but happily the stories cannot be verified.

We had information yesterday that the New York Tribune of that morning carried a cock-and-bull story from this city telling things that are not true. One story was that the planters were organizing bands to repeat the horrors of the Ku Klux days—but that was moonshine on a shovel. The negro is understood down this way, and he isn't listening to any siren voices. And the Germans know better than to undertake to organize him.

### A Good Law.

The last legislature made a law that stops the hiring out of convicts to corporations and individuals. This was a long needed law. This state has a whole lot of worthless stock in railroads and things on paper, paid for by the sweat of men in stripes.

Society should only demand that its weaker brothers be restrained. It has penitentiaries to stop the depredations of the wicked. It was never intended that a man should be caught, chained and put to work to enrich a state. Such barbarous conduct does not belong in a Christian land. The convict is an unfortunate man. The more wicked a man, the more unfortunate. Often his wickedness is the result of disease. The truth is that no convict was ever happy. He may be a bluffer; he may assume an air of meriment; he may laugh and he may scoff and he may jeer; but in his heart he is wretched. In his hours of loneliness, when sleeping in his cage, with iron bars to keep him there, he talks to himself, he looks back over the trail he has walked, and he is an unhappy and a miserable man.

And what Society should do is to spend time and money and charity in attempting to reclaim this fallen brother. It should make the prison a reformatory rather than a death house and a sweat shop. It should try to uplift and not to further degrade and debase the unfortunate who has surrendered his liberty. God knows the stripes, insignia of disgrace and dishonor, are burden enough. But to hire him, to try to make a little gold out of his body—why, such a thought is repulsive. We are glad our state has gotten away from this custom which would put to shame the barbarian brigand.

## GUILFORD MAN ORGANIZING

Mr. Edward W. Myers is calling for a hundred men to join an engineering company, North Carolina national guard, and it looks like such an undertaking should be easily accomplished. This is a splendid chance for the young man who wants to serve his country, and those who expect to respond to the call should respond quickly.

The average young man in Greensboro hasn't yet felt the thrill. We indulged too long in watchful waiting and too long regarded our President as a man who had kept us out of war. Naturally the young man concluded we would be forever kept out, and, we take it, accounts for the apparent lack of enthusiasm and patriotism everywhere manifested in the South.

But the thrill day will come. One of these mornings, when we read that one of the German submarines has shelled New York or Boston, when we read of something happening a little closer at home than the shores across the seas, we will all get busy and go to looking for a gun. It may be necessary for speakers to come and instill in the mind of the average watchful waiting patriot that now is the time to enlist.

The inducements offered by the engineering company should appeal to all young men started and completed by next year. And when it is completed Guilford will have as fine a building as there is in the state. All of which will be a matter of congratulation, and especially to the broad-minded Commissioners, who are not going to do things by halves.

### Judge Boyd in Good Health.

It is a remarkable record Judge James E. Boyd has made as Judge for the Western district of North Carolina. Holding office for seventeen years and never missing a single day at court except the October terms last year and the November term at Asheville. Because of a temporary illness, nothing serious, the Judge passed up his Charlotte court for this week and will hold court there next week. The report was sent over the country that he was incapacitated, and that a Judge would have to be appointed to take his place. While this story was fresh the Judge was at his office in this city in fine spirits, attending to business. He held his December term of court here and the business of the court is right up to date—no litigants suffering because of delay.

Judge Boyd is over seventy years of age. That is what causes the bunion to burn. The democrats had slated a patriot for this place and Judge Boyd didn't die and he didn't resign and then the policy was to smoke him out by repeated stories that he was incapacitated. If there is any shame left in the man who would willfully circulate such lies in order to get a piece of political pie he should awaken to a sense of duty and crawl off somewhere and himself, rather than the Judge, give up the ghost.

Judge Boyd feels that so long as he can render efficient and acceptable service it is his duty to remain on the bench. And he will do this—and all the laws they can pass will not retire him. He is appointed for life, and if he is physically able to conduct the duties of his office he cannot be removed so long as his behavior is good. The constitution guarantees him this protection, and all the hurry-up democratic laws made to take care of the politically orphaned and fatherless ones would avail nothing. But it is shameful that an old man should be harassed by reading daily reports that he is a dead one.

### Good Old Summer Time.

Who says this is not already the good old summer time? For we read in the New York papers that Barnum & Bailey's circus has already given its opening exhibition in that city, and looking over the state papers we see that Sparks' circus is doing the smaller towns of North Carolina.

The animals are out in their cages; the sawdust ring is on; the fents are new, and the clown's jokes are old, all of which is not only a harbinger of Spring—it is Spring, it is summer itself.

In the old days we liked the circus. In fact, we would walk ten miles to follow the old wagon shows into town. We would, indeed, carry water for the elephant, and we would join the street parade. But in these later years—wonder if we are getting old?—the glare and the glitter of the band wagon, the queen of the saddle and the spangled prince somehow—well, looks like past history, and we can't entuse.

However, if a jam-up circus comes along this summer we have half a notion that we'll look at the street parade, and maybe, as the day grows on apace, we'll venture out to the grounds and, yielding, step inside the main tent and—stay for the concert.

And now Old Glory is floating in this land of the brave and the home of the free. The stars and stripes will perhaps be floating in the barred zone—and Americans will man the ships. Terrible to think about, but there are millions ready to do—and die if need be.

Good evening! Have you run out your flag yet? If not, why not?

## CLAUDE KITCHIN VOTES WRONG

When it came time to vote on the Senate resolution declaring that a state of war now exists between this country and Germany, and authorizing the President to proceed to fight, Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, made a great speech against war and voted no. He would not follow the President and the sentiment of the American people, and in making the speech he made a damp blanket on the fires of patriotism. He did more. He used his place as leader of the House to suggest to citizens that they had no moral right to wage war with Germany; he wanted to bring England in for an indictment, and altogether his speech was far from what we had expected to hear from a Kitchin.

We have hitherto boomed Claude Kitchin for President. We have insisted that he was presidential timber, but we must withdraw our conclusions and we must insist that what he talked, while absolutely within his rights, lacked the metal and the patriotism that we thought were his. This is a time when President Wilson must needs have with him the moral support of the country. In the old days when men skulked in duty they were called copperheads; they were called traitors. While Mr. Kitchin said nothing treasonable nor did anything suggesting treason, he shot off a most eloquent mouth at a time when silence, if he couldn't endorse the Inevitable, would indeed have been golden.

Fifty Congressmen voted no. Those fifty votes mean a great deal to the enemy. What we should have had under the circumstances was a vote without oratorical opposition. The members opposed to war knew they were hopelessly in the minority. They knew that the resolution would be passed. They knew their opposition was nil, and it seems to us, as we grasp Patriotism by the back of the neck and look into its face, that Patriotism would have suggested that if they couldn't vote for the measure there was no particular use at this time to follow in the footsteps of Balaam's ass—and talk. They could have kept still and voted no, but it seemed that the galleries were packed; that the press waited the sensation; that it might be a good gamble in after years to tell the Nation through history that "they told you so."

We confess we are disappointed in Mr. Kitchin. He has been our candidate for President; we have admired him for his bravery, for his utter independence, and commended him for speaking his mind. But we take it, at this survey, that he made a fearful mistake. The Nation is going to call for several million men, and speeches like Kitchin delivered are not calculated to make the blood leap high. The several million men will come—if it is necessary to resort to drafting them—but how much better it would be to see them volunteer, rather than be jerked up with a rope and tackle to the recruiting office. And a few speeches like those delivered by Kitchin do nothing but do infinite harm, and certainly no good. True, Kitchin claimed the right to let posterity know where he stood, and his speech becomes a part of the Congressional Record, the history of the Nation's Congress. But he could have left to posterity a nobler heritage. He could have said that while he didn't believe in war, a majority of these people had elected Wilson their President and he felt it could have left to posterity a nobler heritage, his duty in this crisis to give him and the nation all the moral support at his command.

But Kitchin didn't do that. His speech showed that he had carefully prepared it; that what he said was the result of deliberation and meditation—prayer, he claimed. The war is on, and Mr. Kitchin stands before the Nation as one who used his talents to assist the enemy. That is the incontrovertible deduction, and we are sorry.

In all this rush over the war stories do not forget that this is clean-up week, and all of us should go to war on the rubbish and filth, thus saving us the trouble of going to war with disease this summer.

### Painted It Yellow.

The headquarters of the Peacemakers in Washington were painted yellow the other night and the literature was destroyed. This was carrying the thing a little too far, but it suggested that there is some patriotism in Washington.

Such conduct, however, does no good. It only separates factions, and right now all loyal citizens should stand united. There is no telling what may happen, and when a man fights and sees that he is whipped, as the pacifists certainly are, it is time to come into camp, quietly surrender and join hands with the majority and help out. All citizens save a small percentage favored peace, but when Germany made war it was necessary that all patriotic citizens come in and lend a hand to help whip Germany. Wilson waited too long, but he finally got it right, and back of him should be every American citizen.

And now that Bird Coler is talking of running for Mayor of New York all will wish him well. Why didn't he remain down here and run for Commissioner of Public Safety?