

# For People Who Think Everything For People Who Think

BY AL FAIRBROTHER      SUBSCRIPTION PLAN A YEAR      SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS      SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1917.      ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS      ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## TEDDY'S CHANCE TO COME BACK

Roosevelt has called on the President and had an audience. He wants to have authority to raise a company of men and take them to Europe p. d. q. He insists that the stars and stripes should fly over the trenches of the English and the French—that he is willing to report to a higher authority, but his company must be one picked by him and every man a volunteer.

Let him go. Let him give us another San Juan Hill picture—and Mr. Dooley again write a companion piece to "Alone In Cuba."

Roosevelt is a dare-devil in his nature—a man who apparently thirsts for blood; a lion hunter of renown, a devil-fish artist and a brawler of his party and his friends. Let him go to the war and let his cowboys and his adventuresome friends—men who formed the famous Rough Riders—the broncho busters, the plainsmen, the trappers—the riff-raff of creation which isn't ashamed to live or afraid to die, go with him.

No telling what Teddy would do in Europe. If some fair morning before breakfast he were to conclude that it was quite the thing to attempt to capture Berlin, Teddy would lead the charge; he would go hi-yiing and hi-yiing right into the royal palace and order breakfast for three.

He perhaps knows no fear. He is down and out politically. He is humiliated and wants to come back. If he makes a foreign campaign and adds honor to his name, and if he escapes with his life, his strenuous stunts on horseback and in counsels of war would add the honors, he would come home in time to be another Dewey, another idol for a Nation which is hysterical and fond of change.

Let Roosevelt go. No better place for him and his band of followers. Let him go and ride with him Old Glory, and let him put it down the trenches of the brave across the sea. Roosevelt in action would be a sight bound fear to the German soldiers—to those unmaking and patient people who never saw immensity on dress parade. Roosevelt would be not only an inspiration to his own soldiers, but he would fill with animation the armies of France—men would walk a hundred miles to enlist just for the curiosity of seeing the Great American soldier under a full head of steam.

And he should be given a commission of the highest rank. The army rules could be abrogated, and it could be said that any ex-President of the United States was eligible to the Major Generalship. There being but two ex-Presidents, no confusion would follow. It could be pointed out if any ambitious army men objected that they, too, could jump at once to the high title if they would first be elected President. That would be dodging precedent—it would be establishing a reward for the men who serve as Presidents. No doubt Roosevelt could and would make good. Let him go—and a whole Nation will take new interest in him—his past political betrayals will be forgotten—he will be born again.

**Irresistible.**

The more you look at the bloody scenes being enacted, the more you read about other nations going into the business of war, the more you are irresistibly led to the conclusion that this is God's war—and not under man's control.

It was Victor Hugo who refused to give Wellington the credit of the battle of Waterloo. He claimed that Napoleon was disturbing the equilibrium of the universe and that the Watchful Eye of God Almighty took a part and struck the Corsican low. And it now seems to be that the world has arrived at that period in its advancement when the supposed divine right of kings must be exposed. To overthrow the Kaiser and his military government appears to be what must be accomplished—and when it was ascertained that those countries beyond the sea were not big enough to do it, countries elsewhere were impelled by that Power to take a hand. It appears indeed that a whole world is being taught the lesson, and that when this world-wide war is ended then it will be possible for a lasting peace. "Offenses must needs come," said the King of Peace, "but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."

**It All Helps.**

With Cuba and Brazil and the United States breaking with Germany within a short time, Germany will soon understand that her chances of success grow less and less. Every time another country turns her guns on Germany that Imperial government must of necessity figure on something new. Brazil will be a big help to the allies. Cuba has some boats and twelve thousand drilled soldiers, and in a war like this every man and every gun means just that much more strength. Truly, the days of the German empire draw to a close—a collapse will come in spite of all that can be done to avoid it.

Looks like Teddy might yet squeeze in and go to France with the stars and stripes. Imagine him taking Berlin before breakfast, as the late Bob Toombs remarked concerning Bulker Hill.

## BRYAN READY TO DEFEND FLAG

Many of the big papers at the North are insulting in their references to Mr. Bryan. The New York Herald says editorially:

William Sulzer wants to be a brigadier general. William J. Bryan wants to be a private. Why not let the two constitute a little private army to steal up behind William II and talk him to death?

That is an insult. Mr. Bryan didn't pause and wait like some other so-called patriots to ask for a Brigadier-Generalship. He wired the President and offered his services as a private and is ready to respond to a call to colors. He asks the President to use him in any way—any way to assist in the defense of his country. This is all any patriot could do. Bryan has talked Peace. He has spent his time and money in attempting to bring about a universal peace. But when the President called for men and declared war, Mr. Bryan, although fifty-six years of age, offers himself as a private in the ranks and says put him to doing anything he can do.

And for this reason we think the papers throwing out their gratuitous insults show exceedingly bad taste. Mr. Bryan is a Christian gentleman—a great man—bigger than any of the harpies who set upon him, and in these days when men are wanted, when one offers his services he should not be insulted. It is as much treason to question an honest man's motives who offers his services to his country as it is to express contempt for the flag the honest man desires to defend.

**Unfortunates.**

Let a man be addicted to the use of liquor, and no matter what misfortune befalls him the General Public, which always acts as coroner and sits on a man's troubles and renders a verdict, will say that had he not been drinking this or that would not have happened. We once knew a lovable old man who now and then went on a spree. He was sitting on his porch during a summer shower and suddenly there was a blinding flash of lightning, a peal of thunder, and the lovable old man was gathered to his fathers. The chair in which he sat was shattered—his body was not disfigured, but he was dead.

And, behold, the village folk round about solemnly shook their heads and said that it was a matter of regret—had he not been drinking it probably never would have happened.

And so in these times of war. Let a powder house blow up—something that has happened many times in days of peace—and it at once goes out that spies did the terrible work. Let a railway train, because of a rotten cross-tie or a misplaced rail, rush down an embankment, and, behold, the wise men say "these spies are doing terrible work," and gravely wonder what will happen next and where it will happen.

That explosion in Chester, Pennsylvania, where many men were killed, might have been accidental—but a million people who read the account will always believe that it was blown up by the enemy.

Strange old world in which we live. The Cause is always on the tongues of men, and, generally speaking, they know nothing about what happened or why it happened.

That there will be much trouble caused by the German reservists in this country there is no doubt, but we should not hastily conclude that every time a man breaks a bottle which he carries in his pocket a German spy was the cause. Let us be not too hasty to form opinions.

**The West For War.**

We note that in the middle of June, when Nebraska celebrates her admission into the Union, there will be something doing at Lincoln, and the citizens have asked Teddy Roosevelt to come there and make a speech against Pacifism. In other words, the Committee, including the Chancellor of the University, H. M. Bushnell, and other prominent citizens of Lincoln insist that Bryan has totally misrepresented the people of Nebraska, and they want Roosevelt to come and show the way of Preparedness. Perhaps by June the Nation will find little to talk about, and maybe by that time Teddy will be leading a million men in France under the stars and stripes. But it is funny how the Pacifists didn't make much headway except on paper programs.

**Strange Things That Happen.**

Perhaps the strangest thing happening in this state was when Mount Airy, thinking a business manager was what was most needed, employed a man to take the situation. He made good for something like four months—better, it is said, than an uncommonly common city council could do—but behold it transpired that the man had escaped from an asylum or been discharged from an asylum for the insane, and after four months of managing he showed symptoms of bats in his belfry. Naturally he quit the job, but there be Mount Airy people who claim that he was the best man the city ever had. Strange old world—and how the people get through it is a mystery.

## THE VOLUNTEER IS REAL PATRIOT

We are like Teddy in the matter of volunteers. We feel that the first chance should be given the man who really wants to be a citizen soldier—who wants to show his loyalty. The man who desires to fight for his country will make a really better soldier than the man who waits to be drafted. This is a reasonable proposition. The man who wants to be a lawyer or a doctor will make a better lawyer or doctor if he has a mind running that way—far better than the boy who is forced by his parents to take up a line of study that is distasteful to him.

As we have engineers and electricians and musicians and mechanics born, so doubtless there are born soldiers, as there are born poets. And the man who comes into the world with a desire for blood and a hanker for gore will make a better soldier than the man who comes into the world with an olive branch in one hand and a white dove in the other. It is said that the Spartan mothers, by a process of telepathy, reared soldiers, and that was why the Spartan was a born soldier.

In this nation of a hundred million people there are doubtless a million boys and men who would rather go to war than go to college. They would rather "fight than eat," as the saying goes, and we feel that these should be given an opportunity to say that when their country called they at once responded. The man who lingers, who doesn't want to go to war, will of course go if drafted, but he goes faint-hearted—he doesn't go prepared to give one hundred per cent service from the start.

In this town yesterday we asked sixteen young men—bright young men they were—if they had gone to war, and the invariable reply was that they would go if they had to, but not otherwise. Those young men, after becoming seasoned and drilled in the ways of a soldier's life, would all make good on the battlefield—but they would not be like the young man who wants to go at the drop of the hat.

That is why we have a volunteer call for a million men. True, if there was no response to such a call it might throw some dampness on the scheme, but that would be forgotten when the other five million conscripts came along.

The engineering company raised here in Greensboro didn't find a hearty response at first, but in a few days the required number came in voluntarily—and so if the recruiting office was opened and a call made for a million volunteers there would be response.

However, Congress is going to decide this. Wiser men than your uncle have the matter in hand, and perhaps it is well that it is so.

**It Is Even True.**

With snow in the North as late as April tenth and with people down in Dixie sitting around fires, the oldest inhabitant has some ground upon which to base his expressed belief that this is the latest spring he has ever seen.

But we don't know about that. Once upon a time in this town, some several years ago, we had a chilling frost, a freezer, as late as April 14th. All the trees were "out" and lost their leaves. Those trees in front of the post-office after that frost looked like a candidate on the Progressive ticket the morning after election. Finally hot weather came—and came suddenly. Then again we recall with distinctness that one year in this town we had no spring at all. Cold weather and bad weather ran right into summer, and the merchants who had bought spring goods were unable to dispose of them. So we seem to forget, as we go along. The chances are that the seasons average about the same. Some years spring is a little backward; winter a little late in coming on—but the Good Master hands us out about the same thing.

**A Live Wire.**

Mayor Candler of Atlanta, although rich and busy, yet finds time to devote his talents and business ability to his office. He is just now launching a plan to organize night training classes for the business men of that city and teach them in the art of drilling. The Mayor understands that the business man isn't going to volunteer or enlist unless he is absolutely needed, as business must be carried on, but in the event of an emergency that far-sighted official proposes to have soldiers ready at a moment's notice. This is not a bad idea—contravise an excellent scheme. Other cities could follow Mayor Candler's plan and it might prove a great thing before the war is over. Mayor Candler is one of the liveliest wires in the South—and while he is immensely rich he has never lost the common touch. That is why we all know he is essentially a great man.

**Loyal All Right.**

The esteemed Danville Bee prints an edition of some fourteen pages in red, white and blue—a business edition which was liberally patronized. Old Glory flutters from almost every column, and as this is the first Patriotic Edition of a newspaper in the field the Bee is to be congratulated. It was a distinct novelty—and worth while.

## VERY LIVE ONE IS JUDGE BOYD

Those who think, or rather those who have tried to make it appear, that Judge Boyd is not able to hold court will read with pleasure his patriotic talk to the grand jury in Charlotte. The Judge said among other things the following:

Whatever opinion any person in the United States may have entertained about the war heretofore, it is his duty to waive all personal considerations; lay aside his preferences of whatever kind, and stand unreservedly by the flag of the government of the United States now.

The United States is now at war with the greatest military power that the world has produced up to the present time. The world is now practically drawn into two great opposing camps. It is interesting to reflect that the idea for which we, one of the most powerful nations of the earth, have entered the great conflict had its origin right here in Charlotte, when a handful of men took their lives in their hands and defied a king, saying that each would be his own monarch. From this the idea of democracy has grown until it has come to embrace a large part of the old world.

The issues of the war are: Shall the world revert to the ancient and long discredited "divine right" of kings ruling autocratically, or shall the people of the various nationalities have a say in their government?

All of which suggests that the Judge has still an eye on what is going on, and didn't fail to judiciously endorse the Mecklenburg Declaration. Judge Boyd is intensely an American, and his powers are not the least impaired. Those who are waiting for his job should crawl off somewhere and prepare for a long wait. The Judge is competent to hold court and defend his country for a long time yet.

**Kitchen To Be On The Job.**

Claude Kitchin announces that if the party doesn't want him as leader in the House it has opportunity, without offending him, of selecting a new man. This is all right, but it suggests lack of candor. That isn't the way to put it. When Mr. Kitchin, no doubt a thoroughly conscientious man, and no doubt a man of signal ability, saw that he couldn't endorse his President and couldn't follow the sentiment of the American people, it was up to him to resign as House leader. Simply to say he was a round peg in a square hole or a square peg in a round hole, a misfit, and under the circumstances he wanted to be relieved. Norris went out to Nebraska and told them that if they didn't like the way he voted in the matter of armed neutrality, to have an election and put him out. But that rather savors of the grandstand—a second exhibition of the Washington performance. Mr. Kitchin has read the papers. He knows how they feel. In fact, he anticipated all that has come to him, and were he essentially great, when he made his speech and cast his vote he should have concluded by handing in his resignation as majority leader. Then he would have been bigger than he will ever have a chance to be again.

**Select Conscription.**

President Wilson wants to pass up the volunteer business—wants to take all the young men up to twenty-five and make no difference in the rich man's or the poor man's son. He wants to do this in order to leave at home those who can run the farms and factories—select, regardless of social position, a certain number of men who can be spared from the commercial life of the country. In this there is wisdom—but somehow we feel that the first chance should be given the volunteer. However, as we are not a grim strategist of war—just a plain private—we do not care to butt in with our wisdom. We are willing to let Congress decide the question, knowing that never before in the history of the United States has Congress had such a load on its shoulder. And the man who envies Wilson his job—well, that man isn't serious in his envy.

**Hard To Believe It.**

The man who stands on the streets and looks up or down can't see anything that suggests that we are in a world-wide war—that we are raising five billion dollars the first whirl to finance it. Now and then you see a soldier, but not often. No particular enthusiasm; simply a matter of fact proposition. However, when the German submarines commence to shell these shores; when the American flag has been shot down a few times and a few hundred members of the navy butchered, then the blood will be high leaping and the whole situation will change.

**The Red Cross.**

Greensboro is to have a Red Cross Chapter—and with R. D. Douglas chairman it will be doing something worth while. The men and women responded to the call for organization and, as usual, Greensboro takes her place in the world's doings and is ever ready to do her full part.

## THE WAR NEWS BEING CENSORED

While we were on the eve of declaring war there was more war news than we could handle. But since war has been declared there seems to be a dearth of it. It may be that a strict censorship is observed and war news is held in cold storage. However, it may be there isn't much worth while coming over the wires, so far as our country is concerned. True, Congress is busy and is talking about five billion dollars with not as much apparent concern as an ordinary man talks about the price of a gallon of gasoline.

And this suggests to us the stupendous proportions to which this country has grown. The man who stops to figure how much money five billion dollars really is, is lost in the dizzy maze of figures. He is bewildered. We speak of four billion or five billion with calm indifference, and yet if a man had a railway train up before him loaded down with five billion dollars he would of necessity have to live as many years as Seth lived to count the load, and then he wouldn't be half through, even if some of it consisted of five-dollar bills.

And yet Uncle Sam can obtain credit for five times five billion dollars—and the generations coming on will pay the burden, charge it up to profit and loss and never know what happened.

When the United States went to war with its neighboring states of the South a war debt of great magnitude was incurred. In those days the adhesive stamp was placed on everything where room could be found to place it. That was the means of deriving revenues. There were no incomes in those days that could be taxed; there were no automobiles, nothing to speak of in the way of luxuries, but the necessities of life were made extremely expensive because of the "war tax." The war tax sounded in everybody's ear, struck everybody's purse, and before we are through this last adventure upon which we have started it may be that the war tax will again become an abomination in the sight of future generations, if not our own.

But regardless of expense is the way Uncle Sam has always gone. If we go into this world-wide war, as we have done, it is understood at the outset and was fully understood before we started, that it would cost both blood and treasure. And we are in, and that is why each citizen under the flag should bear loyally and willingly his part. If he cannot go to war he can help pay the expense of it. And this he should do without counting the cost—this he should do enthusiastically and gladly.

**The Patriots.**

A Committee calling itself the "American Committee on War Finance" sends out a hurry up call and wants everybody to appeal to his Congressman to vote for a bill that will make the prosperous men of this country pay the war bills while those with little incomes are to escape.

We are opposed to this and hope our citizens, if they write at all to their Congressmen, will insist that the war money must come from all people who enjoy protection under our flag. The rich man, if he has a son, must send him to the front; the rich man, if he is eligible, must go to war, and there is no real reason why he should bear the burden both of battle and of coin.

The poor man who has no income can pay his part of the tax that will be put on the luxuries he consumes, and it is not only right, but if he be a patriot he will insist that it is his duty to help pay the freight.

It makes us tired to hear the self-styled patriots, every time there is revenue to raise, demand that the prosperous citizen who has about him as much as seven dollars and a half must come across. The income lead looked good, but it is being worked to death.

It is our high hope that our Congressmen will understand that war tax, like the gentle dew of heaven, should fall alike on the just and the unjust.

**To Be Congratulated.**

The police force of the city is to be congratulated upon its effective work in apprehending some twenty-five or thirty negro gamblers and getting them into police court. The idle colored man who depends on the blind tiger route and the gambling den to make his living will find it a hard row to hoe. It is only a matter of time until he will pay tenfold for his folly. He had better awaken to the situation and go to work. There is work here for all able-bodied men—and there is no room here for idlers and gamblers. It may take the police force some time to locate these men, but it seems that it is alert and it is to be congratulated on what it has already done.

England is just now scoring great successes against Germany—but tomorrow Germany's turn may come. This war, almost three years on, has played about even with the opposing foes. The question is: How can Germany stand out much longer, and she replies that she is good for many years yet. And then you are bewildered and stop trying to figure it out.