

Norris Of Nebraska.

There is always some fellow to play the role of bean speller. In the matter of determining what this country should do with Germany it was left to Senator Norris of Nebraska to do the grandstand act. His stage thunder reverberated through the capitol; his exploding expletives lighted the way for gallery gods to drink in the fume and foam which lexicographers denominate the hot stuff. The Senator thought his cheap phosphorus was lightning; he dreamed that he was in the Forum at Rome and that a world would hang on his burst of eloquence. But it was a flop. It was painting a picture of the horrors of war; the groans and shrieks of the victims of the flying shells; the dead men turning cold eyes on a colder sky; the widow in her weeds and the children orphaned, while the sweetheart waited in vain for the lover who never returned. Great is the setting of the sob picture when a weep is ordered. Great is the effect of the flamboyancy of second-class statesmen when they shake their raven locks and address a world that stands listening.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, boldly charged that what Norris was saying sounded like treason—an indictment of the integrity of the President, and other senators agreed with him. Of course Norris denied this; claimed he had a right to insist that the American nation was putting the dollar before the man; that honor was a secondary consideration and used only as a bogie man in order to see that commerce was not impeded. Happily, however, there are few of the Norris tribe in the Senate. That body is composed of men who understand that in a great National crisis like that confronting us it is time to throw off the "pre-pul" bellowing and get down to serious and sober consideration of a most solemn duty.

For three long years President Wilson has watched and waited and doubtless prayed that he could see some way to avert war. He has been patient beyond the limit, in the minds of many conservative men who want peace at any price save honor; but he finally saw, when Germany hurled her defiant ultimatum at us and said she would sink American ships and other ships regardless, that it was time to act; and she carried out her threat with a vengeance. Then it was that Mr. Wilson had to act. Then it was that every loyal American citizen, no matter what views he entertains concerning peace and peace methods, owed it to his country to stand behind the President and give him all aid possible.

That is why the stars and stripes should float over every home. That is why the Nation will respond to his call for money and men. That is why there are but six United States Senators attempting to thwart his plans and leave us at the mercy of the imperial government.

Norris was playing to the grandstand no doubt. When he voted with the other eleven Senators to refuse giving the President authority to arm ships he was within his rights as a loyal citizen; but when the President had acted in this last fearful crisis—when he said that Germany was already at war with us and asked his country to so regard it, and submitted facts and figures to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Germany was determined to dishonor our flag, murder our citizens and sink our ships and deny to the world the freedom of the seas—no loyal citizen can be within his rights who attempts to throw a monkey wrench into the machine. That is our opinion, and we dare say it is the opinion of nine-tenths of the American people.

Mr. Norris will no doubt hear from Nebraska—he has doubtless played on a dead card, and many people know what that means.

And now they are talking of a rally week. Well, why not? Rally round the flag, boys, and rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom—that was an old song which filled the air of the North some fifty years ago. Let it now resound across and over the entire Continent.

The Question Uppermost.

The Washington correspondents of the New York papers, perhaps as able as there are in the country, are speculating on what the war will mean as to action of troops. It is pointed out that many want to send a couple or three million soldiers to England and let them go to the front to fight with the allies. Others want to loan the allies a billion dollars in treasure and keep them supplied with munitions. Others say that submarine chasers, ships and coast defense, assisting merchantmen with torpedo boats, will be about all of it, while the New York Herald correspondent has this significant paragraph in his letter:

Murmurings of a revolt against autocracy, emboldened by the revolution in Russia, reports of food riots in Berlin which are said to have necessitated the withdrawal of troops from the fighting lines, military successes by the entente on the western front and in Asia Minor, the submarine campaign operating far below the efficiency predicted, lead to the belief among officials here that possibly before Congress can assemble to meet the situation the world may be confronted with an entirely different set of conditions.

This is perhaps an intimation that the unrest in Germany may witness a repetition of what happened in Russia, or it may mean that the war will end. The strategists of war have long been puzzled to know what effect will be noticeable if the United States goes to war. That is the one problem. And on this there are as many varied and divergent opinions as there could well be. However, it isn't long until April and then we shall see what we will see.

Astounding Figures.

The United States Steel Corporation announces another big increase in salaries—an increase amounting to thirty million dollars a year. That seems a great increase and interests 230,000 employees. Think of that for one concern—employing nearly a half million men and increasing at one jump their salaries thirty million a year.

Anent Tips.

There have been for some years men who opposed the giving of tips to the menial who had served them, and many have gone so far as to advocate laws against tipping, and in some states such laws now obtain. The tipping idea is as old as service, and the man who feels that his waiter or barber or porter has given him some attention, pleased him, so to speak, has thrown down a small coin and felt good over it. But since agitation commenced against the system it has been shown that the tip constitutes a part of the wage—that men employ servants for so much money to be paid by them and the tip is a side line, but always figured in the equation.

Some men go so far as to say they can get no service unless they "come across," but we never thought much of the proposition. In our case, and experience is always a pretty good thing from which to get deductions, we have crossed the continent over thirty times, and only once or twice have we encountered the same porter or the same waiter. We always felt at the end of a five or six day journey that it was up to us to hand the porter something, and because of a custom we have always let the waiter "keep the change," but we were never forced to do it. The man who travels understands what service is, and if a waiter on a dining car doesn't walk the chalk line you can very easily appeal to a higher court then and there, and later on you can have the whole bunch fired if the facts warrant it.

Why not give the nigger who has blacked your shoes, who has been considerate of your welfare, a small donation? Why, if he has really done you a personal service, something not on the bill, shouldn't you give him a coin in recognition of his thoughtfulness and attention?

The New York Herald appears to be opposed to tipping, and has this editorial comment on a case recently decided in New York:

New impediments are thrown in the way of those hardy patriots who daily face death through ptomaines in their soup, severed jugulars in barber chairs and suffocation in Pullman cars because they wage a campaign against the giving of tips to waiters, barbers, parlor car porters and other possessors of the upturned palm. The appellate division of the supreme court of the third department of New York has decided that a tip is "a part payment of the wages which the employer compels the person served to pay." When the mist is removed from this decision it will be found to mean that certain employers not only have the right to give starvation wages, but may force other patrons to contribute enough money to prevent the employees from starving to death on the proprietor's premises.

Foolish folk formerly had the belief that a tip meant a little "extra money" to the recipient, but that idea now is dispelled. Every nickel or dime or quarter that is given as a gratuity is glorifying the purse of the proprietor at the expense of the employee's self-respect. If tipping were abolished, the few employers who now pass their burdens to the public would be forced to pay living wages and their employees might regain their self-respect sufficiently to say: "I am an American citizen; I do not accept tips."

Looks to us like the reform should commence at the other end. If the hotels and railroads will have it understood, printed in large letters, that no tips must be given; that to give a tip constitutes a violation of the rules, it wouldn't be long until the tipping business stopped, and so far as salaries are concerned they need not be raised. It has been our observation that Pullman porters are not getting rich very fast on the tips they receive. We have seen them on the transcontinental trains "clean up" at the Oakland pier and their week's work didn't amount to much; not one, but we say hundreds of them. The average man may lay down a half dollar, but the porter has worked all week, and certainly he has earned from the traveler more than he gets. True, the company may make him think he is to receive big things, and his straight salary may be based on that supposition, but we are frank to say that we always like to toss a dollar to the nigger who has been on the long trip with us.

The Asheville Times has stopped its circulation war and is getting ready for the German war. This is well. Better fight the "furrin' foe."

We Regret It.

We have printed a communication from Major Stedman telling us that Speaker Clark and Leader Kitchin requested him not to absent himself from Washington last week; that his presence might be needed; therefore he was forced to cancel his Boston engagement. We regret this. We wanted to see the Major go to the Hub and deliver such an address as he alone could deliver upon such an occasion. Perhaps after the war excitement has cooled down Mayor Curley will find another opportunity to invite the Major and Uncle Joe. These two gentlemen of the Old School would have made a hit in Boston—and incidentally the Major's speech would have been worth big money to the South. But a Congressman must remember duty first, and Duty said to remain in Washington.

Teddy Still Ambitious.

Roosevelt still insists that he be given a bunch of men, possibly several thousand or a hundred thousand, so he can take them to France and help fight. We are willing to spare Teddy, but we doubt very much about sending with him any of the American soldiers. Looks like we should send munitions; we could loan money; we could do any other chores that suggested themselves, but to send men when we need them here—that is the dream of wild men.

The Congresswoman from Montana is named Jeanette, and we hope that when she gets in warm debate on the floor of the House no base-born Congressman will undertake to tangle his hand in her hair, Jeanette.

As We Help One Another.

It is an easy matter to boost. It doesn't cost any more to say a kind word than it costs to say an ill word against a neighbor; in fact, it doesn't cost as much. Anger never did any one good. Often it does harm. If we would all remember and take every opportunity that presents to extend that helping hand or utter that kind word it would be a far happier world, and naturally a better world.

We are reminded of this by the following letter received from Mr. R. S. Barbour, a capitalist of South Boston, Va., and also a large manufacturer. He reads Everything—our weekly publication—with interest, and takes time to write us as follows:

South Boston, Va.,
March 31st, 1917.

Mr. Al Fairbrother,
Greensboro, N. C.:

My Dear Mr. Fairbrother:

I am reading your paper from week to week with a great deal of interest and, I trust, with much profit, and fully agree with you on many points.

I fully endorse everything you say in praise of our great commoner, W. J. Bryan. I believe you are on the right track in defending Mr. Bryan from his enemies and critics when an occasion offers itself.

You will remember some weeks ago you wrote a nice little article in commendation of McAdoo and his methods toward relieving farmers, etc., in the beginning of the war. It impressed me forcibly and I copied it and sent it to Mr. McAdoo with my own hearty endorsement, and the following letter I received from him of March 14th:

"My Dear Mr. Barbour: I have been under such exceedingly great pressure that I have not had an opportunity until today to acknowledge receipt of your very kind letter of the 24th of February. I thank you sincerely for sending me the quotation from Everything and deeply appreciate your generous references to me.

"With best wishes, I am
Sincerely yours,
"W. G. McADOO."

I fully believe in recognizing the good that may be done by our public servants, be they high or low, thereby encouraging them in the good work they may be doing, and my experience is that a man never gets too big to recognize and appreciate the endorsements of a private citizen, which strengthen his arms and hands in the good work he may be trying to do.

I have read with a good deal of interest your comments on the poor woman who was sent to the penitentiary for life at about the age of thirteen for "infanticide," which is a fearful thing to think of a poor child like that, probably ignorant, and if not ignorant certainly would not be able to appreciate the seriousness of such a crime at that tender age. I think your defense is able, strong and wise in this particular case, as well as others.

Sincerely yours,
R. S. BARBOUR.
That kind of a spirit is the right kind of a spirit. When a fellow mortal does something worth while to your way of thinking, tell the fellow mortal so, and he will feel better all day and maybe all his life.

Before it is over there will doubtless be one of the biggest naval engagements ever recorded in the world. If the German fleet ever leaves the North Sea there will be something doing.

Preparedness.

Those who oppose Preparedness can find from the following paragraph a reason why Preparedness is quite the proper thing. We quote from the Andrews Sun:

Why is it we can't have a fire department in Andrews? There should be one organized and gotten in practice, in case of fire there would be some system in fighting it. Why not let the town officials appoint a committee to select some young men who will practice and get some in it? The town should allow these men their road taxes or something of the kind for their work. Let's get together and organize.

Now, there seems to be a town, many buildings, all liable to catch on fire, and it seems that no preparation is made to fight the "demon" were he to come "into the midst" of Andrews. Not even a hook and ladder company; not even an organized bucket brigade. And doesn't that sound queer? Whoever before heard of a town containing as many as a hundred people that didn't have a bucket brigade? Always, wherever we have been, we have found the bucket brigade if nothing else could be secured. Always there have been some measures adopted to fight fire. But here is a North Carolina town apparently unprepared. And here was a nation, with a spreading fire burning in the Old World and was unprepared. But happily Uncle Sam is getting down to brass tacks now—and the little town of Andrews should organize its fire company.

Wait Just A Little.

We are informed that while our citizens haven't as yet put out many flags, the intent is all right. Several men have been solicited orders, and scores of flags, some very large ones, have been ordered, and within ten days Old Glory will be in evidence from many house tops.

This is well. We had wondered why an apparent indifference, and ascertained that orders have been made—the flags are now in transit and will soon be here.

It is well. The old stars and stripes have much to do with helping the boys conclude that there is something to fight for, and if a call is made for a million men the flag will be the first thing to help boost the cause.

Oh, say, does the Star Spangled banner still wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

The Patriotic meeting in Greensboro wasn't as enthusiastic as it should have been, but it was a starter, and we'll yet make the welkin

Something Doing.

After reading President Wilson's proclamation we fear that the worst trouble we are going to have is with the German this side of the sea. The average German is an earnest and honest fellow. He doesn't always express himself in the United States language, and he often gets things backward. He is well meaning. But he likes to talk, and he has so long enjoyed a broad freedom in this country that to curb him as the message reads—we now speak of the unnaturalized German—it is going to be a hard matter to keep him in the traces, and he will mean well at that.

However, it is said that there are in this country something like one million six hundred thousand Germans who are not naturalized, and we must be very vigilant if we watch all of them. Therefore we have a half idea that the particular duty of the soldier will be to guard cities, bridges, terminals and look out for all kinds of spies.

The hope is that the American people will treat the German with due respect. He isn't responsible for what the Kaiser has done. He is here and has been for the most part one of our best citizens. We understand that in war times blood is thicker than water; we understand that if a German grows at all "mouthy," as the street talk has it, he is liable to breed trouble. Knowing this as we all do, we should have a care not to act too hastily in dealing with our foreign brother.

Having seen the inhuman treatment accorded the Japanese in San Francisco when the trouble was on out there a few years ago, we speak of this and caution moderation on the part of the American citizen. Let us be patient before assailing the German who is trying, in his way, to explain his conduct.

If there are submarines in Mexican waters the chances are they will be sighted and blown up before much damage is done.

Bryan Is There.

Although the foremost advocate for Peace in the United States—a man who has preached peace and insisted upon it at all times and under all circumstances—W. J. Bryan rings clear. He proffers his services to his country, as a private; is ready to do anything that the President may ask him to do in the present war. Mr. Bryan is big enough and broad enough to understand that the Peace propaganda is now retired, and that just now it is necessary to fight for the honor of his country. Bryan has always been big and broad. He has awakened from his dream and knows the inevitable when he meets it on the road. Colonel Bryan had a regiment in the Hanko-Spanko war and he will doubtless be at the front in this war.

That is good news to know that Labor has agreed that there shall be no strike during the war. This is business.

Loyal To The Core.

The Elks always do the thing up right. The other day a flash from New Orleans called upon all the Elk Lodges in the South, if they felt loyal to the President and favored his policy in the German matter, to hold a meeting, pass a resolution and wire the President. All over the South, wherever there was an Elks lodge, the meetings were held, and unanimously, it is said, the resolutions were passed and hurried to Washington.

This was worth while. No doubt President Wilson feels deeply the great responsibility he assumes in putting the fighting machinery of this country into action. Especially after he had been elected because of the slogan "He kept us out of war" did he appreciate the unanimity of expression of the American people in telling him to go to it. He kept us out of war as long as he could. The Elks wanted him to know that he was supported, and this was a happy thought.

Wilson's Proclamation.

Direct from the shoulder and breathing the American spirit of freedom and justice, President Wilson issued his proclamation, and hats are off to him.

Behind him will be found almost to a man the hundred million people who live under the stars and stripes. Behind him will be the manhood and the money of America. Just how long we will be engaged in this war no one of us will dare guess. But no matter how long, if it assists in bringing lasting peace and putting to death the military spirit it will be worth the cost.

President Wilson doesn't mince words. He goes at it with the abandon of an old warrior. He says the right things and proposes to see that his authority is law. The hope is that all the peace talkers will now come into camp and give the Nation the moral support that is needed.

The proposition to draft men into the army will not be necessary for a year or so. The first million men will come rapidly.

Grave Business.

This war proposition is perhaps the gravest problem ever confronting America. But America is big enough and rich enough to stand for all that comes. Those who fear a combination of Japan and Mexico are figuring without their host. Japan is with the allies, and so are we. There need be no trouble feared from that point. Before July we will find that almost every neutral nation is engaged in the conflict and the rallying cry will be: "Whip Germany."

Miss Rankin Weeps.

It was a novel situation in which Miss Rankin, the Congresswoman, found herself. A thousand rubber neckers looking at her, staring at her, and she fighting with the contending emotions that naturally fill a woman's breast when war is suggested. She couldn't muster up her courage—she sobbed. But the men were sympathetic. They understood her position. Had she been accompanied by a sister member she might have gone under the wire with a smile. But one lone woman among those bearded pards—well, we do not blame her for the few weeps she uttered. Next time she will be brave. The ice is broken.

A Sad Story.

That was a sad story coming out of Fayetteville the other day when it was recorded that a young man, Purdie Guy, only twenty-two years old, had committed suicide because of the humiliation brought upon him by being arrested. The story was that young Guy was to take part in the county commencement exercises, carrying the banner of the Eureka High School, and just before the beginning of the ceremonies he stepped into the National Bank and had a check cashed for eight dollars, to which he had forged the name of a well known farmer. The bank officials, convinced the check was a forgery, telephoned to the police to arrest young Guy. Two prominent Fayetteville citizens arranged bond for him; his father was sent for and carried the young man home. The boy retired, and arose early in the morning, built fire in the kitchen, but when breakfast was ready he was not to be found. A search revealed his body behind the barn, where a ghastly wound was seen in his body, and the gun which ended his life was lying by his side.

And all for eight dollars. A human life sacrificed—and the Bank which arrested him only did its duty. Strange how quickly the Conscience speaks after the deed is committed. Had the boy only thought, could he but have realized how that one misguided step would have caused him so much remorse, not for a thousand times eight dollars or ten thousand times eight dollars would he have done what he evidently knew was wrong. Were a writer of a novel to have the hero kill himself because he had stolen eight dollars or forged a check for that amount, the book would fall as being so inconsistent and so wholly unlike life, and in disgust the reader would toss it aside and exclaim: "Impossible."

In these days when we read of the plausible men with seared consciences who rake in the kale seed from widows and orphans; when we see public plunderers lining their pockets with ill-gotten spoils and fighting it out in courts; when we see grafters of high and low degree reaching out the itching palm for services never rendered; when we know that thousands of men have served their time for theft and other thousands who have stolen escaped apprehension, indeed we must marvel that a boy standing on the threshold of life, young, ambitious, respected and just about to proudly carry his High School banner in a great parade, would stoop to folly and forge a friend's name for eight dollars and then blow out his brains because his crime was exposed. We cannot accept the story, and yet it is as true as truth.

It would be hard for any one to analyze this case. It is hard to understand why a man of so sensitive a nature would undertake to practice forgery, and for such a small amount. He could easily have saved his life, and perhaps his honor, because the sum was so inconsequential.

Of course bankers have their rules, and the law is plain. But it seems to us; as we look over a case like this, that had we been the bankers; had we known that the boy had a father; had we known that he was not a professional check forger; had we known that it was his first offense—as it looked like they might have known it—we would at least have held up the arrest until we could have had a chance to do something else. Not that we would intimate that the boy's blood is on their hands. As the word runs and the law reads, they did their duty. But sometimes we should have a feeling for the parents—and if the kiddie stole only eight dollars and there was a chance to put him on the right track without exposure and with no pecuniary loss to the bank, it looks like sometimes our better natures should guide us and we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us. But maybe we are wrong.

It Will Come.

The Avery Herald, we believe it was, ran this item the other day:

A protective tariff helps business and benefits every man and woman who gets a living out of business. A free trade tariff and special taxes hurt business and injure every man and woman dependent upon business for support.

Don't you worry at all about the tariff. It is the one issue that must be settled, and when this country gets through with the war in which we are now embarking and we see daily expenses running into the millions there will be a tariff law all right—and the tariff will be higher than ever. We have already taxed our people the limit to run things in time of peace because of the foolish free trade laws now existing. The tariff proposition is simply a business proposition. It is not necessarily a republican measure or a democratic measure. It is an economic measure. It costs so much money to run the government, and if we can collect that money from foreign nations who send their products into this country to compete with American labor we are fools if we fail to do so. That is all there is about the tariff. And if this nation commences to spend millions of dollars a day to prosecute the war we will be forced to levy tribute from other nations sending their goods to these shores. That is the long and the short of the story—and after the war has ended we will see a higher tariff wall around this country than was ever dreamed of by republicans.

Twelve Thousand Armed Policemen.

The twelve thousand policemen in New York City are now armed with rifles and with orders to shoot if anything goes wrong. That in itself is quite an army—twelve thousand brave men, armed men and experienced men patrolling one city. If any German spies or German intruders attempt to start something in the metropolis, already on guard and on duty are twelve thousand armed men ready for business. That is the way to handle things. The war is on—and Johnny must get his gun.

The submarine chasers do not appear on dry land, so it will be impossible for Atlanta to sight one of 'em.