



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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THE DOG AND SHEEP MYTH

If there was ever a myth that finally grew until it got into men's sized clothes and masqueraded as a fact it is the one concerning dogs killing sheep. Even in North Carolina, where there isn't a sheep pasture worth while, the legislature each time it meets is called upon to wrestle with the problem of sheep-killing dogs. In New York state there is also commotion, and after long delays and much speculation and considerable oratory the Wicks bill is about to pass, and it provides that any stray dog seen on the pike can be killed. The New York Herald takes a few minutes off to discuss editorially the great problem and writes as follows:

In an effort to assist the sheep raising industry of the state the Wicks bill in the legislature, to permit the killing of dogs that are found at large, in certain conditions is so broad in its application that it is likely to provoke quite as many man killings. The dog has been described as "man's best friend," and the court records prove that these pets are responsible for more quarrels among neighbors than any other agency. To legalize the killing of pets that may have broken from captivity or that may have lost their license tags is to invite retaliation by the owner of the animal, and this retaliation may, and probably will be as violent as the affection for the pet is deep.

In its earlier form the Wicks bill proposed to tax the dog owners of the cities so that the sheep industry up state might be placed on a safer footing. This provision has been stricken out, but the bill still retains features which vitiate its good qualities. There is no doubt that sheep raising ought to be placed on a surer and more profitable basis so that the supply of mutton and wool would be increased, but in placing the blame for the backwardness of the industry on the dog the legislators are baying at the moon. In discussing this Wicks bill the legislators already have eaten up enough of the taxpayers' money to pay for all the sheep that will be eaten up by the dogs of the state in a year.

And that is about the size of the situation, whether in New York, North Carolina or Kalamazoo. The lawmakers waste more time over such bills than they are worth. The average dog isn't a sheep-killing dog, in the first place, and if all the sheep killed by dogs were put up in the market they wouldn't be worth a hundred dollars to each state. But the reformer always wants to go after dogs and let men run at large to commit their depredations. Nothing like making a noise in another direction.

Among the latest recruits from North Carolina are two Croatan Indians living in Robeson county. When the red man goes on the war path there is something odd. They should have waited and joined Teddy in his trip abroad. However, they are to be congratulated because of their loyalty to the flag.

As To Planting.

The planting fever is on, and many men say the trouble is going to be that all the folk are planting early vegetables and not enough peas and potatoes and stuff that will keep. The New York Herald editorially suggests more vegetables than flowers, and says concerning it:

Now that the pressing demand of the country is to economize land and labor with the purpose of producing more food-stuffs it may be suggested that during the crisis wealthy persons should dispense with the enormous masses of cut flowers that are in evidence at entertainments and weddings and at funerals.

The flowers are beautiful and their cultivation and distribution gives employment to a great army of men. But at this time every square foot of arable soil and every man who knows how to make anything grow is needed to produce something more necessary than the blossoms that perish in a day.

It would be a boon to the community if the land now devoted to flowers and the skillful hands that cultivate it could be diverted for a time to the production of honestly but indispensable vegetables.

Down this way the flower garden isn't much—just enough to add a little variety. We hope that all who have the little flower gardens will keep them up. There is plenty of room for the vegetable. Plant peas, onions, potatoes, beans—things that can be kept. In this way we will have a winter supply. But if every man undertakes to plant perishable stuff, then look out for a disappointment.

Only a little while until the Fourth of July. Are we going to have that big celebration and make merry over the fact that Guilford now has a National Park? Better do it.

And the City Commissioners have shown the good people that they have done many things for the betterment of the city—more than one, just off hand, would have enumerated.

NOT ENOUGH VOLUNTEERS

North Carolina should furnish a hundred men for the navy, but up to this time the number is said to be less than a hundred. Just why the navy doesn't appeal to the young men we do not know, but it would have looked like a safe bet that four hundred men would have jumped over themselves to get in. But they didn't, and Governor Bickett is not at all pleased. He is quoted as saying that he thinks every citizen in the state will feel deeply humiliated if the state fails to meet the modest demand of the government.

The trouble is when we tell the young fellows to join the army or navy they want to know what business it is of a gray beard. And there being something in this query we rather incline to let the young man suit himself. But really it does look like the spirit of adventure is about gone.

Along this line, did it ever occur to you that the passing of the dime novel—the old yellow back—had much to do with subduing youth in his adventures? Well, it has. In the old days, when Ned Buntline was writing for Robert Bonner's New York Ledger—when he wrote his Prairie Flower, which commenced: "Ho, for Oregon, what say you, Frank Latin?" and Frank wanted to know what they would do when they arrived and was answered "hunt, trap, fish and kill Indians"—a half million young men were interested, and those stories, strange as it may seem, helped in a large degree to settle the west. And of thousands of adventurous young men who went to the west in those early days—those pioneers who fought wild beasts and wilder men—the cheap novels had much to do with starting them toward the setting sun. No doubt about this. The yellow back came in and laws were made against it because it was claimed it got boys started wrong—and by the same token, we presume, and, we think, logically, that because this country hesitated so long about going to war, and because it was understood that Wilson had kept us out of war, the thrill which would have caused a thousand men instead of one hundred to join the navy has passed, and we all view this great war with indifference—do not appreciate what is on or understand our duty.

And this shows what sentiment does, what talk will do, what the printed page has to do with forming public opinion.

We are glad, very glad, it didn't happen then, but had President Wilson, when the Lusitania went down, issued a war proclamation there would have been thousands rallying to arms where now there are hundreds. When the floods were on last July in this state, thousands of dollars were subscribed and subscribed cheerfully—because the thrill was there. The story was new. But were you to ask for a dollar today for the flood sufferers of last July, although in need, you would be given the horse laugh. All of which proves again "that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

Mr. Balfour's Visit.

England and France and the foreign countries fighting Germany have sent representatives to this country to talk over the situation with Uncle Sam. Just what they come for is unknown. England has given our stars and stripes a place along with the union jack, something never happening before, and France has run Old Glory from the heights of Eiffel tower. Those two countries are very much interested just now in Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam is going to be able to put untold treasure in the war—he is going to lend the allies money, and the chances are that he will have five or ten million available soldiers to assist in the war. This makes Uncle Sam a rich old Uncle, and naturally to patronize him just now is the thing.

Mr. Balfour comes to talk things over; comes to explain, perhaps, to the United States some things England has dearly learned, especially about raw recruits and other things, and his visit is no doubt timely and will prove highly beneficial to this country.

There is talk here and there—a feeling, so to speak—that the end of the war is in sight; but we cannot believe that just yet. Germany has fought and lost; she sees there is no possible way for her to dictate any terms of peace, and with nothing to gain why should she stop until exhausted? She claims that she has just put out five hundred thousand new recruits, she claims she has plenty of money, and the Berlin news is that all of Germany is hopeful. Deluded thus, she will doubtless fight to a finish, and if she does that means at least two years more of the bloody record.

J. C. Buxton.

The passing of J. C. Buxton, one of the state's leading lawyers, at the early age of sixty-five years is a matter of regret. The state loses a strong man, and Winston-Salem loses one of her most valuable citizens. Mr. Buxton was a great lawyer, a good citizen, and we sorrow to know that never again will we see his familiar figure.

THE GYPSY LIFE HAS ITS CHARM

The books tell us that there was never a real gypsy in this country, but every now and then you see a band of dark-skinned people traveling like gypsies are supposed to travel; they call themselves gypsies, and so far as we know they are gypsies. The other morning three vehicles passed through town—gypsy wagons, gypsy horses and gypsy men and women and children. Strange as it may appear, no dog accompanied them. The horses were lean and raw-boned; the wagons dilapidated; the women folk wore the red dress and other colors of apparel; the men looked the part, and whither they were going we didn't stop to inquire. In reading some of the old novels, perhaps Lytton best portrays gypsy life, one wants to mingle with this strange people; wants to share for a time their indolent life; wants to go foraging with them and eat the dinners cooked in the woods; wants to hear the music of the instruments on which they perform; but when you get a close view of the strange people perhaps you are not inclined to make your vacation their way.

Wandering about aimlessly; stealing, in the old days, enough to live upon; trading horses; bartering different kinds of cheap goods; telling fortunes and not caring much what happened tomorrow, such was their life, strange indeed to the busy man, but said by some philosophers to be the best life ever lived. They figure it out that Gold is not only nothing, but think the price men pay for gold is higher than any other commodity. Maybe it is true. These philosophers, grim and determined, tell us that the man who early puts his nose to the grindstone of commerce and spends a life chasing dollars, grubbing and digging and saving gold, gets nothing out of the existence to be passed on earth. They take the brilliant success of the gold grubber and place beside it its mournful eclipse, the early grave, the worry and toil attending it, and point for you a picture. They will show you an humble cottage, with smoke curling from the chimney rudely built of brick or stone; they will show you a pretty square—a lawn, a front yard, where old-fashioned flowers such as pinks and hollyhocks and daisies and verbasins and phlox and poppies and heartsease grow in tropical profusion, such sweet emblems as are just now bursting from the arms of mother earth and soon to bloom in tropical profusion, giving life, color and beauty to the scene; they will show you the comely wife, the companion of the husband, singing and happy, with sleeves rolled high and gingham dress, and children playing at hide and seek and forming circles and singing "King William was King James' son, and thus the royal course is run," and these calm philosophers who deal in theory—and who deny the fact—will attempt to impress upon you that that home is a happier home than the gilded palace bought with delirious brain and tainted money. All money to the man who does not possess it is naturally tainted. Of course.

But, suppose all ambition ended there among the flower gardens and with the children singing and playing their little games. Where would the world be and what would be the use of the talents God Almighty has given men? Then we would have no mechanics, no men to create such marvelous machinery as we have today; no inventors; no airships; no submarines; no men-of-war; nothing but the push-cart and Old Dobin for locomotion, and naught but crude implements to till the field or produce the needs of man. It would be a quiet world; a stagnated world; a world always taking a holiday, and no great commercial enterprises would be born. The brain, ever alert to fashion some marvelous mechanical device, would grow inactive; "enterprises of great pith and moment would turn awry and lose the name of action."

No, Claudius, dream not thus of gypsy life or pastoral life. Go ye hence in yonder wilderness of unknown lands; go out on the undiscovered high seas and fashion there your route.

Take the route that others have made, improve on their handicraft or seek new fields of endeavor yet untrod by man; but go, and go, as the Argonaut of old, in quest of the Golden Fleece. God decreed it so, and so it must be. If you meet with storm-lashed waves and return in stripes clinging to a broken spar, and jeers and jibes meet your listening ear, understand that others have gone before; that Success is not to all, though all must strive to attain it. The gypsies who passed through town yesterday morning toil not, neither do they spin—and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of those gypsy queens—but their lives are barren; they are as the mistletoe that lives its barnacle life, supported by a tree that cannot shake them off. Gold may have its taint, but it has its use, and all of us must strive to obtain it.

Better volunteer today—it may rain tomorrow.

And that hitching lot remains in all its ghastliness.

WHERE JOHN IS STILL STRONG

The news is sent out of Washington to the effect that John Barleycorn is yet invincible. It was the hope for some time of the prohibitionists that now would be the opportune moment to wipe whiskey off the calendar, at least while the war was in progress. It was pointed out by them that in Russia and France intoxicating liquors were prohibited by the governments; it was claimed that whiskey reduced the fighting strength of soldiers, and it looked like it would be an easy matter, with our nation almost ready for national prohibition, to adopt most any war measure concerning it.

But the story is that in raising the two billion dollars needed at once taxes must be levied, and Old John is the shining mark. He has always been such a source of direct revenue that he has been exalted where he should have been debased. He has made believe that he was an economic necessity; that through him alone could revenue sufficient be raised to run the country, and each year his many millions contributed have been played up to show what a great force he is. Now it is proposed to increase the tax—to make whiskey pay the government perhaps twice what it now pays, and if this is done it is easy to get a few millions directly from John, but indirectly from the people whom John debauches.

It is said that the beer tax and whiskey tax run into the many millions each year, no matter how much prohibition territory there is; and it is claimed that if this tax is doubled or trebled it will be an easy matter to raise the desired amount of money. And the story further says that prohibitionists will again compromise; that if the government will refuse to let sailors and soldiers have whiskey and beer it will be all right to allow its manufacture.

Strange how many compromises have been made with evil in this world—but not so strange when it is understood that Evil always has the price and is willing to pay whatever license is demanded.

He Is A Big Man.

The Henderson Dispatch hands down this observation, and it is worth while in one way, because it gives us a chance to say what we want to say:

Just as long as some of them continue to pat Mr. Kitchin on the shoulder and tell him that his occasional kicking out of the traces on important administration measures makes him appear to be a big man he is likely to keep it up.

Kitchin is a big man. He is a wonderfully big man; and, like some other big men, he makes mistakes. When Kitchin made that sob-touching speech and voted against the majority of Congress he made a fearful mistake—one that has cost him many friends politically. Kitchin forgot that he was more than an individual. He was the House leader, and when he saw he couldn't vote with his President and a majority of the House which he essayed to lead and couldn't it was up to him to have voted no and kept his mouth shut, or voted no, made his speech and resigned as House leader.

In other words, Mr. Kitchin didn't take an inventory of himself. He seemed to forget that he was there supposedly representing the administration; he was there to lead first in all administration measures, and when he saw he couldn't hold the job, if his conscience balked, it was up to him to resign and then say what he wanted to say as a private member of the House.

Big men make mistakes. All of them have, and perhaps Kitchin in his present activities is attempting to atone for his mischief. We regretted very deeply that Mr. Kitchin so far forgot his duty as to make war against the House, because that speech of his was a wet blanket on the flames that were not burning any too brightly. Had Kitchin delivered a speech such as it was expected he would deliver, and which he should have delivered as House leader, it would have been worth a great deal to the country just then.

When the Associated Press told us that 100,000 men had been killed it looked fishy, but it had come by cable—and in going to press we didn't have time to walk to London to verify the figures, so we printed what we received.

A Distinct Force.

The traveling man is a distinct force all the time, but it is gratifying to know that just now he is of great worth to his country—greater than in times of peace. Many of the organizations throughout the country have held patriotic meetings and agreed to talk the flag and the country at all times and under all circumstances. The traveling man is intelligent and strong. He sees many people and as a booster for the cause will prove a wonderful force. In fact, the traveling man has much to do with shaping public opinion. He is next to the reliable newspaper in that regard.

CHEAP BUNCOMB ABOUT THE RICH

In the House, when the conscription bill was being discussed, it remained for one of the Congressmen to tell galleries that those favoring conscription were men like Vail and Morgan and other men who represent the big things of the Nation. Naturally this called forth cheers. Whenever you are making a speech to the grandstand and can mention Morgan and lesser lights in the multi-millionaire world, and mention them disrespectfully, you draw the applause of the gallery. The Congressman didn't mention the fact that Morgan and the other rich men he did name had taken no active part in the conscription plan—that President Wilson had insisted upon it; had said it was the only thing to do. When Morgan and the other men of money are willing to finance the war they are abused for it, and the rabble doesn't stop to think that a democratic Congress in the majority, aided and abetted by most all the republicans, voted for the war; that a democratic President, endorsed the second time by our people, called Congress together for the sole purpose of declaring war; that the upper and lower houses of Congress unanimously voted the seven billion dollars to prosecute the war—they forget all this and hold up a few exceptionally rich men to ridicule because they believe as Mr. Wilson believes.

In other words, if a rich man, successful and doubtless well informed, advocates anything that leaves room for grandstand play, the artist is at once on the job and the rich man is skinned alive.

So far as we are concerned, and it makes little difference, we have been against conscription until the volunteer process was thoroughly tested. We have insisted upon this, not that it would make a particle of difference, but because it was up to us to be on one side or the other, and we felt, and still feel, that conscription in the start and until all other means are exhausted is wrong. We were glad to see that Speaker Clark came out on the same platform—glad to know that all men are not with President Wilson in this matter; but because J. P. Morgan believes with Wilson is no reason that he should be held up to ridicule. He is but an individual, and it makes no difference to him, except he wants to see the war a success—and the evidence, viewed from Mr. Wilson's standpoint, is that conscription is the only thing. However, those who disagree with Mr. Wilson are not quoted. Had Morgan been with Clark against conscription, his name would not have been mentioned; but because he is a rich man there is an appeal to that prejudice always existing against the rich, and it is used, even in days when patriotism should get above the little jealousies of life and beyond the pettyfogging tactics of the grandstand artist who jams the wind on all occasions and who fills the air with his spume and foam.

There is but little doubt that the conscription bill will become a law. That is almost inevitable, and made doubly so because of the fact that men are not voluntarily walking to the Captain's office.

To Advertise Bonds.

The government intends to prepare advertising matter and ask the newspapers of the country to advertise free its wares. At the same time the makers of print paper are holding up the publishers to the limit, taking all their profit and Uncle Sam is talking about levying an income tax on subscriptions and advertising, and also of increasing the rate of postage to three cents a pound. All of which is good business, but why Uncle Sam should ask newspapers to furnish their product free when he is willing to pay the market price for his other supplies we do not know.

The advertising columns of a newspaper are just as much the newspaper's stock in trade as the goods on the merchant's shelf. That is where the revenues come from to run the business, and it looks like Uncle Sam should invest in printer's ink the same as a merchant. Indeed, if the newspaper gives up its advertising space free it can't run. That is a cinch.

Getting The Start.

The court house contract will be awarded pretty soon, the work will at once commence, and within about eighteen months, all things going well, Guilford county will have a court house of which every citizen will feel proud. Then will come the new building of the Jefferson Standard on the present court house site. The O. Henry will by that time be completed. The depot, if the citizens do not spoil it all by getting too many strange views and suggestions, may be under way, and altogether, despite the war, Greensboro will be on the upgrade. The court house is the first big drive, and others will follow.

April is about gone and the man who doesn't think time flies is reminded that four months of the Glad New Year have already cashed in. Does it seem to you as long ago as four months when you ate your last turkey hash? Well, hardly.

Those three P's in the pod should not be forgotten: Prepare, Plow, Plant.