

Everything

Doesn't Seem To Be All In.

The attempt to make it appear that Judge James E. Boyd is too old to fill the duties required of him as Federal Judge becomes a joke when we read about the Judge holding court at Statesville.

The expressions given by the court in the present condition of the country and the masterful manner in which the American rights were announced by the court not only touched the tenderest sentiments of our hearts, but renewed our strength and love for the country and its institutions.

Then we read in the Salisbury Post this local reference to the same talk:

"I hope that when he comes to Salisbury to hold Federal court Judge Boyd will make the same charge he made at Statesville some days ago," said Deputy Marshal J. H. McKenzie.

Mr. McKenzie said that the address was so captivating, so patriotic and high toned that the people of Statesville were delighted and resolutions were adopted commending the patriotic charge of the jurist.

And yet when a man can do this, make a talk to the grand jury of a court room and have the town talking about it and endorsing it, have people coming back to their home towns and telling newspaper men about it, it doesn't look like the political buzzards who imagined in their desire for pie that they saw a dead one, had the right vision.

Keep a brave heart, me laddies. The City Planner will be here in May and then we will know how to round the corners and maybe how to get rid of that Gaston street hitching lot, which is an eyesore and which should be taken from the city limits.

Watterson On Conscription.

That there are two sides to the conscription question we guess all will admit. The following from Henri Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, gives one side of the question and is worth considering:

It is evident that the House committeemen who oppose the President labor under the delusion that if a sufficient number of men should volunteer we should have an army. That is altogether wrong. We should have a multitude of volunteers, insufficiently trained, badly officered and unfit to face a trained German army as a floor walker would be unfit to face a pugilist in a prize ring.

It would be unreasonable to doubt the excellence of the intentions of Representatives who, as members of the House Military Committee, are opposing the selecting draft. One among them is Mr. Fields, of Kentucky, who, the Courier-Journal feels sure, votes his sincere convictions. Others, like Mr. Fields, look upon the volunteer system as representing freedom and upon conscription as unwarrantable coercion.

The country faces a great crisis. Votes cast injudiciously in Congress may make a dark chapter of American history. The situation is far too grave to admit of sentiment standing in the way of the efforts of the President and the War Department. The imperial government of Germany would like nothing better than to see the anti-draft men defeat the President's bill. It would warrant them in regarding America as negligible in so far as the entrance of her into the war is concerned.

As we understand it, all that is wanted is the best. If conscription will give us better soldiers, if it will be a greater protection to those who will be called upon to fight, then to the winds with sentiment. We cannot see, however, why the volunteer plan is not the better way. Give the citizen a chance to voluntarily enlist. If he doesn't, then go after him. Train all who do enlist before sending them to the front.

The fellows who were talking treason throughout the country are holding down a little. That message of the President and the prompt response by officials have rather cooled the ardor of the man who thought free speech meant any old thing he wanted to say.

The Sorrows Of The Bulldog.

The bulldog has had a hard row to hoe. He can't help it because he is a bulldog, but the laws made by Society are such that a bulldog is treated with no more courtesy than a German spy.

The bulldog which attacked and killed a valuable bird dog on Baugh street early yesterday morning belonged to Claude Mills, who was fined five dollars by Mayor Wooding this morning for allowing his dog to be at large without a muzzle. Mills said that the dog was tied, but succeeded in severing the chain by which he was attached to the premises.

Now, if it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury, all this bulldog did was to follow his natural inclination and chew up an inferior animal. He simply chewed into mince meat one of his species—and a bird dog—is under the same ban as any other dog when the hydrophobia scare comes to town.

Such was the language of Mr. Wordsworth, and such is the language we employ. The bulldog was tied, but not with a cord strong enough, and we hold that it was not his fault that he got loose.

The lightning rod agent had dropped out. It is rare that you see a lightning rod these days, but the last legislature passed a law to the effect that each lightning rod agent must pay a license of five dollars, and fee goes into the treasury of the county.

The Lightning Rod.

We had concluded that the lightning rod and the lightning rod agent had dropped out. It is rare that you see a lightning rod these days, but the last legislature passed a law to the effect that each lightning rod agent must pay a license of five dollars, and fee goes into the treasury of the county.

In the old days, say forty years ago, you couldn't look out of the car window without seeing every house adorned with the lightning rod. Churches and public buildings carried them galore, and some farmers, those bamboozled by the agents, would have four or five on a small barn.

The theory was that the rod would attract the lightning and instead of knocking the gable end off the barn the lightning would gracefully run down the rod and go into the ground. The gawgaws and filigree work were always extra, and Will Carleton immortalized the Lightning Rod Dispenser in a poem by that name.

But inasmuch as you hardly ever see a lightning rod we had concluded the myth was exploded. In all candor a man has about as much need for a lightning rod on his house as he has for a hip pocket in prohibition territory. The lightning rod never protected a house, as we understand it: it was simply a needless expense, and in the old days many concerns made a fortune. Not that they did it dishonestly, for the theory prevailed and was accepted that it was essential to have the rod. But in these more enlightened days the figures prove that houses are not protected with the rod; therefore there is no use to ornament with them.

Those Wonderful Shots.

That is rather queer about those reports concerning bombardment and a naval engagement off Cape Cod Wednesday. The Associated Press sent out bulletins and a big story, insisted that the naval authorities thought there was an engagement, and officers insist they heard heavy shooting.

Now, what about it? Was there really an engagement of some kind and did our new censor wipe it all out for the next day? Just why naval men should insist all day that gunfire was heard and newspaper men would be the ones to deny it we cannot imagine. As a patron of the Associated Press we print what they send over the wire, and if the rumors are not verified we can't help it. The Associated Press enjoys the reputation of being reliable and conservative, so whenever it sends us a story that there is a big naval engagement on off Cape Cod or any other seaport we are going to print the story.

Very funny to us, and we like to think about it, what became of that great naval engagement pulled off near Cape Cod the other day? We ran a streamer across the front page telling about the bombardment. The Associated Press sent it out and was in earnest about it, but all of a sudden the noise stopped and never a word more to tell whether the whole line-up was destroyed or whether some escaped. Funny that the naval officers were certain that firing was distinctly heard for three hours at intervals of fifteen minutes, and then for the whole story to pass as a ship in the night. What sort of a scare was this, and who were the naval men who saw things and heard things that didn't really exist?

Judge Andrew Joyner is farming in the right way—and the fall product will show what is possible.

The Censorship.

We have just finished reading that delightfully entertaining publication, the Congressional Record, and the whole publication was taken up with the running debate in the Senate on press censorship.

Mr. Overman, of North Carolina, had the bill in charge, and Mr. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, was prominent in discussion. The bill proposed that any person guilty of collecting news which might aid the enemy should be punished. It was Mr. Hitchcock's contention that a newspaper reporter often collected a great deal of news that wasn't printed.

As we understand the bill, the President is to say what shall and what shall not be printed, or, rather, what shall not be printed, and with this guide all is well. If a reporter, in his daily rounds, happens to secure some information and doesn't print it, finds by looking at the President's orders that it must not be given publicity, the mere fact that he obtained or collected the information as a professional newspaper man and didn't use it or try to use it would leave him in the clear.

That debate reminded us more of a dozen boys talking about something of which they knew nothing than anything we have recently seen in print. However, it was printed, and each statesman was apparently trying to earn his salary. But it was laughable. The truth is there should be a censorship, and a strict one. When a country is engaged in war no information should be furnished the enemy that would aid him.

Old Glory seems to be quite popular across the sea. France and England have both run out the colors—and the stars and stripes look well wherever unfurled.

The Labor Agents.

Labor agents from the North are taking away all our colored men; help is getting to be a proposition that is alarming. We notice that in Danville the city council has passed an ordinance raising the license tax to \$100 for the labor agent, and the hope is in this way to stop the tide going north.

The New York agents were at work openly in the streets of Danville yesterday and could be seen addressing bodies of negroes. The police were called by telephone, but an officer sent to investigate the circumstances was convinced that the agents were in their right in getting negroes to leave this city.

The extent of the deportations from this section became known today when it was learned that a few nights ago scores of negroes were taken from Lynchburg. On the train which took the hundred Danville negroes north yesterday evening, and of which an account is found elsewhere, there were three solid carloads of darkies recruited from points farther south. Railroad officials are quoted as saying that they have long since been accustomed to seeing the night trains pass through here loaded with colored men for work up north, and they say that hardly a night passes but that a carload here.

The negro is induced to go North because of the promise of better wages than paid here, and then the agents generally fill him with fear, appeal to his pride, and ask him if he wants to stay in a country where he is liable to be lynched. Some time ago we copied from the Columbia State an article on this line, and it was the State's conclusion that the wild men who have lynched the negro are responsible in a great measure for his exodus. However that may be, that there is a painful scarcity of labor we all know, and with the war coming on the food proposition grows more alarming.

And yet that hitching lot on West Gaston stands there in all its glory. Why not get it out of the way, even if it leaves a hole in the ground?

Mr. Bryan Pursues John Barleycorn.

Mr. Bryan gives it out that he is just about to start on a new campaign against John Barleycorn, holding that as a war measure we must conserve our grain, and that the government should, while the war is on, stop the manufacture of all distilled liquors. There is argument in what he proposes. Russia found that whiskey was harmful, as did France and England, and now that a shortage of food-stuffs is on Mr. Bryan will have little trouble in showing the people what they should do.

We notice in the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury that it is figured that some several million dollars will come from the whiskey tax, and inasmuch as the question of raising the money to finance the war seems a puzzling one many Congressmen will doubtless insist that we should have this blood money to help pay the freight. But if the people are properly aroused, and the chances are Bryan will get them started, they will be willing to forego the tax derived from whiskey in order to cut off the supply. So if it happens, another time it will be proven that it is an ill wind that blows good to nobody. Prohibition forces see in this new situation much to encourage them.

The conscription advocates still believe that they will win out. The lawmakers are up against a proposition. Marse Henri Watterson says that the experience of England should show that conscription is the only thing, and that while sentiment is beautiful it has no place in war. And Marse Henri has been a soldier himself—a real Kentucky colonel.

Get thee to a recruiting station.

Ninety-one Marriages.

In the first three weeks of April ninety-one marriage licenses were issued in this county—a record breaker for April, we were informed by the officials. Of course the conclusion of many is that these men who rushed to the register of deeds office to secure papers for marriage were slackers, but we never did believe that. All the months of all the years show that men and women get married. Because a small per cent. of men took advantage, as they supposed, of the married man's privilege to escape war and got married we must not conclude that every man getting married these days is doing it to escape the soldier's duty. The order sent out by the War Deputy to the effect that the man who has gotten married since war was declared would be treated the same as a single man hasn't, so far as we have noticed, stopped the rush for the license.

It is the world's way to question the motives of most men. Let a man start something for the betterment of the race and some low-browed fellow will declare he is doing it for his own self-exploitation. Let a man give fifty dollars to the needy poor and some man there is to say that it was done for advertising purposes. Let a live wire do many things and his motive is at once questioned, whereas the citizen is sincere and honest in what he does.

Those who have deliberately rushed their marriages in the hope of escaping the soldier's duty will not escape, and, now this is known, we hope the manly man who walks up with his Dulcinea del Toboso and asks the parson to tie the silken cord will not hereafter be called a slacker. He is a hero.

That ball game was so one-sided that it looks like it should be made unanimous and Greensboro should withdraw while her credit is so exceptionally good.

A Picture Story.

The Southern Railway Company, with the compliments of President Fairfax Harrison, sends us a book concerning the floods of last July. The pictures in it were taken when the flood was at its highest, and most remarkable pictures they are. The Southern prints this book to show the condition of the tracks and railway property during the floods, showing that had not the Southern been equipped with money and men the whole South would have been without transportation facilities for many months. In fact, there was so much desolation, so much wreckage, that it looked like a hopeless task. But the men in the employ of the Southern were capable, hopeful, and they went to it. Night and day they worked intelligently, and it didn't take long to restore order from the chaos.

If any man dares to pull down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. That was the language of the immortal John A. Dix, and again it will be the proposition in this country.

The True Spirit.

John Wanamaker, the greatest merchant of the world, read the President's message and called together all his people in his two stores in New York and Philadelphia and then sent this message to the President:

We place not only our business institutions but ourselves as a unit for any and every service which will aid you to carry out your plans at this momentous hour. We rededicate to our country afresh all the forces and resources we have for service in any direction—personally, corporately and collectively—for which we are qualified.

The above is the kind of patriotism that assists in setting the fires burning. Wanamaker is as rich as he can be; he has wonderful organization and can be of great help. Looks like things were coming—but they are coming in a snail trot. Maybe when about a dozen more U-boats shoot the mizzen mast off the American fleet something will be doing worth while.

If E. P. Wharton goes to war, what will become of our fly-swating campaign? In that duty Colonel E. P. proved a warrior who got results.

High Treason.

We had expected nothing but patriotic utterances from Colonel Sam Farabee, of the Hickory Record, but he puts himself in bad by writing, printing and circulating this treasonable utterance:

Oh, what joy it would be to succumb to spring fever.

Think of that. Just as we were about to enlist in the army; just as we were about to plow up an acre of ground and plant something; just as we were getting ready to raise a regiment of boy scouts, to have such a sentence hurled at us like a bursting bomb from a U-boat—well, it is time for men who disseminate such thoughts to be apprehended. And had Sam kept still we would have missed the spring fever this year and never thought about it. Now we are all in.

Patriotism At High Tide.

Down in a Georgia county the farmers are all going to put flags on their plows. A committee has been appointed to furnish the flags and Old Glory will wave in the fields. This is something novel—but why not the stars and stripes on a plow as much as on a pole over the house? On your life, it is the thing to do—and Georgia sets the pace.

Another man guilty of something is a South Carolina weather prophet who insists that we will have a severe freeze the 9th of May. He, too, should be shot on the spot.

And still there is no real reason why this could not be made the Carnation City.

Durham Again Happy.

Durham has had another election, and the proposed change of city government was knocked higher than Mr. Gilderoy was supposed to have flown his kite or at an altitude greater than Mr. Haman hung his bacon, as recorded in Holy Writ.

Durham wants no monkey work. She wants no filigree fixings on things temporal, and in a spiritual sense she doesn't ask a general election to help her out. The City Manager was quite the thing for the Bull City, but not quite the thing for some of those who might want to take a hand. The voter didn't understand that with a City Manager the management was in the voter's hands. That wasn't discussed. The election has been pulled, all was quiet, and no city manager will obtain.

Personally we regret this. We have always been a believer in the City Manager proposition, and we wanted to get a short range view of its workings. Perhaps Durham didn't understand what we wanted, or she would have adopted the Manager in order to satisfy us. However, there will be another election in Durham. Nothing is ever settled there. Always and forever there is something doing, and we still have hopes that one of these days they will have a City Manager and show the state that it is quite the thing.

Charlotte adopted the Commission Form, Charlotte has so long had the only exclusive three-ring city council under one tent that she was getting jealous of it herself, and concluded to throw off the tent and get in under one ring. And, after all, the one-ring circus is best. And a City Council is nothing but a circus. Charlotte takes on the Commission Form in preference to the Aldermanic Form, and perhaps one of these days she will go a step further and have a City Manager. That is what Greensboro will have some time. The Commission Form is so much better than the aldermanic form that most all are satisfied with it, and the theory is that Managerial form is so much better than anything else that one of these days our people in wild acclaim will demand it. Until they do, however, we will manage to get along.

If the underpass is finally settled and the depot built, even then there will be some people who will want to move the whole blooming thing.

As Hurley Sees It.

The Salisbury Post printed in a town which boasts no morning newspaper, has this editorial, which is worth reading:

On the streets, in the homes, everywhere it is more and more noticeable that the afternoon paper is getting the most of the big news first. The afternoon paper is not getting all of the big news first, but the afternoon paper is getting the greater portion of the big news items the day before the morning papers. This is especially true of the war news—reports from the European field. The difference in the time works exactly to the benefit of the afternoon papers, and the biggest items of the world war have appeared in the afternoon papers first. Make the comparison. Read the afternoon paper that has the Associated Press dispatches and compare the best papers at hand the next morning to see if it is not true that the first news is the afternoon news.

The reading public is coming more and more to rely on the afternoon paper for its first information. The only thing that is lacking is a slush of details that comes with another twelve hours' time. The fact that there is a difference of four hours in New York and London time gives the afternoon paper the chance to print all the doings of Europe the same day, thus beating the morning papers twelve hours. The afternoon paper is essentially the home paper—and in many places this is understood.

War Maps.

You can see a war map in almost any paper, but the average man doesn't stop to study it, and if he did the changes are so frequent that he can't keep up with his geography. One thing, however, is certain—if the French claims are true, the Germans are being repulsed, and at the present rate it isn't going to take long to change things. Those who are big in finance and who perhaps know more about things than the ordinary layman, of whom we are one, tell us that September first will see the close of the war. If it is to be over by that time Uncle Sam will hardly get his hand in before it is declared off. Here is hoping that it may stop. Here is regretting that it was necessary to begin it.

A Million Negroes.

T. W. Thurston, a colored man of Kinston and one holding a responsible position, asserts that there are one million colored men in the United States who are only waiting to be asked to join the army—ready, he says, to do service. Thurston is urging the colored people to eliminate all possible waste, to be ready for the call, and he is of opinion that they "will make America proud of her colored citizens or report to God the reason why." That is the right kind of talk, and no doubt Thurston is well informed.

The War Stories.

There is something rather contradictory about the war stories. Whether all the French are claiming just now is true we do not know. Germany says they are lying—that the victories they claim are dreams. One thing is certain, if what the allies now claim is true Germany can't hold out much longer. With all kinds of guns being captured, with thousands being killed every day, if you'll take your pencil and a piece of paper it doesn't take long to figure the finish of the German empire. But perhaps we should take these stories with a few grains of allowance. Perhaps the French are attempting to encourage Uncle Sam to get excited.

In the meantime Mr. Bryan hasn't been given a musket. He is out talking, but no longer for Peace. He wears a flag on his coat and is ready to bear arms if his country needs him.