



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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SECRETARY LANE WARNS NATION

Secretary Lane broke the news gently yesterday when he said that unless we went to France to fight Germany, Germany would come to these shores to fight us. And that is perhaps the long and the short of it. It had to be stated, and there was no reason why Secretary Lane should not have stated it just as he did. There has been much talk about going across the sea with our soldiers. The average parent has said that he didn't object to his son going to war to fight, provided an invading foe was in sight, but he was opposed to sending his son across the ocean to be thrown in the trenches to be killed. That was the natural thing to say. The average eligible soldier has often stated that he couldn't get the thrill at such long distance—that he didn't want to go so far from home to help the allies.

And there it rested for awhile. But in all candor, if we are going to fight Germany we must go where Germany is, and if we must fight her it is better to join the allies across the sea while they yet have strength to help than to wait until they are out of the game and we are left single handed to the desperate tactics of the German army. We are as much of the allies now as France or England or Russia or any other country fighting Germany. The fight, as Wilson has proclaimed it, is for freedom of the world, and surely we could do nothing to help destroy the kaiser by having an army of a hundred million men unless we got into action with that army. And if we are in for the fray, if we really mean what we said in our proclamation, we must go to France and throw a million or two men in the trenches—and do it now.

The submarine warfare is a success; there is in it a shadow of famine, and unless Germany is more severely crippled than yet appears she is in shape to keep things going until she starves her enemies. All the billion dollars that we could coin will not be worth their metal unless we can help with ammunition and men to scatter it on the battlefields. Secretary Lane predicts that the war may last several years. It will last too long unless America goes to the front. A million men or two million men are needed right now in the fields of France, and the sooner we all accept the inevitable and send the soldiers there the better off this Nation will be. There is no other way to face the situation, and before six months have flown there will be a million Americans fighting under Old Glory in foreign lands.

One man in Chicago put in cold storage the other day six hundred million dozen of eggs. Now, if Uncle Sam will confiscate that cold storage plant, pay the fellow a reasonable price for the six hundred million dozen eggs, ordinary people will find a little something to eat.

Plenty of Time.

Those who opposed conscription need not feel bad about it, because the volunteer will have all the chance he wants. It is said the draft bill will not be operative before September first. The New York Herald says: Every man eligible to active service will have his chance. He need not wait, however, for the perfection of the army bill. Volunteers are cheerfully welcomed in the navy, the regular army, the militia organizations of the states which will be incorporated with the army, and the marine corps of the navy. Go to it! In this way we will get both the fellow who wants to go and the fellow who doesn't want to go. The volunteer will have plenty of time to get ready, and so will the man who is to fall for conscription. It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and the necessary delay in getting the draft bill under way gives all a chance. As the Herald says, "Go to it!"

Looks Better.

It looks now as though the proposed picking up of all excess profits of corporations in order to secure sufficient revenues to prosecute the war will be chagged. The excess profit question is one that might disturb the whole manufacturing world. The excess profits are what will be needed by corporations as much as revenue will be needed by the government. Manufacturing concerns must expand and grow. If the government wants to take from corporations which are making unnatural profits on war munitions, well and good. But to include all corporations—well, the chances are the folly of such a scheme will be seen and prevented.

The High Price.

Those of us who think butter in this country is being pushed up by the Elgin creamery interests should think what is going on in France. Butter there was regulated by the government and sixty-nine cents a pound was the price until this week, when the authorities allowed it to advance to one dollar a pound. With butter at one dollar a pound the ordinary man couldn't butter both sides of his bread, and that is certain.

NOW ALASKA GET HOMESTEAD

Alaska is now inviting settlement and Uncle Sam is offering a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres free to the man who will go there and live on the land and improve it for five years. This will draw a great many people that way—those who love adventure. It seems to us but yesterday, although it is a half century ago, that the great west was offering the same alluring land. Not so cold as Alaska, but nothing but desert lands—lands that wouldn't grow grass of any kind save the "buffalo" grass, a grass that grew in little tufts in the sand. Thousands and tens of thousands of pioneers came and "took up" a homestead. In those days you entered the land at a government land office, paid fourteen dollars entrance fee, lived five years on the homestead, then "proved up," and the land was yours. But the suffering those people endured, the misery, the toil, the hardships; yet they opened up one of the richest sections of God's universe, and today those lands that were offered free are selling at anywhere from fifty to two hundred dollars an acre. But the man who pioneered, the man who blazed the way, who suffered and died, he got nothing but the satisfaction of knowing that he had helped mankind. And so those who go to Alaska, to a country bleak and barren and cold, they will get the land in shape, they will be like Kipling's Explorer:

Yes, your "never-never country"—yes, your "edge of civilization" And "no snow in going further"—did I crossed the range to see? God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation. Anybody might have found it—but His Whisper came to me.

Those sturdy pioneers who settled the great Middle West left a legacy to all the world. Today the foodstuffs come from there in great abundance, and the day will come when Alaska will furnish food, the same as it has furnished gold.

However, so long as the genial sun of the Piedmont section shines on us we are not going to advise people to hike thitherward. Here is the greatest country on God's footstool, and here is room for development in all lines.

The roses have tried to bloom, but the cold hand of Winter which still lingers these early morning hours has been laid upon them. The buds are beautiful, but they cannot "bust."

Good Enough.

The chief clerks of all different divisions of the revenue department in Washington took occasion to remember Colonel Osborn Monday, that being the anniversary of his fourth year as Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Colonel Osborn has under him some five thousand people, and they all honor him. No other Commissioner of Internal Revenue has done as much as Colonel Osborn. He has filled the chair; he has saved the government millions of dollars; he has been successful in all his undertakings, and it is gratifying to his countless North Carolina friends to know this. Some time ago the Colonel had fully made up his mind to come back home, but under the new order of things, with all the immense new revenues to raise, with so many things confronting the administration, the chances are, if his health will permit, he will remain at his post until the war question at least gets down to running smoothly.

What Was It?

Long years ago when there was civil war in this country there was a very popular song concluding, "I thought they might spare a lone widow's heir, but they drafted him into the army." That is all we recall of the proposition—wonder if any of the older readers of this paper know anything about it?

NO PARDON FOR WILCOX

Governor Bickett has refused to grant a pardon to Wilcox, the convicted murderer of Nellie Cropsy. This Wilcox case has been one of the mysteries of the state, hundreds of people living in the vicinity where the crime was committed believing in the innocence of the alleged slayer. Wilcox had two trials, the first time he was sentenced to death, the second time escaping with a life sentence. It is said that Wilcox is now in the last stages of consumption and had asked this last pardon in order to die a free man.

That, however, is purely sentimental. The man who has to die can die anywhere, and stand just as good a chance for the hereafter. If Wilcox is guilty of murder, Governor Bickett cannot cleanse the soul of the guilty man. It is before a higher tribunal that pardon must be sought and obtained. If Wilcox be innocent, then before the judgment bar of God he will receive his due reward, and the mere fact that he makes his exit from the world of flesh in a convict's garb doesn't mean anything at all so far as the soul's salvation is concerned.

Governor Bickett argues the question and says the presumption of guilt is established because Wilcox didn't go on the stand. Wilcox alone knew what happened, but because he refused to open his mouth it is taken as evidence that he is guilty. But that isn't necessarily so. Governor Bickett never was a criminal lawyer; he was an average lawyer who strings together catchy phrases and soars to sublime heights in oratory. The fact that Wilcox didn't go on the stand is not against him, and the fact that he was convicted on purely circumstantial evidence is in his favor.

However, there is no real reason that Wilcox should be pardoned. He has given up many years of his life in the service of the convict's world; he is now said to be physically a wreck, and if Wilcox will lay aside the sentiment of the thing he might as well die in prison as out of prison, if die he must. If he had before him a life which he could make useful, if he could be of benefit to himself and Society, it might be worth while to come from his prison stripes and take his place among men.

The fact is Governor Bickett is establishing the same old program. Too many people are being pardoned. We have courts at great expense; we go through long and tedious trials, and one man is given power to knock out all the proceedings of the thing we call justice. If all the pardons granted in the last ten years have been justified, then many of the courts we have held have been mockery. When a jury finds a man guilty of crime and the judge pronounces the sentence, the man should pay the penalty as imposed unless new evidence is forthcoming—evidence that establishes beyond the peradventure of a doubt the man's innocence.

The same day the pardon was denied Wilcox five pardons were granted—one for manslaughter, two for murder in the second degree and the two others granted were for larceny—because the Governor thought they should be pardoned; whereas a judge and a jury, at great expense, had found them guilty and imposed what seemed to be reasonable sentences.

Bickett is pardoning many of them; some should be pardoned, but to keep up a procession, as Craig did, and as it seems his successor is doing, makes the average citizen feel that court houses should be abolished and criminals invited to go to it.

It appears to be a question as to what Russia will do. Russia herself says she will not accept a separate peace, but Germany attempts to make her soldiers believe that such will be the result.

Whether this theory be correct we do not know, but we feel that we do know that it will not be long until our soldiers start across the sea—not over a hundred thousand the first go round, but they will go. And it looks, in all candor, as though they should go, if we really are fighting Germany. How can we fight her at a distance of three thousand miles, and why raise two or three million men, if we are not going to use them. On to France will be the slogan, as on to Richmond was the slogan during the civil war.

A Popular Judge. Judge Benjamin F. Long, of Statesville, who is holding the criminal term of Superior Court here this week, is one of the most popular judges in the state; popular because he is attentive to business, because he dispatches business and because he is learned in the law and knows what is what. Other judges are entitled to this much praise, but Judge Long has a happy knack of doing things which put him close at the head of the procession, if the judges were to have a procession.

SEN. BORAH JUST HUMAN

Because a United States Senator gets up and suggests hanging men to the lamp post who happen to be dealing in food supplies the nation should not be startled. A United States Senator is just an ordinary man—sometimes hardly ordinary, but he is no more than your Mr. Average Citizen. Generally ambitious and always wanting the limelight, it is natural that once in awhile the over-ambitious should make some remark that has a tendency to thrill. Senator Borah is said to be a candidate for the presidency. As a politician he knows the value of advertising, and he naturally wants the front page, surrounded by pure reading matter.

And yet there should be a law to suppress food speculators, and it should also contain a clause to suppress the sensational leather-lunged man who gets up in the Senate of the United States and talks about hanging men to lamp posts. Such talk is incendiary; it is against good government, against law and order, no matter how much the rabble may applaud it.

A United States Senator should be law-abiding. He understands that no law could be made to hang a man to a lamp post because he dealt in food supplies, and he understands that until a law is made denying him the right to deal in food supplies he is not a candidate for prosecution.

What the Senator should do is to prepare a bill and make it unlawful to speculate in food supplies, and then have a penalty prescribed. The machinery of the United States is ample to prosecute and convict men who disobey the law. But for a member of a supposedly dignified body to get up and talk about hanging men to lamp posts—well, the sowing of such seeds of anarchy, lawlessness and disorder should not be allowed. A law to curb the tongue of such men as Borah is as much needed as one to curb the rapacity of the food speculator.

Appalling Figures.

The figures given out by the Germans, and therefore supposed to be accurate, show that since the war began Germany has lost one million three hundred thousand people. It is figured that because of decrease in births, because of the war, the total loss to Germany is three million eight hundred thousand lives. It is said that the surplus in females has increased from eight hundred thousand to far beyond two million. This for Germany alone. Then figure on what France and England and Russia have lost—figure on the whole ghastly business and we have some faint conception, faint indeed, because the numerals stagger the imagination, of what this war has cost the world. In money there have never been such expenditures, but that is immaterial. But to think of the millions lost in an age of so-called civilization causes one to wonder why and wherefore. And yet some grim stoics say the war has only just begun. How Germany can hold out has been the marvel, but that she does hold out, and hold out grandly, there is no denying. It will take two million American soldiers right away to help out across the sea, and unless we get them there and put them into action it will take ten million to keep Germany out of this country. It is a world war, but it is evidently God's war—He is bringing mankind to a realizing sense of its duty.

Going To France.

Here is betting two to one and give you any other odds that President Wilson will send a few thousand soldiers to France. It is argued from all sides that an army of American soldiers in the trenches across the sea—an army of Americans fighting under Old Glory, which would wave side by side with French and English colors—would have a great moral effect on Germany. It is claimed that if the soldiers from this great country started that way Germany would realize more fully than in any other way that she was to be annihilated.

Whether this theory be correct we do not know, but we feel that we do know that it will not be long until our soldiers start across the sea—not over a hundred thousand the first go round, but they will go. And it looks, in all candor, as though they should go, if we really are fighting Germany. How can we fight her at a distance of three thousand miles, and why raise two or three million men, if we are not going to use them. On to France will be the slogan, as on to Richmond was the slogan during the civil war.

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MAGNIFICENT IN HER VICE

The story of shame and degradation just now coming from Christiansburg, Virginia, gets all the readers it wants. On the stand the woman, Mrs. Vawter, in order to save her husband's neck, bared her life to the jury and the spectators—told how she had kept up an illicit intimacy with Heth, the man Vawter murdered, and insisted that when she was sober she repulsed the advances of the wolf, but when she was drunk she couldn't, to save her soul, get away from his pleasing manners. In other words, she didn't seem to try to keep sober—always was eager to drink whiskey when Heth brought it, and she knew what it meant to drink it. Simply a wanton, a woman who betrayed her sacred vows; a cheap bat who played a double game, and yet the story sent by the news gathering agency about her conduct on the stand read in this wise:

Mrs. Vawter was magnificent under the rapid cross-examination, never once allowing her testimony to be shaken by any questions of Attorney Lee, who used every ingenuity to break down her story. Perhaps her testimony was not shaken. No doubt a woman who could do what she did; a woman whose honor had disappeared, a woman who was willing to confess her shame and dishonor without flinching; a woman who admitted that she lived her double life and deceived her husband and neglected her sick child to toy with the scoundrel who wrecked the home, could appear magnificent. These wantons have always been magnificent in their audacity. Magnificent, indeed. To what sublime heights doth depravity reach when opportunity presents to a determined wanton the means to carry her point.

The stage setting here was all that could be wished. With a story of crime and sin and shame still fresh in the minds of the jurors—the story of a drunken man awakening in time to shoot down the despoiler of his home—the woman comes on and unblushingly admits that she was without honor or shame, puts up a spectacular story and hopes by doing so to save the man she foully betrayed. Reads like romance. Aye, it is worse than romance, because it is the truth, which is ever stranger than fiction. Well, the trial will be over in a few days, and we will doubtless read again about the unwritten law. And then, maybe, the man Vawter will receive back the sullied woman, take her again to his home; but if he does it will be a home without sunshine, a home darkened and saddened, into which no joy or happiness will ever come again. And all because a plausible seducer with John Barleycorn as his trusted agent entered it and left it desolate.

The Fourth of July Celebration will be all right. There are a few details to be worked out before publicity of what is going to happen will be given. But we take it that the Battle Ground Company will do the right thing—and the Celebration will be a success.

Didn't Come Off.

It was fondly hoped that May Day would witness a demonstration in Berlin that might suggest peace for the world. But nothing happened. We are promised some peace talk tomorrow, and it may be that the end is in sight. Washington had given out the hope that labor conditions in Germany would bring about something sensational yesterday, but so far as we know nothing happened. Yet for all that, with a censorship that is wonderful, there may have been great things doing and the outside world would not know it. When it comes to system in suppressing or inventing news Germany has us all skinned some several city blocks.

The Puzzle.

While we are all talking about producing increased foodstuffs the farmers come in and say that it is next to impossible to secure help; that all the colored men are being taken out of the country. Labor agents are filling the South with promises of big wages, and Sambo feels that he had better hike. In Virginia it is said ten thousand colored men have gone North this spring. In this section farmers report help almost gone, and the wonder is how can we raise farm products with no one to work the land?

The Hope.

Uncle Sam is still talking about taking hold of the food supply question—of doing something that will stop speculation in the things men must eat. Wheat the other day went to three dollars a bushel, and the next day fell off thirty cents a bushel. It was explained that speculators thought there was a shortage in Canada, but learning there was not wheat fell thirty cents a bushel. This should not be allowed. Speculation of that kind, the kind that runs flour to twenty dollars a barrel, is without reason. Cut out the speculators in food supplies, at least until the war is over.