



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## OUR DREAMS BUT OF LIFE

We all blow soap bubbles and blow them all our lives. We do not have the old clay pipe and the bowl of rich soap suds, but we keep on blowing bubbles so long as life holds. The other day a local newspaper man of Durham saw his bubble dissolve. He had received treatment which was shocking to his internal system; he had purchased one thing and received another; he felt that he had been damaged at least five thousand dollars, and the gentlemen against whom he had his grievance, not seeing it that way, refused to come across with the kale seed.

Accordingly, the local newspaper man went to law. He asked for simple justice, and set up his case, and it appeared to him that he should have the five thousand likely p'unks, and for these he sued. The jury, after deliberation, decreed that he was entitled to some damages, not quite five thousand dollars, but twelve dollars and a half. The man claimed that he had purchased a bottled drink, and in the drink was the carcass of a dead rat—and in the end of that rat and the place it was found had an effect on him not calculated to cure nausea. However, the jury didn't see it as he saw it; the jury allowed that inasmuch as he didn't swallow the rat twelve dollars and a half were ample recompense for the trying ordeal.

Perhaps it was. Perhaps there was no real cause for action, for surely the rat was not sold with deliberation, malice aforethought, premeditation or any of those choice terms which lawyers fill in the plea. It was a happenstance. The chances are that the rat had been killed with the liquid, and the dealer who sold it, the man who bottled it, and even the man who drank the liquid didn't know about a rat too late. Hence the jury concluded, without doubt, that a man should not be separated from five thousand shining dollars for doing anything that he would not have done for anything in the world.

But nevertheless the man who expected five thousand and got but twelve dollars and a half perhaps saw some bright bubbles burst and dissolve. Doubtless he felt, as most any self-respecting citizen would feel, that undue liberties had been taken with his stomach, and damages should be forthcoming.

But, alas! 'twas ever thus. In the good old days when highwaymen were allowed to proceed in certain avocations which were legalized, we used to buy each month, with charming regularity, a ticket in the Louisiana lottery. We had been in New Orleans and we had seen the drawing pulled many times; we had known men without a dollar in the world to become enriched because of Dame Fortune's favoritism; we knew it was a percentage game with the odds in favor of the company; but we gambled, made a date each month with Luck, and were foiled every time.

But we dreamed. We figured out just what we would do with the capital prize; how we would spend it, and it was a great solace to blow such bubbles. In these other years, these years when we see that the lottery as conducted was a menace to Society; when we realize that men and women were plundered monthly of their hard-earned savings, we have still insisted that if Uncle Sam would run a lottery, making it fair and square, it would be a good thing. Not let a man go too deep into it, but deep enough if he wanted to, say a dollar a month, to cause him to dream and dream and dream.

For, bless you, my hearties, that is all there is of life. The Christian dreams of his hope of heaven; the lover dreams of halcyon days and a never-ending summer time; the man who grubs and toils and searches for gold dreams of that fair day when Fortune shall empty into his lap her well-filled pack and let him spend it as he will—we all dream and dream and dream, and awaken now and then to find Reality a sterner thing.

So when we find a man blowing bubbles, no matter what they are, we know he is happy. The man who blows no bubbles, who sees nothing but distress and misery and want staring him in the face, has a weary pilgrimage on the thorn-strewn pike. The fellow who knows for certain that just around the corner is a blind tiger and that the sublime thirst will be well quenched there, he plods on and dreams, and is happy, although he never finds it. It is the same old sack of gold that has always been at the rainbow's end, the same old sack of gold that has caused the rainbow showers to add to the happiness and merriment of the world—and so we say, blow on, ye jolly blowers, blow on and make your bubbles as many as ye may.

And now there will be a merry war on the revenue bill. Those with the axe to grind, and all who are hit by it will have an axe to grind, and get busy. The House, however, understands the money must be raised and the chances are that everything in-sight will be called upon to do its bit.

It is over. What is over? The Long Cold Spell in May, and those weather wise tell us that from this moment and forever we will have some warmer days.

## WORLD WAR IS OUR WAR

Because you do not hear the cannon's roar; because you do not see the dead and wounded; because you haven't yet suffered any hardships, do not think that we are in a war which is a Punch and Judy layout. We are in a war which may last a year or two years or three years; a war that may bring hardships on this country greater than it ever knew. While the enemy is across the sea he is there—and he may be victorious. America must help the French and English—not because they are French and English, but because they are our partners now in the enterprise to whip Germany. We are just as much interested as any Nation involved in the war. It is no longer the war of the French and the Russians and the English—it is a war in which America is interested as much as any other nation, and we must make good. We must go and fight, and fight to a finish. The man who says we have no business to help the other fellows out of a hole speaks ignorantly. They are no more in a hole than we are. If Germany succeeds with her submarine warfare in starving England it will not be long until she lands her soldiers on these shores. It is the death struggle with Germany—she is relentless, and we must help with our resources to subdue her. It is our war as much as any other nation's war, and our duty is at the front—no matter where the front may be. Get this idea into your head and you will understand what is going on.

### Paying The Freight.

The war revenue bill will suggest to many people that we are really in the war. In our own line it is proposed to increase the postage to two cents a pound in the first zone and on up to six cents in the sixth zone. This means, for instance, if we have one subscriber in California it will cost six cents each day to send the paper at the pound rate, or two cents at the other rate, making it almost prohibitive. That is why the zone rate for newspapers is bad business. The average county paper has subscribers in most all the states in the union—one perhaps in each state, in some a dozen, because the man who has moved to a distant state wants his county paper to follow him. Under the proposed law it would make his newspaper cost him at least twice what it costs now, if he lived in one of the distant zones. That is why the fat rate should obtain. It will cause great expense to separate the papers at the publication office and get them in the right zone for weighing.

Another proposition is to tax all newspaper advertising five per cent. That is to say, if a newspaper collects a thousand dollars a month on its advertising it must pay fifty dollars to Uncle Sam. This will be a hardship on hundreds of publishers who are now but making expenses. But there must be raised a couple of billion dollars and the people must pay the freight. It is noticed also that the tariff is being doubled and from this source \$240,000,000 will be gathered. It is too late to cry over spilled milk, but had such a tariff law obtained we would be to the good a billion dollars which have been lost because of free trade, and the consumer would never have felt it. But too late now.

And when all this tax, everything almost is being hit, is levied; when the citizen commences to pay, he will wonder why we went into the war. But we are in and each man of us must do his part. The reason the newspapers are so hard hit is because many Congressmen insist that had the newspapers kept still we would never have gotten into the war. But they should have remembered that many of us insisted that we keep out of war, and only came into camp as patriots after the proclamation was issued. Then why, we wonder, should an innocent bystander get it in the neck in this wise?

### Ragan, Of High Point.

That man "Billy" Ragan, of High Point, is a wonder. A radical, a lawyer, but withal a good citizen, and when he goes after the voters they come in response to his call. He was elected Mayor of High Point by a majority of about three hundred and fifty, defeating C. F. Tomlinson.

Mr. Ragan is a progressive citizen and will make High Point an excellent mayor. He is progressive and well liked by his people. The Record congratulates him on another political victory.

### City Parks and Playgrounds.

The question now is, will the new board attempt to give us any new parks or playgrounds? All these things cost money, and the chances are that during the war bonds will be hard to put through. However, the city is growing; real estate is advancing, and the sooner we buy some ground for the parks and playgrounds the better off we will be. The parks and playgrounds are bound to come some day—so why not make the start in earnest right now?

County taxes not paid within a few days will be advertised, and this will give some people a chance to see their names in the paper.

## OUR WEALTH BEING WASTED

We have tried to explain what extravagance meant. We took the ground that so long as things were made, no matter what things, if money circulated, there was no extravagance, for instance, in buying an automobile. We argued that the automobile man was busy; the mechanics were given employment; the salesman made their living, and thus the money was circulated, and it didn't make any difference so long as it was circulated. It appears, however, that those who have thought deeper on the subject object to this mode of reasoning.

In the current number of Commerce and Finance Mr. Theodore Price says in his leading editorial the following, which is quite lengthy, but which is worth the time of every person to read. It follows:

"The spirit of economy that has become noticeable since the President issued his proclamation to the American people is evoking more or less protest from the purveyors of unnecessary things.

"Those who have access to the newspapers are warning the people against the danger of 'hysterical saving,' and many self-interested sermons are being preached on the peril of not spending money.

"The automobile companies are buying advertising space by the page and using it to demonstrate that the purchase of a new car is a patriotic act. The National Millinery Association is warning the women against a smaller expenditure for headgear, and announces that 'false economy would be a national calamity and the economic ruin of all classes in the trade beginning with the wholesalers, jobbers and retailers and working down through to all circles to the smallest employe.'

"The Retail Dry Goods Association is urging the ladies to economize in food, but not in finery, and the Philadelphia North American appeals to its readers to 'keep prosperity going' by checking the tendency to curtail the purchase of anything beyond the actual necessities of existence. We could quote many other advertisements of this same character. There seems to be a widespread fear that diminished extravagance will lead to diminished prosperity.

"This sounds plausible, but it is untrue. It is on a par with the theory that a man is benefited by taking a drink which stimulates him temporarily but ultimately weakens his power of resistance.

"It is a hoary fallacy that dies hard. Economists have been trying to kill it for years. Hartley Withers, who is the present financial adviser to the English Government, dealt it a severe blow in his book upon 'Poverty and Waste.' He says:

"It was the belief of old-fashioned economists that if everybody were left free to pursue his own interests the best possible state of affairs would be brought about by other means. Partly because the complete freedom demanded by them could not be given in any human society, and partly because the theory was proved itself true in practice. The net result of our business system is that a large part of mankind is rendered idle and ill-housed, and that of the many of the comforts and devices of life, while a large part of the rest spends much of its time in wearing itself by consuming things that it does not really want and trying with itself in vulgar ostentation and waste.

"A remedy would be found at once if those who have money to spend were to give it out in the very simplest way, since the producing power of mankind is limited, every superfluous and useless article that they buy, even extravagance that they consume, prevents the production of the necessities of life for those who are at present in need of them. The man who cannot be comfortable without half a dozen motor cars and purchases his own consort by buying them, thereby takes bread out of the mouths of the hungry. Probably he is an entirely good-natured fellow, and his dream of having anybody, and very likely imagines that he is doing something that is good for trade, and helping to give employment, by buying six motor cars when one would be quite enough for him.

"This gray-whiskered fallacy, which is cherished as a fact by the majority, probably of the people, who have money to spend, is the cause of much of the tangle into which the business affairs of mankind have been involved. The fallacy is still more dangerous because it is only half a fallacy and contains just enough truth to be deceptive. The output of goods and services at any moment is limited by the amount of labor, capital and raw material that is to be had, and since we have seen that most goods and services are made by the more dangerous because it follows that the divisible wealth of the world is like a great heap, the size of which cannot be enlarged at will, except by the addition of new labor, capital and raw material. When we encourage the organizers of production to turn out motor cars, part of the wealth heap will consist of motor cars, if there had not been the demand for motor cars or some other kind of luxury the heap would have consisted less of luxuries and more of necessities, which would have been more plentiful and cheaper for those who need them.

"In other words, every purchase of an article of luxury stiffens the price of articles of necessity, and makes the struggle of the poor still harder. Let us test this contention by carrying the argument to its logical conclusion, and suppose that the whole of humanity were suddenly converted to the belief that luxury is an unpardonable sin, and treated this belief not merely as an article of faith, but as a practical rule of life. Let us suppose that everybody determined to eat plain and wholesome meals, just hearty enough to keep them in health and good spirits; to wear neat, well-cut clothes, stout enough to keep out wind and weather, and to wear them as long as they are decent and tidy; to live in comfortable, one to each family, instead of over-furnished and over-upholstered barracks; and to be simple and tasteful rather than ostentatious and vulgar; in bonnets and in the ornaments of life. What would be the economic effect of this moral and aesthetic reformation?

"The effect would be that all the running and swifering effort that is now thrown away in turning out useless vulgarities and extravagant superfluities and then forcing them on mankind by an elaborate and enormously costly system of advertising and circulating and touting in all its forms, would be compelled to turn its attention to growing and making and forwarding and selling things that are really useful and really needed. The great heap of the world's wealth would be as big as ever—even bigger, as I hope presently to show—but a large part of it that now consists of flimsy toys and abominable and worse would have been replaced by good food, good clothes, good houses and healthy amusements.

"The President has said that 'this is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditures as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring.'

The above is another viewpoint and one that appeals to us, and we feel that it is worth reading and then re-reading.

## KITCHIN SAYS FIVE BILLION

Mr. Kitchin, House leader, says that it will cost at least five billion dollars to run the war the first year—over a billion more than the first estimate. And to get this five billion a tariff tax had to be added, and Mr. Kitchin said he would shut his eyes and vote for a tariff. The slight increase in the tariff, which has hitherto been suicidal, increases the government's income something like two hundred and forty billion a year, and this out of other people's pockets, not our own. And this tariff tax will not be felt by the ultimate consumer, because he is already bound and gagged and made dance attendance upon the middleman who juggles prices and demands all that is in sight.

The taxes for the next few years will be high. The people who have the automobiles and the things called luxuries will finally be forced to take a new inventory. Women will be driving street cars and joy riders will walk if things get to where they have arrived in France and England. Then the bread supply will be cut down. America will simply come down from high speed to low speed—and it is time, it seems, that we all were called in our extravagance and recklessness. It will be a bitter lesson, but perhaps one deserved, or else it would not be given.

Viewed from any standpoint, looked at from any angle, the thoughtful man, although a disbeliever, must perforce, conclude that this is God Almighty's war—that men are following some divine plan, and following it for the most part cheerfully, and no one knows where it is going to lead us.

### Iu A Nutshell.

In concluding an article concerning the demands of railways for an increased rate on freight the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says it all in this:

"The relief asked for by the railroads should be granted, and granted promptly. So much is demanded by simple justice to the transportation agencies. Nothing less will begin to meet the requirements of the situation from the standpoint of the public welfare and the national safety.

That is the whole story. The railroads have been subjected to all kinds of slander, and now they are in hard lines. Right at this time, when they should be equipped to the last degree of efficiency, they find their revenues will not justify needed expenditures. Railways will sell but few bonds while the government is in the market selling to all the people, and ready money is needed. The eight-hour law cost the railroads millions of dollars, and Uncle Sam should see to it at once that they have a fair return. The railway bairter is not doing much talking these days, but in the old days he sowed so many seeds that the effect is yet seen.

### The Age Limit.

The committee has finally agreed that the age limit on the conscription plan will be between twenty-one and thirty, and this a compromise on the House and Senate bills. The man who is thirty-one is just as able to fight as the man who is thirty, but there must be a dead line and perhaps thirty will be the limit, at least along at first. If the war continues, if it strings out like it has in the east, if we are to be in for two or three years, then perhaps the maximum age will be increased to thirty-five and maybe forty, and it will be justified. Conscription, they say, will commence about September first. It looks like it would take several months to get proper training, and if we send our armies to Europe they certainly cannot go until next year. In the meantime we will all be helping by paying taxes and doing what other chores come our way, and all of us will be hoping that peace will be declared before our soldiers are sent to the trenches. But being in, we must take what comes and ask no questions, and hold our peace as to our views on what is right and what is wrong.

### A Safe Journey.

General J. S. Carr has before this landed in San Francisco, and we take it from his letter to this paper, printed yesterday, he has had a fine trip in the Orient. The General is a close observer, and his letters to this paper have been read with interest by many people. When he lands in Durham we'll have a final interview with him, and it will make a good story.

### Goldsboro Adopts Manager Plan.

Goldsboro is one of the live cities which has shaken off the aldermanic plan of government and adopted the managerial plan. This plan is becoming popular all over the country. Many states in the middle west have made laws providing for it and cities of consequence will adopt it. It reduces politics to the minimum.

The boys who were expecting to go to Oglethorpe this week will now unpack their suit cases and wait indefinitely for orders. This is a sad surprise to them.

## THOS. THOMAS IS PARDONED

Governor Bickett pardons Thomas Thomas, a criminal sent up for the slight term of two years. Thomas robbed a bank deliberately; falsified the books and did his job with method and knowledge of what he was doing. Unlike the half-witted nigger who transgresses the law, Thomas was a high-class citizen, trusted in a bank, and when he committed his crime he thought, doubtless, he could get away with it. If not, why falsify the books?

The claim was set up that Thomas wasn't the beneficiary of the money he was short. He claims his father, who is now dead, made drafts on the bank, and he paid them because he loved his father. It was this touching appeal that got the sympathy sob started. It might have been—but what's the use?

The man who goes to the North Carolina penitentiary seems only to need a pull of some kind. If he can make it sympathy he generally gets by with it. Once upon a time a Governor of North Carolina let loose a friend who happened to have money and said the school fund needed the dollars worse than the penitentiary needed the man. Governor Bickett is a lawyer and starts off well in the pardon line. Up to date he has kept up the average, we guess.

The truth is Thomas should have been sent to prison. He cashed checks when he knew there was not enough money to protect them. It was proven that he falsified his account. Two years were not too many. If he was such a hero as to remain steadfast as the friend of his father and cash his worthless checks he should have been hero enough to pay the bill—not in money, but in imprisonment. The law doesn't presume that a man can be short in his accounts, falsify his books and then when detected make restitution. The law reads and presumes that if a man finds himself in this condition he must be punished. The jury found him guilty. The judge gave him a light sentence. It should have been carried out.

Why? Because when the man with a community pull can obtain a pardon and the man who hasn't such a pull cannot obtain one the law loses strength. People commence to believe that it is wrong. Governor Bickett found himself overwhelmed with petitions and pleaders for Thomas. They were there by the hundreds, it is said. The Governor being a human being naturally listened. He couldn't help it. What we need in this state is a Board of Pardons, thus relieving one individual of the grave responsibility. One time Governor Aycock, who had a heart in him as big as an ox, told us that he was often forced to pass sleepless nights. Men and women, children, good citizens would come to him and plead with tears in their eyes for the pardon of some criminal, and he had to listen. Often, he said, he heeded because he couldn't help it. Perhaps he didn't make many mistakes, but the responsibility is too great for one man. Thomas should have been made to serve his term, but the chances are that with the community pull he had no individual, unless he was heartless, could have refused to grant the plea made. So there you are.

Judge S. Glenn Brown had the satisfaction of knowing that he wasn't the only one who was submarined. And being a soldier he knows the fortunes of war.

### The Initiation Came High.

The Supreme Lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose must pay \$18,000 for the death of Donald A. Kenney, of Birmingham, Ala., who died immediately after receiving an electric shock from the "branding board." The highest court has passed on the case and the eighteen thousand must be forthcoming.

That is all right, perhaps, and again perhaps it isn't. A lodge that has such severe initiations should first have the candidate examined, and if he shows a weak heart he should be given the dope to slow music. There have been several deaths recorded in this country because of initiations in secret orders, and for that reason most of the orders have cut out a lot of the barbarity which erstwhile characterized the hot time they gave the Reuben who was passing over.

If it happens that the government uses the railways to ship supplies—

If we cut off several thousand passenger trains and loan our locomotives to France, as is suggested—

If all private contracts for steel are forfeited and the government uses all the steel works to make boats—

If every living human being among our hundred million must go down in his jeans pocket and bring up fifty dollars to help pay the first five billion—

Where, if all the works are stopped and everything is turned over to war and war prosecution, will we get the second fifty plunks for the second year of the war—this assuming that each one of us has the first fifty laid by?

Go any which way and the people are talking and talking loudly for a City Manager. That seems to be the next thing on the slate.