



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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HIGH TAX FRIGHTENS US

It is claimed that the enormous tax being levied on everything in sight has made some business men very timid. On the other hand, many of the biggest business men of the country insist that we are going to have better times than this country ever knew, even better than the McKinley administration brought us after the long lean year of starvation. Many sound business men insist that had Uncle Sam simply able to do so, issued bonds for several billion dollars and kept off the income tax there would have been more enthusiasm and better times.

Some people, however, and properly, insist that we have no right to leave as a legacy to future generations a bond issue of many billions. The only question is whether or not we get what we are fighting for. If we secure freedom for the whole world and the future generations are to enjoy it, we do not see why future generations shouldn't pay for what it costs. We levy a big tax on the incomes right now. And the theory is that the inheritance tax should be made bigger by far than the income tax. If a man in this generation must pay fifty per cent. of what he inherits, why shouldn't the future generation pay for the freedom that it will inherit from us? The future generation is the peaceful beneficiary of what we are not only obliged to pay for, but fight for and give our lives for.

If the theory of an inheritance tax is correct, then the future generations are the ones to pay for what they inherit. The men who took this country and subdued it, killed off the wild men and made fields to produce grain; who planted trees and built cities, they were the ones who suffered, and the kid to be born a hundred years hence walks in on the carpet of glory. Behold! look at the age in which I am living. No more wild men to fight; everything subdued; everything peaceful. The kid no longer knows the terrible wars my forefathers fought. Here is paradise, already prepared for me. Doesn't it look like that kid should be reminded of the fact that his forefathers did all this, but lacked a little change, and he could pay the bill and suffer no other inconvenience. Looks that way to us. Looks like the fellow not yet born would be willing to assume the monetary part if we would assume the worry and manage the work.

Will Perhaps Win.

The newspaper men who have been making a great fight and insisting that they be relieved from paying the cost of transportation for their product will probably win. But the law should be that every man who uses the mail should pay his part of the cost. The great magazines do not do this. They get up their glorified advertising sheets, make their millions and ride practically free. The newspaper should not be classed with the advertising publications. There is as much difference between them as there is between first and third class mail matter. The newspaper which hands out the news is necessary. The magazine which is filled with advertisements and dope fiction is not essential. There should be two classes, and if the newspaper men would insist on this the problem could be settled. But every time the question comes up publications like the Saturday Evening Post, belonging in another class, take a seat with the newspaper people and show that newspapers for the dissemination of news are necessary. But why let the Saturday Evening Post and such publications, not educational certainly, carrying no news, nothing but fiction and advertising—at least but little more—why should they take advantage of a law and claim to be in a class with the newspapers which print news and in this way make themselves necessary to the social and business world? No reason. They just jump on and ride, and the newspaper publishers haven't nerve to kick them off.

A Surprise In Store.

The way the Russian situation now looms up and has for several days loomed up there is a surprise in store for some one. The allies are on the anxious seat; Germany is waiting, hopefully, to see what will happen. If Russia goes out of the war, accepts a separate peace, it will be that much harder for Uncle Sam, and we all realize it, and that is why the United States is particularly wondering at this time what Russia will do.

All Seem In Good Cheer.

In an interview Mr. E. P. Wharton, who has just returned from New York, where he met many bankers from all parts of the United States, says that everybody is optimistic; that all are agreed that good times will continue; no fear expressed of a tight money market. There is plenty of money right now, Mr. Wharton says, and when the war expenditures begin there will be much more in circulation. We note that many of the big financiers of the country have expressed the same opinion as voiced by the bankers of the United States. All of this is good news.

WHAT ABOUT DEAD CAT?

Yesterday in police court a negro who hasn't any legs and who has a thirst for corn whiskey was given a sentence of four months on the road for being drunk and disorderly. The sentence is not to commence until Thursday, a week from today. In other words, if the culprit is found around the town a week from today he will be sent to the roads for four months. He is given notice that he is guilty of being drunk and disorderly, but because he is a cripple and can't work and is in the way he can hike. It is simply as though one neighbor were to throw a dead cat in another neighbor's yard. If the man committed an offense against Society in this town it is up to this town to punish him and not to send him to another town to continue his deprecations. If the city doesn't want to punish him, let him report for good behavior; but we do not believe in chasing off objectionable people, putting them on other communities. This has been the practice and is the custom. It is not a new thing, and we have hopes that Judge Jones will change the custom.

Yesterday in Durham, according to the Sun, a pretty white girl, Mary Garner, was given her choice of leaving town or serving a four months' term at the county work house, because she was convicted of immoral conduct. And the young white man, Arthur Pickett, was fined \$20 and costs for the same offense. He was the guilty wretch, if the charge against him is true, as guilty as the pretty girl who was sent to the work house for four months or who could leave town if she wanted to leave.

The girl was given a few hours to pack her clothes and get away. And where will she go? Just to another town and mix up with some other young fool, and then to another town, and on down until she reaches hell. That is no way to do. Pretty soon we will have a home for such women.

Is It?

Commenting on Governor Bickett's Sunday sermon wherein he suggested that baseball teams go out of business, Colonel Robert Gray of the Raleigh Times hands down this proposition:

However gallant it may be to have one's two-bit amusement trifled with, the main objection to the appeal to display patriotism by dropping baseball is that it is superfluous. With the coffers of the local club as empty as a fifteen-year-old school boy and the local patronage hardly large enough to eat half a dozen packages of crackerjack per diem, the North Carolina League may live until the first of June. This, as Governor Bickett well knows, will give ample time for the utilization of those best fitted for furrowing to produce a fine crop of late roas'n' ears.

Well, now, is it superfluous? Isn't any game that is innocent, any game calculated to take away from man the cares of the busy day, to let his mind run fancy free between first base and the home plate, really a sweet boon? The man who goes out and works all day on the golf links does the chore for exercise—he thinks of his body, but it is really a rest for his mind. The man who sits up all night to get the election returns finds in his foolishness relaxation, and if it happens his candidate is a winner he gets a great deal out of it. The philosopher like Colonel Gray could conclude that the man was a fool—that he had better enjoyed a good night's rest and crawled out of bed with the birds and read his morning paper and had more real news than he got on the bulletins.

The man who enjoys baseball enjoys it just like an old toper enjoys his first glass of toddy in the morning. It thrills him and delights him, and he sees nothing else. If he has a note due in the bank he doesn't recall the fact; if his mother-in-law is visiting at his house at that precious moment he doesn't care; in fact, the baseball fan, while the game is on, enjoys undisturbed the life his God has given him, so why say that to watch a game or play a game is superfluous? Aye, Robert Gray, it will not do.

Base Ball In Hard Luck.

The Virginia base ball league has disbanded and no more games will be played this season. The base ball business has long been a national game; a certain percentage of people go wild over it, but this year, because the war is on, because of a half hundred things, base ball isn't going over six bushels to the acre.

The North Carolina people are holding out and will keep on playing ball, how long is problematical, but Virginia closing down will have a depressing effect elsewhere.

Looks Like It.

The Associated Press tells us that already there is a squadron of American destroyers in foreign waters making war against Germany, and that the fleet arrived safely and the English gave cheers and were happy. The next thing we hear about it will be the arrival in France of a million or so Americans, and then all of us will get the right thrill and go to reading "war news" in dead earnest.

GOING TO BE BAD BUSINESS

It looks like the members of Congress and the critics are going to insist on operating mud geysers. The President is not going to escape. The men handling the money are already accused of recklessness, and all this will get the people dissatisfied. Of course if the charges are true we are not in favor of walking in gum shoes or talking in whispers. It does seem that before the charges are made we should all be sure of our ground. Congressman Howard is charged that unless something is done to check the reckless expenditures the nation will be bankrupt in six months. All this is fol de rol. But it hurts. What this Nation must do is to go whole hearted in the war that is on. That it will cost billions of dollars no man must for a moment doubt. And if one billion or two billion melt away like a snowflake on the water there must be no surprise expressed. England and France have shown us that billions are as brownies. It costs more money than a man can count to conduct a war, even after you are prepared. This country has all to do—it must get ready, and the billions must come. And it were better that Scandal hold its tongue just now. For one we do not believe that the President is going to allow anything unlawful or reckless.

Cutting Salaries.

In these times of high cost of living the City Commissioners are handing out a few slight shocks to those who want to hold office by cutting salaries. The police judge was cut from \$1,400 to \$1,200, the convict camp supervisor cut to \$70 from \$75, and the prosecuting attorney had \$100 taken from his salary. Other reductions were proposed, but after deliberation the commissioners concluded not to make them.

This is all very well in its way, but in these times, when the cost of food is advancing, when railways are forced to raise salaries by law, when day laborers get \$1.50 a day, it looks like the present salaries might have obtained and the people would have had no objections.

In the matter of the police judge, an elective office, certainly \$1,400 is not too big a salary. The City Commissioners receive \$2,400 each, while the Mayor receives \$2,600, and these salaries are not considered at all big. The police judge must give his attention to the place, must be on the job each day, and inasmuch as the office has paid the \$1,400 we feel the commissioners made a mistake in cutting down the salary of Jones. However, this is merely an expression of an opinion, and perhaps the Commissioners don't care how we feel about it.

The man who runs the convict camp gets his board and sleeps at the camp, this item being the big one during the high cost of living, and while five dollars a month is not much either way, we presume the Commissioners take it that if here and there they can cut down salaries quite a sum will be saved.

The Elks at Raleigh gave a prize for the handsomest man, and New Bern's delegation contained him. We had thought, of course, that Greensboro was going after this prize, but her modesty seemed to have kept the handsomest man at home.

Buy a Liberty Bond.

The nation calls on all people who have as much as twenty dollars to invest to put it in a Liberty Bond. The banks of Greensboro will receive your subscription—they charge nothing for their services, simply a patriotic duty.

These bonds are a good investment. They pay three and a half per cent. interest and no taxes. Uncle Sam is always safe, and the Nation needs the money. Buy a bond today—that is the cry from Washington.

The Liberty Loan.

The people are responding, but not fast enough, to the Liberty Loan. All the banks in the country are offering their services free in this great work, and every man who is patriotic, if he has the price, is wanted to subscribe for some of this loan. The investment is gilt-edged; it pays three and a half per cent. and is free of all taxes. Uncle Sam is good, and you can buy a share for \$20. Do not wait for the other fellow to subscribe. Go today and have your banker reserve you some of this stock. You not only help your country, but you aid in the cause of your country.

De-Lighted.

Doubtless Teddy is getting more fun out of his last front page campaign than he ever got before. Congress rejected him and then picked him up and now he is in the hands of the President, and he doesn't care much, we take it, what the President does. His soul was delighted when Congress came back and took him on the running board. That doubtless filled his cup of joy—and he is happy.

Naturally he would like to go to France, but he now has an excuse which he will call politics for not going, if he doesn't go, and that, he may remotely figure, puts him in line for 1920. And he understands that 1920 is not so far, far away.

THE GAMBLERS SHOULD GO

The board of trade is one thing and gamblers in stocks are another bunch. The board of trade is the one thing needful to make a market. Some head must give out the news. If it wasn't for the board of trade the farmer would never know what his product was worth. He must have some head office of information. If wheat is worth a dollar today, it may be worth less or more tomorrow, and the board of trade tells the world what it is worth. Therefore the board of trade is essential.

The speculators who attach themselves to that board of trade—well, that is where the rub comes. The law might be made to prohibit speculation, to stop dealing in futures. If that were done perhaps the trouble now complained of would cease. Let the board of trade deal in today's stuff today and not run up May wheat or May Pork to any old figure that a few wild men may determine they think it worth—simply a gamble.

The trouble is now, however, that instead of getting through laws to curb these evils, some lawmakers are starting what we used to call on the prairies back fires. They are accusing the administration and the men in its employ with all sorts of deals and showings, or trying to show, that money is being recklessly and uselessly squandered. The idea of this is to head off needed legislation. There can be no demand for stopping the plunderers in one quarter to let them operate in another. This is doubtless the scheme, and it is to be regretted. It is doubly regretted that scandal should rear its head at this time. Just now we need a great many laws, especially on controlling the price of foodstuffs, one suppressing the gamblers—but if the charge is to be trumped up that the officials handling the war money are reckless and extravagant beyond explanation, legislation against vicious things will be hard to secure.

Inside War.

As was to have been expected, but not so soon, the men having charge of the plans for the gigantic war now on are being assailed. It is said the Senate went after all hands and poured out buckets of wrath, even upon the President, criticising him for many things.

In times of war it appears that many things are done, and must be done, hastily, and this gives the man who sees graft, smells graft, feels graft and knows graft, the opportunity to talk. The chances are that we must have a national scandal. That is sure to happen, but it is unfortunate. The senators and congressmen who feel that they should air their grievances are justified by law in what they do, but it looks to us that at this time peace would be what we want inside.

When billions of dollars are to be spent and spent quickly; when thousands of boats are to be built; when contracts running into the many millions are let and let in a hurry, there is no doubt but what there would, in normal times, were such acts recorded, be room for criticism. But when the war is on; when action and quick action is necessary, it looks like there should be no cross-ties thrown on the tracks by home people. We all have confidence in our President and his cabinet. If we haven't we had better quit right now.

More Money And Still More.

The announcement by Secretary McAdoo that it will take \$2,254,925,581 instead of the insignificant sum of \$1,800,000,000, and all to be raised by revenue tax, created quite a lot of astonishment in the House yesterday.

When we go to talking about over two billion to be raised before breakfast it takes the breath of the man who only carries small change in his pocket.

Naturally this means that the revenue must be raised on some articles, and if there are any articles which have escaped it must be put on them.

Two billion, two hundred and fifty-four million, nine hundred and eighty-five thousand, five hundred and eighty-one dollars! Well, go off, Johnny, and figure that out, and let us know right quick how much it is. Figures like those are so astounding that no man comprehends what they mean. And yet we must raise that much because it is going to cost that much right now.

Sit Steady In The Boat.

No matter where you look for information, the general verdict of the big financiers of the country is that money will be more plentiful than ever; that business in all lines of necessity must expand. Just now there are some merchants who are afraid to buy big stocks, but they are not many. Some manufacturers are wondering what will happen, but the bankers of the country—and after all they are the ones who know—say that there are ahead of us the best times financially we have known in many a year. All this is good news. It is said that under the Federal reserve law there can be no panic forced; no rich man's panic like we had under Cleveland, when banks withdrew their horns and refused to loan money. No matter what taxes we pay, no matter about the cost of the war, money is going to flow freely in this country and the live man will get his part.

FREE PRESS JOKE UPHELD

We notice that Senator Overman announces that he will fight to have the administration censorship bill passed. He has found a couple of democrats who are willing to reconsider, and the hope in his heart is to pass the bill.

The whole thing is immaterial. The newspapers are not going to print anything they should not print; the officials are not going to give out information that should be guarded, and the censorship bill amounts to nothing—except the cross-grained fellow may feel that his freedom of the press toe is being pinched.

But all this talk about freedom of the press is bosh—bosh for the most part and pretense for the rest. The freedom of the press is more abridged by the business office and the thing called public opinion than it will ever be by the bill that Senator Overman might urge. The average newspaper these days must play its politics the same as an individual. It may mean to be "fearless and independent," recognizing no "cliques or clans"; it may be unbought and unpurchasable, but if it knows its own soul, in the confessional, it will wonder why it did this or why it didn't do that. Some papers are naturally venal and soulless; some papers naturally coin their grists for the gold that comes as toll, but the best papers we know anything about seem to have a faltering step at times, and when the great editor is about to tear his soul into tatters and hang it on the public clothesline there is somehow or other a still, small voice which reaches his ear, and he doesn't do just what he thought he'd do before he got into action. Just human nature. Just the wonder why one should cut off his nose to spite his face; just allowing the word "policy" to wave the red flag in front of the typewriter—and danger, while not seen, is averted.

And with all this, the average newspaper editor is honest, and he means well. But he is taught that the General Public has a large palpitating union, and to touch a palpitating union means to get a murder cry at once, and therefore, through deference to the union, the editor treads softly where his conscience says he should throw a four-inch shell. It has been our undertaking to always talk out in the pulpit, but we know we haven't always done it. It has been the undertaking of every other newspaper man to do the same, but every other newspaper man once in awhile is forced to sidestep—not by threats, but because Policy, that giddy old girl in silk stockings and a stage make-up, seductive to the last degree, winks her other eye, put her finger on her mouth and says with puckered lips, "S-h-h-h!"

Let the President have whatever law he wants. He is a reasonable man and will not abuse the privilege of causing newspapers and individuals to remain silent when they should not remain silent. Let Overman put through the bill, and thus assure harmony. We are in a world war. Our laws make the President commander-in-chief of the forces on land and sea. We have confidence in him. Give him a full and free hand.

Let Us Hope Not.

There is a great deal of talk in the city about putting in a water metre system, and the hope in this department is that it will not be done. The cost of the metres is no small item, and to those who own cheap houses, the houses especially rented to colored people at three and four dollars a month, the hardship would be great. It would cost the city thirty or forty thousand dollars to buy the metres, and where the metre system has been tried it hasn't worked. We recall that in Athens, Georgia, the water company undertook the metre system. People who were paying ten and twelve dollars a year ran their water cost down to three and four dollars, and finally the metres were put out, after hundreds of people had purchased them.

If our water supply is conserved; if the police can stop people who water lawns all night; if the consumer will do his part, we have the best system as it is. The metre system would decrease revenues to the city, because when a metre is on consumption of water materially decreases. The man who has all he wants for so much a quarter uses a great deal more than he needs. But let the metre system be introduced and the change is wonderful. There is a good profit selling water, and if there can be some plan devised where the wilful waste will stop the present system is far more satisfactory to both consumer and the city.

A Big Man Gone.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate died suddenly this week, and a big man in the nation has gone. Mr. Choate had once been ambassador to Great Britain, and was a man of wonderful intellect. He died full of years and honor.

Those who want to know about the O. Henry and work commencing on it are assured that things will be started by the first of June. The contract will be let this month, and then, if it is possible to secure material, work will begin in a short time.