



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THE WAR

The Henderson Dispatch seems to have found, somewhere in its exchanges, some flippancy remarks concerning the young men eligible under the conscript law. The gentleman who writes the Dispatch wears his hair gray, what there is of it, and he seems to fully understand what he is talking about. He says:

In our humble opinion it will become any editor who is well passed military age, and knows that his own hide is safe from puncture by German bullets, to be writing smart paragraphs at the expense of any one, married or single, who is likely to be called upon to offer his life upon the altar of his country in defense of liberty and democracy. An editor who has no more sense of humor than that has no sense of humor at all, and it is very doubtful if he has any more common sense than he really needs. It might also be amusing to hear what sort of lame-duck excuse he would have to offer if men of his age were suddenly called to the colors.

No, there is nothing about the prospect that should suggest anything bordering on the humorous, and yet that is what has been the matter, and what is the matter right now. The war in which we are engaged has been on three years. Over here we have been enjoying the money end of it. We saw our munition factories running day and night; we saw and enjoyed the stream of gold that flowed to our country, never stopping to think that those dollars represented such a fearful price—the sacrifice of human lives—that our dress which came so bountifully came from a slaughter house where fellow brothers were being butchered in a manner savage and brutal and cruel. We took the gold, and in our joy rides we never felt the sorrows; we never realized that our "good times" were caused only by the desperate times of nations fighting for life and existence. We looked on at the long distance and not where the millions were being murdered, but because between us and the theater of war was the wide sweep of the three thousand miles of deep we never felt the thrill; we never realized and do not now realize the magnitude and the horrors of the situation. We were even told, by indirection, that we had been kept out of war, and because of it a majority of our people voted for the man who had accomplished this great task, and with his re-election we felt secure.

And when the war came it came as intangibly as the tide slides from the arm of the long-necked beach. A few black head lines in the daily papers, that the business office might sell a few extra copies; a little excitement in Washington, where the serious and solemn proclamation was made; but over the entire country the news was received without apparent comprehension, and the joy riders kept on in their mad career. And to this minute, with a day within a week of us that will be the most important of all national events since the Western World was organized—the registration of ten million young men who are to offer themselves for the field of battle, who, if able to pass the physical examination, must go to war, and to a war which is world wide with no end in sight, go to be killed if need be and if God so wills—yet twenty per cent. of our hundred million people really realize what is on. It is still with the majority a passing joke; a phanton ship on a mirage in the distance; a sort of Jack-o'-Lantern glimmering like a glow worm in a marsh; a nebulous substance floating in the sky.

And it will take the story from the trenches which must come; the story of how the brave men under the folds of Old Glory on foreign fields of battle struggled and fell, to bring home to the American people a full realization that the war is no joke. And because of lack of realization of this paragraphers have refused to sacrifice their puns, citizens have seen something funny in what is on; but, as the Dispatch man says, it will become any of us to speak significantly concerning the grave situation that confronts us and from which now there is no escape.

The long discussion of the revenue bill has had much to do with taking the edge off the patriotism of the country. Every man interested has appeared before Congress, and the result is many think that if it is going to cost anything we should not have gone to war. But when the financial arrangements are made and the soldiers start for the foreign fields of battle there will be a new feeling.

And Now They Talk.

There is a great deal of talk about the re-ones committee appointed to make suggestions concerning the public schools. Therefore the woman that committee meets and hands down its recommendations the better for all concerned. The idea of having the committee was to get the schools out of politics and out of the street talk. And the sooner this is done the better for the schools, and that is what all of us are most interested in.

The Atlanta spirit wasn't burned, and already the work of repair from the recent disastrous fire is well under way.

LIBERTY LOAN BEING RAISED

For some reason the Liberty Loan isn't going as fast as was hoped. Too many people feel that they haven't the price. Too many feel that they may need the money for something else. It should be understood that if you put your money in a Liberty Loan you simply are lending it to the government, and the government in turn will put it in circulation. The government needs the money, and you, being a part of the government, should stand your assessment. Suppose instead of selling you a bond the government should say it had assessed you one hundred dollars and you must pay it on a certain date. You might think it a hardship, but if Uncle Sam said this had to happen you would dig down and come across.

But he doesn't say this. He simply says: "Here, old man, you have a thousand idle dollars or five hundred idle dollars or twenty idle dollars. I need them. I must have some money. Now, I want to borrow that of you. I will give you my note paying three and a half per cent. interest, it is non-taxable, and you know my credit is good. Will you let me have it?" That is all Uncle Sam is asking. He is in hard luck and wants you to loan him a little money. He wants all his nephews to come across. If you haven't a hundred, loan him twenty. He isn't going to take all you've got, but he wants some of it, and he will pay it back with interest.

This is so plain that all can understand it, and the appeal is so urgent that all should make some sacrifice to help out. Every bank receives subscriptions. It costs you nothing. Delay is dangerous. The money must be raised, and those who know say Greensboro hasn't taken hold as she should take hold. Buy a bond today.

Taking Off Trains.

The railways throughout America are asking permission to discontinue many trains now in the passenger service. Manager Coopman says, in speaking for the Southern, that the step is absolutely necessary on account of the demands to be made on the system by the government. He claims that the great demands to be made on the Southern because of the large concentration camps to be established in the South will require all the passenger facilities that it has, and that trains not now absolutely necessary in other sections must be taken off in order to give the railway facilities to operate them where needed. It is understood that all railway companies must make radical changes, and while the people enjoy the numerous trains now running between different points, it looks as though they must wait until the next train. Greensboro will be pretty hard hit if the Commission grants the request of the Southern. Something like six or eight trains will be taken off, and, while trains will run to all points, they will not run on the splendid schedules heretofore obtaining.

In war times the people must take what they get, and the government has the first call. Already, says Mr. Coopman, certain commodities, such as iron and coal, lumber and copper and other war supplies, have been placed on the preferential list, and before the war plans are carried out it is thought all railroads will be taxed to their fullest capacity in transporting things having to do with the war.

No Difference.

Many people, and especially those wanting peace, freely predict that the war will end before the United States gets ready for it. If so, well and good. But that must not cool the ardor of any soldier; it must not enter into the thoughts of those who can conserve food. We must accept the fact that is before us, which is that the war is on, and it might last three years. If it ends tomorrow, so much the better. But to speculate on an end within the year is not the thing. Let every person go ahead in doing his bit, just as though he knew the war would be on for a long number of years. Food must be conserved and it must be produced. And those best posted tell us that the food supply, after all, is the greatest thing. Economy in the kitchen—rather, saving in the kitchen is what must be done.

The man behind the range can do as much for his country as the man behind the gun. To stop the kitchen waste is what should be preached to cooks early and late.

Think They Have It.

It is announced that Marconi, the Italian wireless man, has perfected a device which will destroy the German submarines, and along with this announcement comes one that Edison has a device which will do the same thing.

The U-boat has not been much in evidence until this week for some time, but it has done enough already, and perhaps is getting in shape to hunt the boats containing soldiers to be sent from this country. But before our soldiers leave it is believed that there will be submarine destroyers which will guarantee absolute safety to our soldiers.

It is said that there have been over one hundred thousand plans suggested to the different governments, and it would seem that out of such a mass of wheels one machine might be perfected that would do most anything.

"LET ME GET THIS FELLOW OFF MY BACK AND I'LL COME ACROSS"



Take Off Your Hat To Him.

John D. Rockefeller has given an additional twenty-five million dollars to the war fund, making in all one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. It isn't every day that one man can throw twenty-five million dollars in the contribution box, and yet Rockefeller feels that it is his duty to come across. One million as a donation is a mighty sum, but to make it twenty-five million at a single dash—well, ladies and gentlemen, no matter what you think of Mr. Rockefeller he is proving himself one of our best citizens. This vast sum of money which he gives is to help mankind. It is given freely, and the government hasn't had to prize it out of him with a jack-screw—he has come across before and he comes across again.

Rockefeller shows that he is no miser; that he is the world's greatest philanthropist, and he has let us know that he understands that the vast fortune he was allowed to control did not, in fact, belong to him. He simply gathered this great sum and now gives it out with lavish hand. John has rolled his snow ball. It was larger than that of any of the other boys. Flushed with victory, he now proceeds to give it away, indifferent about keeping it. Instead of using it to increase his power, he hands it out to relieve the soldiers and those who have suffered from the war.

We must all take off our hats to John D. He may have had peculiar methods in making his money; that he claims to have done his chore within the law; that he is willing to give away all that he has gathered makes him a great man, and we all should sing his praises.

The High Price.

The man who used to take about twenty-five cents and go down and buy himself a bundle of lamb chops isn't in it now. The lamb chop and the green peas—well, it is pleasant to read Plutarch and see what happened in the old days. Today a lamb chop costs about twenty cents. Two ordinary cuts make a pound and the lamb chop retails at forty cents. There is enough meat on two lamb chops to take a cinder out of your eye. Some people use flax seed for this purpose, but often the flax seed is too large, and the meat on a single lamb chop is better. Take the meat off the bone and from among the fat and put it in your eye. It is so small you can't feel it, but it chases around like a flax seed and removes the cinder. Those with large incomes and the prospect of a goodly inheritance can afford the lamb chop as an article of food. We bought one the other day and have embalmed it. We want to put it away, and when lamb chops go to sixty or seventy cents a pound we will wear the one we possess as a breastpin. Jewelry often has no intrinsic value—diamonds, for instance—but our lamb chop breastpin will be worth money.

Along this line it may also be remarked that a slab of bacon, the ordinary sow bosom, costs a king's ransom, and the man who can get together a few hundred dollars can buy a slab as large as an ordinary tombstone, but he would be foolish to do so. A small hog is worth about thirty-five dollars after being slaughtered and ready for the market—more than a horse was worth fifteen years ago. And despite the fact that we are going to have food commissioners to look into this outrage nothing has yet been done, and a hungry world is wondering when the highwaymen will stop in their unholy practices.

We haven't heard anything about Old Man Villa for so long that we fear he has been killed again.

Registration Day.

June fifth will be a big day in Greensboro. Not a gala day, but a day when all the people will take a part in the war now on. That is registration day—the day when every male person between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one will register. The law says between twenty-one and thirty, but inasmuch as a man is thirty until he is thirty-one he must register, even if his thirty-first birthday comes June the sixth. This law takes in all males, black or white, sick or well. The law provides imprisonment for those who fail to register. The registration is to get the list of those who are liable to draft. The selective draft will sort out those who should go and those who should not. The man with a family, the man with dependent people, the man who is in ill health, the man who is a cripple, the man engaged in a business which must be continued to aid in commerce, such men will be the last chosen.

The man who hasn't anything much to do, the man who has no one depending on him for support, the man in good health, will be the first chosen. He must go to war.

The day will be a solemn one. The thrill which generally gets men to enlist in war is lacking. Far removed from the fields of battle; feeling that it isn't our fight, because but few have realized that we are in the war, reluctantly many will sign up—but later they will get the emotion and they will go and fight.

The City of Greensboro is making arrangements to celebrate, in a way, this day, a day fraught with tragic possibilities. The different organizations will take a part, and from seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night the procession to the registrar's office will be on. Just how many men Greensboro will furnish is yet problematical. The registration books are being copied, but there are scores of eligibles whose names do not appear. There will be some young men who will hesitate about going up, but if there are any such they should remember that Uncle Sam has many ways of ascertaining information, and woe be to the man who fails to do his duty at this time. Better take the medicine and run the risk of escaping duty than to evade and run the risk of imprisonment—and dishonor.

Going After Them.

Chief of Police Foushee says that too many boys and girls under the required age are driving automobiles, and that it will be his pleasure, as it is his duty, to see that no child is allowed to go out alone with a machine. The new chief has many reforms in mind, and he says he is going to make changes that may appear radical, but the law must be enforced. He also says that the parking of machines must be changed. Under the law a machine can remain on certain streets but fifteen minutes, whereas some of them get there early in the morning and remain until noon. This, the chief says, must stop.

Prohibition.

Once in awhile there are stories related in our police court that suggest that whiskey may be had. The other day a young man on the stand told about punishing two quarts at one sitting—himself and friends—but for the most part we see but little whiskey or the effects of whiskey. Many are the mornings when not a single case is on the police court docket. You see but few drunken men, and all must admit that prohibition, so far as Greensboro is concerned, is a success. Not absolute prohibition, but it comes so nearly to being that it is hard to see why it isn't.

THE RED ONION WAS CORNERED

It will be recalled that throughout the long winter we bitterly complained that it was impossible to buy on the market the delicious red onion—the kind that carries with it the pep, that gives the breath a distinct personality; the kind that would make a man weep, if he'd eat 'em, at the funeral of his own mother-in-law.

We marveled much to know that when now and then a vagrant case would come to town from some far-off seaport the dealer would charge five cents for 'em, and it was with a boldness born of despair that we criticised the North American people for not planting more onions.

And now it seems that we are forced to apologize to those same North American people whom we put upon the grill—we are duty bound to say that the onions were planted; that the husbandman did his duty, but a conspiracy on the part of speculators took the crop, put it away in warehouses and sold it at an enormous price from April to September, leaving the man to go through the winter months as lonely as an orphan mule.

The wires bring the story from Boston that eighty-eight corporations have been duly indicted; that they will be tried for a conspiracy against the sons of men; that it will be shown that at least seventy-five per cent. of the 1916 crop of two hundred million pounds was bought and stored by these alleged conspirators.

It is well. The onion is the one thing needful in the kitchen; it is one of the best medicines for a cold; it is a sweet boon to tired man, and if he eats enough he will be lulled to sleep by the opium which it contains.

We could not understand why a crop that is so easily raised, a crop so eagerly sought, should be neglected by all the farmers. But we know now where the trouble was, and as we complained the indictments show that we were not the only person missing this wonderful vegetable. The hope is that if the conspirators are proven guilty, or if they are guilty, they will be sent to prison and fed on hash containing no onions; that all the dishes where onions are necessary to get the flavor to remind us of the food that Mother Earth prepared will be served to them five times a day and that they will be forced to eat it without onions. This would be what is called Retributive Justice, and in a case like this Retribution should overtake the conspirators, and after overtaking them abide with them for at least a year.

Fell In Their Pit.

The little publishers of newspapers who fell in with the magazine people, those men who print glorified advertising sheets and call them periodicals, will now find in paying the tax on advertising that they missed it.

The thing to have done was for the thousands of publishers of legitimate newspapers to demand of Congress that the present rate of one cent a pound obtain on real newspapers and that the magazines and periodicals published primarily and only to sell advertising at enormous rates should be put in a class by themselves and be forced to pay at least the third-class rate. But they allowed the big fellows to inveigle them in a fight against an increase, and now all newspapers must pay a two per cent. tax on advertising—twenty dollars a thousand.

The big magazines simply got in with the real newspaper publishers—had them guard them as they walked through the fight. The magazines which convey no information, the magazines which print impossible dope stories in order to have readers that advertising may be sold, do not properly belong in the class with newspapers. And millions of tons of these publications enjoy a rate which costs the government money, and the average newspaper publisher hasn't sense enough or nerve to demand that there be different classifications. And that is why the postal rate is not yet settled. The day will come when the man who sells advertising and does not disseminate news will pay what he ought to pay.

Danville And Booze.

It wasn't long ago that a big hardware concern, or one that had been a big one, was found to be making stills for the moonshiners. Indictments followed, and the cases have not yet been disposed of, as we recall it. Right on top of the booze-making implements comes the story that a big creamery company operating at full blast was found to have on hand over five thousand dollars' worth of whiskey. It is said that a boy broke into the creamery, and stole some butter. He was arrested, and explained that if there wasn't enough likker in that creamery to float a ship to send him up for life. An investigation disclosed the fact that on the third floor were five hundred gallons of whiskey, brandy, wine, etc., a veritable wholesale whiskey house.

The men running it—one an ex-distiller—gave bonds, only five hundred dollars being required, and now there will be something doing in Danville. The bone-dry law didn't seem to interfere with the creamery business.