

For
People Who
Think

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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NOT OPPOSED TO THIS WAR

As a general proposition the people of the United States are opposed to war. They have been a peace-loving and God-fearing people, and they are of an order of intelligence that understands to the limit that war is hell. But there are different degrees of hell, and to allow the German empire to take possession of the world by a campaign of rapine, pillage, murder and all other ways known to criminality is another thing. It is for peace that we are fighting. It is to give permanent protection to the peoples of the world. The United States weighed well and long the question. It kept out of war until the last straw was laid. Then it declared war, and then it became necessary for every citizen to insist that we would fight to a finish—not a war of conquest, but a war for freedom. The Peace people talked to a certain time with propriety, but their day in court was over when President Wilson issued his ultimatum. Then when the so-called pacifists kept on shooting off their yaws the time came to call a halt. Under our flag no man should be allowed to live if he isn't with the government. No matter what he thinks, he should not be allowed to say things or write things that might help the enemy. The New York Herald, unfortunately choosing a woman for the subject, but she is to blame, hands down this great truth:

"Opposition to the war," says Miss Jane Addams in a typical burst of pacifism, "is not necessarily cowardice." It may not be cowardice for an American to oppose a war in which the United States is engaged, but it is something infinitely more despicable. It is bordering on treason, and if Miss Addams does not have the intelligence to appreciate the fact that her wanderings over "the feelings of the German-born American citizen" give aid and comfort to the enemy then the position she has occupied in the public life of this country has been wrongly bestowed. It is too late for pacifists to be permitted to hinder the successful prosecution of the war by resurrecting the issues that were buried when the Kaiser's submarines commenced the war months ago. If Miss Addams and her professional peace-loving associates want a speedy end of the war let them emigrate to their dear Germany and there convert the originators of the conflict, the gentle barbarians of Louvain, of Rheims, of the Lusitania, in whose "feelings" they have an interest that transcends that which they have in the fate of the murdered men, women and children in the train of the Teutonic army and navy. America is fighting because she was forced to fight or become a nation of June Addamses, and the sooner the Chicago pacifist lets that fact infiltrate into her brain the sooner will she understand why this nation is going to fight for a righteous peace.

The United States of America is in a war, a world-wide war, and every one claiming protection under our flag is supposed to be loyal, and those who want to throw monkey wrenches into the machine, those who want to pretend to enjoy "free speech" and "free press" should be invited to leave these shores if they do not want to endorse our President and if they do not want to see Germany annihilated. The mission just now of the United States of America is to wipe Germany off the map, to sweep out of power the murderous Kaiser, and the citizen who is opposed to this should at once take passage for Berlin. There is no place in this country for the so-called humanitarians who want to encourage the enemy by insisting that we should have peace. The war is on. It must be fought, and the person or persons who intimate that we had no business to go to war should be declared guilty of treason—and treason means hanging.

Naturally that Gaston street hitching lot should be removed, but to take it bodily up and transplant it would leave a hole in the ground. What we should do is to sell it and let some one build something there.

Forcing It.

The Red Cross people are going to win. They are going to force their campaign and the hundred million dollars wanted will be secured. Thousands of citizens haven't yet understood fully what this means to all the people, but they will be made to understand. There is great enthusiasm, and the man who works for his country without pay, as the Red Cross workers do, can get up more enthusiasm in a community than the man selling lightning rods or gold bricks. The Red Cross is a part of the army, and the army is now beginning to be understood. Just as soon as we send a million men to the front the Red Cross people will have no trouble in getting another hundred million. The first hundred million, however, will come. Greensboro has loyal workers, and from one viewpoint Greensboro has loyally responded to the call for membership. But this city can give at least a thousand more members, and the campaign being planned will doubtless be successful. Let every citizen join the Red Cross and put up his dollar without asking questions. It is the Nation's call—a call to help the soldiers who will soon be in the field.

WATTERSON ON REUNION

No one writes like Henry Watterson, and this editorial from the Courier-Journal talking about the reunion, is one that all should read. It is not only artistic, it is refreshing and entertaining:

"As was inevitable, the Johnny Rebs had all sorts of a good time at Washington. The South, so-called, even as of old, seemed to sit in the saddle. The big pot was put in the little pot, the dinner horn was blowing 'from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,' and the traditional goose swung high in the air.

"Never more shall there be a sectional alignment North and South—if ever again, East and West.

"But let that wait. May it never arrive. Meantime, in fancy Mosby musters on the Flemish front and Forrest sweeps across Belgium to the Rhine; the Orphan Brigade has carried the heights of Ehrenbreitstein and Morgan's men singing 'If you want to catch hell jess jine the cavalry,' ride in triumph up the Valley of the Moselle; and presently the Black Horse Cavalry, Pegram at the head, the Stars and Stripes above them, shall pour, like lava tide, through Unter den Linden to the Kaiser Schloss, crying 'Git out'n the way, Bill, old sport, for the butternuts are comin' and it's good-bye to the Hohenzollern!'

"Yet, softly! There is another side to the shield. War is not all glory. Those who know what war is know that. Nor may we press too hardly upon the mass and body of the German people. United upon a false premise and blindfold led to slaughter in support of a dynasty holding to the exploded ideas of the Middle Ages and claiming to rule by Right Divine, they do not differ much from other men, enlisted upon what they honestly believe the cause of their country. When the blood is up the brain is out. We do not stop to think. We reason not. We fight.

"It is a world of greed and strife and murder—of sin, disease and death. Why such travail in quest of betterment? Should not children be grown on trees as fruit is grown? The braves who five and fifty years ago found Washington impossible of capture went in the other day and took possession without firing a shot out of a gun. Not one of them but will not admit that his 'Rights in the Territories' were exceedingly nebulous, a sheer delusion, much like Pat's horse that was very hard to catch and not worth riding after he was caught. Just so Germany's 'place in the sun.'

"The South came long ago to realize that the institution of African slavery was not only politically and morally untenable—the whole trend of modern thought dead against it—but as a labor system clumsy and costly. Yet a million of men, not one in ten possessed of a slave, went out to fight for it—not one in fifty considering the abstract question of the ownership of man—of property expressed in human flesh and blood—except to swear at the Abolitionists for a set of intermeddling yarmints having the audacity to dispute the right of a Southern gentleman to wallop his own nigger. We saw but one thing—invasion—the invasion of the South by the North—there was a reasonable argument drawn from the original compact—it was war—the debate was over—manhood—the adventure—presto, the shot was fired—and, lo, the one thing wanting to weld us together as a unit and make us the nation we are today.

"A big price to pay; yea, verily, a very big price to pay, with the provoking cause, the generating and aggravating circumstance—the Nigger in the Woodpile still an unsolved problem. Where be your dreams, oh, William Lloyd Garrison, your denunciations, Wendell Phillips, your diatribes, Horace Greeley? Gone with the conceits of Yancey that Cotton was King and African Slavery a gift from God.

"Germany will learn, even as the South has learned. The time will come when our German-Americans will see, as we old Johnny Rebs have come to see, that whatever is best. We are doing pretty well, thank you! Did we not one and all support Horace Greeley for President? Now there is that good old Rebel Woodrow Wilson in the White House and that good old Rebel Edward Douglass White Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Turn about is fair play, you know, Brother Lodge! Never fear, and never say die. Keep your shirt on—Massachusetts being still in the Union, thank God!—your turn will duly come, with at least half of a good old Rebel—that is to say, your own beloved Teddy Bear—maybe in the lead! Who said Julius Caesar?

"Taps. Go home, boys! Go to sleep, boys! It's all right, boys! Time brings in with his revenges some solaces—chief of these that we are a united people whom Heaven has called to fulfill the reason of their national being—the rescue of Freedom from Autocracy—of Republicanism from Absolutism—to drive Mediaevalism back to the Dark Ages, the Right Divine of Kings from off the earth—in short, to make Democracy safe, here, everywhere.

"Curious anti-climax to thy dreams fifty golden years ago."

That West Gaston street lot will be along very soon—right soon.

THE GREENBACK MAY COME BACK

Uncle Sam one time issued greenbacks—millions of them. They were simply a promise of Uncle Sam to pay—to pay the face value if any one wanted to take them to Washington and present them and demand the money. But inasmuch as Uncle Sam made them money no demand was ever made.

The Liberty Bond is another promise to pay—but Uncle Sam borrowed the money this time instead of issuing his notes without interest.

If this country ever wants to do it, and perhaps it will not, the good old greenback doctrine can prevail. There is no reason why America can't issue twenty billion dollars in Greenbacks, a mere promise of Uncle Sam to pay, and no matter if there is nothing back of the issue save the promise of Uncle Sam the notes will pass current with the merchant. Perhaps not for foreign trade, but the home folk would take 'em and ask no questions. It was on this proposition that General Weaver of Iowa founded his great Greenback party back in the seventies—it was because the scheme was good up to a certain limit that hundreds of thousands of people seriously considered the plan and voted for Weaver for President.

In this world you will find that some man who is reputed to be rich hands out his notes indiscriminately and bankers and citizens take them—for a year or so. Finally it is discovered that too many notes are on the market and the credit of the individual gets bad. But suppose Uncle Sam were to say: "Here, I want ten billion dollars to prosecute this war; I want to use the money here at home, so I will just issue my promise to pay ten billion worth, and issue some good-looking treasury notes." Don't you know that he could put it over—pay no interest, pay nothing? Just simply run his face, and every man would be reaching for one of those notes—because they would pass current with the merchant—and after all that is all any of us want to know.

The idea seems to be that we are to have two first-class play houses. The wonder is if we will have many shows on the road during the war times. Time, the great revealer, will give us a tip on this a little later.

Wholesale Whiskey.

The federal grand jury at Raleigh is investigating charges concerning alleged wholesale whiskey smuggling into the city. It is said there will be startling revelations, and as Uncle Sam has gone into the matter it is supposed the bottom will be reached. It has for a long time been claimed that there were parties in Raleigh who were running a big game; that hundreds of gallons of whiskey not properly labeled were being brought into Raleigh, and that city was used as a base of supply for may towns round about. Some fifty witnesses were examined Monday and the work will continue for several days. The state is working in connection with the government and no effort will be spared to get to the bottom of the case.

Did you ever try to understand what the nebular hypothesis is? Well, we are going to rent a room and have it fully understood.

Let It Loose.

If you think that you must cut out everything that has made life worth living, you are mistaken. There are only two things to do: Plant all the seed you can, and after you have raised or bought foodstuff do not waste it. If two potatoes will do, cook only two potatoes. The American people have been in the habit of filling the dishes more for show than for food, and the servant has been compelled to fill the swill pail with what is left over.

Simply conserve what we have. It is not waste to spend ten dollars for an article. The ten dollars go on and on. It is waste to throw away a suit of clothes before you have gotten the real service from it. It is waste, and criminal waste, to cook up three times as much food as you will consume and throw the left-over to the garbage can. Simply do not waste. That is the economy to practice. But don't get it in your head that you must hoard your money—that you mustn't spend it. Spend all you can get. Keep it going, and times will be better than ever before.

The Kilgo Flag Incident.

It appears that the fight against Bishop Kilgo will not down in this state. Every once in a while it breaks out in a new place, and just now the flag incident is the interesting picture on the reel. Once upon a time the Bishop didn't like something some of the Trinity students did concerning a flag, and he allowed his vocabulary of adjectives to spill on the floor, and some people haven't gotten over it.

Bishop Kilgo is a man of impulse. He says what he thinks, and often he thinks a whole lot of things. However, inasmuch as he is no longer President of Trinity, but a Bishop in the Methodist church, it occurs to us that the less said about the past the better for all concerned. True, the Bishop is yet a trustee of Trinity, but that should make no difference.

TRAVELING MAN WANTS BASEBALL

A traveling man writes us a letter to express his indignation because there is no base ball going on in the Tar Heel state this summer. He insists that people should not forget that relaxation is more necessary in times of war than in times of peace. He says base ball and moving pictures and all innocent amusements should be increased; that when war is on the mind of a nation it should be free, and if we keep talking economy and keep cutting out amusements, and all of us get long faces and think we are whipped before the fighting commences, it will go hard with us.

Possibly he is right. Possibly we should all eat, drink and be merry and let tomorrow take care of itself. However, as a nation we have been wantonly reckless in our waste, and it was to conserve the food supply that the alarm was sent in. Our Governor thought the men who were playing ball and the men who witnessed the games should put in their time cultivating vacant fields. And because of this his address doubtless caused the base ball fever to wane. Whether the spectators got busy and planted a crop we do not know, but we do know that there is no base ball going on, and Casey is not at the bat. The traveling man will find, however, that we have picture shows and many interesting things on the screen. We are all busy trying to boost the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross and registration, and all of us expect to keep on being busy preparing for war. There is plenty of amusement in being patriotic, and there is no danger of a collective long face in a town like Greensboro.

And up to this date, June the fourteenth, there has been nothing definite concluded about the Fourth of July celebration. The chances are that the day will not be observed as it should have been this year.

The Grand Rush.

There is today over the Nation a grand center rush in the Liberty Bond campaign. The big cities are coming across and high pressure is being applied everywhere. The task of raising two billion dollars was greater than many supposed. However, many of the bankers, men in touch with the nation's finances, were certain the fund would be oversubscribed. They confidently predicted that five billion instead of two would be the result. Today, however, there are some several hundred million yet wanting. As a nation we have talked of millions and tens of millions, but when we go into the billion column—did you ever stop to think how many a billion dollars are? It takes a long time to count a billion, longer than most men could devote to the task, and to get two billion dollars subscribed in a hurry is a gigantic task. It is said that the national banks of the country represent something like fifteen billion dollars and the state and savings banks about eighteen billions. That is more money than any human mind can comprehend. Greater figures than any boy with a slate and pencil could get together unless he was an expert. And yet so great are we, so prosperous and so rich that we are disappointed because in a short campaign we didn't raise more than two billion dollars. Looking at it from one viewpoint the campaign, while a little short up to today, has been most remarkable.

The Flag Service.

The Elks tonight are going to have an entertainment, annual flag service, which will be worth while. This year of all others the Flag is Paramount. The program arranged includes all that could be wished for, and inasmuch as the Elks have opened the door to all the friends of all the Elks that means a full house. We note that Judge James E. Boyd is down for a talk, and if he will hand them something along the line he gave his audience in the Federal court last week all agree that the money's worth is in that one feature. Judge Boyd is an American and he talks it—and talks with eloquence and vigor.

The taxes will soon be advertised—those who are delinquent. But a day or two more and the names of the slow ones will be printed in the papers.

May Jar Some.

Those who paid and paid too much for paving Main street when the bum so-called vitrified bricks were laid will learn with sorrow that pretty soon there will be an attempt to again pave the street. Some suggest that these brick, which never did measure up to the quality of first class, can be turned over and used again, but the scheme is to make a better road—something like the High Point road all the way down Elm street. This will cause the property owners to wonder when the assessments will cease—but Elm street will be paved within a year. That is the talk.

A Big Verdict.

The case tried in the Guilford superior court, where a guardian sued for the death of a boy, the death caused by drowning, surprised many people. The claim was for \$25,000 damages and the verdict was for \$17,000, the largest verdict for damages ever returned by a jury in Guilford county. The Southern Power Company was the defendant.

IS SLANDERING A WISE ANIMAL

It was Victor Hugo who explained that the slang of the street gamins of today became the classic of tomorrow. And all the time the lexicographers are busy taking care of the chores of the neologists. In this world-war drama we have had the words pacifists and socialists and a great many other ists, but it has remained for the Chicago Tribune, which claims to be the greatest newspaper in the world, to coin a new one, to throw into the vocabulary of the street and home the word "assifists." This word, having to do with the long-eared donkey, is meant to be used in a contemptuous manner. It was in the famous Spelling Bee at Angels, where Abner Dean and others took a part that Jones apologized for treading on the family vault because he accused another citizen of being an ass—but it is our mission to protest. The Chicago Tribune cannot put over on the homely, gentle, long-suffering and patient jackass anything that suggests opprobrium. Without flattering himself in any way, we maintain that the jackass is a gentleman, and that of all the animal creation he carries with him self-respect and character. Just why and when it was left for mankind to reproachfully discredit this animal we do not know, but we are here to say that if the Chicago Tribune thinks it has coined a word that belongs to the lexicographer's next revision it has failed in its attempt. To be an "assifist" would be to be a patient, meek, lowly philosopher, and this the pacifist is not at this juncture. The pacifist is one who would aid and abet the murders of the Kaiser; one who would undertake to deter the progress of the war; one who would be willing to see Old Glory dishonored in order to preserve peace when both Honor and Freedom demand reprisal.

This is the kind of weather that makes the corn crack. Popcorn especially pops this kind of weather.

Ready To Fight.

The figures show that of the many millions registering two million seven hundred and fifty thousand did not ask exemption. In other words, two million seven hundred and fifty thousand Americans said they were ready and willing to go to France—to go anywhere to fight for Old Glory.

And they will go. The others, who asked exemption, told their different tales of woe and will be excused for a while. If not needed they will escape the service, but if needed, and if physically able, they will be put in the field.

But think of the number—two million seven hundred and fifty thousand men, able-bodied men, willing and ready, aye, eager, to go to the front and fight for their country. Nothing about not coming home, nothing about what might happen—just an army that within itself would be invincible, willing to lay down life, if need be, in defense of the flag.

All of that looks good to us. It shows that an American understands. It shows that despite the cries of the pacifists, despite the dirty work of the German sympathizers, the American remains what he has always been—an American.

The City Planner hasn't been asked about it, but we would like his opinion on the dozen different fire traps adorning prominent corners in the city.

Doing Something.

The proposition to take over the paper supply as a war measure and let the government furnish it to newspapers at a reasonable price is the first and only sensible thing that has been proposed. The government can, with propriety, do this. The newspaper has been the one responsible for putting over the Liberty Bond sale. It helped in a great measure to secure the registration. Without the newspaper to disseminate the news the government would find it mighty hard to make progress in its big program. Therefore it can claim the right to take over the paper mills and operate them in order that publishers can do business. As it is now the profit of many publishers goes to the manufacturers, who are charging about three times as much for paper as they should charge. The proposition coming out of Washington yesterday looks good, and carries some hope to those who make newspapers.

Only two weeks and a little over until the Fourth of July. Are we going to celebrate, and if so let's get busy.

No Reason For It.

People of Greensboro have no reason to fear a slump. There will be much building going on this summer. The O. Henry hotel building is now under way, and it is said the new court house will be started not later than the middle of July. These two buildings alone will cost over a half million dollars, and that means something. Many other buildings will be erected. The crops of Guilford are first-class and there are few, if any, idle men in the city. Altogether the outlook is bright. Then when we consider that in a short while the war fund—many hundreds of millions of dollars—will be circulating in the country, it all looks good to the man who isn't afraid to look the sun in the face.