



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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GIVE HOOVER A FREE HAND

Mr. Hoover certainly has the facts concerning the food situation well in hand, and when he tells the committee that fifty million dollars a month are taken by speculators from people who are hungry it does look like the committee would report at once and give the government undoubted right to take charge.

There is no reason why coal and flour and other of life's necessities should be almost out of reach. The speculator and manipulator must go. That is all there is about it, and Congress should act. No one objects to paying a reasonable profit on merchandise, but to hog the game simply because it was once thought might make right is altogether wrong.

In the old days in mining camps this same hold-up game was practiced. Once upon a time in Eagle City, Idaho, when the big gold news spread, people who flocked in there were charged a dollar for a ten-cent can of coffee oysters. Bread sold at a dollar a loaf, and foodstuffs men made more money than gold miners. The supply was unlimited—Portland was close—but hungry men and desperate men had to have food, and the merciless dealers sold it at any price that suited their fancy. But one day the people resolved that it shouldn't continue that way, and the result was that the supply was confiscated and those wanting things to eat got them for nothing.

If the government does not promptly act in the present case there will finally be bread riots, there will be all kinds of confusion, and innocent people will suffer. We have the machinery to regulate these things, and our Senators and Representatives should not wait until too late. Now that Hoover has told us how it actually is, all of us have a right to enter protest. It is no longer hearsay evidence—Hoover has submitted facts which are shocking.

And with it all we haven't built a new railroad lately, and the idea is that we need another line. No reason why we can't go ahead, vote the bonds and start the work.

The Conventions.

No matter what else is going on in the good old summer time, the convention is always in order and always in session. Just now in the east and west, down by the sounding sea toward Wilmington, Wrightsville Beach and Morehead City, conventions galore hold the boards, while in the mountain land several are being held. The idea is that a convention these days is more of a picnic than a business meeting, more of an outing than anything else. Hence the seashore or the mountains.

Time was when conventions were few and far between, but not so now. From the bankers and railway men down to the local pressing club there are organizations and state conventions and national conventions, and with modern railways to get people somewhere, and celluloid buttons selling cheap, and man-wearied of his chore, the delegates are always many and numerous. Three or four days generally suffice to do the work, and the convention adjourns and waits until another year.

And perhaps these outings are necessary. Men, and women too, are so busy these days they confess they haven't time to be at home long enough to keep up their acquaintance with the family dog or cat; they are busy and worried and fretted, and to get away for a little while is a great relief. And with so many different organizations it is almost possible for every man to be a "dill-i-gate."

They have conventions and societies and organizations and associations, and the Good Lord only can keep account of them. Everything is organized. Every craft and profession, from the dish washers' union to the scavengers' association of America, is booked for a meeting somewhere, and, happily, the occasion is always voted a great success and renewed interest is manifested each year.

The Last Day.

Monday is the last day of the Red Cross campaign, and the hope is that every man in this town who hasn't yet seen the light will come across tomorrow.

Those having the campaign in charge have been disappointed in some ways. They have thought that citizens who gave nothing should give something, and they have thought that many who came in for five dollars should have given more. But that isn't the question. It is not what others think. The question now is: Has every man given his dollar? That dollar when you go among ten thousand people means a great deal. There are many men who have yet failed to recognize the importance of the Red Cross work. They think the war can be prosecuted without them.

But it cannot be. Every man must do his part. He will finally awaken, but the solicitors must impress upon him that Duty calls and he must respond tomorrow. Let us hope the allotment given Guilford will be raised.

Perhaps after all it would be better for the other fellow to attend to his business while you attend to yours.

BIG BUSINESS IS NECESSARY

It is pointed out that all the Big Business concerns have been invited in to help the government in its war prosecution. It is said that the Standard Oil was prosecuted and split up for being a monopoly. Today the Government calls Mr. Bedford, president of the Standard Oil of New York, to represent the oil interests not only of the Standard group but of the independents in the Council of National Defense. The Government filed suit to dissolve the United States Steel Corporation. Now Mr. Gary is called in by the Government to bring all the steel companies into closer relation for war purposes. The Government used to inveigh against the shipping trust. Now the Government is going into the ship business on a trust basis.

Funny how the wheels go round and time changes. Big Business is absolutely essential to this country or any other country. Big Business has been threatened by the calamity howler until many people think a man with six dollars is a malefactor of great wealth—but when it becomes necessary to do big things there must be Big Business to help out.

Commerce and Finance, commenting along these lines, concludes an article by saying:

There would seem to be need for governmental regulation not only with thought of curing what is wrong in industrial prices today, but with full appreciation of the possibilities of after-the-war days. Taxation or price regulation, or both, would be nothing more than poultries. What is needed is a system by which Big Business can work with the Government for the best interests of itself and the Government and all the people. We have had too much of corporation greed and too much of governmental threats. Between one and the other the public has not benefited. There should be harmony between business and the Government and the people. There has not been harmony. There has been suspicion when there has not been open opposition. There must be regulation, helpful, constructive regulation, that is real, that neither will chill enterprise nor halt business because of size and yet will safeguard the public against such an economic injustice as that of today. The only way to weld the people of a nation into one great patriotic family is through economic justice.

And that is about the size of it. The policy of the Government should be to encourage Big Business. Let it have opportunity to do big things, but do not let it do unlawful things; make the laws governing it reasonable. Big Business can't become big unless it has sea room. The little boat can float in a few feet of water, but the big boat must have depth. Big Business is only little business grown large. The wonderful wizards in the financial world should be encouraged. We take in the inventors and have them create things for us. Edison is called in to help find something to destroy submarines. Why not call in the biggest and best Financial Inventors, turn them loose to make all the money possible, to gather it and then have something to help out when we have a bond sale or a Red Cross campaign? No use to talk about the poor devil who can't make it having his share. He will get his share, and his share is only measured by his capacity to make it. We work as hard as any man, and find that we can't make as much in a year as some of the financial wizards honestly make in three minutes. But we are satisfied to do the best we can, and we want them to pile it up in order to have something in sight when ready money is needed by the Government, by the municipality, by the railroad builder or the banker.

The Red Cross workers are not satisfied with the general response of our people, but it must be remembered that our people are loyal and perhaps are doing all they can do. It is easy to think "the other fellow" should come across handsomely, but the "other fellow" often has troubles of his own. Yet every man should give something to this cause.

Business Getting Better.

From the big cities the reports come that merchants are buying heavily in all kinds of goods for fall business; everything that has wheels is in motion or to be in motion; Congress will soon adjourn and quit its dilly-dallying, and the prospects for big business were never better. Taken on the whole, the crops in the United States are as good as any average year—there will be more foodstuffs harvested than ever before, and the pessimist will find but little hope to interest busy people.

The billions of dollars to be expended by Uncle Sam will find their way to every town and city; soldiers will be drawing pay, and all those hitherto unemployed will be busy on day shifts and night shifts, and just as soon as the temporary slump is over gold will run in streams.

It all looks good from a business standpoint, and it looks good from a moral standpoint, because America is going in to win the war, and she is going in not only in a business way but in a stupendous way.

THE CHRONIC KICKER ALWAYS

There is in this world of woe the chronic kicker. Sometimes it is an acquired habit, sometimes it comes "natural like." One of the hard working women who is trying to help secure subscriptions to the Red Cross Society tells us about two or three citizens who explained to her that they were getting mighty tired of this begging program on in Greensboro. One of them told her he couldn't walk out on the street without being held up to buy a Liberty Bond or to subscribe to the Red Cross, and that he was not going to subscribe to anything.

Of course that would have been all right had the woman importuned him to subscribe to some private charity or to invest some money in a newspaper or a church or something of the sort. But here was a woman giving of her time and energy to help in a great common cause, answering the appeal of the President to assist the Red Cross—nothing in the world to her but patriotism pure and simple—and the well-intentioned citizen, without thought, had it in his mind that he would be giving her something if he subscribed a few dollars to help defend the flag of his country—a flag that may be in deepest peril before the winter comes.

And that is where many of us make the mistake in not stopping to analyze the proposition put before us. The Liberty Bond issue was essential. Finally, when the nation got away from the commercial end and saw that Duty called and Duty commanded, there was over-subscribed a billion dollars. And just as soon as all understand that this Red Cross business must be taken care of, that it will take a hundred million dollars for this department of the war, there will be no difficulty, and those who refuse now to give their dollar or their ten dollars will gladly come across.

The Funny Thing.

There is something more than passing strange about the figures from the revenue office concerning receipts on alcoholic beverages. The report published in this paper yesterday showed that revenue receipts on beer and whiskey were greater than ever in the history of the country. There was an explanation to the effect that because of a proposed increase on whiskey much had been taken from bonded warehouses in order to escape the proposed increase, but naturally it would seem with over half the country dry and drunkenness not one-half what it was a few years ago the revenue receipts would dwindle. But they do not. They increase each year, and this year's report shows the largest gains of all.

The report says this year will be the banner year, and so far one hundred and seventy-eight million have been collected, and there are yet eleven more days to do business in the fiscal year ending July first.

Receipts are said to be over a million a day. Tobacco also yielded more revenue this year than ever before, over a hundred million having already been paid. It is also said that cigarette smoking is increasing and that the fifteen per cent. increase in that commodity is because women are learning to smoke the little white coffin nail.

So there appears no room for the philosopher. He can't find a place to sit down or a place to hang his hat before these figures. Two-thirds of the United States prohibits the sale of whiskey, and men are not drunk and down as they used to be, consumption is presumed to be materially reduced, but the revenue figures show an increase and this year to be the banner year. Take the case, gentlemen of the jury. We can't find anything in it that is satisfactory.

Taking Advantage.

The men who traffic in young girls have taken advantage of the war times and the excitement on in other places and proceeded on their work of destruction. It is said that in New York alone eight hundred girls between the ages of ten and twenty years have disappeared since January first—just about six months—and the police force of New York will be under investigation. The white slave industry has picked up wonderfully in these last few months, because the war has claimed the attention of the people. When one thinks that eight hundred young girls have been lured from their homes and thrown into a life of shame it is enough to make one wonder what would happen if our laws were left inactive for a year. Such evidence of savagery shows that man is not civilized at all—that he is simply restrained fearing punishment.

Wonder Why?

Wonder what has become of the nationwide war which was being waged against cigarettes some dozen years ago? Don't hear much about it now, and the figures show that the manufacture of cigarettes has increased fivefold in a dozen years. Maybe the reformers have concluded that the coffin nail is quite the thing.

Better conclude that watermelons are the stup and go to one of them Sunday. Maybe paregoric will be needed, but that isn't under the ban.

TRAIN ROBBERS GET IN ACTION

The story from Chicago of where two masked men entered the express car on a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train bound for Omaha, gagged the express messengers, tied them together with a rope, opened the safe and took with them some thirty thousand dollars in money, reads like one of the stories of the old days when Jesse James and Cole Younger were doing business almost every day.

Once in awhile we read of train robbers, but nothing like it used to be. And every time we read of them here of late suspicion points to the poor messengers who have undergone physical and mental torture. In this case the two messengers who were bound together, who were overpowered, were questioned for half a day by the human sleuths and yet they told the same story and stuck to it, although separately examined. They may have been guilty of the robbery—such a thing is possible—but when train robbery was in its flower, when Burrows and Jennings and James and Younger and other lesser lights kept the country terrorized, it was accepted as a matter of fact that such gentry could do the work. But because the industry has decayed, because the stars have left the stage of action, it doesn't seem to occur to the human sleuths that others could engage in the business. They always want to suspect the messenger, the man entrusted with the treasure. Those who have read Bret Harte's frontier stories and seen Yuba Bill in action understand how easy it was in the old days to rob the coach and take the treasure box belonging to the Wells-Fargo Express Company. In those days when an extra heavy shipment of gold was sent, extra guards were employed to fill the box. In these days the express companies throw the treasure in the coach and expect one man to guard it and land it safely.

And the play grounds and the city parks—well, it costs money to buy 'em, and just now we have no money.

Increasing.

Those who seem to understand the situation say the moonshiner has already been advised of the bone-dry law which goes into effect in this state the first of July, and corn likker is being stored for the grand rush that will follow. One citizen says an automobile was in this town the other night and within an hour dispensed what looked like several gallons of the ardent. Asked if he bought any he said no, but he insisted that moonshiners were very busy.

As we understand the situation, the bone-dry law will only put out of commission the people who run blind tigers in a small way. It is said that the larger dealers in illicit goods buy in large quantities and it comes by freight labeled something else. The old game of putting a small barrel inside a coal barrel is being worked, and boxes containing about ninety per cent. whiskey get in by freight and no one is wiser. Once in a while these goods are discovered. It was in Tennessee that coffins were used to ship in the whiskey, and it was not until one consignment got in a wreck that the game was discovered. It is related to us that one man shipped in an automobile casing and within it were ten pints of whiskey—no one would have ever suspected what was going on.

Until the nation is prohibition, until Uncle Sam refuses to give a government license, whiskey will be in evidence; but not as much as there once was, and the bone-dry law, while there is chance for evasion, will make whiskey harder to get, notwithstanding the fact that the moonshiner is wise as to what is going on.

And now they are still talking water metres. The hope is that water metres will not be universal.

The Sorrow Of It.

One of the sorrows of the war is the fact that men, for gold, are willing to debauch the young soldiers who go to training camps. It has just been charged by Secretary Daniels that the naval training station at Newport, R. I., is exposed to gambling houses, bar rooms and all other things demoralizing. The Mayor of the city denied that there was anything unusual in this fashionable city, this wonderful resort where Harry Leher had his monkey show, but Secretary Daniels made a separate investigation and found facts as he first charged, and has appealed to the Governor of the state to suppress the joints.

And they should be suppressed and at once. And wherever there is a training camp it should be the mission of this government to see to it, beyond any doubt, that all immoral agencies were removed. The young man who enlists as a soldier should find other things to do than drinking whiskey, playing cards and consorting with vicious women.

And a little later, if the weather gets warm, we may have some excitement about water metres.

The weather man promises to give us a chance to lay aside the blanket. This is good news and refreshing news.

IF AMERICANS ONLY KNEW IT

In addressing the Rotarians at Atlanta a British gentleman went on to say that what ailed America just now was the lack of information concerning the atrocities committed by the Germans in Belgium; in fact, committed everywhere, but especially on the people of Belgium. He maintained that if the people of the United States really understood what they were up against, the possibility of a war lasting five or twenty years, and the further possibility of the Germans invading these shores and doing to our people what they have done for Belgium, this nation would respond so quickly in sending men and money to the front that the war would speedily end.

He recited a dozen or so of the dastardly crimes committed by Germany—crimes that make the blood run cold to contemplate. And perhaps he is right. It has been our privilege to read, because such official things are sent to newspaper men, some of the stories of barbarity and savagery toward the Belgian people, and we feel certain if this nation understood it would be very hard to keep men within the present age limit from entering the war and going to France to fight.

Never in the history of the world, from the savagery and insanity of Tamerlane to the march of Sherman to the sea, have there been such exhibitions of total heartlessness. Germany has violated every rule and law of civilized warfare. She has wantonly murdered innocent women and children. She has sent her hordes of soldiers into peaceful villages with orders to violate the person of every defenceless woman. She has burned buildings of public nature and destroyed churches. She has poisoned wells and fed famishing prisoners of war poisoned foodstuffs. She has done everything unspeakable and cruel and wicked—she has been a demon with power and anger.

True, we made a mistake and are partially responsible for the apparent indifference of our people as a nation. Being lovers of peace, we kept out of the war too long. But now that we are, we are with the gentleman who addressed the Rotarians; we feel that this government should officially compile a list of the horrible and unspeakable things done by Germany and see to it that every American citizen understands what has happened. Every avenue of publicity should be employed. Every newspaper, every picture show, every billboard, every pulpit and every rostrum should be occupied. Men should tell their brothers what has been and what will be on these shores unless this great and powerful nation wields a blow to annihilate the mad Kaiser. Too long and far too long we have shown indifference. It is time to hold more patriotic meetings; time to come across with a part of our money lest Germany takes it all.

Aroused, America would be invincible; but indifferent she may suffer the greatest losses and the greatest sorrows.

Times will be dull when everybody concludes that they are dull. The way to have good times when money is plentiful is just to say so and act your part.

Nothing Yet Doing.

The report of the British on losses of ships by submarines shows that last week the U-boat got in its work in a more deadly fashion than any week previous. It appears that with all the ingenuity of the world it is impossible to find a device that puts the submarine out of commission. It was our hope that American inventors would find something, but the task seems hopeless. Mighty hard to stop warfare. The submarine is like the highwayman—hiding behind a tree or clump of bushes. It bobs up when least expected; it is quick of action, does its deadly chore and disappears. And with the sea filled with them it appears impossible to head them off. The man who can solve the problem would be voted the greatest inventor of the age, while the man who really invented the submarine, apparently just now the most wonderful of all inventions, isn't having his praises sung. It had been our impression that Holland made the first submarine, but reading the other day we found that other countries had successfully used undersea craft over a hundred years ago. Perhaps the day will come when the submarine will find its equal, but hardly in this present war. It seems that time of peace are when the great death-dealing machinery is invented. Necessity was not the mother of the submarine's invention. There was no necessity for such a thing—there was all reason in the world why it should never have been perfected.

The Red Cross week is about to close, and up to date Greensboro hasn't done her part. Let us hope in the next two days the figures will be increased.

The death in the county yesterday evening, where a farmer and his wife, working in the field, were killed by lightning, was a tragedy such as has often happened, but where no blame attaches.

And during all the other excitement are you swatting the fly whenever opportunity offers? If not swat, and swat right now.