

For  
People Who  
Think

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# Everything

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## AND RED LIKKER WILL SOON GO

It is said that the proposed prohibition legislation has aroused the Senators who are not so fierce as others regarding the annihilation of Old John. The proposed law practically gives us prohibition during the period of the war. The President will be permitted to allow the manufacture of wine if he wants to allow it, but so far as beer and whiskey are concerned their manufacture will cease. This means that the whiskey now on hand can be sold for any old price demanded; it means that the beer crop will soon exhaust, and the man who wants a little alcohol in his system must buy moonshine likker or rye whiskey which will be handled by the ones who happen to own the "visible supply."

Perhaps this is wise. The only thing that looks lame in it is that no appropriation is made to put a few thousand deputy marshals in the field to capture the moonshiners. That they will spring up by the thousand there is no doubt. The average man who wants whiskey is going to get it, even if he has to make it, and if he makes it he will have some for his neighbors and his neighbor's friends. The moonshiner is pretty hard to catch.

Yesterday when the deputy sheriffs, along with the sheriff, went out south of town they found evidences of a still that had been worked perhaps two days before. In fact, it may have been worked that morning. But the people operating it were put wise—in some way they knew the officers were coming. The officers found the beer spilled, the furnace intact, but the still was missing. The operators had taken the copper and sought a new patch of woods.

And if you will read the record for a year in North Carolina, ascertain that a thousand and more raids have been made, the stills have been caught with the fires burning, but the rest always missing. It is not one time in ten that the operators are caught. Why? Because there is system, and because they operate secretly. Let Uncle Sam cease his manufacture of licensed whiskey and there will be in the United States a half million private moonshiner stills. And what the lawmakers should do in order to anticipate what is coming is to make an appropriation of enough money to put at least ten thousand more deputy marshals in the woods. If it isn't done the moonshiner will supply the nation with whiskey and the Treasury Department will be shy just five hundred million dollars a year.

### In France.

It appears that the submarine zone, the barred zone, didn't keep Uncle Sam's soldiers from making a safe landing on the shores of France. Just how many have landed is not known to the people of the country, but doubtless a number large enough to help out in the trenches. When America lands something like two million men in France; when she fills the air full of aeroplanes and our aviators commence to drop thousands of bombs into the German trenches; when this great country is fully equipped and lets loose, you will find perhaps that the war's end is close at hand. America is the greatest nation in the world—richer than any of them when it comes to resources, and we have twenty million men who will fight if needed. And twenty million men to go up against the shattered forces of Germany—well, it is a mathematical proposition, and we must win.

The guessers, and it is all guess work, figure it out that unless the war ends before winter it will go through several years. General Manager Coepman, of the Southern, says his company is making arrangements for at least a five years' war, but we hope he is mistaken. If America does not wing its bird by spring, then the chances are that it will take a year or two longer, but there will be no need to fight five years. We can either whip Germany or get whipped in less time than that.

### Still Piling Up.

With the new prohibition law another deficit in revenues will be seen—something like five hundred millions a year. Well, that is easy. There are many other things to get revenue from besides the human being who is helpless. If all whiskey drinking is stopped the five hundred millions will be earned by men now incarcerated, but who will get sober and go to work in a very short time. With bar rooms all gone, with the procession of heavy drinkers and light drinkers turning their money and their labor into other channels, it will not only mean increased revenues, but it will mean increased happiness and a better citizenship. This great war is for a great purpose. It is God Almighty's war, and if prohibition comes to this country through it, it will have been worth all its costs.

We are not a prohibition crank. In fact, we are too wanting to destroy stills or put drunkards in jail. We have pity for the drunkard and understand the man who favors the sale of whiskey is within his rights in saying so. But we have seen the great good that our partial prohibition does here in North Carolina, and we feel that if the whole nation were given the same blessing the nation would be better in happiness, in wealth, in all that makes life worth living. Therefore when we see a good thing we like to pass it on.

## SOLDIERS LAND ON FRENCH SOIL

There was a genuine thrill felt in American blood yesterday when it was announced that American soldiers had arrived safely in France—that thousands of them had passed through the U-boat zone and all arrived well and happy and France was filling the air with cheers.

This happy result means more than simply the safety of those who landed. It means that mothers and fathers who are sending their sons across the seas will have high hope that the journey will be safely made, and to sustain that hope will be the knowledge that the first expedition made the trip without an accident of any kind.

How different it would have been had the submarines encountered the ship holding the soldiers and sent thousands of the brave men to the bottom of the sea. How depressing would have been the thoughts of the parents of those who must follow. But when we read that the whole fleet landed safely, escaped the U-boat squads, passed the barred zones without knowing there were such things as submarines, the fear of danger vanishes, and it is well.

It is stated, and perhaps with authority, that Germany has been preparing for weeks to waylay the soldier boats. She knew there would be great numbers of soldiers coming, she knew Pershing was in France to receive them, and it is said she had made great preparations to send to the bottom of the ocean all the transports possible. But it seems that she failed. Up to this time we have no information of how the blockade was run; a strict silence has been maintained, and the newspaper people have assisted in maintaining secrecy. All of us knew that from some place and at some time there would be some news, but all kept quiet. The news of yesterday was great news—news that gave the nation a genuine thrill. Let us fervently pray that all soldiers who start across to fight for freedom and liberty will arrive safely.

### Base Ball.

While North Carolina died on third and the homeplate was sold to a junk dealer, the great national game of base ball is just now being considered as an international affair. The New York Herald sees it in this light:

America's greatest outdoor game came into existence a few years before the outbreak of the civil war. Its growth in popularity was slow until the soldiers at the front fell under its spell. Then it spread from regiment to regiment, from Northern army to Southern army, until it became the universal means of obtaining relaxation from military duties. When the war was ended the soldiers took the game back to every part of the United States, and soon thereafter the formation of intercity leagues placed it on the threshold of its present popularity.

Base ball, like trade, follows the American flag, and today the game is played in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. That it will follow the flag to Europe is shown by the announcement of the Young Men's Christian Association International Committee that it is sending to the American concentration camps in France five thousand base balls, five hundred base ball gloves and four hundred base ball bats. Nearly every American soldier will have, besides a lieutenant general's baton, a base ball in his knapsack. Already the Americans in the armies of France have been teaching their French, British and Belgian comrades in arms, and it is not too much to expect that when the main American army arrives on the west front there will be such a base balling of our allies as will make an after the war international league a necessity.

North Carolina could have gone through and entertained those who enjoy the game had not Governor Bickett thrown a monkey wrench in the works and stopped the Raleigh end of it. Amusements are necessary during a war, more so than at any other time, and it was a matter of regret that North Carolina was taken out of the date line and left without a home team anywhere.

### Soldier Insurance.

President Wilson wants life insurance for the soldiers, and Secretary McAdoo wants America to take the lead in such a movement. Why not? Why not give the boys assurance and insurance? Let them know that if they fall the mother or widow, whoever needs it, will get a likely sum, perhaps a thousand dollars. The government certainly should pay its freight. It will spend millions for battleships and let them become obsolete. Why not spend millions for men if they are put out of commission? The soldier will go without insurance, but if he knows there is ample provision made for his widow or mother if he falls, he will make a better soldier. His whole heart can go into his work. The hope is that some plan will be devised whereby every soldier bearing arms will know his life is insured and that Uncle Sam is behind it.

The brewers are certainly filling the air with wild shouts today, but they are shouting to Washington to give them a chance.

## TOM WATSON IS AGAIN IN BAD

The government has refused to allow Tom Watson's publications to go through the mail. All of his last vaporings were returned, and now Tom will make a noise. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than to appeal to "them asses" and claim that he is a persecuted man. Watson has wonderful ability. No writer in the South excels him. As a word painter he has wonderful imagination—his stuff flows as easy as a gill of corn likker down the throat of a thirsty tramp. He paints beautiful pictures. He charms. But the trouble with Tom is he is at war with all the well ordered conditions of Society. He wants to reform a world that cannot be reformed. He is agin' the Catholic church, he is agin' the government, and where he properly belongs is in a prison where neither pen nor ink are allowed. His fulminations have been ever on. First a populist and then a dozen other things—ambitious to have a great publication and never succeeding, he has been at war. He imagines a great storm is lashing the waves of the social sea. His ship rocks on the billows and he cries for help. He is doubtless sincere, but he is misguided.

He preaches at times sound doctrine, and suddenly he goes to anarchy, to nihilism and socialism. He makes Emma Goldman's preachments, at times, look like logic and conservative utterances.

His last escapade is in attempting to tell his readers that conscription is unconstitutional and he can prove it. It is well that the government has thrown his vaporings out of the mail. Now were it to try him for treason it might convict him. And if guilty he should be dealt with accordingly. If he isn't guilty, then the press needs no latitude. It is not only privileged, it is licensed. It can say whatever it wants to say, for Watson has gone the limit, if the reports be true.

### The Beer Question.

There are hundreds of thousands of people who think beer is wholesome. They drink it and keep it in their homes. They prove that it is a flesh builder and that it does not make drunkards.

Beer contains about three and a half per cent of alcohol. That is not very much. Take many of the medicinal preparations on the market and they run from ten to twenty per cent alcohol, and they are not molested. Beer contains so little alcohol that it would take a tubful to make the average drinker drunk.

Beer has a tendency to make many people bilious, and for that reason they do not drink it. Herman Ridder, of New York, insists that hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in breweries and millions of people are employed in making, handling and selling beer. He thinks it a sad blow to commence to put it out of commission. The trouble with beer is that it has had a tendency in this country to build up the alcoholic thirst. That is to say, the man who starts in on beer will in a year or two become a whiskey drinker. If whiskey is to be eliminated, then beer might be left as the national drink. Three or four per cent alcohol isn't going to send up many skyrockets, and it might be the solution of the prohibition question. Germany is a great beer-drinking country, and certainly beer hasn't interfered with her mental works. She has proven herself the most wonderful of all countries, not only in the matter of system, but in barbarity.

### A Great Sum.

The final figures show that the Red Cross fund reaches the magnificent sum of one hundred and fourteen million dollars. Chairman Davidson announces that there will be a checking system introduced, and the American people who freely gave this vast sum of money will be informed each week just what is done with it. The suggestion that there is no system, no business behind it, is denied by those in charge. It is claimed that every penny will be accounted for and the general public will be duly advised from time to time. Well, if there is graft it can't be helped. The people gave cheerfully and willingly, and there is little danger of looters of such a fund. One hundred and fourteen million dollars in collections in a single week, and no individual missing what he gave, suggests the wonderful, limitless resources of this country.

And suggesting the wonderful need of such a fund it is predicted that another subscription will be necessary within six months.

### Bonds At Par.

After the Commissioners had adjourned yesterday evening a telegram came from a bond-buying house offering the city par for her \$750,000 of refunding bonds, and at a special meeting this offer was accepted. In these days of other kinds of bonds five per centers are not going like hot cakes in January.

### A Change.

Arthur Brisbane, who has edited Hearst's New York Evening Journal for many years and who has made a great reputation, has purchased the Washington Times from Frank A. Munsey. Brisbane will perhaps undertake to make the Times a national newspaper. His writings, bordering on socialism, are read by millions, and no doubt his new venture will prove a great success.

## WORK IS NEEDED HERE AT HOME

We know it is proper to have foreign missions; we know that every human being should be told of God and God's goodness; but sometimes we are impelled to think that we are too busy to properly enlighten our own people.

The man who will take a morning off for a week or two weeks and attend the police court in this city will find something worth while, if he is at all inclined to figure on questions concerning the betterment of the human race.

For the most part negroes are the ones who come up for trial. It often is brought out in evidence that whole families live in one small room; that they have no apparent concern for virtue; that they are just like a lot of pigs in the sty or dogs in the kennel—and what can one expect?

We never read Dombey and Son, and we read it every year, as Dickens is our favorite author, but what we always pause and read twice or three times what he wrote concerning this same theme, but among the whites. He said, and we ask our readers to read this carefully, not only once but twice, and then cut it out and read it until the mind carries with it a purpose to help reform. Dickens says:

"Alas! are there so few things in the world, about us, so most unnatural, and yet most natural in being so! Hear the magistrate or judge admonish the unnatural outcasts of society; unnatural in brutal habits, unnatural in want of decency; unnatural in losing and confounding all distinctions between good and evil; unnatural in ignorance, in vice, in recklessness, in contumacy, in mind, in looks, in everything. But follow the good clergyman or doctor, who, with his life imperiled at every breath he draws, goes down into their dens, lying within the echoes of our carriage wheels and daily tread upon the pavement stones. Look around upon the world of odious sights—millions of immortal creatures have no other world on earth—at the lightest mention of which humanity revolts, and dainty delicacy living in the next street, stops her ears, and lisp 'I don't believe it!' Breathe the polluted air, foul with every impurity that is poisonous to health and life; and have every sense, conferred upon our race for its delight and happiness, offended, sickened and disgusted, and made a channel by which misery and death alone can enter. Vainly attempt to think of any simple plant, or flower, or wholesome weed that, seen in this foetid bed, could have its natural growth, or put its little leaves off to the sun as God designed it. And then, calling upon some ghastly child, with stunted form and wicked face, hold forth on its unnatural sinfulness, and lament its being so early, far away from heaven—but think a little of its having been conceived and born and bred in Hell!"

Those who study the physical sciences and bring them to bear upon the health of man, tell us that if the noxious particles that arise from vitiated air were palpable to the sight we should see them lowering in a dense black cloud above such haunts and rolling slowly on to corrupt the better portions of a town. But if the moral pestilence that rises with them, and in the eternal laws of outraged Nature is inseparable from them, could be made discernible too, how terrible the revelation! Then should we see depravity, impiety, drunkenness, theft, murder and a long train of nameless sins against the natural affections and repulsions of mankind, overhanging the devoted spots, and creeping on, to blight the innocent and spread contagion among the pure. Then should we see how the same poisoned fountains that flow into our hospitals and Lazar-houses, inundate the jails, and make the convict ships swim deep and roll across the seas and overrun vast continents with crime. Then should we stand appalled to know that where we generate disease to strike our children down and entail itself on unborn generations there also we breed, by the same certain process, infamy that knows no innocence, youth without modesty or shame, maturity that is mature in nothing but in suffering and guilt, blasted old age that is a scandal on the form we bear. Unnatural humanity! When we shall gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles; when fields of grain shall spring up from the offal in the byways of our wicked cities, and roses bloom in the fat church yards that they cherish; then we may look for natural humanity and find it growing from such seed.

"Oh, for a good spirit who would take the house tops off with a more potent and benignant hand than the lame demon in the tale, and show a Christian people what dark shapes issue from amidst their homes, to swell the retinue of the Destroying Angel as he moves from among them! For only one night's view of the pale phantoms rising from the scenes of our too long neglect; and from the thick and sullen air where Vice and Fever propagate together, raining the tremendous social retributions which are ever pouring down and ever coming thicker! Bright and blest the morning that should rise on such a night; for men, delayed no more by stumbling blocks of their own making, which are but specks of dust upon the path between them and eternity, would then apply themselves, like creatures of one common origin, owing one duty to the Father of one family, and tending to one common end, to make the world a better place!"

This, we insist, tells the story. Why not do

## THE RED CROSS NEEDS YOU NOW

The army has its Red Cross workers and its ambulance companies, and these people minister to the wants of those in distress—physical distress. The part of the world not in war has its workers to minister all kinds of things to those who are unfortunate and down and out, and the Salvation Army is perhaps the greatest organization of this kind in the world.

But the Salvation Army works for the most part among the slums in the great cities and in the smaller places confines its labors to the poorer classes. Wonder why there couldn't be a national organization of earnest workers to look after the middle class, the men and women who fall by the wayside after they have once gotten a foothold; to look after the homeless; to take the place, in fact, of all the different charitable organizations, and work the thing nationally instead of locally?

Looks like such an organization could accomplish so much more—by being national in its scope it would be stronger and better equipped in all ways. Possibly there would not be room for such a society, but room could be made. Just a few men and women in each town, as it is now, must do most of the work in these lines, whereas a national organization could do so much more and relieve many busy people of much responsibility. Lodges look after many people; organized local societies are out trying to help the poor and distressed, they do much good and deserve much credit, but often it happens that the best intentioned organizations are criticised. A National Society would soon command respect and support, and the local people could aid in their immediate sections, but be relieved of the suspicion sometimes obtaining that they were grinding axes of their own.

### Level Headed Judge.

A federal judge up in York state was just about to grant naturalization papers to a gentleman of foreign birth when it developed that upon two occasions the man wanting to live under Old Glory had whipped his wife. The applicant admitted that such were the facts, and the judge very promptly told him that he wasn't eligible for citizenship; that we didn't want any citizens here who would not obey our laws.

Wife beating is almost an obsolete pastime. The time was when no self-respecting gentleman thought he had done his full day's duty if he hadn't cuffed his wife or done something to show her beyond any doubt that he was the superior animal. But time has changed things. The average husband doesn't undertake to lay violent hands on his better half. Once in a while we read an account of where the wife has spanked the husband, but we hear but little, if anything, of the husband beating the wife. All of which shows progression, and philosophers would say civilization.

### It Is On.

Garland Daniel, the Committee of One appointed by us and acting independently, informs us that there will be a Fourth of July celebration at the Battle Ground. There will be base ball; there will be speaking; there will be a balloon ascension; there will be drills and parades by two companies of soldiers and the Boy Scouts—in fact, it will be a regular old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, pulled to keep alive the fires that were kindled on Freedom's Gas Stove a hundred and fifty years ago.

While the Declaration of Independence was not signed on the Fourth, it was passed by Congress, and even if it wasn't it was signed on May 20th in Charlotte.

The entertainment chaperoned and personally conducted by Mr. Daniel will be well worth attending. All features are free and all are invited. Pack your lunch basket and join the throng.

### They Went To Jail.

The foolish suffragettes took the three-day jail sentence and are now "languishing." They should continue to languish not three days but three times thirty days. It suggests their mental calibre when they think that going to jail will make martyrs of them. Their cause is not one from which the heroine springs. Most people are glad they are in jail, and the only regret is that they are not sent to the roads to carry water for prisoners instead of carrying banners to disturb the peace.

The average woman has plenty of sense, but when she takes a fool notion that she is going to reform the world by force, as women did in England and these Congressional Union suffragettes are doing here, she loses her head. And prison is a good place for her.

missionary work not so much among the born as those who will be born? Why not clean up the dark districts and turn on light? Have missionaries in these slum districts, in these crowded and insanitary places—cleanse them and disinfect them, and try to teach parents what to do, and help them do it! A week spent in studying the police court victims—victims of circumstances over which they now have no control—will give one an idea of what could be done.