

### The Down And Out.

In the police court yesterday the law was read concerning money confiscated on the table when gamblers are caught red-handed. The law says that one-half the amount actually captured shall go to the policeman making the raid and securing the money and the other half shall go to some charitable fund.

Whereupon Judge Jones concluded that he would establish a Charity Fund, a fund to be used to help the unfortunate down and out who comes to the police station at night and asks for lodging until morning. Those of us who glide by in the cool of the evening in our six-cylinder cars; those of us who have clean linen and can walk a few blocks and meet a pleasant smile at every step; those of us who think it a terrible thing that we haven't as much money as our neighbor, often forget that even in Greensboro there come to police headquarters men of gentle birth; men sober; men of keen sensibilities, and ask the precious privilege to be locked up for the night, for they have nowhere else to lay their heads. These unfortunate men, no matter how it happened, sleep the sleep of the just, no doubt, but they are awakened in the morning to look out on God's fair landscape and know that they haven't the price of a slice of bread or a cup of coffee. And when some of us marvel if such a desperate man, night after night sleeping here or sleeping there and going on and forever on an empty stomach, reaches out and plucks the purse from milady's hand.

Those who are "business" and who do not understand that the best of us may sometimes play in hard luck insist that "there is plenty of work to do." There may be, but on an empty stomach and the door of the world's pantry closed, the unfortunate hasn't the heart, hasn't the nerve, perhaps hasn't the strength to seek employment. So he wanders on and on and on. And, finally, no matter what his intentions, he becomes an outcast and most always an outlaw.

Judge Jones proposes that one-half of the fund he expects to get from time to time shall go to furnish a breakfast for this unfortunate creature we have talked about. He thinks that by showing such men some consideration, by giving them food when they are hungry and deserving, it might be the guiding star for their future. The down and out—the tramp, the vagabond—we speak of them all contemptuously, but let us say that often there are on the road under cloud of suspicion noble hearts and sublime characters. If they can be given a helping hand, if they are led to believe that there is compassion and charity still in the world, it is far better than locking them up for vagrancy, when God knows they are simply toilers of the earth who have lost their compass, who are on the wrong track and can't get off of it because the world insists on keeping them where they are and throwing brick bats at them as they walk the thorn-strewn path with bruised and bleeding feet. Don't tell us Judge Jones hasn't put an idea on paper there. He has, and the hope is that all gamblers caught will be playing table stakes.

The good old summer time came Sunday and lingered all day. The weather man tried to help out, but the rain couldn't make it. Too hot. Naturally, being the first hot day of the season, many people wished for fall. And it was only a week or two ago that overcoats were in demand. But show us a human being fully satisfied and we'll show you a corpse.

### Train Service.

Just now the North Carolina people are wondering if the train service is to be curtailed as proposed by the Southern. In many of the Southern states the passenger trains have been decreased, and it is claimed to be a war measure. There will be many "war measures" adopted by corporations if they can adopt them, but the chances are the railways have made a good case. The service between this city and Winston and between this city and Raleigh is threatened. Our Chamber of Commerce is looking after the matter, and the hope is that the railway can see its way clear to continue the splendid service now enjoyed. However, we should not insist on interfering with the great plan of the railways of America in their war operations. A committee of the best railway men has figured out what must be done, and this committee is working with the government. They tell us that thousands of our locomotives now in use will be sent to France, that at least one-third of the passenger trains now in service in America will be discontinued during the war period. If this is true, if there is a great national program outlined and North Carolina's allotment is to give up so many trains we must give them up, just as we gave up our dollars for the Red Cross and the Liberty Bonds.

It stands to reason that if the trains were money makers they would not be taken off. If not money makers, the railroads should not be forced to run them at a loss. This is as plain as a red nose on a beer artist's face.

Might as well conclude that the Gaston street hitching lot isn't going to be removed right now. There is no place to put it, and no philanthropist offers a site free.

### Food Saving Day.

Sunday, July First, will be Food Saving Day. On that day all ministers will be asked to preach a sermon on food conservation. Herbert Hoover is asking that all people interest themselves in this important work. The idea is to impress on every man, woman and child the necessity of saving food. A clean plate at the table is to be the motto. The wanton waste must stop if we win the war. It is estimated, conservatively, it is said, that a third more food is cooked every day than is consumed by human beings. The will pail and the pig sty get enough food to sustain millions of people. To stop this waste will be the effort of those interested.

All this talk will eventually do good—not only during the war, but after the war. America has been too long on high speed and she must come off her perch. The war will bring about this result. The job is that Sunday, July First, will see crowded churches, and that our ministers drive home the reasons why we should be less wasteful.

### Where The Dollar Looms.

In the prohibition fight now on many well intentioned senators understand that prohibition is the thing, but they get behind the proposition that the five hundred million dollars which Barleycorn pays for his occupation tax would be lost to the government—and then vote to continue him in power.

That was the old monkey wrench thrown into prohibition works in all the towns and hamlets in America. In this town, where we had twelve bar rooms, it was said if we voted them out the twelve thousand dollars a year license would be so badly missed that we couldn't get along. That obtained for a long time, but finally it was decreed that money was not all—the bar rooms left us, the city has made wonderful strides, and somehow or other we get enough money to run things.

And the chances are that if Uncle Sam were to conclude that five hundred million a year must be raised from other sources it would be raised. And within a year or two those consumers who paid the bill would forget all about it.

It wasn't long ago that the democrats were howling about a republican congress which had spent a billion dollars. It was terrible. But now to spend three or four billion, in times of peace, is nothing, and to spend ten billion in times of war is easy. The whiskey revenue is a mere bagatelle. It should not be used as a reason to continue a traffic that degrades and debauches our people. And the sooner big men in the Senate understand this the sooner we will have absolute national prohibition.

### The Editors.

Down by the sounding sea this week and right now the editors, those happy mortals who belong to the North Carolina Press Association, will meet, talk, bathe, eat, drink and be merry. This once a year outing is a good thing. It rests the wearied man who has paid six cents a pound for paper worth two, and it gives the office boy a chance to show the old man what he can do on a pinch.

It was never our pleasure to attend a meeting of the North Carolina Press Association. For over a quarter of a century we have labored in "our midst"; we have moulded public opinion by the running yard year in and year out; we have handed down views on "jurnalism," but never once did we get to attend a meeting of the collective quill drivers of Tarheelia, and it looks like we never will.

In the other and happier days we didn't agree with Secretary Sherrill about some things that the years have rendered inconsequential, but we said then that so long as Sherrill was secretary we wouldn't "jine," and this so highly pleased the other members that they have kept John as secretary ever since. Not until a white slab in some silent cemetery marks the first resting place of this Old Man will John Sherrill quit the job of secretary. Then, feeling that the tombstone will hold us down, the Press Association will elect a new man, but we will then be peacefully writing blank verse in heaven, and care nothing about the free lunch and free trips of Morehead City.

### All Right Here.

The national committee which bobs up serenely each year to talk about a safe and sane Fourth of July is already out with its proclamations.

Good stuff, all right, but here in Greensboro there will be a perfectly sane and doubtless a perfectly safe celebration. There will be nothing out of the ordinary doing. The proud bird of freedom will not lose a tail feather so far as programs completed indicate. A few firecrackers will be sold, a toy balloon or two may be sent up, a few glasses of red lemonade may be sent down, but no tearing the air.

Had Guilford county been asked to join in a big celebration it is doubtful whether it could have happened this year. But next year, after the government has taken over the Battle Ground, after the red tape has been wound and rewound, we suggest a rattling big celebration, something that will resemble the old days, the days when we gloated over the fact that we had whipped England, now our ally.

Christmas is the only day left, unless it is Thanksgiving, to celebrate. There has been so much money raising, so much registration, and pretty soon there is to be so much conscription, that people are not thinking along lines of pleasure. They are thinking of other things.

### Over-subscribed.

The hundred million dollars wanted by Red Cross workers has been over-subscribed, the fund larger than asked for. The hundred millions will be used by Red Cross workers, and perhaps no such fund was ever before voluntarily given by any people. The chances are that the hundred million will not go as far as some think, but it will be easy to do the thing over again.

The dogs are muzzled and suffering for water. See that your dog has plenty of water and there will be no so-called hydrophobia. And remember that a dog can't drink water with a muzzle on his nose. Treat him right and he will be right.

### Still Talking.

Emma Goldman, out on bonds, tried to pull an anarchist meeting in New York last week, but the police got busy and for once Emma didn't face the audience. The hope is that she will be deported before another meeting is booked. While this is the land of the free and incidentally the home of the brave, the time has come when all people, regardless of pull or position, must respect the flag and hold their collective yawn, and if they do not like what is going on in this country they can speedily sail for the shores which will give them shelter.

The Census Bureau now shows that its estimate of the number of eligibles to register was just about right. Perhaps a quarter of a million over, but just about it. The Census Bureau for the first time since we can remember in this instance showed some real service worth while.

### High Pressure.

Greensboro has been under high pressure of late—so many things before the people and each item demanding money. The Liberty Bond business was an investment in any light you may view it, but so are many other things, and unless a man has the wherewithal he can't invest. But the Bond issue was a patriotic affair—every man who invested felt that Duty impelled him to make a personal sacrifice in order to do his bit, and for that reason much ready money that doubtless would have gone freely to the Red Cross campaign had already been appropriated.

Human nature, as we have remarked many times and as ten thousand philosophers have observed throughout the ages, is a queer old girl. She disports herself in many ways and dreams many dreams. As an illustration, let a man have ten thousand likely plunks in cold cash—ten thousand crisp bills fresh from the treasury—and he feels all right for the nonce. But let him put those ten thousand dollars into a real estate investment that he knows is good—one that he can on the morrow turn and make another thousand—yet looking at his scant balance in his bank book he feels poor. He sees that he has been separated from his coin, and forgets to see that he has joined himself to something better—that he has really made a thousand dollars. But you can't convince him. And let something come along asking alms, and because he hasn't the ready rhino, the cash, he feels too poor.

No reason for this excuse "because." And we dare make the statement that had the Red Cross campaign come in ahead of the Bond sale the amount wanted from old Guilford would have been subscribed in three days. However, we did very well, and the hundred million will soon be gone, and on the next call we will perhaps do better.

### The School Situation.

The Advisory Board hasn't yet made any official report, at least none has been given to the public, and the chances are that the city school situation is about where it was before the Committee was appointed, except, possibly, the waters are muddier than ever.

It is said that Mr. Hammell has been waited on and asked to withdraw his application, and he has refused to do this. Whether Mr. Kooz has been given a similar opportunity to come in out of the wet we do not know. If both these gentlemen have been asked to side-step and each is given to understand that he stands no chance whatever of being appointed, then both should get out of it and let the selection be made elsewhere. However, if Hammell has been asked to make room for Kooz, then naturally he isn't going to withdraw, and so the factional fight will intensify.

We think Professor Hammell has made good. We think it unfortunate that in the school business it should be dragged into politics and handed out over the streets. But this has happened, and it looks to us that if the Commissioners would see nothing but the success of the city schools they would steer clear of all factional fights. However, the music is on, and joy will perhaps be unconfined.

### Ought To Be Glad.

Of course "the principle of the thing" is what always rankles in one's breast, but with a day as hot as yesterday everybody should have been glad that there is no base ball now on. To find a place in the shade that was comfortable was impossible, and yet those who look after such things tell us that the weather was not very warm. It was explained that the recent long cold spells had so adjusted our "systems" that exceptionally warm weather appeared about ten degrees warmer than it was. Maybe so, but we can't believe everything we hear. Yesterday was a hot day.

### If It Happens.

The story from Washington to the effect that the government will take over factories making automobiles and start the manufacture of hydro-aeroplanes sounds like there might be something doing. It is said that the government will go further and limit the supply of gasoline used by pleasure riders. The hope is to build thousands of machines and literally fill the air and water with them—to have so many that a submarine will find it impossible to show its head or periscope in safety.

If the automobile shops are taken over, then the auto business will lag. The stock on hand is not large, and if the manufacture of them ceases for a period of a few months those who own machines will be the people. But it will be hard luck for the dealers.

### Released Them.

The city courts released the sixteen suffragettes who tried to picket the White House after being ordered to move on. Those women should have been sent to the work house for a period of not less than thirty days. They are the kind to incite riots, to cause lawlessness, and are altogether a menace to Society. They are representing a Congressional Union composed of hysterical, half-witted women who think Congress should stop everything else to listen to them. They do not represent the real woman suffrage party. But because they are women the courts let them go. Better send them to the roads—that is exactly where they belong, the same as any other lawless and defiant disturber of the peace.

### Roasting Ears.

They are here. Plenty sweet enough and plenty big and plenty high priced enough—but they have come. The season changes rapidly now; the screen turns on new pictures of things to eat, and pretty soon again the grape, the last things of the season, will come, and then Christmas. Do your Christmas shopping now.

It may be possible to get the Coler road. Bonds can be issued if the question is properly and intelligently presented to our people. We need the road and we can afford to give something to get it.

### The Old Story.

Those who do not want to see national prohibition set up the old story that by prohibiting wine and beer temperance is given a hard blow. But that won't do. The New York Herald, with an eye to wet New York, writes this plausible story:

It seems to be the idea of some of its members that Congress should not permit its right hand to know what its left hand is doing in matters of legislation. Having constructed its war taxation bill on the assumption that the government will have \$350,000,000 from taxation on spirits and malt liquors, the House of Representatives proceeds to destroy most if not all of that revenue by the so-called "prohibition" amendment, which makes it a crime to use grain in the manufacture of whiskey or beer.

The action of the House is a fair illustration of the hysteria rampant on Capitol Hill. Forces that have attached themselves to the prohibition movement have seized upon the food control bill as a means to fasten prohibition upon the nation. The country has reason to be suspicious of those forces, since it is true of many of them that their thought is not of the nation but of their own political interests. What they are attempting would be a blow at temperance, not a victory for it.

To those political charlatans, rather than to the sincere advocates of temperance, may be attributed the misrepresentations upon which the prohibition campaign has been bolstered up. One of these is the assertion that Russia and France have "gone on the water wagon." Those nations have placed a ban against vodka and absinthe, liquors containing a very high percentage of alcohol, but have not dreamed of going to the length of our own political prohibitionists who would abolish light wines and beers.

No real gain can be made for prohibition by misrepresentation. The cause is injured rather than helped by its political hangers-on. Of all times a nation should be ruled with sanity when it is at war.

There is merit in the proposal that the President should be clothed with the power, to be used at his discretion, to conserve the grain supply of the nation. He should not be compelled by legislation to take a leap in the dark.

It is to be hoped the Senate will be found standing firmly for sanity.

The politician for a long time greased his wheels by passing the hat of easy money in the prohibition tent. Time was when professional prohibition orators went from town to town and made big money. But in these days, when prohibition has proved itself all it claims, no longer does the professional grafter get in his work.

Out in Washington state when prohibition came the city of Seattle had a dozen breweries—wonderful buildings and millions invested. The people of that state, by a rousing majority, said they wanted prohibition and they voted out wine and beer along with John Barleycorn. And that is what the Senate should do and will finally do. A drunk is possible on beer. It contains but little alcohol compared with whiskey, hardly ever over four per cent., but the man who sucks the beer bottle long enough will get just as drunk as the whiskey artist. And if prohibition is the thing sought, why keep alive the appetite of men with the lighter drinks. If you are going to put out a fire in the stove you don't keep adding coal—you let the fire die. Why should this nation play a game for brewers and wine makers as against the whiskey makers? There is no reason. Prohibition by the Nation will be along in a few years now, and those who defend the saloon will wonder why they did it.

### Food Essential.

It seems that food and plenty of it is essential to make a successful fight against tuberculosis. In talking on the subject of increased death rates from this disease among the soldiers the New York Herald says that "one of the rather striking features of the mortality lists in the warring countries is the increase in the death rate from tuberculosis. This has been noted everywhere, but particularly in France. The reason for it is the reduction in nutrition consequent upon food limitation as well as certain changes in diet."

"Reduction in the amount of food consumed below the normal nutrition limit does not cause tuberculosis, but it favors strongly the reawakening of the disease wherever it already exists. In recent years it has been demonstrated that the old tradition 'every one has a little tuberculosis' is a fact. Pathologists have shown by careful autopsies that more than ninety-seven per cent. of all bodies, even those with no tuberculosis history, contain tuberculosis lesions."

"Here then is the greater danger of a reduction in the amount of food normally taken or of such an upsetting of diet as will limit the amount of fat or of the starchy substance usually taken. Fat is the most important dietary factor for protection against tuberculosis. However, any change in the ordinary starch ration—as, for instance, from wheat to corn—may have an effect in favoring tubercle growth similar to that produced by reduction of the fat ration."

### Looks Good.

It certainly at last looks like Uncle Sam was really going to take a hand and stop the pirates of commerce in their raids. If the price of coal is fixed it follows that the price of bread will be fixed. And when it is known that the government has the power to do these things, then your Mr. Cold Storage Man is going to be a bit particular about hoarding supplies. The Chicago man, for instance, who put away six million eggs would have a care. Because Uncle Sam might some day say eggs were worth but so and so, and that would be the undoing of the conspirators. In all the lines, from the onion trust to the wheat trust and the coal trust, Uncle Sam has a fine opportunity to serve all the people. And it looks now as though something was going to happen.

### The Last Day.

Flammarion, the noted French astronomer and one of the most delightful writers this age has known, one time wrote a story on "The Last Day." Being an astronomer he dealt with the condition of the heavenly bodies when the old world ceased to be, and his illustrations showed the last man, the only one left, gaunt and pale and starving. He has been the strongest of his race and he survived for a longer period than any of his brother. The French artist presented a terrible picture of this giant dying in agony because he had run out of water. When the water failed, jig was up.

And on Saturday, according to the general understanding, the bone-dry law goes into effect in this state, and naturally we will be looking for pictures in real life like Flammarion put in his book. The bone-dry law will frighten many people, but after all it means but little. The one section that brings new hope, that makes a man dream that he has struck an oasis in a great desert, is that last section which reads:

"Whosoever shall order, purchase or cause intoxicating liquors to be transported in interstate commerce, except for sacramental, scientific, medicinal and mechanical purposes into any state or territory the laws of which state or territory prohibit the sale or manufacture therein of intoxicants for beverage purposes shall be punished as aforesaid, provided that nothing herein shall authorize the shipment of liquor into any state contrary to the laws of such state."

Now, if that means anything it means that a scientist can order likker. And what is a scientist? Suppose a gentleman with a sublime thirst concludes that he wants to experiment on the tissues of the stomach. He wants to see whether or not a gourd full of whiskey taken on an empty stomach will have more effect on the nervous system than a gourd full of whiskey taken on a full stomach. Why can't he send and get a quart of likker and make the tests in his barn or laboratory? He can.

Suppose the man who now and then feels like thirty cents; who gets up in the morning with a seal-brown taste in his mouth because of drinking the moonshine of the day before, concludes that he is ill, that he needs whiskey for medicinal purposes. The question is, shall he go to a physician and get a prescription and send it to the mail order house or simply sit down and tell the reluctant shipping clerk that he wants, p. d. q., express paid, one quart of good old rye to be used on a sick man, and why can't the mail order man conclude that the fellow really needs it? It isn't possible that the patient must be compelled to journey to the mail order house, have his temperature taken, his tongue examined, his pulse felt by the elevator boy of the establishment before judgment is passed. Certainly not. In not telling how to determine the illness the gate is open. Had the law said for medicinal purposes upon the prescription of a regularly licensed physician then there might have been some doubt about getting the prescription. But under this section each man writes his own prescription.

And in these days, when Uncle Sam is calling upon all the inventive genius in the country to contrive something that will stop the submarine warfare, what's the matter with the man who wants a jag by mail imagining that he needs a Sacred Quart to be used mechanically? For instance, in the airship planned by him there could be a receiving cup, and the directions could say that this cup must always and invariably be filled with a quart of likker or the machine wouldn't run. Well, naturally the quart of likker would be permissible, because it is dangerous to run an airship without following directions.

In this state the Quart law obtains. Therefore any man who is willing to make a statement to suit his fancy can order just as much likker as he ever ordered under the law which has obtained for a long time. All he need do is to specify whether he is going to use the stuff for medicinal, scientific, mechanical or sacramental purposes. And if a man wants a drink very badly it is really easy to imagine any or all of the imposed conditions.

The only feature about the bone-dry law that makes it a little hard to get around is the section which prohibits manufacturers or dealers from sending their literature into dry territory. But we take it that that will be very easily gotten around. For instance, the law against sending green goods literature is very strict, but hundreds of thousands of pieces of it are mailed every week from the big cities. So the wet goods will have easy sailing. The dealer can make a trip to a town like Greensboro and verbally explain what is happening, tell a dozen fellows and the glad tidings of great joy will spread throughout the wet district like a prairie fire on the Kansas plains. Verily, the bone-dry law isn't much better than the law we now have; in fact, no better. Had the prohibitionists done their duty last winter and knocked out that Sacred Quart clause, then the bone-dry law would have sealed North Carolina tight. But so long as the state law permits the possession of a quart, just that long the likker and the possessor will be found.

### Done In A Hurry.

The organization of the Ambulance Company, one hundred and nineteen strong, in this city was done in a hurry. Just two or three citizens—Foust, Hendrix and Long—got busy and, behold, before any of us knew what was going on the company is ready and will start Friday or Saturday for Allentown, Pa., to commence work. That is the way to do things—do them right now.

### Big Things Going.

The City Commissioners are now considering a bond issue under the new law, which will increase the special school tax. It is hoped to make it possible to secure something like fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year increase in revenue in order to make necessary improvements on school buildings and pay teachers a living salary.

If the selection of the teachers and superintendents and all connected with the schools is wisely made, if there is no factional preference shown, the bond issue will carry; otherwise it will be defeated.