

# For People Who Think **Everything** For People Who Think

BY AL FAIRBROTHER      SUBSCRIPTION \$10 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS      SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1917      ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS      ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## MAKE SWEATERS WHAT IT MEANS

It has been figured out that hand-made sweaters are warmer than machine-made goods. A woman has made the suggestion that every woman in the United States can make a sweater for the soldiers in five or six weeks. Five or six weeks to make one sweater—that sounds like little progress. But it is figured out that if every woman in this country would proceed to make sweaters in the spare time and it took six weeks to make one sweater, there would within those six weeks be enough sweaters to supply the whole army.

When a hundred million people start doing something the aggregate is marvelous. So with the proposition to conserve food or to increase the food supply. If each one of us saves but an ounce of meat a day the aggregate even within a week would make shiploads of food. That is why the Government has called upon people in small towns and in the suburbs of big cities to raise pigs. The Government says if the individual can't raise a pig, have a community pig pen and let as many as four people raise a pig. And if it happens that ten million pigs are raised there is meat enough to do wonderful things.

In our old school readers we used to see the proposition that "little drops of water and little grains of sand" made the mighty ocean and the pleasant land. But we didn't comprehend the meaning of it. All the land in this world is composed of little grains of sand, and the oceans—three-fourths of the earth's surface—are made of little drops of water. So when a great Nation combines and attempts to do something, every man can play a part. If he contributes but one ounce in food supply or if he saves but one ounce, the pounds multiplying from those ounces make a great show.

And the next thing is something else. A clamor for an investigation of the causes of lightning is now on, and we suggest that that comes under the department now in charge of Socialist Weatherly.

### Women On The Farm.

The war is working miracles and showing us things we never suspected. The New York Herald thus tells about women working on the farm, and shows that they are just as useful there as in factories and sweat shops. It says:

"The so-called problem of farm labor has engrossed the attention of innumerable sociologists, investigators and theorists, who have produced little save a deal of speculative thought. Meanwhile a group of women in Westchester county have proved beyond all question that female labor is as adaptable to work on farms as it is in cigarette factories. By establishing camps for instruction they enlisted in their scheme a number of young women temporarily out of work and taught them how to plant crops, fertilize the soil and destroy the weeds. Their pupils, most of whom had never done any outdoor work in their lives, entered into the spirit of agriculture with an interest and enthusiasm seldom exhibited by a 'hired man,' and it was not long before neighboring farmers began to apply at the camp for help in their own fields. It is said that no less than fifty of these girls are now employed at \$2 a day.

"The American man has always been noted for the quickness and ease with which he takes up a new form of labor or adapts himself to changing conditions. Now it would seem that American women have the same ability."

### The Bloodhound.

We note that in several places the last two weeks bloodhounds have been employed to locate prisoners. In one case the "dogs were given the scent and ran three miles into the woods, and it seems that nothing was found but a young rabbit. But think of the intelligence of those dogs. Running three miles to the woods and locating a young rabbit. This should call for renewed efforts on the part of Dr. Johnson to get his males in action. It is understood that Judge Rufe Clark has been presented as a young bloodhound, which he is raising as a pet, and that accounts for his withdrawal from the bloodhound controversy which has been ever on. It may be that he proposes to rear to man's estate this lop-eared creature and test the matter himself. There is nothing like the judge and jury viewing the place where it happened, and this may be Judge Clark's intention. In the meantime the Landmark has maintained a Great Silence about the bloodhound, and it looks like something had been used. We take it that the time will come when we will know all. When that curtain is lifted between the veiled city and the vale of tears Judge Clark will tell us all about why he changed position—if he has changed.

Tote your bundle is a good motto day in and day out. Save the gasoline, conserve the men and help in the prosecution of the war. This idea originates in Washington and is not something the merchants have conceived. Help when your country calls.

## PRESIDENT LETS SUFFRAGISTS GO

It was quite a surprise to know that President Wilson pardoned the fool women who took a jail sentence rather than pay a fine for unlawful conduct. Just why women who make fools of themselves and violate laws that have been enacted and which are enforced when men break them should be excused we do not know. This suffragette folly should be stopped and the way to stop it is to enforce the law.—The Danville Bee has this very sensible talk on the subject:

The authorities of the District of Columbia have just demonstrated a purpose to deal more firmly with the disturbing element known as militant suffragettes. Too long already the government of a great nation has temporized with this handful of misguided women, impelled more by the desire to achieve notoriety than by any real interest in promoting the cause of equal suffrage. This small group of disturbers have shown noteworthy lack of patriotism in their persistent endeavors to harass the President while he is absorbed in great problems of international importance.

In arresting sixteen of the women most active in this silly patrol in front of the White House and sentencing them to terms of sixty days each in the workhouse, with the alternative of paying a fine, the authorities have tardily developed a firmness which should have been manifested from the very inception of these disturbances of the peace and harmony of the nation's capital. Had the situation been handled with a firm hand originally it would not now be necessary to deal so harshly with these idle and mistaken women. In this connection it may and should be stated that the really influential women who champion the suffrage cause have no sympathy with these Washington posers and that they deprecate the folly of the militants because of its effect in retarding the actual triumph of the cause in which they are earnestly enlisted.

A great mistake has been made by the press of the country in devoting so much space to the antics and maneuvers of the little group of notoriety seekers who have been responsible for the folly now being penalized. It is hoped that the government will not abate its attitude of repression, but will maintain it unflinchingly.

After receiving their pardons the women announced that they were going right back and continue picketing the White House. The husbands of these fool women are disgusted and the whole country is disgusted. If women are allowed to wantonly violate laws, to do things forbidden, why should men respect the laws? And what sort of an object lesson is it to children? Those women are perhaps insane and a house of detention would be the better place for them; but no matter what is done they should not be allowed to continue their conduct. And if a murderous riot ensues no one would care much.

Fire in the open grates the middle of July—well, the seasons seem to change, no matter what the almanac says.

### The Ladies And Overalls.

The new woman in the wild and woolly west seems to be drawing the line on pants, if this story from the editorial columns of the New York Herald states the facts. The Herald says:

"New York has been accused of knowing nothing and caring less about events and affairs west of the Hudson. This is a base libel, of course, because New York has been known to stay awake all night to learn about happenings as far west as California. Today this interest is centered on Kansas City, where the telegraph informs us, the working women are in insurrection against the compulsory wearing of overalls. If this is true, it is very important to New York because it means that the west no longer consents to follow the dictates of metropolitan fashions.

"In the last few months overalls for women of New York have made greater headway—or have run truer to form, if such a distinctly masculine expression can be applied to feminine apparel—than votes for women, thanks to the White House pickets' activities. In effete New York, where the women have AA feet and other physical specifications to match, feminine overalls are worn by thousands, according to the reports of the shops, and are worn gracefully and to the aesthetic improvement of all spectators. It may be a base libel, the very thought may be criminal, but can it be that Kansas City, the great corn center of America, has fed its women on that adipose producing commodity and that the Amazonian insurrection is caused not by overalls but by overalls that do not fit?"

The excess profit tax isn't going to hurt a newspaper publisher directly, but it will hurt him indirectly. So the newspaper man should insist that the bill be changed before it is passed.

Good evening! Are you toting your own bundle?

## MR. ARCHER IS THE MAN HERE

The list of teachers suggested by Superintendent Frederick Archer, printed in this paper yesterday, was a list of strong names, and, glory be! without wrangle, without any attempt to discuss things, the City Commissioners elected all the teachers suggested by the Superintendent. This indicates that friction in the city schools has already ceased, and the new Superintendent is to have opportunity to build better our school system. The Commissioners wisely conceded the claim that teachers must be paid at least living salaries, and that means that we must increase by special tax our school fund. Something like fifteen thousand dollars a year will be needed, and under the law this can be obtained by an increase of something like ten cents on the dollar. Every citizen of Greensboro will doubtless vote for this special tax, because every citizen of Greensboro is vitally interested in education.

Superintendent Archer understands that there has been friction in the schools; he understands that no one in particular was to blame; he knows that to eliminate this friction many changes were necessary, and he set about to choose educators free of the local entanglements. And the Commissioners by their vote showed they were with him. And all of this looks good.

Mr. Archer comes to sustain a reputation as an educator that he has made through the years. He comes to build a school system and not to exploit himself. He comes with a record as a worker and as a man broad and liberal in his views, and the only axe he has to grind is the success of the schools. We hope that every citizen will get behind him and help him. We hope that parents will not undertake to run the schools, and that the children will be loyal and love their teachers. In an educational way things in Greensboro look brighter than in a long time.

### Who Would Introduce It?

The Asheville Times, in looking over the wanton waste in Congress, has this to suggest:

When the revenue bill, the war revenue bill, was up for discussion some enterprising congressman should have offered an amendment taxing congressmen who waste the time of their constituents in playing politics.

But where would you find a congressman who could consistently introduce such an amendment? It looks like the whole bunch is a collective politician, always playing the game. The time for politics is not now, but all the politicians keep on playing it. In the different bills proposed and urged by President Wilson there are always a dozen or so statesmen—funny why we call 'em statesmen—getting up to object. If it isn't Senator La Follette it is some other cheap skate panting for notoriety. The Wilmington Star says it plainly in the following paragraph, and it applies as well to the other pro-German howlers you meet with now and then. It says:

This country is at war. Those people who want it fought out to the best advantage of their country should get behind President Wilson. Certainly no sensible man in America can expect the war to be carried on by those who are opposed to everything that will enable us to win. If this war is to be won, President Wilson will have to win it with the solid support of Americans. If we want to win, it is time to get at it.

Right now every man who wants to live under the flag has a sacred duty to perform. It is not a time for self-opinionated smart Alecks to make suggestions as to how to run the country or the war. The President is shouldering the burden and all of us should help, regardless of personal sacrifice. The war is on—on far greater than many people realize.

Police court indicates that the bone-dry law hasn't made any material difference. In fact, the local moonshiner is doubtless doing a bigger business. Human nature is one of the strange things, and if it wants a drink somehow or other it generally catches on.

### Out-Of-Town Teachers.

Superintendent Archer hasn't completed his list of teachers yet, but it is understood that for the most part he will get new blood—people never before mixed in the city school fight. This will not give satisfaction to the immediate friends of some teachers, but it will give a more satisfactory school system. Just how far he is going in the way of elimination of the old teachers we do not know, but the first batch announced looked like a clean sweep.

## ALL MUST TOTE BUNDLES NOW

Recently the National Council of Defense sent a request to all merchants urging them to attempt to ask their customers to carry their small bundles and stop the overworked custom of asking to have goods sent on approval and calling for return of packages. It was pointed out by the Council of Defense that in this way men could be conserved for other purposes and that as a war measure every citizen should help.

The delivery custom has grown to be almost intolerable. Men and women think it all right to ask for the delivery of a package weighing a few ounces; housewives think it proper to phone four or five times a day for a few little things, making four or five deliveries necessary.

The idea of the Council of Defense is that there should be less deliveries for the big packages, and that each loyal citizen will tote his own package unless it is too large. We have wondered how Germany has withstood the onslaughts of the allied nations, and the answer has always been that "system" caused it. In all departments, in the home and store and in the field system, perfect system, has made Germany, as we all know, almost invincible. That nation knows no waste. This nation is celebrated for what President Wilson has called "wanton waste" in a half hundred ways.

The delivery system is one of the ways in which we waste, wantonly, and of course unnecessarily, not only the time of men who could be otherwise employed in assisting in conservation, but the system we have wastes gasoline, wastes tires, wastes time and energy.

The merchants of Greensboro, of course, must deliver goods if their customers demand it. To refuse would be to lose a customer. Therefore the merchants are calling on their customers to heed the appeal sent out from Washington by the National Council of Defense, and carry, when they can, their own packages, and thus save something to the government. When we are at war the time of every man belongs to the government in a certain sense. As war measures many things are adopted that would be offensive, perhaps, in times of peace, and every citizen when called to do his duty is expected to respond.

The delivery system, as now in vogue in this country increases the cost of goods. To stop the expense of delivery or to even minimize it would be to reduce the overhead expenses of the merchant, and when overhead is less goods always sell cheaper. Therefore it is not only to assist the Government in what it wants, but it is also to assist yourself that the appeal is made.

Let every man and woman in Greensboro help in this matter. When the bundle is light, carry it yourself. When possible, send for the package and do not put the merchant to the expense of making a separate trip to deliver a box of candy or a box of collars. Get into your mind the absurdity of the proposition and help do some of the chores yourself.

And, above all things, when you go to a store and want a few yards of goods or a pair of shoes, have the business about you to choose then and there what you want. It has grown to be the custom to send out goods on approval. To call in the neighbors and hold a meeting and finally decide that you guess you want nothing sent, and then phone for the merchant to send out for them and you'll be in again tomorrow to have the rest of his stock sent out.

The merchant doesn't like to do this, but he understands that he must do it if the request is made, and in this way time, money and energy go up in smoke.

This appeal made to our people should be heeded. It is an economic measure in which all our people have an interest. Try to think it over favorably, and the next time you buy a small package tell the merchant to wrap it up right now, and tote it yourself. And try to think, if you are telephoning an order, to get all you need. It is easy to do this. Make one order suffice for the day, and thus save the expense of useless and needless second and third deliveries. This appeal is made to every citizen who buys goods.

### Charlotte's Sublime Thirst.

According to the dispatches Charlotte, the Queen City of the South, has lost her thirst for likker, and all "enduring of" the month of July up to this date but seventy-two packages have come through the express office, these of course being for medicinal purposes. This might, to the grim mathematician, look like something had happened, but we note that in most towns, and we take it that Charlotte is not an exception, the moonshine still is playing a grand part. Corn whiskey is being made in many brush heaps, automobiles dispensing the newly made beverage are seen in many places, and the price is lower than the express whiskey which used to come in Sacred Quarts. It may be that Charlotte has really quenched its thirst; that it proposes to ride the water wagon. But other towns which make a good showing at the express office are not maintaining it on the streets and at police court. The hope is that the bone-dry law is solving the world-wide question—that John Barleycorn has finally been cornered—but we fear the moonshine still is just getting started to reap a harvest of coin and death.

## GIVES HOPE TO THE OLD ONES

The men who deal in figures are giving the gray beard a little hope—that is, they are telling the man who reaches sixty-five years that he possibly may live eleven years longer. And if he gets to seventy-one he still has hope, and so on up to ninety. In the current number of Commerce and Finance we find this article by Richard Spillane:

If you live to be sixty-five you may reasonably expect to live 11.6 years longer. That is the statement of Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in an article in the Public Ledger. This, he points out, is an average and applies to no particular individual. At seventy the expectation is decreased to 9.1 years; at eighty it is 5.1-4 years; at ninety only three years. In all stages of existence the expectations are greater for females than for males.

He tells of the ills of those of sixty-five not due so much to infection or external agencies as with breakdown of the internal organism, and he says it is estimated 1,250,000 persons in the United States who have reached the age of sixty-five are in want or are supported by charity, public or private. In Massachusetts in 1915 it was found that 35,000 persons out of a total of 190,000 who were sixty-five or over were recipients of public or private charity, and this did not include a very large number who received assistance or maintenance from relatives or other unregistered sources.

These charity figures are a fearful indictment of our improvidence. To be old and dependent must be fearful if one has pride. Old age should be serene. It should be the mellow period of life. Out of the ripeness of experience, of wisdom, we should find new joys.

But no man is old whose mind is bright and who looks out upon life with smiling eyes even though his purse be light.

Age may jade and custom cloy, but give man contentment, and give to him that greatest of all jewels, imagination, and he has greater wealth than Rockefeller. Nothing is real but dreams.

That sounds all right to us—"nothing real but dreams." And if you figure it out, that is the size of it. Nothing real but dreams; so dream on, dream on, ye jolly dogs.

### Canning The Kaiser.

The new song entitled "Can the Kaiser," sung to the tune of Dixie, seems to be puzzling London, and the best story about it that we have seen is told by Richard Spillane. He says:

When a boastful American told of the immensity of the American peach crop and a Britisher inquired how in the world the people managed to consume such a quantity of the fruit before it spoiled the Yankee is reported to have given the classic reply: "We eat all we can, and can what we can't." And the Britisher, in repeating the story, which he first assured his hearers was over and over again extraordinarily clever, said the Americans, after eating an amazing amount of the crop of peaches, put the remainder in tins, you know.

From London comes the announcement that the Americans are singing a very catchy song to a really stirring tune, and the title of the song is most puzzling, but it must be apt or those amusing and original Americans wouldn't employ it, you know. The title is "Can the Kaiser," and the air to which it is sung is "Dixie." Here are the words:

In khaki suit and army visor,  
All aboard to can the Kaiser!  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Germany,  
In Kaiserland he reigns alone.  
We'll push the Kaiser off his throne.  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Germany,  
Then I want to can the Kaiser! Hooray! Hooray!  
In Kaiserland I'll take my stand.  
Until I can the Kaiser.  
Let's go, let's go, let's go and can the Kaiser,  
Let's go, let's go, let's go and can the Kaiser.

Staid London is giving serious thought to this song. "Can the Kaiser" is alliterative and decidedly catchy, it knows, but what does it mean? The Express informs the puzzled people that the Kaiser is to be sealed hermetically in a tin container so he may do no more mischief.

### A Year Ago.

A year ago this month and the whole western part of this state was laid in waste. Rain storms and wind storms spread complete desolation throughout that section. Bridges and homes were washed away. Many people were drowned. Damage to the amount of millions of dollars was done. And up to this time there has been no investigation of the cause. Looks like our officials have been direct in their duty. This thing of washing out miles of railway track and stopping traffic and having no investigation is amazing. Something should yet be done.

And now the Engineering Corps is ordered to mobilize on the 25th, and War seems to be in the air.