



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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DURHAM CLOSES MARKET HOUSE

Durham has abandoned her central market, according to the Herald, which says:

All of the advantages of a central market are lost in the lax laws about the sale of meats in many other places of the county, and also by the very poor location of the market house. Consequently there will be little ground of solid fact behind what criticism may arise from the action of the committee of the aldermen and health department who have recommended to the members of the board of aldermen that the old market be abandoned, as such. Of course the question of its abandonment is up to the board of aldermen.

Many of the dealers in the market house would be very glad of an opportunity to move up street somewhere and install a first-class market in every respect. If this is done the regulations should be strict as to the sanitary condition of the market and the equipment installed. It is not even enough to say let the good, bad and indifferent install markets and sell meats, and the good will finally have all the business. That is not true, for the good dairies, and the good grocery stores, and the good restaurants do not monopolize the business. The people who care and who think about it patronize the cleaner places. The people who do not think about going to the better places are the very ones needing the protection of the law the most.

So far as the financial side of the abandonment is concerned, the city has lost money on the central market every day it has been run, if interest on the money is considered, and six per cent. is regarded standard. Then, taxes are not included in the net income. Financially the central market is a bad investment. From the practical standpoint the central market is nearly a failure, located as it is in a section of the city which but rarely attracts people. It is understood on the best authority that the aldermen will have a proposition to rent certain portions of the market building for more than they are now getting from it.

Greensboro has a Central Market which costs the taxpayers large sums of money each year, if interest and taxes and investment and depreciation were counted. And it, like the Durham market, is in an out-of-the-way place and serve no real purpose.

A city market originally was a place like you find in cities where everything to eat is exposed for sale. Let a man wander through the Washington City market, a model for a small one in this country, and he understands what a city market means. Let him spend an hour in old Faneuil Hall in Boston, the market place there, and see what is for sale, and he appreciates the reason for a market place.

But let a man searching for something to eat wander through the city market of Greensboro, as an illustration, and nothing but meat affronts him. He doesn't see anything else, and why a city should build a big building, employ men to conduct it, insist on controlling the meat supply and call it a market, when meat is the only one item of food, we cannot understand.

The Durham market was located in a place more central than our beef market. But it hasn't paid, and the Greensboro market is losing big money. But because of some old traditions, because we one time had a city market so-called, when it never was a city market, we maintain it and think it sacred.

If we had a real city market it would doubtless pay. If the chickens and vegetables were centered some place, if a man looking for food could really go to a city market and get what he wanted, there would be some sense in maintaining at great expense a city market, because rents would make it pay. But to build a twenty thousand dollar building on a valuable piece of ground, employ a market keeper and go through what we go through here simply to sell a little bull beef is a roaring farce, a first century and a twentieth century joke combined.

The city should sell the market house and let men who want to sell beef sell it just like they sell chickens and hams and vegetables. The filthy chicken coops standing on sidewalks on the principal streets are certainly more objectionable than a well-ordered store where fresh meats are exposed for sale. One of these days the people will realize what a lame this so-called central market, which isn't a market, nothing but a fresh meat store, is, and the property will be sold and the drain on the city's treasury stopped.

Because the stalls pay rental enough to almost break even it is claimed by defenders of the market that the city is losing no money. But if the investment and depreciation of the building is considered we are losing much money, and not only that, the city is not being served for. We have no city market. We simply have a fresh meat house maintained at a heavy expense.

We congratulate Durham in her wisdom in abandoning the Central Market, which never should have had existence.

The Long Hot Spell in August is now on.

LOOKING AFTER OUR OWN TRASH

In the police court yesterday, as announced in this paper, a white woman was convicted of conducting a disorderly house and sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse. The court decided that if she would pay the costs in the case and leave the city by the 10th of August and not return for a period of one year she could escape the sentence imposed.

That is a custom which has obtained for many years, and Judge Jones in following it is not to be censured. But, in all candor, why let a woman who was conducting a disorderly house—and in this case it was a very disorderly house, if all reports are true—go free to continue her traffic in another town? Why throw the dead cat into a neighbor's back yard? Why not punish her for her wrong doing? Why not send her to the workhouse for a period of time and then, if she will agree to leave, give her a chance to go. This would be on the presumption that the punishment given her might suggest to her that she should reform and lead a different life—not repeat her offense against Society. But to find her guilty and send her on to continue her chore in another town, without punishment for what she did, is not the best way in the world to punish law breakers. Suppose we find a man guilty of theft and tell him that if he will leave town and not come back we will send him on to another town, where he may be able to rob somebody there.

This custom, and it has long obtained, of throwing our old tin cans and dead cats into other people's back yards is not quite the thing. This is in a general way, for the custom obtains in all towns. But it should not obtain.

If It Is True.

The news from the battlefields across the seas is encouraging to the allies, of which, as a nation, we are one. The French and British certainly drove home some effective work this week, and the chances are that Germany is wondering what will happen when the United States sends her powerful forces into action. It certainly looks like a mathematical proposition. True, Germany has new men coming on—boys who were twelve and fourteen years of age three years ago when the war started are big enough for soldiers now, and there are hundreds of thousands of them.

The philosopher may figure, the grim statistician may compute, the world may wonder, and what seems inconceivable happens, but still the wonder grows how Germany can hold out so long. Men can only guess. Some say one year more of war, some say three years and some say five, while others gravely shake their heads and give up the riddle because it cannot be guessed. There is no way to calculate. All of us thought when the war started that a year at the most would see the finish, but now that it has gone for three full years and seems just to be starting. God only knows when the end will come.

And after all we did to raise three companies from our town it was the idea to give us credit for nothing and come in and take all the boys we had left. That doesn't look like the proper thing—but army regulations are one thing and doughnuts are another.

To Make It Larger.

The City Commissioners informally discussed yesterday the advisability of making Greensboro larger by a half mile each way. This would take in several thousand people who are now outside, and give us a better showing in the next census report. Charlotte is larger than this city by a mile each way, and that accounts for her population. Greensboro is growing all the time, and we do not see why it makes any difference whether we have twenty thousand people or forty thousand if the facts are advertised. The man seeking a change of location generally investigates the town to which he has been attracted, and hardly ever goes by census returns. Greensboro is on the map, she puts up the picture when the stranger comes to look her over.

Naturally we would like to see the people on the suburbs taken care of if they want to come in, and naturally we would like to boast that our town had thirty thousand people instead of the twenty now in the confined limits. However, it is a long time until nineteen-twenty—maybe by that time we will have enough people inside the present corporate limits. The Commissioners seem to favor the idea of expansion, and we suspect that four-fifths of our people are with them.

Have You Joined?

Have you joined the Greensboro Rifle Corps? If not, better get your name to Garland Daniel, as this matter will soon be closed. One hundred members will be the limit, and five hundred could be secured. Only those who want to join will be asked. In other words there is no compulsion and there is no fear about getting the required number. The rifle corps is a good thing, and we hope that it will be completed by the middle of the week.

IS REVOLUTION UNLESS CURBED

Unless the loyal and patriotic citizens of this country assist in heading off the attempts at treason, it is barely possible that this country will not hold together during the war. Too many "constitutional lawyers" on the streets; too many men wanting to discredit the President; too many loud-mouthed slackers here and there and everywhere. There must be some loud talk in South Carolina. The Columbia State, always conservative and level-headed, writes a double-leaded article in which it leaves room to read between the lines. Concluding, it says:

The only way to press the war to a successful conclusion is to fight, to give, to sacrifice. To denounce those who fight with us is to help those who fight against us. The duty and the only duty of an American is to follow his leaders and hold up their hands. If our people in this emergency are incapable of united action against a foreign enemy they cannot long maintain the integrity of their own liberties. They have before them the picture of Russian desertion and defeat. If there be those firm in the conviction that the American Republic on the 6th day of April turned its back on justice and righteousness and became a felon nation, let them raise the standard of revolution and take the consequences like brave men, but let them not, pretending that they are with their country, right or wrong, whine that their country is wrong and thereby carry aid and comfort to its enemies.

All of which is true. But it does seem that there is a law against treasonable utterances, and when they are made the Department of Justice should not be slow to apprehend and punish the guilty. No half-way measures should be employed—stern and unyielding, the law should be supreme in its majesty.

Along the same line Georgia is coming to the front with a proposition to resist the draft. Led by the unspeakable Tom Watson, the citizens propose to test the constitutionality of it, and all this argues no good. The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot sizes up the Georgia situation in this way, and things look not altogether as they should look. The Pilot says:

For years Georgia has had among the unthinking a reputation for lawlessness. The Atlanta riots, a place high in the list of the states in which lynchings take place, the Frank case and other events indicative of a spirit of defiance of law have operated to keep Georgia before the public in a light not to be envied. The news from Georgia has frequently been of a kind that loyal natives of the state might well desire to see suppressed.

Now comes more like it. Opponents of the draft law have met and raised funds to fight it—lawlessness spawning treason and jeering loyal citizens. Defiant of law, they appeal to the law, and lacking patriotism, they appeal to that document which without the patriotism of their fathers would not exist. They will test the constitutionality of the draft act.

It is idle for people at this distance from the scene to look for causes, but even here it is impossible to escape the belief that bad leadership is cause of a part of the trouble. Georgia has honored the unspeakable Tom Watson and the unpatriotic Hardwick and others of that stripe and Georgia is paying the penalty. Probably she is deserving more of sympathy than of censure. Certainly her affliction is a grievous one.

Naturally we do not like to encourage violence; naturally we all want to be law abiding; but it does look like the proper authorities should speedily come in and stop all such lawlessness as is going on in Georgia and other states.

In fact, it is claimed that in our own beloved state the head of the Farmers' Union—a political organization—has talked too much and gone too far, and it is printed that already the Department of Justice is investigating his case.

There is only one way. President Wilson must be sustained. We are in the war and we must be united and continue united if we get out of it with honor and glory. To have these loud-mouthed anarchists shooting off their views about the "constitutionality" of laws made in war times is to weaken our cause—is to dishearten our soldiers. Congress has made these laws, the President is empowered to enforce them, and the man who stops to argue their constitutionality at this time is little short of being a traitor to this country. And treason is punishable by death.

And the hot wave is said to be some degrees warmer than for many years. In the big cities, where tin roofs and crowded buildings radiate the heat, many have suffered sun stroke. Down in the pine woods of the southland we never hear about sun stroke.

The Long Hot Spell was followed by A Long Wet Spell in which the water fairly ran over itself.

MONTANA'S WAY IS JUDGE LYNCH

The wild and woolly west has furnished many examples of applying Lynch law, and in most cases it did the thing in the right way. Up at Butte Wednesday, when that loud-mouthed representative of the Industrial Workers of the World, an organized gang of anarchists, called the soldiers "scabs in uniform," some of the people who work took the gentleman out and hanged him to a bridge. The body was cut down and the incident is closed. The particular representative was one of the loud-mouthed kind. He had been over in Arizona raising all kinds of disturbance, and his passing by the rope route was about what he deserved. Mob law is never to be encouraged, but the court of Judge Lynch is not a mob law at all. Nothing like the frenzied people who shoot and burn negroes in the South.

In the earlier days, in the west to steal a horse constituted a crime as grave as could be committed. When a man stole a horse and was caught he knew the game was played. Those sturdy pioneers simply held a court, appointed a judge, and the proceedings were serious and solemn. The accused was given a chance for a hearing and the verdict was promptly rendered and the thief strung up to the nearest tree. And so these people in Montana who formed what they call the Vigilance committee. They simply did not propose to stand for anything that wasn't according to the rules and usages. To call soldiers scabs in uniforms passed the mark. The man had to die. And he died.

And while on the subject it might be suggested that many people in other sections who are talking about the soldiers and who are advising young men to resist the draft might thank their stars that they do not live in the far west or northwest.

Lynch law and mob law are altogether different. Judge Lynch is dignified and understands his rights.

And so it is finally given out that the war will stop the building of a depot. It hath been said that a poor excuse is better than no excuse at all—but the war increases railway revenues, and while the road is enjoying unprecedented prosperity is the one time of all times that it could afford to build a depot. But the railroad always has an excuse or makes one.

General Otis Passes.

When General Otis, of the Los Angeles Times, passed organized labor doubtless smiled. When organized labor dynamited the Los Angeles Times building and murdered many innocent men, organized labor attempted to put the crime on General Otis—said, he had connived to blow up his own building in order to discredit labor unions. So strong was this miserable fabrication that many people believed it, and General Otis knew it would never do to let the mystery remain unsolved. Being a strong character, a general in two wars, he proceeded to investigate, and after Sam Gompers had proclaimed that labor was innocent and called on unions all over the country to defend the McNamaras, who were to be crucified by Capital and made victims of organized wealth, Otis proceeded to get the facts, and the result was the McNamaras, to save their precious necks from the gallows, confessed to the horrible crime, and it was proven beyond any doubt that organized labor had conducted a dynamite factory and dealt in explosives and blown up dozens of bridges and buildings and considered it a pleasant pastime to murder men. That was the greatest blow organized labor ever received, because it was not only caught red-handed, but it confessed its crime in order to save the lives of the conscienceless murderers who had conducted the campaign.

For this reason labor didn't shed any tears when Otis passed. But Otis did labor the best turn it ever had. He cleansed the organization of the men who were willing to murder for money in order to carry a point. The Los Angeles Times, always a bitter foe to organized labor, is the richest and most successful paper on the Pacific coast.

The Mosquito Fight.

Dr. Keives insists, and he is correct, that unless the citizens get busy and assist in the mosquito fight there will be all kinds of malaria in this city the next few months. As City Physician and member of the Health Board he asks all our citizens to investigate the back yards and see if there are any tin cans or old buckets or vessels of any kind containing stagnant water. If there is, he requests that they be emptied and turned bottom side up. It seems that August is the great month for the mosquito to multiply, and water is his breeding place. So if all of us will clean up our own-back yards the health officers will take care of streets and alleys, and in this way we may be able to escape an epidemic of fever. Health is the one thing in this world, and if every citizen would do his duty there would be no fevers. Get busy today and upset the tin cans.

TRUE LOVE ALSO IN WAR TIMES

If the curious person will search the records where marriage licenses are kept he will discover that in the months of June and July and August and all the months of the year men and women have married—this for all the years since licenses have been granted. Long before there was any thought of war, long before the Germans started into Belgium, in that August many marriage licenses were granted in this country and man and maiden wedded. It is a custom as old as love, as old as the world to mate. And because young men and women have secured licenses to wed since war was declared some people want to insist that the men are slackers—that they have rushed into the double majority to escape a soldier's duty. On this subject the New York Herald has an interesting editorial as follows:

There is little reason for Senator Calder, members of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense or anybody else becoming excited over "war" marriages. It has been made clear by the War Department that no eleventh-hour wedding will give exemption to a man selected for service in the national army. So far as that department is concerned the status of the bridegroom is exactly as it was before he uttered the fateful "I will." That is what the country has a right to expect and does expect, because the department's decision is in keeping with the letter and the spirit of the law.

Suspicion that among those seeking entry into the holy bonds at this time there are some "slackers" furnishes warrant for the demand made by the United States marshal that each would-be bridegroom show his registration card. It is the business of officials of the government to run to earth breakers of the registration law wherever they may be found.

Neither the presence at marriage license bureaus of the United States marshal or his deputies nor the coincidence of so many applications coming at this particular time should be permitted, however, to create the impression that all "war" marriages are "slacker" marriages. It probably is true of the great majority that they represent nothing else than the natural desire of man and maid to marry before the man leaves for his army service.

This is true in the humbler walks of life, just as it is in others. Every "war" marriage of that kind should be encouraged, not decried.

This appears to us to state the case. Perhaps out of a hundred marriages ten of them were hastened because of fear of being drafted, but thousands of men who were engaged to their "ownest own" feel like the golden knot should be tied before they take their departure for the front. Every day there is some man who goes to the death bed of his betrothed and has the solemn ceremony performed, knowing that the woman he loves will never get from the sick chamber. Women marry men when they know they are dying, and when this pathetic sight is witnessed we hear no one talking about "slackers." Early in the game the War Department made it known that those who got married after war was declared would be treated as single men, so we cannot see why man and maid cannot take the vow and become man and wife without people accusing them of wanting to escape a citizen's duty.

Only a few days now until the Long Hot Spell in August breaks, and then it won't be long until we have the Long Cold Spell in September. And so runs the world away—and either the ice man or the coal man gets you.

"Very Like A Whale."

In these days and times men see things, and it isn't a hard matter to look at the clouds and conjure up most anything the mind suggests. The other day we printed a story about a hen laying an egg that had mystic letters on it which finally proved to be a sentence, "Stand by Wilson," and of course as all want to stand by him the translator of the lines on the egg was not disputed. And now comes the Oxford Ledger and tells us that an apple has been found bearing a picture of the American flag with an appropriate lettering. But this is what it says:

There can be no doubt that these strenuous days leave their impress on the human mind, but no one thought that it would pervade the vegetable kingdom. A very remarkable freak of nature, or atmospheric conditions, if you please, left its impress upon an apple grown on Mr. L. L. Crew's home place, seven miles south of Oxford. The sun bleached it in beautiful colors, the American flag standing out in bold relief, beneath which are the hyphenated letters "A-G," which seem to imply "American-German." The apple is on display at the Public Ledger office.

Not having time to go to Oxford to verify this theory, we will take Dan Coble's word for it, but it does seem strange that apples and hen fruit have gone into the patriotic business. Some occult string to it, perhaps. Being in the air, naturally it gets on things lying around.