



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$10 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1917.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## FASHION CAUSE OF MANY ILLS

The decrees of Fashion make wonderful demerits. The shoe has caused more suffering than any other invention of man, not excepting submarines and guillotines. In the beginning, when God made man and woman, it was not intended that leather should ever be fashioned for a case for the feet. If so, there would have been no toe nails placed on the feet of man. The toe nail was essentially a help to climb trees and dig in the earth—a farming utensil more than anything else. Toe nails are evidence that leather is the devil's invention. Else why have toe nails and encase them in such a small enclosure that ingrowing, nail result; that corns cover the toes and palpitating bunions come like a thief in the night?

But Fashion destroyed the original idea of man even in covering the feet. If a man will have his foot measured and ascertain what kind of last fits his foot he can wear leather shoes all his long life and never be bothered with a bunion or a corn. There are several kinds of lasts—several kinds of each number of a shoe. The man who wears with ease one kind of a number eight shoe would be pained with another kind of a number eight. The lasts are designated as broad and narrow and just so-so, and unless your shoe dealer fits your foot you are lost. Fashion comes in and displays a very pretty shoe, and if it is a number that you think fits your foot you buy it and wear corns and bunions with it. In talking of foot reform the New York Herald has a story that appears to be worth while. It says that "during the last generation the complaints from the feet of humanity have made themselves felt more and more, and all sorts of remedies and contrivances have been suggested for their relief. The feet of armies are extremely important, and the present war has led to intensive study of footwear so as to prevent foot troubles. The hope lies near that this may bring about such shoe reform as will do away with the necessity for all the foot-cures clamoring for attention."

Colonel Robert Jones, of the British Army Medical Service, after careful observations, has laid down the principles on which shoe comfort is founded. The main one is a direct contradiction of civil practice in shoemaking. The heels should be comfortably snug, but the toes should be perfectly free. The toe cap should be stiff and deep enough to allow unhampered movements of the anterior part of the foot. On this more than anything else soldiers' endurance and marching power depend.

Colonel Jones insists that the inner side of the sole should be straight, the two inner sides parallel up to the end of the big toe. The slightest pointedness tends to bunion formation and to flat foot. The inside sole of the shoe should be as broad as the foot with the weight of the body on it. Free play for the fore part of the foot means no corns and no deformities later in life, though these are now often so crippling.

The question after all this valuable experience and its conclusions is, Shall fashion or reasonableness rule footwear? Answering the Herald's question, we would say that Fashion will always rule the road. Military is a greater victim to its wiles and fascinations than men, but both sexes worship at its shrine. The bunion hurts, but the shoe looks pretty, and why should the spirit of mortal be proud? That is the question.

Only a few weeks more and the frost will be on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock—so you had better do your Christmas shopping now.

**The English Sparrow.**  
The news now is that the English sparrow is coming into his own; that he has demonstrated that he is the enemy of certain kinds of bugs that have heretofore devastated fields of grain, and that in the west he is making good. In fact the western farmer is importing him by the million and it is said that each day he earns thousands of dollars for the farmer.

This is good news. We have always liked the pluck and energy of the little sparrow—he has been the gammin of the bird world—a hungry Weary Willie, so to speak, despised and discredited. Now that he has taken his place and proved that he is a bird with a mission and that he will be fed when the heavy mites lie on the ground; that he will be promoted and given a place in polite society is good enough. He has made a long fight and here an outcast long enough. All things come to even the bird that waits.

The pretender, the man who makes people believe he is just about to sprout wings is a good fellow to keep your eye on. He is fixing to do you some way. The man who makes no pretense of honesty; who leaves his megaphone at home and lets other people proclaim his virtues is the man you can always trust. But these buttinskies make us tired.

## MONEY CAN PAY FOR A MURDER

Dr. J. W. Summers, of Charlotte, found guilty of manslaughter, when in fact it should have been murder, has been practically pardoned by the Governor. The old duck who undertook to violate his professional oath and who was found guilty of killing a young girl who went to him and secured his services in an attempt to hide her shame, was sent to prison by a judge who afterward thought it over and recommended a lighter sentence. Some of the jurymen who heard the evidence and under oath calmly returned their verdict were convinced long after the trial was over that they had made a mistake, and asked for a lighter sentence.

The prosecuting attorney appeared before the Governor and insisted that the sentence was just; that it should stand; but Governor Bickett, looking to us like he was still playing politics, commutes the sentence and allows Summers to pay a fine of one thousand dollars—and this the penalty of manslaughter in North Carolina.

And yet we wonder—or some unthinking people wonder—why mob law prevails; and poor people wonder, those without a pull and who sell a little likker on the sly, why they should go to the roads for long weary years, while murderers, boosted by citizens and assisted by a Governor, can go free if they have money to purchase immunity.

Dr. Summers not only murdered a child, but he brought about a woman's death, and when the Governor imposes upon him a fine of \$1,000 he says he is guilty; or else, if innocent, why pay any fine at all? Why pay a fine of a thousand dollars—for what?

North Carolina has had some wonderful Governors. Locke Craig's record for commuting the sentence of the Winston murderer and murderer was not as shocking as this act of Governor Bickett. The Governor is throwing hysterics about some people who were talking about violating the draft law, sending messages to Washington and writing fierce letters to Sheriffs. But he found time to see an old doctor who had been found guilty of manslaughter that if he would raise a thousand plunks he could settle the bill.

How many unfortunate men, we wonder, have served long terms in the penitentiary for crimes much less than that committed by Dr. Summers, and who would have been glad to "pay out"? But what's the use? The pardoning record in North Carolina is a record that makes the blood of law-abiding citizens boil—or at least it should.

And now the Long Damp Spell in August is coming on. Pretty soon and the Long Hot Spells will be over until next year. These nights are delightful for sleeping, and if—mosquitoes.

### The Army Chaplain.

The minister who wants to do good can find in the newly organized armies a place to his liking. The New York Herald, in looking over the new field of endeavor, has this to say, which is worth reproducing here and everywhere. The Herald finds that "with every regiment of the new national army there will be one chaplain with the rank of first lieutenant. Each of these will receive \$2,000 a year, with an extra allowance of \$150 for the maintenance of a horse. As there are thousands of clergymen whose present salary is less than the army pay, government officials anticipate a flood of applications, although the better financial reward may not always be the motive. Inasmuch as there will be such a large number of applicants the War Department can put all of them to a rigid test and choose only those who possess the requisite qualities.

"Army chaplains wield a more powerful influence over soldiers than persons unfamiliar with armies might suppose. War brings out the best as well as the worst there is in men, especially the men of the age of those that will compose our national army. If the men of a regiment have faith in their chaplain, if they know he is as sincere as he can be austere, and if they obtain evidence that he would make an acceptable 'bunkie' in their barracks or in his heaven, then this moral and religious guide of the soldiers can accomplish great good. The reputation our army will gain in France will depend in a large measure upon the work of the chaplains, too, and therefore it is highly important from every standpoint, from the military and international as well as from the religious, that the best type of clergymen be chosen for these influential posts."

September 18th is the day set for the special election to bring our charter up to date. The registration books will soon be opened and every man should register and vote for the proposed measure.

If it should happen that peace comes before all the boys get away, some of them claiming exemption on foolish grounds would go through the world a laughing stock.

The weather man promises us more hot weather, and it is only when he predicts a hot wave that his prediction comes true.

## ANOTHER CALL LIBERTY BONDS

It is announced from Washington that another Liberty Loan will be pulled pretty soon, that Uncle Sam needs some ready money and the Liberty Loan way is about as easy as any other. The Liberty Loan is simply an investment. Uncle Sam comes to one of his nephews and says: "I need a million dollars in quick money. I will give you my note bearing a certain rate of interest—I will see that it is not taxable, and therefore if you will loan me some money you get gilt edged security and you get good interest."

The average man going out to borrow money or lend money would say that this is a first class proposition. And it is. And yet when we were selling the first lot of Liberty bonds, when the Nation was pledging its name as security and offering a good rate of interest, when the taxes were considered, many people thought that they were doing something really patriotic in making a first-class investment. Fanny old world—we have remarked that before—something like a thousand times before.

When the Red Cross campaign came on, that was different. The millions who gave to that gave freely knowing it was not a loan; knowing it was a gift, pure and simple. And yet some men held back closer on the Liberty bond than on the Red Cross donation. When the next Liberty Bond issue is offered the chances are those who invested before will better understand that it is simply a good business proposition, and the campaign will be short and wonderfully successful.

Money is getting to be more plentiful on account of the vast expenditures of the Government, and to buy Liberty bonds simply means to turn the money over—to keep it circulating.

### Do You Worry?

Where is there a man who doesn't worry? Find us one and we'll show you an inmate of an asylum of imbeciles. And yet all the time we are told that worry is a sin. Perhaps it is—and we are all sinners. The New York Herald takes time on a hot day to write about the sin of worrying, and says that "a wise Kentucky bishop, preaching in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine last Sunday, denounced our national tendency to worry as a sin equal to that of strong drink. 'Worry weakens the heart and hardens the arteries,' he said. 'Worry wastes life. It destroys more than rum or vice. It is always a personal weakness.'

"All of this and more besides is perfectly true. The sorrows that dog our footsteps through life are those of the past, the present and the future, and of them the actual sufferings of the moment are the easiest to bear. The miseries that we have endured in the past lessen with the flight of time, and are finally lost to memory. But it is worrying over what may happen in the future that causes most of our unhappiness. We never worry over what is happening or what we have gone through. Most of the misfortunes that we brood over in deep depression of spirit never overtake us, and we have all our worrying for nothing. The blows that actually fall on us generally come so unexpectedly that we have no time to worry over them.

"It is the lesser, not the greater evils, that cause us the most anxiety. There has been far more worrying of late years over these lesser evils than over the threatening clouds of war and the defenceless state of the nation."

### Sentimental Reasons.

There have been too many criminals turned loose in this state. Too many times the verdict of juries and the decrees of courts have been turned aside simply for sentimental and political reasons. This newspaper is opposed to such proceedings and that is why it has for many years advocated a Board of Pardons. Concerning the last sad travesty on justice the Salisbury Post says:

The Greensboro Record is not well pleased with the pardoning of Dr. Summers, the Mecklenburg man who was sent to the State prison for the death of a Greensboro girl whose death followed a criminal operation by Summers. The Record is of the opinion that the leniency with which we deal with criminals is the cause of so much mob law, and undoubtedly this is true. North Carolina needs enforcement of law, such an enforcement as will stick for a while and not be nullified by pardoning for sentimental reason.

The Post is right. Sentimental reasons have often bobbed up, and more often politics has been played. In the case of Dr. Summers the Governor went too far. He said the purpose of the law could be met by making the convicted man pay a fine of a thousand dollars. When gold buys immunity and makes restitution for murder it is high time the people stood up and protested with all their might. Otherwise mob law results and good men can justify it.

Get it in your pipe and smoke it: Every man has a duty to perform in this war, and his greatest duty is not to give aid or comfort to the enemy.

## IS KING POTATO IN WAR TIMES

And after all the potato is to come into its own. The New York Herald makes bold to call the erstwhile homely spud "Prince Potato" and sing its praises in the editorial columns. The potato is, in spite of all the sneers and jeers of hundreds of years, the one great article of food. It has varied tastes and can be served in a half dozen ways—always appetizing and always sustaining. A baked potato, or a mashed potato, or a fried potato, or a German fried potato, potato salad, boiled potato—well, just all kinds of potatoes, and yet the same old spud that grows everywhere. In its serious talk the Herald imparts some information. It says that the "war has certainly served to lift the humble potato onto a special throne of its own in the human dietary. During the three hundred years since the potato was introduced to mankind from America the estimation of its food value has been constantly rising, until now with scientific approval it has come to be looked upon as one of our most important foodstuffs.

"The potato used to be thought mainly valuable for its starchy content, though human experience seemed to show a wider value than this. Certain races in Europe, notably the Irish, succeeded in living, in times of stress particularly, almost exclusively on potatoes and buttermilk. Such a diet would seem to be too low in nitrogen elements for health and strength maintenance, but recent investigations have confirmed human instinct and contradicted scientific conclusions. There are now a series of important studies, including particularly those of Rose and Cooper, at the Department of Nutrition in Teachers' College (Columbia), New York, which show that the potato can be even an excellent source of nitrogen for the human body, supporting it with only the addition of butter.

"It is said that we are going to have this year in the United States the largest crop of potatoes that we have ever had, and it is evident that they were never so welcome as now. Prince Potato comes into the recognition of his royal rights in the food line just at the opportune moment.

And if it should happen that Mr. Herbert Hoover in his food conservation and price-fixing programme keeps the old spud down on the list below the dollar a bushel mark the people of this country cannot go hungry. Let us hope that after all these years the Potato will come into its own and be exalted.

And every now and then it looks like peace, and every now and then it doesn't.

### The Slacker's Desperation.

It appears that the slackers and the slackers' parents in many places are doing all that can be done to save themselves. The following letter in the New York Herald's letter column reads more like fiction than anything else, but knowing the desperation of many who want to escape war duty it is doubtless true. It reads:

I wish to call your attention to a new scheme by dotting mothers whose sons are called for enlistment, and who are well supplied with this world's goods but do not want their boys to enlist. Property owners are seeking their lawyers with a view to having their houses, etc., for a small consideration, conveyed to some one else until after their sons have been examined, so that they can claim exemption on the ground that they are solely dependent on these children for support.

This is a shameful act for any American mother to be a party to, and just punishment should be meted out to the guilty parties, the same as to fake oculists, dentists, slackers, etc. Working in a law office, this matter is coming before me frequently, and something should be done to stop it. M. P.

New York City, August 4, 1917.

The hope is that exemption boards and government agents will scrutinize closely all such cases, and when one is found where dishonest practices have been used impose the full penalty. In all towns there are people working many schemes to save their sons, and the sons are aiding and abetting to beat the band. The exemption board has a big job on its hands, but the affidavit process saves it much embarrassment.

### A Little Hot For It.

August is a warm month, and a dull month for business, and people are not growing enthusiastic over business affairs, but we should commence right now to talk about the special election to be held the 18th day of September, when we are to get more money to pay our school teachers and authorize by popular vote the creation of a school board. Every citizen, whether he has children to educate or whether he hasn't should interest himself in this campaign and get busy. The time is right now to lay the plans of the campaign. It will take some organization and no time should be lost.

With increased revenues being piled up every day on most every article of commerce the average American citizen is understanding that war comes high and we must pay the fiddler if we dance.

## DURHAM AGAIN MOVES FORWARD

Durham pulls herself from the relics of the dark ages and abandons the city market house, and allows men who deal in meat to equip, like other merchants, wherever they want to find a room. This is modern, it is the only sensible way. The Herald says:

Final steps in the abandonment of the city market house were taken by the board of aldermen last evening. A motion to the effect that the market be abandoned and the meat merchants be allowed to locate their establishments anywhere in the city was passed and an ordinance passed notifying all meat merchants to vacate their present stalls by October 1. It was stipulated in the ordinance, however, that should the meat dealers not be able to arrange their new stalls that they might give adequate service to the purchasing public a limited time be given them after the specified date.

It was reported by the chairman of the market house committee that he had held conferences with the dealers located in the market relative to the establishing of new markets in other sections of the city and had been informed that all of them would be able to serve the public in new and modern equipped shops by the time contemplated for the disbandment of the present market house.

Greensboro hangs on to her meat house like a hungry dog hangs on to a bone, but it is a joke. The cost of maintaining a meat house is fierce, the meat dealer pays part of it, but the taxpayer pays more than he should. The city market never has paid a cent. It is a costly investment. In figuring on rentals no account is taken of expense of upkeep, or depreciation in the building, of the investment in bonds and lands; and all the so-called "City Market" sells is fresh meat, and every grocer in the city handles vegetables, chickens, salted fish, smoked meat and fruits. In fact, we have no city market. We have a City Fresh Meat House, and that is all.

Durham used to have an old market down by the depot, and even it exposed for sale more different things to eat than the Greensboro market. Finally, Durham built a cracking good market house up town, meat men fixed their stalls right up to the minute, everything modern, but it was all a joke. Now the city very sensibly abandons the City Market House, which was never a city market, no more than Greensboro has a city market, and live meat dealers will go where they want to go, establish sanitary places, and the general public will find some satisfaction in buying its fresh meat.

One of these days, how long we do not know, Greensboro will become progressive enough to sell her valuable property and let meat dealers, like clothing dealers and drug dealers and all other kinds of dealers, go where they want to go and fix up decent places and sell their meats.

This will happen in Greensboro. It should happen now, but it will not. But will happen, and when it does there will be rejoicing in many quarters. Durham is to be congratulated on her progressiveness.

Of course if Uncle Sam can't furnish rifles, that will not stop the rifle corps from doing business. Rifles are cheap these days and Greensboro is going to have a rifle club that can shoot straight.

### The Germans Uneasy.

With all kinds of changes going on in the official house of Germany, with all kinds of ministers being put out and new ones put in, it is a safe bet that all is not as the kaiser would like to see it in Berlin. Whenever a business house has a shake-up it is self-evident that things have not been running smoothly, and, above all, when a nation changes cabinets—swaps horses while crossing a stream, as Mr. Lincoln illustrated it—you can conclude that harmony is lacking, that a shoe is pinching somewhere and an effort is being made to find it.

Conservative men are now admitting that there is no doubt that Germany in her desperation is seeking peace, and of course making a terrible effort to secure something to her advantage. But she cannot dictate the terms. She will be forced to accept whatever programme the allies submit, because America has gone too far to stop now, and Germany knows that America, with ten million men and unlimited money, can put things about where she wants them. Three years of war have depleted Germany's resources in all ways. We go in fresh, vigorous and determined, and our aid to England and France must decide the day. Germany knows this. That is why she is irritable and rattled; why she is clutching at straws, shifting cabinets, changing policies and wondering what to do. It is the death gasp, and no one will be surprised to see peace declared by the first of the year. In the meantime Uncle Sam is baling hay to beat the band.