

For
People Who
Think

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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BELLS TO RING AT SALISBURY

The Salisbury Post contains this news item which is of interest, because it has to do with writing an old custom. It says:

A handsome bell weighing 504 lbs. made by the McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, arrived yesterday for the Sacred Heart church.

The Rev. Father Anthony, O. S. B., rector, is highly pleased with its sweet, mellow musical tone and hopes to have it in position in a few weeks.

Bishop Leo Haid, D. D., will officiate at the dedicatory ceremonies of the bell, the date of which will be announced later.

The bell will ring at the various Sunday services, also each day at 7 a. m., 12 m., and 8 p. m., which is called the "Angelus" commemorating the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation of the Son of God.

To hear the church bells ringing at different hours of the week days will be something new, and yet, perhaps, something worth while. In a recent editorial the Christian Science Monitor talked of bells and gave some interesting history concerning them, which perhaps has been forgotten. It said that "the proposal put forward in England recently that the bells of a famous cathedral should be rung to give notice to all within earshot when an air raid was in progress, calls to mind how greatly the bell has retired into the background of public service. Time was when there would, of course, have been no question about it. There would have been no need for anyone to have suggested the ringing of the bells to warn the people about such things as air raids, for it would have been the very first thought to occur to almost every one. Bells, three hundred years ago, and for several centuries before that time, were the great public criers of the world. Every great event was ushered in by the ringing of bells. Indeed, to possess the bells of a town was to possess a great strategic advantage. He who commanded the bell commanded the town, for by that sound, at a moment's notice, he could rally his adherents, and be supplied with an army, whilst his opponents were yet dispatching messengers, east, west, north, and south, to gather a force together. So fully, indeed, was this recognized that conquerors went to melt down the bells of a vanquished town, and also, on occasion, to melt down captured cannon and fashion them into bells, to aid them in the suppression of revolt.

"Then, again, bells entered, at every turn, into the life of the town or the countryside. There were, for instance, at one time, in England, such bells as the 'harvest bell,' and the 'sowing bell,' which called laborers to their work; the 'gleaning bell,' which fixed the hours for the beginning or leaving off gleaning, so that no gleaner should have an unfair advantage over another. Then there was the famous 'town bell,' which gave notice that the lord of the manor's oven was ready for his tenants to bake their bread; a 'market bell,' a signal, on market days, for selling to begin; whilst, last and best known of all, there was, of course, the curfew, which is still rung from several church towers in England. Those who know Oxford will remember the familiar boom of 'Tom's'—the 101 strokes at 9 o'clock, which is the signal for the closing of the college gates.

"With the multiplication of clocks and watches, however, the value of the bell to mark the incidents of daily life has been greatly reduced, and where old customs survive, they do so merely as interesting survivals, and have long since ceased to have any real significance. The bell, however, is steadily holding its own in one respect, in England, at any rate, and that is in the matter of change ringing, and, when one touches upon this, one touches upon a great and ancient art. Thus, a patent roll of Henry III's time confirms the 'Brethren of the Guild of Westminster, who are appointed to ring the great bells there,' in the privileges and free customs which they enjoyed from the time of Edward the Confessor. That carries one back to the Eleventh Century, and how far back the art goes beyond that is not known. It is probable, however, that it was not long after bells began to be set up on church towers—and this dates from about the Sixth Century—that enterprising bell ringers began to conceive the idea of ringing changes.

"It was the Seventeenth Century, however, which saw the greatest development of change ringing in England. That was the time of the 'Scholars of Chesapeake' and the 'Ancient Society of College Youths,' so-called from their meeting to practice on the six bells at St. Martin's, College Hill, and the 'Society of London Scholars.' It was the time, too, when Fabian Cresswell, of Cambridge, published his 'Campanologia.' The name of the 'Society of London Scholars,' was changed, in 1746, to 'Cambridge Youths,' in compliment to the victor of Guilford, and this society and the 'Ancient Society of College Youths' are still in existence, and include in their membership some of the leading change ringers of England.

"The art, to the layman in such matters, is all very much of a mystery, whilst its phraseology, with its triples, caters, and cinques, its paces, plain bobs, treble bobs, and Stedmans, to mention only a few, conveys, of course, nothing to the uninitiated. Fortunately, however, like many other things, an inti-

HOOVER'S TASK NO EASY JOB

Mr. Hoover proposes the first thing, to regulate the price of wheat. He intends to make millers produce their product low enough to insure cheaper flour to the consumer. He finds from figures that he can do this. That is the first thing to be regulated in the food world. But he will be up against it. He will find that big money will be spent to discredit him; he will find that the farmer isn't getting too much for wheat or that the honest miller isn't gouging the public. He will simply find that the retailer who goes through the hands of commission men and jobbers and speculators is the man charging the price, and if it is decided that the retailer is too high he will quit the business and the famished customer will not know where to get his daily bread.

The meat question is the same thing. The man who grows the animal doesn't get too much. In this town beef retails for thirty cents and the butcher who sells it pays eighteen cents wholesale for the hind quarter and he must lose the bone and fat, or a great deal of it. Thirty cents is quite a price to pay for a beef steak, compared at least to the ten and fifteen cent steak of other and happier days, but when you find that the wholesaler has had to do with it; that the railroad company has had to haul it a thousand miles in iced cars; that the retailer must pay his license and live—what else can you expect? Nothing. And so on down the line. The honest farmer holds you up—puts an arbitrary price on what he sells. If he goes out in the winter and traps a hundred rabbits he will charge you twice as much as he did five years ago, and the blooming rabbits never cost him a cent—and not a penny more than they did when meat was cheap—but he understands.

With full and absolute authority to control food prices we do not doubt that Mr. Hoover, acting for the President, will bring down the price of flour, and he may be able to bring bread back to the five cent loaf. But we doubt it. Flour will be cheaper, but speculators will still control wheat, and if wheat goes to two fifty a bushel, which it can without any real reason for it, flour and bread will at the same time go up. Each community has a different proposition confronting it. In the price of coal, the regulators have put it up over a hundred per cent and the ultimate consumer, the man who buys it and burns it, cusses the retail dealer, but the retail dealer is not to blame. The mine owner says he can't get cars—he waits until a community is short of coal, and any old price goes. We wish for Mr. Hoover all kinds of success. We want to help him in boosting his chore—we don't want to throw any cross ties on his track—but if he succeeds, notwithstanding Congress has given the President absolute power to proceed, we will be surprised. In other words the route between the producer and consumer is too long. There are too many stop over stations and at each station stands a ticket taker who must have his share of the profits. If the government could send stuff from the mine or the mill to the consumer then we could see how Mr. Hoover's authority would help out. He could say the price could be only so much—but he can't say that if Tom, Dick and Harry handle it the laborer is not worthy of his hire.

The Divorce Mill.

A glance over the court calendar shows that the idea of true love isn't all that it should be, and the man and wife don't agree. The first case tried in court yesterday was a divorce case, and several others are on the docket. To the credit of the black man it is said he doesn't seek as many divorces as his white brother. The divorce court always bothered us—we have insisted and shall forever insist that unless it is for infidelity a divorce is not necessary. When two people conclude they can't agree they commence pulling in opposite directions and each one goes hell bent for destruction of the marriage ties. And there is no doubt but what there should be a national divorce law, a good one, and then when a couple of wild cats figure on harnessing for life maybe they would go slow. But to know that divorces can be secured as easily as putting on an old shoe—well, the man with the nerve is willing to take a risk. Divorced people should be shunned unless they had a mighty good reason for making fools of themselves. This for the protection of society.

And they think by September first hundreds of thousands of soldiers will be ready to start to France.

The latest news from Georgia is that Tom Watson is still in eruption, and the officers of the law haven't caged him.

mate knowledge as to how they are achieved is not necessary to their appreciation, and, if a man likes the sound of bells, it will make little difference to him whether a 'peal' is in process of development, or merely a 'touch.'

Around Greensboro we have the Sabbath bells; the Wednesday night prayer meeting bells; the old court house bell for town meetings and courts; the fire bell and the chimes of the Greensboro Loan and Trust Company. But it wouldn't hurt to have bells ringing oftener—just to break the monotony.

THE SOCIALIST IN TROUBLE.

The socialist doesn't mean to get into trouble with his mouth—but he often does. It has been his habit to rail out against the government; to insist that the wrongs of mankind be righted, and he often goes too far. Several of these people have been in jail charged with seditious utterances, and it is hard for them to see why they can't enjoy "free speech" which they claim the constitution vouchsafes them. But when they get into prison and wait their trials they perhaps have better opportunity to study conditions. The Appeal to Reason has been hushed—several publications that have gone beyond the dead line have been put out of business, and the socialist, while thinking he has rights, as a wise man if he holds his yawp.

In these times every citizen enjoying protection under the flag is supposed to be loyal. The President is given authority to uphold the law, and the law, in times of war, is different than at other times. In fact the editor of any newspaper can go only so far, and to go further than prudence dictates is to get his foot in a bear trap. If a man doesn't like what is going on in this country it is up to him to hike to Germany. There is where he belongs, and he should be promptly hanged if he undertakes to worm or deed to give aid or comfort to the enemy. Hanging is what will stop a great deal of wild talk.

Only One Or Two.

We dare say that a hundred citizens have hastened to congratulate The Record because of its protest against Doc Summers putting up a thousand dollars and escaping the roads after he had been found guilty of manslaughter. We shall always insist that no man has a right to purchase immunity. The law found the man guilty. The jury said he was guilty of manslaughter and the Judge sentenced him to prison. Then he comes up with a thousand dollar; and our Governor accepts the money for the state and says the purposes of the law have been met. In other words the criminal with a thousand dollars can buy his way out of the penitentiary—the poor devil with no money must remain in stripes. We submit that this is altogether wrong. It doesn't make any difference about the guilt or innocence of Summers. If he wasn't guilty he should not pay one red cent. He should go free. If guilty, however, as found, then he should not be allowed to purchase his freedom. That is the proposition and no honest man can say we are wrong. Either one thing or the other—let him go free with no string to it or let him serve his time. No man can say that freedom can be deliberately purchased by counting out so many dollars.

To The Springs.

Again the heated season is on and Mr. and Mrs. Gosomewhere are packing their trunks and preparing the notice for the papers which will read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Gosomewhere will leave the 10th instant for a four weeks' sojourn at Soakittoem Springs, in order to escape the heated term. Colonel Gosomewhere says that life is short at best and if he can stand off his grocer why not get away? Why stay at home all summer when you can get out and have a good time? The Colonel is essentially right. Upon the return of this popular couple Mrs. Gosomewhere will give a delightful pink tea to her many friends complimentary to Miss May Comingfromsomewhere, who accompanies her from the Springs."

And thus life runs in its mad, wild way. The summer doesn't last long, and the years frolic on. Here it is the middle of 1917 and it won't be long—just about a few minutes and November, with the first breath of winter lightly in the air. Go somewhere if you have the price. Get away from it. It will do you good, and you will find that life holds many pleasures that you can't get out of it if you stick to the old beaten track. Step off the path and pluck a little wild flower here and there.

Still Making Raids.

Germany every once in awhile sends a fleet of air craft over England and drops down bombs on innocent men, women and children, and this only prolongs the war. If Germany really means anything by all these peace insinuations she has proceeded the wrong way. The French, we note, have recently sought reprisal for air raids by resorting to the same line of conduct, and after all it seems that anything is fair in war. But the allies are more numerous than the Germans—and every time an air fleet deliberately kills women and children by dropping bombs upon them, just that much deeper becomes the hatred of the civilized world toward the hunted Nation. "All is fair in war and love" long ago became a universal adage—but it isn't. It isn't fair for any nation to deliberately murder women and children who are forced to be at a certain place. They are helpless and innocent, and the Nation that resorts to this kind of warfare will never succeed. It is impossible.

The man who has a wife and child appears to be much in evidence right now.

POPE PROPOSES PEACE PLAN

It was nothing to occasion surprise when we yesterday read that the Pope had submitted a peace proposition to all the warring countries. In fact the Pope has had on his peace cap for some time, and what he handed out was only in "due course" and will be read by the different powers, and passed up with the declaration that his suggestions cannot be taken or considered seriously. The Pope gives down his plan and it is approaching what might happen. Not that his proposal would in any way meet the demands of the allies—because the allies propose to do more for Germany than the Pope imagines. The Pope rather favors Germany, viewed from an ally standpoint, and in the final adjudication of the case Germany is not going to be favored. The Pope must understand that already the blood and treasure spent has been because Germany made it necessary. She was the aggressor in war and has become a demon in practice. She has forfeited all rights of recognition in anything approaching a settlement on terms even remotely suggesting consideration of her. She must be annihilated. She must be put entirely out of business, and those who win the battle will suggest the terms of peace.

Germany has forfeited all rights. This must be understood, and Germany, in a peace conference will only be considered in the past tense. However the note of the Pope is worth while. It suggests that there is something in the air. It suggests that such a thing as peace is in sight, some day, and every time peace is talked it hastens the day that peace will come. When the Pope suggests the return to Germany of her colonies he suggests unthinkable things. Nothing will be returned to her, and from her will be taken all that she has. The German Empire, once so strong and haughty will be reduced to practically a country town, so far as power is concerned. She has sown in the wind and she must reap in the whirlwind. The Pope understands that his good book says "Blessed are the peace makers for they shall see God"—but when he comes to make peace what he wants to bring with him is a coffin for Germany—and the allies will then perhaps submit to a Christian burial, but that is about all. America is going into the struggle five million strong, if necessary, and she is not going in to stop the war—she is going in to subdue and annihilate Germany. That is what we are in this war for—to secure for all the world freedom, and to simply set Germany up again with her lost possession restored and her treasury simply touched for the restoration of countries she has devastated will not do. Too late to talk of that. Germany must surrender—she must stand palsied and humble and exhausted before the world powers which will subdue her, and she may get a chance to run a country store—but no longer will she remain autocratic and defiant. Her tail feathers are already missing—and the beloved Pope can try again.

The joy riders are asked to curtail mileage and go slower. The government says the nation needs gasoline, and if the joy rider doesn't divide the loaf Uncle Sam is liable to take it all away from him.

A Cigar Centre.

With the announcement, made some three weeks ago, that the Lango cigar company was enlarging its capacity; with the good news that the El Rees-So Cigar company must soon build another building, all of us who have been watching these "infant industries" grow to man's estate should rejoice. There are other smaller cigar factories here to say nothing of the big one that makes cigars for a nation. The two most prominent local companies, the El-Rees-So and Lango have forged ahead to beat the band in the last few years. John Rees started out with one cigar maker and today employs hundreds of working people—can hardly keep up with orders, and the Lango comes along and extends its territory and its business. Greensboro has long talked of factories and here are two local concerns which have gone ahead without blare of trumpets—simply had men at the head of them who knew how to do things and have done them. The El-Rees-So cigar is best known because longer on the market, and the chances are that it will develop into a national institution. The Lango comes along and will make a place for itself, and Greensboro is to be congratulated—and Greensboro should smoke the home production.

The first rose of August fared pretty badly. Too much real hot weather and then the rains too heavy. But the October roses in this country, those growing in the open are always the best—and therefore we await October with some impatience.

If China goes to war, the question is: Where will she go?

DIVORCE MILL TAKES TOLL

In looking over the court calendar each term it is a matter of regret that Guilford county makes too many applications for divorce. And in each divorce case there is always a new setting. Infidelity is often incidentally charged, but it appears to be for other reasons that most divorces are sought. There is talk, and we have talked it, that there should be a national divorce law; that there should be certain dead lines and if a man or woman went beyond them, a divorce would naturally follow. However it is perhaps hard to see why a divorce law that would apply to one condition should apply to another. They have degrees of murder and there should be degrees of neglect and conditions should always guide the court or the jury in deciding whether or not a separation would be a good thing for Society, for the community, for those vitally and directly interested. If a man comes in and asks for a divorce from his wife on the grounds of infidelity, and he can prove it, naturally enough he should have a divorce, and the Good Book says he should have it. But for a woman to come into court and ask for a divorce when there are children in the family—little tots who are entitled to the protection of both father and mother, and her charge is that the husband does not support her; or that he is a drunkard; or that he now and then in sportive glee tosses a cuspidore or a coffee-pot at her head—she should not be granted a divorce. And she should know before she marries the beast that she couldn't get a divorce, and if both of them knew that they were yoked for life unless there was some real reason, you wouldn't see so many divorces dreamed about.

It has gotten to be that a jealous woman imagines her husband is flirting with a whole regiment of pretty girls—merely a dream nursed into an actuality so far as she is concerned, and feeling that way about it she proceeds to make herself so diabolically entertaining that the husband may, and with justification, break a few pieces of furniture and do a little cussing in the loud pedal. The mere fact that because the husband hasn't been all the woman expected him to be; because he failed to measure up to the ideal she dreamed she saw when he was just across the drugstore table making pretty dabs at the vanilla ice cream and she was looking at him with eyes of wondrous blue and trying to discern why heaven had sent her such a man, is no reason why she should undertake to reform him or have him made over. She can go to the hand-me-down clothier and if the trouser loons are too short in the limbs, or if the coat needs a little lengthening here or a little shortening there, the President of the Pressing Club will see that that is done—but the hubby is built just so—and no furbisher can change the cut of the job as designed by the Creator. It is up to her to study the weak spots; to see where he is deficient and make due allowance remembering betimes that she is not the same darling peach she looked to be in the happy courting days—the days when she powdered her lily-white face and spent steen hours fixing her golden hair. She must not forget that in those wooing days; those sun-kissed and balmy days of June it always took her an hour to "fix up" in order to look her very best before she appeared in the parlor to exclaim "My dear George"—and there is a whole lot of difference in her appearance when she gets up in the morning in these latter days after the romance is ended and slips herself into an old cast-off dress; doesn't take time to comb her frazzled hair and goes down stairs to spank one of the children who has upset the coffee pot, just about as breakfast was ready to be announced. He comes down and beholds her in her kitchen attire and he fails to see even the semblance of the beautiful doll that looked to the stars and sighed and dreamed and talked of love and a cottage in the old days. Realism, realism, my masters is sterner stuff than carotels and marsh-mallows. So they quarrel and finally the first thing that pops into the head of the maddest one of the twin is the divorce court—and then all the hatred and malice that evil genius ever dreamed is conjured up and re-tailed to the crowd that always goes to see this kind of soiled linen laundered in public.

However, perhaps as long as the "heart has passions, and as long as life has woes" you will see some fellow drive in the court room and ask a judge to unharness him. And along will come the woman with her tale of woe and insist that she be separated from the Beast in pants whom she once loved and for whom she has lost all regard. And Society, that masked and double-faced old fellow, says it is better so—and the divorce is granted because laws are written governing such cases.

The City Commissioners find much trouble in satisfying all the people, and just what all the people are going to say about the new ordinance concerning cars on Elm street is a question. Makes it bad for the car owner and he often thinks he owns the earth and the fulness thereof.

A Japanese mission is expected to do things in this country, and we regret to note that Kissner Hobson isn't on the entertainment committee.