



# Everything



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## A NEWSPAPER HAS RIGHTS

Newspapers are criticised for their attempts to comment on cases, lawyers seem to think that they should keep hands off; but that is all *fa de rol*. The same logic would apply to all public measures. Justice is what should be ever given, and the only way to arrive at the facts in a case is to study the case and discuss it. In these days the qualifications of a juror are, first, that he has never discussed the case, that he has never read anything about it, and that he has not arrived at any conclusion. In other words, the best juror is one who cannot read and who has stood around when a whole town was excited and talking and never expressed an opinion or cared enough about Society to ask a question or to answer one.

Publicity on all topics pertaining to good government is essential, and by the same token things that concern Society should be as freely discussed and understood. The lawyer wants it his way; he wants it understood that he is the man trying the case. He forgets, it seems, that the general public is, after all, the one more concerned than the individual; he forgets, or pretends to forget, that, after all, the public is the highest tribunal in all the land. It is the tribunal which cares nothing for tricks and quibbles; it is the tribunal which knows technicalities and delicate distinctions and fine points of law to the wind; it is the tribunal which takes a case in its own hands and arrives at a conclusion. Every man who runs at large and remains any considerable length of time in a community has had a fair and impartial trial before this tribunal. If his conduct has been decent and upright, if his deportment has been good, the jury of the court of public opinion has decreed by its silent verdict that he is a good citizen, and he carries with him that verdict, and it is his letter of commendation, his passport and his anchor. Let him commit no crime, but let him outrage the rules and usages of society by carousing, drinking or taking dope to excess and the court of public opinion has its jury try him and the verdict is given, and nine times in a hundred it is a righteous verdict. And so when a man commits a crime, offends the civil law, it is just as proper and just as much the duty of the public and the press to "try his case," as the phrase has it, as it is for the press to keep its argus eye on a public official or for the greater public to keep its eye on a citizen who seems to transgress the unwritten laws.

They say Indian summer doesn't come until November, but this kind of weather is just as good. That cold snap which gave us warning to put in coal and get ready to put 'em on was simply a hunch. October is always a fine month down here, and it never gets really bad until about Thanksgiving. So have a brave heart and order your coal while the weather is good.

### The Fall Of The Year.

Some people go into ecstasies over the fall of the year—the time when the leaves turn brown and the persimmon is ripe and 'possum hunting is the thing. Others think the budding spring time, when nature is unfolding her many mysteries in bud and leaf and flower, is the best of the seasons; but we can't get a line of sentiment on any of 'em. Whereas, for instance: The ice man isn't quite through with you and the coal man is on your trail. The hot days call for screens and fans, and the cool nights call for blankets. Looks to us that all seasons are about alike so far as worries are concerned, and happiness only abides where a man has taken a bath and has a clear conscience. Gaston Means was very happy. It seems, up to a short time ago, and now he is in jail. A dozen moonlight distillers in Guilford were contented, making corn likker and getting six dollars per gallon, but some of 'em have been run in. There is plenty of room for the sentimentalist to quote the familiar lines about the melancholy days which are come, the saddest of the year; but in these bone-dry days, these high-cost-of-living days, these war days, these long days, we don't see much chance for sentiment to get in its work.

### Fifty Years.

The Wilmington Star Sunday morning celebrated its fiftieth birthday. Fifty years make quite a stretch of pike between here and there, and it is longer than most any paper down this way has been in the game. The creek and the croaking old mill are still, Maggie, since the Star started on its course. However, it has always been a strong paper, is stronger and brighter today than ever. And here is wishing that it will grow still bigger and that when it celebrates its hundredth anniversary the same grand bunch of fellows who make it interesting today will be there.

No matter about the rain. If you have brought your ticket to the show, of course you should go. The same as the man who ate cheese enough to kill him because he was afraid it might spoil.

## AVERAGE MAN IS VERY WISE

On the street the average man talks about war as glibly as the average editor, and of course no one knows anything about what is going to happen. The fact that the war has lasted longer than any one dared dream when it started is a problem that simply mystifies. One wonders how the German people have stood up as long as they have. They read that four million men have been lost. They know that at least two million boys who were not eligible as soldiers when the war started are eligible now, and they know that food supplies are lasting, and they don't know anything about the outcome. The last few weeks every man who thinks he understands fully the "situation" has been talking about the part Russia has been playing. Most people are of opinion that Russia will never make good, while here and there some optimistic strategist tells you that pretty soon Russia will be in line and surprise the world. The New York Herald, which has an intelligent correspondent in Russia, says that "from Halifax Mr. Herman Bernstein telegraphs to the Herald that in his judgment there is no reason for pessimism over the situation in Russia. This is good news from a good source. Mr. Bernstein left Petrograd only a few weeks ago because of his desire to reach a neutral country from which he could cable to the Herald the remarkable disclosures contained in the authentic "Willy-Nicky" correspondence which he had obtained at the Russian capital. While in Russia he had ample opportunity to make a calm and dispassionate appraisal of the relative importance of the many elements, more or less conflicting, which enter into what the world knows as the "Russian situation"—a task for which, through his long and intimate touch with the many currents of Russian life, he is better qualified than any other American. When he says that there is not the slightest warrant for fear that the forces in control of Russia will consider a separate peace he talks in terms of knowledge, not of mere speculation."

Mr. Bernstein asserts that all the separate peace talk is the work of German propaganda. The recurring waves of pessimism concerning Russia started at Washington undoubtedly are promoted by Germany's "whispering propaganda," which is always busy at the national capital. The best assurance we can have of the soundness of the foundations upon which the new government of Russia is based is the healthy optimism of such men as Mr. Bernstein, Mr. Elihu Root and Mr. Charles Edward Russell, who have seen for themselves and know.

Let us all hope the Herald has seen the light and that Russia will be all that it should be.

It is said that William J. Burns was in Wilmington when the body of Mrs. Bingham was exhumed. The first time we have heard of the Great Man since his exploit at Atlanta in the Frank case.

### The Grandstand Orator.

It looks like the day of the grandstand orator is coming to an end. When the Hon. Tom Hefin got up in Congress the other-day and made a lurid speech as spectacular as the aurora borealis as viewed from Sitka, and then sat down when called to name his man, it looked good to us.

Perhaps in the Congress of the United States there are some bad eggs, metaphorically speaking; no doubt of it; but to get up and address the galleries and shoot off the mouth proclaiming that certain members are corrupt should not be allowed. It is going too far. The average spellbinder has too long been allowed latitude. It has been the custom of many of the great reformers to charge the newspapers with being venal. It has been harped upon so much that many half-informed people think today that if a newspaper speaks a kind word for a corporation or a man with over seven dollars in cash the paper has been subsidized. True, there are venal newspapers. There have been newspapers reaching out itching palms for hush money and blood money. But not many. Hefin made a complete donkey of himself. He was called, as he should have been called, and when asked to name the men he didn't have any direct knowledge. Such a man should not be allowed to talk to the galleries. Just now the nation looks on Congress to assist in this mighty war, and to openly charge, without any evidence, that members of that body are corrupt hurts more than some people imagine. If we are to lose confidence in our lawmakers, in the men who have declared this war and who must sustain it so far as making laws and furnishing money are concerned, then we are in a bad way. It was a glad day when Hefin was exposed. He was simply playing to the galleries and was called.

The latest reports are to the effect that Independent Workers of the World proposed not only to burn wheat fields, but to loot all the banks. And they are still at large.

Don't forget in conservation-of things that the bald-headed man has lost out forever. He can't grow or conserve his hair.

## HOW A HABIT IS FORMED

Dope and red rye likker are not the only things that become a part of man if he associates long enough with them. There is a more insidious sister, a more jealous siren, a more dangerous force than the material things mentioned, and that is the habit to pose as a martyr to all things; to wave the red flag of anarchy; to fire the passions and prejudices of men to the detriment of well-ordered conditions.

In the journey to the open grave the man who hikes along a pike embowered in flowers and roses and beautiful trees and shrubbery and grasses and clover fares better than the pilgrim who walks his lonely way down forgotten lanes, through weeds and briars. And the journeyman who passes the flowers and the trees and the shrubbery often forgets—indeed, does not think—that some human hand and some human mind planned the planting of the trees and flowers; that it was a son of man who conceived the idea that were he to beautify his grounds along the road that it would be rest for the eye and pleasure for the passing pilgrim. Even if he planted selfishly, alone to feast his own greedy soul, he was yet a benefactor. And the man who planted nothing, who only threw thorns and stones upon the path, he had no soul for beauty, he had no heart for humanity.

And so we see those other sowers, those who sow the seeds of thought, those who reach out the invisible hand and help the wayfarer on his way or retard his progress. We used to, in the old days, the days when the blood coursed warmer in our veins, think it was our mission to tear down; to obstruct; to wave the red lantern on the road to happiness and stop the train burdened with its joys. But as we grew older and as we observed closer the thought occurred to us that inasmuch as we were all children of the same parentage and all striving for the same end, which meant after all naught but human happiness, we concluded to shift our music—to give the world something that would meet with approval. And in the minds of many we were right. Why should a man with a pencil and type proceed to inflame the weak and discontented? Why should a man paint pictures of deep despair when he knows that the sun is shining somewhere? If a fire breaks out in an opera house and some cool-headed man comes to the stage and holds the audience and prevents a stampede he is lauded for his coolness and his courage. He knows the fire is burning, but he knows that a stampede would be more serious than the flames. But when some of the newspapers see a chance to turn in a false alarm, see an opportunity to jump astride some corporation and thus tickle the little souls of poverty, that is shiftless and indolent, and makes the jump alone in order to gather in a few dimes and pennies from the discontented, there are even those who applaud them and say their editors are brave. They are not brave, but arrant cowards; greedy gluttons who would enrich themselves by preying upon the happiness of others. The grandstand and hot-air artist has been a long time with us. He is recognized and tolerated and the general public, which claims to be discriminating, and which is not, supports the disturber of the peace and votes him a great "journalist" with leather lungs and the mob howls and still howls "Bravo!"

Naturally when a woman worth sixty millions dies suddenly some people may wonder if there was any crooked work, but so far as has developed there was no motive in the Bingham mystery.

### We Strenuously Object.

It may be all right to hesitate about adopting the phonetic system of spelling; it may be all right to cling to our idols lest we drop them and crush them all, but we strenuously object to newspaper writers employing the word shipped in speaking of the remains of a citizen. The word somehow is harsh. The story of the death—the flowers, the tears, all those things mingled together and weighing perhaps on a heavy heart to read that the remains were "shipped." It sounds too much like commerce, too much like merchandise. Let us say the remains were sent—it sounds better; it is more subdued; it is sufficiently suggestive and we believe should always be used. The man died and his remains were sent to Kalamazoo or elsewhere—but he died and his remains were shipped to Kalamazoo—never!

North Carolina will raise the five thousand men to see that order is sustained. That will be easily done.

### Looks Like Hard Luck.

The news from the west, from Seattle, that twelve thousand ship builders will go on a strike Saturday because satisfactory wages cannot be gotten looks bad for Uncle Sam just now. Too many strikes threatened. In San Francisco there are something like twenty-five thousand people on a strike, street cars are tied up, traffic is about suspended and no end seems in sight. Uncle Sam is having internal troubles, and unless he can straighten them out it will go hard just now when all wheels should be in motion making munitions of war.

## THE DRAFT ON AGAIN SOON

Everybody is wondering when the next draft will be made—when the next army will be called for training camps. There seems to be a great deal of doubt on the subject, and this article from the Danville Bee is of interest, as it ventures into speculation and perhaps gets the right deduction. The Bee says:

Three hundred thousand drafted men are now at the thirty-two cantonments or on their way thither. This represents approximately 45 per cent of the first draft army of about 687,000 men. The national guard under that name has ceased to exist and is only referred to for convenience by that name to distinguish the guardsmen from the drafted men, who are to be known as the national army. Hereafter all the troops will be United States army troops without any differentiating distinction of name or title. The whole force will be organized into divisions and regiments, the latter to consist of approximately 3,500 men each.

On the day of the mobilization of the first major increment of the drafted men Secretary of War Baker and department chiefs appeared before the Senate finance committee with a request for the provision of an additional \$287,000,000 with which to provide equipment for a total force of 2,300,000 men. This may be taken to indicate that as soon as the 687,000 men of the first draft are housed in the cantonments another army will be called for from the men already numbered in the registration and drawn numbers. The next draft will probably call for fully 687,000 more men. Deducting two drafts of 687,000 each from 2,300,000 men for which equipment is asked, there remain 936,000 to make up that grand total. This probably represents the number of men now in the regular army and national guard commands.

It has been made clearly apparent recently that the reason the government has not proceeded more expeditiously in ordering the volunteers and national guardsmen to camps is that it had been physically impossible to provide for them. The average man is just faintly beginning to realize the magnitude of the task devolving upon the war department in selecting, organizing, quartering, equipping and providing for feeding and clothing such an unprecedented number of men in a few months. We are now beginning to realize what preparedness on a large scale and in a short time means. Armed men cannot be caused to spring from the soil at the mere waving of some magic wand, as the unthinking appear to have anticipated.

Of course the blackmailing story circulated freely at first against the police and now against some individual won't stand on its own legs. That is pure fiction, and it doesn't bolster up in any way a very bad situation.

### As An Illustration.

If any one wants to understand why prices are high, let him look at the figures on steel. President Wilson cut the price just in half, and that was satisfactory to all, concerned, and wages were not lowered. If the President can cut the price on steel, it is hoped he will find a way to cut in on other things. No reason in the world why prices should be so high; and, while it may be socialistic to suggest it, it is time the government took a hand all along the line.

The Central Carolina Fair is now assured, with bigger and better attractions all the way around than ever.

### Anticipated Him.

Guilford county anticipated Governor Bickett, at least Greensboro did when she organized her rifle club. The Governor is now calling for five thousand home guards or whatever they may be called. He wants enough men ready to act to suppress any kind of a riot that might occur. The chances are that no riot will occur, especially if the citizens are prepared to suppress an uprising.

When Mr. Garland Daniel called for the organization of a rifle club it was at once agreed to be quite the thing. Apart from its being protection in case of an uprising of any sort, it furnishes innocent amusement and is a worth while organization. Greensboro feels rather good over the fact that she took the lead in this important movement that now promises to be state wide and which is officially endorsed by the Governor.

Gaston Means is feeling very well, he says, while doing time in the Concord jail. It is rather hard on a man who has been so lavish with money and automobiles to sit in a cell all day, but Gaston isn't through yet. He comes from a family of lawyers and he perhaps knows a twist or two himself.

And of course it is understood that we get no circus this season, but we have plenty of amusement at the play houses.

Sunday is the last day of September, and we don't care if it is. Do you?

## GOOD TIMES HIGH PRICES

The country seems to be loaded up with ready money, and as long as that lasts times will be good. It may take fifty cents to buy a pound of butter, but if the fifty cents is on hand it really makes no difference. Back in 1893 you couldn't get hold of the fifty cents. Butter then was offered at twenty cents a pound and many people cut it out because they couldn't afford it. In those days you would see an all-wool suit of clothing in a show window marked at five dollars, but the five dollars couldn't be gotten, and therefore times were hard, while products were shamefully low.

Those were the free silver years—the years when bankers in the west hung signs in their windows, at least, that no money could be borrowed, and if you got a hundred dollars you had to give a gold bond; nothing else would do. Free silver was the great craze, and gold bugs feared disaster, or at least pretended to, and while crops were plentiful and everything ridiculously cheap no one could buy. Silver was worth about forty-three cents an ounce and Bryan wanted to coin it and say it was worth one hundred cents. Coin Harvey, with a theory that looked good, demoralized the world, and finally free silver and its advocates dropped out.

The last quotation we saw on silver was something over a dollar an ounce, and you hear nothing about double standards of money and you hear nothing about the tariff. You simply hear some war talk, some high-price talk, some wonder talk about what will happen, and the mail each day brings you the glad tidings that all kinds of articles in your particular business have advanced in price, and you grin and bear it.

Just when this will end is guess work, but end it must. The prices now are absolutely fictitious; there is neither reason nor sense in what is on, and some day the bottom will fall out. Metal markets fluctuate without reason. Paper is worth what it happens to be quoted for. The other day we wired for quotations on paper in carload lots and received replies and prices varied as much as twenty per cent—apparently just the mood of the fellow offering the quotation. One good house said it could offer a bargain at a certain figure, and it looked good in the face of bills previously rendered, and within an hour another house just as good quoted paper thirty cents a hundred pounds less—and there you go. There was no reason for such a difference in price; it was all mill stuff, and the jobber simply was doing the best he could.

A young man the other day told us that he didn't see how people could live on the present salaries, and said he had just paid fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes his wife ordered, while another man was complaining because he had to pay a dollar for half-soling his wife's shoes, whereas a year ago it cost but sixty cents. The older woman had learned the lesson of economy, but where under the sun are we going when young men on salaries much less than a hundred a month cannot resist the temptation to pay fifteen dollars for a pair of shoes?

Wonderful age it is. Forty years ago, when we were on the pike and looked toward the east—long before the sun was setting, that was—to pay three dollars for a pair of shoes was going some. Five dollars for a pair of French kid boots—elegant tops in Morocco leather and the real thing—was considered a sin against mankind, and the one daring enough to attempt such extravagance was considered a capitalist or a crook. But nowadays they tell us that in the big cities twenty-five and thirty dollars is considered a small price for the latest thing for milady in footwear.

In those old years, and, b'gosh, they were happy years, printers stood at the case ten hours a day and worked for seven and eight dollars a week, and married and reared their families and owned their homes. Nowadays to get twenty dollars or fifteen dollars and be unable to live is the cry—and things still going up. Just where we are going to get off is the problem that the philosopher cannot solve. To keep on advancing is impossible. Some day there must come the reverse; the pendulum must swing the other way. In the 1893 panic, with the election of McKinley and the war with Spain, we rapidly got back the momentum, and instead of profiting from the sad experience of hard times and almost starvation in many places, because in December of 1893 there were six million idle men, men who wanted to work, we were soon on high speed and forgot all about it.

And we are on higher speed than ever. With the terrible lesson of the war across the seas; the fact that the allies have been forced to borrow of us nearly three billion ounces in gold; the fact that the world is really right now impoverished if it undertook to square accounts, we keep on going headlong, dizzy and undaunted, and the question will not down: "Where are we going to get off?"