



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS AND ON TRAINS

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PRO-GERMAN NEWSPAPERS

The Columbia State offers no apologies and makes no words. In double leads it hands this down, which is worth presenting with the idea to let it soak in:

The pro-German newspapers in the United States are out spoken in the denunciation of the folly of Luxemburg, Eckhardt, Zimmerman and Bernstorff. They say that "German diplomacy" is stupid, but they are especially careful not to hold the imperial German government responsible for it. They speak of the German diplomats as though they were not the agents of the German emperor, as though they were not representative of it, as though they were its blind and infatuated betrayers. Never a word drops into the printed columns of one of them that these German worthies have simply obeyed orders. They do not hint that Bernstorff would not have dared to ask of his government a sum of money to influence the American Congress unless he had expected his request to have favorable consideration, and they ignore the circumstance that he was received with honor upon his return to Berlin and subsequently sent to another important diplomatic post.

In short, they shut their eyes to the real significance of Secretary Lansing's revelations. That significance is that the German diplomatic corps is the accurate exponent of the German government, giving voice abroad to its standards at home and putting into execution its methods. However true it is that Bernstorff, Eckhardt and Luxemburg forgot their obligations as guests, that they engaged in treacherous and sometimes murderous designs, villainously abusing the hospitality of the States to which they were accredited, the important truth is that they were mere agents obeying instructions and there is complete absence of evidence that their home government has disapproved of them or has been in the least ashamed of them so long as they were not caught.

With wily perseverance pro-German newspapers in America make scapegoats of the wretched instruments of Hohenzollern perfidy in order that the perfidy itself may be obscured.

The State is everlastingly right. Every newspaper that is not now whole-hearted and loyal to the flag is a traitor to the country and should be suppressed. Already the following papers have been cut out, and others are to be refused admission:

- The Masses, a New York socialist publication.
- The Cleveland Socialist, of Cleveland, Ohio.
- Labor, a socialist newspaper in St. Louis.
- The Texas Rebel, a socialist newspaper published at Hallettsville, Texas.
- The American Socialist, the official organ of the socialist party in the United States, published at Chicago.
- The Jeffersonian, Tom Watson's magazine, advocating repeal of the draft law.
- The Ball, an Irish-American publication strongly sympathetic to the German cause published in New York by Jeremiah O'Leary.

The Central Carolina Fair will be a big show, and all of Greensboro should help to make it bigger.

Cold Blooded.

The American Association of Progressive Medicine has held a meeting in Chicago and proposes to ask of certain states legislation authorizing the lawful execution of aged, infirm or suffering persons who really want to die. It is stated that consent of the incubable or aged, by a court of three appointed physicians or the judgment of a special commission would be necessary before execution. The method of death would be left to the various legislatures.

Now, by all the bloomin' barbarians in the world, what do you think of that? It was Amar who first explained that in jars and pottery there were seconds and that they were thrown aside, and it has been suggested by some fish-blooded cult that babies, if born blind or deformed or crippled for life, should be chloroformed before they were a week old; but to come in and ask that old people who were mentally tortured and felt that they should die should be put out of the way—well, that is Progression run wild.

In the live stock world the runt pig is killed, the animal that is crippled is speedily disposed of; but mankind has forever held that the weakling, the unfortunate, should receive the fullest sympathy, and that is an expression of the human nature that is supposed to be better than that of the brute. But to take old people or infirm people and let three doctors decide that they should be put out of the way, such a suggestion coming from anything but a crowd of doctors or cannibals causes the flesh to creep. It is getting to be a world run mad.

And how to get it is the great problem now confronting a hundred million people who will be shivering pretty soon.

DIFFERENT NOW: MONEY TALKS

In the olden times the great human butchers led a war of conquest—their satisfaction was in the glory of prowess and to take a city for the purpose of sacking and destroying it seemed to be their chief delight. A proud and opulent city was captured, the gold and silver and precious loot were taken and divided and soon cast away; but the man who won the distinction, who was the chief and distinctive it, the fellow striving to secure the Carnegie hero medal, was not out to swell his bank account, but to add to his gory belt the scalps of beleaguered cities; to apply the torch and relentlessly pursue human beings. He loved to gaze upon the fire-lit heavens, if the conflagration was of his making, and the cries of agony and distress ascending from the throats of his countless victims was music, sweet and soothing. The Alexanders, the Caesars, the Hannibals, the Tamerlanes, the Marlboroughs, the Fredericks and the Bonapartes, they were not the Generals of Finance which we have today, but theirs was a genius in another trend; they sought glory and achieved glory by dying their country in blood and by making ash heaps where proud palaces had reared their heads. It was always a war of conquest in those days, as it is a war of conquest in these days, but gold today is the prize fought for and won, and the generals in the conflict are no less grim and desperate than those who waged a war with powder, spear and torch.

In the old days when military captains, diked out in their braids of gold and tinsel, with golden badges and the cross of honor for having killed more than one who did not wear it, the insignia of office; the glittering trappings; the excitement of the tented field—those were the things that appealed to those grim tragedians; and today the reveille is sounded from the counting room—the typewriter and the ticker do what cannon and shell did in the old days in the fierce game of conquest.

When the wars ended, when those who fought had won or lost, were overpowered or subdued, or had triumphed because of the rout and scout of the so-called enemy—and the enemy was perhaps but defending his home, his native land—there was applause for the returning troopers; there was glory for the brave generals who had killed men and murdered men and ravished women and applied the torch to happy homes.

But in this day and age—this age when Socialism barks and whines just outside the gates; these days when men who are not successful would tear down those who are; these desperate days when all men want a million and are satisfied with no less, and all trying to achieve, we have a crowd of bespangled reformers, beating their drums and blowing their horns, and each one with a newspaper or a magazine to sell.

Tom Watson is a warrior with paper bullets; so is Bob La Follette—he prints a monthly to give vent to his fulminations, and the Appeal to Reason is a veritable arsenal; but happily many of the magazines and newspapers are being put out of existence—and soldiers are going to the front.

Instead of forming an army, like Old Man Villa down in Mexico, the average American revolutionist these days starts a newspaper or magazine, violates the postal laws and appeals to the mob to sustain him.

Injuring The Cause.

A Washington dispatch of recent date says concerning one of the caged picketers released from bondage:

Telling the warden she was sorry she picketed the White House and promising not to do it again, Mrs. Bertha M. Jackson, of Baltimore, today obtained her release from the work house at Occoquan. She had been sentenced to thirty days in default of \$25 fine. Militant tactics, she said after she had been released, are injuring the cause of suffrage.

And Mrs. Bertha was doubtless right in her conclusion. The cause of suffrage is growing, but men are not going to be bulldozed or coerced. The women of the South want suffrage, but they want the men who are the voters to give it to them because of the merits of the question. The women who made such fools of themselves in Washington gave suffrage the blackest eye it has lately received. The militant suffragette has done the cause infinite harm. The women of America are today showing the men that they are entitled to suffrage—to a seat at the council table. The American women took the initiative in the war work; they are doing anything and everything even to plowing and running cars and elevators. They are loyal and intelligent and level-headed citizens who should assist in making this a greater nation. And if the militants will ring off in their foolish efforts, woman suffrage will be universal a great deal sooner than otherwise.

A Liberty Bond is simply investing your money at a good rate of interest. Get it out of your head that you are giving away your money.

SOCIALISM IS VAIN DREAM

Socialism is at best a dream, a Utopian dream apotheosized by Bellamy in his impossible Looking Backward; the vagary of the mind distorted by want and lack of capability to do; a fierce, wild dream of something for nothing; the outpouring of a heart sad and dissatisfied, but lacking all that is practical or practicable. The Socialist claims that capital is wrong; but no one ever becomes a socialist until he has made a dismal failure in striving to secure capital, unless he be a grafter, and pretends to endorse socialism in order that it may boost him into something or other.

The theory of socialism is something that irresistibly appeals to man. It is the creation of a world with divine realities; a world where every man is a comrade, a brother; all on the same level of social recognition, and all of the brotherhood assuming the financial obligations. No want, no greed, no avarice, no jealousy; nothing but smooth sailing o'er calm seas, and ever an outstretched hand for the unfortunate or stricken one. The glad hand and smile of welcome from every soul you meet; sunshine in the darkest days, and happiness singing its songs of love both day and night. No turmoil; no discord; no envy; the Brotherhood of Man perfected; an ideal world—such a world as has been promised beyond the grave to those who fear God and who love Him. And the socialist would set up such a world here—here among the passions and conflicting emotions of men; here where strife is ever ready to crush and strike; here where greed knocks down and walks over the bleeding bones of helpless weaklings; here where jealousy is ever enthroned; here in this hard work-a-day world where the Rich Man and Lazarus have ever been.

Socialism would change the conditions of commerce, the conditions of society; it would wipe out a world of history and traditions of six thousand years; it would deny that traits of character are transmitted from sire to son; it would, with the twinkling of an eye, make white black and black white; it would transform the world as it is by magic, and make true a dream more false than lived by Alchemists of old. In the strange conditions which it would adopt it would build cities; it would own all public utilities; it would crush individual ambition; it would bring a chilling blight on all grand dreams of conquest, whether of wealth or power; it would put a dull edge on the blade of Love and clothe Ambition in the cerements of the grave. The spirit of adventure and exploration would be subdued, and had socialism spread its mantle of languor o'er the world five hundred years ago the peoples of the earth would have lived forever in a world flat and circumscribed and the Western World would never have been discovered. There would have been no Clive to restore and plunder India; no Stanley to penetrate the dark recesses and jungles of Africa; no Cecil Rhodes to build empires, and no George Francis Train to span the continent of America with iron bands. Like crowded maggots in a cheese—no distinction and no need of it. Naught but a crowd of loungers; bowels well filled and nothing doing. No mansions reared by multimillionaires, for there would be none; no twenty-story office structures of steel and clay for busy men who toil both day and night; nothing but tents like those of the Arab sheik or like those pitched by Abraham on the plains of Mamre; no splendid courts of Babylon or Persepolis; no gay equipages for the men who toiled and won; the man with ten talents passing nine of them to neighbors who had but one; a community of dependents, the drone on Easy street while industry toiled to keep him there.

That would be socialism. It would be the Impossible—with no existence but in a dream. Socialists deny all these things. They say their theory is tangible—and no one can answer them, because logic, horse sense and cold facts in no way appeal to them.

If we remind them that all our dreams fail of their realization; that Hope is the greatest and bravest warrior of the world; that no matter how often he is disappointed, no matter how many times he is knocked down and dragged out, he still comes back smiling and radiant and leads us on—they say "They know." If we remind them that when the young man and the young maiden first pledge their troth that they live in a world where naught but fairy forms disport themselves; that he knows and she knows that when they are married the world will change for them; that then the transformation comes and from the weed-choked field springs a vast garden with fragrant perfumes and burning buds and they alone will be the favored butterflies to sip the sweets and nectar which the gods have given, and that dream is rudely brushed away as, alas, it always is, they tell us that it will not be so with socialism. Where was ever a sweeter dream than that enjoyed by the maiden who walked the narrow aisle to the altar's rail; who stood before the solemn man of God and pledged her vow of love; who held her velvet hand so that trembling fingers of him who was all the world to her could place the wedding ring; who heard the mad, wild bells ring for joy for love requited; who felt the thrill and melody of passion fierce and pure; who lived the joy that she was a bride

JAP MISSION SIGNIFICANT

The Japanese, the Yellow Peril which Hobson saw in dreams, have a mission in this country and it is showing us the friendly relations that exist between the two nations. In speaking of the present visit the New York Herald says that "the Japanese who comprised the first mission from that country to the United States in 1860 were strangers in a strange land. The members of the mission which New York will welcome today are friends in a land of friends. Coming as representatives of the emperor, the government and the people of a nation that is America's ally in the world's greatest war, they are assured a welcome not merely cordial but enthusiastic."

"It was from a land of daimios and samurai, a land just emerging from centuries of seclusion, that the first Japanese to visit New York came. Of western methods and western civilization they knew nothing. The mission welcomed today comes from a Japan virile, progressive, up to date measured by the highest standards of the western world; a Japan that has profited by adaptation and assimilation of all that is best of western life, without surrendering anything of the good of her older civilization, thereby winning a place in the front rank of the world's nations."

"Japan has sent us of her best. The man who leads her mission bears a title earned by able, faithful, intelligent work in her diplomatic service. Viscount Ishii was an untitled secretary of legation when he went through the Boxer siege at Peking. He rose to be minister of foreign affairs and holds ambassadorial rank. His associates also are men distinguished in their lines. The welcome that is assured them is grounded upon admiration for the land they represent, a land always America's friend."

Scientifically Expressed.

It has been a habit and a custom of ours truly to always profit from what we see and hear. The other day in inspecting a sleeping car—and we were not trying to ride the trucks, no, not at all—we saw stenciled on the heavily riveted boiler underneath which holds the hot air and steam these words:

"Four tanks No. 830. Combined capacity, 752 cubic feet at ten atmospheres."

Now get on to that. So whenever you hear a populistic spellbinder out talking to the people, and you want to know something about his capacity, his lung capacity, just find out how many tanks he has; get an idea of the combined capacity in the matter of cubic feet at ten atmospheres, and then congratulate yourself that he didn't have, say, twice that number of tanks and twenty atmospheres.

Things Unequal.

The luscious grape, with purple tinge and sun-kissed glories, goes to wine and, mellowed with the tender hand of time, creeps through the gray cells of wearied brain and gives the Hired Man the Jimmies.

While corn and rye, fresh from the fair fields, matured and ripened, are chocked into the vat where moonshiners' stills abound, making likker red and rank, so that he who quaffs may strangle his mother-in-law with impunity and great eclat.

But the golden plum, sun-kissed and purple, too, is greedily snatched from its parent stem and laid on the horse stable roof, dried and seasoned and served to the hungered ones of the boarding house across the way as pale-blue prunes.

And thus is inequality in Nature.

Mr. Heflin Quits.

Mr. Heflin didn't resign, oh, no; but he turned off his wind works and hasn't accused any more Congressmen of being red handed in corruption. The honest members of the house were about to make it very warm for Thomas, and he drew in his horns. Happily the day of the gallery orator is passing. People have the numbers of the grandstand flapoodle ones, and what they say doesn't go far.

All that glitters is not gold—but suppose it was; you would have to hustle to get your share.

at last? That was as a socialistic dream. But, hark! there was a rude awakening. When that white lamb was shorn by the hand of lust and offered as a sacrifice on the altar of Gold or Convenience, her shattered idols fell—fell and crumbled and lay beneath her feet. No matter how nearly the after life came to being an ideal one; no matter how much she loved her or how much she loved him, there never was seen in the realism of their lives the delicate shades and shadows, the fairy forms of love high leaping as her heart turned to her eager eyes. Anticipation was always a hopeful sister. Realization, stern and pitiless, excludes theories and gives us boneless facts.

Dream on, thou torn and tattered remnants of perfection, shreds of shattered hopes and crushed ambitions dream on; dream on thou shaggy dog of Gullibility lying in the sun today; dream on ye workers begrimed with smut; dream on and forever on of that Arcadia where want and hunger and woe and sorrow are unknown, that socialistic heaven which is never to be of earth—dream on, toil on, and die!

THINK CLAUD LOSING OUT

The Rocky Mount Telegram, doubtless not as enthusiastic for Claude Kitchin as some of the people in the east, has this to say:

Colonel Al Fairbrother, of the Greensboro Record, seems to think that "as a congressman Claude Kitchin is liable to die in the harness. He is just about invincible in his district," and while we respect the editor's opinion all right and, in fact, we at times have our very serious doubts that he isn't correct, yet on the other hand there seems to be a growing discontent and as the folks in Mr. Kitchin's district read more and think more there isn't as much in the way of applause as was once accorded him. And the fact that the congressman's father allowed ambition to get too high with him and it worked his defeat, is pointed to by the Greensboro editor as an exception to the traditions of the Kitchin family, while we think it is rather much of the rule and it hasn't been so long since we remember that a former governor tried to supplant the present chairman of the finance committee in the United States senate. In the meantime we can but watch and wait.

True, there was an ex-Governor who sought to secure the place held by Simmons, but there is a deal of difference in the situation so far as Claude is concerned. Claude is already in the saddle and he is a fighter from away back. Possession is with him almost ten points in the law. Brother "Bill," you must remember, was attempting to take Simmons' job from him, and the man who runs against Claude will be relatively in the same position Brother Bill was in.

Claude Kitchin doesn't always vote like many think he should vote, but most all people down this way have concluded that he is honest, that he is able, and when it comes to putting him out to send an obscure man to Washington—obscure so far as national life is concerned—voters will hardly do it. Claude Kitchin stands a very good chance of dying in the harness, no matter how long he lives.

Still Multiplying.

Anent the white paper wantonly destroyed each day in sending punk to the press the Marshville Home says:

Fairbrother's Everything refers to the enormous waste of white paper used by the hundreds of tons of paper used by the various governmental agencies in sending press circulars to the newspapers, the bulk of which goes into waste baskets without being opened. The greater portion of it is dry and uninteresting as it is written, and is not in shape to attract or hold the attention of readers. These agencies that supply the press have, it seems, multiplied tenfold since the war began, and their printed matter fills up the waste baskets in newspaper offices every few days, and still the volume grows. Here is, indeed, one place where the principles of conservation and economy might well be very profitably applied. If printed matter must be supplied by governmental agencies, an expert should be employed to condense it and put it in readable form before it is sent to the newspapers.

Even the state of North Carolina has news bureaus sending out stuff by the ton which fills the yawning maws of editorial waste baskets. This office receives from fifteen to twenty letters a day that are never opened. "Punk!" exclaims the recipient of the mail, and they are tossed in the waste basket. Many of them carry stamps—most of them from Raleigh. Seeing the above item, we counted yesterday the number of parcels received from citizen sources and to our surprise there were eighty-one of them, and every day that number of pieces of literature, absolutely wasted, come to this office. We take it that every printing office is on the list, and the conclusion is that tons of paper and thousands of dollars in postage and transportation are daily lost. Why not conservation along this line instead of wasting so much precious material?

Slush Fund.

And so it happens that Mr. Bernstorff, who wept copiously when diplomatic relations with his country were broken off, wasn't such an ardent believer in America after all. It appears that he was using German gold to influence lawmakers to see that America didn't declare war against Germany. The whole German plot, as it develops, was a wonderful system, turned, and as we get the facts in the case the more we feel justified for what we have done and are doing. America came in just in time. It had been on in this country for many years. It is now evident that Germany was always afraid of the part America would play when she launched her war against France and England. The fact that America is doing just what Germany was plotting and spending money to keep her from doing certainly gives no inspiration to the kaiser. America will decide the issue, and the issue is to be nothing but the annihilation of the German empire. Already it is tottering. Already the tide has