



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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THE GERMANS GETTING WISE

The news item carried the other day concerning the mutiny in Germany's high sea fleet was important news. It suggests that there is unrest and that one of these days when the Germans in the trenches thoroughly understand there will be mutiny on land. Reviewing this incident of mutiny one day this week the New York Herald gives us an article worth reading. It says that "day by day fresh proofs of the unsparring biting into the crumbling granite of German defense come out of the irresistible advances of the allies. Germany is disintegrating, and the seething unrest of its military, naval, economic, social and political finds fresh illustration also day by day in the converging facts that crowd to a focus."

"On the western front no hour seems to be complete without its story of the abject surrender or the craven degeneration of the miserable thousands that have been ground into chaff by the mills of German heartlessness in order that the brutal, outworn and ignoble dynasty of the Hohenzollerns may be saved. But of all the symptoms of disease, decay and gangrene none is so ominous for the Huns as the doom overshadowing and promised by the mutiny in the high sea fleet."

"Nowhere in the annals of sea history is there a record that the liberties of a country ever had been subverted by its navy. Granted, revolutions from China to Peru where the fleet has determined the issue; granted, also, the historic mutinies of Spithead and of the Nile, of that in minor degree in France when the unmentionable Pelletan socialized the fleet, and later of that when the Baltic and Black sea fleets wavered in their loyalty to a struggling democracy of despair. Behind all these, however, was always an explanation, if not an excuse, based on the unrest and ill treatment of both officers and men. Hence, if history be philosophy teaching by example, similar reasons must have existed for the blood and iron protest in the German fleet against treatment not justified by the impending outcome of the war."

"It is a curious circumstance that heretofore the leaders of all mutinies, except that in Russia, have been anxious to deal gently with their officers. Not so in Germany, for in the revolt of the four battleships against its grinding, brutal and harsh naval discipline one captain was thrown overboard and the fate of the other officers remains so far undisclosed."

"Is it any wonder, then, that such a revolt should be organized when, as illustrative of German theories, the kaiser, without any legal inquiry, without even a drumhead court-martial, could of his own will decree that one out of seven mutineers should be hanged and others be sentenced to years of imprisonment? Such is the autocracy the world is fighting, and one of the most pregnant illustrations that its doom is sealed is that afforded by the attempt, unsuccessful as it has been, to secure peace by the mutiny affair."

The pro-Germans are now accused of attempting to discredit the Liberty Loan. What is needed is about a hundred first class hangings in this country—let the pronounced and defiant pro-German traitors understand that this is America and Americans are running it.

The State Fair was a great success, and Woman's Day was a record breaker. All of which suggests that a Congresswoman is greater than a Congress man.

They Came.
Three suffragettes, women who believe in annoying the President while he has on his shoulders the greatest load ever borne by any man; women who believe that by demanding something that should be secured otherwise; women who apparently are shameless and manish, came to town and spoke under the auspices of the police force. In other words, the suffrage party of North Carolina, the party that believes in being orderly and decent, which is trying to put on a campaign of education and prove that women should have the ballot refused to recognize their misguided sisters, and therefore they took the open street and harrassed a crowd of curious rabble from an automobile.

Men who hear this kind of ranting go away disgusted with woman suffrage. The Congressional Union so-called has done much to retard the growth of universal suffrage as proposed by the leaders of suffrage work. The talk last night in Greensboro amounted to nothing except it did harm. No matter what one of these wild women would say, the manner in which it is said, the place it is said, the whole thing suggests an exhibition of unwomanly conduct and makes against a cause that will some day win on its merits.

Happily the state organization refused to recognize these sisters; refused absolutely to take them in charge; neither sheltered them nor introduced them; therefore what they had to say about suffrage fell on ears that heeded not. But as there is no law against their coming or going, the hope is that they are happy.

Fresh oysters are in the market, and the months have "r's" in them, but it also takes a five dollar bill in the pocket to get enough of the bivalves to go around. Hence the oyster is saying nothing.

THE SOCIALIST IS DECEIVED

Socialists are still talking peace in many quarters, preaching that the war is hell and should not be. Might as well talk against storms; against fire; against taxes—all these things are and must be. Just now war is on and every man should be a patriot. The New York Journal of Finance sizes the situation up in the proper way in the following article. It says that "socialists in this country, if they believe in their own doctrine as a means of benefiting the mass of the people and advancing the cause of free government, make a deplorable mistake in allowing themselves to fall into pacifism at this time. It puts their influence, whatever it may be, on the side of the most autocratic government on earth and hinders the cause which they profess to regard as sacred. Their fundamental doctrine may be against war between nations and in favor of universal peace. So is that of all democracies; but, when there is actual war, it is inevitable that it should work in effect either for or against that doctrine according to the result. Anything that is for freedom and equality, for an equal chance in the world and for enduring peace, must now be on the side of utterly defeating the power that brought on this war."

"It is bad enough that there should be Socialists in this country at this time exerting their influence on the side of Germany, which is the necessary effect of pacifism at this time when we are at war with that country. Not all of them by any means are doing it. Many are earnest patriots and supporters of the government of their country. The result is that pacifism is dividing their ranks and weakening them for anything they may hope to accomplish hereafter. In this city there is a Socialist candidate for mayor in the person of Morris Hillquit, who is acting as pro-German in the character of a pacifist. There is of course not the slightest chance of his becoming mayor, as he is necessarily working against the re-election of Mitchell, who is an ardent patriot and earnest supporter of the government. The professed Republican candidate, Bennett, is virtually working in the same cause as Hillquit, and it is to be hoped that the effect will be not to divide the support of the present mayor or to weaken it, but to unite and strengthen it. Genuine Republicans and Democrats and Socialists alike should be in favor of true American and sound government in the nation and the city."

The University of Missouri has put in about 2000 tons of coal as a precaution against a possible shortage of cars and a consequent sharp advance in the price of fuel, later in the year. This stroke of foresight, it is probably hoped, will enable the class in practical economic, next winter, to view the coal situation, as it affects the mass of the people, with greater calmness than if the teachers and students were uncomfortable from lack of heat radiation.

The People Talking.
We have had several prominent citizens tell us that they endorse the position of The Record concerning the proposition to employ a whole time county superintendent to engage in welfare work. They say that the more they think of the possibilities of such a field, the more and more they are convinced that the county commissioners could not make a better investment.

One man said that the talk about not having \$1,800 to invest in such a laudable scheme was true, in a measure, but that in emergency this county could raise ten times that amount. Taxes are levied for the support of the institutions we now have, and can be levied to maintain any cause that is demanded. While the proposed office to be created is something new, it is worth trying out, and in a rich county like Guilford we all know ways and means can be provided to furnish the small sum asked by the Welfare League. The sentiment in favor of this expenditure is growing; and the Commissioners would make no mistake in appropriating the small sum to assist in the prevention of crime. The net result would doubtless be a saving, direct to the tax payers of a great deal more money than asked for. And a good investment is always worth while. This is leaving out of the equation the greater consideration that citizens for the state will be saved.

Treason is defined, but those guilty of treason seem to be getting away with it.

Real Estate In Demand.
The many different land sales being successfully conducted these days shows that the average American citizen feels that if he has his money in land the kaiser can't get that. And that is why real estate is advancing. With wheat fixed at two dollars a bushel the average farmer can see a fortune ahead of him, provided he can secure labor. All kinds of agricultural products are in great demand these days and the man with a small town lot can make some money if he cultivates it. Cotton and Tobacco are making planters rich—and real estate is the one investment that seems the best.

Many of the active pro-German workers have shed their skins and are now outdoing the most pronounced critic of kaiser Bill.

WHERE RICHES DON'T COUNT

We have written, and hope to keep on writing, along the lines that money—gold, is not all of life by a jug full, and the other day we found this story, which was claimed to be a translation—which bears on the subject: exactly to our way of thinking. Accordingly we reproduce it in the hope that it may do some good—that some poor devil who sees only big houses and fine lands and something for his bowels may take a second, sober thought. It is as follows:

Just at the time when the earth was full of joy, and it was hardest to die, for sweet flowers were blooming, two men took the road to heaven, a rich man and a poor one. They had lived next door to each other on earth; the poor man in a hut, while a sumptuous house was the rich man's abode. But death makes no difference, and so it happened that they both died at the same time, and now they were walking in silence near each other.

But the road was very steep, and the rich man found it hard work, and soon fell behind. The poor man reached heaven quickest, but he was afraid to knock, so he sat down quietly and thought: "Let me wait for my neighbor; perhaps he dares knock at the gate." After a long time the rich man arrived, and, finding heaven closed, began to shake the gate violently, making such a noise that Peter came running breathlessly, and, on seeing the two men, said to the rich one:

"That was you, no doubt, who could not wait. I should not think you would care to make yourself so conspicuous, for we have no good reports of you in heaven. But we will see what next. Come both in"—and Peter helped the poor man rise.

They found themselves in an immense hall, with many doors, and benches along the walls. "Sit here and rest," said Peter, "and profit well by my absence to decide what you wish, for your wish will be fully granted. Only consider well, for there is no chance later. And forget nothing before it is too late."

When Peter returned, he asked if they had made up their minds. The rich man jumped up at once, and said he wanted a magnificent dinner, better than a king's palace, and the best food every day—roasts and vegetables and jams and chocolate; then a comfortable arm-chair, and a beautiful wrapper of green satin, and the daily paper, so he might know the news. Peter looked at him sadly, and asked:

"And nothing else?"
"Oh, yes; I also want my cellars full of gold."

"Very well," and Peter opened one of the many doors, and led the rich man into just such a palace as he had asked for, and told him he would find all as he had wished it to be. And so it was. But, when year after year had passed, and he had counted all his gold, and had every day a good dinner, and the paper had lost its interest, because it talked of people and things that were new to him, he found the time long, and he yawned.

"What can I do?" he thought. But he had all he had asked for, and he could have nothing else. And a hundred, two hundred, and then a thousand years passed. At last Peter opened the door again.

"Well," said he, "how do you like it?"
Then the man became very angry. "How do I like it?" he said. I do not like it at all—I hate it! How could you have such a miserable place in heaven?"

"In heaven!" says Peter. "But you are in hell, for you have wished for your own hell. Did you think we burned all sinners? Oh, no; those were old times. We now let people choose their own hell."

Terrified, the man sinks in his chair. Oh, yes, he knows now he is in hell, and eternity before him. He turns pitifully to Peter, and says:

"And how long is eternity?"
"Without end."

He began to weep bitterly, and Peter, feeling sorry, led him to the top of the house, and there, through a crack in the wall, he saw into heaven, but he had to stand on the tip of his toes and stretch his neck. There sat God in all his glory and all his angles round him. And all was joy!

"Oh, how beautiful!" cries the poor rich man. "But tell me, Peter, who is the man sitting at God's feet?"

"That is the poor man who lived near you on earth. After I had given you time to wish, and returned to ask him what he wanted, he begged for a little bench to sit at the feet of God, and his wish was granted, just as yours was granted to you."

And Peter walked noiselessly away before the rich man was aware of it, for he was still gazing into heaven, standing painfully on the very tip of his toes.

And when Peter returned after a thousand years, the rich man was still looking longingly into heaven, forgetting all other things, and unmindful of pain or fatigue. He did not hear Peter, who, putting his hand on the man's shoulder, said gently:

"Come, you have stood long enough—you are forgiven. I am to take you to heaven. Don't you think you might have chosen it from the beginning?"
And at last the poor and the rich live again near each other.

OLD NATURE DOES STUNT

The editor of the Milwaukee Journal has evidently been taking a vacation and has found time away from the relentless grind to touch hands with the Eternal and discover in Mother Nature the greatest of all physicians and most soothing and sympathetic of nurses: "Man, alone of all animals," he says, "comes into the open when hurt, craving companionship and the sympathy of his kind. Yet, were he wise, he would, like a wounded bird or deer, steal away, seeking from nature the healing balm which will send him back, strengthened, healed."

"When the spirit of man is sore stricken, provision lies somewhere for his restoration. Somewhere there is a place for him in the world hospital. Somewhere in the mysterious workshops of nature are laboratories for the making of a magic healing elixir."

"Men have assuredly found it true that nature can and does administer a healing portion, that she has her place of repair. They have found in the vital forces of air and sunshine, of lake, river and forest a place for readjusting the disturbed balances, for perfecting the broken perspective, for widening life's horizon. Herein is the ministry of the beautiful, the sacred office of consolation. Lavishly strewn all over the landscape, nature's beauty is within the reach of all men. The Divine artist intends that it shall not merely give us pleasure and delight, but that it shall as well improve us morally and leave us in our contemplation spiritually bettered."

These beautiful things in nature summon us indeed to admiration, to reverence, to worship, but they possess also a ministry to the soul in its sorrow, laying on the mind and heart, as on the body, the kindly, gentle touch which heals us of our fever and calms our unrest. They are not only to be looked at—certainly not to be made the scenes of mere pleasures—but are God's medicines to be received. For their effect is to wash us clean of our impurities and make us conscious of the tawdriness of our many strivings, the emptiness of the little, mean prizes we foolishly crave. Like streams from off the glory clad hills, like rivers from snowy mountains, they bring us enrichment and brighten the barrenness which sin has caused. So may, so should, so must the soul from the vision of beauty in sky and field, on hill and in secluded valleys, in dawn and sunset, go back again to the world as one who has for a moment at least touched hands with the invisible and in some hidden sanctuary felt the peace which passeth all understanding."

For the benefit of holders or prospective holders of the first Liberty Loan bonds, it may be stated, on the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, that there is no limit to the time, within the life of the loan itself, in which they may be converted into bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. On the other hand, a limit of six months is placed upon the convertibility of the second issue, in case war bonds bearing an interest rate higher than 4 per cent shall be offered. But it will be well to act promptly on bond conversion, as on everything else, so that the Treasury Department, which is very busy, shall be put to as little inconvenience as possible.

The Elks Minstrels.
The Elks and Red Cross are together this year in the minstrel show—each one to divide the profits—and both causes most worthy. The people with tickets for sale are now out, and the citizen who buys a ticket, even if he doesn't want to be entertained is only doing his duty. But the entertainment is first-class. The minstrels are all home folks; people you know, and to see a sedate fellow citizen done up in burnt cork doing stunts unlooked for is worth while. There will be two nights of this entertainment—it takes two nights to accommodate the Greensboro audience. Last year the Municipal Theatre was packed and every one attending voted the performance one of the best witnessed in this city.

This year it will be a really better minstrel show than last. So make up your mind to buy a ticket. The proceeds will be used for worthy causes—so even if you can't go yourself, if you have the price buy a ticket and pass it along to some friend who feels he hasn't the price just now. Remember a poor man can laugh as loud as a rich man providing his funny spot is touched, and the Greensboro Elks Minstrels touch the funny spot.

Go To Hear Them.
The Four Minute Men of Greensboro are doing good work these nights at the movies. All our citizens should make it a point to hear these citizens tell about the war and the need of funds to prosecute it. Tonight at three of the play houses local speakers talk.

Newspapers in Kansas are referring reminiscently to the declaration of Jerry Simpson, made not more than twenty years ago, that the farmers should receive a dollar a bushel for their wheat. The realization of what then appeared to be a dream of Populist agitators, seemed remote, if not impossible. It would be interesting to know just what would be the reception accorded to anyone who might tell the farmers of the West that they should now be satisfied with the price they so long idealized.

A MUNICIPAL WOOD YARD

The suggestion mentioned in yesterday's Record, that the city buy several hundred loads of wood and have it ready for a fuel famine has two sides. The first proposition is that if the city deals in wood and sells at cost it certainly should go a step further and deal in drugs and blankets and meat. That is the logic of the situation. Once upon a time, not many years ago the socialists of this city tried to force the city to take control of the meat market. Surely meat is more essential than coal—because if we have no food we don't want to keep warm.

The scarcity of wood and fuel; the chance that coal may be beyond the reach of cold people has suggested the idea to the Commissioners that they deal in wood. It is proposed to go out in the country, somewhere along the old Cape Fear road and buy several hundred cords—perhaps several thousand cords of wood, and bring it to town and let convicts help get it ready and let the city sell it at cost to the consumer. Theoretically only those really needing wood would be supplied, but in practice the city wood yard, if selling at cost, would supply every man in town. In other words a war measure would put out of business the wood dealer, and the wood dealer would have a right to want to know why crucify him under the pretext of necessity and let the coal dealer escape. The fact is it cannot be justified. If this city is to deal in wood, then by the same token, if equal rights are to be given to all, it must deal in coal. If it deals in coal then why not in meat? One is as essential as the other to sustain life.

If the city wanted to buy a half hundred cords of wood to furnish its poor, those who cannot buy wood, all well and good. But to start off the socialistic proposition of municipal owned wood yards, literally strangling the independent wood dealers, there is no justification for such a measure. None in the world. If we make it wood then make it coal and meat—and go the whole hog.

Now and then relief committees receive reports of suffering and destitution, and if coal and wood cannot be secured from dealers the city would only be as provident as the squirrel if it had on hand a small supply to furnish gratuitously to its dependent poor. But to go into the wood business, we hope the Commissioners will commit no such act of folly.

Why pick out the wood business? Let the Commissioners think long and well before they undertake to destroy the private business of individuals and especially draw the line between wood and coal dealers. That cannot; in honesty and fairness, be done.

The Food Campaign.
The great hurry up fright sent about food supply has resulted in getting all the people busy. One hundred million more bushels of potatoes were produced this year than last, and last year potatoes were cornered and sold three for a dime. This year the hope is that the government will see to it that the potato market is left open. If it is, with a hundred million bushels more on hand than last year, potatoes should sell at a low figure all winter. In the vegetable line millions of pounds were left to decay, but the canning clubs conserved other millions of pounds of the excess crop, and the chances are that while it took lots of noise to get the people to act, the nation's food supply is in better shape by thirty per cent than it would otherwise have been. All of which shows what publicity will do, if well directed.

Said Mr. Lloyd George recently, speaking of the war, at a private luncheon, "We have now reached the stage when the ordinary things of political life sink into insignificance by the side of the tremendous issues which are involved. I often think of the things we quarrelled about three, four, five and six years ago, and now I am amazed at the tremendous things we have in hand. The fate of millions of men and millions of money hang in the balance, and I feel angry when I see people worrying about the little things of yesterday and thinking those are the things that matter, and I say to these people, 'Are your eyes not open?' This is not time to bother. It will need all our strength, so do not let us throw it away."

While Greensboro is responding to the solicitation of those selling bonds, the ones in charge of the county allotment seem to think that there must be greater sales every day from this on if we are going to sell the million and a half counted on.

The different committees report good sales, but generally in small amounts. The largest sale reported to us is that where the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Co took a hundred thousand dollars worth. There may be other large purchasers, but we have failed to hear of them. For the most part the man with limited means is buying, and that is highly gratifying. This is a time when every citizen must help, and to know that clerks and men on limited salaries are seeing their way clear to help out is worth much. It suggests patriotism and loyalty.

If the city is inclined to turn over to socialism, let's have a vote of the people on the question.