

For People Who Think **Everything** For People Who Think

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$10 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS * SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1917. ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

THE ELECTION BADLY MIXED

If what Mr. Robert Douglas read to the Commissioners was the law, and we take it that it was, then there is no doubt that the courts have a question to decide in the matter of the recent special election in this city.

Mr. Douglas called attention to the fact that no voter was asked to show his poll tax receipt, was not questioned as regards that, and no voter was sworn on the subject of poll tax.

Mr. Douglas read the law showing that a ticket must have the fac simile signature of the clerk on it, and it is in evidence that this was not done.

Mr. Douglas showed that the law says we must, as nearly as possible, follow the Australian ballot system and have private booths, and this election was in the open, no privacy at all.

There were other questions raised, and if the law says what he said it says, and it was printed in a book, then the city election held was certainly not in accordance with the law. If this is true, there will of necessity be another election, and the great trouble of appointing a school board is all for naught.

We understand that lawyers, like doctors, disagree, but when the facts are plainly presented, if the machinery of our election laws has been set at naught, courts will not stand for that. And they should not. We have fought too long to get a free ballot, and if this election did not conform to the law, manifestly it would be the thing to have another election.

We take it that no citizen desires to "put anything over," and if all that Mr. Douglas claims, representing a committee of citizens, is true, then it is time to get busy and order another election.

It is a matter of regret that a question has been raised, but under our form of government all men should have the right to express themselves at the ballot box, as the law prescribes, and in no other way. If the tickets were not legally prepared, it will be an easy matter to prepare them legally. If the booths were not prepared, and the law says they should be, then we can prepare them. If men voted who had not paid their poll tax, their votes should not be counted.

City Attorney Hines thinks the election legal, but we haven't heard him express an opinion concerning the later questions raised. However it may be, there is doubtless room for an expensive law suit, and if the citizens opposed to a school board—not the school board, but a school board—propose to fight, every official act of the new board will be contested, and this makes for bad business.

If there is really a serious question as to the legality of the election, better, far better, to have another election right now and have it as the law prescribes. We personally are in favor of a school board and will vote that way; but there are others opposed to this, and surely they have rights under the law.

OUR BROTHERS IN DISTRESS

Again we feel called upon to ask our readers—and we are going to try to get the same medicine in our own system—to see what is going on in Russia. That story printed of the suffering there; of our ally being without food and without shoes; soldiers fighting for our freedom as much as their own in destitute circumstances—and here we are joy riding in processions and wearing all kinds of clothing that we really do not need.

True, Uncle Sam has hastened to those brave men who are suffering many millions of dollars, but why shouldn't every patriotic man and woman insist that something from our own store go to the soldiers other than our own. Why not get busy and send to Russian soldiers and French soldiers, no matter where the trenches are, boxes, and big boxes, of Christmas presents; not toys, but shoes and clothing, anything that will add to their comfort? Why not let America, and Greensboro, a part of America, send this Christmas and at once a hundred boxes of dry goods and shoes, and things most needed to any trench where the flag of freedom floats? Should we remember only our own nation, our own boys? Because in this world struggle we are all brothers, allied to annihilate the kaiser who wants to dominate the world!

We haven't awakened. We haven't yet felt the thrill that we should feel and which we will feel unless those allies now on the fields of carnage win their fight. It isn't their fight any more than it is our fight, and this Christmas, right now, every American citizen should assess himself something, if only a few cents, and see that Christmas cheer is sent to every trench where our brothers are fighting for universal freedom.

We know this will be read as hot air, as a bit of sentiment, but it isn't. It is the thing to do. Let us make it universal. Let Greensboro start the ball for North Carolina, and let us see to it that every town and hamlet sends something to those brave soldiers who have been fighting for the past three years—for our freedom as much as for their own. Will we do it?

A TRUE BILL.

The Publishers Auxiliary in a recent issue puts out this true bill which tells part of the story:

No matter how good the intention of any publisher who puts on a contest may be, some of the contestants, in their desire to secure one of the capital prizes, are very apt to use methods that he, the publisher, would not for a moment tolerate from a solicitor. No payment of a commission to those not among the prize winners will satisfy the unlucky ones, and the man or woman who subscribes solely for the purpose of helping a contestant very often does so against his or her wish. Contests may not all be disastrous, but the judgment of the most successful publishers is that they are not profitable or popular in the long run.

When you have to give a man a house and lot to get him to take your paper, might as well go into the real estate business at once. The post office department has made a recent ruling that will almost put the contest business out. The department demands statements as to what each subscriber costs the publisher in the contest game, and oftentimes the risk of losing out in the mails comes in. The contest business will finally be a thing of the past, as it should be. There is no real reason why a man should be chloroformed in order to have him subscribe for a newspaper.

TURN TO THE HOG.

The Columbia State is heartily in accord with Mr. Hoover on the hog question. It sees in the raising of pork in the Southern states a solution of the meat problem which is beginning to pinch all classes. It argues in this wise:

"Mr. Hoover's call to the people of the United States to raise hogs should meet with hearty response in the South. Were the country at peace and Mr. Hoover in private life, his advice would be not less sound, so far as this section of the country is concerned, on account of infestation by the boll weevil.

"These are outstanding facts:

"First, the overwhelming majority of the agricultural laborers of the South are skilled principally in the production of cotton. They are not educated people and they can turn their hands to other kinds of production only in a tardy and clumsy way.

"Second, the average Southern negro laborer on the farms can raise hogs with less instruction than he can raise any other kind of live stock.

"Third, the population of the United States and of the world is increasing at a rate far more rapid than the production of food, especially fats, is increasing.

"Fourth, it is certain that only skilled farmers will be able to raise cotton profitably in districts infested by the weevil unless they raise other things for market.

"Diversification in the agricultural industry is necessary in the South and the line of least resistance is to turn to the hog. Nothing else is quite so profitable and nothing else is quite so easy for uneducated farmers to raise."

ALL PAYING THE WAR BILL

November first, and the new tax operating. Five cents extra on each telegram and the sender to pay the cash. No stamp—just an increase of five cents on each telegram, to be paid for with the message or collected when the message is delivered. Every letter, save the dropped letter, to pay one cent more postage, and the postcard to cost two cents for transportation. This is estimated to bring millions to the government—and the people pay the freight. The Liberty bond is a side issue—a few billions raised that way—but other billions must be paid for by the people.

The war will cost ten times as much as is now predicted, and every man can find pleasure in helping. If he gives but a few cents a day he is helping wonderfully, and if he isn't a pauper in a county home he will contribute, as the revenue bill includes most everything going. This nation can raise all the money needed. It may seem a hardship on a few people who must pay big income taxes; it may be a hardship on the poor, who must pay higher prices; but giving up money is not as hard as giving up life. The boys in the trenches are the real patriots, while the gray beards, who cannot fight, should really fall over themselves to put up coin. If it costs half each man at home makes, he should willingly and cheerfully give it. The war is on, and we must win. So don't complain if the tax hits you—pay it, and pay it smiling. It will be still heavier, but that should make no difference. Better give up all your money than to let Germany win, for then we would give up our lives.

REMARKS BY REUBEN.

"I see," said Reuben, as he came into this gold-plated auditorium of Thought, "that Thomas Fortune Ryan has been getting married the second time, and because his first wife has been dead but a dozen days many people are criticizing him—giving him something in the highest key."

"It always seemed to me that there were two sides to the second marriage business, and somehow I can't get over the belief that a decent respect to the dead should cause a man to pause at least long enough for the flowers to bloom once upon the newly made mound—long enough for the snows to fall and melt."

"I can see, in a grim philosophy, where a man who is weak will want immediate companionship; want to get back to a home; want to forget, if he can, the Great Sorrow which might burden him. But I can't conclude in my philosophy that a man who has been mated for a lifetime with a companion, one who stood by him with splendid trust in his dark days and with splendid pride in the days that brought him honor, should bury her and call for a marriage license within a week."

"Perhaps Tom Ryan, many times millionaire, many times a wonderful fellow, thinks because of his wealth he can do unconventional things, but if he thinks so he is perhaps alone in his thoughts."

"I have known unfortunate men who secured a divorce and proceeded to the parson's home to unite with another, and even that the world has frowned upon; but to bury his early love—his life love, as he made men believe and before the worms had come to devour, before the grass had started to cover the grave, to rush out and marry another woman—well, Tom Ryan is carrying his own cross, and I opine that it is a heavy load."

"It is said his own son called him up and told him he was a fool; but suppose he did. It is true that the whole world is talking about this wonderful departure from the custom of the times, and Ryan, with his many millions, will one day perhaps be brought face to face with the Retribution."

And Reuben went out and said he thought a man should have eight or ten wives, and if one died she wouldn't be missed.

A WHOLE-TIME SUPERINTENDENT.

The county commissioners are to be again asked to appropriate a small sum of money for a whole-time county superintendent to aid in welfare work—to look after the delinquent offenders against Society.

It doesn't make any difference as to final results what the commissioners do this time. If they grant the request now, so much the better, for the day will come when the whole-time superintendent will be employed.

The idea is we have too long, and far too long, figured on building and maintaining jails instead of figuring on building homes and teaching Youth to keep out of prison.

Slowly the scales are falling and the people are being awakened on the subject of prison reform. To strike at the root of any evil, of any disease, is the only way, and if we can teach children and help children to get in the right path we have invested our money in a most righteous cause. And in a cause that will pay a hundred per cent on the investment.

And it is a matter of general congratulation that the city didn't commit the folly of starting a municipal woodyard—which it didn't, and which it will not.

WRITING TO SANTA CLAUS

Many of the newspapers along about the Christmas times open a department and invite little children to write a letter to Santa Claus, telling the darling old man what they most desire. This invitation always finds a ready acceptance on the part of the kiddie, and we note one paper starting out its announcement for this year especially insists that the children should write their street number "in order," it says, "that Santa Claus will be sure to find them."

Possibly this is proper; possibly it is improper. The child who has implicit and unbounded faith in Santa Claus; who believes in him with as much faith as older heads believe in their Father in Heaven; who knows that he will come, or think that he will come, may find himself disappointed—and why wouldn't the consolation, if Santa Claus did not come, in the belief that he could not find the little tot be worth something? Why give the address in a newspaper following an open letter to the dear old man—and then be disappointed?

Strikes us that the child could justify the non-appearance of the amiable old gentleman by presuming that he couldn't find the house, whereas if the address has been printed and Santa fails to show up, why, it would be just like that fellow who promised to pay us tomorrow and we are still waiting, but while waiting have lost all confidence in his promise.

Men, and wise men, have written about Santa Claus; men old and white haired and wrinkled have penned beautiful tributes to the jolly old man who always comes along with his pack and his reindeer—we are not attempting to add to his reputation as the finest man who ever came down the pike, but we are just idly questioning the propriety of a newspaper asking children to write Santa and give the street address so he will be sure to find them.

If the little hearts are saddened by disappointment; if from his well-filled pack the jolly old man failed to leave the drum or the tin soldier or the rattle or the doll or the hobby horse or the candy or the nuts, the child thought he would leave, the little one can work out a theory and justify Santa's forgetfulness. But if the paper has agreed to print the letter so that Santa Claus may make no mistake; if the child is led to believe that the letter will be read by that grandest man in all the world and disappointment is to follow, then there is a shaken faith; then for the first time the soul is heavy and Doubt is born. Let the little one work any charm he can work alone to beguile the old gentleman to his way of thinking; let him hang up his stockings for sweet meats and toys, the same as we hang up our stockings of faith and hope and prayer; let the morning come, and let the little one run to the chimney corner to see what Santa Claus voluntarily left, and if all is not there that was expected let the doubt be that Santa Claus didn't know or surely he would have left the desired article.

But to put it in the paper; to make a voluntary demand in writing; to give the street number and all of that, it strikes us that Santa Claus would be disgusted and perhaps not leave as many toys as though it were left to him to divide his pack among the many, many friends he has in every town.

Santa Claus is the biggest man in the world. He has more friends; more sincere and ardent admirers; he has more praise, and no matter much how scant the store he leaves, just so he did not forget his little friends no blame for him, happiness abides—and Hope is born and remains for many years. To knock out the dream; to feel that you have demanded something and he did not respond—why, we fear that even Santa Claus will finally be discredited and the Young American of the Latter School will cuss him out and say that he is a grafter and is impartial and selfish.

HUNT DOWN ALL THE SPIES

There are evidently hundreds of German agents in this country ready to apply the torch, ready to murder, ready to do anything that will aid the German government in its desperate fight for a life long since forfeited. Every day almost we hear of horrible happenings, and every day there is a cry to hunt down these infamous enemies. The Virginian Pilot, of Norfolk, perhaps better tells the story of what should be done than has yet been told. It says: "The report of another large conflagration last Tuesday—this time at Baltimore—in which war stores destined for the use of our forces in France, or for our allies, have been destroyed, lends an added pertinency to a communication which appeared on this page yesterday. The increasing frequency with which these fires are occurring forces the conclusion that incendiarism is applying the torch. Complacency itself cannot venture accidental or natural causes as a full explanation. The uniform similarity of the objectives at which these acts of arson are aimed forces a conclusion, equally strong, that the dominant motive of the incendiarism is to give comfort to the German foe by crippling the government of the United States in its efforts to supply the needs of our own troops and those of the entente nations. The facts upon which these two conclusions rest combine to drive home a third—that all this incendiarism is not sporadic, but is a manifestation of a fully planned and thoroughly organized campaign to burn and destroy munitions, foodstuffs and military equipment wherever they may be accumulated.

"Enemies in the fold are always dangerous. The degradation and infamous treachery that mark the slimy trail of German agencies employed here in the furtherance of the cause of the Fatherland show the foe to be unscrupulous, ready for murder, arson, theft or rapine. The government is on notice. The incendiary peril is increasing. Conservation is rendered futile by the unchecked torch of treachery. The safety of the nation demands that something effective be done to thwart this work of destruction, that steps be taken adequately to guard our property and those necessities so vital to the needs of our fighting forces. The government should show itself strong enough and vigilant enough to hold its own against the incendiarism that almost nightly flares its torches. The arm of the law should be long enough and cunning enough to reach and grasp those who would destroy us. The time for over-cautious and over-lenient justice has passed. The need for relief is becoming vital. The skulking incendiaries who have fired these depositories of military supplies should be hunted down remorselessly and their capture should be followed by the fullest measure of the law's exemplary punishment. No penalties that may be imposed can match the offenses which these treacherous and undeclared foes are constantly committing."

LET'S MAKE IT DIFFERENT.

Many people say that the job of being on the school board is a thankless one—but let's make it different. Assuming that the board appointed yesterday will serve at least awhile, let us all get back of it and give it cordial and whole-hearted support.

The citizens appointed, men and women, will serve without pay. It is their purpose to give the best that is in them to make here a better system of public schools. The way to help them is to not knock, to not find fault; to get squarely behind them and help out.

We all know the people appointed, and we know that ho one of them has an axe to grind for personal benefit; and we all know that each one will do the best possible to make the city school system a better system.

Greensboro should have the best public schools in the state. She is really a seat of learning—she has three colleges, two for whites and one for colored people. The State Normal College and the Greensboro College for Women are both strong institutions. These two colleges, if we had a city school system that was strong and growing, would prove a great magnet to draw here the class of citizens all cities want. Let us, then, get back of the school board appointed yesterday. Let us boost and let us not knock. This will help, and we dare say that the year of the school board will work wonders. This presuming that City Attorney Hines is right in his conclusion that the election was legal. If it wasn't legal, let's have another election and provide for the indefinite continuance of the board appointed yesterday.

TO DECIDE MONDAY.

The county commissioners will be in session again Monday, and at that time a final appeal will be made to them to appropriate \$1,800 for a whole-time county superintendent in welfare work. Every citizen of the county who wants to see better citizenship, who wants to save the boy just starting wrong, should be there and aid in the appeal. Guilford can well afford to spend this much money for such a worthy cause, for such a needed cause. It is an investment that will pay bigger returns than any other investment that can be made. And Guilford can afford it.

Talk for a whole-time superintendent to aid in the welfare work so sadly needed.