



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR. SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1917.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

A MUNICIPAL SNAKERY NOW

This town needs a municipal snakery. It is argued that there is liable to be a shortage of food and that a municipal woodyard should be started. The National Emergency Food Garden Commission, of which Charles Lathrop Pack is president, sends out a warning about conserving snakes. It is shown that the American Forestry Association has considered the snake problem and finds that snakes kill rodents and insects and in this manner assist largely in conserving forests. To make the story plain and interesting we quote the article sent by the National Emergency Food Garden Association as follows:

The annual snake show is off for this year at least, for the snakes are so busy helping save the food supply of the country that it has been decided to postpone the bench show of the American Snake Fanciers' Association scheduled for Rochester, N. Y., in January.

This is the decision of Peter Gruber, the Snake King, following the announcement of the American Forestry Association that snakes kill rodents and insects that would do crop damage into the millions every year. The last bench show was held in Grand Central Palace, New York, in 1898, and the fanciers had been making big plans for the show this year. "At army cantonments it has been found that snakes are better than cats for ridding the place of rats," says Mr. Gruber, "and a busy snake in a granary is worth a dozen rat traps. It would be treason to deprive the country of this source of food conservation at this time, and I am very glad the American Forestry Association is calling attention to the value of snakes and exploding a lot of myths and popular beliefs about them."

So as a sequence it must follow that if we expect to maintain a municipal woodyard we must first see to it that our forests are not devastated by rodents and insects, and thus cause a forest famine. How could we supply a municipal woodyard if the forests were all eaten up by rodents and insects, and how can we protect the forests without a municipal snakery?

The way to do a thing is to get at the root. The forest is the Paramount. Without the forest there can be no municipal woodyard, and without a snakery to protect the trees there can be no forest. Therefore unless our city commissioners want the b-l-u-d of the people on their hands they will proceed at once to establish a municipal snakery. The lot where it was originally intended to start the woodyard will be large enough for a medium sized municipal snakery. Other lots can be purchased for a few thousand dollars.

We take it that the city should buy at least ten thousand snakes and put them in training. After they have been thoroughly trained let them loose in the forests hereabouts and see to it that they devour the insects and rodents, and then after a supply of wood is assured start the municipal woodyard. But to start a municipal woodyard before the municipal snakery is established would be putting the cart before the horse.

People from all over the state subject to hysteria are clamoring for municipal snakeries, and if our commissioners fail to start one and there is a forest famine we will know whose fault it is. The b-l-u-d of the people of Greensboro, grey and red, will be on the hands of Commissioners Phipps and Foushee.

Indignation meetings should be held and the municipal snakery should be established even if it takes the Initiative, Referendum and Recall to bring about the happy result.

There is this about it: Old John Barleycorn saw in the November election his absolute death. About one more stand and it is all over. National prohibition next—and woman suffrage along with it. Funny, too, about that. It used to be the claim of the suffragists that if they had the ballot they would vote run out of the law, and it seems that run will be voted out about the time the women get the ballot as a national proposition.

BAD STREETS.

Many citizens complain of bad streets in Greensboro, yet if one will take the trouble to compare the streets of Greensboro with other towns it will be discovered that our town has streets that will compare with any in the state. Now and then there is a small street not yet improved, but, taken all in all, Greensboro has a system of streets of which she may well be proud. And as we go along they are getting better. Compare the streets of this city today with their condition fifteen years ago and the change has been so great that no man would really believe what has happened. Hundreds of miles of sidewalk, paved streets, good streets, and yet the knockers feel justified in asking for still better streets. And they will come. Let us bide our time.

The hope is that the next big automobile race that is pulled there will be some races. Forty miles an hour isn't the usual speed of the High Point highway joy riders.

THE SQUAW IS PROGRESSING

When Alexander Pope remarked in his celebrated Essay on Man:

*Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
From God in chaos or hearse Him in the wind,
His soul grand science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way*

he didn't know that Mrs. Bone Necklace, of the Wakpami district of the Pine Ridge Indian Agency in South Dakota, was today awarded a prize of five dollars and a national certificate of merit by the National Emergency Food Garden Commission for the best canned vegetables grown in a war garden. This contest, for which the commission appropriated five thousand dollars, is being carried on in every Indian school in the country as well as at hundreds of state and county fairs and scores of war garden exhibits.

A committee composed of Mrs. W. K. Blish, Mrs. B. E. Dunbar and Mrs. B. E. Brigance, in conjunction with C. L. Ellis, the special Indian agent in charge, passed upon the exhibits of the many contestants at Pine Ridge. Here is the exhibit made by Mrs. Necklace: One quart wild plums, one quart green corn, one quart string beans, one quart rhubarb, two quarts garden beets, one quart garden peas, one glass plum butter, one glass strawberry preserve and one glass Buffalo berry jelly.

We tip our beaver to Mrs. Bone Necklace and assure her that canning vegetables is better business than scalping white men and eating raw dog. The Indian maidens who erstwhile painted up for the war dance are now in the kitchen, what few that are left of them, and the pity is that the hand of Civilization rather than the hand of Extermination had not been reached to the red man three hundred years ago. But he was a savage, they said—made a savage by the white man—and extermination was the indictment. The North American Indian had great intellect, and the story runs that he was as friendly as any tribe of people could be when Columbus came in sight with his new fashioned rigging. The theory that the North American Indian was originally some lost tribe of people holds good, and to know that before they passed Mrs. Bone Necklace received a prize for her work is gratifying.

A MUNICIPAL HAWKERY.

Greensboro should establish, right now, a municipal hawkery. If she doesn't do it the b-l-u-d of the people who starve to death in this town will be on the hands of our city commissioners. It wouldn't cost much to start a municipal hawkery, and if we haven't the money what boots it? We can go in debt as we are now doing for other things, and the hawkery is badly needed.

In fact, with the advancing high prices of food every city should have its own hawkery, and the sooner Greensboro gets one the better. How a hawkery works is thus explained by the Cleveland Star:

A chicken hawk fed Miss Bertie Rivers of Aberdeen last week as the ravens once fed the prophet. Miss Rivers was sitting on her front porch, lamenting the high cost of living and the scarcity of chicken, when she suddenly saw a hawk flying toward her dwelling. She saw that the hawk was carrying a heavy load. When directly over her yard the hawk dropped his burden, which proved to be a fine chicken, and proceeded on his way. The chicken was breathing its last, so Miss Rivers promptly beheaded it and enjoyed a chicken dinner.

We take it that this city could buy, say, five hundred hawks and train them to go after chickens and drop them in the yards of those who want wood at a dollar a load, and thus relieve any actual starvation. A well trained hawk ought to be able to catch five chickens a day and drop them in the right place. A municipal hawkery in this way would not only conserve food among farmers, but would help the city folk. There is danger of indigestion if a man eats too much, and a municipal hawkery would relieve all fear on this score. The farmer would furnish the chicken the city folk would now and then get some. We have figured on this municipal hawkery in connection with a city snakery and find that no two things are more badly needed. The city commissioners may squirm and dodge, but we finally expect to drive them to it. The people of this town need the hawkery and snakery and they are going to have them if a new election has to be called. When men take time to solve weighty problems and present them, to have them laughed to scorn, it is time to call a halt.

Unless we get the municipal hawkery and snakery within the next few days there is going to be something doing. We'll write another article about them.

A BIG CAMPAIGN.

The Y. M. C. A. is launching a campaign in Greensboro to raise something like \$21,000 to be expended in work among the soldiers, and as the movement is nation wide the hope is that all who can will give cheerfully to this fund. The organization is complete and next week there will be a hurry-up campaign. Greensboro generally does all she can for such worthy causes and we expect to see her come to the front in this last chore.

HELP FOR THE OTHER FELLOW

Every citizen of the county should interest himself in attempting to convince the county commissioners that they should strive to strain a point and help the city secure the whole-time superintendent. There is sentiment in the proposition, but there is more real business. The whole-time superintendent of public welfare will assist the boys who are to make our future men. If a little fellow is starting on the wrong road he will be put on the right road. The whole-time superintendent will look after those who are now neglected. It is a helping hand. It means more than we can figure in dollars and cents. It means a reduction of costs in criminal courts. It means fewer people in jail. It means that society is strengthened; that good citizenship is increased. It is not perhaps necessary to read a poem to convince a business man of his duty, but this particular bit of verse now going the rounds—and its author's name is not given—tells much of the story. Read it and let it soak in:

*An old man, going a long highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The silent stream had no fear for him,
But he feared what was safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.*

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head;
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today,
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been so sought to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

That's what it is—it is bridge building; building a better road for the boy and girl who must come down the pike. Only eighteen hundred dollars are asked, and certainly Guilford county, in making up her budget for 1918, can find a way to put in that small item. Let every interested citizen talk it over with the commissioners; get behind the movement, and let us see if we can't have a whole-time superintendent. It is needed. The commissioners want to appoint him—they simply just now can't see where the money is coming from. Help to show them that it will pay to make a way to get it.

DR. ALEXANDER'S CASE.

The case of Dr. Alexander is a queer one in North Carolina. He is president of the Farmers' Union or some such title, and it amounts to nothing in the world. The farmers' union, like all other farmers' organizations, means nothing but a name. The Grange and the populists and all such things floated only a short time. In this state when an attempt was made by politicians to put over a lot of amendments which meant disaster to the state, Doc Alexander was liberally quoted by the press as having the Farmers' Union ready to endorse the measures. But, behold, when the returns were counted it was found that the farmer, who usually thinks for himself and acts for himself, swatted for fair, almost everywhere, the propositions, and if there was such an organization in this state as the Farmers' Union it cut no ice.

Just now it is said that Alexander has been a pro-German; that he has made speeches which were not filled with the kind of patriotism that loyal men like to hear, and the Governor gave him a first-class roast.

And then comes the news from several sources that the farmers have looked in vain, and find in Doc the only man to head their organization, and that no matter about what he once thought he must be re-elected. Perhaps that is the best way out of it. But if Doc is the man they have painted him, the farmers should go slow in endorsing him—unless, b'gosh, they feel as he feels about several things. That is worth considering.

The South Elm street paving will soon start, and then let us hope the new building line will be next on the list of wonderful improvements.

KERENSKY'S FALL.

The fact that Kerensky was deposed makes of him no less a patriot—makes of him no less a statesman. He rose from the ranks and when Russia was in peril he stood between the two extremes—between the intriguing king and the extreme socialists. That those socialists bordering in their philosophy on anarchy have secured temporary control of the government; that they have deposed Kerensky, makes but little difference as to the real condition of Russia. Naturally a nation of revolutionists, like Mexico, it is first one on top and then another. A week from now Russia may be engaged in a civil war that will shock the world. A week from now and Kerensky may again be in control of another capital, directing the loyal soldiers. No telling what is to happen in Russia, and to count on her is out of the question. It was unfortunate for the allies that the upheaval came just when it did, but it had to come, and will come again. These things we must expect. France and England are to be always depended upon—but Russia, never!

Meatless days are quite a fad; and wheatless days are also coming into vogue. That is the way to conserve food.

HE TALKS RANK TREASON STILL

Senator La Follette is now using his franking privilege to send broadcast over the country his latest fulmination in the Senate. The title carries the big type proclaiming something about free speech, and the document is some thirty-two pages, which should not be allowed circulation. In his speech he advocates the conscription of wealth; says that we have as much right to do that as we have to conscript men; he talks about the hundreds of thousands of our young men being taken to wage this war on the continent of Europe, "possibly Asia or Africa or anywhere else they may be ordered."

His clerk addresses his franked pro-German utterances to the "chief editorial writer" of the newspapers addressed, and altogether it looks like something should be done to stop such literature from being sent free broadcast throughout the country.

La Follette wants the people to discuss the war and the war measures, after Congress has given the President authority to act, and the President has acted. Imagine a thousand monkey wrenches of the La Follette brand being thrown into the works at one time. Imagine mass meetings being held and people misinformed handing down their views. The Senator asks:

Shall we ask the people of this country to shut their eyes and take the entire war programme on faith? There are no doubt many honest and well-meaning persons who are willing to answer that question in the affirmative rather than risk the dissensions which they fear may follow a free discussion of the issues of this war.

Answering this question, we would say, Yes, follow the President because he is given authority to do and to act, and unless we can follow some one man in control certainly we can not follow a thousand hot-air artists. Generals on the field of battle give their orders and the soldier follows; not his "to reason why, not his to make reply, his but to do and die," and so with the present situation. The Congress of the United States ordered this war; it gave the commander-in-chief authority to proceed his way, and it is up to every loyal citizen to stand unwavering behind the chief.

La Follette should not be allowed to send such stuff through the mail, even if he paid postage on it, and certainly it should not be sent broadcast postage free.

Such men, no matter how sincere they may imagine themselves to be, are a menace to the country—they give aid and comfort to the enemy.

THANKSGIVING.

President Wilson has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation, setting aside the 29th instant as a day to be observed by the people of the United States as a day of general thanksgiving. In concluding he says:

And while we render thanks for these things let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be directed and our hands strengthened, and that in His good time liberty and security and peace and the comradeship of a common justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth.

And it might be well to render these thanks every day, for every day we should be thankful. No matter what the condition of a state or nation or individual, it might be worse, and because it is not worse there is cause to be thankful.

THE PROPER THING.

The City Commissioners very properly did what should have been done in the matter of securing bids on a fire truck. It was not their intention to ignore the home dealer. There was a misunderstanding, and inasmuch as the Commissioners thought they could save the city a thousand dollars by acting quickly they acted; but in rescinding the telegraphed order they did a wise thing, and all comes out of the wash in good shape.

The Indian summer still lingers in the lap of winter—but it won't linger much longer.

BAD NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

That is bad news coming from Russia. Looks like the many millions that Uncle Sam has loaned Russia will now be lost in the shuffle. Perhaps it is best, but we can't help what happens when wild men refuse to listen to reason. Russia has always been two-sided, and just now she seems to be three-sided. The last news is certainly not good news.

PAID THE BILL.

Terry was electrocuted at Raleigh. He murdered in cold blood a fellow citizen and neighbor. Whiskey was at the bottom of it, and while there is regret that it was necessary to send a man out of the world by such a route, Guilford county for the most part endorses what was done. John Stewart, sturdy, stalwart John, was one of our best citizens, and the man who killed him deserved no better fate than legal execution.

IT IS FOR THE WORLD'S GOOD

One writer suggested that this was a war not to make the world safe for democracy, but simply a war of self-defense. To this Henry Watterson interposed an objection and stated the case plainly when he said "a war of self-defense prosecuted to a successful issue by the United States always will be a war to make the world safer for democracy than it could be otherwise. Upon the success of the greatest free country in the world rests to a large extent the future of democracy throughout the world, wherever it has been inaugurated or dreamed of by a people weary of kings and sate and privilege and graft and gross injustice. This war will not be won by the United States and her allies until the military power of Germany has been so broken that not again within a century will German arrogance and murderousness and dishonesty attempt a conquest. If the world would not be safe for democracy with German militarism shot to pieces, in the sense of the slang phrase and literally as well, we should like to know why.

"Speakers who attempt to draw a distinction between what they term President Wilson's fine phrase and the facts about our reason for fighting are blunderers. The United States is fighting its own fight. Americans would not fight, their President would not urge them to fight, while any hope of avoiding a war of self-defense remained. Nevertheless, this country fights the battle of democracy and justice against autocracy and rapacity.

"After this war the world will be safer for democracy than it has been in all of its history, and there will be more democracies in the twentieth century than there are today."

And in this, as in so many other things, Marse Henri is about right. A war of self-defense—and still a war to make the world safer for democracy.

The street commissioner says it seems impossible to secure help—labor will not labor, and he fears the street improvements which should be made will be a little slow, but through no fault of the city.

JUDGE HYLAN.

Judge Hylan, who has been elected Mayor of New York, sets aside all fear that he isn't an American and in sympathy with America and her allies when he says, after election:

I want to make it plain to the world that there was no issue of Americanism or loyalty involved, so far as I am concerned. There could be none, for I am as good an American as any man, as loyal to my flag, as loyal to my country and as firm and determined in support of every act of the government in this war as any man.

I ask the editors of the newspapers in this city and in other cities to give prominence to this declaration so that there may not go abroad to the people of this country who have no appreciation of our local situation the slightest intimation that the question of the war or the war policies of President Wilson and the United States government are in the slightest way involved.

My first utterance in this campaign in response to a question put by a reporter of the New York Herald was that I stood uncompromisingly behind the President in support of the acts and policies of my country and that the war must be fought to a conclusion which would bring an honorable peace to America.

That kind of talk should satisfy all concerned. Sounds to us like the Judge rings true.

JUST ONE MOTOR.

One little half-horse motor which propels the advertising linotype machine went to the bad yesterday, and it played just as much havoc in this print shop as though the biggest motor in the bunch had balked. Just a half-horsepower, but it stopped the works—stopped the works last night and up to noon today—and this should suggest to us all that the little things are to be taken account of along with the big things.

There are eight electric motors in this establishment, each with a chore to do, and if one goes down there is something doing—by an electrician. Last night Mr. Lewis, superintendent of the Wysong-Miles Company, good-natured fellow that he is, remained at his works and helped us out for a few hours by working overtime.

MISINFORMED.

Charity and Children, usually well informed, announces that Greensboro has a municipal woodyard. This is wrong. Greensboro has no municipal woodyard. The city is to buy a few hundred cords of wood for an emergency. The majority of the city commissioners authorize us to state that they will resign their positions before they go into the wood yard business. The local woodyards will cut the wood if necessary, but the city will neither saw, split nor deliver wood. That is the situation.

The glorious climate still continues—but a flare up is expected most any old day.