



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

NO TIME NOW TO CRITICISE

The esteemed Asheville Times comes to the defense of Asheville housewives and says that only seventeen out of many thousand women refused to sign the food pledge card, and those seventeen women had different reasons. The food pledge card was easily signed. It doesn't appear that a refusal to sign meant much of anything, but it does appear that many women who signed did so as a man signs a petition presented by a neighbor, without weighing the question.

We have in mind one woman who signed the food pledge card in this white man's town and who was telling, perhaps forgetfully, the other day about how much her cook was wasting. "Why," said she, "our cook simply doesn't seem to have any conception of the cost of food, and she throws things on the table and off the table just like they used to do in the country when there was no market for anything. Last week I am sure she wasted twenty-five pounds of flour—large plates of biscuits were left over and finally thrown into the swirl pail."

Another woman, more thoughtful and more prudent, said to her: "Why on earth don't you tell your cook that that sort of extravagance won't do now; that the cost of things to eat will break the bank, and she must go slow."

And the woman who had signed the pledge card and who theoretically thought food conservation a good thing, remarked that she dared not say a word to her cook because if she did she would quit. She said that she had to handle her with gloves, meet all her moods and treat her as though she was divinely appointed to wash dishes.

And that is the one great trouble. The old habit of wasting here and there and everywhere still goes on. The person who pays the bills goes out for a lamp that needs not be burned here, a half bucket of coal that needs not be wasted there. In a hundred ways the paymaster economizes, but the servant, the hired man, the one not paying the bills, is as reckless as in the old days, and that is where the big leak comes, and there is no way to stop it. If you speak half way civilly to forty per cent. of people now employed, in this great demand for labor, you are liable to receive a jolt that will break your slats, and you are short of help. But the pledge card signed by the woman of the house means nothing unless there is co-operation with the cook and she doesn't know, doesn't understand and doesn't care. Firewood and table supplies used to come freely, and the hired lady in the kitchen hasn't grasped the significance of food conservation. And until the one who pays the bills does her own work there will still be the wanton and willful waste of which our President wrote.

THE INCONSISTENCY.

And we have the prudist insisting that women wear longer dresses, and traveling men insisting that sheets be made twelve feet long in order to cover a six-foot man, and we have all sorts of things hurled at us about fearful waste. It was one time mathematically proven that if a Chinaman would wear his shirt one inch longer hundreds of new cotton mills could be sustained, and while the long skirt and the longer sheet would consume more material, why, in days of conservation, shouldn't a woman wear a shorter dress, and why should a traveling man insist upon having a twelve-foot sheet on his hotel bed?

Inasmuch as on Friday night President Niess of the national order of P. T. A. will be in the city we would like to have this matter explained. If the traveling man is in favor of conservation as he is in favor of conversation don't see why we cannot be enlightened.

IN HARD LUCK.

A poet in the New York Herald writes of a dream Kaiser Bill had. Bill dreamed he went to heaven and Saint Peter wouldn't let him in and sent him below, but the devil drew the line and refused to let Kaiser Bill in there, but considerably gave him some matches and sulphur and told him to start a hell of his own. The poet was very clever, but he should have remembered that Kaiser Bill has already started and maintained more hell on this earth than it ever knew before. Pretty good stuff to write poetry about Kaiser Bill, but, ladies and gentlemen, he is no joke. Never in the history of the world, never in romance or fiction, has there been such a heartless and cruel monster as Kaiser Bill. To annihilate him and his kingdom is a task of gigantic proportions, and every man who loves freedom must help in the work. Kaiser Bill is a condition and not a theory. He must be met—and annihilated.

The new depot hasn't materialized yet, but there is hope that the underpass will be in a few fleeting years.

There hasn't been a new underpass proposed for so long that many people have forgotten all about the project.

FOUR-MINUTE MEN ENLIST

The Four-Minute Men who have been talking on war subjects, material furnished by the government for the text, number some fifteen thousand in this country. They have done a great work. Many of them do not understand that they have enlisted for the war, and that in accepting they are duty bound to respond whenever the chairman of the committee, duly appointed, calls upon them. However, they do very well, when all things are considered, in giving up their time to talk four minutes at the movies. President Wilson recently had this to say concerning the Four-Minute Men:

May I not express my very real interest in the vigorous and intelligent connection with the Committee on Public Information? It is surely a matter worthy of sincere appreciation that a body of thoughtful citizens, with the hearty co-operation of the managers of moving picture theaters, are engaged in the presentation and discussion of the purposes and measures of these critical days.

Men and nations are at their worst or at their best in any great struggle. The spoken word may light the fires of passion and unreason, or it may inspire to highest action and noblest sacrifice a nation of freemen. Upon you Four-Minute Men, who are charged with a special duty and enjoy a special privilege in the command of your audiences, will rest in a considerable degree the task of arousing and informing the great body of our people, so that when the record of these days is complete we shall read page for page with the deeds of army and navy the story of the unity, the spirit of sacrifice, the unceasing labors, the high courage of the men and women at home who held unbroken the inner lines.

My best wishes and continuing interest are with you in your work as part of the reserve officer corps in a nation thrice armed because through your efforts it knows better the justice of its cause and the value of what it defends.

In Greensboro there are six men enlisted, supposedly four regular and two subs. Recently the chairman at Washington sent the local chairman a letter telling him to call upon all Four-Minute Men to refrain from mixing in other public meetings and to see if it wasn't possible for them to hold all their forces for the Four-Minute Men campaign exclusively. Of course some of the men cannot do this, but it is shown by this request that the Government considers the Four-Minute Men as part of the army work and feels that they are absolutely under orders. This makes it important that whenever it is possible all citizens should hear the Four-Minute Men, because they are accredited representatives of the Government and speak for the Government.

Thanksgiving turkeys strut with a haughty air. They will sell for about Nine Hundred Dollars each—on foot.

HITTING THE ALIEN HARD.

The proclamation by the President insisting that all alien Germans must have permits to go about over the country is proper. It has long been needed. There are thousands of German spies in this country, aliens they are, under oath to protect the German flag. They have had free access to every public place; they have been going and coming at will. Under the new order they will be forced to show by what reason they are rubber necking. If the American people will interrogate every German they see who looks at all suspicious; if they will help the secret service men in locating the enemies of the country, the war will progress in a manner much more satisfactory to the allies. Just now almost every town has its German spy, and Germany not only keeps informed, but she is able to plan and plot all kinds of trouble. The proclamation issued by President Wilson will doubtless prove a great blessing.

THREE SO FAR.

Up to date there have been three North Carolina soldiers buried in French soil. One of them died, it is true, and two were killed in battle. Three are not many, but three of our boys have given their lives, so when any of us at home are asked to give a dollar for the war let us give it, and give it cheerfully. Think what a price the boys in the trenches must pay.

Get ready now to help in the Red Cross seal campaign. No use to think you are through giving. There are so many things that must be helped, and those of us at home must put up the money while the boys in the trenches put up their lives.

Only another month until the rush for Christmas shopping. Better commence gradually and get busy now.

TOBACCO GETS A BLACK EYE

Colonel Garland Webb, of Winston, in this week's issue of the Tobacco Journal, takes a tumble with the proceedings of the Methodist conference just adjourned and hands down his views as follows:

We are, as a rule, disposed to accept the pronouncement of the preachers without question or protest, but on this occasion are compelled to say that the recent action of the Methodist conference at Asheville prohibiting the use of tobacco by its members is foolish in the extreme. Followed to its logical conclusion, if it be wrong for the preacher to use tobacco, it is equally wrong for the layman; wrong also to grow, sell or manufacture the weed. And the question naturally arises, if this be true is it not wrong to accept money made in the manufacture and sale of tobacco for the purposes of the church, and wouldn't it have been more consistent to have condemned tobacco before accepting from the Dukes, General Carr and other prominent tobacco men the millions of dollars that built Trinity College, than to take their money first, laud them as benefactors and then condemn the business that furnished the money?

These devoted men of God protest against sending cigarettes—the mildest form in which smoking tobacco is manufactured—to the soldiers in France. After allowing these soldiers to cultivate the taste for tobacco at home, without protest from the church, their nickels and dimes going through the pockets of wealthy manufacturers to church institutions and these generous men praised by the church for their liberality, then to deny these soldiers the solace of a smoke when they most need it is so inhuman that if it emanated from any other source one would suspect that the idea was made in Germany.

The statement is made that the resolution passed without opposition. We will hazard the guess that four-fifths of the preachers are opposed to the action taken.

There is no fear in our mind that this move means the beginning of a crusade against tobacco, nor that this declaration of the church will hurt the tobacco business. Our honest fear is that the efforts of the church in its legitimate field of usefulness will be weakened, and such a result would be deplorable at any time, but more especially now in these days when men are sorely tried.

The conference also takes a whack at Brother Candler's coca-cola. We can't help wondering if, since they "deplore" the success of his business, they stand ready to pay him back the million or so dollars contributed to the theology school of the church at Atlanta.

The Colonel has opened an old question, a question that has been before the house for many years, and the answer has never been given. For some good reason God Almighty put the tobacco plant in the ground and the North American Indian was guided to it. He smoked it and found solace in it.

The white man came along and proceeded to imitate his red-faced brother, and today wherever ships run tobacco is used, and so far as we know but little harm has come from it. Excess in cigarette smoking has dwarfed and debased and debauched youth—no doubt of that—but is tobacco to blame? Are those who manufacture it to blame? And if so, why should the man who manufactures, or rather prepares, pure tobacco for the market be any more a bad man than the farmer who plants it and sells it?

Coca-cola has made its fight and it has won. It has been before the American people and it has proven that it doesn't debauch and that it isn't a habit-forming dope. It has given its money to the churches, as the tobacco men have given theirs. Just something to talk about, just a little spread-eagle business of the holier-than-thou idea. For years the late John Webster lambasted the Dukes, but it didn't do any good. The Methodist church went on receiving their money and it was found that it wasn't blood money. That splendid institution of learning, Trinity College, was built with tobacco money, and surely it is an institution doing great good and an institution of which all the country is proud. Colonel Webb, however, should go slow. Let the Methodists have their fun—the open season for the Octopi is always on.

Isaac S. London, who for many years has been successfully running the Siler City Grit, has sold that paper to Mr. P. H. Elkins, and London goes to Rockingham, where he has bought two papers. He will consolidate them and run them as the Rockingham Post-Dispatch, and here is the hope that he will win out, as he deserves to do.

WOMEN LOYAL IN ASHEVILLE

An interesting meeting was held in Greensboro the other day and patrons of one of the schools, together with members of the Woman's Club, gathered for Arbor Day exercises and a flag raising. On the program was an address by Superintendent of Schools Foust. Mr. Foust had read the news stories purporting to tell of the refusal of Asheville women to sign food pledge cards—the same stories that have already been repeatedly denounced. Concerning the address of Mr. Foust the Greensboro Record said:

Superintendent Foust in a ringing patriotic speech made it plain that every citizen must do his part in this time of the nation's stress, and paid his respects to the Asheville women who, according to a newspaper correspondent, had refused to sign the food pledge until the interned Germans at Hot Springs were put on conservation food. The speaker declared that he had no patience with such acts of disloyalty; no patience with people who criticized and failed to conform with the requirements of the government as prescribed by those directing these matters.

Asheville people are equally patriotic; they have no patience with "acts of disloyalty." They have no patience with the disposition to create distrust in the administration. They have no patience with a disposition to manufacture a sensation. The Asheville women have not refused to sign food pledge cards. Out of a whole number of people visited by the canvassers only seventeen declined to sign, and they gave all sorts of reasons. Every reason is of record.

One of the good women present at the same meeting had read the same untrue news stories about Asheville women. She had no further knowledge, but she knew the temper and heart of the women of the hill country. She spoke her conviction. It was Mrs. Al Fairbrother. She said:

Having personal acquaintance with a number of Asheville women, she thought that the women of Asheville would measure up, as a whole, with those of other sections in the matter of patriotism, and that there must be some mistake, and that the correspondent had in mind, probably, some isolated case.

Asheville women appreciate the gracious spirit of Mrs. Fairbrother, whose good sense led her to speak in the defense of the women of the mountains.

The "refusal to sign food cards story" is false—so false that it looks as if "sympathizers of the kaiser" were at work somewhere, in Washington or in Asheville or both, striving to discredit the administration in its work.

MAYBE SOMETHING NEW.

The fact that war times has caused some trouble in getting cars, and as sidewalks must be laid, our City Commissioners agreed to let the contractors use terra cotta, which is burnt clay, instead of crushed stone. So it happened that our attention was called to an article in the Engineering and Contracting Journal of last May which showed that burnt clay really was better material than stone for concrete work; in fact, a great deal better.

This article is a brief of some investigations carried on at the Iowa State College of Engineering and reports in the Iowa Engineer. It deals with the construction of two reinforced concrete beams, one of concrete containing crushed stone and the other of concrete containing fragments of burnt clay in the same proportion.

The concrete containing the burnt clay at the end of 28 days developed a crushing strength of 1,250 pounds per square inch; the crushed stone in the meantime developed only 860 pounds per square inch.

In 38 weeks the burnt clay concrete showed a compression strength of 3,680 pounds, and the crushed stone concrete showed only 2,300 pounds.

The beam made of burnt clay concrete withstood a load of 65,000 pounds placed at the middle of a nine-foot span, while the crushed stone concrete beam withstood only 47,000 pounds.

So it may be just possible that our sidewalks will be even better than under the old prescription of crushed stone, and maybe the terra cotta idea will be finally used in all concrete buildings. All of which shows that while necessity is the mother of invention, once in a while necessity also picks up something it never before cast its eyes upon.

If railroads stop shipping automobiles, then the world will wonder how it is to make a get-away.

And the British are not out of the game, as was plainly shown when they plowed five miles deep in the Hindenburg line, an impenetrable front, as was claimed.

PAPER BULLET THAT COUNTS

The campaign for the Red Cross seal sale is now on, and every citizen is again expected to do his bit. True, almost every week there is a call upon those with money, and each week all seem to cheerfully contribute. The thing for the patriotic man to do is to assess himself a certain amount and give it, and keep his purse open for the next call. In a few days now the stamp proposition, the raising of two billion dollars for war work, will be on. This scheme is on the principle of the trading stamp. A man can buy a twenty-five cent stamp, paste it in his book, and when he gets something like five dollars' worth of the stamps he exchanges them for a bond, and then keeps up his savings each week. This gives the man who has no opportunity to invest fifty dollars at one time a chance to help his country first and then help himself. The bond buyers get their money back, so those who have bought Liberty bonds must not confound the transaction with their gift giving. Those who give to the Red Cross work, those who give to Y. M. C. A. work, those who give to the Red Cross seal give outright. But those who will buy the stamps and those who buy Liberty bonds only make an investment; an investment that pays interest, and when they want to get back their money it can be done. So in the giving do not think because you have bought a bargain in Liberty bonds you have given anything. You have simply accommodated Uncle Sam by lending him money.

The Red Cross seal is not for war work; it is for the people at home suffering with tuberculosis, and certainly we should help them.

THE PUNK.

There are more committees these days than anything else. Our mail every day runs from fifteen to thirty letters from different committees, each one sending in a batch of stuff for publication, the which would make a sixteen-page newspaper once a week—and for the most part punk. The money spent on publicity which never gets further than the waste basket would feed a thousand suffering Belgians every day in the year. To enumerate the different kinds of organizations which this war has created would fill a column of this page. Many of them are useful, no doubt, but so many of them are overdoing the publicity end. The average newspaper hasn't room for such junk; it isn't of general interest, and the white paper, postage and printing and clerk hire all go for naught. Better take the money those things cost and give it to soldiers who need articles of clothing. The newspaper man with a slight tip can prepare his own copy, and will do so, no matter how many tons of printed supplies come to him each month.

ANOTHER ENTERPRISE.

The announcement yesterday to the effect that the Latham Company, Inc., would start off knitting mills in this city December 15 for the manufacture of hosiery and socks, running a hundred machines and giving employment to about as many operatives is good news. It means that Greensboro has just that much more of a pay roll; it means that the product will be sent outside the town and money brought in to be spent here. It means more than that. This corporation will be a success, and as enterprise begets enterprise there will perhaps be more hosiery mills located here.

THE BILL POLES.

After this week, it is announced, the police will be instructed to see that no more advertising matter is placed on the telegraph poles in this city. This is simply enforcing an old law, and the civic end of the Chamber of Commerce entered protest concerning the recent desecration, and the Commissioners have ordered the law enforced. Perhaps it is better.

THE ITALIANS BRAVE.

It must not be doubted that the Italians are brave warriors. Romans they were and Romans they are. They fight like the very old Nick, fear nothing, and walk into the mouth of death as calmly as a maiden walks to a marriage feast. The hope is that they will save Venice; that the Germans will be repulsed in the big battle booked for most any day.

Mr. Gerard says that the United States as a nation should hang all traitors to the nearest lamp post. That is law and order; that is the fate that should overtake every traitor to this country.

Better get ready now to buy a Red Cross Seal—but don't let that interfere with your subscription to the Y. M. C. A. fund. Both must be attended to in this town.

It was rather as it should have been to allow General Pershing the opportunity to see the British in action when they made their great and glorious drive.