



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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LaFOLLETTE'S PEACE TALK

In the Senate in October the Hon. Frank Kellogg, of Minnesota, a sister state of Wisconsin, gave his views on the La Follette "free speech" harangue. The speech by Kellogg just reaches us this morning. He hands it to the Wisconsin agitator and concludes his remarks in the following language:

Mr. President, I have no quarrel with the senator from Wisconsin or with the principles enunciated by the long line of American statesmen quoted by him who claimed the highest right and privilege of expressing their opinions of the rights of their country when involved in a foreign war. But, Mr. President, this is not a question of free speech. It is a question of an erroneous statement of facts rather than of free speech. I honor that long line of statesmen referred to by the senator—Webster and his immortal appeal for unity of the nation; Lincoln, the martyr of our greatest struggle, and many others. Charles James Fox protested against England's war with the French, but when we were engaged in war with Mexico our land was not filled with German spies, interfering with our citizens, stirring up discord and anarchy, encouraging the destruction of property and plotting with foreign nations. We were not then engaged with the mightiest autocracy the world has ever known and the greatest of military powers for the principles of eternal justice upon which our government is founded. Sir, I would refer the senator to the language of President Lincoln addressed to the agitators in Ohio and other states when this nation was struggling for its existence.

Mr. President, I am as jealous of the right of free speech as any member of this body or any citizen of this land. It is a right acquired by the struggles of our ancestors for 700 years—since the days of Runnymede—and immutably fixed in our written constitution, and I believe that the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press are absolutely necessary to human liberty.

I have no right or wish to criticize any man who voted against this nation going to war, although I may disagree with him. But, sir, we are at war, and I believe men of this body, men of influence, should not make statements tending to aid and encourage the enemy and to cast dishonor and discredit upon this nation. Imagine, sir, the circulation in the German empire of these statements reflecting discredit upon our prosecution of the war and sustaining the justice of the cause of the German empire. Could these people be blamed for believing in a cause, however lacking in justice and right, if these are the reasons which lead us into this great conflict and sustain us through its trying ordeal?

And the meat in the matter is simply that. We are engaged in a war with Germany. America must stand undivided, and the pro-German who gets away with his mouthings under the pretense of free speech should be put out of business. La Follette's speech aids and gives comfort to the enemy, and that is treason. And any man who attempts, under any pretext, to stir up strife in America, who openly criticizes the government for what it is doing, is giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and there is no way around it.

WOMAN POWER RECOGNIZED IN CANADA

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings of Toronto has been appointed a member of the honorary war loan committee of Toronto, Canada. Mrs. Cummings is well known to American women through her association with the International Council of Women.

M. E. Nichols, director of public information, Ottawa, Canada, in charge of the publicity work, makes the statement that the women of Canada are doing splendid war work. War committees there have working upon them both men and women, the different sections of the country being represented. There are few committees on which women are not acting in administrative positions. "This puts the home behind the problem," says Mr. Nichols.

"Superfluity shops" of Canada, where plate, china, silver ware and jewelry are turned over into quite a substantial fund to be used for the "floating soldier" who is being taken care of by the Khaki League, is a feature of the work the women are doing which is of special interest.

Mr. Nichols spoke also in an interview at the Division on Women's War Work of the Committee on Public Information, of the wonderful success accomplished by women in Canada in the sale of Victory bonds, which correspond to our Liberty loan bonds.

Somebody didn't touch wood yesterday when we fondly predicted a bright day for Thanksgiving.

KINSTON WISE TO SITUATION

The Kinston Free Press has this concerning the fuel situation, which isn't of the sensational order. It says:

The warning note sounded by Fuel Administrator Rouse in Friday's Free Press should be heeded by the people of this community. Mr. Rouse urges that those who are in position to do so provide their fuel now while the open weather permits the easy hauling and the demands of those who are not in position to buy large supplies at a time are not so acute.

From everywhere come reports of fuel shortage. Transportation facilities are hard to obtain. No shipment delivery date can be guaranteed. This, of course, has and will continue to be a handicap in the coal supply throughout the winter. Kinston should not suffer, however, if the opportunities for providing wood which are available and which can be made available be taken advantage of. It behooves every citizen to take advice of the fuel administrator and look to his woodyard and coal bin in anticipation of their needs for the next three or four months.

In this connection it might not be amiss to suggest that the estimates be conservative, that no hoarding and consequent inconvenience to others be indulged in.

That is the way to do it. The prudent man will see to it that his coal bin is supplied, and if he doesn't see to it, it isn't up to a city to buy wood and furnish it to him at cost. There is plenty of wood around all towns in this state, and if the citizen who must keep warm in the winter doesn't help himself, he certainly should not be helped by the taxpayers.

The City Commissioners of Greensboro are buying some cord wood, which they will store at a convenient place, and if it happens that poor people, those unable to buy wood, are found to be suffering because of lack of fuel, the city will relieve such cases.

The farmer who hauls wood to town has made himself believe, because of sensational agitation, that his wood is priceless, and for the most part he is waiting for higher prices. On the streets of Greensboro yesterday one farmer wanted two dollars and a half for a load of wood but little larger than the load sold by local dealers for one dollar and a half. The farmer informed the writer that he understood wood could not be secured in this city, and he hadn't time to haul it, but thought he would bring in a load. We saw him two hours later and he was still holding out for two-fifty. Whether he got the exorbitant price we do not know, but we do know that useless agitation over wood has caused a scarcity and much higher prices.

No sugar in town—and a Muny Cippal Sugary is needed right now by the man who likes "three lumps, please," in his pot of coffee.

THE ONE HOPE

It is to be sincerely hoped by many people who are opposed to letting the government build up a great machine, greater than ever dreamed of, that government ownership of railroads will not happen. No matter which party might be in power, the one in power having a schemer at its head could build such a party with such an army of men that it would be worse than the Kaiser's throne.

The railroads are sorely pressed just now for money; they are crippled, and it may be necessary for the government to take them over. But if it does, it is good-bye to the present form of government whenever it happens, as it may happen, that an ambitious and unscrupulous man gets at the head of things. So it is not a party measure to oppose government ownership; it is for all people who want to remain under a flag that floats for freedom.

Only two dollars and a half for a load of wood containing nine pieces—as brought in from the country. One farmer yesterday, who looked cold, sat for an hour in front of the court house with a load of wood, not the best, we should say, and when Colonel Max T. Payne asked him what he was getting for his wood he replied: "I ain't getting nothin', but I want two dollars and a half for it. But I've been here two hours and it hasn't moved." Naturally it would not move when a Muny Cippal woodyard is imminent.

EXCELLENT STATEMENTS.

The Greensboro banks are making their statements, two of them today, and the showing is most excellent. There has been great growth in Greensboro the past few years and the increased business of banks is the thermometer which indicates the prosperity of a city. The Greensboro banks have grown to big proportions and they keep on growing.

THE PUMPKIN IS THE STUFF

The war is bringing out many new schemes, from Muny Cippal woodyards to railroad control, and therefore we expect to hear of a new world when the war is over. One proposition that looks good, offhand, is that suggested by Mr. Harvey Holleman, of Chase City. He writes us about it as follows:

I am working on a plan for establishing a colony in each state which desires to co-operate with the government (a la national good roads) of small farms for returning soldiers, twenty years to pay for same, farm to be complete with cottage, etc., and to be sold the soldier at cost of raw land plus actual cost of building; the farms to surround a reserved 2,000 acres for civic center, which will make this country life just as attractive as the city attractions which have lured young folks from the farm. It's the nation's best opportunity to swing the pendulum back toward the farm. Mankind's noblest profession, is making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. While we are sending over there business men, lawyers, doctors, clerks and others from our offices, they will return with a taste of the open, like you have seen in the west, and never again will they be satisfied in the city.

The plan is self-supporting by sale of the central portion to pay for good roads, telephone, etc. Every man will have to farm under direction of government advice, and products marketed through a central bureau direct to consumers. Very truly yours,

HARVEY HOLLEMAN.

Now, why isn't that worth while? The men will want the open, the world will need the products from the earth, and the chance to sell a returned soldier a farm at cost and give him all the home life he wants looks good. We hope that Mr. Holleman will proceed with his idea and work it to a successful termination.

THE ANONYMOUS.

The Record receives a letter from a citizen, so he says, eating alive some people about the purchase of a fire truck. The letter says to publish the letter in The Record and sign it "Citizen" or "Taxpayer."

The writer, after handing out a page and a half single-lined type-written stuff, explains that later on he will have more to say on the subject.

It is a roast for fair, but the man writing it expects us to distribute his grievance and let him remain in the dark—shooting from behind a tree.

Naturally he has explained that the newspapers will not print his stuff, perhaps thinking they are in league with the truck people who get the contract. How many times, we wonder, in forty years on a newspaper have we insisted that people must sign their real names to letters? How many times have we tried to argue with them and ask them why an editor should be the means of assailing his neighbor to gratify the whims of a man who hasn't the nerve to stand up and sign his name to what he thinks? How many times have we told them that the editor prints his name every day and is responsible for the utterances of his paper? Ten thousand we should say, offhand, and yet the anonymous scribbler rushes in and thinks he can scalp a citizen before breakfast and get away with it in ambush.

If the man with the grievance concerning the City Commissioners will sign his name to his article, stand in the open like a man and make his charges, we will print his letter; but unless he does, the waste basket must receive the article.

This should help some, but it doesn't. The other day a lady wrote a poem and said we must print it—just why we do not know. She called us up on the phone, refused to give her name, but thought it scandalous that we wouldn't print her "piece for the paper," and we never could explain why the old rule must apply.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Kinston people have solved the woodyard question in the right way. The following from that city shows it:

"Kinston, Nov. 26.—The mayor has been instructed by the city council to purchase 500 cords of wood to meet urgent deficiencies in the fuel supplies of Kinston's poor during the next three or four months. It will be stored at the municipal electric plant. It will be handed out to the needy under the supervision of the superintendent of the United Charities and the preachers of the city."

And they are going to have an epidemic of septic pneumonia. This is a new one, by way of diversion.

The Hindenburg line seems to be easy when General Byng goes to it. Bing! Why, that in itself is a smashing name.

IS GIVING AID TO BOLSHEVIKI

South Boston threw a fit. South Boston is in Virginia. The city concluded that it would put out of business the local coal dealers as well as the local wood dealers. The result is that coal is sold by the city at a profit of \$1.50 a ton. This includes all expense. Naturally it is cheaper than the individual coal dealer can sell coal. The individual coal dealer has an investment of his yards, his wagons, his office force; he must make a profit to cover these things, and the city only figures in a part of the real cost. The overhead doesn't come into consideration. If a city is to have a municipal woodyard, by the same token the coal-yard must come. The South Boston situation is as follows:

"The city purchasing agent has not yet secured prices from any coal dealers for coal to be distributed to citizens, should the city council so order. He, however, had a personal interview yesterday with Hon. W. T. Penick, mayor of South Boston, who advised Mr. Talbott that the fuel administrator at Washington had responded promptly to South Boston's official request and that the town was receiving coal regularly from the mines.

"South Boston pays for run of mine coal \$2.60 per ton at the mines; the freight rate is \$2.20, making a total of \$4.80 per ton delivered in South Boston. The town distributes the coal to its citizens at \$6.20 per ton, the difference between the cost price and selling price being \$1.50, which covers all costs of handling, including drayage, labor, etc."

The above item is from the Danville Bee, and it shows that conservation of coal is not considered. Instead of conserving coal and forcing or assisting the people to burn wood, the South Boston people are getting coal, and selling it at \$6.20 a ton. This simply means that the city is taking advantage of a situation, putting the local coal dealers out of business and furnishing coal so cheap that it will be wasted instead of conserved. That is a pretty how-do-you-do. No doubt if Greensboro should go into the coal business it would sell coal cheaper than it is now secured, because \$1.50 a ton will not pay a dealer to fool with it. One-fifty a ton profit would be a big thing, but one-fifty gross will not pay expenses of maintenance of the yard and delivery—we all know this. And if it is simply a proposition to furnish coal cheaper in South Boston there is no reason why the same city should not buy the groceries and meats for the people and sell at cost. No reason in God Almighty's world.

THE STUPID.

It appears that the De Saule case is the juicy stupa the people want. We find the papers carrying two and three columns of the gore-dripping tragedy—an injured woman, a woman who is a murderess.

Simply because she has plenty of money, simply because world-renowned experts are on the stand, the wires are cut into the court room and expert writers are told to play it up with plenty of color.

And we print this stuff just as it comes off the reel, write glaring headlines because—

Because other papers print it. That is all. And were we not to print it we couldn't talk about "news when news is news," and they would say—the sports would—that we were attempting to assume a virtue we didn't possess; and so runs the world away.

In some remote period newspapers will play up such things no more. A five-line story of the unfortunate woman's case will suffice. But now such sensational tragedies must be presented. Yesterday a whole column and more about Gaston Means—and we have had murder trials of more importance in this county and the wires were never used. But if it is news, and other papers print it, all papers feel called upon to yell "Me, too," and give space to stuff that had better be left out.

The financial reports show that the general business of the country was never better, and this is good news when we realize the great strain that has been on the money bags for the last six months.

STILL GROWS.

The campaign on, in a quiet way, to secure a flag to adorn the splendid staff now bare in the court house square goes forward, slowly but surely. Today the list extends and encouragement is given all along the line. Just a quiet undertaking, but one worth while.

Old Glory should float in this white man's town from the public square, and Old Glory is going to float, and fifty men and boys and women of Greensboro will put up the needful.

The offer of Brown-Belk Company to furnish the flag at wholesale and pay charges of delivery is a good one and shows that the town is getting interested in a People's flag.

If you haven't sent in your name—well, there is to be no personal solicitation.

THE OLD FRIEND OVER TRINITY

The papers are having a great deal to say concerning the fact that John C. Kilgo, because of the much talked about flag incident at Trinity, resigned as chairman of the board of directors of that great institution of learning. Some of them are saying the Dukes are hard hit, because Kilgo was their personal representative, and a lot of other foolish things of the same kidney.

The story of Trinity college is one that has not been often told, but when it is finally told it will be found that the Duke boys, Ben and Buck, only did what their father would have had them do, and they never thought whether Kilgo was the head of the concern or whether he was in any way interested in it.

Years ago Washington Duke, as good a man as ever lived, a substantial citizen, a Christian gentleman, thought it would be a good idea to bring Trinity college to Durham, and to secure it he gave the money to build the main building. That was over a quarter of a century ago. It happened that the college grew, and Washington Duke several times gave it big sums of money, because he felt he was doing good for his fellow brother. He never cared who was at its head. What he wanted was to assist in building a great institution, and he lived long enough to see it built. While he lived his sons gave liberally to its endowment fund; they built needed buildings and became, like their father, interested in Trinity, and not in the individuals running it.

When the Kilgo fight came on, and it was bitter for a long time, the Dukes sided with Kilgo in the fight, but that was a personal matter. J. B. Duke and Benjamin Duke have been lavish in their contributions to Trinity, and they will still be lavish. Kilgo is their friend, but because he is it will not in any way take away their enthusiasm for Trinity. That great institution is in a measure a monument to the name of their father, and they are not caring who are directors or who is president. Why that every time there is a chance to hit men below the belt who have done so much for their native state some men insist on striking. The Dukes have done much for North Carolina. They are doing great things now, and Trinity college is only one of the many things. The people of North Carolina owe much to the Dukes—millionaires they are, but lavish with their money in many laudable ways and oppressive in none.

NORTH CAROLINA COAL MINE.

"The coal mining operations of the Seaboard Air Line at Cumnoc, Moore county, North Carolina," says the Wilmington Star, "are beginning to assume considerable importance as an industrial enterprise. The deep mine from which coal was mined as late as twenty years ago is being reopened, but the Sanford Express says it will take some time to pump the water from the long-abandoned shaft."

"It is going to cost a nice little sum of money," says the Express, "to get the Cumnoc mine ready for operation." A large force of hands has been employed and since midsummer they have been working in night and day shifts operating the pumping plant to pump out the millions of gallons of water before regular mining of coal can begin. There is yet a large quantity of water to be lifted, and possibly it will be late in January when the water problem is solved.

"There are busy scenes around the coal mine these times, and it is said that the payroll now amounts to \$700 a week. That is adding considerably to the already prosperous conditions around the old 'Egypt' coal region. Work is being hurried up on the shaft in order to relieve the co-operating coal problem of the Seaboard Air Line in this day of stress for the railroads of the South."

"It is said that the North Carolina coal mine will be operated on a scale never heretofore undertaken and that it is hoped to make the mine contribute its bit toward taking care of the war necessities of the South Atlantic railways. Experts pronounce Cumnoc coal to be of the very highest steaming quality, while geologists and mining engineers advance the opinion that there are indications of a vast supply of coal to be had at Cumnoc."

RUSSIA OUT.

Unless a turn soon takes place Russia is going to be for peace or she will tie up with Germany. It would be no surprise to see Kaiser Bill get his hooks in on that country. In the meantime the armies fighting Germany are winning out, all making good, and the week closing has been one of great victories for the allies.

Wonder what the news agencies will do for front-page stuff when the war is over? Oh, there will be plenty of baseball and things like that.

The proposition to raise a fund to buy an Old Glory seems to meet general favor, and Old Glory will be floating by—well, say, within a couple of weeks or so.