



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1917.

ON SALE AT NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

THE LIGHTING QUESTION UP

WORLD PEACE TO COME HIGH

U. S. SUPREME COURT RULES

THE KIDDIE'S SCHOOL LUNCH

TOBACCO NEXT WORST THING

The fuel administrators all over the country are succeeding in having electric lights reduced, and the consumption of coal will be lessened. It is all right to turn on a thousand lights in front of a playhouse so long as there is fuel to burn, but when there is a scarcity of coal the lights can save some of it. The people are commencing to learn. The New York papers report that several theaters closed down indefinitely—five of the big playhouses—and shows on the road are commencing to find it hard sledding. After awhile the Nation will begin to practice economy, and all kinds of business will begin to curtail. This will be necessary for many reasons, and it will be no surprise to see the big concerns first start to lessen by half their output, and then the smaller ones will follow.

If already there is a notable decrease of help with only a handful of soldiers enlisted compared with the number that must enlist, what will it mean when two or three million more men are called to go to the trenches?

It will mean that women will come in and fill the places of men; it will mean that all kinds of concerns will curtail in output. Street cars will run on slower schedules; newspapers will print fewer pages; candy shops will be out of the running, and the railroads say four hundred and fifty commodities now going by freight will be denied transportation. This will mean all kinds of building materials, all kinds of musical instruments, all the things now absolutely essential in the way of living. The three or four million men at the front will be missed for awhile, and then the wheels will again run smoothly.

The question then comes, what will happen when the three or four million men come home, if they do? And God grant that they do. Will it not be a changed commercial world, as it will be a changed geographical world so far as possession of territory is concerned? Women will have learned new places and new arts. Men will come home to eat, and no place for them to produce.

Certainly this century will witness a transformed world in many ways. It seems strange to know that for the first time in a thousand years the Holy City has again fallen into Christian hands, and it looks now like there might be a chance to make the prophecy come true, and Palestine once more become the headquarters for the Jewish nation that so long has been scattered over the world. All of Europe will be transformed, and the commercial life in this country will be an altogether different story from what was ever before imagined.

LIVE ON, LIVE ON!

In the Carolina Mountaineer Jesse Daniel Boone sings each week a front-page song, and this time he took his harp in one hand and his fountain pen in another and wrote the first verse in this way:

*I'm not a poet, I'm not a seer,
But like to make my old corn ribs;
For there no thought like corn and through
And life seem like a grand, sweet song.*

And yet there between who meet and resolute agin' tobacco, that great soothsayer, and intimate that the man who makes a sewer of his mouth by chewing it or a smokerstack of his nose by smoking it is en route to the Bad Lands under the supervision of Mephistopheles. So it seems to us that if a man burdened with the job of writing a front-page poem each week, no matter about weather conditions, can find in life one grand, sweet song by simply putting a corn cob pipe into action he should be allowed to go free and unrestricted. It seems, indeed, that if in times of war, when all the world is bleeding and sorrowing, a corn cob pipe will put into a man's mind naught but thoughts of happiness and joy and comfort it is up to the good women to start a Muny Cippal Pipy before sunset. To have life appear just now, in these advancing prices, as one "grand, sweet song" is well worth while, and if a corn cob pipe filled with tobacco home grown will do the stunt, to your tents, O dissemblers, and let's start a Muny Cippal Pipy right now.

It might be recorded as a matter of gratifying information that there hasn't been the "latest Southern outrage" for a long time. Perhaps the attempt to conserve wood has held mobs in abeyance when otherwise they would have burned some one at the stake.

If the weather man only could hand it out, say, about two weeks ahead as a sure thing and sell his tips, think what an Old Money Bags he would soon be!

Sounds rather nice to hear real sleigh bells, but the man who uses cow bells on a sleigh ride isn't the stupe.

And then it snowed.

Ex-President Taft put it all in one sentence when he said:

He who proposes peace now, therefore, either does not see the stake for which the allies are fighting or wishes the German military autocracy still to control the destinies of all of us as to peace or war. Those who favor permanent world peace must oppose with might and main the proposals for peace at this juncture in the war.

Those who talk peace, and sincerely talk it, are misinformed. There can be no peace until Germany wins or the allies win. If Germany wins she will simply take the whole civilized world under her authority, and we will all be slaves. The allies can not stop this far until Germany is routed, root and branch. And the only way we can win the war is to fight, and those who can't fight must talk the right kind of talk. The man who throws a monkey wrench in the works at this juncture is not loyal to his government. The man who undertakes to raise dissension; who goes about whispering that he doesn't know about this or about that; the man who asks what right we had to go into this war, and thereby throws cold water on the cause, is a traitor to his country and he should search himself. If he is unknowingly a traitor, he can easily reform. But if he insists on insinuating many things; if he talks about what is going to happen if we keep on spending money, a half hundred ways he dampens enthusiasm, he cools ardor, and he is dangerous. There perhaps was no greater peace advocate than Taft, unless it was Bryan. But these two big-brained men now understand that we are in the war, and there is no backward path and no returning until the kaiser is dethroned. And to dethrone him is a stupendous task. Therefore it behooves us all to keep solidly behind the President, to insist that we are willing to give our last cent, if not our last drop of blood, for the freedom of the world. That spirit means much to the man in the trenches. It means much to the man who is going to the trenches. It means Victory; whereas the cold-water man means to help in defeat.

DON'T BE A SLOUCH.

And the war is doing much. It is changing our manners, our customs, our tastes. It prescribes meatless days and low-cut shoes; it shows us that our sweet tooth must be satisfied with less than half the sugar we erstwhile used; it brings home to us the wonderful advantages to be derived from thrift, and now it has been left to a college president to show his students that "slouchiness" has cost many an ambitious young man his "brigalia," as the colored man calls the trappings and trimmings in gold and gilt known as the insignia of office. Dr. Hibben, of Princeton, insisted to his students that he had official information that because of the slouchy appearance of many young men they didn't get the coveted positions carrying titles, and that many a private could have started higher had he given more attention to his personal appearance. Perhaps it is even so.

And when we look back and see old Horace Greeley with his breeches over one of his boot tops, view his neck whiskers which were wild and wide flowing, we wonder if he would really have been so great a man in the public estimation had he tried to be a glass of fashion and a mould of form. When we read about old man Diogenes in his tub, dirty and disagreeable, telling a king to stand out of his sunlight, we wonder what he would have been had he insisted on wearing creased "breecherloons." When we think of old Ben Johnson—rare, they say, but gouty and grouchy and dirty and distracting—wonder if his slouchiness didn't help some. But the pages of history are filled with stories of the eccentricities of genius, and all genius seemed to revel in the uncouth and slouchy sloughs.

However, there are two things a man should do. If he wears whiskers he should comb them or trim them often; and if he can afford not to wear a celluloid collar, he shouldn't wear one. To black the boots, to wear the clothes in the proper manner, to see that your hat is dusted and the necktie is somewhat regular, are worth while. But if an army officer turns down a strong, bright man because he is a genius and takes in his stead a boy from a bandbox, often the army suffers.

THE PENNIES.

When the Liberty Stamp campaign begins in earnest, which will be the 14th of this month, the little inconsequential penny is expected to play an important part. Figures are yet wanting, but it is said that when the pennies are let loose from toy banks and from a million places where they now lie idle the increase in the circulating medium will be most remarkable. The man who early learned that "little drops of water and little grains of sand made the mighty ocean and the pleasant land" never did learn that a hundred pennies made a dollar.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that a state can pass a law prohibiting a man from having whiskey in his possession for his own personal use. The old idea of personal liberty that a man's house was his castle, and a lot of those things we learned when a kid—disappear before the progressive ideas of jurists in these days. There are old men who would fight a dozen sheriffs if they came to destroy a sacred quart of likker held in bond and bondage for personal use; yet here comes the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal, and says that if a state wants to pass a law saying a man cannot have for his own personal use as much as a drop of whiskey, the roads confront the culprit.

This is not a far-reaching decision. It is simply saying that under the constitution the courts may decide anything they want to decide—and that is what courts are for. The constitution says, and says it boldly, that a man charged with a heinous crime must be given a trial by a jury of his peers, and yet men are sent to the roads for two years at a time by a police court judge, and the constitution would doubtless permit it. The constitution is a chart by which we sail, but when the men who interpret exercise their own good judgment and see the necessity of making certain decisions they find that it is within the constitutional limit. In this particular case the court held that if a state wanted prohibition it had a right to have it, and therefore the man who did anything to keep it from having what it wanted was an offender.

Fifty years from now the people will say such a decision was the only one to make. Just now there will be those who want to know about it; those who want a little likker in the house for personal use; but that makes no difference. A man's house is his castle, but if the castle is used to store unlawful commodities, then the law should have a right to search it and confiscate the goods thus found and punish the offender who violated the law. Prohibition has come to stay, and gradually it will be absolute prohibition. Just now it is pretty nearly that, and such decisions as were handed down this week will help in the glorious cause. No doubt about that.

THE LIBERTY STAMP CAMPAIGN.

County Superintendent of Schools T. R. Fouse is also county chairman of the Liberty stamp campaign, and he is going at things in the right way. On Friday at noon ninety speakers will be at the different school houses in this county and each speaker will tell the children about the stamp, the duty they owe to the government and what the Liberty stamp campaign means in the successful prosecution of the war. Mr. Fouse is determined that Guilford shall do her part, and State Chairman Fries made no mistake in choosing Mr. Fouse for the work in Guilford.

THE SUGAR SITUATION.

It is predicted that by the time the Food Administrator gets through with his work, and he is hastening it, there will be plenty of sugar. Big concerns using great amounts of sugar and carrying large supplies have been asked to let loose their surplus. Food Commissioner Page tells of one concern and how it patriotically came into camp. He says that "the Wilmington branch of Garrett & Co., Inc., having been discovered to have on hand a large amount of sugar, was instructed to dispose of all above its immediate requirements at a reasonable profit above cost to it. The company promptly agreed to comply with the instructions. This is an instance of interference for the public good which under normal conditions would never have been dreamed of. As a reputable business concern the right of Garrett & Co. to purchase sugar for their use for any period of time desired would never have been questioned, but the whole course of the food administration is without precedent, and the few precedents which may be cited are being smashed to smithereens. And yet because every reasonable person recognizes its activities as a necessary means of winning the war and of protecting the 100,000,000 consumers of foodstuffs at home nobody is kicking and a gratifying spirit of co-operation is being shown."

THE MEANS CASE.

The Means case has had front column, megaphone attachment for the past week, and after all it is mush. There are many people in this state who have already disposed of the Means case. Whether he killed Mrs. King or not is purely a matter of circumstantial evidence, and there will be those to believe he did and those to believe he didn't. It was a dirty mess and a sorry mess viewed in any light, and the hope with many is that it will be over in a few days—and stay over.

Only a little while until the Christmas shopping day is passed—do your shopping now.

The Raleigh woman's club and the Raleigh doctors, some of them, are up in arms against the custom obtaining in that city of giving school children but a half hour to eat a cold "snack," a snack generally consisting of pickles and jam and cold bread. It is contended that the child should have at least an hour for his midday meal; that he should go home and have something warm, and plenty of time to eat it and digest it. One physician writes the Times about it, and the Woman's Club has spoken. Looks like the kiddie could get along very well with a midday lunch; that is what has happened for many years. A child is always "piecing" from the cupboard at home, and a good breakfast and a warm supper has been deemed sufficient. But we do not know. We are not at all posted on what should constitute the meal habit.

We do know, however, that Man is the only animal which has voluntarily arbitrarily set an hour for eating. He makes his beasts of burden which do his chores conform to his written rules, but the animal of the field and forest eats only when hungry. That is why Man is the only animal that makes a drug store profitable and a doctor possible. The cow in the meadow eats her grass and lies down when she feels like it and chews her cud. The bear eats when he is hungry, if he can get food. The eagle will watch patiently the chicken in his cage for maybe three days and eat it only when appetite or hunger suggests. The snake will eat when he feels like it and pays no attention to the dinner bell.

But man, the most contradictory of all animals, says that at a certain hour dinner is ready, and one is supposed to eat whether hungry or not. And if hungry at another hour one must wait, because business duties hold him in bondage. Eating may be an acquired appetite; maybe one could get along on one meal a day. It was that wise old sage, Thomas Jefferson, who talked some other things than politics, who insisted that one should never complain because he had eaten too little. It has been hurled at the world for a hundred years that it was eating too much, and now comes Raleigh and insists on three square, warm meals a day for the kiddies, who do not care whether they eat or not. Just so it is something to talk about seems to be all there is of it in this later life.

THE GOVERNMENT TO CONTROL.

The indications are that within sixty days, perhaps thirty, the government will have complete control of the railways so far as rate fixing is concerned. It will take over all the lines and operate them in conjunction with the present general managers. The Sherman law which forbids pooling will become obsolete so far as transportation is concerned, and Uncle Sam will send goods this way or that way regardless of the system. The fight for commerce by the special freight agents will cease, and if one system has empty cars the other system will be supplied, and instead of the several hundred systems, zealous of their rights, Uncle Sam will make it one big family, and if empty cars of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy are on the side tracks those cars will be used on the Southern or any other road where traffic is great at the time. In other words, as a war measure the government will control.

Whether this will lead to what many men think, ultimate government ownership, is problematical, but it can safely be said that it is a great step in that direction and may result in final ownership.

It appears from the best advices from Washington, and that is information from railroad men pretty well up in the circles, that it will be but a short time. One thinks maybe two weeks will see the order issued, and sixty days will be ample time to make the change. In that event a new system will be on, and the freight rate question, the strike question, the mileage book question, and all agitation will automatically drop out, and Uncle Sam will have but a single eye, and that to get all that is possible out of transportation companies in order to more successfully prosecute the war.

JERUSALEM FALLEN.

The news that Jerusalem has surrendered after hard fighting came as no surprise, except it was a surprise to know that it had withstood the many attacks. It had been surrounded for some time and had to fall.

THE BIG WEEK.

This will perhaps be the big shopping week for Christmas. Merchants report reasonable sales, and it is expected that while the presents this year will be more on the order of service, no greater holiday trade will be recorded. Everybody has some money; Christmas has been universally observed as the gift-giving season for so many years it will be hard for even those who consistently preach conservation in other seasons to draw their purse strings. Perhaps a couple more years of war and we would better understand what is on in the world.

Now that prohibition has about succeeded and is soon to become a fixed fact, those who professionally live by passing the hat of easy money are jumping on the tobacco band wagon and getting out their literature for a drive on that particular plant. Many men are conscientiously opposed to tobacco and have fought it and will always fight it. But the professional who lives on the clap-trap of reform propagandas is already in the harness, and already he is sending out his literature.

We received one piece of it, in which tobacco is denounced as, fiercely as whiskey was ever denounced; in fact, it is the same old story dressed in a new suit. But it will not do. Tobacco isn't going to be put under the ban like Barleycorn was put under the ban, because Tobacco can plead not guilty and prove itself innocent of nine-tenths of the counts against it.

The particular sensational bit of literature to which we refer insists that tobacco infects and poisons the human race; that it drives away women and fills the air with stench—all of which is a bloom in falsehood. The North American Indian used tobacco all his life, and no race of people enjoyed better health until contaminated by the white man. It was not until the pale face appeared with the Bible in one hand and venereal disease in the other that decimation of the Indian commenced. His tuberculosis, his many diseases of the blood are all at the white man's door. Tobacco is a filthy weed, no doubt of that, and the man who chews it and paints a panorama of the dismal swamp on his white shirt front with it should have no place among the highbrows of Society; but when we say it is filthy that is all. It is not in the class with whiskey. The use of it causes no mother's tears, no moans and groans and agonies such as hell only knows; it is at once a narcotic, an opiate, and has done much good. The cigarette, used to excess by boys in their teens, has debauched and degraded manhood, but that is because the boy violated the laws of man and became a lawbreaker to do his chore. The man who uses tobacco, unlike the drunkard, does not become an outcast. It does not destroy his manhood or his character. It simply is a habit that brings to him solace and does no real harm. It will be a hard fight to ever convince the millions of American people who use tobacco that they should cut it out. It will be a harder matter to convince the tobacco grower that he is sowing seeds of destruction direct. It was said of old that the man who raised the wheat and rye and apples that went into the manufacture of strong drink was a party to the crime; but that indictment was untrue, unjust. The tobacco grower is a party to tobacco using, because tobacco is a weed fit for nothing in the world except to smoke and chew. It cannot, like cereals, be utilized for food. It is worthless unless made into smoking material or chewing material.

But the fight is on. There must be something to keep the reformer busy. It is his job to assist his fellow brother and point out, before passing the hat, how near hell is. But with whiskey gone, with the Harrison narcotic law putting dopes beyond the reach of man, tobacco will be first, and then the innocent soft drinks. Let us wait, let us hope, let us—well, let us pray that all will end well.

The Liberty Stamp sale goes on in earnest on Friday, and all over every county in the state there will be speakers at work trying to enthuse the farmers to see the point and help Uncle Sam raise a few billion dollars needed in the prosecution of the war.

MISTLETOE.

Mistletoe is a vagabond in the vegetable world; a barnacle that flies in the air and attaches itself to a tree and lives off the blood of another. It costs nothing to produce. It comes by chance, and yet the price this year has materially advanced. Cost of manufacture sometimes enters into the equation when an explanation of soaring price is sought; but just why a bunch of mistletoe should go skyward is not satisfactorily explained.

And now comes the cold storage man and explains that he has plenty of eggs, fresh and crisp, at a price making it possible to retail them at 45 cents a dozen. This will help some.

JUDGE ASA BIGGS.

We used to call him "Judge," but Mr. Asa Biggs—say Colonel Asa Biggs—who crows while did work on this paper and who for a year has been with the High Point Enterprise, leaves the state this week for Beaumont, Texas, where he has purchased an interest in an afternoon paper. His friends in this city will wish him well.

Food Administrator Page seems to have on his war paint and is going after those violating the law.