



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ROCKEFELLER A BENEFACTOR

We receive from New York the annual report concerning the Rockefeller Foundation, a three-page pamphlet, sent presumably to the American press and other places. It is to us an interesting report; interesting because it tells of vast sums being ready for expenditure in channels sadly needed—in channels where great good work will be done to carry out the motto of the Foundation, "To promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." Rockefeller Foundation announced today its financial budget for the year 1918, as approved by the board of trustees. Then the second page contains this table:

PROPOSED EXPENDITURES	
Work of International Health Board:	
Kingston work: Hookworm, malaria, yellow fever, etc.	\$1,375,000.00
Tuberculosis commission in France.	475,000.00
Work of China Medical Board:	
Local, buildings and equipment for schools at Peking and Shanghai.	915,000.00
Operation of medical schools, grants to other societies, hospitals, etc.	471,000.00
Instruction and research in America in medicine and public health, including work in mental hygiene.	300,000.00
War work:	
Contributions to Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Jewish camp workers, training camps, commission, etc. (representing mostly appropriations made in 1917 but to be paid in 1918, as noted above).	2,500,000.00
Uncontingent obligations for appropriations already made.	130,000.00
Total.	\$6,260,000.00
Available for additional appropriations.	7,267,000.00
Amount for 1918.	7,267,000.00

In view of the expected calls for additional war work during the coming year it seems likely that the total of the ten millions recently voted as available from the principal fund of the Foundation will have to be called upon. During 1917 five millions, one-half the sum of the principal fund voted as available, was appropriated.

It seems to us that the above figures constitute a most remarkable array of numerals. One Foundation to give in one year ten millions of dollars, and all for the betterment of mankind throughout the world, no strings to it, no favoritism shown, the Rockefeller gold going into the home of the poor and rich alike, carried by the most eminent of scientific men making research for the cause of disease and having millions to extend in an attempt to check it, to overcome it.

The United States, all of us, perhaps, at times, have used John D. Rockefeller as a national poundage. It has been the theory of wind-jammers and leather-lunged demagogues to beat the air and create the impression that because he possesses great wealth he should be crucified, and they have sought to do it. It has been a pleasant pastime for reform writers to hold up the immense fortune of John D. Rockefeller as a menace to the world's progress, whereas he has been a benefactor of his race, the greatest philanthropist doing needed things the world has ever known.

It appears that he was made the greatest of all financial wizards to gather, to hold and keep for a certain time vast sums of money and then turn them loose in channels where most needed. He has been selected by the General Manager of the Universe, it seems, to gather together the gold of the spendthrift and the miser's hoard, to bundle together in one vast sum many millions of dollars, and then, when the time was ripe, turn loose magic power to assist mankind throughout the world.

Read that list above printed. See what the Foundation is doing and what it proposes to do. Nothing to promote art, which hungry men find scant need for; nothing to build palaces for the rich to live in; but millions of dollars in a year to ascertain, if possible, what causes hook worm and fevers and eradicate them, get them far away from the human race. Contributions to the war work; big sums to go into heathen lands and help where help is needed; ten millions a year; more than the government would spend on human beings, more than all the states and cities would find time to collect. And Mr. Rockefeller did all this despite the fact that from a thousand sources came the demand to pillory him before the world as a trust magnate, as a man dangerous to Society; and envy, envy alone, was at the bottom of all the bitterness.

So in these glad Christmas days it behooves every man who has said bitter things about John D. Rockefeller to read the list of what he has done and what he has tried to do, and then, if the spirit of the Christ who was born tomorrow is in the heart, he will be voted the world's greatest benefactor, and all mankind—that mankind throughout the world for whose well-being he throws his gold as lavishly as a prodigal prince—will wish him a Merry Christmas.

Of course we can't all be soldiers, but one of us can help the war in many other ways. Search yourself and see if you are doing your bit.

The Record gains new subscribers every day—not one and two, but ten and twelve. The Record is growing.

UNTIMELY TALK BY MR. BEASLEY

The Wilmington Dispatch hands to the Monroe Enquirer the following just rebuke, and as it contains so much truth it is well to give it wide publicity; therefore we do our bit in that regard. The Dispatch says:

Under the heading "Let the Rich Pay for the War" the Monroe Enquirer gives utterance to the following:

"The moneyed class in America is profiting by the war to such an extent that the tales of fabulous wealth earned in the days of gold rushes sound ridiculous in comparison. Untold sums are being made supplying war necessities to the government. Evidently Mr. McAdoo has succumbed to the old cry, 'The present generations fight for liberty, let future generations pay.'"

It would have been no surprise had Tom Watson written that for the Jeffersonian or Bob La Follette have given expression to such views in a speech, but we are astounded that as sound and conservative paper as the Enquirer should utter such sentiments. It is a dangerous doctrine to preach, and one unworthy of the Enquirer. It is an attempt to array different classes of society against each other. We can't believe that paper intended an endorsement of the ideas its language indicates. It is absurd to talk about conducting the finances of this war on the principle of pay as you go. This generation could not begin to furnish the money needed, and, besides, that would not cure the imaginary evil the Enquirer complains of.

That is plain talk, but it is the plain truth. Every man must help the Secretary of the Treasury. He is doing a wonderful work; he needs the co-operation of every man loyal to the flag.

The thought of a seven-year prohibition fight suggests the seven-year plague. Why not cut it off in one flump—get rid of it at once and forever. A seven-year fight may mean a big loss to prohibition. The many states already gained get back into the fight. However, there will be those who will give up their last dime on both sides to win, and a protracted campaign, helps the hot-air artists and the publicity agents.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

We have interviewed several merchants in different lines and they tell us that trade was not much different this year from last. Some people allowed the war to check them in their expenditures and selection of presents, but for the most part the gift buyers bought as usual. The Christmas card was curtailed this year, presumably on account of increased postage. Not that the cost of one card would check a friend sending another friend greetings, but when it was one cent it was the custom to buy a hundred stamps and a hundred cards. The fact that a hundred stamps this year cost two dollars instead of one dollar made the thoughtful person allow he could get along with fifty cards. That is the human nature part of it, and that is what happened in many cases.

The Liberty Stamp is going, but not as rapidly as it should go. Perhaps after the holiday season is over and men get a better bearing on what to do the Liberty Stamp will hold the boards. We haven't been long enough in the war to get the thrill, and Christmas must be observed. Merchants report better trade than ever, and gift giving ran high. Give us about as many years of war as our allies have had and we will be eating corn bread and buying nothing but necessities—and maybe we can't get them. War is on, but few of us know it.

WOULD SOLVE IT.

When the woodmen appeared before the Commissioners they said they were willing to co-operate in any and every way with the city. Now would be a good time for the city to borrow one of their plants and start the wood business on the basis of \$4 a cord on the side track.

Naturally a cold storage egg hasn't the cackle on, but if you shut your eyes and don't let your taster know what your hands and mouth are doing you can get by with 'em.

And if we didn't wish you all a Merry Christmas in time—here is hoping that it will be a happy New Year.

Kaiser Bill is thinking peace, but Kaiser Bill will never see it until he throws up his hands and asks God to have mercy on his wicked soul.

Wonder what 1918 will bring us? Peace or a continuation of the war? Many men say peace, and many men say war for several years yet. And no man knoweth.

WOOD DEALERS QUIT THE GAME

The fact that three woodyards have closed down, two of the biggest in the city, claiming that they cannot sell wood at the prices fixed by the fuel administrator, makes a serious situation in Greensboro.

The further fact that Messrs. Anderson and Bain, the two big dealers, had been before the City Commissioners and stated that they were in position to buy as much wood as the city could buy; that they could contract it at \$4 a cord delivered, and that if they were allowed to sell at \$7.50 a cord they would continue in the business, and the still further fact that this was agreed to by the Commissioners, left the fuel situation in fine shape. But it appears that the city can buy wood for \$4 a cord delivered on the side track, and that the local dealers cannot do this.

Therefore it must be understood now and without parley that the situation must be met. If the local dealer cannot buy wood as cheaply as the city, if he must pay more than the fuel administrator allows to be paid, which is \$4.25 a cord delivered, then it is up to the local dealers to turn their plants over to the fuel administrator and let the people have fuel.

If the city wants to run the wood business there is no objection, provided local dealers cannot run it.

This much is certain: We are going to have fuel, and if the slow-down reveals the fact that the local dealers cannot buy in the open market and meet the demands of the fuel committee and the city can—

THEN THE CITY MUST GO INTO THE WOOD BUSINESS, because these people are not going to suffer because of lack of fuel.

Messrs. Anderson and Bain stated that they were in shape to take care of the situation. They were in the business, and it was for that reason that we opposed chasing them out of business by letting the city come in and furnish wood at cost. That was socialist; it was destroying a legitimate business that was running within reason. The fuel committee found that the price they were charging, \$7.50 a cord, was not unreasonable, and gave them authority to sell at that price. The false claims of wind-jammers to the effect that they were charging \$10 and \$12 for wood were proven false.

But after telling the commissioners that they were going to handle the situation and the price was \$1.50 a load they found that they had to pay more for wood. Why, we do not know, but the city was still buying wood, and bought as late as Monday—day before yesterday—fifty cords of one man at \$4 and on Saturday another fifty cords at \$4, and it seems that the price has not advanced everywhere.

The wood dealers who cut out their teams and quit business did not come before the Commissioners officially, but simply stopped the works and left the community between the devil and the deep blue sea—no wood on the one hand and the fuel committee on the other.

No honest man has accused us of insincerity in opposing a municipal woodyard. We still oppose it provided there are local dealers who insist that they can meet the situation and supply fuel. But when the local dealers refuse to co-operate, when they find that they cannot buy wood as cheaply as the city can and refuse to sell at prices fixed by the government, then there is but one thing left, and that is for the citizens to see to it that there is a supply of wood. And naturally the city government must take hold and supply fuel. And if local dealers are in earnest and are out of the business, then the city must equip itself and run a woodyard, and run it on the right kind of a scale. If it can buy wood at four dollars a cord, it can sell it at \$1.50 a load, and in this way lose no money. Mayor Stafford says that it may, because of advancing prices, be necessary to pay more than four dollars a cord, but the six hundred cords so far bought, a hundred of them being in the last four days, cost not over four dollars.

STRANGE WORLD JUST NOW.

Sounds funny to hear the president of a great railroad system begging the people not to travel—to put off the pleasure trip if possible.

Sounds funny to read the advertisement of the coal dealer telling you not to buy too much coal.

Sounds funny to have the grocer tell you he hasn't a pound of sugar in the house.

Sounds funny to have the price of sow bosom quoted at fifty-five cents a pound—and yet these things are on.

And all this before the war is started. All this before the second call is made. All this when we are just getting ready to enter the war.

What will it be, say, two years from now, when we have a couple of million more men in France and women are filling the places of men? Don't ask us—search us if you want to search.

GERMAN PEACE IS NOT WANTED

Everybody is more interested in peace talk than anything else, and the following from the New York Herald, a strong and loyal paper, presents some views which our readers will enjoy. The Herald says:

"Let no one inspired by the love of liberty and by the hatred of calculated brutalities be deluded by the promised peace offensive of Germany. Germany can and will be defeated in the end, and those to whom this duty of humanity is intrusted may well be sure of the final outcome. Repeatedly Bismarck confessed that the object of Prussian statecraft was to fool the foreigner, and though the world no longer accepts this cynical description of a mission the Kaiser and his gang do not seem to understand that its hour has long since struck. Yet it must be kept in mind that the men—if they may be called men—who engineered the world war still control, and the various vassal states of the empire and their bemused inhabitants yet bow in submission to the mandates of the Prussian war makers.

"The impending attempt of Germany to attain peace by negotiation and understanding means merely that with brazen effrontery the allies will be asked to enter into treaties with proved rascals that scoff at the sanctity of treaties. Germany has no intention of limiting her armaments, especially naval armaments; of accepting as final the loss of her overseas and African colonies; of giving up Alsace and Lorraine; of abandoning a German owned highway from the Baltic to the Indian ocean, or of withdrawing her troops from Belgium and Poland, except on the condition that both acknowledge her suzerainty. The peace offensive, whatever its terms, is a mere sparring for wind in order to regain even the least she may surrender when the season is ripe for a new war.

"Behind all this bluff and mockery Germany recognizes that the coming year will be big with fate for her and that the space to make final dash is limited. With reason she dreads the appearance of American armies, not only on the western front, but wherever duty calls them, and of American fleets in her narrowed and narrowing seas. Germany knows that by spring the allies will have an overwhelming preponderance of men and material in the decisive theater of war and that the enormous expansion of their aerial squadrons will end in the invasion of the Rhenish-Westphalian valley and carry terror to the largely populated industrial centers, already cringing in fear under the threat of such assaults. This invasion will destroy her munition plants and deprive her of direct food supplies from Holland and Scandinavia, while at the same time the ever-growing intensity of the economic blockade must bring her foolish people to the brink of starvation.

"Peace with Germany and on German terms! This is giving up the game when almost all of the master cards are in the hands of the allies, especially the fleets. As long as the British, American, French, Italian and Japanese fleets remain German victory, like its submarine warfare, is a pipe dream. So here is a message of cheer and of warning for Christmas Day."

LIGHT WINES AND BEERS.

There is to be a big fight, as there has always been, for light wines and beers. Many people think that a nation should have a mild stimulant, but it has never shown the real reason for it. Light wines and light beers containing their part of alcohol weaken the system, do no good, and should not be manufactured. That is an opinion of ours, offhand, but it isn't the opinion of a great many well-meaning and well-informed people.

Just now in the great national prohibition fight the light wine and the light beer will make a stand for life, and if they succeed no surprise need be expressed.

However, if Old John Barleycorn is forever driven out, that will be a great victory for the first go round. Naturally those who have been drinking their daily mug of beer and sipping their wine hate to give it up, and they can show that no great harm results. But the rising generation, the men coming on, need not know what the social glass is, and, not knowing, they would not miss it.

THE MILL VILLAGES.

In the Christmas drive for membership in the Red Cross the mill villages of Greensboro responded most nobly. Those workers there understand what the Red Cross means to soldiers; they are loyal and cheerfully gave their money to help in the great cause. Greensboro has reason to be proud of her mills and their people.

QUERY.

If the farmer refuses to sell his wood, how in Sam Hill are we to get it? Garland Daniel says he isn't going to take his Committee of One Hundred Men out to cut wood when just simply a matter of price is all that is in the way of plenty of it.

FUEL QUESTION HARD TO SOLVE

In this office yesterday were three farmers, at three different times. They called to pay their respects to the editor and their subscription on Everything, that priceless Album of Song which circulates freely here and there. Incidentally we talked wood with them, because we were interested.

One farmer, who lived nine miles from town, said he had over a hundred cords of wood, but he wasn't going to bring it to town; that he had heard they had a city woodyard and were selling wood at four dollars a cord, and he could get more than that for his wood.

Another farmer said he had quite a big supply cut last year, but he wasn't going to take time to haul it in, because it took too long to make a trip. He lived seven miles from the city, and said that it took about all day to go out and load up, haul to town and get back home. He said he didn't have to sell the wood, and it would keep; that neighbors of his often came for it rather than cut their own from the forests, and he wouldn't undertake to contract any.

Another farmer said he had plenty of wood, quite a lot of it, but he wouldn't bring it to Greensboro because he could sell all he could haul at White Oak, and that was much nearer. He said he couldn't get help to haul the wood, and he didn't feel like bringing it so far, even if he got a little more money. We told him that we would like to have some wood at four and a half or five dollars a cord. He said he wouldn't haul any to this town, because he was too old. He said he was seventy-three years old, and to haul wood ten miles was quite a job in rough weather, and in good weather he found other and more profitable things to do. Inasmuch as this story about a man seventy-three years old sounds something like a fairy tale, we give his name, Mr. Andrew Wagoner, of McLeansville.

In other words, farmers have heard all sorts of stories about wood, and they are not in the market. They do not have to sell wood or cut wood, and they are not going to do it, and that is what makes the wood situation bad so far as this town is concerned. Men with wood to sell outside the county will engage in other lines, and so far as any municipal woodyard is concerned that will never happen in this town. Therefore the wood situation grows worse, and those who can secure a supply had better get busy right now.

It would be absolutely futile to attempt to commandeer supplies, because of their wide distribution, and therefore price fixing will be nil so far as supply is concerned.

The farmer who has wood and lives but three miles from town can sell wood cheaper than the farmer who must haul it ten miles—considerably cheaper. The farmer who has wood for sale and happens to live on a good road can sell it cheaper than the man who lives on a hard road to travel. Therefore what would be a reasonable price to one farmer would be a loss to another. Theory will not handle the grave situation in the wood supply.

THE SAME HERE, COLONEL SAM.

Colonel Sam Farabee, in his excellent Hickory Record, says it all when he says this:

We are dead against snobbishness in the army, but we are also against a gang that would magnify this abuse in order to render aid to Germany. You must watch the Germans every minute.

That is the dope, Colonel Sam. Snobbery isn't going to hurt any one while a war is on. The fact that snobbery has been allowed in times of peace, just as much as now, should justify what is on. We didn't hear so much about military snobbery before the war, but braid and gilt and brass buttons have always strutted and always will. The proud bird of Juno sees its wonderful plumage and struts accordingly, whereas man, an inferior animal, is to be excused.

But just now, when we must all pull together in the army—not all together in fakes and dreams and schemes of the committeemen appointed on the side, but in the army—it isn't timely to talk too much about an abuse that has been forever on.

WHAT IT WILL TAKE.

Kaiser Bill can issue peace notes, but peace notes as Kaiser Bill writes them and wants them will do no good. Once upon a time General U. S. Grant wrote to a Confederate general that "none other than an unconditional surrender will be accepted—I propose to move on your works immediately." The surrender came. And when Kaiser Bill asks for peace he will be given to understand that none other than an unconditional surrender will be accepted. Uncle Sam, with his allies, will move on his works with such force that they must fall.

And naturally those depot blue prints will have faded before the Southern starts to work, and then what good will they be? No good at all.