

For
People Who
Think

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

1902.

GROCCERS WILL FIX IT RIGHT

The action of the retail grocers of this city in concluding to charge ten cents for each delivery has caused the town to stand up and take notice. The grocers were forced to do something to stop the abuse of the delivery system. It had grown to be a joke. Customers were ordering delivered great distances little articles like yeast cakes and matches. It was no uncommon thing to make a delivery ten blocks out and within a few minutes receive a hurry-up call stating that the customer had forgotten a half pound of cheese and it must come instant. And the groceryman could not afford to offend his customer, and a man, a wagon, a horse in commission for thirty minutes made the delivery. A cost possibly of twenty-five cents, and the profit possibly of three cents on the half pound of cheese. This has grown. It had become necessary for some merchants to have three and four delivery wagons where one should have been plenty. That is why the grocers resolved to do something, because on many articles the government had fixed a price, and quantities of goods which could be sold had been reduced.

The grocers never meant to take snap judgment, as the town now claims. Mr. Sockwell came to this office and asked me to print a notice asking the women to attend the meeting; asking the citizens to come and help them get at some plan which would be satisfactory. But it happened that a patriotic meeting was on in town that night; the Governor of the state had come to make a talk on the war and all the people had been urged as a patriotic duty to fill the Municipal theatre, and it was filled, the grocers having no outsiders. Several plans were discussed. The proposition to charge ten cents was finally considered the best, and, in what may be termed desperation, it was accepted.

The grocers are willing to admit that perhaps they have made a mistake. They are in the city to not condemn it without a hearing. They are a part of the town; they are our citizens, and the hope is that before any co-operative store is started, before men join together to buy goods at wholesale and send Greensboro money out of Greensboro, they will wait.

The general idea seems to prevail that if the grocers would have one free delivery a day; if they would all agree on an hour when orders could be sent in, say up to ten o'clock in the morning, and all orders received before that hour would be delivered free, it would satisfy the customer. If an order came after that hour, a hurry-up order, let the grocer send it special delivery and charge ten cents, and no one could object to that.

There will be another meeting of the grocers tonight, and at the meeting The Record has no doubt some plan will be adopted to adjust what has been done and an entirely satisfactory solution of the problem, which has become very interesting, will be adopted.

For years in this town we have seen the delivery system abused. We have before related it, but again relate the story that one night a woman living as far away as the Normal college, called up a drug store and explained over the phone that she had just heard the drug store kept postage stamps for sale. She was informed that stamps were for sale there. She immediately ordered five two-cent stamps, wanted them delivered and charged to her account.

Standing in his own store and talking by phone, the druggist had the nerve to tell the lady he only kept stamps to accommodate customers who were in a rush to mail letters after the post office had closed; that they cost him two cents each; that he didn't deliver them. But even at that the woman blessed him out. That was, of course, an exceptional case, but it shows how far the delivery system has gone.

This paper has written, in response to an appeal from the government, strong articles asking people to tote their bundles. To conserve horse flesh and gasoline and man power the delivery system could be curtailed two-thirds. In this town something had to be done. The grocers have gone, perhaps, too far, but they did it with the best intentions, and we have no doubt that by Monday morning the delivery system will be readjusted and a satisfactory plan adopted.

It might be well to have no delivery at all—no individual delivery. But what the town objects to is the fact that the grocers signed up, all of them, or most of them. Many people think this snap judgment. We do not. It was necessary that all agree to the plan, or there would be nothing doing. One grocer cannot charge ten cents and another nothing. The free delivery man would, of course, put the other man out of the running. The question is one of general interest just now, but we feel certain the grocers will meet it and all will be smooth in a few days. In the meantime our citizens should not do anything rash; they should wait and see what will happen.

IS GERMANY IN A BLUFF GAME

With a million men on strike in Germany the situation at first bluish would look as though there was general discontent and that something was going to break loose.

But the well informed correspondents of the British and French newspapers figure it out that the strike has been ordered by the government; that the intention is to get workmen in France and England dissatisfied and see to it that they also go on a strike, and then Germany will put her men back to work and hammer all the lines while the other countries enjoy a real calamity.

This may be the scheme, but it doesn't look good to us. It might as well be suggested that Germany is finding some way out of her difficulty. She may have ordered the strike and made it possible so she could explain her conduct in coming to her knees. That is just as probable as the other suggestion. It may also be that the men on strike are acting independently and propose to depose the kaiser. The fact that leading socialists are taking part in the strike; the fact that they are redistributing their leaflets and pamphlets in defiance of government orders; the fact that newspapers which have read the riot act to the kaiser have been suppressed, rather suggest that Germany is not backing the discontented workers.

However, Germany has done so many things which civilized peoples do not do; she has resorted to all the cunning brutality and fiendishness possible to imagine, and to put on a strike for stage effect would not be at all beyond her powers of duplicity and treachery.

Therefore it will be interesting to watch the outcome of the strike. Newspaper correspondents, schooled in wars, have risked their reputation on the proposition that the strike is a German trick, so we await with some interest the general winding up of it, to see whether or not they were on a cold trail.

A QUESTION.

We get an inquiry from a man who claims to have a hundred bushels or so of corn and who has a mill and makes his own corn meal. He wants to know why he should buy corn meal when he buys flour when he has corn meal to burn, figuratively speaking, and suggests that the order is too sweeping. Might be in his particular case, but the chances are that out of a thousand families there would be not over one with corn on the cob and a mill to grind it. The idea in making people buy the other cereals when they buy flour is to force them to consume something besides wheat. The order must be general to be effective, and possibly it might work a hardship on a few people, but they should be loyal enough to come across. Corn meal is a pretty substantial article of food, and people who live on flour with the life ground out of it would do well to switch to the old corn pone—something that not only sustains life, but gives a man health and flesh.

TO TALK PROHIBITION.

In this city Sunday four eminent speakers will talk at the different churches along prohibition lines. The campaign is on simply to keep up the interest of the prohibition people. But there is no real need of that. When submitted to the people of North Carolina this state will put over the amendment by fifty thousand majority. Prohibition has been tried here and it has been an undoubted success; not pleasing all, but pleasing nine-tenths of the people, we dare assert. The other tenth in time will come into camp.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

The government control of railroads hasn't yet had a fair chance. It hasn't been government control—but weather control. In fact, the weather has controlled the railroads for twelve weeks. Wait until we have normal conditions and then see what Mr. McAdoo gets out of the situation. In the meantime it is in evidence that freight has moved under the most unfavorable conditions, and cars that were out somewhere in New York for six weeks were sent kiting down into these pine woods. Government control may be the one solution. Mr. Bryan says government ownership will not do, and that will be decided later.

Again the weather man says fair today—but again it was cloudy. It looks like the weather man knows little or nothing about the capricious weather these times. It has him guessing, and not a good guesser at that.

The next time we are going to have a hard winter it would be well to let the weather man take us into his confidence. This thing of censoring a weather report isn't quite what we want.

The reports of increased moonshine stills hardly justify the price of corn likker at seven dollars a gallon f. o. b.

DURHAM MAN IS LUCKY IN DEAL

That local story we printed about the Durham man who conceived the idea of going into the blind tiger business was a story worth while. He never had sold likker. He simply saw that there was an immense profit in the business, and of course thought he could manage it. So he went to Baltimore, purchased two big suit cases, brand new, went down and filled them with thirty-four quarts of bottled goods, paying \$1.75 a quart, and started to the Bull City. He got as far as Greensboro. Something about his actions, something about his big new suit cases, something suggested to the policemen on duty that he had something. A search warrant was obtained and the thirty-four quarts loomed before the officers. The man was let loose on payment of costs. His whiskey was confiscated and the Chief of Police emptied it in the sewer, and the Durham man thanked the court and said it was the best thing that ever happened to him. He was out, all told, about a hundred dollars, and perhaps will now live a useful life, whereas had he made away with his first venture doubtless he would have landed on the roads and then from bad to worse.

INTERNAL TROUBLE.

While Germany is trying to deny that she is having internal trouble; that strikes are already on and greater ones imminent, the news leaking out confirms the belief that all of Germany is on the verge of a big eruption. It may be that the present unsettled condition may be overcome, but it must, of necessity, be for only a little while. The people, the masses, are evidently dissatisfied. They are impatient. They are restless and are already giving evidences of revolt. Peace may come through conferences, but as it looks to us, the way it is going to come is when the German laboring men and the German soldiers see the hopelessness of their cause and refuse to further obey the dictates of the mad kaiser. In the air in Germany we can see the handwriting on the wall. The end is in sight—if you look through the lies and bluffs that a censored press is putting out.

MONDAY MORNING.

The Captains of the wood-cutting brigade had a meeting yesterday evening and it was agreed that each captain is to select his lieutenants, and every enlisted man is to report at the city hall at 8:30 Monday morning, and, rain or shine, there is going to be some wood cut, if only one cord for a starter. General Manager Daniel reports to us that all the Captains are enthusiastic, and because of bad weather last Monday, excessively bad weather, there is no loss of determination to do the chore as outlined. There will be several heatless Mondays yet, and next Monday there will be something doing. Let every enlisted man get the date well fixed in his mind. And if he has a neighbor who hasn't enlisted and who wants to enlist, let him bring him out. There will be ample machinery for all, and plenty of trees are standing.

MAKES IT SERIOUS.

Because of washouts, bridges being gone on the railroad lines, many communities are reported as actually in the midst of a fuel famine. Diverting coal in other directions and routing what was deemed a sufficient supply for certain cities caused this. But the washouts were not expected. Communities being put hard up against it for coal will get through some way. But the lesson has been taught. The long summer that is coming will be utilized, no doubt, by every community to prepare for emergencies such as have confronted us this winter. Where there are local dealers able to take care of things they will get busy, and where there are no local dealers municipalities will promptly act. Greensboro has local dealers who have handled the situation admirably so far this winter. The wood-cutting brigade will doubtless furnish us a big emergency supply and the summer months will witness great quantities of fuel stored for the winter.

The different expressions concerning the actions of the grocers shows that when a man's pocketbook is hit he promptly finds means of expression. The interviews published today are a sample of what we hear all over town.

Only the brave men dare venture out in this weather. Pneumonia takes most all it gets, and the cautious man is to be commended for his prudence.

The grocers have fixed the price of delivery at ten cents—not much when you count the cost of drivers and wagons and horse feed or gasoline.

If that German strike is merely a make-believe, it is rather an expensive affair in the matter of production.

THE INCOME TAX MUST BE PAID

The income tax report must be made before the first of March, and time is fleeting. It appears that this year every man almost, in any kind of business, must make a report, and if he doesn't there will be fines and perhaps trouble. The following letter from the collector's office is received with a request that we publish it, and all persons should read it and act accordingly:

Statesville, N. C., January 29, 1918. Somebody is going to tell on you if you don't pay your income tax. Congress has fixed it so that somebody must tell, whether he wants to or not.

One section of the war income tax law, exhaustively comprehensive in scope, requires every person, without exception, and every corporation, partnership, association and insurance company, in whatever capacity acting, who paid \$800 or more to another person, corporation, partnership, association or insurance company, as interest, rent, salaries, wages, premiums, annuities, compensation, remuneration, emoluments or other fixed or determinable gains, profits and income, to report the name and address of the person, corporation, etc., to whom the payment was made, together with the amount of the payment, to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, using a form prescribed for the purpose—Form 1099, now to be had from all collectors' offices. The forms must be filled out and returned on or before March 1, 1918, accompanied by Form 1096, which is a letter of transmittal and affidavit certifying the accuracy of Form 1099.

If any firm, corporation, insurance company, partnership or individual who are due to make returns have failed to receive the forms, application should be made at once to the collectors' office or to the nearest deputy collector.

The income tax is part of the system, and while it may seem a hardship to people not in the habit of paying it, it must be paid. And in order to give all a fair opportunity ample notice is given. The officials do not want to impose any additional hardships; they simply insist that the law be complied with. Accordingly all should heed this warning, and if in doubt as to liability Colonel Stanley McDowell is in the city, at the federal building, and he will gladly assist you or give you any information you might need. Attend to this at once. Do not wait for the last rush and then be too late. Uncle Sam's laws are very strict and he tolerates no procrastination.

BRIGANDS.

Once in a while it has been a pleasant pastime for the Bulgarian Brigands to catch a missionary and hold her for ransom, but the proposition of the Russian anarchists to hold Ambassador Francis responsible for the safe keeping of Emma Goldman is the boldest proposition yet coming out of that disordered country.

Emma Goldman has long been the one chief fugleman of the national anarchists. She has been allowed all sorts of freedom, and she has never hesitated to make the most of it. Now that she has been convicted and the highest court says she can have no new trial, the question is, will the threat of the Russian anarchists to kidnap and hold Francis stop the machinery of the law? Francis is in hard luck, but it will never let a crowd of Russian anarchists stop proceedings in this country.

Sleet just about put street car traffic out of the game, but happily schedule time was almost maintained.

THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

The telegraph brings to us today from under the sea and across the sea the tidings that the American soldiers have had their first engagement, and there were a few casualties—some dead and some wounded. This is the first of what may now be a long series of battles, because with five hundred thousand fighting men in France and a million ready to go and needed there right now we suspect that each week there will be the story of Americans in action. All should be thankful that the first engagement was not one of many accidents.

LOCAL WOOD DEALERS.

The local wood dealers report that they have a good stock of wood and new shipments are arriving all the time. It appears that the stock of wood by local dealers has not yet been exhausted this winter, but coal has run out. So it would seem that what we really needed here was a Muny Cippal coal-yard.

Anxious will be the parents of the boys over there, now that the Americans are taking part in the battles being fought. But the list of casualties is not a large one—no use to worry until the time comes.

CHARACTER IS WORTH WHILE

There was in the Superior Court yesterday a case which showed what Character will do, and that with it a man is thrice armed. It happened in the particular case the defendants were black as a raven and as dark as the night, but the color of their skins made no difference. Two negro men were charged with knowingly receiving stolen goods, and the case looked bad because the circumstantial evidence was all running toward conviction. But it so happened that these two black men had white friends who took the stand in their behalf. Mr. Paul Lindley said that one of these men had worked in his nursery for him for twenty-one years, and the other, a brother, for sixteen years, and they never missed a day and had never stolen anything. In fact, said Mr. Lindley, "I leave the keys to my house with them." Mr. Sikes, in charge of the cut flower department of the same concern, gave the two men good characters, as did also Squire D. H. Collins, who had known them for fifteen or twenty years.

The lawyer appearing for them, Mr. E. D. Bynard, made much of this fact, but the state, with a great deal of evidence, the story of white men, railroad detectives, the story of a state's witness who had confessed he stole the goods and sold them to the defendants with the knowledge that they were stolen, all that didn't amount to anything, because the jury, no doubt, in examining the evidence, every time it looked up saw the word CHARACTER standing in front of it, and irresistibly it had to conclude that it was worth something. Neither of these two black men had ever before been in court. They had lived and worked and attended to their own business, and the man receiving the stolen goods and paying a small price for them insisted that when confronted with the charge he was "upset," it hurt his pride, the same as it would hurt the pride of a white brother to be falsely accused.

But there was evidence against them. They had concealed the goods in the back of a piano; they had secreted some of them in an attic, and, according to the white man's story, they had vigorously denied that they had any goods on their premises. The state presented a strong case, and Solicitor Brower argued ably for conviction, reviewed all the evidence and insisted that while these men had had character, in a moment of weakness they had been tempted and fell—had fallen like a cashier of a bank sometimes falls; had slipped a trolley, even as you and I.

The jury was out but a short time. It came in and the foreman said a verdict had been reached and it was that the two men were not guilty—and the spectators for the most part were glad of it.

In this case is a lesson for the young man, a lesson for the old man. It is that Character is the one priceless possession. It means that with character, no matter who assails, one can go on the witness stand and tell his story straight; he is armed with a magic power, something that gives him assurance, something that impresses his hearers and gains their sympathy. It may be barely possible that the negro man who was acquitted was guilty. In these strenuous times of high prices it might have been too great a temptation to be offered clothing and provender at far below cost and refuse to buy it. It might have been that he had agreed to take the loot, but that made no difference. Piled up against the charges and the evidence, but standing there as his defense and his strength, was that fadless flower Character, and from it the jury couldn't get away and didn't want to get away. Doubtless members of the jury felt it not worth while to live a blameless life, to toil and struggle and deny oneself of things that might be had in order to build Character, if, when first put on trial and offered as evidence of innocence, that it was worthless. No doubt this was the conclusion, because the twelve men agreed quickly and reported cheerfully.

So if any young man reads this story or if any young man heard that trial yesterday, saw the state believing it was doing its duty undertaking to punish men who had done wrong according to its theory, and failing only because the accused had lived blameless lives and offered the accumulated self-denial of years as evidence that they were not guilty, he can get from it a moral worth while; he can see where to build his foundation, the rock upon which he can securely stand.

That Old Glory which is in keeping in this print shop and for which the people paid is as anxious to get to the winds as we are anxious to get it there. But this weather is not flag-raising weather. One of these days the sun will dry up the earth, the skies will be clear, and Old Glory will float from the staff in front of the court house. Watch for it—and wait for it.

Buy that smileage book today. And a Thrift Stamp tomorrow. Get busy.