



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## OLD BOOZE IS GOING WAY UP

Uncle Sam is beginning to realize that he is again responsible for high prices in liquor. It is said in Charlotte whiskey has been selling at something like ten dollars a quart and there is a camp located there. The following telegram from Washington shows that Uncle Sam is not going to allow the boot legger any hope to escape if caught in the overt act. The story reads:

Revision of the rules prohibiting the sale or serving of intoxicants to officers and enlisted men of the army, announced yesterday, is designed, Chairman Fosdick, of the commission on training camp activities, explained today, to stamp out "boot legging" outside of the dry zones around military camps. Not only is the old ruling not relaxed, he said, but the revised regulation is much more stringent.

As revised, the regulations prohibit the serving, giving or delivering of intoxicants to an officer or soldier outside the zone, except that in private homes liquors may be served to officers or soldiers who are members of the family or are bona fide guests. Persons convicted of violating the new regulations would be liable to a fine of \$1,000 or twelve months' imprisonment or both.

The definition of the term "military camp" has been enlarged in the revised order to embrace training camps of the ordnance and quartermasters' departments and medical officers throughout the United States, Hawaii and Porto Rico.

In making public the new order Chairman Fosdick asked the co-operation of liquor dealers and safe proprietors in preventing all sales of liquor to be consumed off the premises. This plan he believes would cut off the supply to "boot leggers."

Nothing like having such a law. It makes one feel more secure although but little more security is noticeable. The boot legger is always in evidence. National prohibition will not put the boot legger out of business, because the moonshiner has defied, and successfully defied the government for all the years since revenues have been demanded. But the law will make the boot legger's job less inviting. Here in North Carolina there are hundreds of illicit distilleries, not thousands, as has been proclaimed, but hundreds, and moonshine liquor is sold every day. In the town of Greensboro whiskey is sold and it retails promptly and quickly at \$5 per quart and the guileless yellow boy selling it takes the chance. His supply comes from the north. National prohibition will cut that source of supply off, and the moonshiner will be called upon to furnish details and dope.

But after the mail order supply is through then the local moonshiner will be more easily located. The order of the government should have been broader. It should have insisted that no whiskey could be served for any purpose in prohibition territory. That would have helped some. Gradually, however, old booze is going down grade and when it hits its lowest level it will never come up again. All such government orders as quoted above help give Sir John Barleycorn a black eye.

### COMPLETE NOW

The esteemed Wilmington Dispatch looked over its glasses and sagely remarked: "Greensboro needs a new apartment house," says The Greensboro Record. We thought Greensboro was complete—in the opinion of the Greensboro people.

And soon, the next day or two after The Record had suggested we needed here an apartment house or two a local capitalist concluded to build one. That completes Greensboro, so far as we can see at this writing.

But bless your soul, if there is anything lacking after the apartment house is built all we need do is to make a suggestion to the Chamber of Commerce, if that body is not already on, and presto! The change comes. Yes, Greensboro is complete and still completing. Come over some fine afternoon and watch us grow.

### BRINGING UP FATHER

The best joke of the season in suffrage circles is the news, coming from Raleigh that Senator Simmons' two daughters, Mrs. Louise Mahler and Mrs. Graham Andrews, have signed petitions circulated in that city asking the North Carolina Senator to vote for the federal suffrage amendment—a suggestion for the author of "Bringing up Father."

Perhaps it might be well to mention the fact that you should conserve coal all the time. Just because we have a pretty good supply in town is no reason why you should waste it and think there is more where that came from.

## YOUNG AS HE FEELS TODAY

There is always much human interest in stories about old men who retain their vigor and do things. The following local story from the Asheville Times is interesting from many viewpoints: "W. G. Candler, one of the oldest residents of Buncombe county, is in the city today, having come to Asheville on a business trip. Mr. Candler has been in Daytona, Fla., since January 1, and will return to the southern city as soon as his business has been completed here.

"Mr. Candler is now 84 years of age, and holds the oldest license to practice law of any living attorney in the state of North Carolina. His license bears the date of 1863, issued to him when he was but 21 years of age. Mr. Candler has taken an active interest in the public life of western North Carolina for many years, having represented Buncombe county in the legislature, and was a candidate for Congress on two or three occasions.

"He says he fully expects to live to reach the century mark, and his vigorous appearance lends strength to his statement."

### GEORGE WASHINGTON

Many over a hundred years ago George Washington was born, and over a hundred years ago he lived and did stunts worth while. It is said of him that he enjoyed a horse race; that he may or may not have taken a little likker for the stomach's ache, as Paul advised Timothy to do, including his often infirmities. And Washington lived such a life that he refused to be President the third time; he was first in war and first in peace—and left a name that will endure for the ages. He was the first President of this bloomin' freak country—he was a gentleman from Virginia, and often came into North Carolina as a land surveyor. As a General he was first-class as generals went in those days, and his early life was one that many a fond mother holds up for her son's emulation. It is related that George never told a lie—but George perhaps had few reasons to depart from the path of truth. Whether he was a good man or a bad man, he had done so rather than prevent a lie, a doubtful proposition, but if he was a kiddie of today he would no doubt have had his hatchet, and if he saw a tree he perhaps would have cut it down. Just whether or not when the old man, the which was George's daddy, laid him across his knee to spank the dome of his pantaloon, George confessed the awful truth, remains a doubtful story in our mind. However, little things like that should not disturb us. Whichever way it may have been, we should let it go at that and pass to grander things.

Washington never rode in a steam car; he never heard the telegraph instrument click; he never rode in an automobile; he never saw a daily newspaper printed on a rotary press; he never heard of any kind of rotary machinery—and instead of machine guns and Gatling guns he used a flint lock and wore knee breeches. Just why a man living in such an age should want to tell a lie, if he could, is a question—and yet David, in his haste, as he took up his harp and sung, said all men were liars.

Washington never played much politics; never was confronted with the national suffrage amendment; never had much idea that national prohibition would be delayed until this late date and there is no evidence that he was ever forced to observe a wheatless day or close down his works for a heatless Monday.

His lithograph adorns the walls of a million humble homes. His picture is in every newspaper office in the land, and a million men were named after him or for him, or however it was, and there have been more G. W.'s in this land of woe than there are Oley Olsans in Sweden.

And today we celebrate his birthday. It is a national holiday. It is a day when banks close and other people do business at the old stand.

### CONFIDENT

Secretary of War Baker, in his week's summing up of the situation expresses great confidence in the success of the allies when the big drive is made on the western front. Fact is it is in the air that if Hindenburg attempts to advance he will walk, as Marsé Henri has remarked on former occasions, "through an open slaughter house into the grave." If the allies have in keeping what they are said to have the German army will be caught in a bear trap from which it cannot extricate itself. And if Germany keeps on fighting she must advance. So far she hasn't taken charge of Paris.

Good roads cannot be kept good without labor. And labor is getting so scarce that it cannot be spared from the farm—in fact not enough for the farm. Here is a great problem.

Might as well understand that it isn't long until next Christmas and do your Christmas shopping now.

## GERMANY WILL STAKE IT ALL

There seems to be little doubt but what the next draft will be some months off, perhaps May or June. This would indicate that the allies feel they have all that is necessary to win the war, provided their estimate of their strength is correct. In other words it appears to be almost accepted as a fact that the great drive on the western front, momentarily expected, is to be the decisive battle of the war. Indeed, the allies feel confident that the Germans can never get through the line, and if they cannot, then and there is the beginning of the end of the world war.

If the Germans make the drive, and they must make it, and the allied forces repel them, then the Kaiser is whiplashed. If he succeeds in partially breaking through, then it will be months before another battle will be fought, and that will mean another draft call.

But right now the delay in getting more soldiers into camp is because, no doubt, the allies believe they will whip the Germans in the great drive. For many months this big battle has been talked about. For months Germany has been preparing. She has her millions of men and her wonderful machinery ready. In turn the allied forces have done everything they can do, and boldly claim that in men and guns they exceed the German lay out. They have their lines well guarded and all preparation possible has been made. They feel that when the enemy attempts to break through, then and there will be the greatest slaughter ever recorded in history, and that the victory must come to them.

It is said the German soldiers feel that they are but walking into the jaws of death—into the mouth of hell—when they start to break through. This means that there will not be in the battle on the German side the moral courage necessary to count. It means, no doubt, that the allies will exhibit superhuman endurance while the Germans will not. The allies will stand to their comrades in the trenches. There is very soon to be something doing, and if the line does not break and the allies win there will be no further call for men from America.

### MAJOR BERNARD'S PASSING

All the newspaper men and many older citizens of the state regretted to read that Major William H. Bernard, the founder of the Wilmington Star, North Carolina's oldest newspaper, had passed. The Star speaks editorially of him as follows, which we reproduce to assist in recording the important historical items of the state: "Death claimed Major William H. Bernard yesterday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, and The Star family is thus bereft of the founder of this paper in September 1867, more than fifty years ago. It is difficult to express the emotions of the group of newspaper workers who have been with the veteran editor for many years or who have come latterly to the paper so closely associated with his name and achievements in the newspaper field.

Besides the immediate circle of Star attaches at this time, there are thousands of Wilmingtonians and Star supporters throughout North Carolina who will experience a sense of deep sorrow because of his death. Of course, those of us who have been closely associated with "the major," as we all knew him, are sensibly pained at the thought that he has gone from the circle which he gathered around him in the long years ago or in the latter days of his ownership of the paper till it was taken over by the present Wilmington Star Company.

Major Bernard was born at Petersburg, Va., January 1st, 1837, and had lived to see the 81st year of his age during the past month. He has spent a lifetime in the newspaper business, having become publisher of his first paper in Texas, when he was a very young man. He resided in Fayetteville many years when a young man, but the greater part of his useful career has been spent in Wilmington. The Morning Star, which was the more enduring of his newspaper ventures, remains as a monument to its founder.

"A more extended biographical sketch of Major Bernard appears elsewhere in this morning's Star, but we wish to say in this reference to his death that he was a born newspaper man who steadily achieved and overcame the difficulties met in establishing what became the oldest daily published in North Carolina. He possessed marked and peculiar gifts as a writer as well as fine qualifications as a newspaper manager, and the members of the press throughout the State can bear testimony with us to the long and able and valuable service that he rendered to his community, State and party."

Of course the early garden gets nipped by the late frost, sometimes, but who is so timid he won't gamble on an early garden? The man is not living!

## SHIP BUILDER MUST GO SLOW

The shipbuilders who resumed work after being asked by the President to do so, did the right thing. But the shipbuilders should not have stopped work. They should understand that ships are being built to aid in the prosecution of the war, and each shipbuilder should put himself in the place of the man in the trenches. The man in the trenches will work twenty-four hours a day if the engagement lasts that long. He will go hungry and he will be shot to pieces if duty calls. All he is doing is to help, as the shipbuilders are supposed to help, win the war. The man in the trenches cannot say he will not work unless he is paid overtime. Let him desert his job as the shipbuilders deserted theirs and the soldier would be shot at sunrise.

Where is the difference? These men are not the men they would be if we were at peace. To stop the federal contracts, no matter if the contracts are made with individuals, is to give aid to the enemy and to retard the prosecution of the war.

Working men should consider these things. They should understand that it now makes some difference on what job they are employed. If employed to make things in which the allies have no concern, then it makes no difference to the soldiers whether they work or not. But to hold up the ships that will carry to them reinforcements and food—that is high treason and should be punished as such.

### TEN TIMES TOO MANY

There are ten times, aye, a hundred times, too many different national organizations, each one in earnest and each one thinking it is helping win the war. The mails are actually flooded with millions of pieces of literature that are never read; never opened—simply thrown into the waste basket, and it is safe to say that a million dollars a month are wastefully wasted on these campaigns but ever by national publicity agencies. The time, the money, the space and waste paper and postage.

In this little print shop we receive from fifty to a hundred letters a day, some sent in importance. Millions of dollars could be saved and thousands of publicity agents could cut wood or do something to really aid in the prosecution of the war.

This is a serious matter and well worth the serious consideration of some one with power to act.

Pretty soon the ice man will be on the job. Wonder if he will be Hooverized and we will all be obliged to have a few iceless days in August. That would be tuff—but we are here to stand for anything that bobs up serenely as a war measure.

### THE RUSSIAN MUDDLE

Like wild men; like the anarchists and lawless devils that they are, Russia is just now playing the game of dog eat dog. Like a bunch of huskies beyond the fifty-third degree, weary of the trail, they eat each other. The Russians for all the years since Russia has been on the map have been a semi-civilized crowd of barbarians and savages. They have had government but only for a while. Like the Mexicans they are born revolutionists, and in Russia where the Bolsheviks were born we see the worst form of anarchy. So great is the country and so far, really, from civilization, we hear but little of the suffering endured by the people. The news running now of where they are killing each other by the thousands is not unexpected news. It is good news, however, because Germany has been fooled and Russia will give Germany more trouble pretending peace than the Russians could give this country declaring war against it.

The war news today is to the effect that the aeroplane is doing more business than the submarine. The land forces are not in it compared to the air forces. The war is finally to be fought in the air, and that doesn't sound reasonable. But it is.

All agree that Old Glory looks mighty good on that flag staff—even if the big parade was knocked out by the weather. Old Glory looks good to us—no matter where or how. Today she floats over all the world, and most any minute now new laurels will belong to her. That western front battle will be part of Old Glory's victory, along with the other nations.

## ALL IS WELL IF ENDS WELL

It all comes out in the wash. Senator this or Congressman that sees things in the clouds and gets up to make a few running remarks. He soars like the swallow, along the confines of material facts. He paws the ambient air of imaginative assertion, and swoops down on the departments with rubber talons. He generalizes and wind-jams and gets his speech in the Congressional Record and goes home and proves by Bill Smith that he certainly tore things up in Washington.

But it is noticed that when it comes time to act the great deliberative body does just about what the President wants it to do. The great editors yell about errand boys comprising the cabinet, and the errand boys hold their jobs, and in after years loom about as large in history as any of the other errand boys who had succeeded them.

It is all very fine to have Senators and Congressmen who are alert men, who do not propose to see the nation impelled, but like the great editor's exhortation, it ends in the melting pot, and no harm is done.

In this particular war Wilson has asked for and received extraordinary powers, but after all is said and done, if he is in fact the Commander in Chief, that should be his job, and too many cooks should not come in to spoil the broth. One man, if inclined to evil, possessed of all the powers now bestowed upon the President, could do great harm. But only for a little while. Only until the American people could pull themselves together. But this Nation knows Wilson. It knows that he has assumed a terrible responsibility, that he wants to make good and will make good if let alone. Two men can't steer even a Ford car. Let 'em try it and they'll skid; they'll hit the first telephone pole and run head on into a street car. One man must manage this war. If he needs advice he will seek it and he will get it. It is our opinion that a Council of Experts, made up of the best of the ordinary human beings can do. He has stood up under a strain that in private life would have sent him to a sanitarium years ago, a nervous wreck. Wilson has a Counselor, no doubt of that.

And that is why, despite the fume and foam; despite the oratorical fusillade all will come out clear and clean in the wash—why whatever is intended as the termination of this war will be. And with all your reason you can't get away from this irrefutable conclusion.

### NEW FEDERAL JUDGE

The bill to provide for an assistant to the Federal Judge in the Western District of North Carolina has finally been reported favorably and will perhaps soon become a law. The politicians have tried for the last ten years to find some way to get Judge Boyd's place, but this new bill only furnishes him an assistant.

That Judge Boyd is old enough to retire if he wants to there is no doubt. But the man who will listen to Judge Boyd in one of his talks made to the grand jury when he opens his regular terms of court will wonder why a more vigorous man is wanted. Judge Boyd is mentally the peer of any man in the state. He is not over forty years old, just old enough to have knowledge, when it comes to exercising his intellect. His patriotic speeches are always applauded; grand juries sign resolutions commending what he says, and Democrats and Republicans are loud in their praise of him. An assistant is all right. But the attempt to displace, which was tried, was cheap politics. Judge Boyd lacks neither vigor nor courage nor intellect. He is there with the goods and is a man of wonderful vitality, his age considered.

### WHEATLESS WEEKS

And now they are talking of wheatless weeks instead of wheatless days. Well, why not? If the allies across the sea are suffering for the want of flour is it manifestly up to those of us who are not going to the trenches to give up all the wheat we can. Flour bread is not essential to our lives—because we have other things in abundance. It may be a little out of the ordinary to cut out flour, but it is also out of the ordinary for an American citizen to go to foreign lands to fight. It is a world war, and all of us must help win it. Cut out anything and everything to win the day. The folks at home can subsist on corn pone and should gladly cut out their wheat if it will bring health and comfort to those enlisted in battle.

Naturally the anonymous scribbler might get into deeper trouble than was anticipated. The man or woman who writes letters to destroy character and signs no name belongs very properly inside the penitentiary.

Those red breasted robins which came to put up a front are said to be here yet, but they are having very little to chirp about.