

THE GREENVILLE DAILY NEWS

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WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 2, 1918.

REFORM IS NEEDED; BEGIN TODAY

(By James L. Mayo)

With the beginning of the New Year we should take the necessary time to consider what our lives have been during the past year.

Each individual is in a large measure responsible for the salvation of his or her soul and our lives is the thermometer by which we are judged by both man and God.

There are duties which we owe to our country and to our city. Have we performed those duties according to the dictates of our conscience?

We as citizens are responsible for conditions as they exist whether it be in City, County, State or Nation. We control the ballot which elects the officials who enact and enforce our laws.

There are some conditions which have existed in Greenville during the past year which should be wiped from the slate and a new page begun in the history of our City which will not only reflect credit upon the officials but upon its entire citizenship.

There have been numerous efforts made to curb the liquor traffic in Greenville, but as each movement developed, a stumbling block was rolled in the way by some of the city officials.

Several months ago the News in a small way urged the cleaning up of Greenville's red light district and we did not do it with a desire to see the inmates of those houses persecuted because they are indeed unfortunate and to be pitied.

It is now for the law-abiding citizens of Greenville to show what they will do. Is there need for reform? Will you start the New Year with a resolve that you will not cease until there is an improvement in the condition of our city?

fense as that of which she had been acquitted, knowing that a second trial would probably result in conviction. She therefore left the beer and whiskey except the amount allowed her by law in the possession and custody of the City officials.

This supply must have been at a low ebb just prior to the Holidays, as the police were quite vigilant in their endeavors to detect shipments of liquor coming into Greenville and their efforts were rewarded by the capture of a few trunks and packages which contained whiskey.

In their efforts to prevent everyone except the favored few from having their Christmas joy, the police were most too vigilant and landed on a shipment which they should have left alone, as it is reported that one of the high officials and some of his intimate friends owned an interest in the contents thereof, and the officers were induced to surrender their prize and it was delivered into the keeping of its friends.

How can the good citizens of Greenville hope to improve the moral atmosphere in which they live so long as such conditions exist among its officials? How can they expect to see laws enforced without fear or favor? You need not expect to break un-vice so long as officials profit by it.

If it was unlawful for Ethel Lee to have in her possession more than one quart of whiskey and four dozens bottles of beer, then it was more unlawful for the guardians of the law to have more than a like amount in their possession. Any official who is honest in the performance of his duty would not violate the law for the breaking of which he had secured the prosecution of an unfortunate woman, and any official who would participate in a transaction of this character is not entitled to the trust which should be reposed in public officials, and he should receive no consideration at the hands of the public.

The citizens of Greenville should demand and force an investigation and compel those officials who were in on the deal to resign from the positions of trust which they now hold.

The enforcement of the penalty for such abominable action is in your hands, as no official can withstand the onslaughts of righteous indignation of an outraged public.

The News has performed its duty with the full knowledge that if it can not substantiate the statements it has made it is liable in a civil action for damages.

It is now for the law-abiding citizens of Greenville to show what they will do. Is there need for reform? Will you start the New Year with a resolve that you will not cease until there is an improvement in the condition of our city?

TRY DAILY NEWS WANT ADS FOR RESULTS

ONE OF THE BOYS IN TRENCHES WRITES SISTER OF LIFE THERE

Mrs. J. E. Dees, of this city recently received the following letter from her brother, Lieutenant Samuel Parker who is now seeing service for his country in far away France. He writes as follows:

I wrote you a letter a few days ago while I was in the trenches—while I was perched up in a dug-out listening to the music of the big shells as they passed overhead—but I had no place to mail it so I will write again.

Yes, I have been on the front—not back in the reserve line where one hears only the bursting of shells—right up in the midst of the show where one can hear the whistle of bullets and shells till the parapet any time and see the Boche line. I was stationed in a British trench of the line and lived the life of a regular officer of the trenches.

I can now fully appreciate the condition of the people in London when they hear the "fall on" of the shells. I was standing on a first step in the trench I heard one of our (the British) aeroplanes coming. It sailed straight over my head, circled and shot directly for some point in a German line. It was then that I learned the Boche were using aeroplanes to drop bombs on our lines.

Patrolling is very important duty on the front—join into No Man's land and securing information of the enemy, and fighting any enemy patrols that you come across. A good prisoner sometimes gives valuable information, so it is the duty of patrols to take prisoners if possible. During my stay in the trenches I took particular note of this very important duty. One night while I was out on a machine gun on our line I turned a machine gun on us. I intended to make a person feel a little uneasy to hear a machine gun barking directly in front and to see the sparks fly from the wire not ten yards away, caused by the bullets striking it. Of course we all threw ourselves on the ground. I didn't know I could hit the ground so quick nor lay so flat and still. I got it back on old Fritz the next morning. I looked over the parapet and saw three Germans unloading a cart at a place which they thought was concealed. I turned a machine gun on them. They dropped out of sight. I don't know whether I got them or not, but the cart stayed in the same place all day and was not unloaded.

One of the greatest scenes I have ever witnessed in my life was an attack made by the British. One afternoon I was informed that a company which occupied a sector in the line very near to where I was stationed would make an attack that night at a certain time—the very minute before time for the attack I secured a very good place for observation. At the very second appointed the barrage came down. All the hosts of evangelistic preachers have not been able to describe such a scene—their hell fire is not in it. The barrage was a solid wall of bursting shrapnel, pa-

trol shells, high explosives shells and smoke. I don't see how anything could come through such a barrage alive. It is wonderful—it is hell in the true sense of the word.

You people of America little realize what the war means. The three thousand miles of water between us serves as a barrier in spite of the literary geniuses. Print is not like the bare facts. You talk of thousands and not millions in regard to cost, in both lives and dollars; but your minds do not realize what it means. The cost is too large for a person to realize until he has had actual experience. Until the people of America see the streets of Paris blackened with mourning, until they see the grief of the mother as she tells her son good-bye as he is leaving for the front, until they see the eager faces searching each assembly at the stations waiting for the loved one to return from the front until they have crossed miles and miles of battlefield where a little white cross is planted every few feet signifying the death of an ally soldier; until the casualty roll in the United States begins to be a reality, and mourning of the streets of New York City is as evident as on the streets of Paris—then, and not until then will our people realize the cost of the war.

The allies have suffered terribly, and my only regret is that we did not come to their rescue long ago. This is not only a war for Democracy, it is a war for humanity, and the only way to end it is to put as many Boches out of commission as possible. So I hope our country will send over troops as fast as it can and draw it to a close.

There is the bustle for supper, so must close. You aff. brother, SAM.

Russian Embassy At Washington Now In War-Time

(By United Press)

WASHINGTON—They call it the Russian embassy—that massive gray stone structure on the Sixteenth Street—but in reality, it's the most typically Irish diplomatic institution in Washington.

Roller, Dorsey, Murphy, Shea, Donnelly and Keegan are the names the casual visitor hears oftenest. Next to these come King, Roberts, Jones and Kelly—all of them proud of their Irish blood. Embassy officials say it is merely a coincidence but the doorman who hails from Cork, declares: "It takes the look av the Irish to beat the Dutch."

From an architectural viewpoint, the home of the Russian embassy is perhaps the most imposing of all the foreign edifices in Washington. Ambassador Bakhmeteff (correct) occupied it a few years and then virtually stripped of its furnishings, the property of the diplomat. It was turned over to Dr. Boris Bakhmeteff (correct), successor and representative of ill fated Russian regime.

Oddly enough, yet withal strikingly appropriate the atmosphere of the embassy coincides with its architectural lines. The main entrance, leading into an exceptionally large reception room, is flanked by large white stone pillars. The waiting room, unusually large and severely plain, impresses the casual visitor as appropriately suggestive of his conception of the stoniness of Siberia.

Cold, devoid of mural decorations

and unresponsive, the atmosphere of the only room accessible to visitors is conducive of anything but a pleasant impression.

He Came Near Killing Bend

(By United Press)

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY ARMY FRANCE—(By Mail)—One German aviator doesn't know how near he came to killing the South Bend sergeant who fired America's first gun at the Boches.

On perfect sunny afternoon after the American batteries had been in about a week, a Boche plane scooted over for a quick look around before the French planes could chase him back.

The Boche rolled right over the camouflaged gun-pit, so low that he could see that a gun was there. The gun fired. Simultaneously the aeroplane swooped, with its machine-gun going tac-a-tac-tac-tac. The bullets sprayed through the bow of dead leaves into pit narrowly missing the crew.

They dropped into a dugout and laid low till the Boche was chased off.

Knew His Age.

Allan, on his second birthday, was told by his mother that he was two years old. That same day his mother weighed him, and as she lifted him off the scale she said: "You weigh just thirty pounds." That evening, when the little boy's father came home he said: "Well, Allan, how old are you?" Allan hesitated a few seconds and then replied: "Two years and thirty pounds."

NOTICE OF SALE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed and delivered by J. W. Allen, Jr., and wife, Allie Allen to F. C. Harding, trustee, dated April 4, 1912, as appears of record in the Recorder's Office in Pitt county in Book D-11, page 38, the undersigned trustee will on Monday, the 14th day of January, 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, expose to public sale before the court house door in Greenville, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real property to wit:

T. V. and being in Greenville township, Pitt county, N. C., beginning at an iron pin of the Allen Lane corner between D. H. Allen and lands formerly known as the J. W. Allen, Jr., land and runs thence North 60.35 West 608 feet to an iron pin, then North 60 West 1436 feet to an iron pin in Brown's line, thence South 23.25 West 168 feet to Reedy Branch, then an Reedy Branch with the winding thereof to a point, corner of T. S. Hawley land, thence South 72.50 East 182 feet, thence South 46.55 East 151 feet, thence North 65.40 East 128 feet, thence South 50 East 271 feet to a cedar tree on the said Allen Lane, another corner of T. S. Allen's land, thence North 38.20 East with said Allen Lane 1140 feet to an iron pin, the beginning, containing 87.54 acres more or less and being lot No. 1, designated and platted on map of survey of the J. W. Allen lands in Greenville township made by W. C. Drebach surveyor on February 20, 1917, and being the Northern portion of the tract of land formerly conveyed by D. H. Allen and wife Mary P. Allen to J. W. Allen, Jr., by Deed dated 16th day of December, 1908 and recorded in the Recorder's Office in Pitt county in Book H-8, page 519.

This sale is made for the purpose of complying with the terms of the aforesaid Deed of Trust.

This December 14, 1917. F. C. Harding, Trustee.

12 17 4wp

This Is January, 1918

Among your New Year Resolutions make up your mind to put away a small sum each week. This small sum regularly deposited each week will amount to surprisingly large figures.

The way to secure this is to join our Christmas Banking Club. The saving of pennies means in the end the saving of dollars which you will receive next Christmas by beginning to make a start now. Get the habit. Come in and let us explain its workings.

FARMERS BANK