JUDGE WEBB PLEADS WITH LIQUOR DEALERS TO QUIT THE BUSINESS

Charlotte, April 4.—"Considering the fact that the Eighteenth Amendment is legislating against the appetite of men, a tragic blood inheritance with so many of them, it is the best observed and most successfully enforced law on the books" Judge Edwin Webb declared Monday morning in the course of an effective and somewhat novel charge to the grand jury.

The uniqueness of the charge consisted ni the fact that during the major part of the jurist's pronouncements relative to liquor laws, he turned to his audience and made a stirring appeal "to all men before me, especially the young men, who have gone into the bootlegging business to desist from the course" which Judge Webb said "will inevitably lead to the penitentiary."

Judge Webb spoke with impassioned earnestness as he surveyed the crowded court room and remarked upon the fact that he is waiting for every man who, he said, "turns away from honest employment at the [illegible] to come to his command today in this to make a living."

[illegible] "I am seriously interested in all of you people, especially those of you who are tinkering with this liquor-making business. You are men of good sense, you have good homes, good mothers and you live in a good community. You are fighting a losing game. There is not a chance in the world for you to be a success in violation of this law because the whole set of the community, the whole momentum of public opinion is against you, and I want to appeal to you to quit.

Appeals to Bootleggers.

"I can make some of you quit by another course, but it is no pleasure for me to send my neighbors to the penitentiary for making whiskey. I much prefer that you desist from this course of your own violation and before the expiration of this year shall come all agree to be in accord the concrete more power than law.

"I am not [illegible] and I am appealing to you as a friend to voluntarily get out of this business which some of you have started on. It can have no other termination for you than one of terrible misfortune and final imprisonment of your business. To more intelligent. Many defendants coming into this court on this charge are smart, intelligent, apparently aggressive young men who could make plenty of money in an honest toil.

"I am appealing to you as one raised among you, as one started out among you in youth as a poor boy and who knows what it is to grind one's way along and I tell you from my own experience and from wide observation that there is no possible success ahead of the man who tries to go to the top by some underground way.

"The law is supreme. The community will rule. Public opinion is too great for you to overcome. The government of the whole country is set against you. All the resources of the nation have been thrown into the equation against you. And America has never lost a war. It will not lose the struggle in which you are joined and my advice to you, both as a friend and as one who is sworn to administer the law, is for you to put an end to this nefarious business."

Best Enforced Law.

It was just previous to this digression that Judge Webb made the statement, in the course of his charge to the grand jury, that, in spite of all the claims being made that prohibition does not prohibit, "the Volstead act is the best enforced and the most widely supported in public sentiment of all the laws that are on the statute books."

"So far as I am concerned," said the jurist, "I would be willing to leave this issue in North Carolina, for future determination, to the men who voted against prohibition in 1908. I dare say that if we were called upon again today to register our convictions upon prohibition at the polls, we would be safe in letting only the men who voted against it the ndecide. Ninety per cent of them would vote for prohibition he said.

"Of course, the Eighteenth amendment is not wholly inforced and it will be a long time, if ever, in fact that we do not confrant its violations. That, gentlemen, is no argument, however, against the wisdom or the efficiency of the law.

"We may as well say that we should repeal the law against murder, forsooth, because there continue to be cases of murder, or the law against theft because there is larceny going on or the law against kidnapping because occasionally a child is kidnapped, as to say that because we have violations of the Volstead Law, it ought to be repealed.

"The truth is we consider the character of the law and that which it is aimed to abolish, we stand in amazement at its accomplishments. It is legislation against flesh and blood, against the appetite and no law is more difficult to enforce than one against the blood cravings of men. Many of the men who drink liquor are not to blame for it themselves. Thethirst in the blood handed down to them from their fathers and their father's fathers. It is inherited, and it comes to them with all the urgency of a blood appeal. They find it almost humanly impossible to overcome it. And yet in spite of that fact, in spite of the fact that our forfathers for 100 years and more drank liquor, the [illegible] whiskey [illegible] in spite of the fact that impassioned and liquor building [illegible] [illegible] with some of our people, I am on the strength of observation and actual knowledge that no law is being better enforced."

MORAVIAN EASTER SERVICES

The following Winston-Salem dispatch of the 1st. is a bit late but makes a good story, and gives an insight to the Moravian ceremonies on Easter morning. We publish the dispatch in full:

As the sun flashed his first glint of gold through rose-red skies of a cloudless Easter morning, deep peals of stirring music resounded through the quaint streets of Salem and were echoed across silent rows of flower-strewn tombs of the dead in the old Moravian cemetery.

More than 10,000 watchers shivered with cold as they drank in light [illegible] slowly drawn story of Salem the [illegible] of the Home church in Salem square, listening to award [illegible] while the [illegible] [illegible] Easter hymns, proclaiming [illegible] the news of hope and glory [illegible] the [illegible] of the risen Christ.

The [illegible] morning [illegible] a deeply impressive ceremony took place at [illegible] o'clock Easter morning, when the [illegible] clock in the old gable [illegible] the [illegible] church chimed [illegible] tones. An electric [illegible] cast the arch over [illegible] to the assembled [illegible] [illegible] moment. In the waiting throng of watchers all eyes were focused upon the doorway. People pushed and shoved in their eagerness to find places of vantage. "Watch! Watch!" or "Look, he's coming out!" said the children. "S-h-h, S-h-h-h-h!" and "Quiet" said the parents because of the tensity of the moment. Some giddy young maidens, arrayed in spring finery, giggled foolishly. Some beardless youths, flashily dressed, who were serving as escorts for the first time in their lives emitted guffaws for no apparent reason.

The snow-white church doors plainly visible against the ancient walls of red brick in the dim light of early morning, swung open. Out came a group of ushers, then choir members and pastors of the Moravian churches of the city. But still the throng of watchers waited in expectant silence.

Then suddenly, "There he is!" the whisper went round. The venerable figures of an old man appeared in the doorway. Silence deep as death stole over the assembled thousands. Standing in the doorway of the church, where early morning Easter services have been held for a century and a half, the Right Rev. Edward Rondthaler, bishop of the Southern Moravian Province, and a notable figure in the religious and educational life of the South, gazed for a moment in silence across the vast throng that had come to join in the worship of the hour.

"The Lord is risen!" the bishop proclaimed with all the power he could muster in his voice. Against aged walls where the mass of passing years has clustered along with the tendrils of ivy and through block after block of the darkened streets, the voice carried.

"The Lord is risen," said the echoes.

"The Lord is risen indeed," came back the reverative response from the throats of hundreds of worshippers. The bishop read from the liturgy while the multitude responded. Then with an augmented band playing the accompaniment, the assembly joined in singing, "Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour." When the song was finished the bishop read more of the liturgy and all joined in repeating the Lord's prayer.

A ruddier glow had flamed over the hills beyond the cemetery, which stretches away to the northeast of the church, while the services were in progress. An icy wind whipped around the corners of the stolid buildings flanking Salem square. The crowd shivered. It was one of the coldest Easters ever experienced in Salem. Seemingly by the work of some fairy fingers, the [illegible] moon which [illegible] throughout the night [illegible] the [illegible] of the city of Winston-Salem in moonlight [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]