

# Everything

There isn't much on this old earth  
But hate and greed and strife—  
Unless you look for joy and mirth,  
And the things worth while in life!

Christmas comes but once a year  
The story's old, but true—  
Remember, liker isn't cheer,  
—It makes a man feel blue  
The next morning.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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## MENACE OF PULL

### "Social Standing" Liberates Criminal.

And sometimes pity for the human nature that is in us. Too bad that "social prominence" "good fellow" and "regard for his family"—three graces endowed with fiendish cupidity, and traveling on a nerve that is always sublime to behold, step in too often, and snatch from justice a bird that should be caged. Too bad that the "man with the pull" is always somehow in evidence and that he can walk the streets a free man when he should, in all justice, be inside the penitentiary. But we all are weak that way—we all want to be merciful, but sometimes it looks like we go too far.

According to the Richmond papers there was a man living in Newport News named Hancock, an erstwhile druggist, who imported cocaine from Memphis, confessed that he did; that he sold it to nigger peddlers, and in this unlawful traffic made a tremendous profit. In other words he was deliberately engaged in employing agents to debauch and degrade his fellow brothers; he was the fountain of crime which slashes with razors defenseless women; he was the source of countless trouble. Niggers who sold the poison for him are said by the Richmond papers to be in the penitentiary because they were his agents—and finally he was caught by the police and sentenced to a year in the penitentiary.

And before he had donned his stripes, before he had left the city jail, Governor Mann shocked the officials and the sensibilities of all law-abiding people by granting the criminal a pardon.

The Times-Dispatch in a front page story says no numerous petitioners had asked the Governor for the pardon; that a few citizens of Newport News, the first being a newspaper man had signed a petition, and the Governor had acted and set free the Cocaine King—the gentleman who bought it in large quantities in Memphis, handed it out to poor, ignorant negroes and had them dope their patrons and go to the penitentiary for doing it.

The only reason for letting this criminal loose, a criminal who in all candor should have been sent up for twenty years, was the fact that his mother-in-law was socially prominent and it was his first offense. Small wonder that people justly rail out and laugh when you talk of the even-handed justice you read about in books.

The Governor of Virginia offers no excuse, presumes, perhaps, he needs none, for turning loose on society an offender, a greater menace than a highwayman or a burglar. The man who kills another in cold blood may plead it is his first offense, yet he is guilty of murder. Sam McCue had never killed any one until he murdered his wife—but they hanged McCue and they turned Hancock loose—turned him loose when he pleaded guilty to being an importer of a deadly drug—a drug that crazes men and makes them fiends. The victims of the drugs he sold are doing time, no doubt, and the agents he employed are also doing time—and yet this high toned gentleman because he was prominent socially goes free. The pardoning power in the hands of one man is a most dangerous thing. If the story printed in the Times-Dispatch is correct, and doubtless it is—there never was a greater travesty on justice than the official act of Virginia's Governor which set loose a man who made a business of dealing in a drug that is the most dangerous known. But, what are you going to do about it? Do? Why send the first poor white man or nigger up for ten years and thus give the law a chance to assert its supreme majesty!

### Knocking Hammer

We have talked so much about this Hammer matter, and now comes Henry A. Page, of Aberdeen, according to Parker Anderson, in the News, and files charges against the Asheville man. It is to be regretted that these charges had to be made, but it is perhaps best that they come now, and give all a chance to investigate. For the last three weeks or more we have heard it whispered that "grave charges" were to be made. Those who know Hammer say they cannot be sustained while those who do not like him insist that he is not the man for district attorney. It is claimed that the charge is broadly made that Hammer isn't heavy enough to handle the job. That all depends on how much weight is wanted. We all know that no man is going to handle it like Holton handles it. If a federal court visitor during Holton's term were to go back after Holton is ousted and his successor attempts to do business, you would hear him, ask excitedly "Where are the rest of them?" He would know there was something missing. Holton has filled the place full. He is the one smooth lawyer who goes in to win because his heart is in the case he undertakes. He isn't today for the defense and tomorrow for the prosecution. He always prosecutes if he has a case and he goes the limit. Hammer might make a good district attorney—but he cannot compare in any way with Holton. As to the charges we know nothing and care nothing. The game is politics and it isn't who is best fitted—but who will take care of this and that.

## BRITT FOR GOVERNOR

### The Mountain Rad is Being Freely Mentioned

The news is wafted down from the mountain country that J. J. Britt will perhaps run for Congress to succeed Representative Guder. Mr. Britt one time ran for Governor; he has been third assistant postmaster general, under Taft, and is a lawyer of marked ability. Just what the G. O. P. will offer as a way of consolation to the mountain people we are not informed, but if a republican is to go to Congress from North Carolina a cleaner man or an abler man than J. J. Britt cannot be found.

We have never known whether Britt fell into the Roosevelt movement, but take it for granted that he did not. Those posted insist that Roosevelt is still strong in North Carolina, and that by the next election there will be no republican party—it will be the Progressive party. But we are of a different opinion. We think that the republican party will borrow a few progressive ideas, perhaps nominate a sane progressive and have but one ticket in the field against democracy.

### The Court Satisfied

And from now on the Christmas essence will commence to circulate. It takes longer to penetrate some bones than others—but as a general thing it soaks through before the Day of Days arrives—and that is enough to satisfy this court of the Divinity of Christ!

### Too Much Whiskey

J. R. Anderson, aged 47 years old, a detective for the Atlantic Coast Line railway and living at Rocky Mount deliberately took a pistol and blew out his brains in the presence of his son. It was claimed that too much whiskey Thanksgiving Day, the remorse that followed, the despondent feeling caused the rash act. He left a wife and seven children. Pretty hard lines, that—but they happen in this old world. Perhaps on Thanksgiving Day when this unfortunate man first commenced to tank up, John saw many things in his mind's eye. The first drink and the world looked cheerful. The second drink or two and an army of noble thoughts and impulses galloped before his eyes—great things, grand things that he was going to do. He could see all these things as his brain was being set on fire, and he lived, for the nonce, more things than he had ever done before. Then after he woke up with a seal brown taste in his mouth, and his head aching and the picture of what really was, before him, he became despondent. He doubtless brooded over his misfortune and in a moment of depression did in a hasty minute what he would not have done for all the world. Too bad that some good earth angel could not have happened by just then; too bad that he put out his lights and left to hustle for themselves a little family he had reared and doubtless loved. Those who haven't wrestled with John Barleycorn; those who haven't taken the thirty-third degree, and experienced that strange insanity which alcohol brings to the brain do not know—they do not understand. But Anderson who killed himself had suffered—God! he must have suffered all the agonies imaginable, or else he would not have had the courage to end a life in such a way.

### A Little Hasty

There is nothing like being Johnny on the Spot if you are a news gatherer, but some of the dope the Washington correspondents send out is altogether impossible. They have a pipe dream in order to fill a column one day, and the next they get a chance to show that "new developments" change the program. The Washington correspondent who has a string of papers to serve must add a little local color to each section and each state, but this thing of preparing the copy for a whole week the Saturday before is growing painful. Why not at least put in Mondays and Wednesdays on the job, as this would save so much assertion and denial.

### The Asheville Cases

A traveling man informed us the other day that just when the Asheville excitement was highest; just when the guilty ones were preparing their bonds and paying their fines; just when the streets, figuratively speaking were running red with the likker emptied by the police after confiscation, he saw another traveling man walk up to a negro and give him a half dollar and the nigger wasn't gone ten minutes before he returned with a half pint of liquor. We asked him why he didn't proceed to give Judge Carter the information and make it merry for all concerned. He said he wasn't an informer, in the first place, and in the second place he knew neither the traveling man's name nor the negro who secured the poison. But that fool nigger is walking on dynamite and doesn't know it.

If Secretary McAdoo has his way about it there will be many public buildings erected in North Carolina "enduring" this democratic administration.

It used to be that Mexico furnished us much speculation as to what was de facto and de jure regarding the presidency down there, but just now it is a question of drunk or sober.

## THE NOBLEST ROMAN



There was a discussion the other evening among a party of gentlemen about the Old Guard of North Carolina, and it was unanimously agreed that the Honorable Cyrus Watson, of Winston, should have been sent to the United States Senate along back some fifteen or twenty years ago when he had political ambition.

But we all see things too late. There is not in North Carolina a more unique character than Cy Watson. There has not been an abler lawyer—there is not a better citizen. As a United States Senator Mr. Watson would have taken his place among the biggest, and he would not have been in Washington two years before he would have been a national character. He can tell the funniest story. He can take a common-place yarn and after he has embellished it and "told it"—it is the funniest thing you ever heard. He is a student and a deep thinker. He wouldn't have been a Tillman or a J. Ham Lewis—but he would have been a rugged, brainy, honest, brilliant United States Senator—one of the kind we used to have along in the days when old Zach Chandler stirred up the animals.

North Carolina missed it in not sending him. But maybe she gained in keeping him with us. We all must grow old, we all are growing older, and Mr. Watson is no exception to the rule. In the sunset of life no doubt he is philosopher enough not to want any office now. As he looks back and sees that as a private citizen, as a successful lawyer; as a considerate neighbor he has made his name known all over his state, perhaps he feels just as good over it as though he had won the same distinction because of the political game. Perhaps he feels better over it.

### That Was Too Bad.

Mrs. Pankhurst, with twenty thousand dollars of good American money in her pocket was arrested before her ship landed. That is too bad. Mrs. Pankhurst is simply a woman of the Carrie Nation sort? Just a little bit too militant. Just a little too progressive. We were struck the other day by a sentence in a paragraph written by Mrs. R. R. Cotten. Speaking of a prominent club woman she said she "was sanely progressive." Now that is worth thinking about. Some of the very progressive folk these times are not sanely so—and Mrs. Pankhurst seems to be one of them.

### Congressmen Must Pay

And it has been decreed that the Congressman must pay an income tax. Sure, Mike. Why not a Congressman as well as a newspaper editor. At first we thought that to pay an income on all over fifty thousand was a hardship, but after figuring it out concluded that we would like to experience the feeling of having an income sufficient to be dignified. So we want to list our income at a million a year, and prove by the tax books that we made such returns. In doing this we value our vinegar recipe at \$999,999.99. Of course the vinegar recipe might not bring it at auction, but when you can take a barrel of rain water and pour in the secret dope and make a barrel of pure apple vinegar for 2 cents, why isn't that worth a million dollars? It is. And there is no use for any man to attempt to prove the contrary. At first it felt a little funny to be worth a million, but we are used to it now, and we sleep just as soundly as we did when we had only ten thousand dollars.

### Will Change It.

It seems that the farmers are getting wise as to the reason of the bird law in the several counties which prohibits the sale of birds. Heretofore the farmer could kill a few birds and sell them, finding them on his own place. Now he may kill them but can't sell them. He sees the point. Because he can't get ready money for his birds he takes a small sum for his lease, and lets the sportsmen do the shooting. But by another legislature this will all be changed.

Blease still insists that he is going to the Senate, and hundreds and thousands of people hear him talk and applaud him.

## THE "LOAN SHARK."

### Is He A Necessary Part Of Business World?

Durham is having some trouble with what it terms its "loan sharks." The blind tiger is an animal that lives on booze and distemperous booze. On the Pacific coast they call them blind pigs. Possibly because the blind pig makes a man a fool. But the animal known as the "loan shark" is a fellow who loans you ten dollars and charges you about 80% for the trouble of loaning it. Whether there are any real loan sharks in Durham we do not know. In fact whether there are any near loan-sharks in Durham we do not know, but once in a while the so-called "loan shark" is a mighty good institution to have around. There are times when a man can afford to pay a most liberal rate of interest. He hasn't read estate he hasn't credit—but he may have a little personal property and the loan shark, so-called helps him out. True the shark gets the lion's share—he takes all the meat and leaves only the bone, but he has served, in many cases, a useful purpose.

We are acquainted with a man, today prosperous, who one time received a message to come at once to a city—that an opportunity awaited him. He had several suits of clothes and a diamond ring. He needed fifty dollars and he needed it to beat the band. His personal property was worth perhaps two hundred and fifty dollars. He went to a loan shark and that obliging gentleman took all of his goods, loaned him \$50 on them, charged fifty dollars for his trouble and took a note drawing six per cent. for \$50. The note was due in 30 days. The man paid it, and told us that he secured a right in a patent that had paid him \$20,000 and he expected to get rich off of it—and he regretted that we didn't loan him the money on a proposition he made to "divvy" if the scheme turned out all right. We were afraid he was touching us for \$50—would have gambled on it. But that shark, that grasping thief calling himself a money-lender, who took no chances, and who actually robbed the man of \$50 was the means of putting a good citizen on the road to fortune. You may say this is an isolated case. But it seems true to us that there should be some fellow willing to lend you money when you were up against it—and if he takes chances he must be secured. However this is no defense of the Durham people, nor is it an indictment of them. We are talking about the general run of money lenders known all over the world.

### THE RIGHT MOVE

#### A Way For Women to Lower Price of Food Stuff Everywhere

Since an editorial was in type we note that the women of Kansas City have entered into a warfare on the high price of eggs. Dealers claim that scarcity of eggs is what made the price go to forty cents. The women of Kansas City, hundreds of them, have joined forces and placed a boycott on eggs. They have highly resolved to use no eggs until the price goes down.

This means that if the consumption of a million eggs is stopped, naturally there will be over production, and rather than see them spoil Mr. Dealer will be obliged to lower his prices. But who is hurt? The dealer will hang on to his old stock and the farmer who has eggs to sell will be told that the price is down, there is no demand. After the price goes down then those who have been fasting will again commence to eat eggs, and being hungry will want many of them—and again up will go the prices. So the boycott means nothing unless the women of the whole United States organize and go into the scheme to boycott everything that is unnaturally high.

Inasmuch as there is no politics in it; inasmuch as there could be no money in a treasury of this kind, how is such an organization to be started, and how maintained after starting?

### Getting Fierce.

And now they are telling that the postmaster at New Bern has charges preferred against him and that he must walk the plank within a very short time. Indeed, while democracy claimed it wasn't very hungry, it seems to insist on having the pie passed.

### A Slit Skirt Heroine

Estelle Wilson, a decided brunette of Danville—so brunettish that she is as black as a raven and as dark as the night, undertook to wear a slit skirt in an evening promenade, and the police called her into court and Hizzoner fined the coal black five dollars and the trimmings.

And this is the stinging inequality of the age the victory of wealth over poverty. It shows that Nature gave the racoon stripes around his tail and left the possum's tail entirely bare. It shows that when a lady of color wants to drape in the latest fashion she is thrown into jail because the slit in her skirt was too conspicuous while her pale sister highballs up Main street without any skirt at all.

But it was ever thus. When we finally get around to it and establish a parcel post that will ship a ton of lumber—well that will be when Uncle Sam takes over the freight cars.

## WILL THEY GO?

### Said Pie Eaters Must Give Up Ghost.

The rail—a little office had—  
It's recompense was dough—  
And joy day always made them glad,  
They didn't want to go.

But will—turn'd them out one day—  
He couldn't see just why  
He should feed rails and give them pay  
With the money's wanting pie.

The news comes on from Washington that Holton, Dockery, Logan, Sewall—marshals and district attorneys, be invited to walk the plank. It is said that no appointment can be made until there is a vacancy—and the date set for the vacancy to occur is December 15th next Monday.

It is said that Hammer will take Holton's place and Webb asks the seat of Logan. In the case Winston will be attorney and Dortch marshal.

The question arises, and has been discussed, what if Mr. Holton refuses to give up the ship? Suppose he says his commission is not yet expired—he has made a record to which he points with pride, as do also his friends, and he proposes to remain until he completes what he has undertaken?

Of course there is precedent. But Holton is a wonderful man. He is as bright as a dollar and as honest as they make them. He has made the best district attorney this section has ever had—perhaps ranks with the very best in the whole country. Holton isn't a man who regards precedent. A man who takes off his coat and rolls up his sleeves and proceeds to address a jury with his neck-tie riding his collar, isn't a man to regard precedent. What he regards "are the facts in the case"—and if it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, if there are any facts in the case Holton sees them and presents them.

It may be that he will come into camp. He may not even linger near. He may say to the Attorney General "here is what I have—take it—and let Hammer have it." Or, he may balk. You can't tell when a horse is going to balk, and you can't tell what is Holton's next move. He can have more things up his sleeve at one time than a Chinese gambler—and it is said by truthful James that Ah Sin had twenty-four packs of cards up one sleeve. However, we shall see what we shall see. But we await with anxiety, and no pain, the result of the tender of the resignation. Before these types are cold, ay, before this article is finished, the resignation may be in Washington, and again it may not be in for many months.

### Santa Claus and Parcel Post

It is gratifying to those who believe in the idea of a Parcel Post and advocated that idea for years before Congress saw fit to create that great institution to observe the reports that the receipts have far exceeded the "most sanguine hope" in fact that the receipts are double what was expected. The great express companies of the United States drew down a lot of money and had so many rules that the Parcel Post is a decided convenience for the people besides being a most satisfactory economy. We saw a package the other day shipped across the continent via Parcel Post. It was silver and silver mounted mirrors. The mirrors were packed in separate packages and were delivered in perfect condition. If the Express companies had been doing the stunt, they would have charged double for such service because it necessitated two parcels. Uncle Sam don't care how many parcels you make, he goes by weight and charges accordingly. Santa Claus has written the Department at Washington that he has at last decided to abandon his reindeer and use the Parcel Post. Any letter directed to him care of the Post office in any city or town will be delivered to him on account of this. Heretofore when Santa Claus insisted on using reindeer to deliver his presents the many letters addressed to him by little children were not delivered because he could not be found. But now that he is connected with the Post Office Department at Washington and intends to use that great Department, Uncle Sam will deliver all letters. It is certainly a great improvement and many children will no doubt hear from him if they write a letter that pleases him and it the kid will send along proof that he has been "good."

### Wait—And Then Wait

The Winston Journal speaking of the case of Sphinx like stillness of R. G. Glenn, asks: "Will he run or not run?" Well, if he thinks he can make it, he will run. But for his own good, we hope he will not be fooled. We saw in a paper the other day a statement to the effect that a man who went into a business of which he had no knowledge "stood no more chance of succeeding than a celluloid hound stood in chasing an asbestos rabbit through —." And R. G. stands about as much chance of defeating Overman as the aforesaid celluloid hound would stand.

### Is Thirteen Unlucky?

Is thirteen an unlucky number? We have our birthday the 13th of this month—maybe unlucky to have it, but pretty lucky to have lived so long and enjoyed so much fun.