

Everything

SLANDER BLIGHTS
THE FAIREST NAME.
BE CAREFUL HOW YOU
TALK.

GIVE YOUR FLOWERS
TO THE LIVING. THE
DEAD CANNOT SEE OR
SMELL.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1913

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

NEED THE MONEY

Indifferent As The Slave Drivers of Old.

The convict camp seems to be part of the general agitation in Virginia. There is a law there that gives to counties so many convicts for road work, and because the counties cannot get all the men they want they are not satisfied.

In the Times-Dispatch the other day we read a statement by Highway Commissioner Coleman. He said:

"We need a new law to get the jail birds. The sergeants and sheriffs are supposed to certify a list of the men they have in jail available for road work, but somehow or other we can't get the men out. There are fully ninety able-bodied men lying in Richmond jail right now, who might as well be in one of the road gangs. I don't know about the other jails, but we ought to have the work of every able-bodied man in jail for sixty days or longer."

That is the commissioner's idea. There are nineteen able bodied men lying in jail because they violated some law or other. The theory of Society is that the man who violates any of its laws must be punished. If he is a murderer, kill him, or sentence him for life. A murderer is a murderer, in the eyes of the law, and the man who kills one man is handled as severely as though he had killed a hundred, and the killing of men his profession. The one man who killed another, in a heat of passion, no matter if his life had been exemplary no matter if he was a first-class citizen—the law says that man shall suffer the same as though he had always been a murderer and a lawless character. If it is a trial for first degree murder, good character and past conduct do not, in the eyes of the law, make any difference. Often the jury is influenced by these things—but the law does not read that way.

So the nineteen men in jail are considered as so many horses. They should be at work building roads for people who are free; for people who have money. The prisoner labors and receives nothing but his food and the stripes he wears. His wife may be at home, hungry, cold and penniless. He may have grown daughters who are disgraced and they, in desperation, and for food and clothing, go to the bad—and the rich commonwealth takes the labor of that unfortunate human being and treats him worse than slaves were treated when first brought to New England from Africa.

Why a jail bird? The poor devil didn't mean to get in jail. Why cast slurs on the unfortunate wretch. Why treat him like you would treat a snake? He has only forfeited so much time—when he comes out, the theory of Society again is, that maybe he will be reformed. Reformed. Coming out with a stigma attached to his name; coming to a home to find the wife he once loved shivering and in rags; coming home to a home to find that his daughters, neglected and disgraced have gone astray; coming to a home without a dollar in his pocket and no character left that he may earn a dollar.

Why not take the able bodied man and say to him: "Here, old fellow you have gotten into a pretty mess. You have stolen goods, you have violated the law, and we must punish you. You are up for two years. It will cost all over a dollar a day you can earn to sustain you here, but we will open an account with you. If you behave yourself according to our rules you will receive \$1 a day for what time you put in here. If you have a family the money you earn will be sent to your people. If you have no family, you will get credit for less, but when you leave you will have some means—and therefore some hope."

That wouldn't be unreasonable. That would save many a woman from being an outcast; it would save many a wife from suffering and misery. It would give the unfortunate being hope. He could plan what he would do; he would have the wherewithal to do something, and maybe then prison life would work a little reformation. But as it is now the man who spends a part of his life in prison is a worse menace to society after he is liberated than before. At least eighty per cent of the criminals are.

The Velvet.

Mr. C. D. Garner, of Richmond, an express messenger, the other day concluded he would have a big Christmas, and accordingly quietly slipped a package containing \$5,000 into his jeans, and it wasn't long until he was arrested, pleaded guilty; gave up the money—and that is his finish.

Strange how foolish some men are; strange that a man should be such a fool as to imagine that he could do something that most all other men who have tried it have failed to do. But the thief thinks he has it figured out. He refuses to listen to advice; refuses to heed the morals which the penitentiaries present—but simply imagines he is smarter than any other man. Then he awakens to the fact that he is the biggest fool ever running loose—but his modifications are generally behind iron bars.

DUNCAN STANDS PAT.

Has An Abiding Faith In Protection Theory.

Like all the faithful ones who have preached protection; who have believed in protection and voted for protection, Mr. E. C. Duncan, national committeeman from North Carolina, gives it out in Washington that it is his belief that the business men of the Old North State want protection.

Certainly they do. Business men want lower freight rates. It is a plain proposition that the manufacturer wants protection. If it be true that the protective idea was to aid "infant industries" which finally quit being infants and become adults worth their millions, why wouldn't protection continue to aid the industries, no longer infants. If a merchant can ship a case of shoes from somewhere to Greensboro and the freight on the case is a dollar cheaper than it is now, the merchant undoubtedly puts that dollar in his pocket. The ultimate consumer gets his shoes no cheaper; but the merchant has made more money to use as he sees fit. And if protection helped make the American manufacturer prosperous, naturally he still wants protection.

The theory of the tariff for revenue people is that the ultimate consumer will get his goods cheaper. If he does the wage scale must be lowered. If Europe can send to us manufactured articles and sell them cheaper than we get them made here, naturally we will buy European made goods. To meet the price the American manufacturer must reduce the cost to him—and wages must go down instead of up—unless the manufacturer has been making such an enormous profit that he can cut off twenty-five to thirty per cent and not feel it.

That is the tariff story in a minute. That is all there is of it, and time only will tell the tale. We are glad Mr. Duncan is optimistic we are glad he is standing by his colors. And by the way Carl Duncan is one of the live wires of this state. He stands for progress and he does big things. He is a successful banker and railroad man—has many irons in the fire, and what he thinks about protection is worth considering. But we have the new tariff law now, and what we must do is wait and see how it comes out in the wash.

Uncle Joe Cannon returned from Illinois the other day and told Washington that the country was in a bad way. It is said that Uncle Joe will run for Congress again, and the chances are that he will make it warm for his opponent. There is easier sledding in an "off year"—than in a Presidential year.

No Chance for the Sausage

"A Friend"—or so he signs himself, but he is a fiend incarnate, writes to Colonel Sanford Martin of the Winston Journal that he has packages of sausage, scrapple, liver pudding, back-bone and spare ribs already done up—and he issues an invitation to Colonel Martin and himself to come join him in a feast. He dwells at length upon the beauty of these packages; tells what luscious food they will make—and then signs himself "A Friend" without giving location or the color of his hair.

A friend—bah, a fiend who would hold out such hope in one line and put out your lights in the next.

If Colonel Lindsey Hopkins was within speaking distance we would call him and start for Winston on another voyage of discovery. And we would locate that "friend" so-called with the hogs wrapped up, and Colonel Martin would understand that there was nothing left. But, 'twas ever thus!

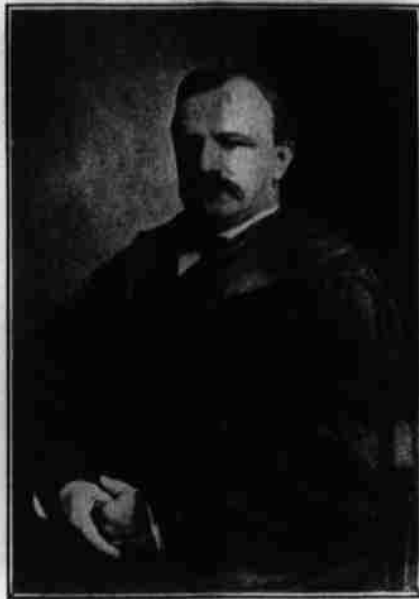
The Way To Do It.

The Statesville Landmark makes this remark about the boom started for General Carr for Governor:

"There is a good deal of talk about General J. S. Carr for Governor in 1916. The Landmark has always been a good friend and supporter of General Carr. But when we recall how he has been treated in the past when he aspired to office we can't have much faith in the sincerity of the present movement."

The sincerity of the movement is genuine. The friends of General Carr are anxious that the state reward him for services rendered. General Carr, as we understand it, is not asking for the nomination. He is simply a patriot and will do a patriot's duty. We understand that the General has said he would not run for office, and the reason is, perhaps, suggested by the Landmark, when it refers to the way he has been treated in the past. Personally we have never spoken to General Carr about running; we know nothing except this: We would like very much to see him nominated, and the nomination made unanimous. And if the Landmark, which feels friendly towards the General will help boost a little, and other papers and other friends do the same, General Carr will be nominated, and elected by a rousing majority.

A DISTINGUISHED MAN



We herewith print a picture of ex-Supreme Court Judge, R. M. Douglas, and the only excuse for printing it is that Judge Douglas is still a man of affairs, and has been very conspicuous in the making of history. We don't know all that the Judge has done, but he has been United States Marshal in this state; he has been Judge of the Supreme court bench; in earlier years he was private secretary to President U. S. Grant—and with it all he is a good citizen; one of the best informed men in North Carolina, and a charming writer. Personally we are very fond of Judge Douglas, and we want to say that he thinks along original lines; suggests things for the betterment of humanity, and if we had more men like him the world would be richer. Judge Douglas is the son of Stephen A. Douglas—the Little Giant who will live always in our history.

The Facts In The Case

The Charlotte Observer having reported that a negro in Wilson was put on the rock pile for selling a man a half pint of water when the man thought it whiskey, and the man who was stung turned informer, the Observer concluded, not judicially, but gravely, that in this case the negro was the better man of the two.

Reviewing the case Judge Clark hands down an opinion in his Statesville Landmark, to the effect that the punishment of the negro in this case is unjust and he has doubts of its legality.

The cause coming on for hearing before us we find from the evidence that the man hereinafter mentioned and who is naturally the party of the first part who turned informer wanted some whiskey. He went to the negro hereinafter and herebefore mentioned, and who in this action is the party of the second part, and the said informer, the party of the first part who wanted the likker was filled with grief and disappointment upon finding that he had been stung by the party of the second part herebefore and hereinafter mentioned; his anguish was deep and his anger intense; he naturally didn't know what else to do, so he informed on the negro and had him arrested. The negro no doubt pleaded guilty to handing the party of the first part a package, but as it was water, it would be upon the negro to prove that the burden of proof rests upon the party of the first part in an allegation hereinafter set forth to-wit, namely: That is to say, that the said aqua pura previously mentioned had value in good and lawful money of the United States. Failing to prove that the water did or did not have a commercial value, that is to say, to the amount of lawful money tendered by the said party of the first part herebefore and hereinafter mentioned, then the negro would be guilty of obtaining money under false pretense, against the peace and dignity of the said city of Wilson, and a suit at common law would lie against the said party of the second part for causing the man who expected and didn't get likker great mental anguish. See 31st Wisconsin, Jones vs. Smith.

Long Fought Case

The famous Danbury Hatters Case—in the courts for ten years, has been decided, and the labor union lost. The case has been in the United States Supreme Court and the question of boycott was involved. The judge rendering the opinion spoke highly of labor unions, but told them they must not do illegal things. And that is all there is about it. Labor unions are all right; they do good; they have as much right to exist as any other organization. All they must do is to obey the laws; refrain from dynamite, and try to dignify labor and see that it is rewarded.

Battleship Building Continues

While the administration is a Peace administration, and Mr. Bryan is signing up the countries in terms of universal peace, it is noted that we will continue to build battleships. The battle ship is merely a bluff. If we ever get into war in these days, the airship will put a fleet of battleships out of commission before breakfast. But by having battleships we are not liable to get in a war. If you have a pocket full of money and everybody knows it, your credit is good. And so if we have a first-class navy other nations will think hands off and get hands off.

A MISGUIDED MAIDEN

Tried To Do A Man's Chore And Goes To Jail.

The business woman hasn't yet proven that she is as weak as her brother in the matter of sterling things. Miss Gladys G. Graham, of Mullens, West Va., the other day confessed of course with tears, that she had been robbing the mails. Miss Graham was a bright young girl; knew how to handle the mail and was entrusted to running the post office. When arrested she denied positively that she was a thief; she had bought the articles they had found, but when they searched her room and discovered enough goods to stock a store she wept, then told all the story.

Too bad for Miss Gladys—too bad that she couldn't resist the parcel post packages, too bad that she had to confess herself a common thief—and as Uncle Sam is very strict with those who handle his property, the chances are that she will go to prison.

However it is rare that we learn of a woman thief. They are employed in all sorts of ways these days; places of trust, and for the most part they are making good. Now and then a shop girl takes something from the store and is discharged—but it is seldom we hear of methodical and systematic stealing such as Miss Graham indulged in.

President Wilson is on his vacation. If any man on the pay roll of Uncle Sam has earned a vacation, his name is Woodrow Wilson.

To Leave State and Family

In Columbia there is a moving picture and a Mrs. Williams has a position with it in the orchestra. Her husband annoys her and if he remains in the state she swears that she cannot hold her position. Her husband was arrested and convicted for assault and battery upon the person of his wife, and sentenced to 30 days in jail or a fine of \$100. His wife proceeded to ask the Governor to pardon the man upon condition that he leave the state and never return.

Governor Bleas said that if it would add to the happiness of either of them he would pardon him on that condition. The husband signed up and agreed to leave. To leave and never return. To leave his five children, and the little wife is working to make them a living. Some say the man wanted to get away; others that the woman wants to secure a divorce—but anyway you look at it it is hard lines for a man and his wife to agree to disagree; break up a family where five innocent children are concerned.

And these hard lines are not uncommon. Beecher one time said that a child was the mother's anchor—but in these times if there is a house full of children it makes no difference. They are left to hustle for themselves; to bear the disgrace and suffer the neglect.

Hitchcock Didn't Win.

Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska, played a losing game in his attempt to secure amendments to the Currency Bill. Senator Owen read him out of the party; accused him of playing with the republicans—but Senator Hitchcock is one thing if nothing else: He is an honest man, and if he has convictions on any subject he will maintain them in spite of all criticism. That's why we like that kind of a man.

Still Preaching

Don Laws stays up in the mountains and preaches the gospel of protection. He says he knows that things have got to get back; that a tariff for revenue only will not work—but the Yellow Jacket should wait. Wait until something happens. It was all right to turn in an alarm before the dimmys did the trick, but now that we as a nation are in for the tariff bill, let's wait and see. If we have all been humbugged all these years we are all men enough to admit the fact. We want to see the tariff wheels, as they have been fashioned by this administration, go round awhile, and if no belts slip and no cog catches—then we're willing to admit that theory isn't worth shucks when it comes to dissecting the tariff.

It is still cheerful information that the Mexican situation remains unchanged. It is not stated whether old man Huerta ever got over that protracted jag, but the "situation" is just like it was when we were a boy, and just like it will be a hundred years hence. Mexico is peopled with revolutionists—and you can't tame a lion.

The rate question is almost settled, and now let us all get down to business and boom North Carolina. Let us claim and prove that here in the coming Southern state; that here manufacturers are doing well and can do well; that here is climate and here are "folks." Get the movement started and let's quit the head-ache producing talk about the railroads robbing the people.

A JUST VERDICT

\$5,000 For Interfering With Love.

The real outshines the romance. "Truth is stranger than fiction"—and adage that we all have seen proven time and time again. A case has been on in the Richmond courts which had all the setting of a novel—except the novelist must bring up and play up Probability—while truth hangs its hat on the most trivial thing and makes its point. A man named Walker married a Miss Ratcliffe. They had a long courtship and Miss Ratcliffe would write him endearing letters and tell him how she longed for his caresses, and when he could not come to see her she would cry. It was a case of real old genuine love; love that is pure and holy—Love that liveth longer than all other things—on his part—while on her part it was a battle between Love and Duty and Duty seemed to have won out.

The Ratcliffe family didn't want the girl to marry Walker. But the girl thought him the nicest man alive and consented to marry him. The marriage took place and then the family of the bride came in and somehow secured the newly made wife's consent to refuse to live with her husband—ten hours after she married him and pledged her honor to remain with him for better or for worse—to cling to him; to cleave to him—to stay with him until the pink and yellow cows were coming home. And Walker was petrified. He was dazed. He wanted to know "how come"—and she explained that because he kissed her—her love grew as cold and passionless as a block of like boiling water—like a red-hot iron turning to the white heat—suddenly it congealed—grew as cold and passionless as a block of marble—as a Yarmouth bloater dead and dried and smoked.

She refused to comfort him; refused to live with him—and he concluded that he was the victim of a terrible conspiracy. Accordingly he sued the Ratcliffe brothers for the likely sum of \$25,000 for alienating his wife's affection—and the case came on for trial. It was a hard fought case. The only reason in the world the bride could give for not living with her husband was because when he kissed her, suddenly the spark of love, the blaze the flame—went out, and she despised and abhorred the Man.

All the way through the case was hard fought. No stone was left unturned—but the jury out for only eighteen minutes returned a verdict against the two brothers charged with the conspiracy for \$5,000.

Lawyer Wendenburg, who always makes a wonderful speech appeared for the groom who had been robbed of his life's happiness, and one of his flights is worth repeating. He said:

"When the virgin heart of a young heart of a young bride kindles with the inspiration of its first and sacred love, there comes an ecstasy of the soul more divine than will ever again be tasted on this side of Paradise. And that was the situation of this bride."

All there was of the story, however, can be seen easily. The brothers of the bride didn't like Walker; they rushed the girl away and poisoned her mind against him—and between Love and Duty she faltered—she gave up the best that life held for her to humor the whims of a couple of strong-headed men who butted in where they had no business to interfere. If the family isn't satisfied with the choice of the boy or girl, and can make out its case before the marriage, all well and good. But to come in after the girl has been married and cause a separation—cast a dark shadow over all her life, wound the man and make him miserable—well, we are rather glad the court gave Walker the \$5,000.

Santa Claus is more in evidence this year than for many years. Clubs and municipalities have awakened to the fact that "the poor are always with us" and they are attempting to make glad the hearts of those ground down and pinched by poverty.

Had To.

We thought that for a change we wouldn't write anything about the Hammer situation at Washington. "The latest" was to the effect that he would be held up until after the holidays, while the other Big Three would go sliding down the toboggan right away. The Hammer situation is getting on the nerves of people, and the fact that it has again brought Colonel Porter Graves out of hiding and had him again shy his castor in the ring—well, the Hammer case is getting to be more complicated than the Oliver Case—before John cut the moorings and floated out into space. We just had to write something this issue about it.

Christmas in His Heart

Mr. William Sloan, who lives on Chestnut street, and who ground scissors for some days to make his Christmas offering, turned in \$2.05 to the Community Christmas tree fund, and the man certainly had Christmas in his heart. John D. Rockefeller never made a magnificent donation to any cause.