

GET UP EARLY, STAY UP LATE, BOOM YOUR TOWN AND BOOST YOUR STATE.

Everything

LET'S BE HAPPY, HAVE A SMILE—'TIS THE ONLY THING WORTH WHILE.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

A BIG LIBEL SUIT

Lawyer Brooks Calls For Particulars.

We have seen in the Leaksville papers where Mr. D. F. King, of Rockingham county went after the lawyers. The men he mentioned were Messrs. A. L. Brooks, C. O. McMichael and A. D. Ivie. Mr. King wrote quite an article in which he roasted the gentlemen to a finish, saying their purpose was hellish, their transaction was a crime; that highway robbers and murderers were in their class, and finally intimated that they were jack-leg lawyers. He insisted that their conduct in the case at trial, and which he seemed to be reviewing, was the "blackest crime in the history of Rockingham county" and said he held no hard feelings against these men thus pilloried—but he was doing what he was doing for the Glory of God.

Then after the papers had been served on him in a suit for slander he withdrew all the objectionable reference to Mr. A. L. Brooks, and had nothing to say as to the other gentlemen mentioned in his first article.

He headed his last remarks "Apology" and seemed in earnest. In his first article he insisted that if all he was saying was not true then he had slandered these men—and it seems to be the intention of Mr. Brooks to have him prove the remarks true or confess to slander.

Mr. King, we are told is a man of considerable means, is seventy-two years of age, and has many friends in Rockingham. The trouble with Mr. King, as is the trouble with many other people when they do not like the outcome of a law suit, or are displeased with the conduct of the lawyers, he jumped on the individuals instead of jumping on the law. The lawyer has no license to call a man a thief; or intimate he is a thief. He often jolts the sensitive slats of a witness by riding roughshod over him, and the judges too often allow the lawyer to proceed. A lawyer has an undoubted right to get all out of a witness he can get, but he has no right to bully him or brow beat him, as some lawyers do. But because he does do this it does not necessarily follow that the lawyer is a rogue. He is simply taking all the advantage he can take to impress the jury and embarrass the witness.

You will see a lawyer shake his finger at a witness and say "Now I caution you—I put you on notice that you are under oath—did you or did you not" do so and so, and he has rattled his witness. And once rattled, a man on the witness stand makes a mighty bad showing for the cause he has been espousing. It is not a matter of opinion, but it is a matter of fact, that lawyers have this right—and the lawyer who wants to win his case takes all the advantages that the law gives him.

In the present case everybody knows that Mr. King employed words without weighing their import—he knew, and everybody knows, that the gentlemen mentioned are law-abiding citizens—and why he wanted to vent his wrath, which doubtless was to condemn the law, upon the lawyers employed to present their side of the case we cannot imagine. And for a man seventy-two years old to think that he was rendering a service to his country by uttering things for which he abjectly apologized, after suit was brought, does not look altogether as it should.

Of course with the apology conspicuously appearing in the paper; with the old man confessing that he made a mistake, the jury will not undertake to award any punitive damages. And the question arises, will there be any actual damages—for everybody knows that A. L. Brooks is neither liar, highwayman, murderer or jack-leg lawyer—but on the contrary a most able lawyer, a high-toned gentleman and a good citizen. And yet it is perhaps well that he is bringing the suit, and insisting on pressing it—not so much to punish Mr. King, as to let it be understood now and hereafter that men cannot rush into print and traduce their brothers without being brought before the bar of justice.

To Regulate Lobbyists.

Senator Overman has introduced a bill which will if it passes, put the lobbyists—the professional paid agent of a corporation or individual, out of business. Put him out of business because he must appear as his real self—in the capacity of a lobbyist, and if he attempts any corrupt methods he will be punished. This bill should have been passed years ago. The lobbyist has never been as numerous as some people suppose, but he has been in evidence. With a law to punish him, and punish him severely, the professional lobbyist is not going to attempt to corrupt the law-maker. He will be afraid that a bear trap has been set, and he will not only wear gum shoes, but he will walk on the air.

Mr. Lind Quiet.

The news leaked that Mr. John Lind was going to see the President, but what passed between John Lind and the President was sealed. In this regard Mr. Lind is a remarkable man. He never talks.

TRUST LEGISLATION,

The President Will Give The Trusts Their Numbers.

President Wilson has returned to Washington and proposes to have some trust legislation this session. The President is not assuming that every successful business enterprise is a menace to the people. He recognizes that many commercial institutions are within the law; he understands that the law as it now reads isn't clear enough for smooth sailing, and what he proposes to do is to hand those sailing on the sea of commerce a chart by which they can guide their craft.

And when this is done; when the law is plain; when all doubt is removed, Capital will not be afraid, and we will see things hum. The talk about a panic has gone; the talk about the tariff ruining all business interests is discounted everywhere, and the chances for a big, fat year of business seem excellent.

Guilford's New Court House.

There is no doubt but what Guilford is to have a new court house. When or where is not known. The old building will be torn down in the course of time, and a big office building erected.

The people who wanted to sell the Court House insisted that there was too much noise on the street where it was located. Imagine New York City going beyond the border line of traffic to build its temple of justice. In the busiest crowded thoroughfares—thoroughfares where more noise is made in a minute than will be heard in all of Greensboro for twenty years, the court houses stand, and lawyers plead and judges charge the jury. But in Greensboro they didn't want the noise. And so one time when sturdy Buck Blackwell, who hope he is in glory, wanted to move the Bull Tobacco factory to Hillsboro, the live ones objected because they feared the whistle each morning would disturb the citizens.

Colonel Cowles Stricken

The Statesville Landmark reports Colonel Henry C. Cowles near death's door, on Tuesday. Colonel Cowles is well known in the state, having been clerk of the federal court since 1872. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy Monday morning, and at this writing it is not believed he will ever rally.

Wiley P. Black.

Wiley P. Black, who has been sent out of the state, and who has had all kinds of sentences for misbehavior, primarily violating the prohibition law, writes Governor Craig, from Tennessee, and wants permission to come back to North Carolina. Black is a man who knows better. He defiantly violated the law; he seemed to believe he had a charmed life and could do about as he pleased. But the state made him go, and because he is exiled he yearns for the mountains and perhaps the mountain dew. He claims to have bought a home in Knoxville, insists that he intends to live there all his life, but wants permission to come back to see his aged father. Inasmuch as Knoxville isn't far from Asheville, and the trains run regularly, it would perhaps be best for Mr. Black to send his father a ticket and have the old gentleman visit his illustrious son. What Wiley really wants is to come back to show the people that he can work the Governor. That is about the size of it.

Bad Business, Somehow.

At Monroe, last Monday, on one of the principal streets of the city, and under an electric light, Mr. W. R. Oytten, a merchant, and prominent man in the town, was waylaid and shot. He was taken to a Charlotte hospital and the papers say his chances for recovery are good.

What kind of dope is it that men are taking these days, to fill their minds with a desire to kill their fellow men? There is altogether too much lawlessness, and yet there is no way to trace the cause of the crimes.

A Chance Now.

All assistant postmasters have been cleared of the civil service examination. This gives the postmaster a chance to choose his own partner, and it is not a bad idea, as the postmaster and his first assistant should be not only on speaking terms, but pretty close together. And under civil service there might be a coldness that would even enter the service.

New York To Fight.

New York is going to fight the release of Harry Thaw on bonds, but the chances are that Thaw will give a bond, get to some foreign country and let New York sweat. The truth is New York isn't after Thaw—it does not want to admit that it has been beaten at its own game.

IS OUT OF POLITICS.



In this day and generation, J. Crawford Biggs is a wise man. Mr. Biggs is quietly practicing law in Raleigh; has about all the business he can attend to; is making money, and is at home. He was Judge of Superior Court and found himself one week in one town and another week somewhere else—sitting in dirty court houses and going through a grind that didn't appeal to him—so he simply resigned, quit the game, and we are told that he wants nothing to do with politics.

Judge Biggs is a man of charming personality; a man of ability; and a man who could play the game of politics about as successfully as any one you'd meet in a day's travel—but with him, it is, "Politics, get thee behind me."

In its last issue Charity and Children dwelt at some length on the foolishness of men who enter politics—and it is refreshing to now and then see a man who understands that if you get all the juice out of the political lemon you have gotten nothing worth while. Judge Biggs will build a big practice in Raleigh; he will have the opportunity to make, friends—close friends—and naturally he will enjoy life. We print his picture as he is one of the State's men we know real well, and a man who has a future worth while.

Thaw Not Insane.

The commission appointed by the federal court in New Hampshire to inquire into the mental condition of Harry Thaw finds that he is not insane, and that he would be no menace to the public if let out on bond.

This is not particularly good news, but it is simply a matter of justice to a man, no matter how degenerate he may be, who has been hounded by the New York authorities backed by the friends of Stanford White. Thaw was fully justified in killing White on general principles. White had no business to live in this world, because he made it a practice to destroy girlhood—to trample on virtue and his victims were numbered by the hundreds. Thaw may not have had the legal right to kill him—but he rendered his country a distinguished service when he put him out of the way—and it didn't follow that he was crazy after he had removed the man who defiled the woman Thaw thought he loved.

When a man sees a viper he strikes it down—and Thaw was doubtless temporarily enraged—but not crazy.

Jerome hounded him and hounded him—and we are glad that Thaw is finally to be out on bail while the facts in the case are being determined. Thaw is not a heavy weight intellectually, and he is blank morally. There is nothing about the man to excite sympathy, admiration or respect. He unlawfully killed White—but to have removed White was a good thing.

Mr. Webb Active.

Congressman Webb is introducing trust bills with teeth, according to the dispatches—and Mr. Webb had better have a care. Several fallen statesmen are remembered in North Carolina who went about putting teeth into trust laws. North Carolina wants conservative men, men who believe that both sides have some rights, to represent her in Congress—and if Mr. Webb, in his zeal to make a noise and appeal to the populace goes to putting too many false teeth in the Sherman law, Mr. Preston, with Charlotte back of him, will take the place of the political doctor of dental surgery.

Eugene Grace Dies.

Eugene Grace, supposed to have been shot by his wife, a prominent Atlanta club man, died this week. He lingered a long time—the bullet entering his spine, but physicians could do him no good. Mrs. Grace was finally cleared of the charge of murder, although Grace said his wife had shot him, and Atlanta was all commotion for several weeks. Mrs. Grace was a Philadelphia woman.

TEDDY THE TERRIBLE

Not Erupting Often Enough For Boom.

It is a matter of some concern. We haven't heard anything definite from Teddy for a long time, and the wonder grows why this silence? Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly dreaming that he will be the nominee by the Bull Moosers for President in 1916, and while it sounds long, 1916 is only a little way off. This is 1914 and the month over half gone. Pretty soon the great parties must line up; they must commence to select their men, and with no hope for two parties in one, as the republicans and moosers now stand, there will be no money spent to offer opposition to Wilson.

A great many people seem to think that Bryan wants Wilson to run again—and his many recent utterances seem to prove this. Bryan has said more complimentary things about Wilson within the last two months than ever before. They have an understanding—and it may be that Wilson has concluded to side-step and let Bryan try it again. There is a hen on, one way or the other. Wilson is going to run and Bryan is going to be for him, or, Bryan is going to run, and Wilson will ask that his nomination be made unanimous. Else why this wonderful admiration society, so recently filled with new life?

The Human Nature of It.

Human Nature is a great old girl. She has her grouch and her joys. Some morning she is as cross as a bear, and some morning she is as amiable as a turtle dove. And she is for self, this human nature is, and she thinks the world was made for her, and she forgets the rights of others.

In Greensboro we have had an exhibition of human nature for weeks, an exhibition which has shown the Old Girl in all her beauty and all her deformity. We have been selling the court house—we have, and the talks about it have been many and varied.

The business of it is, the court house and the court house property belong to the people of Guilford county. Greensboro has only a say in the matter—just a say in proportion to what taxes she pays. No less—no more. The farmer living in the eastern part of Guilford county doesn't care two straws whether the court house is one block one way or one block the other. He must travel several miles to get to it, and the other block or two would not make any difference. And he hasn't said a word. He has been willing to take what was offered, and let it go at that, although if he insisted on a say, Greensboro wouldn't be in it.

Men who own property have shown why it should go here or go there, and the lawyers, just as though the court house was to be located for their convenience, have chipped in. The merchant goes out and rents a building and the customer must come to see him, but some lawyers are so actually filled with their own ideas that they think the court house was made for them.

Greensboro talks about putting her building on the streets to help beautify the town. The court house belongs to the county seat—but county seat doesn't pay for it. The tax-payers are not consulted. The court house is still on wheels when this is written with more rumors about location floating around than would fill a large volume. But human nature is always on dress parade, and she shows herself in many attitudes. And "most in general" for self.

And, well, we can't blame human nature.

Tuff on the Kernels.

Governor elect, Stuart, of Virginia, will have twenty-five real live Colonels on his staff but he is going to appoint five active officers of the militia to serve with them on inauguration day, February 2. It seems to us that twenty-five Colonels could take care of that chore.

North Carolina, in the mountains has had snow, but in this section not enough of the beautiful has fallen to cover the ground. In fact this section of North Carolina has the whole country beaten when it comes to climate.

When Charlotte has a candidate she certainly gives him whole hearted support. Mr. Preston is running for Congress to beat the band. He has Charlotte already excited and the contest isn't on for some time yet.

Child labor still draws long articles from the economic writer—but a child who labors some is better off than an idler. Just where the line should be drawn most any one with common sense knows. But "child labor" is very necessary for the well being of the child. In fact labor is essential to peace and contentment—and the kid needs some of it.

CAN'T EXPLAIN IT

But The Fact Exists All The Same.

Mrs. LaFollette, wife of fighting Bob, of course a Northern woman, cannot understand why the southern people will allow a negro to cook their meals, fondle their children, and ride beside them, as a servant, and yet object strenuously to the same colored person coming into the house and taking a seat beside them.

In answering the lady Judge Clark of the Statesville Landmark, simply says "She does not know."

And that is the answer. When we first came into the south to live some twenty odd years ago, Sambo was a strange character to us. The first news item we ever wrote in the South was an account of the Rev. John Scales being in jail for stealing chickens, and his congregation getting up the money to let him out on bond.

That seemed funny—it was to us excruciatingly funny, and we couldn't understand how a negro preacher, more than any other kind of a preacher, could steal chickens, and still hold the respect—aye, the admiration, of his congregation. We cannot explain now, how it was—but it was. And we never could, at long range, understand why a Southern woman would allow an old black auntie to kiss her child; to fondle it; to talk baby talk to it, and then cook the meals, make the beds, and sweep the house—and all, all right, unless the self-same useful servant undertook to appear or act as an equal. We never could understand until we lived here where the line of demarcation was; why it was. But we know now. As a servant the negro is allowed latitude sufficient to be a servant. As an equal, the white blood of the Caucasian rebels—absolutely refuses to admit it in any way—and the racial prejudice also comes in and says it must not be done.

The old time darkey understands all this. The old time Southerner understands all this—and today there are in the South all kinds of colored people who still have regard for the "Master" and the "Missus" and they know that their way into the house is by the back door.

The negro in North Carolina is progressing. He is getting an education, and he sees and now understands that there is an abyss deeper than can ever be bridged, which separates and which will forever separate the whites and blacks. Therefore he is attempting to build up an aristocracy of his own, with his own race, and the high-toned African is in a class by himself. The northern people who theoretically settle the race question in the South know nothing about it. Let them come here and live among the negroes and the whites—let them understand, and they will see that the Southern negro has a higher regard for the Southern people, even though they refuse to treat him as an equal in any sense of the word than he has for Northern people. But to explain just why this is cannot be done. We never could understand it until we came and saw and understood.

Over Now.

The great excitement at Asheville has subsided. The whiskey men are under bonds, and the flow of booze is not as rapid as it was. Of course the man with a dry whistle can wail it in the land of the sky—that has always been true. The base of supply in Asheville has not always been the mail order house. Last summer when we were sojourning on the Murphy branch; just outside the Skyland City, we were told by sojourning tourists, and their breath was prima facie evidence that the truth was told, that plenty of corn likker could be found near at hand.

But that is not the question. When the people of Asheville got evidence enough they went after them—and after them hard. Judge Adams was made to explain things by the Gazette-News—and the city councilmen said he was all right. But whether he was all right or all wrong, the recent disturbances brought out emphasized the fact that the moral atmosphere, around Asheville, is being purified.

The Rate Commission

The rate commission is at work in Raleigh trying to find out whether the Justice intrastate rate is confiscatory of railway property. The figures submitted by the railway companies, so far, show that to adopt this rate would mean to destroy the credit of the railway and practically confiscate its property. The figures on the other side will be brought out, we presume, and the Commission will render its verdict. The hope is that this agitation will cease. Get the rates fixed and then let us all get down to business.

It seems that the new hotel project is being met with opposition from lease-holders and chances are that some delay will be caused. But a hotel on paper is better than