

IF THERE IS A MACHINE
IN POLITICS, INSTEAD
OF INSTALLING NEW
MACHINERY MAKE THE
OLD MACHINE WORK.

Everything

WHILE YOU ARE TELL-
ING OF THE FAULTS IN
THE OTHER FELLOW
HE MAY BE LOOKING
AT YOUR FAULTS.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1914.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

THE RIGHT THING

Governor Johnson Saw The Light.



WE all do strange things when we are drunk, and it is for this reason that men should never get drunk. And because a man does something he should not do while intoxicated, the fact that he was intoxicated cannot be offered as justification. It can be urged as an excuse,

but it will not justify, under any circumstances—because there was no reason, good men say, for getting drunk. Possibly there is something in the theory of heredity; possibly there is something in the theory that men lack moral stamina; that alcoholism is a disease—but no matter if it be contagion, when a man commits a crime while crazed, absolutely crazed by excessive use of alcohol—it is rather against him than for him to plead that he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing. And perhaps this is the proper view for the world to take.

But however it is, a case has just been presented which we talk about because we want to congratulate Governor Johnson of California. There was a young newspaper cartoonist, Evan Burton Johnson, as clever a young man as you would meet anywhere, and an exceptionally brilliant artist. Strong drink held him captive, and while crazy drunk he forged some papers, admitted his guilt when he got sober, and found himself serving a long term in the state penitentiary. He didn't lose his heart; he simply knew that at heart he wasn't a bad man; he knew that while drunk—crazy drunk—he committed a crime. He figured it was not as though he had done something premeditatedly; he figured that it was not as though he had stolen something—but just being crazy drunk and absolutely not knowing what he was doing and not caring if he did know because he was crazed with alcohol, he forged the papers.

So he went to making cartoons. While in the penitentiary he made as many as two thousand—one so very clever that it touched Governor Johnson who pardoned him. Johnson secured a position with an advertising concern at Portland, Oregon, and has gone to work. Had Johnson done something that he thought was real little and contemptible—had he committed a crime while sober—he never would have made cartoons. He would have lost hope, and been lost to the world. That is why we contend that hope should never be denied a prisoner. He should have something to hope for—and then the manhood that is in him will assert itself. Let convicts earn a wage—let them feel that when they get out there will be something left for them. Johnson felt that way and he got out—and the world will be enriched. Because he was not a bad man—simply an unfortunate man.

Varner Out Of It.

Since other pages were printed we are rejoiced to see that Old Man Varner has taken our advice, given when the first gun was fired, and concluded not to run for Congress. Colonel Varner is a plodding newspaper man; he has been prominent as President of the National Editorial Association and is an all around good fellow and a first class citizen. But he isn't Congressional timber, and if he were, he couldn't beat Congressman Page. He would have spent his good money—his hard earned money and walked around for life with sore places on his soul where thoughtless people would have kicked it all over the district. Mr. Varner has been sensible. In intimating that later on he may run—well, that is all right. He had better never run for Congress. There are other things bigger than being a member of Congress—for instance, being the editor of a successful newspaper in North Carolina.

Certainly.

The Charlotte Observer records in its news pages the story that a boy fourteen years of age was before Recorder Jones, guilty of an affray. He was fined \$15 and the costs were \$10. That makes \$25. He was sent to the roads to work it out. But he was nothing but a nigger. But that 14 year old nigger, not old enough to be responsible, if kept off the roads would make a better citizen than to send him to the roads. He needed a house of correction—and maybe he would save the state ten thousand dollars. A 14 year old boy sent to the roads to work out a \$25 bill is going to get off the roads pretty soon. Every time he comes back he is more dangerous. Pretty soon and he is a desperado. He may shoot a dozen good citizens. In other words our system is manufacturing criminals. It should be stopped.

MISS ANNA INDIGNANT

Doesn't Desire Moving Picture Publicity Just Now.



THE moving pictures give some people all kinds of trouble. Now comes Anna Held, the actress, and claims that she is the highest salaried of any artist in her class; that she is still in the flesh, and that moving pictures are using her pictures and thus detracting from the real thing, and she sues for the modest sum of \$250,000. She not only wants damages, but she wants an injunction, and she wants the movies to stop exhibiting her, instant!

Now to the ordinary mortal, one would think that if an actress could get the moving pictures to present her as a picture, it would be good advertising. Naturally a person who had seen but a picture of a great woman would want to see her in the flesh, if possible, and that is why great men advertise by putting out sensational interviews and have the Associated Press send them all over the country.

We rather suspect that Miss Anna is getting out the injunction, doing the putting and suing for damages more as an advertising scheme than for any real damage she may have sustained. In these days when the pure reading matter puff must be plainly marked advertisement, the actress figures out many schemes to get before the public in order to get the crowd when she gets behind the footlights.

Girl Of Underworld A Suicide.

In Charlotte, a young girl, according to the Observer "possessing youth and more than average beauty" committed suicide rather than again leave town. She had been mixed up a great many times in a great many questionable escapades—the last time being found guilty of selling likker. The Recorder had told her to "move on"—to leave the town or he would send her to jail or the work house or wherever the law said she must go. The young girl had before left the city and had been pelted from city to city; an outcast; a wreck—no friends, no place to go; shipwrecked, absolutely floating in a wild sea with no land in sight. She had no place of refuge. She had no money; she had no character; she had nothing. So instead of again going out into the world to be chased out of every town where she might stop she saw she was at bay—that there was no use—and she took a dose of bichloride of mercury—and went bravely direct to her Maker and rested her case with Him.

We are all too busy about the income tax; we have such a fight on trying to cripple the railroads; we have money to spend to investigate prosperous insurance companies serving the people; we have a barrel of gold to squander for printing figures and statistics about horses and mules that no one ever reads; we have money to build fine churches—but not a red copper to build a place where a desperate woman who has erred might find decent shelter. True we have jails and penitentiaries to harbor those who do not want to commit suicide—but we have no place to pick up the fallen woman. Our Congress appropriates its hundreds of thousands of dollars for life saving stations along the shores of the angry ocean—but not a dime for a soul saving station after the weak one has been wrecked.

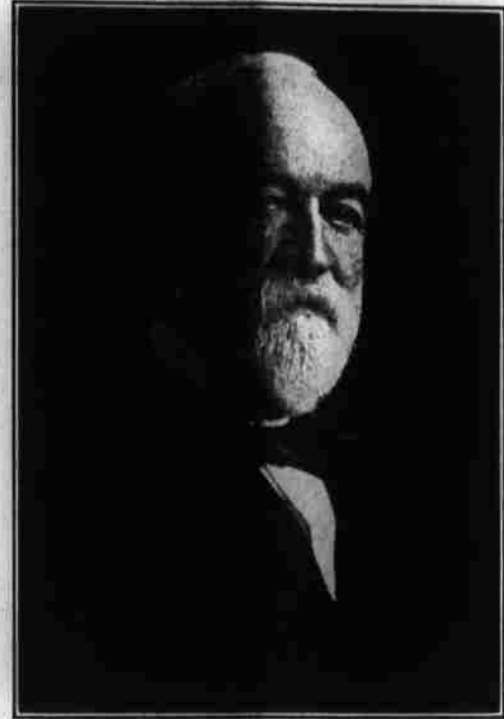
The Rev. Dr. A. A. McGeachy, of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, is now engaged in a work that promises well. He proposes to find a home for these fallen creatures—these outcasts who are not bad at heart—these weak and erring ones whose feet have slipped. Later on we shall present fully the plans of Dr. McGeachy, and in the meantime we hope all good citizens will stop long enough to investigate and ask themselves if they should not do something for these poor unfortunates—rashly importunate.

A Drunken Father.

Jim Whaley lives at Smithfield and full of likker he shot his daughter, inflicting a serious wound. Tom Barham, an officer tried to arrest Whaley and was dangerously shot. Whaley made his escape and after a hard struggle was captured.

Of course it was nobody's business but his own when Whaley drank the likker. It was his own business when he became crazy drunk—but when he shot down his own daughter and almost killed the man who tried to arrest him, then it became the business of other people. When he goes to the penitentiary, if justice is given him, Whaley can think of these things. "Nobody's business but his own." Certainly not. And the chances are, also, that Whaley "could drink or leave it alone."

SOLDIER-STATESMAN



We have had much to say concerning Major Stedman and his renomination. The Durham Daily Sun of Monday pays him this tribute editorially:

"Hon. Charles Manly Stedman, congressman from the Fifth Congressional district, is the only candidate that has filed his formal application in Guilford county, as required by law. It is now conceded that he will have no opposition. Why should he? He has represented the district with fidelity and distinction. He is just now in a commanding position with the dominant party. It needs the fruitage of his wisdom; and fire of his enthusiasm about the altars of Democracy. His commanding presence is a tribute to the valor and the deeds of heroism of a generation that is passing into history and a memory, with none so young as he to again have a voice in legislation. Major Stedman honored the democratic party in his young manhood with his best energy, splendid talents, unexcelled debating abilities, and carried the party battle flag in the thickest of the fight, when campaigning meant something more than speaking to orderly crowds of ladies and gentlemen. We mention this lest the young voters of this generation forget. It was his wont to wield a keen and piercing blade to the dividing asunder of the radical corruption in the '70's and on up until Democracy drove the black, and blackening cohorts from the seats of power and lashed them from the grip they had upon the throats of the people of this glorious old state. He is honoring his people now. It is wisdom to permit him to remain in the councils of the party; let it have the benefit of his ripe experience, for he knows human experience; has been tried in political upheavals, and has been through the 'times that tried men's souls,' not only in civil combat, but political conflicts that required both soul and body to possess wisdom in dealing with the indignities heaped upon a great people. 'The people of this district could not do a handsomer thing than hand him a re-nomination without opposition in the Democratic ranks. We believe they will.'"

Worth While.

Mr. A. W. McAllister, of Greensboro, didn't stop in telling the white men what the African ought to do to become a useful member of society, but he went over and gave them a sound, sensible talk. The negroes gave him respectful attention and those who were thoughtful insisted that such a talk did great good. Here is a pointer for reformers. Talk to those you want to help—and not to those who do not want help.

This progressive business grows interesting. It looks like the animals were being prodded by their keepers.

Wonder How It Turned Out.

The esteemed Raleigh Times carried a story Saturday evening to the effect that a man in that city received five barrels that looked suspicious; that the officers seized it and took the shipment to headquarters. That the man to whom it was addressed said there was a mistake somewhere—that he hadn't ordered anything that looked like whiskey. He wanted to ship it back but they wouldn't let him—but, the Times said we were to have a report Monday.

And we have scanned the Times in vain. Maybe we overlooked the item but up to this sad and aggravating hour we haven't learned how it all came about—and we would like to know if a white man really had the nerve to ship in and unload five barrels of likker. Such suspense is terrible.

A Mistake.

We notice that a merchant advertises: "Everything to wear." This is a mistake. Everything is to read.

Seventeen thousand people were killed by the Chapel Hill Mob before breakfast yesterday morning just after we went to press.

SOMETHING IS WRONG

Not The Tariff But Too Few Are Producing.



IT is too soon yet for our democratic brothers to say the tariff is working all right. We must wait and see how it works. We must wait until present stocks are exhausted; we must wait and see what the foreign countries, where labor is so cheap, really do in the way of shipping in goods made by cheap labor, and see if Mr. American manufacturer can compete. It will be a year yet before we know. And it is too soon for our republican brothers to point to the fact that hundreds of thousands of people are out of employment, and to be out of employment with everything so high in price means a panic or anything approaching it.

The situation is serious. The prices of "things to eat" must come down—and the army of unemployed must find something to do. The tariff hasn't yet had a chance. The country is not in a bad way yet—but we must not be too sure of good times ahead and we would be foolish to say the tariff and currency laws could help the situation. There is this about it. Prices are advancing and food stuff grows scarcer. When you go out now and pay seventy or eighty cents for a chicken that you could have bought a dozen years ago for twenty-five cents—there is something wrong. If it isn't in combinations of cold storage people, then it is because the cities are growing too fast, and Mother Earth isn't being worked hard enough. If we could produce ten times the chickens that are produced, it looks like chickens would be cheaper. But those who know are now denying that the law of supply and demand enters into the case, because great concerns buy up all in sight each day—and if they can't sell it they put it in cold storage and keep raising the price steadily but surely.

If it keeps on chickens will soon be selling for a dollar—and if double the number of men are out of employment it seems then still higher soar the prices. Naturally one would think prices would come down. The tariff has so far had nothing to do with prices—and idle men seem to increase the cost of living. Wanted: Some serf who can tell us where the trouble lies, and what is the matter with Hannah.

Still After Standard.

The authorities are after the Standard Oil Co. operating in Ohio, claiming that it is violating the Sherman law. It seems that the great corporations dissolved by the Supreme Court, in stumbling around to find the rule of reason and determine what is reasonable and what is unreasonable do not know what to do. It seems to us that there should be a definition. Job explains that the Master said to the proud waves "thus far shalt thou go, but no further"—and so there should be a definite rule for so-called trusts. We need big business. Big business wants to sail in smooth waters. Chart the commercial seas. Tell where the shipwrecks are—where the shallows may be found. In this way the big business can be carried on. Otherwise it will be afraid to go as far as it might go with profit to all the people.

That Mob which is ever in motion at Chapel Hill, (according to the newspapers which were assaulted by word of mouth) should be dispersed regardless of expense. Why not send for Old Man Huerta to come and help subdue it?

Every week some paper falls into line and says something nice about General Carr. General Carr, despite all progressive programmes and despite all Machine theories will be our next Governor. It is in the very air.

You Can't Drink It.

People who think they can drink this cut glass and arsenic which is sold at blind tiger joints for whiskey might as well understand now as any other time that they can't drink poison. It makes men crazy. It dethrones reason and paralyzes every nerve. The other day a Durham county farmer was on his way home. People saw him and said he had been drinking. He fell from his buggy and was found dead on the highway. That was his story. Read the papers and you will see that the stuff now sold kills quickly. Better—well, there is hardly any use to point the moral to these sorrowful pictures. But it has gotten to be a fact that the blind tiger booze won't do.

Did you know that three months of 1914 are already gone? Did you know that it will soon be Xmas—and you should do your Christmas shopping now?

DR COOK THERE.

Wanted To Hear Peary Tell Story.



GREAT many people laugh when you mention Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and that is where a great many people are wrong. What Dr. Cook endured was no joke; and Dr. Cook is no joke. He has been before the people several years since he laid claim to the discovery of the North Pole and there has never been one scintilla of evidence to contradict his claim. His records were not scientific and Copenhagen refused only to accept his data as scientific—but it never discredited the Doctor as many people think. The diary kept by Cook and printed in the New York Herald was exactly like the description printed by Peary months after Cook had given his information to the public.

But that is neither here nor there. Cook is lecturing and so is Peary. Cook was billed to lecture at Bellevue, Pa., the night after Peary was to lecture—this week, and Cook at once telegraphed his manager to reserve him a seat for Peary's lecture and also to personally present Peary with a box to his lecture the next night and try to see that Peary got there.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook is in dead earnest about his polar claims. He was surgeon on the ship with Peary when they almost reached the pole, and many people, myself among them, believe Cook reached the pole first. It would be interesting to hear these men debate. Cook calls Peary all kinds of names and defies him to attempt to disprove what he charges against him.

You can take it from us that one of these days Dr. Cook will come into his own. He is yet going to prove his claim—and history will put him where he belongs—the greatest explorer of our times. We rejoice to know that Cook has the manhood and the nerve to stand up as he has stood up and demand a hearing. He is getting it, and the Cook followers are daily increasing.

Short.

The strawberry crop, generally a very big thing in Eastern Carolina, will be short this year, because of the fickleness of the weather. Well, the shorter the crop the shorter the short cake—and if you want a short cake why kick about its being short.

In The Business.

The Danville Bee records what it alleges as a fact that a young white man who posed as a detective in locating blind tigers was arrested and caught red handed selling likker. This is pretty good. A man to come along and represent that he was a great human sleuth; find employment to run down the blind tigers—when, behold, he was himself a blind tiger. That is what you might call putting one over on the boys.

Arrested In Tampa.

The papers carry the story that a traveling man named Payne from Reidsville was arrested in Tampa, Florida, charged with embezzling money. Something like \$106 are involved in the charge.

Strange Names.

In Lexington they have a minister named Booze, and now comes one Beech Dry and is convicted of selling likker in Concord. We can see why Dry should drink likker but we can't see why he should sell it.

To Be Tested.

The segregation ordinance of Winston is to be tested in the Supreme Court. It seems that there is some hitch in it. The case will not affect the general segregation ordinances passed in some other cities, but it will get a line on how far a white man can go in the matter of keeping his dusky brother on his own side.

We Are Glad That He Is Happy.

Colonel Martin of the Winston Journal is happy these days. He sees in the new progressive movement a bow of promise. He finds that heretofore the democratic party has been running a leaky boat. He says things Colonel Martin does, and just what is to be accomplished he doesn't know. But he is happy. And to be happy is the best thing.