

SOMETIME TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE—YOU ARE NOT AS BIG AS YOU MIGHT BE.

# Everything

IF YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING GOOD ABOUT A FELLOW—KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## WHY THE NAME?

### Send The Man On And Give Him A Number



WE GET through the mail a letter based on the publication of a story in the Daily News concerning the proceedings in our police court where a girl was sent to the roads four months because she "was found

in a room with a man on North Elm street." The letter runs to the effect that the News printed the name of the girl, an unfortunate human being who had erred, and does not even name the man and wants us to insist that the name of the man be mentioned.

We hold a different view along this line than some people hold—we do not see exactly why it is necessary to mention the names of either party—the man or the woman. It certainly makes but little difference who they were—so far as publicity is concerned. In a case like this it may have been that the girl was notorious and therefore giving her name might have added interest to the news story.

So far as naming the man is concerned it would have done no good—and it might have brought to some family additional sorrow.

Were we going to make a suggestion it would be that the man in whose room the girl was found should go to the roads eight months, if the woman went for four. She is the weaker vessel, and had the man not invited her to his room she would not have been there—and if the woman was guilty of any moral wrong the man was at least equally guilty. The man in the case, whoever he was, should certainly have been brought into court and if the woman was guilty of anything he was necessarily guilty and he should have gone to the roads while she went to the workhouse.

The law, however, in Guilford county is absolutely one sided. The man may do all the immoral things he wants to do, it appears, and is guiltless—but if the woman steps aside at all she is guilty of a heinous crime and can be sent to the work house. Several lawyers have called our attention to the one sided law and the chances are that this winter it will be changed.

Manifestly the law should be that if the girl in this instance was guilty of a crime sufficient to send her to the workhouse her copartner should have gone to the roads.

Heretofore we have written against the custom of printing names in little trivial matters. We have held that if a man is drunk there is no real reason why his name should be paraded in black type and thus bring shame and sorrow to the woman who is his wife and who is already weeping. We have held that the drunkard's daughter need not be disgraced additionally because her father again got into police court. The drunkard who is a regular at police court has gone too far to let the appearance of his name in print have any restraining influence over him. In the case at question because a young woman who had fallen was found in the room of a man and sent to the work house for four months the name of this soiled and spotted thing would add nothing to the information or happiness of the world.

But no man can deny the fact that if justice were given the man who was consorting with her—the man who took her to his room where she was found, should have had a road sentence. No doubt about that—but the Guilford county law does not say so, and Judge Brown, under the law, could not send him to the roads. It is up to those who want to see justice—even handed justice done, to amend our law. Then Judge Brown can send them both over if both are guilty of transgressing the law, and even then there is no reason why the names should be printed.

#### It Was News.

About three months ago, possibly a little longer, we printed the exclusive news that William J. Bryan would have a summer home at Asheville. At that time it was understood he would build—now he has rented a place and will make North Carolina his summer home.

Many people doubted this when we printed it. The Charlotte Observer accepted it and commented on it and welcomed him as a citizen.

#### Trade At Home.

All our live citizens are from week to week telling through Everything why you should trade at home.

This week Mr. E. P. Wharton has a say along that line.

Every loyal and patriotic citizen should help sustain his home factory and his home merchant. Think about how much it means, and never send away a dollar if you can help it.

The Ten Amendments, like the Ten Commandments, do not seem to be fully understood.

## HE QUILTS AS EDITOR

### Teddy Wants Latitude To Go After President Wilson



IT IS announced from headquarters and by no less a personage than Teddy himself, that the Great North American Bronco Buster, Lion Tamer and Explorer has withdrawn from the Outlook in order that he can take charge of a personally conducted roasting tour against President Wilson. Teddy says he doesn't want to be harnessed to anybody's newspaper. He is going after Wilson just as he would go after a Lion in the jungles of Africa or just as he would go forth alone and unattended to discover a River of Doubt.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks Wilson has made some terrible mistakes. He tells him what he didn't do.

Isn't it strange that such a man could have such a following?

There he was for seven long years the master of the situation—four years at least with his own policies—president of the United States—and the only thing he really did worth while was to bring on a panic and make it plain that we needed a new currency law—and Wilson has given us that.

Mr. Roosevelt as a trust buster—well, take all that he did, and he is the last man in the wide, wide world, to be talking about what Wilson has done or has not done.

But he forgets, or brushes aside his own record of seven years, and appears to again want to be president. But while strange things happen, nothing as strange as this is likely to take place.

#### A Majority.

We are glad to see Judge Walter Clark advocating what we have advocated for many years—that a majority of the jury could return the verdict.

We have seen in our professional career, jury fixers do things that were amazing—jury fixers buy with gold the one obdurate and obstinate man who "hung the jury" when he himself should have been hanged. Of course we never saw the money pass; we never heard the contract—but a man doesn't always have to see a thing to know it to be true.

If a jury of thirteen men is impelled and seven of that jury find a man guilty or not guilty the public should be satisfied. Few men are venal. But it is notoriously true that professional jurymen hang around the town and the court house waiting to get on the jury. It is notoriously known that if a man's life is in jeopardy and the case is against him, men will pay dearly for that life and if a venal jurymen can be found, with orders to hang out until sheol freezes over, the judgment of the remaining eleven honest men's set at naught because one man for gold defeated the ends of justice.

We have for years insisted that the jury system was wrong—that it was so fixed that in cases where possible a single member of it can defeat the ends of justice. Let a majority decide. The majority is a safer proposition than one man.

The truth is that five jurymen are all sufficient—but that would be too strong a proposition. One judge sits in most all cases. Five jurymen, if they knew enough to come in out the rain, could do the business.

#### Not A Suggestion.

Judge Walter Clark handed out some proposed reforms in the matter of law; such as a majority of the jury returning a verdict; making the peremptory challenges more evenly distributed; cutting down the death penalty for fewer crimes and a whole lot of things—but he didn't suggest that we cut down the number of lawyers to be admitted each year.

If the number were cut down about ninety per cent and kept down, things would go more smoothly. In the good old town of Salem—not many miles from Greensboro, for over a hundred years a lawyer or a saloon was not allowed. And one patrolman kept order and the record runs that people were perhaps happier than with so many lawyers to get them out of trouble. With less lawyers to pull them out, fewer people would run the risk of doing things they should not do.

#### Wonder Why?

The esteemed New Bern Sun for once agrees with us. It endorses what we had to say about chairman Warren being the right man in the right place.

This is the only time under the sun or in the Sun that it has agreed with us—and if Warren wasn't such an exceptionally capable and deserving young man, we would almost be tempted to take it back in order to have the Sun not agree with us. However, we are going to stand pat. We were sincere in our praise of Mr. Warren, and congratulate ourselves that for once the Sun is with us—or, we are with the Sun.

## HE IS THE RIGHT MAN



The North Carolina Bar Association, at Wrightsville, did itself proud when it elected ex-Judge J. Crawford Biggs as its president. Judge Biggs is one of the North Carolina citizens who is an honor to his profession and an honor to his state. He is one of the men who was elected Judge and who saw that there was something else in life than merely earning a living—he told us that he was willing to serve his state or her people—but he didn't propose to be away from his family months at a time—and he resigned.

As Judge he made good. As a practicing lawyer he stands high in his profession and as a neighbor he is respected by all who know him.

We are glad the Bar Association honored itself and honored Mr. Biggs in the selection it made.

#### Cutting It Out.

The Southern railway has withdrawn its colonist's rates and hereafter if a man wants to move out of North Carolina he will pay full fare. At the same time the Southern is offering rates to farmers who want to come into the South.

This perhaps will make but little difference. There is always a certain element of humanity that must move on. It takes no policeman to tell it this—it is attracted by some impelling power of which we now know nothing.

It is incomprehensible to us, and yet we were one who felt the call of the wild, we cannot understand why a man who was settled in a country where there was Society; where there were railways and schools and churches and developed farms would want to leave all this; bundle up what little he had, put it in a covered wagon and drive toward the setting sun—fighting Indians on his journey and at last locating on arid plains or in dense forests where wild beasts and wilder men opposed him.

But it was the call of the west—the call of the wild—and because of this unexplained force the Western World has been peopled and developed. Had we all remained at home there would be no vast wheat fields and corn fields and wonderful cities out where roll the Oregon—no great agricultural section between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers—between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains—it would still be inhabited by Indians and buffalo. But on, and forever on, was the call and demand of some invisible voice.

The South offers greater opportunities today than any other section of the world for settlers, for men who want to make homes and live in a climate unsurpassed. But men who were born to fight Indians, to seek for gold and open up the unexplored sections—they want to keep on moving—and they will go, no matter about colonist's rates or any other kind-of rates—they will go if they are obliged to walk. It is the world's way—the way some of us must go.

#### The Recall.

We were mighty glad a man came all the way from Minnesota to tell our people that the recall of judges was a dangerous thing.

But down this way any and all the alarm bells that can be rung are put to use in order to get the people excited.

Now take this from us—ponder on it—decide for yourself:

All of these great reformers are seeking office. They are stirring up the animals, not for your good, but for their good. Watch them all. All of them are scratching themselves because of office itch. Leave them alone. Keep far away from them. They simply want office and will disturb any kind of conditions to get it.

That is our opinion. We haven't seen a patriot on the stump for forty years. If any of you have, if any of you have seen a disinterested man—one not really running for office, out pointing to you the dangerous places, for the love of Mike send us his name. We want to interview him; we want to print his picture; we want to build a monument to his memory before he dies.

Strange that it takes the politicians—the fellows who want office—to prepare our plan of government and show us the only way to elect people to office.

## A GOOD MAN IS GONE

### Dr. Detwiler Enriched The World By His Presence



ARD to realize that the Rev. Dr. George H. Detwiler of the Methodist church is dead. Pure gold was this man of God—no alloy in his splendid composition. Dr. Detwiler was for four years in Greensboro—he was in Charlotte and he was wherever he was sent, but everywhere he went he preached the Christian religion—and practiced the Christian religion.

Not the South, but the world lost a great force when Dr. Detwiler went out at Asheville the other day, after a protracted illness. He was a man who had made the world better. There was nothing of cant or hypocrisy or pretense about him. He was a powerful man in the pulpit—his conduct, his life was a power for good.

We knew Dr. Detwiler very well—and we know many things he did without a megaphone. One day he talked to us about the evils of the times and he said that while whiskey was a terrible thing—it was nothing compared to the drug habit—and he went out of his way and spent his money to secure legislation restricting the sale of drugs. He had compassion for the fallen; he had pity for the oppressed—he was, in short a thorough Christian gentleman—and as a minister of the gospel he certainly did his duty. When his immortal spirit was wafted into heaven's chancery and Detwiler was announced, the Great Judge no doubt called him to the Bar and said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

#### To Retire.

Just now the papers are printing the story that Bryan is to retire from public life after 1916—that he has had a taste of it and doesn't like it; that he hasn't been pleased with some things that happened but he has been faithful to his superior and will remain faithful to the end.

The Baltimore papers have this story and claim it exclusive. The chances are it is a pipe dream, and you need not be surprised to see Bryan always active in politics as long as he has strength to be active in anything.

Once he wanted to be president. And only once. The other times he was running for vindication—for power. His heart was broken the first go round—the time he was elected by a popular vote—the time they took it away from him and his party managers who saw the theft committed, stood and saw the chloroform administered and didn't have the nerve to say a word. Had Mark Hanna written the story of that campaign—explained even the vote of Iowa, Bryan would have something to his credit better than being president. That was the strangest thing of all. He was young then—but had he been the gray old fox that he is today there would have been something doing.

#### It Is Too Bad.

"Tavern Talk" a little publication of Kansas City, Missouri, runs up on its front page a fire alarm about the prohibition sentiment and wisely concludes with these remarks:

"Hotel men are commencing to realize what this wave of adverse sentiment means. They perceive in the activity of the 'antis' a ruination of a most profitable adjunct to their business. In the face of the election this week it is well for them to take warning and make preparations for a determined fight against the forces that are plotting against them."

The forces that are plotting against them. Just as though whiskey was an essential adjunct to a hotel—might introduce some other immoral side-shows and regret that the law wouldn't allow 'em.

The plot is fierce. The idea however, is to cut out the bar room and thus make traveling less expensive, and make a happier world. The hotel men will find that no one is plotting against them. The plot is against John Barleycorn—and John seems to understand that he has been hard hit—and that he has finally been forced to make his last stand.

#### And Will Continue To Grow.

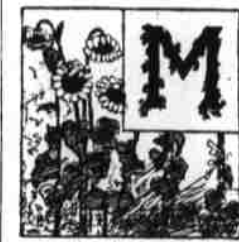
The Reidsville Review says: "The impression grows that General Julian S. Carr should be the next Governor of North Carolina."

Yes, and the impression will continue to grow. There is every reason why General J. S. Carr should be the next Governor of North Carolina—and there is no reason why he should not be.

"Big business" is simply successful business, and the idea seems to be to knock out successful business because the unsuccessful are envious.

## MONEY WANTED

### To Kill Rats and Mice In North Carolina



ONEY makes the mare go has long been understood, and just now, because New Orleans has had an intimation that the bubonic plague might get a foot hold in the Crescent City, the country is up in

arms—and Rats is the theme. It is considered in San Francisco that rats and sand fleas spread this terrible Eastern plague and a rat war was on. The rats were exterminated and the plague didn't rear its frightful face—and so, when New Orleans finds a couple of suspects the thrill reaches even as far as North Carolina.

Two important things are now pointed out. The first is that "When the Panama canal is opened"—how many thousands of things hang on that wonderful "when"—a word almost equaling in its tragic possibilities the little and much used conjunction "if"—the chances are that rats will come to North Carolina; that they will disport themselves on the docks at New Bern and Wilmington and Southport—and,

Behold, Louisiana has, by special appropriation thrown 150,000 could and shining plunks into the treasury to catch rats and pursue the plague, and

North Carolina (here we quote from the stuff sent out from Raleigh):

"Unfortunately, the past and present demands upon the State Board of Health and the work already undertaken are so heavy that there are at present no funds available for this purpose. Furthermore, on account of the position taken by the State Treasurer with respect to the construction of the law making appropriations for the State Laboratory the full amount named in the law may not be paid. The Secretary of the State Board of Health has therefore written to the health officials at Wilmington and New Bern asking them to approve the request made by the State Board of Federal health officials that an officer be detailed to assist and supervise in making rat surveys in these two ports.

"Attention is called to the fact that a contingent fund of \$5,000 is set aside 'upon recommendation of the Governor to be expended when rendered necessary by the visitation of cholera or any other pestilential disease.'" This, however, is not available until the thing is upon us, and, furthermore, \$5,000 looks like a drop in the bucket compared with the \$150,000 just appropriated by the Louisiana legislature, or the millions spent by California in eradicating plague."

In California where the ships were coming in from the East and in New Orleans where the Eastern ships came in some money has been spent to knock out the plague when it appeared, or, was supposed to have appeared—although it has been a question of grave doubt in the minds of many eminently intelligent physicians in San Francisco whether it ever appeared or not. If it happens that after the canal is opened and ships laden with the plague call at Wilmington and the wharf rats and the sand fleas go out in a tug and catch the disease, we take it that it will be ample time to send in an alarm for money.

Were the bubonic plague to develop in North Carolina it wouldn't be a question of money. Here are people willing enough and able enough to pledge their faith and credit—and here is a state loyal enough to pay whatever bills are necessary and whoever might be our Governor would see to it that we were not annihilated because no money had been appropriated.

If we already have a chance to spend \$5,000 after the plague appears we should all sleep soundly. But the State Board of Health is just now spending money—it is wanting to spend more—and if it would print fewer pictures of better babies and keep its powder dry to kill wharf rats things would go on just about as well.

#### The Dog Convention.

Of course the thoughtless and indifferent reader will pass up the dog convention, fully reported and illustrated, elsewhere in this issue, as foolishness. But it is worth your time, my brother to think about it. Worth your time to wonder if the same God that gave you brain and heart—that made it possible for you to love—not with the devotion which a dog expresses, because you never were capable of loving like he loves—didn't intend that you should treat his dumb creatures with at least humane consideration. Worth your while to wonder if a dog could not be examined by a competent man as to biting as well as after biting, and have a chance to live with those who cause dogs love them.