

THE OLD MAN THINKS
YOUTH FOOLISH, AND
THE YOUNG MAN IS
CERTAIN AGE IS
FOOLISH.

Everything

ALL MIRRORS ARE NOT
THE SAME. BETTER
LOOK AT YOURSELF
IN SEVERAL OF
THEM.

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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WOMAN IS FREE

Serious Charge Is Not Sustained.

THE law's presumption to the effect that a person is innocent until proven guilty, has kept many a person from wearing stripes. The assumption of the average man that the average person should be convicted on general principles often finds expression. Blackstone said that law is a prescribed rule of action, but that is about as unsatisfactory as the remarks of Moses to the effect that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Blackstone failed to explain whether the lawyer was expected to act, the witnesses, or the plaintiff or defendant—and consequently they all act—along with the spectators. And while we all agree with Moses that in the beginning doubtless certain things were done, yet the unsatisfactory part of the story is that we are left in the dark as to why or how.

It seems that anybody can go to law, and everybody can be forced to go, if the lawyers get a chance to suggest it. The laws are made for the most part like a reversible pair of cuffs. You can wear 'em either way—wrong side out or upside down, and you are still within the regulations. There perhaps was never yet, in this world, a case that didn't have two sides, and both sides entirely plausible if the adroit lawyer concluded to make them so. There is a case reported, and therefore becomes a fact, where it was proven beyond the peradventure of a doubt that a calf was a colt—the evidence was sufficient; the instructions to the jury sustained the contention, and the jury returned a verdict declaring it to be a fact. And while the calf still remained a calf—it was a colt because the lawyers had proven it.

And it is proverbially true that no man will gamble on what a jury will do—or how a cause of the winding intricacies of the law—the labyrinth of process—the maze of rules—the bewilderment of precedents—the multiplicity of citations—the license of lawyers to brow-beat and bully—the intimidation and coercion of timid witnesses, and finally, the storm of oratory which is allowed to sweep the juror off his feet; to dethrone his reason, and force him, against his will, to reach a conclusion that in his calmer moments he would not have dared to dream.

But one thing has been held sacred—and that often, in theory only—and that is that a person accused of crime is innocent until proven guilty. Let us hope that this one remaining chance will abide with us to the end.

These few remarks are suggested because of the recent trial in Greensboro where a Mrs. Thompson was accused of setting fire to articles of furniture in her room—thus endangering the lives of many people. To set fire to a place where people sleep is defined as arson, and that means, if proven, the electric chair. Arson is one of the four crimes which call for death in this state. Murder, rape and burglary being the other three.

Mrs. Thompson was tried before acting Judge Swift, of the Municipal Court, or, rather, had a preliminary hearing, charged with attempted arson—which, had she been found guilty, would have been a degree less than the real thing, and a prison sentence would have been the result.

The facts in the case briefly stated were that four fires—four separate and distinct fires were discovered at one time, in Mrs. Thompson's room—accidentally discovered by a gentleman who roomed across the street, and who was attracted by the light made by the burning articles. The fire department quickly responded; broke open the door of the woman's sleeping room, saw curtains on fire and cushions and other articles on fire in the room, and the woman, in her night clothes, lying unconscious on the floor, having apparently attempted to make her escape from the room but overtaken by the smoke had suffocated.

Before this fire or these fires were discovered, other fires had been found in her rooms, some say as many as three different times. They had been extinguished each time—and a mystery shrouded the cause.

Suspicion suggested that Mrs. Thompson had set these fires. No reason was assigned—no motive proven—and the wonder grew why she would want to burn herself into cinders along with thirty or forty other people in the building, her own sister and her sister's children among them. It was suggested that nowhere in fiction or realism had such a case been presented. The last fire caused so much talk and came so close to being a fearful and shocking calamity, that officials got busy—and finally Mr. W. A. Scott, deputy fire insurance commissioner for North Carolina, had Mrs. Thompson arrested on a warrant charging arson.

This set the town talking. Where hitherto Mrs. Thompson had been but a passing

ARMY WORM COMING

Also Seventeen Year Locusts Appearing.

SEEMS that if the gold bugs can't make the people believe the country is going to the how-ows, the living bugs are being introduced to slow music and a scare is billed, no matter whether it is due or not. The state entomologist tells us that the regular old time, battle-scarred army worm has invaded North Carolina; that he is playing smash with corn and grass and as a result whole counties are being stripped of foliage and grass. The army worm hasn't been along for several years—a long time, but when he comes he mows down all before him. It is said a gray fly, somewhat larger than the house fly is among the army worms and he is supposed to be an enemy, and may annihilate the pest. Farmers are urged to use Paris green, to plow deep furrows around the army.

On top of the announcement of the army worm comes the warning from Washington that the original 17 year locust is abroad in the land—coming by millions and tens of millions, and of course this will help frighten the nervous.

The tariff tinkers are howling; the worms are crawling and the locusts are singing—but above all this din we hear the clink of dollars; the buzz of the saw—the noise of the hammer, and in the middle west the largest crop of wheat ever grown is already safely housed—and down here the cotton and tobacco crops look all right. The locusts will hardly touch the tobacco—the army worm will not reach the cotton—so what odds does it make if we have a few creeping things abroad. But those who see things; those who are looking for trouble; those who cannot believe that everything can be all right will have much pleasure in talking about the army worm and his invasion into North Carolina.

figure in the throng; a mere atom amongst the crowds of humanity daily walking our streets—an unpretentious woman whom but few people knew—suddenly she was presented in front parlor conversation and back kitchen gabble as one of the most mysterious and wonderful women of the earth—either a fiend incarnate or a crazy and irresponsible personage who proposed to burn buildings and people merely to gratify a desire to see the sparks fly.

Detained at the hospital, her hearing was postponed a week, and last Monday it came up in police court—but that building was too small to seat the excited populace—so adjournment was taken to the court-house and the music was on.

It was proven that the night before the fire was discovered there had been a "party" given in the rooms occupied in part by Mrs. Thompson; that music had been furnished; that a couple of young gentlemen of the city had been invited guests; that cigarettes had been smoked; whiskey drunk—and that the last remaining guest had departed at two o'clock a. m., and the fire discovered one and three quarter hours after his departure—and Mrs. Thompson in bed, asleep, in her night clothes.

That was all the evidence. It was true that these four fires had apparently originated about the same time; curtains on two windows burning; a covered box near the window seats and a sash on a table. How these four different articles happened to be on fire at the same time—and in a room where before several times fire had been discovered—was the mystery—and to hold a woman for the grand jury on such a pretext was out of the question and Judge Swift let her go.

He could have done nothing else. In all the evidence there was nothing to show that the woman had any motive to burn up the town; there was no evidence to show that she was at war with any living person; there was nothing to show she had set the fires; nothing wilful was suggested—and for the court to presume that she would set fire to a building and destroy herself simply as a means to ending her own life was preposterous when there were a thousand other and easier and better ways to make the exit—if she desired to go—but there was no evidence suggesting that she wanted to go.

On the other hand it might have been that some fiend, for a cause, had taken advantage of her late hours, and possibly of her condition (if she had been drinking) and used her room as the place to start a fire to accomplish some purpose which he had in view; it might have been that the woman was a somnambulist and in her troubled sleep, after the night's entertainment, got up and set fire to her property—the victim of some horrible or fantastic dream. It might have been through three dozen cigarettes thrown indiscriminately around on the floor and laid on windows and tables that the fire originated. It might have been so many things that to have held her for such a crime would have been absurd.

It was argued by counsel for the state that motive need not be proved—but if you ever catch us on a jury and hear of us returning

BOYDEN PLEASURES ALL



Ordinarily there is no real reason why a man should be pictured because he has been appointed post-master of his town. But because "Baldy" Boyden was appointed postmaster of Salisbury without asking for it; because his name was sent in by Senator Overman who was given the pleasure of naming the postmaster in his home town, and the Senate confirmed the nomination the same day and Boyden was actually surprised by receiving the information; because nowhere in the world is there a more affable, genial and winning personality than Baldy Boyden—we think it appropriate to place here, in our Gallery of the Elect a picture of Mr. Boyden.

Mr. Boyden is a part and a big part of the history of North Carolina. He has been postmaster before and he has been so many things in serving the people that most everybody knows him. All of the big state papers went out of their way to write editorials about the appointment and to congratulate both Mr. Boyden and the people of Salisbury on the selection made by Senator Overman.

And without his picture which we regret not to have, it may be said in passing that postmaster Ramsey who retires and who resigned six months before his commission expired in order to engage in private business is one of Salisbury's most substantial citizens. Here is wishing both the ingoing and outgoing postmasters well.

The Party Plan.

It is a wonder the democrats—we mean the rank and file and not the politicians who shape things to their liking, do not recall how this state not very many years ago went into the populist camp—turned down men like Vance and Ransom—elected Russell and Butler—in face of the fact that the "party" had dreamed it was forty thousand strong.

Why? Because the people just simply got tired of a few men trying to run things. Now the outs are crying boss—but the men out want to get in and the men out want to put up the fences so that there can be no scratching the ballots, and then they are going to make a dash for the offices. To make such a dash now would mean perhaps another defeat of democracy.

And the farmers of this state; the rank and file of the voters have sense enough to know how to vote. It isn't necessary to bind them and gag them and throw them on the platform and have the bosses say: "Here is the freight—we have it baled—it must vote our way."

Happily there is a little hope that maybe the fellows who are out and want in can't pull the wool over the eyes of the farmers and the plain, common people.

a verdict against a person for a capital offense, or one less serious, where there is an absolute absence of motive; where there is no evidence to even remotely suggest that the act committed was wilful or deliberate for a purpose of gain or revenge—search us for a lunatic. If the woman had wanted to commit suicide she would not have imperiled a half hundred people. All this presuming the party sane—and there was no evidence purporting to suggest she was not mentally all right.

If she was drunk, and crazy from drink, no telling what whimsical notions might enter her brain. If she was given to intervals of alienation of reason, no telling what she might have done—but if such were the facts she should have been tried for lunacy, not arson, and such facts should have been established.

We are glad to know the case terminated where it did. The chances are that it will do some good. It will make the people who visit rooms like that more careful with their cigarettes—maybe more careful in many ways. Captain Scott did his duty. He took what hearsay evidence he had; what material evidence he found—which was but little—and concluded the thing to do was to have a hearing and attempt to ascertain why?

But the mystery is still a mystery—a mystery that is not touched in anything we have ever heard or ever read. It had been our intention to follow this trial closely—to write an old time "spread" because of the freshness of the plot—but we throw our notes aside and touch a match to them—and hope for burning them we will not be indicted for arson.

THOMAS DROPS OUT

Third District Upside Down Politically.

PRETTY pass it came to in the Third district. The Gold-boro convention which broke up in a row: broke up in a disgraceful and unlawful row—men carried to hospitals and officers defied—all in the name of the popular representative government of which we boast, has not been forgotten. Nor will it ever be forgotten.

The State Executive Committee ordered another primary and then hung on to it the proposition that each candidate before that convention must pay One Thousand dollars to participate in that primary. Talk about buying your way into office; talk about buying votes—and this is the most glaring exhibition of the use of money we have ever seen. Why should a candidate be forced to put up a thousand dollars just to gamble on what a convention would do? Why should the democratic party allow such a proceeding? If a man is poor; if he has all the friends going, unless he has a thousand dollars he cannot enter—and the man with a thousand goes in and Democracy is forced to vote for him.

Isn't that a pretty pass? Talk about buying votes—here is a proposition where the candidate is fleeced before he enters—and if it happens like it happened in the Third district—the nominee of the lawless convention that defied officers is nominated because Thomas says he cannot afford to put up the thousand dollars—although he was, according to the Hood men, the second choice of the people of the district.

A thousand dollars stands between what might be the people's choice and the election. Thomas, we understand, handed them a pretty strong package in black and white and pulled out. Refused to run in the primary—and now the talk is that his friends will insist that he run independent—and he should—and let a republican be elected and thus teach them something about clean politics in the Third district. There is nothing to keep Thomas from running independent. There is every reason he should run.

Two Pictures.

In our mail Monday came a circular, or, rather a six column page of democratic thunder, issued by the Democratic National Committee, and editors were told to use any of it or all of it to answer calamity howlers. It insisted that what it contained were facts and that anything to the contrary were "calamity lies." Conspicuous in this page was a double column story about Henry Ford's optimistic view, and we reproduce it in order to ask a question. The Democratic Headquarters' story was a reproduction of the interview sent out by Mr. Ford—or, rather handed in by him, in which he insisted the country was all right.

In the same mail came the American Economist and carried the Ford story along with a story from Mayor Mitchell, a free trade democrat and a great administration man.

Mr. Ford said: "There is absolutely nothing wrong with business," while Mayor Mitchell told the New York Board of Estimate that "This is a year of great business depression" and insisted that the expenses for New York must be cut from \$10,000,000 to \$6,000,000—a cut of forty per cent because of the great business depression—it leaves a fellow up a tree.

The democrats insist that there is nothing the matter and the Mayor of New York demands a cut of 40 per cent. because of depression.

And so there you have it. We had hoped the tariff question was about settled one way or the other. But it seems to be a more debatable question than ever. One would naturally think it would be easy to determine whether business was better or worse—but both sides present figures and each side proves its assertion, so we just let it go at that, and wonder how long, if ever on this earth, it will be before the tariff tinkers and the tariff debaters are through.

The frightful disclosures concerning the management of the New Haven railroad gives the spell binder the assurance to tell people that all railroads are rotten. But they are not.

It may jar the slats of the politicians to have us tell them their bear trap in the shape of state wide primaries is not the thing—but we are not afraid to talk out in meeting. Shun the primary plan unless you want a collar put on your neck so you can be led to the polls to vote for the politician's choice. If you vote in a primary you are the same as bound and gagged.

IT IS A BAD LAW

Change Needed In An Important Statute.

MEN talk about constitutional amendments—what North Carolina most needs are some sensible laws under our present constitution. There is a law on the books just now giving the deputy fire commis-

sioner, if it happened that this office should fall into unclean hands by some hook or crook, the right to ruin a man forever—if he sought revenge or wanted to put him out of the way for money. Talk about employing gun men in New York to do dirty things—a conspiracy could be hatched and might be put over if men venal enough were found—and venal men are never wanting if the price is right and in sight—that would ruin the best citizen in North Carolina if political or other exigencies existed where it was thought proper to tattoo him. And it could be done under the law—and no punishment to the man who did it.

It happens now that Captain W. A. Scott, clean and level headed, holds this position, so no harm can come from the power given him—but Captain Scott and Commissioner Young might not always be in office—and no man should be clothed with such power as is given the fire commissioner. A king, in days of darkest despotism, never had greater power.

Under our law the fire commissioner or his deputy can swear out a warrant against any man who has a fire in his home and charge him with arson—put him to the cost of defending his suit, and if he wins, the man swearing out the warrant cannot be punished. An officer who arrests us wilfully looks out for a charge of false imprisonment. The man who slanders us is cautious—but here is an official clothed with the arbitrary power to blacken a man's life—to lay at his door a charge that constitutes a capital crime—and you can't touch him.

Is there any use to suggest that such a law is a disgrace to the books of North Carolina? For, if it be presumed there are men mean enough to be guilty of arson—it is also to be presumed that there might be men mean enough—in the heat of passion for revenge, or in their calmer moments for pay—to everlastingly damn and disgrace an innocent man who happened to be in the way of some political party; of some corporation; of some interest that knew neither pity nor compassion—that wanted a man put out of the way without taking his life, and it could be done as easy as falling off a slippery log. Any man's home could be set on fire; the owner could be arrested and the record written—and the man who arrested him could snap his fingers in his face. Gentlemen, here is a law that should be repealed, and one considerably modified, answering the same purpose for honest ends, put in its place.

Now For A Big Time.

It looks like we are to get a nine story hotel; it looks like maybe another big office building; it is a cinch that many improvements are under way—and then a new passenger depot—street paving galore—why isn't Greensboro doing things worth while? A big time is just in front of us—and the man who is loyal and a booster should keep his coat off and see that we get the street bonds.

Diamond King's Wife.

We were glad enough to know the Diamond King's wife of New York has been granted a divorce. We are glad to know they call him the Diamond King because he wears diamonds in his garters, on his watch fob and wherever else he may put one—but what we object to is for Colonel Sanford Martin, in his always interesting Winston-Salem Journal, running a picture of the lady on the tenth day of July showing her diked out in heavy furs with a big fur muff. There are times when a picture should at least be presented in tune with the weather.

The Third District.

Now that Thomas has withdrawn, the republicans will doubtless put up a man against Hood, run him independent and a very exciting campaign will be on. We have tried to study both sides of the Third district case and are forced to conclude that Thomas got the dirty end of the stick—and it was handed him by the party.

The primary plan is a plan to capture the offices—and the people are not to be fooled. The primary plan is a plan to put a man and chains him to the neck so you can be led to the polls to vote for the politician's choice. If you vote in a primary you are the same as bound and gagged.