

A HELPING HAND RIGHT NOW MIGHT BE BETTER FOR YOUR FRIEND THAN "I EXPECT TO HELP HIM."

Everything

HOW MANY BURNING LIES ARE TOLD WITH THE INJUNCTION, "DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1914

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

IT IS A DISGRACE

Johnston County's County Home Shameful.



WE HAVE before commented on Johnston county politics. We have shown that the pie eaters and pie-hunters of that district are willing to do all that mortal man can do to get away with it—to secure office and the salary going with the office. With so many candidates in the field; with so many place hunters, it would seem that there might be one or two men big enough to stand up and announce, regardless of machine politics, regardless of what might happen, that they proposed to stand for humanity—for decency.

But we get no such message from Old Johnston. All we get is the assurance of Mr. Brooks, running for recorder, that the party owes him nothing—but he still owes the party something and he wants to pay it with services the salary of course still coming to him.

We see no man coming to the front and saying he proposes to clean up some of the dirty places; that he proposes to wipe the stain off the otherwise fair name of a county rich and independent. The last two or three issues of the Selma Chronicle have contained articles that would, if we had time to stop and think, make the flesh creep.

Articles that would, in another age, have caused men to organize and hold meetings and declare before the just God of this universe that conditions that exist should no longer exist, even if it took the bayonet to make things right. Articles that recited the injustice; the brutality; the inhumanity; the barbarism of a people claiming civilization—of a Christian county—peopled with so-called righteous men and women.

Articles free of sensation—articles written calmly and dispassionately—but reciting chapters of wrong and cruelty and suffering that belong to a dark age—and which make men shudder to contemplate.

And perhaps what is true in Johnston county may be true in other counties—who knows? Why is it that we have time to talk about ten constitutional amendments—to everlastingly chew the rag about state-wide primaries and initiative and referendum and recall, and all the wild things and high sounding things that have to do with office and office holding but no time to relieve humanity which suffers in agony and shame?

Everything doesn't care to go nosing about in private matters and it will not do so. But it calls upon the Governor of the state to declare that the people of Johnston county have shown themselves incapable of self-government, if all reports are true—and begs him in mercy and charity to send some one down Selma way and have things straightened out.

There is a man named Frederick Archer living down there who saw his duty. But not until a woman, a New Woman—a member of the Civic League, took the initiative and exhibited to Mr. Archer in all its wretchedness the condition of the County Home. This good woman, Mrs. N. E. Edgerton, took a party of gentlemen in her machine and carried them to the County Home—and then the men saw Mr. McLean, editor of the Chronicle, was in the party and he vouches for what Mr. Archer says—and what Mr. Archer says would make the blood of a Bulgarian brigand leap high and fierce—would make a stolid North American Indian want to start something—because if ever there was cruelty to animals it is to be or was to be found in the Johnston county County Home.

Mr. Archer says the party investigating conditions at this Home found four miserable shanties where the inmates live, shanties twenty years old and with no means of heating them in cold weather and no means of keeping out the flies in warm weather—that these human beings, no one of them guilty of any crime—but old, diseased, helpless North Carolinians—men and women who had fought and lost—fathers and mothers who failed somehow to make enough or keep enough to sustain them in their old age—citizens who, in the race for gold lost early in the game and had no where to lay their heads—and were sent to these foul and frowsy dens—these vermin haunted shacks containing no furniture, according to Mr. Archer, and the bed clothes so horribly filthy and ill-smelling that a dog taken from a tannery and put in one of the rooms would lose his breath.

Mr. Archer says the Superintendent of this County Home told him and told the party of visitors that the straw mattresses on which these pitiable and wretched helpless human beings are forced to lie are fairly alive with vermin and that so old are the houses and so infected with bugs and lice that the strongest kind of fumigation will not touch them.

Mr. Archer says that there is one idiot tied like an animal in the hall who wallows in his own filth and is cleaned only when some unscrupulous rascally fellow feels it his duty to help him out. He says this idiot tied there like a

THE DOGS OF WAR

Will Not Stand Tied, And Peace Not In Sight.



LOOKS like Peace of which we talk so much, and for which we all are trying, isn't any closer than it was when Old Man Tamerlane journeyed forth on his savage campaigns. There are rules and usages of war, the result of civilization and agitation, but mankind seems ready now, as of yore, to fight at the drop of the hat—and a war cloud gathers in twenty minutes and blood runs high and everybody cries: "Let loose the dogs of war."

In Ireland they are killing people and clouds grow dark. Austria and Serbia were about to come together the other day and the big black type suggested that perhaps all Europe would be involved. Mexico is filled with American soldiers ready to fight if necessary—and the United States senate has been a scene of mental carnage over the appointment of a harvester trust director to a government position.

In fact there is a war cloud every few hundred miles. Greece is ready and itching to fight most any old thing—has bought some warships of Uncle Sam to make sure of success, and the man who sees Peace in the clouds can conclude that the clouds "look very like a whale" or anything else suggested to the mind.

Universal Peace will be some other day. What we call human nature is nature—and it is nature to fight. The big, lovable, amiable bull dog will love you, will play with you, will lie quietly down and apparently be blissfully snoozing on the front porch—and let a vagrant cur pass along the street and the bull dog is action in a minute; he declares war and goes to it.

And so the nations and these people talk about Peace—but the minute some "furrin' foe" steps on the sensitive bunion it is a call to arms—and every nation on earth at once gets ready to take a hand. Peace would be grand—it is a wonderful dream—but it doesn't seem any nearer than it did six thousand years ago when was witnessed "The Battle of the Kings" as recorded in Genesis.

The Mecklenburg Declaration.

Recently a copy of the Declaration of Independence made by the Mecklenburg people May 20, was given our Carnegie library.

This is a valuable present. There is no doubt now in the minds of thinking people but what the May 20 Declaration was a fact.

As a matter of fact so generally agreed are people upon this date that in a recent postal card vote taken, every man and woman voted for May 20th, except Colonel Charley Van-Noppen, and he explained his vote by saying that he hadn't as yet looked into the matter. For awhile it looked like those outsiders—ever jealous of North Carolina, were going to prove it a myth. But when the facts came out, the question was settled.

wild beast might be tied, was covered with thousands of flies—flies of all varieties, blow flies, blue-bottle flies and common house flies—and the stench with which he reeked was absolutely unbearable.

The picture cannot be painted. But the fact that such conditions exist in this great state—this state which insists on a state-wide primary—on all the things that have to do with the welfare of politicians—calls for action on the part of other officials if Johnston county officials will not act.

Mr. Archer says that two of the members of the grand jury told him that they had personally reported the outrageous condition of this County Home to the Judge of the Court and the Judge had complimented them upon their findings and ordered that something be done—but he says nothing is done.

This question is above politics. This is a matter of humanity—and every man and woman, every boy and every girl in this state of North Carolina is interested in the matter. It is a public disgrace—and there is no real reason why it should continue. The County Health officer of Johnston, Dr. H. H. Utley, says he has reported the matter and with the grand jury has visited this home and the conditions existing there have been subjects of his disapproval—but still nothing is done.

We are not informed as to what authority the Governor of the State has, but it looks to us that if a county by continued and undisputed evidence shows that it is incapable of self government—if it treats its citizens in the inhuman manner publicly charged by responsible people of that county—some one should interfere and this damning disgrace should be wiped out.

And that is why we take a hand. Whether the County Commissioners are to blame—or whether the law is to blame—or whether the blame attaches somewhere else is not the question. The question is, should such conditions be allowed to exist in a civilized age? The county is able to care for its unfortunates. The common law against cruelty to animals should be invoked—if any of the authorities are to blame—and if no one is to blame, then we should get busy making laws that would place the responsibility.

HE LACKS THE POWER



William Randolph Hearst has more papers than any other man ever had. He has big newspapers; newspapers worth millions of dollars and newspapers that print everything that happens. He employs the best talent obtainable and he spares no expense. It was said of him that he forced the war with Spain—but with all his force and all his power he failed utterly to bring about the war he wanted with Mexico. This shows that the power of the press to force things has gone. No matter what kind of a scheme a newspaper wants to put over, it can't do it, when it is transparent that it simply yells to make readers.

The newspaper can sow seeds. It can do much good, but the Hearst papers were and are so yellow that they are discounted and what they say only entertains. Their promise carries no hope—their threat no fear. In the old days of Greeley and Raymond and Dana could move the people. In these days a page of black type editorial causes not even a ripple on the smooth sea. This is because the yellow business was over done. The New York World started the yellow streak and Hearst made the World look like thirty cents when it came to painting things yellow. Hearst is a great man in his way. He used his fortune to give people employment. He established a new school of journalism, but it is a school that accomplishes nothing—except to swell the bank account of the owner.

The Average "Mad Dog."

The average "mad dog" which causes people to throw hysterics and run for hiding is not mad at all. He wants water; he is in pain or he is frightened. The following telegram from South Orange, New Jersey, to the New York Tribune one day this week gives a pretty fair illustration of the "mad dog" we read about:

"After a supposed mad dog had frightened several women into hysterics and brought out the police and the fire department, 10-year-old 'Red' Mulligan put an end to the disturbance by taking the animal in his arms and petting it. The dog wagged its tail in a grateful fashion, and an examination showed that it had been stung by a swarm of bees.

"The first alarm was given when the small white mongrel ran down the street yelping. Several women screamed 'mad dog' and fled. "The police department was notified, but the dog had crawled under a porch, where a revolver shot could not reach him, and so the fire department was called to rout him out with a stream of water."

More people are killed by automobiles in North Carolina in a week than ever died from the bite of a mad dog. In fact whoever heard of a real case of hydrophobia? No one.

Great Affection.

The New Bern Sun records a case of where the wife of a negro cut his throat and for a time it was thought he could not recover, but finally, with throat bandaged, he came into court, not to appear against the woman but to beg the court not to bind her over. The Mayor thought he had never before seen such devotion. It appears that after the quarrel they made up. The Mayor held the woman in \$150 bond and told the husband to plead with the higher court. That is certainly an example worth while—but it will do no good.

Helps Some.

The announcement made by Mr. Bryan that he is going to help the suffrage cause in Nebraska certainly helped the cause in many quarters. Mr. Bryan gave no new reasons. He simply picked up the notes of others who have come into camp and subscribed to them. Woman has the right to vote—no one doubts that. It is her duty to vote. And she can no longer shirk her duty. It is one of the things that must happen. Just how Shakespeare knew it all we can never imagine. But when he said that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends" he uttered a great truth—and Destiny is changing the world. Woman will soon come in and help to run things.

HARRISON ON STAND

Defends The Southern Railway Business Methods.



THE Southern Railway has been put in the list of undesirable by a man named something or other—and it brought out an investigation before the Senate Committee. In these days if you want to get a Senate Committee in action just let some fellow charge a conspiracy by a railway against the people, and the fur flies. It doesn't make much difference who the fellow is that makes the charges. Just let the victim be a railroad, and then the Senate gets busy.

It has been charged that the Southern directors haven't acted on the square; that the Southern has conspired against the South; that it was in collusion with a lot of buccanneries who were controlling the coal trade and—well no matter much what has been charged.

Before the Committee President Harrison said:

"I believe Mr. Dulaney has a deep-seated hatred for one or two men who have succeeded in the Virginia and Southwestern and Appalachian coal fields where he failed. Being unable to reach these men he attacked the Southern Railway as a railroad in these days is always a target for attack.

"I resent with every force of my being the charges of bad faith and chicanery brought against the organization of the Southern, and I think I am supported therein by that great mass with us in the South. I feel a further resentment at the charge that the direction of the policy of the Southern Railway has been in outside hands and that the management has been for any other interest than that of the South. The ambition and policy of the Southern has been to take a part in the regeneration of the South and in that policy its officers and management all along have shaped its course."

President Harrison contended that the charges were in the temper of times which would listen to any allegation that a railway is being used for dishonest purposes.

"If I believed that the stockholders had elected directors that used the Southern Railway to its own disadvantage, I as president of the railroad, would resign," declared Mr. Harrison emphatically.

The Southern Railway has done more for the South than any other commercial agency. It is doing more for the South than all other commercial agencies combined. With it we will have here a great country. Without it we would be fifty years behind. It is a great national system. It is one of the big railroads of the country and it is spending its money in development; spending its money in advertising our resources. It brings settlers here to till our farms. It offers inducements to manufacturers. It refuses to give excursion rates to people who want to move away. In every possible way the Southern is doing all it can to aid the South—and it is a matter of deep regret that men who have nothing to lose and nothing to gain can discredit it and annoy its officers.

Reidsville Humming.

We had a little business with Colonel John Oliver of the Reidsville Review one day this week so we hiked to Reidsville and were gratified to see the old town pulling itself out of the ruts. A new passenger depot is in process of erection; streets are being paved, and we learned that the different organizations of the women had been active and cleaner streets and many evidences of civic work were in front of us. Reidsville can be a prettier town than it is—and as for business Reidsville always did do a lot of it. The wholesale grocery business by Jim Wray—one of the best informed politicians in the State—and not a Bull Moose by a long light, is about as good as usual. But Jim says he doesn't yet see wherein the tariff has brought anything cheaper to the ultimate consumer than it got to him under the tariff laws.

If Teddy Wins.

It is said that the Kernel is getting ready to print the Life and Adventures of Boss Bill Barnes—commencing at the cradle and running to the end.

Barnes sues for \$50,000 and it is up to the Kernel to prove a lot of things.

This trial will be watched with interest, and we are assured it will be on by September. Always, it seems, the gods have in keeping for us, refreshing and sensational stunts.

Keep It Here.

We feel that our campaign for trading at home is bearing fruit. Many papers of the state take our display advertisements and run them in their papers; the editors are talking more and more for trade at home habits—and if every man will only get the idea into his head, millions of dollars will finally be kept here to help build the country.

THE CRIME GERM

Is Not Yet Located By The Moralists.



ANY men of many minds make the old world spin—and what we would like to know is, why does crime increase so rapidly—and why can't we find some way to check it. We presume everybody

thinks the same thing, and the thing to do is to keep on thinking, and maybe we will some day locate the weak part. That there is a weak part there is no denying. We all thought that when whiskey was banished; when the open bar-room was put off the street that crime must necessarily decrease—and maybe it did—so far as whiskey inspired crime was concerned—but crime itself didn't stop long. It took a new path and found new support. Perhaps with whiskey returned there would be a great increase—but we haven't yet found the cause of crime. Those who wanted prohibition because it would decrease crime didn't get what they wanted. Prohibition has made communities more decent; it has made them more prosperous; it has given joy and happiness to ten thousand homes—but the crime germ hasn't yet been located.

The Winston Journal of last Sunday morning says:

"Forsyth Superior Court will open here tomorrow morning for a two weeks' term for the trial of criminal cases, with Judge C. C. Lyon of Whiteville presiding. The term will be the largest court in the history of the county from the standpoint of the gravity of the offenses.

"There are almost two hundred cases docketed for trial, and it is thought that the number will reach 200 before the term comes to a close.

"The term will be of great value to the county in clearing the county jail, there being over 100 defendants there now awaiting trial. It is customary in Forsyth county to try all of the jail cases before taking up the bond cases, and it is presumed that that custom will be followed at the coming term.

"If the jail cases are heard first, it will take up the entire term of the court as there are enough cases on the docket now to consume fully a month.

In addition to a large number of capital cases, there are also an unusually large number of interesting and important cases, and as most of them have gone up on appeal from the Municipal Court, it is safe to assume that the majority of them will be contested inch for inch."

The Journal says some of these cases were continued from the last term, that small pox stopped the court last time—but to read of two hundred criminal cases—capital offenses and all kinds of crime-junk—with a hundred prisoners in jail in a city the size of Winston, suggests that we must still search for the crime germ—go deeper and farther than we have yet gone. The largest criminal docket in the history of a county, and whiskey hardly responsible for a tenth of it, should cause thoughtful men to look deeper.

A Good Man Has Gone.

The passing of Captain Edward S. Parker, of Graham, caused universal regret in Alamance county.

Captain Parker was 76 years of age; had lived beyond the three score years and ten—and was fully prepared to solve the mystery that has puzzled all who have lived upon the earth.

As a Confederate soldier Captain Parker distinguished himself, and as a member of the bar he was among the ablest in North Carolina. A wife, one daughter and two sons survive him. Mr. Junius Parker, general counsel for the American Tobacco Co., is one of his sons, and E. S. Parker, Jr., of Graham, the other. Both these boys are exceptionally brilliant, and Captain Parker was naturally very proud of them.

We knew Captain Parker very well in the old days—twenty years ago when he was district attorney and attended the courts at Durham. He was an able prosecutor, but never a man who felt that because he was the prosecuting attorney it was his duty to "eat alive" the prisoner at the bar. He knew what righteousness meant, and he always gave the prisoner every advantage due him. There was no sleight of hand performance in his practice of the law—it was always justice, and right. We recall several cases where Captain Parker's broad-mindedness and impartiality saved wretched people indicted years of confinement—because he didn't propose to put a man over because he was helpless and poor. And he never allowed duty or sentiment to interfere with what he thought was right. We have seen but little of him in late years—but the state is better for his having lived in it, and his departure will be sincerely mourned.