

Trade  
AT HOME  
Always!

# Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1914

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY 1902.

## NINE YEARS LOST

### An Ignorant Boy Sent To School Of Crime.



HIS convict question—this idea of making criminals out of men and boys who were not criminals in intent, is one that we cannot fathom. We have tried to see how something could be done to protect Society against the depredations of pre-disposed criminals, and not place in the same category the innocent person who transgressed the law and had for his excuse temporary insanity. The Oxford Public Ledger in its last issue carries a local story that is worth while for all of us to think about. It seems that the Governor of North Carolina pardoned one John Brooks, who nine years ago, was convicted of murder in Granville county. When the murder was committed John Brooks was but a boy—a lad of sixteen years. But let us quote the reason given for the pardon. It is as follows:

"This boy was sixteen years old at the time of the commission of the crime and has served nearly nine years. He killed the deceased without justification but under great provocation of most offensive epithets applied to him by the deceased. The boy is an ignorant, weak-minded fellow. Pardon is recommended by all of the county officers of Granville county. Concluded in by Judge Ferguson, who tried the case, and Solicitor Brooks, who prosecuted. Recommended by every member of the bar of Granville county and by a large number of prominent citizens."

The Judge who sentenced the boy to prison, the attorney who, as a state's officer, prosecuted him, all the county officers of Granville, joined in asking the pardon—and the reason given is, that while the boy committed the crime without legal justification it was a fact that the deceased used epithets which were offensive and which caused the boy, without murder in his heart, to kill the man who had assaulted him with a vocabulary of offensive words. And the boy murderer was a weak minded boy and was ignorant. He has served nine years. And they pardon him. All well and good, but if that boy is weak-minded and ignorant and has served nine years for killing a man who insulted and gave him a moral justification for defending his manhood—how will he come out of prison—and what has Society benefited because it incarcerated him for this long period of time—sending him to the living tomb at sixteen years of age—and sending him out a man full grown—with nine years of suffering and humiliation to load him down. Nine years' association with hardened criminals—a weak-minded and ignorant boy—a youth, spending his best days of development in a felon's cell—and sent to the penitentiary to mingle with all classes of human depravity because, forsooth, he violated one law, the one that says thou shalt not kill, in enforcing that other law—the first law of nature, which is self preservation or self defence. Our law-makers do not spin their theories so fine that I have a right to shoot to death the man who does my pride, my name, my heart, my soul, personal violence—but it says if a man draws a gun on you and you think you are liable to physical damage you can shoot him as full of holes as a sieve. If the man uses epithets which defame your honored dead; if he abuse you with all the vile words that he can command, he doesn't forfeit his life—but he should.

But what we are trying to show is that if that weak minded and ignorant boy, although without justification, but still with great provocation, killed his man, he should have been cared for by his state—sent to some other institution than a penitentiary where we are supposed to cage our most dangerous and depraved citizens.

The hope is that John Brooks comes out determined to be a man. But a boy who has been to school for nine long years associating with the most hardened classes of criminals, unless he be exceptional, is hardly coming out an ornament to that Society amongst which he must mingle. Had John Brooks been sent to some kind of a school for those years of servitude, the chances are he would have been worth a great deal more to himself and to his state. And until we stop throwing the young prisoners among the hardened criminals we haven't the right idea of the penal system.

#### All Organized.

If there is anything in the world that isn't organized we would like to know just what it is. We see where the dish-washers' union of a California city has refused to arbitrate and a strike is imminent. The theater people are organized; the wash ladies and the scrub ladies; the clerks and the printers and the wood sawyers and the boot blacks and the news boys and coal carriers. If there is anything that is not organized we are misinformed.

## LAME DUCK'S ROOST

### Gets Another Rooster On The Limber Limb.



HE Washington correspondent of the Greensboro Daily News, Mr. Parker Anderson, certainly hands out some excellent tobacco sauce concerning what has been termed the Lame Duck's Roost. He says that when the Roosevelt administration found more disabled statesmen than it could take care of they originated this commission which has for its excuse for existence a pretence that it wants to find the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

Mr. Anderson says there are several gentlemen drawing big salaries; that they have practically nothing to do; that just now another new office has been created in it at a cost of \$5,000 and Mr. Bryan's secretary will be handed that.

It was a democratic hand book that named this commission the Lame Duck's Roost and the name sticks fast and hard. If there is no reason for such a commission, and many have claimed there was no reason, it looks strange that a democratic administration would allow this useless expense, especially in these days when we are raising money by adhesive stamps—something seldom resorted to in times of peace. But the politician must be taken care of, and he generally takes care of himself. The chances are that the commission is useless. But what would we do with all the soldiers who have fit, bled and died, if we didn't make nice warm places for them? What's the use to be a patriot if there's nothing in it but patriotism?

#### The New Fads.

The Commission Form of Government swept over the country, and many cities adopted the plan. Galveston was about the first to adopt it, it looked good, and it is good, but now comes the City Manager plan, and that perhaps will be what we all will have eventually.

Greensboro will no doubt continue her Commission Form for some time—she will elect her three commissioners, but finally a city manager seems to be the real solution of the case.

A city manager is selected regardless of politics, regardless of where he lives—he undertakes to manage affairs of the city for so much money, and he never asks for election. It is up to him to make good. He is of course responsible directly to certain men chosen for that place, but in the last analysis he is responsible to all the people and if he fails to make good they will let him know.

The manager plan is what is called the Dayton Plan, the plan apparently having been successfully carried out in the Ohio city. Durham and Statesville and many other North Carolina towns expect to make a change.

#### Easy Enough.

Wood is being sold in Rocky Mount for \$2.50 per cord. It is claimed that it is good dry wood and that a full cord is sold for a cord. Why is it that in Henderson, a smaller place, less than a cord is sold for \$5.00?—Henderson Gold Leaf.

Easy enough. The reason is that there is less wood offered on the Henderson market. Why was it that in Greensboro Saturday there wasn't an egg to be purchased—and had there been the price could have been maintained without a kick from anyone at ten cents a dozen over regular week day fine weather prices. Henderson hasn't the wood. Some days in Greensboro you will find twenty-five loads of wood offered for sale by the farmers and some days you can't find a load to save your self. Supply and demand, it is the only solution in the world. Trusts, combines, nothing to do with it.

#### Now All Get Busy.

Now let every friend of General Julian S. Carr get busy and commence to organize a campaign to make him Governor of North Carolina. Remember he isn't a candidate. Remember he isn't going to be. His friends are going to try to hand it to him, and of course he will accept. He never yet shirked his duty and he never will.

#### Worth While.

Mr. Clarence Kuester, one of the liveliest wires in North Carolina, writes us to say that our strong and persistent campaign about trading at home is already bearing fruit. Not alone in this section, but all over the state the newspaper boys are taking hold and the people are commencing to follow the sermons. Good enough. We want to see every dollar kept in the South that it is possible to keep here.

#### Hard To Agree.

All agree that the convict system is wrong, but it will be a hard matter to agree on what is right and just and best.

## OLD BEN IS THERE



OLD BEN TILLMAN is generally right. He is there with the Goods. He almost always, in these later years "dopes it out" along lines of reason and intelligence. In talking about an enlarged navy—an increased expense—in answer to a Northern newspaper's question, Senator Tillman said and said it pretty clearly: "I think the European war has opened the eyes of the world in a great many ways, as it has proved how far men can go when ambition and greed for power lead them on. I see nothing that ought to make the United States go wild in building battleships or other naval craft. We ought to study the conditions and results as far as naval affairs are concerned, and be governed accordingly. As chairman of the Senate naval committee I shall try to carry out the policy advised by our great President, and our conscientious and alert Secretary of the Navy. Neither of these men, I am sure, will 'run amuck.' An efficient navy is what we need, not a larger one, for by the time the English and Germans get through sinking each other's ships we will have the largest navy in the world anyhow, I think."

#### Make It Early.

What is the use to wait until the day before Christmas to get that Christmas feeling in your bones. Why can't we do as the Master suggested, get it in our system and keep it all the year?

When Christmas comes even old man Tight Wad falls for a bit of sentiment; he begins to think that maybe he should shell out—and he does—he does, God bless him.

The fact that America this year, early in the season sent its Santa Claus ships freighted with toys and trinkets and food and raiment to the suffering people beyond the sea, should have given us a greater Christmas sentiment.

It is really strange about this Christmas feeling. Some people will feel the thrill early in December. Others will walk right to Christmas eve and never understand that Christmas is coming, when, behold, in an hour, a twinkling of an eye, so to speak, the heart is touched and the purse strings loosened. Christmas is essentially a day of all the world—essentially the greatest day we celebrate.

This year the hope is that times will be good; that money matters will have adjusted themselves and that everybody can have a really happy Christmas. Get ready for it now.

#### We Suppose It Is Necessary.

We do not pick up a paper here of late, it seems, but what we read of something shocking. Something that could have been averted, but which happened because a human agency was responsible. There seem to be a great many homicides; a wonderfully large number of suicides, and accidents almost countless.

We suppose it takes these things to bring us to a realizing sense of the blessings we enjoy. The cold weather is disagreeable, but after the snow when the sun comes out warm and genial we appreciate more fully what fine weather is. And so as we plod along we must now and then be jarred or we would not understand that there were rewards, even in this life for us. There must be a comparison or there would be nothing worth while. There would be no appreciation of good if there were not evil.

#### If They Could.

If the legislature could only meet about a month, introduce all its bills, go home and let the people vote on them, they would get some idea of what the average man thinks of the capacity of a legislator.

#### Not Many.

There is one thing significant. You haven't heard yet a single breath about who may be the republican candidate for President in 1916. Colonel Goethals has been mentioned—but not a politician has chirped either by himself or his best friend.

## IMPORTANT DECISION

### Is Looked For Soon Concerning Booze.



IT LOOKS like West Virginia would be obliged to fight for her prohibition law. It is one of the most drastic ever passed in America. It was carried by almost a hundred thousand majority, and the hope was to make a law that really prohibited. The mail order houses have been sending literature into West Virginia, and the state has brought injunction proceedings against the express companies, claiming that they have no right to bring whiskey or beer into dry territory and leave it there. The mail order people are putting up a fight, and this week in Richmond the United States Court of Appeals will hear the case. It will be long fought and bitter, as the Webb-Kenyon law comes in for interpretation; the right of a state to prohibit inter-state traffic and a whole lot of things that have always frightened the average man half to death will dance attendance upon the case.

And it may be that the decision in this case will have a bearing on the proposed prohibition laws the legislature of North Carolina will be asked to make. It is freely predicted by a great many people that you cannot make a state law that prohibits another state from shipping in the goods. And as the matter has not been settled yet, under the Webb-Kenyon bill, this West Virginia case has great interest for North Carolina people.

#### Simply Buncombe.

Washington sends out information to the effect that the cotton growers lost this year \$475,000,000 because cotton sold at six and a fraction, whereas last year at the same date it sold at thirteen.

By the same token we lost a million dollars this year because we didn't have eight hundred thousand bushels of wheat to sell.

The cotton growers according to these figures some thirteen years ago lost six or seven million dollars because cotton sold at four and a half cents a pound.

That is all rot. The cotton growers didn't get as much money for their crop this year as they did last, because they planted too much cotton. It was not the fault of the war; it was simply because of an over production. Cotton is today selling at seven and a quarter cents and the market is lively. After the exchanges open it may go to nine cents. And it wouldn't have been over nine cents had there been no war.

You can't tell the man who thinks a minute that the price of a commodity is going to remain high if there is an over production of that commodity. This year apples are plentiful—sixty millions barrels more produced this year than last and the consequence is, apples are down.

Let the first watermelons come to market and the price is high. Let the farmers commence to bring them to town by the wagon load and the prices drop to a song. That is the whole story, and because cotton sold one year at thirteen cents and some other year it sold for less don't argue that the farmers lost anything.

For all the years before cotton was never so high and that figures out that the cotton farmers have lost billions of dollars because cotton didn't sell for a dollar a pound. Bosh!

#### Plenty To Do.

They tell us that Colonel William Osborn, who is making exceptionally good as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, finds he has more to do than any other Commissioner ever had. The income tax was something new and something intricate, and just about as he got that nicely under way along comes the special war tax of a hundred million and get busy orders flying everywhere. If any one man in the administration earns his salary that man is Commissioner Osborn. And of course we are all delighted to know that he is making such a splendid record.

#### They Say Official.

It is said that official returns give a majority of 17,819 against the Tax Amendment—which was the African in the coal house.

Well, that is pretty nearly twenty thousand, and it certainly should show the fellows who gathered in Raleigh at the call of the "leaders" that perhaps they are not leaders after all.

#### Try To Remember Them.

Home folks first. Let us help the distressed Belgians—the distressed everywhere, but let us not forget that the home folks generally are first deserving, and this year there are many unemployed and Christmas is right at hand. Let the people who do this labor of love get busy early, and let all throw something into the hat.

## RALEIGH'S WALK

### Assuming State Wide Interest Now.



GREAT many funny things happen in this old topsy-turvy world—things so funny that it has been charged that even horses sometimes laugh at the idiosyncrasies of man. Down Raleigh way where the suffragettes were happy and the new market house was the talk of the town; down Raleigh way where they have had an election and swatted the Amendments almost to the tune of two thousand majority against them—down there where they have funny things in the museum and outside of it—where antiques live and dwell and have their being—Judge Walter Clark has been insisting on a walk through certain grounds, wants to save so many yards a day in his pilgrimages to and from his office, and the women, those with an eye for the artistic and those who believe that neither Goth nor Vandal—king nor vassal should expectorate on the sidewalk; those who think that Beauty should not be marred even to saving Judge Clark's leather, have entered a protest and a merry war is on.

It is said the Judge insists on having a concrete walk laid for his own accommodation—a walk that will get him back to his duties and his office several minutes quicker each day; a walk that will not cause him to journey up the hill and down again when there is no use of it—and the women are in rebellion.

Should we use the word rebellion? The women are in a War between the States—the states being the Civic League on one side and Judge Clark on the other. It is said that the Council of State, that grave and reverend assembly which convenes now and then, talked it over; that J. Bryan Grimes said, Nay, nay—but the other members outvoted him—and the walk was ordered made.

Just about the time the concrete artist was going to get in motion a ten inch snow shed its mantle over the hole in the ground, and the women again went to arms and again insisted. The chances are that the Judge will get his walk—but in demanding it against opposition he is up a tree.

The Judge has been talking woman's rights. He didn't understand that in giving rights to women he would surrender his own rights—but they have so interpreted it, and insist that as the Judge gets older the further he must walk.

It has been the theme in Raleigh. Pretty soon when that concrete is laid, and the judge thus saves his mileage in leather, we hope to see engraved somewhere in that concrete, a paraphrase of the celebrated poem made famous by Joe Caldwell and reading:

"I seen Judge on this concrete pike  
Which is of his walk the way?"

and we would go further. If the Judge wins his fight and the walk, we would submit another constitutional amendment which would prohibit Tom Bost or any other man inclined towards newspaper vandalism from referring to this last occurrence as Judge Clark's Walk Rebellion. Let it be written a War Between the Folks—and someday, in those days that are on the way, when the Judge for the last time passes over the concrete pike, let there be a meeting in Raleigh and let the concrete be taken up; let it be used for a base to a monument of some kind or other, and let the walk way again be strewn with grass and flowers. The judge has served for so many years as a Judge on the Supreme Bench—let him have his walk, as he has in so many things had his way—and then grub it. This thing of causing a man to walk a half mile out of his way when he could cut across the country and save time and shoe leather and energy—and restraining with no other cause than a sentimental cause—well, as usual, we line up with Judge Clark and insist that the concrete shall be "of his walk the way."

#### The Bogus Telegram.

A trial was set for Superior Court in Charlotte. A young man was charged with having whiskey enough in his possession to be a retailer. The lower court imposed a fine on the young man of \$250. The young man appealed the case, through his attorney. When the case was to come up Judge Shaw was shown a telegram stating that the young man was going to South Carolina on account of the serious illness of his father and would not be present at trial. The chief of police of Charlotte saw this telegram and he wired South Carolina and ascertained that the young man's father was not ill that he was working on a house at the moment. The result was that the fine was imposed. But in all these things...