

A FUNNY CASE Man Wants To Go To Jail.

BUGS or just an honest desire to make clean? In Asheville a man who says his name is Howard claims that some several years ago he stole a cow and wants the authorities to punish him. The court record is lost, and the police force refused to handle the man and sent him to Judge Long who is holding court in that city. Judge Long refused to try any case except those docketed, and Howard is very much put out.

He says he stole a great many things in Georgia and left for that state where he thinks he may succeed in securing a sentence and getting the punishment he feels he deserves.

There was a man living in Biltmore by the name of the cow owner, but he left a couple of years ago, and all the other crimes have been forgotten. Howard claims that while at Morristown, Tennessee, he got religion, and since then he has been a miserable man, knowing he should be punished for his past sins. He thinks if he could receive a good long sentence in prison he would come out cleansed and be fitted to carry the cross.

Funny old world, isn't it? Think of the guilty wretches trying to keep out of prison; men going through the world in dark places; changing their names; wearing disguises; fearing an officer at every turn—and here is a man, apparently sane, demanding that he make restitution, by giving up his freedom, for the crimes he has committed, and can't find an officer who will jug him.

Looks like it was easier to get into jail than to stay out if you are guilty of crime—but this case makes it look different.

Howard is going to Georgia, and if he fails to get what is coming to him there—in that hot bed of criminality and mob law—that state where they take the evidence of a nigger crook against all other evidence and cry for the blood of innocent people—well, if Howard doesn't get the dose he is looking for in Crackerdom he will have to wait until he goes to the next world and enters the portals of that land that is hotter than this—the place where they don't shovel snow.

The New Jersey Strike.

The strike in the Standard Oil Company's works in New Jersey has caused some blood shed, and the only gratifying thing about it all is that the leaders and the wild men have names we can't pronounce. All of which suggests that this strike is not the American spirit—but the spirit brought to this country from the old world.

Judge James P. Boyd says that the sad sea tell story. He goes down there about once a year and enjoys the cool nights and the sea.

Higher Rates.

The Inter State Commerce Commission has agreed to let express companies raise their rates a trifle. As it was the companies were losing out.

A New Drink Discovered.

We receive information that in Hyde county they have begun the manufacture of a new drink called "Meal Beer" or "Rip Gizzard" which does to the Queen's taste all that Old John used to do when wearing a revenue stamp.

It is said that meal and sugar and dried apples, mixed in a certain way will produce a coffee varnish guaranteed to make a man insensible within forty minutes after taking; that it is a quick drink—can be made in a few days and if it contains any alcohol the books do not forbid its manufacture. No doubt the inventor of this drink has never reached the end of the long road, and no doubt we will have still deadlier drinks than we have ever known. The man who goes into the manufacture of Rip Gizzard can supply his own wants, but if he undertakes to sell it the law will be just the same as though he were selling the cut glass and arsenic called corn likker by the blind tiger men. The new drink must be a personally conducted affair or it will get people into trouble.

New Traffic Rules.

Greensboro has a new traffic ordinance which says automobiles must not stand on Elm street over fifteen minutes without moving. This will perhaps clear up the street, and give the farmer a chance to at least drive up in front of a store in order to let his family out of the wagon.

There never was any real reason why a man with an automobile should park it in front of a store and block traffic. Suppose a farmer were to come to town with his wagon, unhitch his horses, leave the wagon in front of some store and take the horses down to the stable. And suppose a hundred farmers were to do that. The automobile man has no more rights than a farmer with his wagon—but take it from me, if a farmer left his wagon for fifteen minutes, or five minutes, unhitched, and standing there in the way he would be called. The automobile is simply a vehicle. It has no more rights than any other vehicle, and we are glad there has been a law passed. Now the next thing is impartial enforcement.

Phillistine Stops.

Elbert Hubbard's Phillistine stops with his death—his son will run the Magazine called Fra—the which carried the high priced write-ups. But the Fra will never do the stunt that Hubbard did. He was a Graftor for fair—and artist in his line.

OLD MAN BREECE.

Now Wants To Be Paroled And We Don't See Why.

Old Man Breece, after a year in the federal prison at Atlanta, wants out on parole.

An old man tottering on the brink of the grave; an old man who has lived a disgraced life for twenty years; an old man who cut a swath and took other people's money; wrecked a bank and had his nigger porters sign notes while he helped himself—he wants off now—perhaps preparatory to meeting his God.

Well, why not let him out. It didn't take imprisonment to punish him. He commenced to serve time with his conscience the moment he was detected in his pillage. The many trials; the publicity; the coming down from his high horse to drag on the ground and in the dust of humiliation—that was his punishment. The fact that for all those years Holton kept after him and finally got him—that was nothing. Breece had been an outcast for twenty years. His conscience had been wearing a tight fitting boot and corns were on fire in a dozen places.

To keep the old man in prison in no way adds to his punishment—because his cup of degradation is full and has been full since the day he was first accused.

He has served twenty years—nineteen outside and one inside the prison. But all the years were years of servitude; years of dishonor; years of disgrace—and why Uncle Sam or some one would want to keep the old man penned up is more than we can understand. Justice has had her demands. She has scalped the old man and wears the scalp lock at her belt. Out of prison or in prison the accusing spirit is always with him. Let him out; let him be free. Pardon him and even the pardon will not lift the guilt from his conscience. He now understands—and were we in a place to write the word we would tell him to go his way in whatever peace he could find.

The wrecking of the bank by this man was a great calamity. The bank had money of widows and orphans—and Breece took it. But he paid the penalty—and why torture him.

WISE MEN DIFFER.

The Ninth District To Be A Hot Contest It Is Said.

The fact that the radicals—why call 'em radicals when no man on earth could be more radical than a North Carolina "pro-gress-IVE" demanding the enactment of the Ten Sacred Amendments (swatted)—are going to insist on John Morehead running for Congress in the Ninth against Congressman Webb caused Red Back Bryant to send word from Washington that you couldn't beat Webb because he was so close to President Wilson.

But behold, here come all the rads with a broad Quaker hat, saying that Webb won't come off, and say: "By heaven, we'll beat him."

Reminiscent.

In this Department the Old Man writes passing fancies—maybe recalling happenings of forty years ago—maybe something of only a few months. All people live either in the past or the future. It is what you did yesterday or what you will do tomorrow. Never what you are doing now. This department is conducted simply to take care of those pleasant things that happened as we walked along the road—that is now grass grown and indistinct—the road over which we will never walk again.

The Zeal Of People.

In last week's issue I took occasion to say that when a man believed something, and believed it for all he was worth, it was impossible for him to see distinctly, the other side of the question. And had I never been sure of this before, I was convinced beyond any question in the great campaign for free silver.

I was living in North Carolina, but went west to do some newspaper work—back to Omaha. I was connected with the World-Herald, the paper on which W. J. Bryan did his first editorial work. Hitchcock was editor in chief, and Metcalfe was there—and all of them great Bryan men and great free silver men.

Naturally I got a lot of that free silver dope in my system. I was writing free silver. The gold bugs were arguing and the free silver bugs were arguing—and I have seen as many as fifteen fist fights on Forum street in one day and by respectable, law abiding, peaceable citizens.

The craze was on—it was fever hot, and both sides would fight for the belief held.

I was certain free silver was right as long as I was in that tense atmosphere, and finally I left the World-Herald and went back to the Bee and it wasn't long until I was an ardent gold-bug—because I was writing against free silver.

A newspaper man, like a lawyer, is professionally engaged, and his own politics will not figure. Take for instance, the case of John D. Calhoun, who died last week in Tampa, holding a federal position secured for him by W. J. Bryan, and for years he wrote republican editorials on a republican newspaper—and when he resigned his position started the Lincoln Daily Democrat—and all the democrats took it. They recognized Calhoun's right to sell his professional services. And while he was writing his republican editorials he did it mechanically—and never lost his principles. But when a lawyer is really in earnest for his client of the writer is trying to make his side the only side he is in spite of himself, for the time being, prejudiced, and he can't see, and he won't see, the other side.

I have always contended that I couldn't get up steam for a cause and be really impartial. I do not believe a lawyer can throw his soul into a case and be impartial. He will be blind.

Generally speaking, the arbiters of a game of ball are hard to be fair—but one side or the other wants to tear him to pieces. So when we take a man's case we must take it with those grains of allowance that honest zeal will cause.

I make these suggestions because I feel that a man can be perfectly honest in advocating his cause; absolutely sincere, and yet be the most mistaken man in seven states.

CHEAPER FOOD.

Father Betts Shows How To Get Cheaper Food Stuff.

Father A. D. Betts, perhaps as good a man as ever lived, makes this suggestion to be considered in the mystery of cheaper food stuffs:

"If all the land now used in making tobacco were used in making wheat, corn, and other grain, fruits and vegetables, we would soon have more food and cheaper for man and beast."

"A. D. BETTS.

The tobacco luxury—perhaps harmful, or at best a luxury, takes up much of the ground in the South. It is a "money crop" so-called—but why raise a money crop if you spend all the money for things to eat? Why not raise the things to eat and not go through the motions twice?

Trouble Over Funds.

The great Negro Exposition at Richmond is winding up in a scandal—because some of the colored brothers accuse some of the other colored brothers of misappropriating funds. It will be a great scandal, and it is too bad.

This exposition was worth while. It was a good show and suggested the advance being made by the colored people. But because they got in a big row and accuse misappropriation of funds, etc., all the good is destroyed.

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WHO'S WHO In Dogdom.

Pittsburgh, July 22.—F. O. Spotts, a wealthy business man of Tarentum, owes his life to the prowess of his pet bulldog, "Ben."

Spotts was passing the stables of H. A. Frey early today, when a vicious bull broke out into the streets. Efforts to lasso the infuriated animal were fruitless, and Spotts, with several others, gave chase. Just before reaching Bull-Creek, the animal turned on Spotts, who was leading the pursuers, and dashed for him with head lowered. Spotts dodged the first onslaught, but in doing so slipped and would have been gored to death in another minute had not his pet bulldog, "Ben," grabbed the bull by the nose, and despite all efforts to dislodge him, held on while his master got out of harm's way. The bull was killed.

Was Good Reasoning.

When a friend asked Dwight L. Moody how he made a living—how he got enough money to make ends meet, he was receiving no salary, he replied: "I am working for God, and He is rich."

"That was pretty well said, and the whole course of his life showed that he was never forgotten. The night he was going to sail for England on his two years' campaign, he didn't have money to pay his passage. He wanted to go in the evening and he felt he would go, but didn't know how. About four o'clock a friend called on him in Chicago and handing him a roll of five hundred plunks explained to him that he might need a little money "after getting to England" and Moody accepted the gift and left that night. That was a sublime faith—and he was fixed.

A TERRIBLE PLACE.

If The Stories Told About Georgia Prison Are True.

The recent attempt to kill Frank at the Georgia convict farm is bringing to light some terrible facts, if they are facts. It seems that down there the whole push is bunched together; whites and blacks; one year men and life convicts. That they all carry concealed weapons; that they stab each other while the victims are asleep, and that there is all sorts of discrimination. Better investigate it—better shut it up than to run it as it is run.

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