



# Everything



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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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## IT IS NO MYSTERY

### Georgia People Seem Fully Satisfied.

**M**UCH has been written about the Frank case—so much that perhaps the subject is already uninteresting, but there is one thing that staggers us—and that is that a story of how it happened, apparently every detail of the ghastly scene could be portrayed—sent broadcast over the wires, and the man who furnished the story escape arrest.

If the people of Georgia were really in earnest they certainly would proceed to secure the desired information. If the press story was a hoax, then all well and good—but the Associated Press, a responsible news gathering agency, vouches for it—and yet we hear of no steps being taken to use that clue for identification of the mob's members.

The fellow who returned the ring should also have been apprehended—but it is said the newspaper man who received the letter destroyed even that little clue—because one of the red handed asked him to burn it.

Georgia intimates that she is going to do something. If Georgia would indict the whole crowd at the penitentiary and let those fellows tell why they never offered resistance; why they reached out their hands to be hand-cuffed and why they didn't send couriers for miles in each direction and have soldiers patrolling the roads during those seven hours consumed by the mob procession, then we might feel that Georgia was doing something.

Strange that the wires were cut; the gasoline tanks emptied; the guards hand-cuffed and not a shot fired. It would have been easy

to have met the mob with armed men to meet the automobile containing the victim. But nothing was done, and it looks like more people were in that conspiracy against Frank than the world will ever know about. Those brave guards and officers at the penitentiary who so heroically extended their hands to receive the bracelets should each have a Carnegie medal for exceptional bravery.

### Why The Grand Jury Should Be Abolished.

Now and then a newspaper at the North raises its voice against the grand jury system, and one of these days that relic of freedom will be abolished. When the grand jury came into existence it was to give a man a chance to be investigated before he was accused of crime—from the original intent the system has grown to be just the reverse. The one great objection to a grand jury is the fact that it is always liable to do, and frequently does, irreparable harm. That liability resides in the fact that ex parte trials, inquisitions hearing but one side, cannot possibly, in all cases get at the truth. Malice sometimes builds up a prima facie case against an innocent person. Ignorance or indolence, or both, on the part of state's attorneys accomplishes the same malign end. As a rule a prosecuting official of a county or a district furnishes the brain and conscience of a grand jury and directs its conclusions.

To indict an innocent person, to charge an innocent man or woman with the perpetration of an infamous crime is to inflict irremediable wrong. There is the shame of arrest, and often the disgrace of confinement in jail before a trial can be had. And then, if the innocence of the defendant is established and an acquittal follows, the shame and much disgrace remains. Thousands who read or hear of an indictment do not learn the result. And other thousands are so constituted as to their mental mechanism that, once having lost confidence in and respect for any person, although the opinion was formed on false evidence, they cannot reinstate the victim in their good opinion. They look upon an indictment as a conviction, and there is an end of the matter so far as they are concerned.

And again, when a man is indicted it is done in secret. The Constitution provides that a man must be faced by his accuser, but he is not so faced in the secret chamber of the grand jury room. The simple fact that a man has been indicted prejudices his guilt. He is half condemned when he goes into the court room, and that presumption of innocence which the law gives him has not only been wiped away but he is suspected of being guilty by all who have read of the indictment.

Were grand juries abolished hundreds of men who are victims of conspiracies and malice would escape the shame that should not come to them. We know of but few cases in this section where the grand jury has done wrong—but the principle is not in accord with the spirit of the law that presumes every man innocent of crime until he is proven guilty by a fair and impartial trial.

## IS A TERRIBLE TOLL

### The People Will Not Heed The Warnings.

**I**T SEEMS that it doesn't make any difference how much the newspapers talk; no difference about the warnings given out by railroad officials—the people who cross railroad tracks are absolutely indifferent, and almost every day some one pays the penalty. And it isn't always an automobile—it is often Old Dobbin, the stupid old family horse urged to cross before an approaching train.

The latest horrible accident was on the Seaboard railway where Luther Stone, of Vance county, with his wife, son and baby, were trying to cross the track near Kittrell, resulting in the death of the mother and the baby and seriously injuring Stone and his boy.

The engineer of the train says he saw the buggy when he was within seventy-five feet of it, and of course could not stop his locomotive. This shows that had Stone stopped, looked and listened, there would have been no accident.

Recently President Harrison, of the Southern has prepared an article and all the papers have printed it, calling upon people to "Stop, Look and Listen" before crossing the tracks. The article was made into plate matter and illustrated and hundreds of the papers are carrying it—all wanting to help save human lives—but every week, and oftener, we read an account of a frightful wreck. The railroad has the right of way. It cannot stop at every crossing. The man in the machine or the buggy can—and it does look like all of our people should talk grade crossings all the time. Every man should be notified by letter or by some other means, and urged to remember to "Stop, Look and Listen" because

of the terrible toll that is being exacted.

### Man's Vanity Makes Him A Mark.

You often see men living on a dollar and a half a day—nine or ten dollars a week—and they get along. They have a family to support, but they support it, and the children can come out in glad rags and the wife can now and then have a new dress and the furniture man finds that the installment plan works all right at that house. The man skimps along—doesn't save much—but a little, and he dreams of that coming day when he will get more money for his labor.

And finally he gets fifteen dollars a week—and then twenty-five, and maybe thirty—and then he does not save any more ready money than when he got nine or ten dollars a week. He adds a little more to his household goods—but that is all. He wants two or three pairs of shoes—he needs them. He must have tailor-made clothes—certainly—the idea of a man getting thirty dollars a week and wearing hand-me-downs—why, it is absurd. And of course he can afford to give to things where he will get his name in the papers—he must go off for the summer and get his shirt full of chiggers and his face tanned. The idea of a man of his standing doing a stunt second-class—why it wouldn't do—and all the way through he spends the thirty just about as he spent the nine or ten—and that is where his bump of vanity comes in. The fellow who lived on nine dollars a week and then got thirty and still lived as he used to live amasses a fortune sometime and becomes miserable through fear that he might lose it—and there is where you are my brother—between two deep seas. So we all take pot luck—close our eyes and go blindly on and finally stumble into the grave yard and lie there until the worms devour us. That is the end of it—so if you can wear patent leather shoes and a red necktie while sojourning here—well, possibly it is all right.

### They Talk Peace.

It seems to be in the very air that some great peace movement is on foot, and it will not be surprising to hear of peace propositions being submitted before winter. Just why these stories keep bobbing up, unless there is something in them is inexplicable. Wireless telegraphy is along lines of telepathy. Somebody has on a thinking cap—and the world is getting inside information.

### In Kentucky, Too.

Eighty Night Riders are to face trial in Kentucky. They claim to have been 'possum hunters, and perhaps the jury will take their word for it.

We are going to believe that Mercy is the sweetest sister of the world—she is akin to Charity and is Charity by another name. We are going to believe that when a man is down if he pleads for mercy and not for freedom he should not plead in vain.

## HE WANTS TO FIGHT



**R**EALLY it is to be regretted that our once beloved Teddy cannot come again. He has talked and talked and talked—but it has been words and words and words. As a lingering grease spot he makes no real noise. He tries, apparently, to arouse a people to cheers—but they listen in silence—and the Great Man is lost. His threat carries no fear—his promise no hope. He belongs to that great class of Has Beens.

His last utterance, timed, perhaps to bring forth universal applause fell like a flap-jack from a six story building to the pavement below. Just a sputter—not even a dull, sickening thud. Teddy wants war, it seems, and he put out this as his last "inspiring wail"—but it didn't bring the tears:

"The time for words on the part of this nation has long passed, and it is inconceivable to American citizens who claim to be inheritors of the tradition of Washington and Lincoln that our government representatives shall not see that the time for deeds has come. What has just occurred is a fresh and lamentable proof of the unwisdom of our people."

### Edward Hett.

It is announced in the dispatches that "Edward Hett, the inventor of the multi-colored printing press, is dead." If this has reference to any of the so-called comic Sunday supplements we regret to say, reverently, that we are glad he is dead, and consider it a calamity that he did not die before he perpetrated his invention. The so-called Comic Supplement—a joke-upon-a-joke—is the limit of all kinds of colored printing. There is a law against murder—yet the Comic Supplement man gets away with his goods. Strange, how, in this world, there is such inequality before the law.

### War And Politics.

It hath been observed that "politics makes strange bed fellows"—and verily it is true with war, as well. Here is Japan rushing orders from Russia, working factories day and night to supply her with munitions of war. And it wasn't long ago that Japan wrapped the winding sheet about the Russian bear. They fought, and fought for fair—but now Japan goes out of her way to assist Russia in her struggle with Germany. Well, why not forgive and forget?

### Hard Sledding Now.

The Publicity scheme which was working well will now take a breathing spell we fear. The Georgia outrage has done the South more damage than a million dollars in printers' ink can overcome.

Before we invite people to the South we must guarantee them protection. Georgia hasn't made good this guarantee.

The reason a pretty woman spends so much time before her mirror is because she knows that it will be only a few years until she looks as ugly as a featherless goose, and she proposes to get all that's coming.

## CHARGES FOR TALK

### Bryan Has A Right To Make His Own Price.

**G**REAT many papers are insisting that Mr. Bryan is not doing the right thing in charging \$250 per for his Peace talks. Why not? If Mr. Bryan is a private citizen, and we understand that this is the case, and if his business is talking we do not see why he should not charge for talking about Peace just the same as he would charge to talk about anything else. He charged to talk about The Prince of Peace—he has made talking a profession and if people want to hear him and pay him we do not see why he should be criticised.

Mr. Bryan is the greatest platform orator we have. He is the highest priced and certainly if he can sow the right kind of seed it is better to talk for peace than to talk for war. The newspapers of the country have literally "Skinned" Bryan—and yet he bobs up serenely—always commands an audience, and during twenty-five years of public life he has remained clean. He stands for Peace and good morals. He is for prohibition; for universal suffrage—for Peace—for all that will make a world better and purer and happier—and if the American people want to pay to hear him talk and they do, we cannot understand why newspaper writers working a month for less than Bryan receives for one day should attempt to discredit him unless it is sheer jealousy. We are certainly glad he was big enough to get out of the cabinet and thus relieve Mr. Wilson of any possible embarrassment. His last utterance concerning the sinking of the Arabic, where he calls upon the people to stand square behind Wilson, shows the bigness of the man.

### Wrong Again.

Advocating compulsory

it discovered something "funny" in our position concerning the question says:

Our recent comments on compulsory voting, called forth by an editorial in the Asheville Citizen on the same subject, seems to have aroused in the editor of Everything a spirit of ridicule. He makes all sorts of fun of the idea of compulsory voting, and, among other things, says: "Might as well have compulsory roadbuilding." The only thing funny about this statement is that our able and experienced brother seems ignorant of the fact that compulsory road building is exactly what we have and have had ever since anybody can remember. Each able-bodied man, who was not excused for some special reason, used to be compelled to work the road with his own hands or provide a substitute. As it was discovered that many men were very poor road workers, it was later decided in many places to have all the work done by substitutes, and the citizens generally are compelled to pay these substitutes by the payment of the road taxes levied on them.

We beg to differ with the editor of the State Journal who does not seem to be experienced.

There never has and never will be any compulsory road building. The able bodied man who worked the road worked it to pay his poll tax—and his poll tax could always be paid in cash. It wasn't compulsory upon him to work the road—it was merely a matter of choice. If he chose to pay the two or three dollars in cash he could do so. Or, he could hire a neighbor to work the road for him—it wasn't a road tax he was paying, but a poll tax. And not only that, but after the able bodied citizen arrived at a certain age, in this state fifty years, he wasn't compelled to pay poll tax—therefore it wasn't compulsory. The man who votes can vote as long as he is able to reach the polls, no matter if he is a hundred years of age.

Therefore it happens, in this bright August day, that what we wrote wasn't so excruciatingly funny after all. There never has been any compulsory road building. There is much difference between building a road where there has been no road way, and a farmer going out and working two days on a road that needs repairs. But the option to hire some one to work the road for you was always given—and certainly it would not be that way in the matter of voting.

Compulsory voting will not work. There is no reason why it should work. If a man must walk up between two evils and vote for a candidate there will never be a law, as long as we have a Constitution, which will force him to outrage his conscience. There might with propriety be a law compelling a man to vote for or against a bond issue—but to make it a law to say that a man had to walk up and vote for some of these professional politicians who hog the game in the name of party—not on your tin type—not so long at least as we have independent citizens.

### Kent For Vice-President.

The western papers, the far coast papers, are booming William Kent, member of congress, as a candidate for Vice-President. Mr. Kent is a well known Californian, and is also well known in North Carolina. With Mr. J. F. Jordan, of Greensboro, Mr. Kent has helped develop the country down around Manchester—and is a partner with Mr. Jordan in the wonderful development at Idlewild, where the finest golf links in the United States are to be found.

## PLENTY OF GOLD

### McAdoo Anticipates Cotton Movement.

**T**HE FACT remains, and stands out big before the people of the United States that Secretary McAdoo is the right man in the right place. As Secretary of the Treasury he does things. When the tariff law was to go into effect; when the whole country wondered if there would be a panic—because a panic was booked, the Secretary announced that the treasury of the United States was open and that all the money the banks needed was at their command.

This saved the day. The timid took new hope. There was no run on banks—because Uncle Sam had come to the rescue—had opened his vaults and told the people that there was all the money they were looking for. And the result was no panic.

Had we had such a secretary when the Roosevelt panic came along; when there was no need for a panic, except a little fear—there would have been no need to issue script—no need to alarm a Nation until it trembled like it had the buck ache.

And now comes the Secretary and says inasmuch as the English people have insisted on making cotton contraband, naturally causing wonder as to what would happen with the crop, he will place some thirty millions of gold in reserve banks in the South and these banks can loan it on cotton when the warehouse receipts are forthcoming. This allays all fear. It gives the grower information that he is safe—it says to the merchant the money for cotton will be forthcoming, and it all shows that Mr. McAdoo is on the job.

We do not fear much about the prison customs—but we hear the crack of the rifle here and there and see a guard shooting to death a miserable convict who had the instinct to attempt to escape the hard lines which are his. For awhile here in North Carolina the reform cry was heard. But after the legislature met and failed to elect Alfred Speaker we haven't heard much about prison reform.

Certainly if anything needs reforming, and needs it badly, it is the present prison customs. A guard has no legal right to shoot a fleeing convict to death.

It is up to the State to protect the prisoner. Georgia had as much right to let a mob take Frank as any state has to employ a guard who shoots and kills a convict attempting to get away. It is the business of the state to secure him; to hold him—but not to kill him. If the penitentiary isn't secure it is up to the state to make it secure. But because the state wants to coin his blood into good roads the poor devil is taken in the open, and if he obeys the primal law—if he tries to gain his liberty he is shot down like a dog.

That isn't the law. It isn't humanity. Reform is sadly needed.

### A Question.

An Atlanta editor invites ex-Governor Slaton to hurry home in order to test the threats made against him, and in order to see whether Jim Woodward told the truth in San Francisco. Mayor Woodward said it would not be safe for Slaton to return and the Georgia editor invites him back to see about it.

It is a question. The mob spirit that took Frank would take Slaton if it wanted to take him, and whether a man should walk through an open slaughter house into his grave, as Marse Henri Watterson has expressed it on a different occasion, we do not know.

Ex-Governor Slaton is a brave man—and in civilized warfare he might hold his own. But where midnight assassins do their bloody work unmolested; where they have such a complete organization that they can do what they successfully did in the Frank case, it certainly leaves it an open question as to whether or not discretion in this instance would be the better part of valor. We are rather inclined to think it would. And discretion would suggest that Slaton be a little slow about coming to Georgia just now.

### As An Orator.

Editor Britton, of the News and Observer, isn't only a first-class "writin' man" but he is developing into an orator who charms his audience. He has just done a chore before the Confederate Veterans, and the papers say he rung the bell. Of course he did. An all around newspaper man can do everything from trimming an Easter Bonnet to delivering a eulogy on Marc Antony.