



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

SENTIMENT WINS

And Guilty Ones Go Up For Life.

AND NOW the people of Wayne county, or any other county, can, in defending the lawless work of the mob claim, as was recently claimed, that criminals escape the punishment due them under the law, and therefore mobs are justified in certain cases. This was made plain by the action of Governor Craig who commuted the sentence of death to life imprisonment to two of the most conscienceless and depraved creatures ever playing the part of infamy in North Carolina. The Governor himself, in reviewing the case, calmly said:

"There is no escape from the conclusion that this woman, Ida Ball Warren, is guilty of murder, deliberate and premeditated, conceived and executed in determined wickedness. The verdict of the jury is fully sustained by the evidence; the sentence of the court is fixed by the statute."

And then, growing sentimental, emitted this glow of eloquence:

"But as the governor of the state of North Carolina, it is not my judgment that the majesty of the law demands that this woman shall be put to death. I cannot contemplate with approval that this woman, unworthy and blackened by sin though she be, shall be shrouded in the ceremonies of death, dragged along the fatal corridor and bound in the chair of death."

But he could contemplate the wicked hussy—the abandoned woman described by Judge Walter Clark, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court who reviewed the case, as the Lady Macbeth of the enterprise, planning the murder of her husband who had taken her as a speckled bird and undertaken to make a decent woman of her. He could contemplate the death scene in the home of the murdered man—contemplate seeing him poisoned and strangled and chucked into a trunk and thrown into a pond—and his sentimental soul rebelled against sending to death the fiend who was, as the Governor himself said, "the dominating personality of the tragedy."

Never in the history of North Carolina was there planned and executed a more horrible crime. Never were the ones who played the part of murderer and murderess more abandoned—one had left a wife—the other planned to kill her husband that they might live in sin and lust and shame—and yet our Governor could not contemplate with approval, carrying out the sentence of the court which he says was fully sustained by the evidence.

And after he had refused to contemplate the old bat "shrouded in the ceremonies of death and dragged along the fatal corridor and bound in the chair of death"—say, Mike, do you get onto that play of rhetoric and do you note they were going to drag the lady?—he comes along in the same emotional sentimentality and lets Christy go for life instead of killing him—not because Christy was a woman, but because a woman was his coparcener in crime.

By the same token had this soiled dove led a band of murderers—had she been the Gypsy Queen of a hundred outlaws and criminals and the whole bunch had been apprehended and convicted of murder in the first degree our sentimental Governor would have electrocuted no one of them because a woman was the leader and it wouldn't do to carry out a court's decree because the leader was a woman. Listen to the logic of the proposition. The Governor says:

"The participation of Christy in this murder makes more difficult the question presented to me. He, too, is guilty. He bought the chloroform with which she drugged her husband. Either Christy or Stonestreet, her son-in-law, twisted a cord tightly around the husband's neck to make sure that he could never awaken from the deadly sleep. The body was placed in a trunk, Christy and Stonestreet hauled it away and threw it, weighted with irons, in a deep hole in Muddy creek. The woman conceived the design and was the directing and dominating personality of this tragedy. Since life has been spared to her, Christy, too, must escape death."

Hasn't the Governor ever contemplated white men and black men who have been "shrouded in the ceremonies of death, dragged along the fatal corridor and bound in the chair of death"—many such occurrences are recorded in North Carolina, and there was no "shiver" throughout the State—and why should Sam Christy be given special privileges when other men have been sent to their God by way of the electric chair? And the

WAS HE INSANE MAN

Horrible Deed Committed By Greensboro Citizen.

TRAGEDY that gives the scientific men something to discuss was enacted in Greensboro last Tuesday morning—a tragedy which looked like insanity incited it, but which was the result of an apparently well balanced mind. D. G. Patterson went to the sleeping apartments of his four children, aged 16, 11, 9 and 7—and shot each one to death. Then he came down stairs and talked with his wife, told her the children had gone; assured her he would not harm her; reloaded his pistol and shot himself to death. The five victims were in the home together.

The wife ran to a neighbor's and perhaps escaped death by doing so. It was afterwards revealed that the man had made a will; had provided for his children if any lived—that he had carefully planned the affair and did it with a clear mind. The only cause was that he was out of work; had made a bad investment in the town of Hopewell, Va., where he tried to run a restaurant. He had worked for many years for the Southern railway as yard master and had lost his position and seemed to imagine that he could never get another job.

It is related by Warren in his Ten Thousand a Year and suggested by many writers that ordinarily when a man severs the Gordian knot he repents and would give the world to get back. When one takes poison it appears he is anxious for the doctor to come and pump him out. It seems to all who have investigated that generally such acts as Patterson committed are done in a frenzy—temporary insanity. But in this case the shooting of the four children did not excite him. He deliberately proceeded on his determined plan; talked calmly and rationally and proceeded to re-load his revolver in order to take his own life.

To say the city was shocked mildly expresses it. The News, with commendable enterprise issued an extra—and the talk of the town all morning was the Patterson case.

Opposes Child Labor Bill.

The Mothers' Congress, composed of 100,000 mothers opposes the Keating-Owen child labor bill. The child labor bill is the creature of agitators who are for the most part professionally engaged on a salary to whoop it up. Child labor is essential. The kid who doesn't work doesn't become a good citizen. Vocational training is the hobby of instructors, and the kid who goes out and works is getting just that. The child who works is the healthy child—the child that hews his way in the world—who does things. The idler and hot house plant is never any good.

Governor says he was guilty, too—and we want to say that had there been no Sam Christy there would have been no murder committed. Christy left his wife in Texas and came back to the home of Warren and entered it and it was at Warren's hearthstone that the black and fearful tragedy was conspired and prepared. And yet this elegant gentleman is given his life—and hell contains no blacker soul than his. Small wonder then that enraged and excited people form mobs and cry for justice—and get it—when we have a Governor who cannot contemplate the removal of such foul blots of erring and abandoned humanity.

If ever, in the criminal annals of any state, there was a twain that should have been deported to another world that twain was Ida Ball Warren and Samuel P. Christy. A murderer and a murderess—black of heart and stained of soul—they deliberately and premeditatedly planned a murder in order that they could together live a life of lust and shame—took their victim from his bed and tied weights to the box that held him and dumped him into a murky pond to make food for the reptiles and fishes—and each wore a smile, and with brutal indifference passed up the bloody and ghastly act without compunction.

The papers say that Governor Craig, because of his responsibility in the case, had not slept. He should have slept over it and then have manfully said I will not encourage mob law by setting aside the verdict concerning these two fiends incarnate—these unspeakable and despicable wretches who imbrued their hands in their fellow's blood in order that they might dwell together as adulterer and adulteress. So far as we are concerned we are unalterably opposed to Capital punishment—we hope it will be abolished in this state—but so long as the law is plain and so long as it decrees judicial murder in certain cases—surely this was one time that the majesty of the law should have been upheld. Let Wayne county rejoice in her full and complete vindication.

WEEKS TO BE WINNER



IT LOOKS now like Senator Weeks has the call for nomination at Chicago by the G. O. P. He is a Senator from Massachusetts and he seems to be one man acceptable to all classes—Bull Moose people not excepted. It has been said that Teddy has said he would support a man like Weeks. John W. Weeks has played the Wall Street game. He has been successful. When he went into politics he sold all his interests in corporations. He went in clean and has remained clean. He is a business man from the ground up, and a statesman with it. Constructive, big, clean and liberal—no doubt he would make an excellent President, and if elected we would have what we always should have had—A Business Man to do Business for the country. We take it that if the republicans get together there is no question whatever about their electing their man. And while they may talk of other things Tariff remains Paramount—and the republican party is for tariff.

The Likker Problem.

We are glad to see it stated by Mr. Davis that there will be no Prohibition, Commissioner in North Carolina. Virginia is to have such an office. It is well that Mr. Davis says there is to be nothing doing here in that line. Mr. Davis says, however, that there will be legislation this winter, and one of the proposed laws is to reduce the sacred quart law and make it impossible for one person to have in his possession more than one half gallon of the sacred juice. At this writing, if a man has the price and the bottle, he can, with impunity, control one gallon. To cut this in half might cause some wonder and some resentment. Better leave the law in that regard alone. If the bill comes up it is not beyond the range of human possibilities that a law might be made letting a man have three gallons for his own use.

In fact, the chances are, if the law were tested, it would be found that a good citizen, law abiding, might have five gallons of whiskey in his house. It might prove a bust all the way round if Mr. Davis and his crowd in their zeal attempt too much pressure.

Just now we have splendid laws. The people while all of them are not satisfied are willing to abide by what we have. The proposed legislation against clubs having likker in private lockers will be another chance for agitation and bitter feelings may be engendered. However, the prohibition fight is going on and on. Those receiving salaries must ever have something new in order to hold the job. We feel the present law is ample.

Preparedness.

Mr. Thomas Edison, expert and wizard, says to the Committee that he can build submarines in fifteen days. If that is true, and Edison seldom talks unless he knows what he says, we could put out two submarines a month from one factory. With a hundred factories we could put out more submarines than we could use in thirty days. This great Nation with its wonderful resources and its skilled labor and inventive genius can "prepare" before an invading foe could cross the ocean. And then it must not be forgotten that we have a few implements of war—enough perhaps to entertain an invading force a few hours while we built a few more supplies. The "Preparedness" dope is hysterical and we think it will never happen as planned.

Glad Of It.

As we have before stated when he has been doing big things in the South, we are pleased to know that Mr. J. B. Duke will build a summer home in this section. His New Jersey home is one of the show places of this country. While what he proposes for his summer home will not be on a scale as magnificent as the New Jersey estate it will no doubt be worth seeing. And to know that the Dukes are determined to spend their money in developing North Carolina is always good news.

The politician who makes the voter believe that he has been called to save the country has a storage battery of nerve that would run a string of trolley cars a mile long from here to Kalamazoo.

HE IS MAKING GOOD

Commissioner Osborn Is Highly Commended.

IT IS A fact that Colonel W. H. Osborn, Commissioner of Internal Revenue is, and has been on his job from the very first day. He has added millions to the revenues. He went after the oleomargarine people and recovered vast sums of money; fifteen million it is said—he has been after all kinds of violators and brought them in. Recently he discovered that cigar makers were defrauding the Government and he got busy.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Malburn this week issued the following statement, which is a high tribute to Commissioner Osborn:

"The commissioner of internal revenue, satisfied that the government was losing millions of dollars annually throughout the country in taxes on cheap cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco, six months ago began a quiet investigation and through his confidential agents has obtained evidence showing the government's loss in taxes on the products to be appalling.

"The proof so far obtained by Colonel Osborn, who has had personal charge of the matter, has resulted in evidence being secured to date warranting the seizure of about 200 factories in New York and elsewhere, which will be accomplished at once, and the various offenders prosecuted criminally. The result of his investigation shows a far-reaching and gigantic conspiracy to have existed for 10 or 15 years. Many manufacturers have been making the cigars and selling them without stamps to consumers and other dealers, resulting in large losses in revenue. The evidence in the possession of the revenue officers shows that these frauds on the revenue have been going on for 10 or 15 years.

"In addition to these frauds, the present commissioner of internal revenue has uncovered long standing frauds in the manufacture of oleomargarine and whiskey, whereby the government has lost many millions of dollars. A number of factories and distilleries have been seized in different parts of the country. Numerous convictions have been obtained and a large amount of money collected in fines and penalties. In one case, more than \$600,000 was paid to the government.

"The result of the commissioner's crusade on this class of violators in New York and other points will without doubt result in the collection of millions of dollars heretofore evaded, and break up a rotten condition that has existed for many years."

Speculating.

Our friend Jones, of the Square Deal, is concerning himself just now as to whether or not there is a hereafter. He concludes, however that our duty to each other is here and now—and perhaps that is the better way out of it. No man knows anything about the future state. We have the Bible to tell us some things seen in dreams—we have the historians who wrote in those days to assure us of life beyond the grave—but the question propounded by Job—the question as old as history—as old as life—"if a man die, shall he live again?"—has puzzled the brain of millions of generations.

And we will never know. Shakespeare had figured on it—but as he found no traveler who had returned from that bourne—he gave it up—as we all give it up, in deep despair.

When we look out and see God in every living thing—when we know of His Goodness and His greatness and His love, instinctively we conclude that beyond this life—beyond this carousal of toil and sin there must be a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

But we don't know. We grope along in the dark—we hope—we believe—aye, we think we know, that the immortal soul must gain do its chore, and freed from the burden of evil it will have a better chance. And to do this there must be a hereafter.

If It Goes Through.

If that newspaper man's ticket, suggested by Coffin of the Charlotte Observer's grave yard talk goes through—well, why wouldn't Ed Britton make the best Governor yet suggested? He would, he would—but the Fourth Estate never boosts its own.

Improving.

The Winston Journal announces an improved and increased telegraph service. The Journal keeps walking faster and faster—and Colonel Martin is making a first class paper of it.

Everything every week. Read everywhere by everybody.

CRIMINALS MADE

A Richmond Woman Is Modern Fagin.

WE WONDER at crime, and yet we should wonder why there is not a great deal more of it when we see what influences contribute to the moral delinquencies of Youth.

Over in Richmond last Monday a woman named Davis was arrested and found guilty of teaching girls to steal. She was sent up for three months, but if really guilty of the charge she should have had at least six years. No pupil of Old Fagin, not even the Artful Dodger, was more apt than the two girls apprehended. One of the girls was but eleven years of age, the other fourteen. The Davis woman would walk through a store and any article on which she laid her hand was hers. The children would follow her and quickly note the articles indicated, and while the Davis woman would engage the saleswoman in conversation the kids would come along and steal the article. When the trunk of the Davis woman was searched it was found to be filled with goods stolen—silk remnants, ribbons, toilet articles, perfumes, etc.

But so well trained were these youthful offenders that it took the police an hour to break down their fabricated story that they were from the country; that they had just come to town Saturday morning. Finally, however, one of them came clean, gave her name and the name of her companion, and the name of their teacher. The woman had the nerve to claim the children were her own—but this was soon proven a lie.

And how many little girls in a big city are thus ruined for life. This Davis woman was not liberal—no more so than Old Fagin—she gave the kids only a ticket to the movies for each day's perilous work. A woman like that is as bad as a procuress—for eventually the children start rapidly on the road to hell. There is no other hope, and it does look like she should have been sent over for as many years as she received months. Such a creature is a moral leper—she sows the seeds of death.

Carter's Case.

In the race for Attorney General it is our hope that Judge Frank Carter will win for the nomination. Judge Carter was handled roughly by his people. He was put on the rack and those who were after him cost the State a whole lot of money. Carter was guilty of nothing. The fact that he swung in a hammock on a hotel porch with a woman—in daylight—as other men had done—the same as you or I—was magnified and it was attempted to shatter his moral character. True it fell flat, but it was painful and humiliating to an honest and a decent man. Carter should be fully vindicated by the people of North Carolina. They owe him a debt they can never pay. The people became a party to his persecution when the state undertook the investigation which was a fizzle.

That is why we are for Frank Carter. We never met the gentleman but once in our life. That was less than two weeks ago. Col. Frank Morton introduced him to us, in his dining room at the Central Hotel in Charlotte. We exchanged perhaps a dozen words with him. We have never seen his manager. We have no interest in the matter except we think Frank Carter has been outrageously treated and it is up to our people to relieve, as far as possible, that humiliation by handing him the office of Attorney General.

A Shocking Tragedy.

That was a shocking tragedy occurring in Greensboro when a father, doubtless driven to desperation by brooding over imaginary troubles, killed his four little children and then sent a bullet through his own disordered brain. Such things happen as we all know. But when they happen in our own town the horror is intensified, and we stand aghast.

Looking Good To Him.

Old Phi Knox, of Pennsylvania, has started his boom. It was a self starter we suspect—that is Phi started it and didn't use a crank.

The chances are very strong that no one will ask for the nomination for Congress in the Fifth district on the democratic ticket except Major Stedman.

A True Bill.

More people are frightened to death than die naturally. Scribblers of high and low degree fill folk full of dope on Doodle Bugs and they curl up and are not.