



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

ABOUT PARDONS

This Excuse Not Good In All Cases.

ONE NEED not be unduly hardened to insist that the Governor should not be too free with his pardons. In the Warren-Christy case it was pointed out that the Governor must account to the legislature for his conduct in the matter of pardons, and in each case he must give his reason for granting the pardon or commuting a sentence. In the case mentioned the Governor could not think of seeing a lady executed, although the law had demanded it.

The other day another case came up that found scant reason or at least poor excuse. The case was where C. W. Sherron, of Wake county, a young man, sixteen years of age when committed to prison for four years for robbery, was pardoned two months before his term expired. It was perfectly proper to pardon him because he had made a good prisoner; he was young when committed and the Governor thought he ought to go because his mother had been operated upon and was near the point of death. The reason given, however, reads this way:

"The defendant was sentenced to imprisonment for four years. He has served his sentence lacking two months and has made a good prisoner. His mother has recently undergone a dangerous operation and for that reason pardon is granted in order that he may be with her."

In other words the Governor thought that because the young man was within two months of his freedom, and his mother might not live, he would let him go to see her. That was all right. We should have done the same thing, and so would almost any other man.

But suppose the case: Suppose he had served but two years and his mother was dangerously ill and wanted to see her son before she died. Wouldn't the same reason, if it was a reason apply to the two year prisoner? It should—but it doesn't. Looks like when such a case is up and a model prisoner is confronted with such a proposition the law would give him a chance to go to his mother or his parents before they died. Then let him return and serve his time. In this case the time was so short there was no need of return. But why not have a law that would give a model prisoner such opportunities? Wouldn't it, don't you think, my brother, make more model prisoners? If the imprisoned one knew that if anything happened at home, death was threatened, he could go and see his people for the last time if he were a model prisoner, and if not a model prisoner he could not go; that there would be more model prisoners? Looks like this could be made a reward for good conduct—at no expense to the state, and it certainly would do good. We comment at this time because the particular case makes the point strong.

Nothing Interesting.

Two or three years ago—or whenever it was, after war had been declared the newspaper publishers put out bulletin boards in front of their offices and on those boards the news of the war was posted. Thousands of eager people surrounded the places and it was confidently predicted by all interested that the war could not last sixty days. It was pointed out that with machine guns, air ships and the modern engines of destruction the armies would be mowed down—that the battles would be "short, sharp and decisive"—but behold the modern engines of war were met with modern ideas of defense and protection and the war lasts longer than had it been fought in the old way with bayonets and muskets.

The truth is the war can last ten years if the powers will it. The men are in the trenches; the munition makers are busy and there really is no end in sight. And the bulletin boards were long ago discontinued. The average man hurriedly looks at the head lines; knows nothing about what is happening—and lets it go at that.

Your Own Fault.

If you don't see it in the Charlotte Observer these days your eyes must be very bad. Those big headlines are the stupefying. Of course Joe Caldwell couldn't look upon such desolation—but Joe isn't doing it.

They Came.

The executive committee of the North Carolina Press Association came to town and the boys were properly handled by the Chamber of Commerce. Of course they will now sing of the glories of Greensboro—and why shouldn't they?

HE KILLED THE LADY

Man With Pill Box Is After The Chiropractor

CHANCE is now offered the "old school" of medical practitioners to exclaim exultantly, "I told you so," because in Sherman, Texas, a doctor who conducted a chiropractic adjustory, has been arrested, charged with causing the death of a woman. It is charged that he rolled her, pounded her, pressed her—all in a grossly ignorant manner. Of course the men who do not believe in new thought and new stunts will say the doctor should be hanged to the first tree found large enough to support his body.

The doctor may be a faker. He may not have knowledge in his business—but we all must agree that chiropractic healers and osteopaths and all the rubbers and rubber-neckers do some good—if they know the game. The man with the pill box is not the only doctor. It is our opinion that the man with the bag of mental dope will do more for the average person carrying that tired feeling than all the medicine talked about in all the books. Now and then medicine is essential. Now and then the doctor's skill and knowledge must be employed. But half of the ills filling the land are purely mental. The man who rubs has his school and his patients. Some folk take bottle after bottle of dope at one dollar per and make an affidavit that they have been snatched from the red jaws of death—but behold, were the facts known, it was mental attitude that caused them to recover from their imagined ills.

The Sherman, Texas, rubber who pounded the lady and pressed the lady and rolled the lady until she lay have been a zealous soul who thought that if a little of each would help, a great deal of it would prove of wonderful benefit. Because one chiropractic healer put a lady in a box should cause no alarm. Because in the years that have gone and the years that are going doctors of medicine have done the same thing. The diagnosis is often wrong and the tombstone tells the story. But because the chiropractic man isn't numerous; because his is a practically new school and something of an innovation he should, like old John Brown, be hanged to a sour apple tree and in subsequent years his soul will go marching on.

Quite The Proper Thing.

The esteemed Record gets it all wrong. It sees in the young man a victim for the Vampire and goes on to say that "if a little more attention were paid to the tender youths who are entranced to the city by the white lights it would not be necessary to save the girls. Why not arrange some mode of protection for them against the harlots of our cities and towns? When you have done that, then you have forever solved the problem of 'saving the girls.'"

Beautiful in theory—sublime in thought. But the editor of the Record should know that the girls who are led astray in great cities are for the most part the victims of lust-eaten bald heads and Bearded Men. The young man isn't in evidence. Harry Thaw rendered the world a conspicuous service when he pulled the mask off his victim. The procurer goes out for prey—and the reward is given her, not by young men, but by the old vultures. In the great cities there are a thousand snares set to decoy the innocent girl, the stranger in the city—the one who has been deceived under promise of work. The Record has it all wrong. The boys are willing victims to the allurements of the Lady. The Lady is debauched without her knowledge.

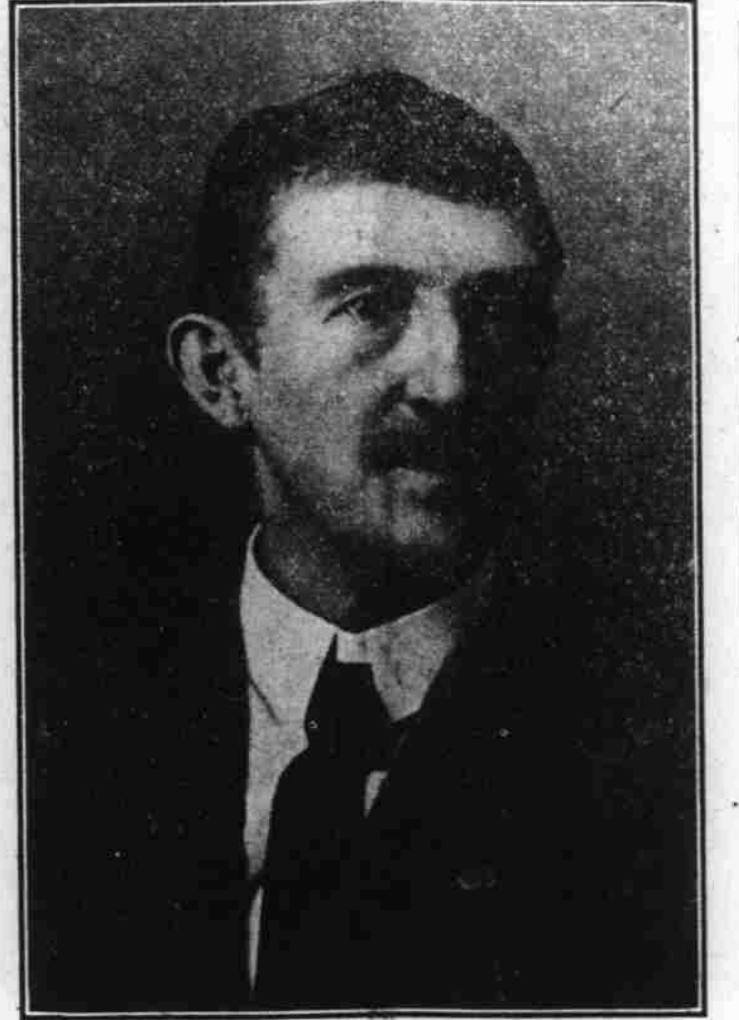
Stands Pat.

We rather glory in the nerve of United States Attorney Marshall, of New York, who informed the House committee that he did not withdraw and had no apology to make for his recent criticism of the judiciary sub-committee, which is investigating Representative Buchanan's impeachment charges against him.

Marshall, in a letter to the sub-committee, said "the committee's investigation is a deliberate attempt to intimidate any district attorney who had the temerity to present charges against a Congressman."

That is the way to talk. The Congressman thinks he is immune, many times, and he passes laws for his own protection. The majority of Congressmen take themselves too seriously. Take the mileage grab—and the franking abuse—but what's the use. The Congressman makes the laws—and of course he protects himself.

HARRIS WILL REMAIN



ALL THE newspaper men of the State are pleased, as we know the readers of this paper are, to know that Colonel Wade Harris remains as editor in chief of the Charlotte Daily Observer. Colonel Harris is one of the old school of North Carolina journalists—an encyclopedia of the state's history. He knows the men who are prominent and who have been prominent and therefore is splendidly equipped to be at the head of the Observer. As a writer he is always interesting and instructive, and his page is always read with pleasure. There are not many of the Old Guard left. Colonel Wade does not live in the past—but he can reach into it and bring out the human documents from the filing case of the years. The Observer has always boasted the commercial interests of this commonwealth and in that sort of information no one can hold a candle to Wade Harris. Long life to him.

Another "Profession."

And now the new association of "Southern Church Colleges" proposes to hold a big meeting for the designed purpose of "fighting lynch law."

Isn't that a pretty proposition? With every newspaper in the land deploring and denouncing lynch law; with every minister insisting that communities must desist from such practices; with Governors attempting to bring to justice the wild barbarians who indulge their sanguinary temperaments in hanging negroes and the sport still on and the open season never closed, it is indeed a sublime spectacle to see a campaign of education started against this horrible custom.

The lynch law is strong because the people of communities where crimes are perpetrated are never punished. All men who take part in a lynching are law-abiding under general conditions. It is not until the negro does something that stirs the blood that the lynchers go forth to do their unlawful acts. All the education in the world will not restrain them. What is wanted for the lynchers is law. A state should have an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to offer as rewards. And then when the mob did its bloody work, offer five thousand dollars for the apprehension of the leader and immunity to the man who squeals—and after the leader is caught electrocute him, just the same as you would shoot down a dangerous dog, and pretty soon there would be no lynchings. But to talk about it is only to advertise a condition that should not be exploited. The campaign of education will do no good, and can do much harm. Too bad that in every cause these days there are the professionals—misguided men and women who make a bad matter worse.

The Speculation.

Never before were there so many political seers. Each one has a Roosevelt theory and hastens to put it into type. Just now it looks like Teddy was to be nominated. This means his everlasting annihilation. The Old Guard has determined, it seems, to prepare him for a slaughter at the polls. That is about the only way to get rid of such a man.

The Tale Of Woe.

Those who were soliciting money for the Y. M. C. A. in Greensboro heard more tales of woe than they suspected existed this side the war zone. Men who were joy riding and men who were living on big incomes suddenly became very poor—and others, men not suspected of having any too much of the world's goods came across handsomely.

Funny Stuff.

It is funny reading about so many peace meetings being broken up by fights—the fighters being the peace people. They can't agree on details and then fight it out with staves and bottles.

A MONKEY SEMINARY

Professor Garner Is Remembered In Greensboro.

IT HAS now been some twenty years ago since Professor Garner, the man who undertook to talk and learn the monkey language was in Greensboro. It was always the idea of the Professor that monkeys had a language. That they reasoned and talked and carried on conversations wonderfully delightful. In fact the Professor went to Africa, secluded himself in a forest and introduced himself to the chattering apes and monkeys which did there abound. The monkeys soon found him friendly, and as they love nuts concluded that perhaps he was nutty. So he shut himself up with them; lived with them and undertook to make their grunts and moans words. He finally found that the average monkey had about as much intelligence as the average politician and while he didn't organize a legislative body and send the monkeys to the legislature, he secured enough evidence to prove to his satisfaction that they talk rationally.

While in Greensboro Professor Garner made many friends who pleasantly remember him and who will no doubt be glad to learn that he still insists on his original claim, and that he is now starting in New York a school for the education of apes. He is going now to the French Congo to secure his students and upon his return he will open the Ape Seminary and have regular courses and hopes to gradually awaken the mental faculties of his four legged philosophers and statesmen and perhaps start a new political party.

Well, there is nothing like having a hobby even if people think you have bats in your belfry.

False Standards.

It hath been asked: "What profiteth it a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or something meaning about the same thing. And it could be asked with equal force: What profiteth it a man to buy short on some sort of fluctuating stock and run the risk of losing his bank account, and maybe more? Could there not be formed a society which would protect people who allow greed to get the better of their judgment?

From the days that the Israelites buncoed the Egyptians and melted their loot into a golden bull, the dross has been worshipped by all men and all women.

Will the world ever learn anything about the priceless jewels—the jewels named by men as Virtue, Sobriety and Honesty? Will character—naked and unadorned character—ever get a rating in the commercial agency of Society? Let the man toil till the last cow comes home; let him buy books and give unstinted of his hours and energy to dig deep and delve among the hidden things which research and patient labor will discover; let him give his time for the world's enlightenment—and let him in his absorbing studies forget the stuff called gold, which men have fought for and which they have died to get; which women have bartered virtue to obtain and both yielded freedom to possess—let him, we say, forget to gather about him a bank account of goody size and the world of fashion, which is our world, will say that he is a fool—that he never made anything. Never made anything, and yet he has enriched the world with his knowledge; he has bestowed upon art or literature his time and talent. He toiled and searched to unravel some of nature's hidden mysteries—but that had nothing to do with the latest novel of erotic rot—and he was voted a silly ass by the Smart set.

Let the young man spend his money for books from which he would seek to improve his mind, thus making a better citizen, always—and the same Smart set will vote him a dolt, and so the encouragement from society is to be a plunger. "Get money, still get money, boy, no matter by what means," was Ben Johnson's admonition to youth—and so it is the same from society today.

And in this dizzy whirl called speculation, we see the body of the plunger, after he has shot the falls and is hurrying to destruction. He comes up and goes down; he cries for help but he is out of reach—he struggles in the restless eddy and current for a brief twilight hour—and he is gone. And when the waters have receded he lies upon the beach, and none so poor to do him honor. And there are hearts broken; and there are tears shed; and there are sermons preached—but the same society cries: Plunge on! Plunge on! ye jolly plungers—we know that you will beat the game!

Too Bad.

The Wednesday news was to the effect that Villa had been buried a week before. And yet our soldiers had pursued him in nine different directions seven days after his death. Wonderful the stories coming from the front.

WINSTON SCARED

Scarlet Fever Epidemic Causing Dissension.

THE OLD town of Winston has been upside down for a week or so because of an epidemic of scarlet fever. So many cases of the dread disease were reported that the Board of Health got busy and acting with the Mayor or all the schools and churches were ordered closed. Even Sunday schools did not convene, and the ministers took a stand upholding the Board of Health.

But the private citizen had his say. Under the stars and stripes the average American Citizen knows his rights. He knows why Old Glory waves—to protect him in his freedom of speech and his freedom of purpose. So it happened that the old town was split wide open. Many and divergent were the views and opinions of the man who had just "kim to town" and the "oldest inhabitant." The newspapers took opposite views and it wasn't finally so much a matter of scarlet fever as it was the discussion of those certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, happily referred to by Thomas Jefferson in his garbled document called the Declaration of Independence—first published and first written at Charlotte, North Carolina, on May 20th.

It finally got so warm that the Mayor and the Board of Health were reinforced by ringing resolutions from the ministerial association. The man at the barber shop expressed his views. The day laborer loitered along the curb to talk it over with his fellow sufferer who is doomed to toil for bread. The lady in her luxuriant automobile discussed it with her guest, and the traveling man who intended to remain but a night delivered an opinion worth while.

And that was the story. However it occurs to us that if the Mayor and the Board of Health arrive at a conclusion that something be done it is always up to them to do it. And when they do hearty co-operation on the part of all citizens is quite the thing. The chances are that all persons were unduly alarmed, but to get away from the real subject and make it a discussion of a Bill of Rights looks a little too much like the folk over the border now being pursued by Ten Thousand Soldiers. However we hope there will be no uprising.

Good Scheme.

The St. Stephen's Episcopal Church of Oxford understands that advertising pays. Therefore it has contracted with the Public Ledger of that town to insert each week a display advertisement, for which it pays, calling attention to what is going to happen at the church each Sunday.

And after all, why not? If advertising attracts crowds to the theatre and to the store; to public meetings and to other things, why not the church advertise and advertise liberally to secure crowds? The Word of God, some may think needs no trumpets or horns or drums or printer's ink, but many men might be induced to go to church who never think of going if the goods were properly advertised. In many cities these days churches take displays. So far as we know Oxford is the first town in North Carolina to go into the publicity business. Whether it is or not, it is a good thing, and we would like to see churches all over the country wake up and understand that advertising—publicity of all sorts, is essential to attract the attention of the worldly man—the man who should be looked after.

They Come Across.

The citizens of Greensboro subscribed the first day to the Y. M. C. A. fund about ten thousand dollars—and that was going some. The amount that must be raised is quite a sum—but before Greensboro closes the books it will be raised. The whole city enthused and worked—the regular Greensboro way, and it is gratifying to know that busy men take time and give of their money for such a worthy cause.

Naturally.

It is said the German government is alarmed over the decrease in its birth rate. And perhaps it is also alarmed over the increase in its death rate. But the war is on—and perhaps nothing but decimation will stop it.

All Are Sorry.

All are sorry to know that Miss Jane Addams will be prevented, because of illness, from attending the second peace conference in Europe. By the way wonder if Miss Jane will be as enthusiastic for Teddy as she once was. Jane is for Peace and Teddy is for War.