

# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER      SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS      SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1916.      ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS      ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## AS TO LAWYERS

To What Extent They Run the Courts.



WHEN, in commenting on the things which happen as the busy world spins round we have remarked that men representing some particular school or some particular interest were, perhaps, allowed to go beyond the limits of their authority, we have occasionally been called by some member of the particular school or particular interest referred to. We print with pleasure, the following letter from Colonel G. Sam Bradshaw, of the local bar and of North Carolina. Mr. Bradshaw is a lawyer and naturally feels hurt, we take it, because we printed the extract which he copies in his letter. He sends us this:

### LAWYERS CHASE THE COURTS AROUND A BIT.

Governor Craig has ordered a special term of court for Wilkes county to convene June 16 and to run two weeks. Judge Shaw, of Greensboro, will preside. The lawyers asked for it, because the docket was congested. And yet had the lawyers done their part there would have been no congestion. The lawyers, knowing the time, manage to run the courts about as they please when it comes to postponing cases. The tax payer pays the freight.—Daily Record.

Editor Everything:  
Greensboro, N. C.

Many of your friends in the legal profession feel that you are not always just in your references to the lawyers. The statement above quoted is manifestly undeserved and unjust; and, I am persuaded, does you an injustice. In the sparkling columns of the Durham Globe I met you twenty-five years ago. With the zest and the enthusiasm of the small boy who follows the circus band I have followed you through the intervening years. Wherever I have found your footprints I have been entertained and sometimes charmed. At all times and in all places I have noted a spirit of fairness running like a thread of gold through all your "stap." I am still following and reading you from day to day with unabated zest, and I find that your pen touched by the mellowing hand of time has softened and deals in gentler phrase. The heavy tax levied by these twenty-five years of struggle upon your strength has tended to sweeten your kindness and to make you a real and a kinder lover of your fellow men. I must, therefore, believe that the above statement or reference was unwittingly made.

The lawyers are without the power to "run the courts as they please." They are as completely under the control of the judge as the humblest litigant. Under our law the judge "runs the court." I do not mean to contend that the lawyers when at fault should be exempt from their share of fair criticism, but I do contend that they do not "chase the courts." The newspaper as a rule wields more influence with the average governor and the average judge than the lawyer. Your old pencil is more potent than the voice of the average lawyer in this and in all other public matters. I note with pleasure that you try always to be just to your old friends Jack Rockefeller, Buck Duke and Tom Ryan. I cannot imagine that you mean to be less so to the lawyer who fees and and takes his part. I am not pleading for the lawyer who quits his profession, breaks into politics and prints his picture on the front page of your "Album of Sons." I plead for justice for the lawyer who eschews "cheap politics" and who modestly and faithfully devotes his life with all his energies to his noble profession.

G. S. BRADSHAW.

Hastening to assure Mr. Bradshaw that we have nothing in the world against the noble profession of which he is a member, we must remind him that in his profession, as in all organizations—political parties, churches, and communities there are many spotted sheep. The lawyers are not wholly lost; some of them are among our best citizens—some of them are our warmest friends, and we have nothing to say, personally, concerning any of them.

Why we wrote what was written above is easy to understand. It was not long ago in this county of Guilford that the bar association refused to make up a calendar because a certain judge was to sit—and therefore there was no term of court when there should have been. The lawyers in this case were running the court, or, rather kept the court from running. Mr. Bradshaw recalls this incident no doubt. Not very long ago it was announced that the lawyers concluded they would have no civil term in Guilford and presto! there was no civil term. If that isn't the lawyers running the court, or, keeping the court from running we would be delighted to have Mr. Bradshaw inform us what it is.

The average lawyer is all right. We insist upon this general proposition—but we do also insist that many lawyers indulge in too much bull-dozing and brow-beating of witnesses; some of them roar and are insulting to innocent men on the witness stand, and to this we strenuously object, and think the court is run by them, or it would call them down when they far exceed the rules of decorum and decency. If it is Mr. Bradshaw's desire that we specify we will be pleased to attempt details. This may be a matter of opinion, but we take it we have an undoubted right to offer suggestions.

The subject however, is concerning lawyers running courts. In this state, and not necessarily in this county, we know where lawyers have postponed cases almost indefinitely regardless of the calendar and regardless of the court, because they explained that witnesses, "material witnesses," we believe is the word, were not ready. And in many ways the lawyer has things his way. Since receive

## GUILFORD NEEDS IT

A Sanitorium For Treatment Of T. B. Assured.



SINCE it has been urged that Guilford county needs a sanitorium, exclusively for tuberculosis patients, it has been demonstrated that tuberculosis patients who are rushed away to strange lands to be victimized by professional vultures who do abound in such places is against the patient; that he is naturally despondent; that he is stricken with nostalgia; that his chances for recovery are lessened by reason of his isolation. And it has been further demonstrated that climate has very little to do with the disease. In the glorious climate of California each year tuberculosis develops and its victims are sent to other states. In the southwest thousands of men and women seek health and few of them find it.

Therefore, with the brighter lights to guide us, it stands to reason that each county could with profit maintain its own sanitorium. The patient is practically at home; expense is minimized; home-sickness is not to be fought, and we all know that the proper kind of living will put the Doodle Bug on the run.

Guilford county can afford such a sanitorium. With characteristic enterprise—they will not allow us to call it philanthropy—the ever helpful Cones of Greensboro propose to contribute \$10,000 of the \$30,000 needed to build such a sanitorium. The Kings Daughters have offered a site valued at \$3,500 and Mr. John Dick, one time a victim of the disease, offers \$250 in cash as his donation. With such a start it looks easy to complete the plans.

Tuberculosis can be cured. Laymen and professional propagandists have made the disease more terrible than it is. Rest, open windows, good food and a little nerve will rout it. And the place to get these things is at a sanitorium. The people of the county should rally to a man and see that the sanitorium is built at once.

### Good Enough.

Judge Charles M. Cooke who has been in a hospital for some time, sends the good news that he has about recovered and will take his place on the bench a week from Monday—holding court in Raleigh. Judge Cooke is one of the old school gentlemen, and his many friends will rejoice to know that he has fully recovered.

### Right Now.

This is the month when the old women used to get busy with their "yarbs" and their "syrups," and go out and dig up the sassafras root and mix it with something or other, and as night rolled her curtains down and pinned them with a star, caused the kidlette to drink a flagon or two of the "blood purifier." In these days—these days of the eternal conflict with germs of low and high degree, we don't monkey much with the blood—we pass up the old tonics and the golden past. However as each Spring Time comes with its glories of vernal bloom we cannot fail to feel anew the inspiration of the Boston poet who sang:

"O, sassafras, O, sassafras,  
Thou art the stuff for me!  
And in the Spring, I love to sing,  
Sweet sassafras, of thee!"

Whether the blood needs the dope or not, we know full well that such an effusion—such courting of the Wall Eyed Muse furnishes to the intellect—to the mind, a soothing syrup calculated to cause all grouch germs to take to tall timber.

ing Mr. Bradshaw's letter a well known attorney of this city tells us he can give us a line of dope that would almost sustain our general charge. However we based our remarks on the two cases cited—one of where the lawyers point blank refused to make a calendar for a judge and the other where they concluded they would hold no court. In speaking of this one lawyer of Greensboro said that had he been the judge he would have come and held court and disposed of the docket just the same.

As to our boyhood friends and college chums you mention, 'tis true that now and then we stand up to defend them—especially when they are assailed by the wind-jamming, foam-making, spell-binding, professional political lawyers, harranguing the "pee-pul"—one especially whose voice has resounded throughout this county, talking about putting one of these great constructionists in the "pen-I-tentiary."

However, we have no more quarrel with lawyers than with any other class of men. We feel, however, that if they do things that cause courts to be delayed it is at the cost of all tax payers and all citizens, and it is proper to now and then, in a friendly way to remind them of their duty. How about it, Sam?

## IS ALWAYS LIBERAL



MR. CESAR CONE, of Greensboro, ever helpful and always to the front to do his part has lately become interested in the health condition of this section. After studying the tuberculosis question he sees the need for a city sanitorium, and in order to show that he is in earnest proposes to give \$10,000 towards its establishment if the county will give the additional \$20,000 required.

This is an act worth applauding. The men of Guilford who have money should not wait a day. The remaining \$20,000 should be raised at once and we should have in this county a sanitorium to take care of those stricken with tuberculosis. It has been proven that the disease can be cured. It has been ascertained that climate has little to do with it, and too many people die because they cannot get proper treatment. The sanitorium proposed would solve a great problem. Mr. Cone is to be complimented on his broad minded views and the people are to be congratulated because such a liberal spirited man is among our citizens.

### The Weaker Vessel.

Those who oppose woman suffrage on the ground that woman is the weaker vessel, and should be satisfied with reigning as Queen of the Home are respectfully invited to study this item from a correspondent located at Ayden, North Carolina:

While cutting stove wood to cook dinner, Mrs. Fred Bright, who lives in the Fork Swamp section, had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye, a piece of stove wood flew up, piercing the lid and destroying the sight.

Now of course the average man who insists that the woman's place is at home, will explain that she should not have attempted to cut wood. But the woman evidently felt that she must have dinner. Take thousands of women who are man's equal in intelligence, and his superior in morals, and when you read of them "reigning as Queens of the Home" they are generally wrestling with pots and kettles in the kitchen—helping hold the little family together. Woman is not the weaker vessel—she is the equal of man—whether in cutting enough wood to get dinner or furnishing the grammar as a stenographer to her haughty employer.

### Glad Of It.

We were glad to read that Lorimer was found not guilty. He was accused of wrecking a bank, but it was proven that he really had nothing to do with it. Lorimer has been punished without cause. Taking him from the Senate was a frame-up—cold blooded and political. The bank case took three months and a jury in thirty minutes turned him loose. Lorimer was elected to the United States senate by people opposed to another man. They spent great sums of money to defeat the objectionable character and because the money was spent without Lorimer's knowledge he paid the penalty—corruption being charged. After he was found not guilty the other day he announced that he would raise the money and pay back to depositors all they had lost. William Lorimer has been a much persecuted man.

### The Old, Old Story.

Young Bradley, who goes to the roads for a year because he stole some money, writes a letter and warns young men against drinking whiskey. There was a time when young men had to pass a dozen bar rooms a dozen times a day; when the state and the city sanctioned whiskey drinking by giving whiskey a license to do business. Then there was some excuse to throw the blame on the broad shoulders of Sir John Barleycorn. But in these days when it is almost a crime to buy whiskey; when there are no saloons; when public sentiment is against drinking and temptation is largely removed, young men who go astray cannot excite the sympathy they once could excite by romantically talking about "Wine, woman and song."

However we hope that Bradley has awakened. We regret it came too late to save him from the first offence. Perhaps he will come clean. And his warning should be heeded by other young men—many who are following his foot-steps in regard to illegal booze.

## QUART LAW AGAIN

A Man, It Seems, Can Get All He Wants.



ND SO it has been judicially decided—by our Supreme court—Judge Clark dissenting, that the Sacred Quart stands not alone. We never suspected that it would come to this. The court holds, Judge Hoke speaking for a majority, that if a man sends to a mail order house for four quarts of likker he has a perfect right to receive the four quarts in one package. That we may not be mistaken let us quote the opinion as reported by Walter Clark, Jr. He says:

In State v. Little, Justice Hoke, for a majority of the court, decides that where the defendant brings into the State from South Carolina four quarts of liquor, intending one quart for his own use and one quart each for the use of three other persons, he is not guilty of violating the prohibition laws of this State. He states that the liquor must be brought in separate packages, for if brought in one jug or one package and distributed here, the defendant would be guilty. Chief Justice Clark dissents, stating that it does not appear and besides it is immaterial whether the liquor was brought in one package or four; that the statute forbids the bringing into this State of more than one quart, at any one time, for himself or other persons.

Now then. If this is the law why can't John Barleycorn again establish himself with headquarters on the public square? If a man can bring into the state more than one quart—he can bring in a hundred quarts. What is the matter, under this decision, with John Doe or Richard Roe going from tavern to tavern as did Sir John Falstaff in years ago, and in each tavern say: "Boys I am going to send out a mail order tonight how many do you want?"—and the chorus that would greet his ears would be tremendous. It would take a stenographer to keep track of the orders. And the John Doe would send off his order and behold! he would receive a freight train loaded with the liquid death and each one of those with the sublime thirst would come to the railroad yards and receive his package—done a quart at a time.

If this is now the law in North Carolina the jug business will again loom large. As we understood it no person could receive over a quart package from the express company. Each person must sign up and no person could receive over a quart in two weeks. We copy the above from Mr. Clark who reports these decisions as it appeared in the News and Observer. If this is right it is important—and the law must be remedied at once. Because a gallon package will soon swell to a five gallon package and so on.

### In This World.

In this world of woe; this world where all the big apples are on top—where the pretty girls have the advantage of those not so good looking, and where men grown old wear whisker paint, it is always a struggle. Many of us curse the load we bear because it is made heavier by thoughtlessness on the part of others. Listen to this from the Lincoln Times:

We are sorry to find two or three of our readers a little wrought up because we had our representative send them a bill for their back subscriptions.

Funny about some fellows and their bills. They go laughing and smiling as though to a wedding feast when they order something sent down—"and charge it please"—but when the innocent bill collector comes along they refuse to treat him with respect. He is guiltless. He simply is out trying to get a little cash to make things go, and because he asks you to come across you get mad and think the man is intruding. Not all of you—but some of us.

The man who owes an honest debt should never be offended when the bill is presented. He should treat a collector with cordiality, because the collector may be depending on his success to buy bread for his babies. The collector is not guilty of any wrong doing. The man who sent you the bill is within his rights—you owe the money and you know you owe it, and why get a grouch and be mean about it? Suppose there is a mistake? Why not understand it is unintentional and go in a calm and peaceful manner and explain. Why rip and snort, swear and tear your hair and insist that you do not propose to stand for this sort of thing? Why get mad because you are asked to pay what you honestly owe or what a man thinks you honestly owe? Why? Simply because you do not stop to think. Because you think it smart to go up in the air and frighten half to death a timid, innocent bill collector who never wronged you and wouldn't wrong you for the world.

### Old Henry In It.

Henry Ford who wants peace at the price of a Ford machine has been sued by the Navy League for one hundred thousand cold and likely plunks. The League claims Henry has slandered it. This is some more of that pure reading matter advertisement, island position, not marked with signs. Henry is the best pure reading matter advertiser of the age. The newspapers do not get the coin—but Henry gets the results.

## DISFRANCHISED

Primary Law Leaves A Man No Chance.



HE editor of this paper has been disfranchised because he told the truth. Under the new primary law a man must tell the registrar his politics. If he is a free man, unshackled by the chains of a political party; if he dares to assume his inalienable right to think for himself and act for himself he cannot vote for his choice in North Carolina. The primary knocks him out. We explained how old we were; where we came from; where we lived—and then was asked our politics.

Happily we were proud to say that we owed allegiance to no political party. That God Almighty and the flag of our country was our only creed, and then we were informed by Registrar Minor that we couldn't take part in the primary.

In other words: We have been a resident of this state for some twenty-five years off and on and mostly on; we have done as much as any other man to boost it, and to assist in its material growth; we have tried to be a law abiding citizen, and have paid our taxes and bought property—but because we dared to tell the truth—to proudly say that we were independent in our politics—we were at once disqualified as a voter.

We would like to know, really and honestly, what the true manhood of North Carolina, that part not blinded by partisan politics, and the hope of pie, thinks of such an infamous proceeding. We would like to know how any party can justify such a law? We would like to know why a citizen cannot vote for his choice when the primary decides who shall run? It virtually says that you must stand up and be shackled. You must surrender your independence; you must do what the politicians tell you, or you can't express yourself. And if you do not want to subscribe to the platform of some party—and today there are forty kinds of democrats and republicans, you cannot vote. You are put in the class with the nigger who couldn't locate his grandfather.

In this state we have always believed it best to vote the democratic ticket in county and state elections, with a few exceptions. We supported Grover Cleveland for the presidency because we believed him to be the biggest man of his time. We have twice supported Bryan in this state; we have supported Brooks and Stedman and other democrats—but have always reserved the right to vote for whomsoever we pleased.

And it is, indeed, a pretty pass when a man, unless he swears allegiance to some political party; cannot vote for men of his choice to make laws to protect his person and his property. It is, indeed, a pretty pass when a citizen is disqualified because he refuses to tell a lie in order to enjoy the ballot.

The democratic party and the republican party may think such a law a good one—but so sure as a gun is iron one of these days the free thinking people will arise in their wrath and wipe out of existence such brazen methods. When you undertake to manacle and shackle a free born American citizen; drag him to the polls and tell him how he must vote—you are going to find some opposition. The scheme may look good, but it isn't going to work, always. We would have been delighted to have voted this year for Daughtridge; for Stedman; for Grimes; for Lacey—for a whole crowd of mighty good fellows running—but the law says you can't do it unless you belong to the "party." If that isn't the limit—the most astounding exhibition of an attempt to make might right, then we don't know what it is. The night-riders of Kentucky—the Red Shirts of North Carolina—the White Cappers of Tennessee and the Ku Klux Klan of Kemper county, Mississippi, in their most palmy days never attempted anything more arrogant and high-handed. Perhaps we can get along without voting. Perhaps to disqualify us will make no difference—but when the rights of citizenship are thus violated—let us calmly ask Whither are we drifting?

### Pigs And Prosperity.

North Carolina bankers are doing excellent work in assisting the boy and the pig club. The live bankers proceed to buy a dozen pigs; give them to boys and tell them to raise pigs. The boys go to work. The increase appears; the boys sell the pigs, start a bank account and one of these days the boys will be men of affairs and the live stock industry will be increased an hundred fold. And all because the live bankers see that they can be useful in more ways than lending money. The Boys Pig Club is something that promises to be a great thing for many people.