

For
People Who
Think

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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NOTHING DOING

The Campaign Is Yet A Tame Affair

THERE is nothing to report in things political. The campaign hasn't opened, and when it does we do not suspect much to be doing. There are rumors that Wilson is to be assailed on account of several things personal—but our hope is that the mud geysers will not be set in action. The American people do not need this to refresh themselves. They do not need it in any sense, and because there are insistent rumors that do not sound all to the merry is no reason why a dirty campaign should be on.

There are questions of National importance to be decided. We hold and shall always hold until otherwise convinced that the tariff is paramount. We want to know and ten million other toilers want to know why the free trade dogma should be preached by democracy. We are not for the republican party in any sense, except we believe in tariff for a revenue. The democratic party has said it believed this, but it never gave it to the people, and it never will.

Right now we are paying a Hundred Million dollars a year to keep up expenses and foreign nations are dumping into these shores their goods without a duty. Democracy cannot explain this, and it must explain it before it finds us advocating that particular plank of its platform. Give us a revenue—a tariff to get it, and all will be well. But to take from the few who have; to levy tolls from the American people and at the same time enrich those of other countries is not an American idea. Tariff for revenue—and enough of it to meet all the expenses of the government is our motto. We do not believe in a tariff that piles high a surplus, but we do believe and have always believed in a tariff that will pay running expenses. And where, under the flag, is there a man, who at heart, does not believe with us?

Should Be Careful.

A young man of Danville went to Richmond and having a roll of money on his person was offered an automobile at what looked a bargain, and he bought it. As he was joy-riding on a street an officer stopped him; saw the number of the car was what he wanted and the young man was arrested. He told his story of how he had bought the car and all to no avail. The Law had him. He promptly telegraphed Danville friends and they went on his bail and when the trial came up he was released in two minutes by the watch. He had Character and Character set him free.

But it was one of those cases of circumstantial evidence—a kind of evidence that would never induce us to find a man guilty, that seemed absolute. A car had been stolen. A stranger was found in possession of it and he couldn't tell from whom he had bought it. The story that he saw a man with a car and the man sold it to him wouldn't go with even an inmate of a feeble minded institution. It wasn't the kind of a story that would "wash." So the young man was held and was guilty to all intents and purposes. Having many friends in Danville, they knowing him to be a man of his word and a man of excellent character they went to Richmond and their testimony cleared him.

But suppose the young man had been a stranger in a strange land. Suppose he hadn't happened to have any friends or suppose that some time in his life he had erred. There wouldn't have been a jury in sixteen counties but what would have found him guilty of the larceny of that car in a minute by the watch. There he would have been absolutely helpless but absolutely innocent.

And yet the great law-givers insist that circumstantial evidence is the best—provided each link in the chain is self-supporting. In this case, and it might happen a hundred times. Here was a man with a stolen car and he had bought it and paid good money for it, and the real thief had gone for parts unknown. And the evidence would have "been strong and the presumption great" as the lawyers write it that the innocent possessor was a thief.

Uncle Joe.

If Uncle Joe Cannon gets here the 29th of this month as announced we will guarantee a full opera house. Uncle Joe is a favorite in Guilford—the county of his birth—and a rousing crowd will greet him. It will not be a political meeting. It will be a reunion.

Nothing Doing.

A sensational report was sent out from Greensboro that a hundred or so people who undertook to celebrate on July Fourth had been discharged from the mills because of their taking a day off. Run to headquarters there seems to be nothing in the story.

IS A LUSTFUL FIEND

Authorities Are Looking After Him They Say.

STRANGE old world. If a nigger or a poor white man does something out of the way he is pulled and generally sent to the roads. We understand that here in Greensboro a prominent business man from a neighboring town has been making it a business to go to the Southern depot and pick out women fair to look upon and tell them that he had a fine car; that it was tedious to loaf there and if they wanted to enjoy a ride to come with him. Women and girls have complained about this treatment and they say that the man is under the watchful eye of the police and one of these fine days he will be caught and handled.

But if these stories are true, and they come to us authenticated, the populace should simply resolve itself into a committee of one and select some woman to accompany him. And the populace should meet the gentleman somewhere, designated before hand, and give him a ride on a rail with tar and feathers accompaniments. When such a fool undertakes to despoil womanhood in this way, and he has tried to do it, the manhood of a community should see him through. Tar and feathers and a ride on a rail—the sharp side of it, would be none too good for such a brute. The hope is that he will be caught red-handed and then the law can handle him. To say he meant nothing wrong will not go with people who understand.

She Passed On.

A woman driving an automobile through this state on her way from New Orleans to Maryland, ran over another woman, breaking her legs and arm. The woman who was thus mutilated was a street car passenger and had just stepped from the street car and found herself in front of the passing automobile. The woman who owned the car promptly stopped; came back to the corporate limits of the city; explained what she had done to the proper officer and after it was ascertained by the officer that the owner of the automobile had in no manner violated any law; that she was peacefully proceeding within the prescribed speed limits; that the victim of the accident had voluntarily placed herself in front of the car and was necessarily run over, allowed the driver of the car to proceed.

And naturally enough folk want to know how about it? They cite the fact that if a man runs in front of an approaching locomotive and is killed he "sues the company" and often recovers, although no negligence or carelessness is proven. But that is not because of justice—but because of years of railroad baiting.

There may be a law to cover the case in point, but we do not see wherein the woman who ran down the victim was in any way to blame. Indeed, inside the city there is a law that compels drivers of cars to stop when the street car stops, and that law is made for just such circumstances as were presented in this case. The street car passenger stepped off the car and before she knew it and before the driver of the automobile knew it the collision had taken place. Was the driver of the automobile to blame? She didn't know and wasn't supposed to know that the street car was to stop where it stopped. She was in a strange country. She had a license which gave her the privilege of the highways. She was within the lawful limit prescribed concerning her speed. She unquestionably had a right to drive the car she was driving and where she was driving it. The woman who stepped from the car also had a right to step from it and occupy the ground whereon she stood. But the momentum of the automobile was great—its speed was such that it was impossible to stop the machine. Therefore it would look to us that the accident was wholly unavoidable. It appears as a fact that each person was within her rights. No law was violated. There was no possible way to prevent what happened. And if purely accidental why hold the woman? These are the questions that will puzzle the layman's mind. Most any lawyer will find you a thousand cases to show you that the woman should be held, while most any other lawyer will show you another thousand which will insist that there was no need to hold her.

Therefore we pass up the unpleasant duty of rendering judgment, the while deploring the terrible tragedy.

We do not know just how long this Hot Spell in July will last, but it has been on plenty long enough to suit us and discolor our Palm Beach Suit, Limited.

And now that Mr. Lansing assures Mr. Carranza of his most distinguished consideration for his note and his whiskers, let us hope the bloody war has been averted.

WONDER ABOUT HIM



THE man who dropped out—gone glimmering, but not until he attracted attention of all the United States and then some. Tom Lawson was once a mighty power—he wrote advertising and attracted people his way. He claimed to have split with the gas company—he saw a chance and if he didn't milk the general public then we have another guess coming our way. We haven't heard of Tom for many moons. We print his picture because we regret to see such a character sink into absolute oblivion. We try to hold him up—to sustain him. To make it appear that there was once such a man. But Tom had Hired Men who worked for him—it is said those who even did his literary chores. But Tom is not like Teddy. When he goes into eclipse he goes alone. He doesn't come in and hang onto the coat tails of other men—as Teddy is now doing in the Hughes campaign.

Parson Burroughs Dead.

Parson Burroughs, who for the coin that was in it, married runaway couples from Virginia who crossed over the Tennessee line, is dead. He was eighty-three years old, and had to his credit the record of having married 5,142 couples—most of them elopers. The law of Tennessee did not require any age limit, and this old prate—this consummate scoundrel opened an office to provide for the youthful couples who didn't really know what they were doing—and it is fair to presume that he filled the land with woe.

We have known in our somewhat lengthened life many runaway couples who stood hitched until death did them part—but the majority of the elopers we have known—of the youthful kids who made the world-wide bargain thoughtlessly, turned out to the bad.

Just why Old Man Burroughs was allowed to ply his vocation so long we do not know. It would have seemed that irate parents would have gone and seen him and tarred him and feathered him and ridden him on a rail. But it seemed they didn't. For many years the old man conducted his clearing house of what morally was lawlessness and was undisturbed. But he has gone now—was given more of life than is vouchsafed man—and the hope is that beyond the grave he got what he missed in getting here.

War Averted.

It appears that Carranza is willing to listen to reason; that he isn't as sanguinary in his desires as many supposed he would be. In other words he understands that a war with the United States would mean only destruction. He seems willing to have all questions settled in the proper manner, and now it is up to us to treat him with consideration. The fact remains that some day we will be obliged to enter Mexico and take charge—but it may be delayed for some years. Let us hope that such will be the case. If President Wilson succeeds in averting war this country will certainly owe him a great debt of gratitude. For war, no matter what the cause, is undesirable.

Old Man Villa.

It appears that Old Man Villa has taken a new lease on life; that he is still directing his forces and that Uncle Sam's army has failed to fill him with fear. The news today looks like the Old Man was again on the war path and determined to start something. Wonderful how he comes back with his legs gone; his lungs shot out and his head missing and on top of all that having been killed and buried three times. But he is there.

WE SOON FORGET IT

Many Forget Record of The Two Candidates Out

JEST we forget, and possibly we won't—but it should be remembered that when Hughes was running for Governor of New York the "common people" were for him because he was against many things. He had just run the insurance companies under cover—he had made them show wherein the treasurer of the republican party had claimed big sums of money—and gotten it. After he was Governor he was for the people and against the gas combination—made the price of gas come down to 80 cents a thousand as against \$1—and then he got after all the gamblers and race track people and beat them to it.

In those days Hughes was worse than Bryan—to hear some people talk. Now he comes, the same man with the same ideas and principles and the democrats are telling that he is with the plunderers.

And along comes Woodrow Wilson who dipped in in New Jersey and cleaned up things. A bright star he was as he shot athwart the horizon—across the heavens, and everybody saw him as a possibility. But now they are sizing him up as an entirely different man—telling how he has vacillated; how he has tried to carry water on both shoulders—and it all is to laugh. Roosevelt holding onto the coat tails of Hughes and yelling "Me too," and all sorts of strange political bedfellows. So far as we are concerned one might as well vote with his eyes shut. There is not much difference. Wilson says the Tariff Commission will take care of the one important question—so what's the use to worry while it's hot?

Maybe when the weather gets cool; when the pumpkins ripen and turn to gold; when the fodder's in the shock and the election is about on we all can warm and get busy and say something. Right now there is certainly nothing doing—but guess work.

Why?

The Danville papers contain a news story which is to the effect that a county officer, whose little brief authority does not extend within the corporate confines of the city accosted a negro who was running a store and a quarrel ensued. The story is interesting. We print it in full because we want to ask a question. It reads:

The evidence showed that the police officer, whose jurisdiction is in Greensboro and the county, arrested two little boys who were in the park grounds selling cigarettes and tobacco for Vassar, who operates a small store in front of the park, and told them that they had no right to be peddling produce on the streets. When Vassar heard of it he approached the officer and retorted that he did not think that he had been treated right. Thornton testifying that the negro objected to the officer meddling with his business. This nettled the officer, who replied by saying, "That's all right, you're selling whiskey anyhow," or words to that effect. This charge was repeated until Vassar retorted somewhat hotly, that "Anybody who said that was telling a d— lie." Thornton then closed with the negro and struck him twice on the head with his billy, Vassar trying to strangle the policeman. Bystanders interfered and separated the combatants.

Danville police officers who are in charge of this beat which ends a few yards from where the difficulty occurred, stated that Vassar was a peaceable negro and that they had never suspected him of selling whiskey. Thornton stated that he had good reason to believe that Vassar had sold whiskey recently and also said that the negro was indebted to him.

The testimony showed that the officer struck the first blow, whereupon the mayor imposed a fine on each man. Now what we want to know is: Why did the black man have to pay a fine? He was attending to his business. He was accused of a grave crime—and the officer struck him—and naturally he had a right to defend himself. But the Mayor imposed a fine on the offending citizen and did not rebuke the officer who had exceeded his authority.

It is too often the case that men are brought into court, found not guilty and always, or most always we read that they are dismissed upon payment of cost. Why the assessment of costs if the man is not guilty? Why not fully exonerate him if not guilty? Why tax the cost? It is a custom—and one manifestly improper and unjust. If the alleged offender is guilty it is proper to fine him and remit the fine upon payment of costs—but to put the costs on an innocent man is shameful.

If the story printed in the Bee is correct Mayor Wooding should have fined the officer more than he did, and the negro with a good reputation should have gone free. That would have been but simple justice.

With the submarine coming into port all the excitement about the Mexico trouble was bottled. And that German Captain should be given the freedom of any city in which he chooses to become a temporary land lubber. He is a sportsman—in all that the word can mean.

The hope is that while the huckleberry crop in the east is short the blackberry crop in the centre of the state will be all that we could expect.

And now that Mr. Carranza has come into camp, if he will curry his whiskers all will be forgiven.

WOULD BE JOKE

If Only One Man Is Brought To Trial

THE press of the state has concluded that Judge Bond did wonderful things in binding over one man to appear as an example, and go through the farce of a trial in Greene county for murdering Old Joe Black, a defenceless nigger who had done nothing wrong. It is a first-class joke for the papers to talk this way. The nigger was murdered by a diabolical mob—a fiendish mob and there were many citizens in that mob. To hold up one man makes it a farce. The Judge went there and he was brave and bold—but to monkey with one man when a half hundred were engaged in the bloody and lawless work makes it more of a travesty on justice than to have let the matter dropped.

We want to see law and order. We want to applaud the Judge who goes in and demands that Justice be done. But to keep one man in custody—when a half hundred guilty scoundrels were engaged in the murder is to laugh. Judge Bond had better let the one man go. To send him to prison would be a joke. The other forty or fifty "first class citizens" so-called should be apprehended and the bunch tried together or the one man should be set free. To convict him would in no way uphold the majesty of the law. And at this writing the majesty of the law has been outraged.

Belonged In A Mad House.

A fifty-eight year old woman in Pennsylvania has just been sentenced to prison for five years because she sent poisoned candy through the mail to a young lady who was alleged to be exerting an evil influence over her son. It luckily happened that the intended victim of the poisoner escaped, but the old woman must go to prison for five years where she will have opportunity to meditate upon the cruelties of courts and the harshness of the law. But in all candor a woman fifty-eight years of age was not in her right mind. The presumption is that the son of a woman of that age is able to take care of himself, and if he isn't to poison the woman who was exerting an evil influence over him was not quite the thing. The unfortunate victim of hallucination should have been taken care of in an asylum for the insane. She is an irresponsible atom of Society—and Society should never punish the mental cripples. It should care for them. Because they are irresponsible.

The Ruling Passion.

And even in her contemplation of death Mrs. Hetty Green held on to her gold. She gave to her children and to a few friends—but nothing to charity. There were nine type-written pages of the document. The wealthiest woman in the world sitting down and dictating her desires as to the disposition of great wealth—of many millions, and in her mind's eye there arose no educational institution for women which she wanted to help; there were no worn and wan mothers toiling for bread to whom a home bequeathed would have been a blessing, appearing before her vision. All she saw was that the gold she had gathered. All she cared for was that her own blood, and no alien hand should grasp it. As Joaquin Miller said it:

Great God! how poor a man can be, with nothing in this world but gold!

And a woman, too!

Naturally.

Those convicts in the penitentiary who are writing Governor Craig that they will enlist and fight for their flag if released from the pen are doubtless in earnest. They see freedom—and for freedom, if once lost, a man will promise most anything. But we fear that those who think the Governor will fall for their patriotism are doomed to disappointment. One man who is doing a life sentence for killing his wife thinks the alkali plains look good to him. He has written the letter and had other convicts join him in signing. The convict should remember that when he violates the laws of the land he has forfeited his rights. Therefore to prate of patriotism behind prison bars, if the blood of his brother is upon his hands, means but little.

What He Should Do.

If Governor Craig thinks it all right to send soldiers to guard a man down east; if he thinks it proper to send soldiers anywhere they are called for—looks to us like he should order at least a regiment to Raleigh. This appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer. The soldiers will know what to do:

We are led to wonder if Sal of Salisbury has any kin in Kinston, who would ever wash in Washington or try him in Hamlet?