



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

TERRY MUST DIE

December For Electrocution

THE COURT has adjourned and Terry, the man who shot John R. Stewart, is doomed to die in the electric chair. Of course an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court, but in this case the chances are as nine to one that he had a fair trial. The crime was admitted, and the only peg upon which the wretched man had a place to hang a lingering hope was the plea of insanity—and that wasn't proven.

It was proven that Terry for many years had been drinking too much whiskey; it was proven that he was brooding and quarrelsome when in drink, but under our laws that doesn't give a man a right to deliberately shoot down his neighbor without warning.

The murder of Stewart was cold blooded and diabolical. The evidence was that Terry had come home, half drunk, laughed and played with the children and deliberately took his gun and went to Stewart's house; found him in the barn milking, spoke to him and fired the fatal shot before the murdered man knew what was happening.

The law says for such conduct as this a man must give his life. There is a lot of sympathy for the man's wife; for his children—there is always sympathy for the one who must die—but happily sympathy didn't sway the jury—it took the evidence, and like brave men returned a verdict according to our laws.

We do not believe in capital punishment, but as long as it is the law, then we must all accept it and congratulate the jury that carries out its spirit and its letter. When this is done mob violence is given no sanction—when people feel that a jury of their countrymen will always render a fair and impartial verdict there is a feeling of security and the law remains supreme.

Teddy At Battle Creek.

Roosevelt will deliver his next big speech at Battle Creek, Michigan, the 30th of this month—Saturday, and those who have read it describe it as the "skin 'em alive speech." Teddy in this last preparation goes after Wilson's eight hour law, and it is said that Chairman Wilcox, after having read the speech laughed all day. They regard this last speech of Teddy's something that will take off hair and curl iron. And Teddy now says the will make all kinds of speeches before the campaign closes. But his name is no longer one with which to conjure.

As They Sow.

That was a pretty kettle of fish cooked in Philadelphia last night—when the rich young man registered at the hotel with another woman he claimed as his wife, and his real wife came along a little later and shot up the twain and then committed suicide. This was a tragedy in one act—at least there wasn't anything left for the lawyers to talk about. The injured wife was foolish, perhaps, to take her own life; but she probably figured it was better to close the books of the firm.

It doesn't make any difference, apparently, how many white slave cases are exposed; it doesn't make any difference how many are killed, the illicit traffic goes merrily along. The Philadelphia tragedy was about as fierce as they are generally staged.

And Elsewhere.

The Episcopalians want to cut the word "damn" out of their prayer book and substitute the word condemn. The word damn has a great run in the language of the day, and if it could be cut out of other things than prayer books it wouldn't be a bad idea. Just why the average American citizen employs the word damn so much in conversation is a mystery. But it a front page word, so to speak.

The Mad Mathematicians.

They are still analyzing the "result in Maine." It appears from the democratic standpoint that the results didn't "signify." Whereas, it appears from the republican standpoint that it signified a great deal. Therefore the people who are doing the analyzing should keep on until about November fourth or fifth, and then can arrive accurately at a conclusion. This conclusion will be based on general results. In the meantime those who have the price should do their Christmas shopping now.

Those with flower gardens will get the October rose, and then nothing doing until next June. The attempt of the rose bush to do business in November is generally knocked out by J. Frost, Esq.

THE BIG FAIR SOON

Central Carolina Fair Is Bigger Than Ever

IT IS generally agreed that the Central Carolina Fair is always a success, but this year it will be greater and bigger than ever. We do not often puff things charging gate receipts, but we hold that a Fair is a sort of a community institution, and if private individuals want to give the entertainment and take the risk of loss because of bad weather, we are ready to help out in doing a little gratuitous talking for them.

The Central Carolina Fair offers attractions excelled by no other fair. It goes after the best in the way of entertainments and spends its money cheerfully. It gives value received, and we hope to see in Greensboro this year people from all over the state.

Secretary Garland Daniel assures us that this year the purses are larger; the premiums greater in number and when it comes to attractive attractions—well, he has the finest bill this year he ever had. So we extend this invitation to people round about, and assure them if they will take a day or two off and attend the Central Carolina Fair they will never regret it, but be glad they came.

Wilcox And His Innocence.

Jim Wilcox, the man who was accused of murdering Nellie Cropsy many years ago and who was convicted solely on circumstantial evidence, writes, according to a letter elsewhere printed, that he is innocent of the crime. He tells the pathetic story to the effect that he is suffering with tuberculosis, and that perhaps this letter is the last to the party mentioned.

Wilcox seems to be in a happy frame of mind. He has the nerve as a prisoner for life and with Doodle Bugs walking on his lungs to write doggerell—to attempt to add part of the story to the Boy who stood on the burning deck.

The experience of Wilcox has been wonderful. He was at first convicted of murder in the first degree, but on a second trial got a life sentence. The evidence was wholly circumstantial, and many good lawyers have said it was not convincing—was not perfect. A few years ago the eastern part of the state signed up petitions asking that Wilcox, because of the circumstances, be pardoned, and Governor Craig refused because the mother of Nellie Cropsy protested.

Therefore his life will be spent behind the bars. Death is not far away he says—he is waiting for the end, and while waiting still declares his innocence. We believe Wilcox innocent. We do not see why he should insist upon his innocence when he is in front of death and when there is no possible chance for a pardon. If he writes a lie, it were better it were not written.

Able law writers—the best—will insist that circumstantial evidence is the best evidence in the world but were we on a jury we would have to be shown before we took away from the accused his liberty. Mere circumstances would not convince us. In the Cropsy case the fact that Nellie Cropsy had been a sweet-heart of Wilcox and they had quarrelled was the sole contention.

Getting To Be A City.

Charlotte is getting to be, if it already is not, a city proper. The other night a Mr. Pillow, a well known contractor of the city, was walking to his home when he was suddenly sand-bagged and eighty dollars were taken from his purse. Mr. Pillow was not seriously injured—just a sack of sand had struck him on the back of the head. But it shows growth—it shows a cosmopolitan air when foot pads prowl the streets of a city at night and sand bag pedestrians.

No longer can jealous souls cry that Charlotte raises cotton within her corporate confines. She is a city right.

Query:

If to have over a gallon of likker in one's possession is prima facie evidence of being a retailer, how can an Asheville man escape because he swore that nine gallons coming to him in a trunk at one shipment was for his own personal use. Couldn't blind tiger men swear to the same thing and thus escape? We would like to hear from Brother Davis of the Anti-saloon league on this important question.

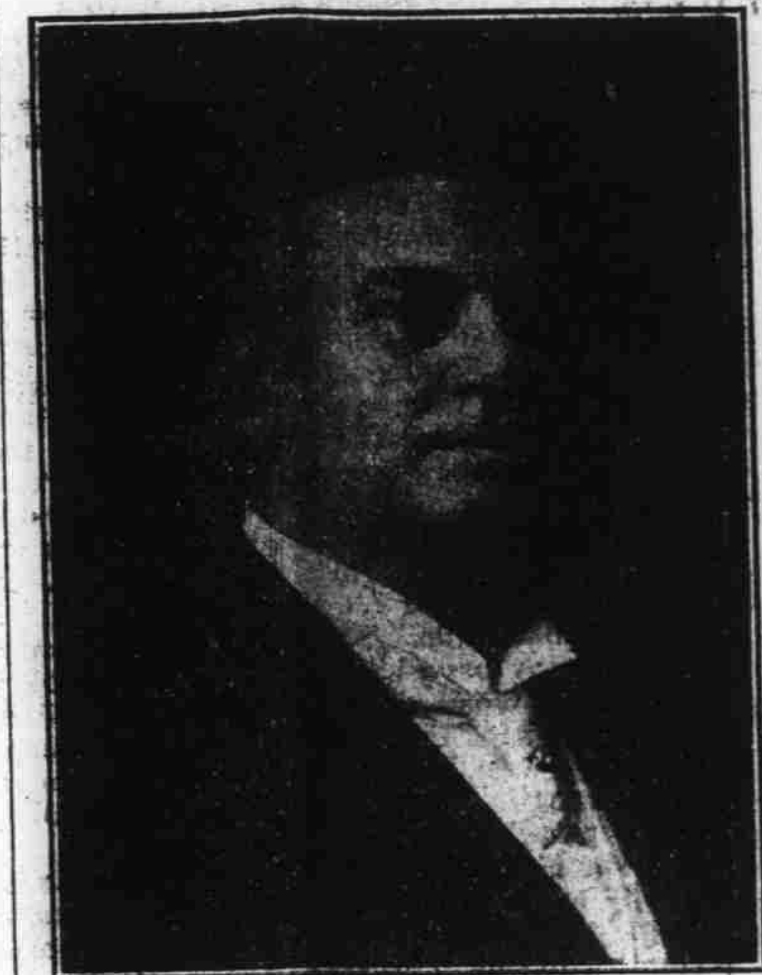
Sustaining It.

The Durham Herald is constrained to remark:

The Georgia mob seems to think it has a reputation to maintain. And it hasn't another think coming because it is certainly sustaining it.

The trouble is that when Georgia is in eruption it hurts the whole South. If its exhibitions of barbarism were borne alone by itself, the outsiders would not be so indignant.

J. H. SOUTHGATE DEAD



IN THE death of James H. Southgate, of Durham, North Carolina loses one of her most—if not most gifted sons. Mr. Southgate was one of the best known men in North Carolina, and as exemplary as any citizen. Temperate always, in mind and habits; clean morally and mentally; always at the front to make as good a speech as anybody could make, or push to a successful termination any worthy project of civic progress—his death comes as a distinct shock to the state.

In the prime of life, busy and cheerful; president of the county fair; ex-president of the chamber of commerce; trustee of Trinity College—once candidate for vice-president on the National Prohibition ticket—brave as a lion and most always right in his public views—James H. Southgate was an honor to North Carolina. Personally we fell the loss. In the dark days and the bright days to us he was always the same; always ready to lend a helping hand; always quick to bear the cry of distress and offer relief—he was a type of citizen that makes the world broader and better. Durham has indeed been struck a heavy blow.

The Poor Lone Man.

The man West who tells how he was taken in by the blackmailers in violation of the white slave law takes particular pains to mention the fact that the woman proposed the trip to him.

How like that first melodrama enacted in the Garden of Eden.

"And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Old Man Adam is still of earth. Always laying it on the woman; always making her carry the burden. Wonder what would have happened had West told the woman who proposed the New York trip to him that he guessed he wouldn't go? Wonder if the woman would have kidnapped him and carried him by main force?

Funny how the poor lone men put the blame on the woman—when, as a matter of fact, the woman is helpless if the man refuses to join in her suggestions.

Wonder if they are still printing the esteemed Winston Journal?

His House His Castle.

That fellow Johnson down Troy way who took a shot gun and refused to let officers lay off his homestead, as the court had decreed, doubtless thought his house his castle. But being a trifle misinformed as to how a man can defend a castle, Johnson is now in jail, wondering, indeed, if the liberties of man are yet sacred.

Funny how some of the people use their guns. The least provocation and a gun is drawn—life is lightly regarded. However in the case of Mr. Johnson officers got to him to capture him, and in the days he will have for reflection while in jail, perhaps he will become subdued.

Reunited.

The story comes that Roosevelt and Taft will shake hands; forgive and forget and both sit down to a banquet—and then, we take it they will both warm up and tell of the wonders and the glories of the party that Roosevelt led to defeat.

And yet, we are glad this has happened. We ourselves cherish some enmities—we wish we could forgive and forget some things in the every day life—and to know that Taft and Teddy—who once were like David and Jonathan are again to be friends—is a matter for congratulation.

The road down the pike to the grave yard is not long. There are flowers and nettles growing along the way, and wise is the man who sees only the flowers and inhales their fragrant perfume. Wiser far than he who is stung by the nettles; who sees only the dirty weeds and hears not the joyous notes of the birds that flit upon the way.

NOVEMBER ELECTION

Certain Is This State For The Democrats

SIT will be but a month now until the election, it is pretty safe to make a guess on things political in North Carolina. There is going to be some scratching; there is going to be some dissatisfaction expressed at the polls, but North Carolina will go democratic by over thirty thousand majority. In some of the congressional districts a strong fight is being made, but from all we can gather every congressional district will remain in line with about the usual majorities.

There will be much campaigning within the month; both parties are making dates in every county and at every town; big speakers have come and are coming, and to hear the noise they all are making one would think there was really a contest on. But there isn't. There will be no race. It will simply be a procession of democrats marching by.

In the Nation it is different. There are so many things entering into the general result. Many sections have many views. The Middle West is doubtful ground. Both sides claim it, but neither side knows what is going to happen. Wilson has crawled out of the shadow of Shadow Lawn and gone into the campaign with his sleeves rolled up. Hughes is emptying his ginger jar wherever he speaks—and Teddy is abroad in the land. What will happen? Search us.

And They'll Keep On.

The campaign stories from the west where women vote, say the dear ones have the men guessing as to how votes will be cast. And they will keep on guessing. The woman voter is the woman citizen—and she is different than the male man in the voting game.

The woman doesn't go down to the corner grocery and spit tobacco juice over the floor and insist that she is going to vote for so and so. She keeps her own counsel; she does a whole lot of thinking and when she goes to the polls even her dearly beloved hubby has no idea on this earth what kind of a ballot she deposited. And in the general result in November the west—those states where women vote, will be the surprising states. We get information that the women are very much divided; that they are out espousing the cause of Wilson and of Hughes—but those women we hear about are the politicians—the stump speakers. The woman who simply exercises her right to vote isn't saying a word. She is getting ready to vote and if any man on earth can fathom her mind in that regard, he is more than seer and oracle.

The Flooded District.

Now and then a contribution is still sent to the general relief committee, but the flood and the flood sufferers are about out of the current events of the day. Those who have been west recently say things are getting back to normal; that the citizens who lost so heavily and who talked of moving away have become reconciled and now fully understand that it might have been a great deal worse, and by another year the disaster will be practically forgotten. Nature generally repairs her ravages—and time consoles.

Still At Large.

Although Mr. Villa has recently shot up a few towns and done murder here and there, it seems that he is yet at large. It also appears that he still has a respectable following, numerically considered, and that he intends to keep on doing business at the old stand is not doubted.

Looks like Uncle Sam who went to the border to catch Villa would finally succeed. But if all our many thousands of soldiers cannot catch one man, what is the use to keep the soldiers on the border? Looks like a waste of money—looks strange to those who think.

As It Is.

The esteemed Raleigh News and Observer says unjustly:

It is cruel for us to mention it, but still we note a disposition on the part of Editor Colonel Fairbrother of the Greensboro Record to sidestep The Boy and the Burning Deck and switch the subject to Fat Rabbits and Fat Possums.

The Boy stood on the burning deck—in fact it was his habit—he said he'd set a bloomin' gum, and catch a nice, fat rabbit!

The New York Herald receives about twenty-six thousand votes out of a possible eight or ten million and then undertakes to draw a conclusion. Such a joke as that would make a horse laugh.

There have been several slight frosts thus early in September and those who know say that means fat rabbits.

BIG STRIKE BUST

New York People Are Not Frightened

ABIG STRIKE has been threatened in New York for the last two weeks. Because there was a strike on the street car lines, Mr. Samuel Gompers, recently denounced in Congress as a menace to the nation, proposed to lead a sympathetic strike of 750,000 toilers in different lines. Each day the proposed strike was postponed. Finally it came, and the police of New York report that no one knows the strike is on.

In other words it was a mighty bluff put up. Had the strike taken place as scheduled it would have tied up the commerce of a Nation. Mayor Mitchel of New York said let it come. He said he would use all the officers he could rally, some ten thousand policemen, and attempt to preserve order. The commercial world welcomed the strike. It wanted to know if men being paid high wages; if men satisfied with their positions and surroundings were going to quit work and cripple every industry just because one certain branch of a union wasn't satisfied.

But it didn't come and it isn't going to come. And had the Congress of the United States had as much back bone as the business men of New York there would have been no Adamson law. There would have been a strike lasting about twenty-four hours and the union would have found that it couldn't bluff the Nation.

The New York strike which is on right now shows that union men are intelligent and they are not going to be stamped because some mouthy walking delegate, well paid and well groomed, paints to them pictures of the mind.

To A Frazzle.

To employ a word made popular by our erstwhile Lion Tamer, Teddy, it appears that Hughes is worn to a frazzle—that his campaign has been so strenuous, another word of Teddy's, that he was completely worn out last Saturday night. The eight or ten speeches a day; the thousands who are shaking his hands; the long rides and the great amount of exertion—well, the Old Man cannot stand it.

The New York Sun's correspondents who are with the special train say that in Indiana the republicans simply took charge of the Candidate; they delayed his trains; they brought their sisters and their cousins; and their aunts down to see him and shake hands with him, and the exercise was far too great for a man who had put in six years sitting down writing opinions.

The hope is that spending Sunday with Charley Fairbanks gave him some rest. He is out again this week undertaking to show what is what.

Not A Vacant Store.

A business man in Greensboro who wants to move his business from the second floor to the ground floor tells The Record that there is but one vacant store room in this city worth while so far as location is concerned. There may be some vacant rooms, but this business man says in the business section every store room is occupied. This all suggests that Greensboro is growing—it suggests that there is something doing. A look down Elm street where three or four new fronts are being put in shows, too, that the stores already occupied are being made up to date. The man who pins his faith to Greensboro is not going to be a loser.

They Eat 'Em Alive.

It is said that the joint debate between doughty Bob Doughton and H. S. Williams, both running for Congress, is a spectacle which makes timid men weep. They proceed to eat each other alive on the living and burning issues of the day. They do not stop in twenty minutes—they talk for hours, and the crowd cheers and they keep up the good work. Doughton has made a first-class representative. He is able and has much experience and the people of his district would, in our judgment, make a serious mistake in not returning him to Congress.

Beats The World.

You can't beat it—nowhere in the world is there better weather than these days now on. October and November are always good months down this way. The winter is short; and our people could make North Carolina a great winter resort for Northern people if the printer's ink was spread in the right place. This Piedmont section beats the world.

Wonder what has become of Harry Thaw? Haven't seen much about him in the papers recently—he must be planning another big sensational stunt. About time he was appearing.