

For People Who Think **Everything** For People Who Think

BY AL FAIRBROTHER SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1917. ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

A BIG MAN IS W. J. BRYAN

The Raleigh Times, as ably edited as any paper in this state, doesn't seem to like Bryan. It assaults him whenever and wherever opportunity presents, and this is from one of its leading articles:

Is it not about time for the country as a whole—and that means the particular locality acting its part as a self-respecting part of the nation as a whole—to drop the Bryan myth which finds expression in the past statement that "You must admit that he is an able man, with a wonderful hold on the people, and perfectly sincere, however mistaken?"

If Bryan has any hold left on the people, if he does as a matter of fact maintain the following which he is credited with having, the circumstance is due to just this sort of sentimental self-delusion on the part of the people who have not taken the trouble to consider the reckless egotism of the man himself.

We will not subscribe to this. Bryan is the biggest man today in America. He has been a dreamer—but all great men have dreamed. Since the days of 1860, when he first appeared as a public character, he has been a leader of men. He was the Voice in the Wilderness, and today this nation is running on Bryan ideas. As to his egotism, he is no more egotistical than was John the Baptist. He has been going about the country telling the people what they should do, and because he lives and because he has the intellectual strength to make them all sit up and take notice is the evidence of his power.

Take the cheap clap-trap reformer, from the Sockless Simpson to the bewhiskered Pfeiffer, and where are they? Simply the driftwood of an hour. Unfortunate tides left much of that stuff on our shores, but Bryan rings true year in and year out. We regret that the Times cannot see Bryan as he is. It will appear some day in history that Bryan was the one man in the Western World who gave us new ideas, who was strong enough to get us from the beaten paths. The fact that he is in Washington now protesting against what he thinks wrong is not against him. It should be in his favor. If there were no protests in this world where would we drift? Maybe that is why the Times is protesting against Bryan—but its protest will be in vain.

Those people who went to Florida and didn't take their oil stoves with them are still shivering.

An Office.
Hendersonville is talking about having a City Weigher. These things should come. We should have cloud inspectors and deep water inspectors—anything and everything to create an office.

If a man sells you coal short, be big enough to weigh it out. If you think your grocer is cheating you, go somewhere and buy your groceries of honest men. A city weigher is a graft—well, not a graft, but a barnacle, and we'd rather be called a grafter than a barnacle. Make offices. Tax the people.

That is the stuff from the road first paved to Jericho. There is no reason why there should be city scales. If we assume that men are dishonest, why not treat them so. Why not, to save the salary of a city weigher, issue license to dealers, and let the consumer find out? And if he is cheated let the license be forfeited. But to give men authority to do business and then put men on their trail—well, it is an assumption that all men are thieves. Young David said that he had said in his haste that all men are liars, and it may be even so—but shall we come in and say that all merchants are thieves? We wot not.

The time may come when a city planner might tell us how to get rid of the million dollar debt we owe. And nothing much to do for it. What we need is a business manager.

Jones Yorke.
Yorke suffers a distinct loss in the passing of Jones Yorke. Mr. Yorke had made a fortune. He was with the Cinco cigar people, secured control of the Southern trade and was, wonderfully, he was willing to live in Concord; he was willing to help all the best concerns that looked good in a financial way, and he was what, in the vernacular of the age, we call a live wire. We knew Mr. Yorke quite intimately—and to his wife and children, and the community, we extend sympathy. Concord lost something when Jones Yorke passed, and if a man can so make himself a part of a community that it feels a void in its house when one passes he has not lived in vain.

Naturally one will wonder how it happened that this missionary was killed, but we take it that there will be no war until the facts are determined. And it will perhaps be recalled that all the scare heads so far have resulted in a paragraph explaining that it was a false alarm.

RESOLUTION NOT NEEDED

Representative Claude Kitchin, in voting for the Flood resolution yesterday, is quoted as admitting that he did so "not without hesitation and misgiving." In justification of his support of the resolution he pointed out that "The President already has, under necessary implications of the Constitution, all the power with which this bill would invest him with respect to the protection of American ships and citizens."

"If he wants to get this country into the European war and make the world one vast cataclysm of blood and slaughter, he can do so with or without the enactment of this bill."

"If he wants to keep this country out of the European war and make its blessings shine out to mankind through the coming ages an example of the divine regard of peace, he can do so with or without the enactment of this bill."

"Clothed with the powers given by the Constitution, a President of the United States can, at his will, without let or hindrance of Congress, create a situation which makes war the only alternative of this nation."

Which being the case, why such a resolution? Why was congress appealed to? Why all this commotion over a question anticipated and provided for by the Constitution?

Seems to us like a waste of time and oratory to oppose a course which the President had outlined for himself under authority given him by the Constitution. These are the things which confuse and mystify the folks at home who read the papers more closely than the Constitution. Strange that this point was not brought out before. But then the news agencies would have missed the chance of sending out some very interesting reading.

Again the man with the Monkey Wrench threw it into the Glorious Climate yesterday, so we have had another day that Didn't Amount To Much.

The Convention.
The Constitutional Convention is one thing, and holding it is another. The esteemed Raleigh Times makes this remark, which might be worth considering:

In many particulars the existing Constitution is archaic. The courts have worked upon it until it has been complicated with puzzling constructions. It may and very probably does need overhauling, but to attempt to let the job to any set of delegates under contract to accept their labor in advance will be nothing more than labor lost on the part of the general assembly, making the proposal.

We do not believe that the people of North Carolina will stand for a Constitutional Convention. And they should not. It is not needed. The Ten Sacred Amendments which were swatted showed the people something. The Four Sacred ones that crept in after the show had opened have puzzled the legislature. The lawyers and the politicians might as well ring off. If a Constitutional Convention is voted on, we are betting that it will never happen. And whatever black ink we have will be used to urge the voters to vote it down. There is no use to grow hysterical, there is no use to fall for all the gold-brick schemes offered.

The Coler road doesn't seem to get into action. Wonder what Ed Wharton is doing and why are things at a standstill?

Dave Parks Dies.
Dave Parks, gentle, clean, law-abiding citizen of Hillsboro, has fallen asleep. In his passing the quaint old town loses one of its quaint old citizens. We have known Dave Parks for a quarter of a century—knew him always as a summer zephyr, as a tender flower, a man who did things without a brass band accompaniment. A little man in stature, a big man in heart, he lived in Hillsboro for many a long year, and when he left, he left a vacant chair that will not be filled.

Dave Parks was a Confederate soldier—went in the war when the first call was made and surrendered at Appomattox, and came home, took it all philosophically, and proceeded to build up a business. As the late Joe Caldwell used to say when he wanted to say it all in a few words: Dave Parks "was a good citizen." And to be a good citizen is about all a man can be.

The city needs a city planner—perhaps it needs several things worse.

Jack Crawford Dead.
Those who knew Jack Crawford, whose real name was John Wallace, will regret to learn of his death. Captain Jack was a friend of Buffalo Bill. We knew him well. With his long hair and his intellectual face he was a familiar figure thirty years ago. He wrote plays and poems and was known as the "Poet Scout." He was with Custer in his Indian campaigns and was one of the best known plainsmen—an Indian fighter and a royal good fellow. They pass, these old landmarks, and we look back and regret.

SEN. TURNER RINGS THE BELL

Editor Bob Gray, of the Raleigh Evening Times, who, having been constantly on the ground as well as on the job, is, we are glad to know, indulging, not without reason, in "the rare emotion of enthusiasm" in anticipation of the passage of the Turner prison reform bill, which he unhesitatingly pronounces "the biggest work of the General Assembly—sufficient to justify a session that, for the most part, has contented itself with crawling to prejudice and compromising with courage."

That is a strong indictment but one doubtless deserved by the chronic obstructionists who have persistently opposed every measure looking to the moral uplift and good name of a state which, while admittedly good enough for them, is not yet up to the standard of modern ideas and ideals. "Crawling to prejudice and compromising with courage"—that is putting it pretty strong, but Editor Gray has been there and has sized up those solons who have not yet learned to write it nineteen hundred. These left-overs of a past century who have drifted into Raleigh by the devious ways known only to the office seeker and politician have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their part toward maintaining the "conservatism" which makes the little girl of fourteen the legitimate prey of any conscienceless scoundrel who happens to cross her path; which says it is all right to beat to death helpless prisoners while coining their life blood into dollars for the state treasury; and which has countenanced and condoned all sorts of abuses of privilege and power simply because "it was the custom."

But to know that one bill that is worth while has prospects of passing brings with it the hope that we are not utterly lost. The Times says:

The state owes Senator Turner a vote of thanks for the bill which he has introduced to bring about the practical measure of prison reform which the disclosures of the system demanded but which time apparently denied. There was so much to do, so little time to do it, the problem had so many facets, that there was reason for fear that the disgrace would be prolonged for lack of the cool head and the firm and balanced purpose to draft a measure which should stop short of the millennium and yet give practical promise of redemption from an intolerable reproach.

Senator Turner's bill is to legislation what a sound legal argument is to the preface of a brief before the citation of authorities are called in to prove the premise by which reason is arrested. It is the gist of the case set forth in those simple terms which are the test of sincerity. It makes an understandable law that is profound for its clarity. We are slow to praise legislation, having seen too much of it for too long a time in its most expert forms, hiding "niggers in the woodpile," full of "jokers," reflecting the petty wiles and the brazen subtleties of politics, the compromising, double-dealing, insincere subterfuges by which politicians seek to wax fat by insulting the people they flatter and cajole. We are constrained to praise this bill because it is a triumph of condensation of terms and a logical charter of humanity which defies opposition and gives a guarantee of a hope that cannot be denied. By far the biggest work of the General Assembly, Senator Turner's bill is sufficient to justify a session that for the most part has contented itself with crawling to prejudice and compromising with courage.

True, the bill has not yet passed, but, as the Times truly says, the state will stand disgraced should it be defeated. In the opinion of those who have studied it there appears nothing that can be said against it. It is practical and far reaching in its provisions. It establishes the principle of correction vs. vengeance; hope as a rule in place of despair as an alternative. It provides the indeterminate sentence as a premium to reform of the individual. It puts in force gradations among convicts. It provides rewards and benefits, balanced, nevertheless, with punishments and disabilities. It strikes at present bestial conditions of housing. It provides for intelligent supervision of sanitation. It demands medical inspection and guards against disease. It brings the county convict camps and the county and city jails under the eye of the state. It provides convict earnings, to be distributed in large part to dependent families at home. It does away with the lash and with all forms of corporal punishment and substitutes therefor the penalties of denials of privileges "which the convict may, in turn, win for himself and his family by grasping the central idea that his punishment creates his future instead of perpetuating his past."

As a pioneer in the advocacy of such reforms as provided for in the Turner bill, the editor of this paper cannot say anything too good of the Statesville man who is attempting to remove at least one big blot from the fair name of a great state which has too long been held down by the type of politician characterized by the Times as "crawling to prejudice and compromising with courage."

A RELIC OF BARBARISM

The New York Herald has been conducting a campaign for prison reform—as have, indeed, many newspapers of influence in America. The wonder to us is that men of ordinary ability seem to think that if a human being is arrested, convicted, for some crime, no matter what, he has forfeited all his rights and that he must become the victim of all sorts of brutality. If that was the idea; if when a man makes a mistake and becomes a convict he should be annihilated, why not hang him to the first lamp post and let it go at that? Why send him up for one year or five years or ten years of torture and then let him loose upon the same Society that raised its voice against him. If you can't teach an old dog new tricks, why not hang all of them, cut it out and not starve and whip and brutally treat a man for a period of years and then turn him loose? Why turn him loose at all?

The idea should be that if we catch a man doing things he ought not to do we would take him and attempt, the best way we could, and in a humane way, to reform him, to show him that there yet was hope.

And whenever we get this idea well cushioned in our think tanks there will be reform. We are copying an article on this subject from the New York Herald as to what has been happening in Sing Sing. And in our own beloved state there has been enough happening to congeal the blood of the right-thinking man. Prison reform is what is demanded—it is what must come.

It pleases us to know that Colonel Ed is going to swat flies again this season. We had feared that taking on new duties, say President of a bank and other things, would stop the work, but Colonel Ed says swatting first and business after.

The Trouble.
It occurs very often that persons released from insane asylums as cured are not cured, and after enjoying unrestrained freedom for a short time do things terrible. The following illustrates the point:

Secreting himself in the home of his mother-in-law, where his wife had been living since their separation, Claude Anderson, recently released from the state hospital for the insane, tonight shot and instantly killed Rev. Gaston E. Buford, fatally wounded Mrs. M. Zahn, his wife's mother, slightly wounded Mrs. W. J. Zahn and was himself killed by W. J. Zahn. Mr. Buford, who was the pastor of the Moore-Memorial Presbyterian church, had rushed into the house when he heard the shots and screams of the wounded women. Mrs. Zahn died later at a hospital.

Anderson still had bats in his belfry. Just how these unfortunate people should be treated is problematical, maybe a hard question, but so often we read things similar to the above the suggestion at once appears, that they should be kept under guard in some way. Insanity, it is said, is incurable. There is much difference between the man temporarily deranged and the one with insane tendencies. But unless we have a remedy perhaps there is no use to talk about it.

And of course Noah had this advantage: When he landed he planted a vineyard, but under this new law Noah would have been jacked up and the human race obliterated before he got his grapes a-growin'.

The Good Old Days.
The Danville Bee reports that City Sergeant Pat Boisseau, Pat of happy memory, and here is wishing him a thousand years of happiness, has closed half the jail in Danville and discharged an attendant, because business was slack.

This looks good. This is undoubtedly the result of the prohibition law the Old Dominion put into effect. But no matter what it is. Every man who has a heart should rejoice to know that a jail is empty. Every man who has a heart should rejoice to know that men have not erred.

There was a time when a procession of men walked up before His Honor, Mayor Harry Wooding, and went on down the aisle. We are glad to know that half the jail has been cleared and hope that the other half will soon be empty. And then Pat can read about the war and not worry.

One long pull and a pull altogether, as they say at sea, would land us another railroad. Will we pull?

Not Yet.
It seems up to the hour of going to press that no ambitious democrat has been appointed to take Judge Boyd's place. And it appears that it may be a long time until this happens. The American people are wonderful in their credulity. The Judgeship bill is one of pure politics, nothing else in God's world, and why the folk at home even will stand for it we do not know. The Constitution must be changed before Judge Boyd surrenders. There is no other way out of it—and with his splendid physical force he isn't going to surrender.

BALD HEADS HAS HARD ROW

It was somewhere in the Scriptures, Saint Paul possibly, who asked the bald heads to come up. But the Bald Head has always been one of the tender plants of the hothouse variety that we held in great esteem. In fact, we are something of a bald head ourselves, and wasn't it Shakespeare, or who was it, that said a fellow feeling made us wondrous kind?

However this may be, the Bald Head has another think coming. He must gravitate from his beaten path. The barber, bald himself, who wants to sell him bay rum, must have a care. There must be a life line thrown out and we might as well throw it now as at any other time. Listen to this from the Danville Bee:

There is no telling to what extremity the Mapp act will drive the thirsty one. Rube Farmer told the mayor this morning that he became intoxicated on bay rum, which he bought from a local drug store on Saturday night. A police officer was asked to take charge of the man on Wilson street, Farmer having shown a disposition to enter a home which was not his. He was quite drunk and was taken to jail to sober up.

This is the first case on record of hair tonic being used as a substitute for ardent spirits, though proprietary medicines have been called into use recently. Bay rum has a goodly percentage of alcohol.

We make solemn protest. We are in favor of a man taking bay rum externally until the pink and yellow cows are coming home. We are in favor of extolling the wealth of hair that Absalom seemed to possess until caught in a barb-wire fence, but if people, in their haste are going to attempt to conserve the hair by drinking bay rum, then we have something coming.

While we have not taken this matter up with the Scientific Department of this paper, and while we do not want to attempt in any way to throw a cross-tie over the wide sweep of forehead, especially as the fly-swating season is coming on, but we do object, and we might as well say, with some strenuousness, to a man drinking a hair tonic if he wants to get something on his dome of thought. And if it has come to this—if we old bald-headed gentlemen, with really honorable intentions, cannot go down to our perfumer and hair dresser and purchase a bottle of bay rum for the hair without having it understood that we are going to try to grow a beard on our liver, all hope is lost. It becomes an overt act and calls for reprisal.

If any one can see exactly why the New York Herald shines for all—well, we take it that the joke stands out as plainly as a mole on the nose of a pretty girl.

The Filibuster.
Strange that the lawmakers stand for the filibuster. Looks like there could be some way to avoid such expensive procedure, and some way found to do business by our greatest lawmaking body without making it a joke.

The last filibuster on is said to be to hold up things in order to defeat that wonderful bone-dry bill which Reed put over as a rider to the postoffice appropriation bill. That bill doesn't seem to please even many prohibitionists—so the scheme is to knock it out. There should be an orderly way of making laws. Riders should not be allowed. In fact, the lawmaking business should be changed. We are not much of a socialist, but it strikes us that the people, after all, should be allowed to say whether or not they want certain laws. This would be popular representative government—but direct. We understand that if all the voters could say whether or not certain laws should pass or not pass there would be scrambled eggs three times a day. Doubtless the present rules are the best—provided the joker was eliminated; the rider cut off and intelligent debate brought forth the final result.

Walt Mason.
We are sorry to see the New York Herald print a picture of Walt Mason and call him Rev. George T. Donlin, or something like that, and say he was to write the next Sunday editorial. We knew Walt Mason before he fell this far, and we hope that he will call for reprisal. Not being very much of a sport in the old days, we will still undertake to be Walt's second if he challenges the managing editor of the Herald. There are times, even in death, when something should be done.

Taxing Cats.
Some few days ago we wrote about the inconsistency of taxing dogs and not making an attempt to tax cats. It was our contention that because a cat wasn't much of a pet people refuse to pay the tax, therefore there was no use to attempt to put it over. But our friend Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, of Danville, sees in the dispatches from Albany where a bill has been favorably reported in New York state to tax cats 25 cents each. It is said the reason for the measure is to protect song birds. If the bill becomes a law, as it appears it will, cats will be scarce in New York state.