

For
People Who
Think

Everything

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

SUBSCRIPTIONS: A YEAR, SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

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SOME CYCLONES IN THE OLD DAYS

That was a tornado on wheels out in Iowa that wrecked a town, killed many people and injured perhaps two hundred. The cyclone or tornado isn't as frequent as it was thirty years ago. No one has ever yet explained the cause of the cyclone, and if a man has ever seen a full-sized one in motion he doesn't want to explain. So numerous were cyclones in Iowa, Ohio, Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas thirty years ago that many people had what they called the "cyclone cellars." We have seen at least twenty towns torn up by these ring-tailed twisters—seen some of the most marvelous feats performed by them, feats that pass belief.

In a Kansas town we saw a little one-story printing office building bodily picked up off the ground—it had nothing but wooden foundation—carried two miles with a man and his wife in it, and set down as easily as though it had rubber cushions under it. And Mitchell, the editor and owner, a man of veracity, said so without winking that no type was knocked down. We have seen the hub of a wagon wheel cut off from the spokes as smoothly as if done with a saw, and smoother, and not a spoke disturbed. Once in Missouri, I saw a cyclone take the tin roof off a building from five churches and not another building was disturbed. The greatest cyclone in the history of Iowa was in 1880, at Grinnell, where some eighty-odd people, as we recall the figures, were killed and scores injured.

In those days a cyclone could be heard coming, the sky would carry a green cast, and pretty soon you would observe an immense funnel-shaped cloud, larger than the biggest balloon you ever saw, and the natives set up and took notice. Often they would see over the town possibly a hundred feet high and strike the prairie and literally tear up the sod a strip maybe three miles wide and five or six miles long. At Washington, Iowa, Ohio, in 1880, we saw a strip of sod which had been cut down cleaner than any man could have done, a strip about a mile wide and three miles long. Giant cyclones cut off at the base, ground torn up, suggesting a mightier force than the ingenuity of man has ever gotten from steam or electricity.

Happily they are not as frequent as in those days. It is said that this section of North Carolina has never been visited by a real cyclone. Tornadoes which have done some damage now and then visit us. Frank Woodson, once of the Danville Register, now of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, had a map showing why it was impossible for a cyclone to do business in the Piedmont section. But one day about 1889 several tin roofs and all the awnings in Danville were going through the air—and Frank destroyed the map and concluded that a cyclone was wind, and that wind bloweth where it listeth. So in trying to make ourselves believe that we are immune we had better at least touch wood when we make the assertion.

The Red Onion.

It is of the red onion that we would sing. The onion with the pep—the tear fetching and the breath embracing onion. Not these effeminate onions coming in from Bermuda, so tame that a babe could eat them and think them pearls; but the red-blooded onion, the one with red corpuscles, the same thing that makes a manly man or a womanly woman. The red onion is said to be scarce—this town has enjoyed an onion famine. We tried the other day to secure a dozen—nothing doing. We were told that the crop was short. But is it? Recently when the men trying to get food into New York sent out to thirty-two states to see what was doing, the states responding proposed to send at once to the great city one thousand cars of food, and in the items some of the states proposed to furnish seventy-five carloads of red onions, as against seven carloads of yellow onions. Looks like if New York could on a hurry-up call get seventy-five carloads of red onions from thirty-two states a peck or two of them could be diverted and brought to Greensboro. Still we shall sing of them.

Consolation.

There is always something worse than what happens, and it is because of this that grim winks and laughing philosophers tell us to cheer up and be of light heart. The observant editor of the Oxford Ledger finds consolation in this sublime thought:
"Nothing has been made in some towns that if one swears over the wire, jiggles the hook or makes a screech noise by placing the mouthpiece against the receiver, he may lose his telephone. Still, there is the sweet consolation that one may walk the office boy and throw the photograph through the filing cabinet.
"Yes, it is even so. No matter how many times they engulf us with, no matter how much constraint Society may impose, there is yet a chance for a man to exhibit, in some way, his prowess and his pride. If he can't get a gallon he can get a Sacred Quart, and if he can't drink he can kick his dog through the next block. Verily, in this world of woe there is, there will always be Consolation if we seek to find.

TEN MILLION MEN GIVE THEIR LIVES

The official figures, as tabulated, show that since the war abroad began more than ten million men are missing, either dead or captured. Ten million men! Think of what a procession that would make. It would take weeks for them to pass in review twenty abreast. Think what an army that would be if marshaled under one flag and marching across one plain. Ten million men missing most all of them killed—and for what? And yet, and yet we are preparing for war. We are getting ready to swell these figures because our merchantmen must traverse the seas—we must not be cowards; we must defend our rights.

If America gets into it good and deep she will pay her part of the terrible toll. Perhaps two million of our men will furnish fertilizer for mother earth, make desolate a million or more homes, and all to sustain the glory of a flag, to defend National honor. But it is our task, our duty. Seems that it must happen, this killing business, if wars are on, and it seems that wars must be on.
We are walking the tight rope today—we are on the frontier, and tomorrow we may be in the fray. And if it happens, the two million men who may give their lives will go joyously and happily—go as though to a wedding feast. Great things is patriotism, and the guns and the flag and the martial music feed it. If we declare war against Germany and get into it, we will all be for war, no matter how we feel just now; and then after awhile we will all be for Peace, and will have to wait for it.

A Fine Tribute.

The State Journal, published at Raleigh, pays this splendid and just tribute to the late Caesar Cone. We copy it because it may be an inspiration to young men just starting in the business world:

"A master builder of success laid aside his square and compass when Caesar Cone passed away. He laid a foundation broad and deep with the primary virtues of honesty, industry and thrift, and on this he reared a splendid structure of success, so that all men said behold the work of a master hand. And his mighty work is enduring, because he built not for himself alone, but for others. He did not undertake to repeal the divine decree of labor, but he multiplied opportunity for the workers and made it so that they could work in comfort and amid healthful surroundings.
"Not only the people of his home town of Greensboro, but the people of the whole state mourn his loss. He made his great wealth not by oppressing people, but by creating opportunity for them to live happier and more healthful lives and to rise above their former selves. He ennobled industry and showed that what people want is not charity but justice and opportunity to work.
"To the sturdy virtues of honesty, industry and thrift he added the more gentle ones of sympathy and love of his fellow men, regardless of creed or sect. He was a Jew and was an ornament to that mighty race which gave us our religion, our moral standards, our domestic virtues and our highest ethics. He was gentle and kind and generous, and the good he did lives after him and will grow to the end of time. His life should be a lesson to all young men. From his example they should learn that all permanent success must rest on the primary virtues."

The Fallen Ones.

The Durham Herald pays attention, with some vigor, to the fact that a seventeen-year-old girl thrown into the streets was forced to find lodgment in jail the other night because she had no other place to sleep. The Salvation Army could not care for her; the city hospitals cannot take ilk of her kind because of disease; and this tender twig, broken from Society, debased by man, was forced to sleep in a common jail. And yet better the jail than the street. But certainly it is pitiful to think that we allow a soul so young to be lost to the world and God—that we are willing to let the vultures continue to consume her; to make a human being, an infant so far as the law is concerned when it comes to any other kind of a business transaction, sleep in a jail in a Christian city. But it is ever thus, has been ever thus and will be ever thus until men awaken and understand that we are not only our brother's keeper, but our sister's keeper as well.

As Nations And Cities Fall.

We read of Egypt and the glories of Alexandria, we read of the rise and fall of the Roman empire, we read of the cities now wiped off the map and covered a hundred feet with mother earth, and it is interesting to note that Bagdad, which has just fallen, was in the year of about 800 easily the first city in the world in wealth and commerce. It had two million souls within its confines, including Sinbad the Sailor and Hindbad the citizen. The stories of the Arabian nights have much to do with Bagdad—and to think that the British walk in and capture an old eastern city lying lazy in the sun, its life behind it, suggests that all things decay.

NEGROES LEAVE AND THE REASON

The negroes are said to be leaving the South in large numbers, going in crowds, and the farmers in South Carolina are beginning to wonder what will happen to them—wondering where they will find help to get in the crops and gather them.

The Columbia State conservative and strong, writes a remarkable editorial on the subject, an editorial that few papers would dare to print. It sizes up a situation, however, that must be met, and among many things in the article we take these particular paragraphs:

Men of common sense understand that this South Carolina must be a state of law or in time that it will be no state.

Is there any man such a fool as to believe that a state can exist without law?

Is there any man so stupid as to fancy that the lynching of negro criminals is a practice that shall be perpetuated?

If you thought that you might be lynched by mistake would you remain in South Carolina? Ask yourself that question—if you dare.

If you were a negro, you might be lynched by mistake. Innocent negroes have been.

If you thought that your brother or your son might be lynched for assault and battery, for larceny, for insolence, for hiding under a dwelling house and thereby frightening its inmates, how long would you remain in South Carolina?

No one knows better than the State how grave and vexing are the problems caused by the presence of negroes in great numbers. The State understands how crimes and even misdemeanors of negroes arouse passion, how they infuriate the friends of their victims and neighbors of their victims.

But this problem cannot be faced. It has to be solved.

It cannot be solved in a lawless way. No problem ever was solved by mobs.

No white man of common sense who wants to keep the peace, who wants his family to dwell in a civilized land, will live in a state that depends upon mobs for protection.

In the long run mobs are no less dangerous to white men than to negroes.

Don't you know that if you come into contact with a mob bent upon lynching you must either keep your mouth shut and silently admit that it is the master in South Carolina or you will be lynched, too?

Every lynching or attempt to lynch, under present conditions, will drive additional thousands of them away.

We have a statute prohibiting agents from enticing laborers to leave the state. One mob drives away more labor than a company of agents could entice.

The negroes know what is going on. Half of them can read. Dozens of negro newspapers and magazines are circulating in South Carolina.

The time is coming—it has come—when many a negro is doing what you would do if white men, accused of crime, could have no certainty that they would be given a trial by a jury in a court of law in South Carolina.

The problem is coming home fast to every man who owns a farm in South Carolina.

In other words, the State ably argues that if lynch law continues in the South it will not be many years until Sambo disappears. We do not agree with the State in all it says, but it so plainly states the case that we must all pause and heed. North Carolina does not have many lynchings, but to her shame she recently hanged a negro because he had offered a gun to his son. As the State asks: Would white men live in a state where there was a chance, and a large chance, of being hanged by a mob by mistake? As it further says, the negro knows what he is doing. As he becomes educated he thinks, and he is thinking in many instances that it is time to take to tall timber. The white man should always remember that the law will, for the most part, take care of all negro murderers or ravishers. He must remember that if to hang negroes indiscriminately becomes a popular pastime it will not be many years until unfortunate white men will be treated in the same way. Sowing such seed must bring a ruinous harvest. We quote the paragraphs taken from the State editorial because they may do some good. They may suggest to the white brother to talk law and order and to always insist upon it. Let all the negroes go if they want to go, but let us all undertake to give them a better excuse than that they are escaping to save their lives—that they fear, as they seem to fear in South Carolina, that they may be lynched by mistake.

Of course we do not know anything about it, but it seems that Noah, from reading the description of the ark, needed an architect mighty badly.

THE WRONG MAN WAS CONVICTED

That case reported from Mississippi where a man named Beard confessed on his death bed that he was one of three men who murdered a man over twenty-five years ago, an innocent man having not only done time but narrowly escaped being hanged, is another case to prove that circumstantial evidence is not a sure thing. The man who was convicted of the crime of murder yet lives. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged. The gallows was built and the noose put around the man's neck, but some way or another it slipped and the unhappy wretch fell to the ground unhurt. A great crowd of people had assembled to witness the hanging, and so many of them were filled with a dread superstition that something was wrong the authorities put the condemned man back in the jail. He was then sentenced to life imprisonment, and after serving his state many years was pardoned, and is yet living.

Ordinarily that crowd witnessing the hanging would have insisted upon tearing the man limb from limb because he had murdered a fellow citizen—a jury had found. Ordinarily the noose would not have slipped. Ordinarily he would not have been pardoned. Ordinarily the man who assisted two other men commit the crime would not have confessed. But this all happened, and those who want to say so can say it with propriety that in this instance it looked like the hand of God was manifest.

Government Ownership.

We have always contended that government ownership of railroads and telegraphs and telephones would work a sad business in this country. We have time and again pointed out the reasons, but we do not think we ever presented the case as plainly as did Ivy L. Lee, of New York, who spoke the other day in Kansas City. Mr. Lee said that if the present kind of regulation wasn't stopped and practical, non-political regulation brought in, government ownership would be inevitable because individuals would stop building railroads and the general public would stop investing in them.

"The fundamental weakness of the existing system," said Mr. Lee, "is that the government authorities, in response doubtless to public opinion, have exerted themselves to prevent railroads earning more than adequate return upon existing investment.

"Private and unregulated ownership of railroads broke down in the United States not because it failed to provide adequate facilities, but because it developed incidental evils contrary to public interest. But with all its faults—and no one will deny them—unregulated private ownership gave us a railroad system which, with the lowest capitalization per mile and paying the highest wages, yet charged the lowest freight rates of the railroads of any great country in the world.

"Railroad facilities are congested and wholly inadequate for the development of our commerce. Railroad building in the United States is practically at a standstill; railroad improvements are being made on a hand-to-mouth basis. No comprehensive plans are being made to take care of the needs of the future.

"This is not because the railroads do not know what is needed and are not eager to go ahead. The fact is that railroad managers are 'chafing at the bit'; they know what ought to be done, but they are powerless to do it. And all of that for this obvious reason—the railroads cannot get the money."

No doubt if we could have practical, non-political, constructive regulation, as Mr. Lee suggests, there would be a new impetus in railway building, there would be a brighter day. But all is politics, and politics is after the railways.

Right For Once.

The Wilson Times records this item:

Dr. L. J. Herring was recently called to see a horse at Walstonburg, the property of Mr. Sam McKeel, that had been bitten by a mad dog while the little son of Mr. McKeel was sitting on the horse. The head of the dog was sent to Raleigh to Dr. Shore, who pronounced the animal afflicted with the rabies, and Dr. Herring is giving the horse the Pasteur treatment. This is one time that no mistake has been made concerning the horse, because all horses ought naturally take the pasture treatment.

But we'd like to see an enlarged photograph of the rabies—because some men of eminence and renown, scientific men of world-wide reputation, insist that there is no such thing.

Horrible.

The story printed that in Austria parents are killing their children because there is no food seems almost beyond belief. If the food supply is that low and the soldier must be fed, even he cannot hope much longer for rations. Funny about the rumors and stories. Germany gives out her news that she has food supply for ten years; that she hasn't started the war yet; and other news comes, through foreign news agencies and apparently reliable, that the country is just about famished. And still the war goes on.

THE LEGISLATOR IS IN HARD LUCK

The man who is a legislator, who gives up his time and gets less than enough to pay expenses, even if he takes "plane bored," as Tom Bost says one member wanted, should at least be given a fair show. While he is at Raleigh battling for the rights of the oppressed people, neglecting his business at home and attempting to better the condition of mankind on half rations unless he goes down into his own pocket, the good people should be raising a fund to buy him a slab of bacon upon his return home, instead of figuring out what kind of false rumors they can put into circulation concerning him. We note that several legislators in different sections through their local papers are now explaining that they didn't vote for certain bills or introduce certain bills as had been alleged. Representative Matthews, from Mecklenburg, as an illustration, has this in the Charlotte News:

There appeared in your paper of March 9th an article with the headlines "Mr. Matthews Busy Explaining," which is somewhat misleading. I want to state that there was no explanation necessary regarding this bill, because I have always stated that the bill was introduced by request and was not to cover any specific case, and, believing the bill was a good one and would have been a useful bill in almost any case under the present constitutional amendment, I offered it cheerfully, and have not yet changed my opinion in regard to its usefulness. I have never made the statement accredited to me in the article "that the graveyard bill was put through by me for a specific purpose and to apply only to one case in which it was believed desirable to have the bodies of several colored persons removed." I have stated that it would cover such cases, regardless of color. I want to say that, still believing the law was a good one and some day will have to be re-enacted, I had no part in repealing same and have no apologies to make for what I have done regarding this bill or any other that I have introduced.

I notice also in your issue of the 7th instant the statement that I introduced a "bone-dry" bill in the house, but recalled it from the senate for some purpose, you know not what. I want to state that I did recover my bill in the senate after it had gone its limit. Seeing that it was going no further, I merely took charge of the same for my own records, which was in no respect a withdrawal of the bill.

And so runs the world away. The election is over and the legislature has adjourned, and it does look like the lawmaker should be allowed to rest in peace. But let a man once fall so low as to go to the legislature, and he goes through life branded like a Maverick on the plains. He is pointed out as a man who once was in the legislature. Children talk about him, and good citizens take delight in circulating scandalous stories about his conduct in the way of voting for bills which didn't meet their approval.

A Pretty Fight.

New York state is going to again submit the suffrage question to the voters of that state. It was submitted two years ago and defeated by a decisive majority. But those wanting the women to enjoy the ballot are insistent and it will again go before the voters. It is said that the next election will witness a pretty fight—that there are anti-suffrage societies composed of women and that the suffrage societies have gained great strength in the last two years. If New York state comes into camp and women get the ballot, think of the great number of votes New York will have in the next electoral college. Looks like the South will be forced to adopt the measure in order to have votes to elect the President. Perhaps, however, by the time woman suffrage is nation wide we will be electing our Presidents by popular vote.

A Small Item.

J. P. Morgan has just applied for and received another life insurance policy of three million five hundred thousand dollars. He thinks maybe he will need the money after he is gone, but that isn't it. He wants to leave a certain estate and this snug fortune of three million five hundred thousand, it is said, will take up what the inheritance tax will cost. However, he gets it. The policy will be handled by one company and then divided among eighteen others, five hundred thousand of it being the biggest risk assumed by any one company.

Murphy In The Race.

It is now officially announced from Salisbury that Mr. Walter Murphy, Speaker of the last House, will be a candidate for Congress from the Eighth district to succeed Farmer Bob Doughton. "Pete" is a campaigner from away back, and unless Farmer Bob concludes to run for Governor, and we understand that he is in his bonnet, there will be a campaign on worth while. Mr. Murphy is one of the brightest men in the state, a politician and a lawyer, and when he goes hunting for ducks he doesn't use a brass band.