

RAISULI, MOORISH WORLD FAMED BRIGAND IS DEAD

Long Career of Robbery and Kidnapping for Ransom Brought to a Close by Poison—World's Biggest Scoundrel

London, Dec. 18.—The Daily Mail's Tangier correspondent sends the announcement of the death of the notorious Moorish chief Raisuli. It is suspected according to this dispatch that Raisuli was poisoned.

The picturesque career of the legendary Robin Hood, were it to be taken from the depths of Sherwood Forest to the desert wastes of Spanish Morocco and there reenacted in these modern times would scarcely be more replete with colorful adventure than was the life of Mulai Ahmed Raisuli, international bandit de lux, whose many kidnapping episodes in connection with his more than 40 years of brigandage have nettled half a dozen great powers, not excepting the United States.

Raisuli first ran afoul of the Washington government in 1904, when he kidnapped and held for ransom Ian H. Perdicaris, an American subject born in Athens, and Cromwell Varley his son-in-law, a British citizen. Mr. Perdicaris, reported to be immensely wealthy owned a beautiful summer villa in the Beni Arros Hills of Morocco, where it was his custom to entertain many European notables in lavish style. One night, while a brilliant dinner-dance was in progress, a band of outlaws headed by Raisuli, quietly surrounded the house, overpowered the host and his son-in-law and carried them, still in their evening clothes, to the bandit's lair in the mountains back of the Kabyle village.

While a wave of resentment over the incident was sweeping the United States, the government sent a war vessel to Tangier and also ordered the sultan to bring about the immediate release of Mr. Perdicaris, for whom Raisuli was demanding a ransom of \$70,000. The sultan, however, dreading to dignify the hands by treating with him, adopted a negative attitude which further angered the American state department and resulted in the sending of several additional warships to Tangier, and the pointing of American guns at the sultan's capital.

It was at this stage that the famous cablegram, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," supposed to have been sent by President Roosevelt to the sultan, was read from the rostrum of the republican national convention then meeting in Chicago. Two days later word was received that Perdicaris and Varley had been released, although it was not in response to the business-like cablegram, which President Roosevelt said later had been prepared but never sent. The sultan fearing the destruction of his city, had paid the ransom.

The kidnapping of Perdicaris was not the first mischief-making enterprise by which Raisuli attracted world-wide attention. One of his earlier victims had been Walter B. Harris, a correspondent of the London Times, who was captured and held for a ransom of 10,000 pounds in 1901. Harris at first refused to allow payment of the money, but was subjected to so many indignities that he finally capitulated. One of his most gruesome experiences while a captive was to awake one morning and find a headless body, dressed in his own clothes, occupying part of his little shelter tent.

Raisuli's next important captive was Kaid General Sir Henry MacLean, a Scotchman who was serving as commander of the sultan's bodyguard. Next to the sultan himself, MacLean was the most powerful and influential man in Morocco. Believing that Raisuli was in a mood to make peace with the authorities, he had arranged a meeting with the bandit and was commissioned to take him some presents from the sultan. Raisuli sent a guard of 15 men to escort MacLean, but hardly were the party clear of Fas when the general was informed that he was a prisoner.

In addition to heaping more troubles upon the already harassed sultan, the kidnapping stirred up the anti-British nation, much to the delight of Raisuli, who knew that it would be impossible for the British or any other government to undertake a campaign against him. An tribute for the release of his captive, the bandit demanded \$200,000 in cash; the recognition of his outlaw army and his appointment to the governorship of Tangier. After months of negotiations with both the British and

Moroccan authorities, Raisuli liberated MacLean upon the payment of \$100,000 and the promise of protection.

This occurred in 1907, when the bandit was at the height of his lawlessness. During the next few years he became such a menace to law and order that the Spanish governor-general, realizing that he could not subdue his influence, decided virtually to take him into partnership with the constituted authorities by appointing him governor of the Tangier district and of the city of Arzela. Following the world war, however, the Spaniards finding that they were unable longer to sponsor the extortionate demands of the governor ousted him from office and drove him back to his native hills, once more an outlaw.

Raisuli, like many of his noted bandit predecessors, was prone to maintain that he practiced brigandage purely in the interest of the weak and the oppressed, and that he robbed the rich in order that he might better relieve the poor. Despite this explanation, there is no record that his charitable benedictions ever extended beyond the limits of his own little following.

Although he was a peaceful farmer in early life, he claimed to be of notable birth, and frequently produced ancient letters purporting to establish this contention. His career as a bandit began following his escape from prison in 1882, when he was 20 years of age. He had served five years, much of it in the torture chamber, for an alleged offense against the sultan's authority.

In character, he seemed to possess all the traditional cruelty of his Moorish race, especially in dealing with his enemies, yet he was known to display genuine sympathy for a child in trouble and was noted for his kindness to animals.

Mr. Perdicaris, who wrote a detailed account of his captivity in the haunts of Raisuli, said that he "really grew to like the man." "He was at once so gracious and dignified, not to us alone but to his own wild adherents," the writer continued, "that I discovered by my consternation I was beginning to accept his contention that he was not a mere brigand or cattle-lifter but a patriot struggling to rescue his Berber followers from the tyranny of the corrupt chereefian officials."

Another side of Raisuli's character is told in connection with the capture of a Basha officer. It seems that he had no grievance against this particular officer, but was bitter against the Basha, therefore he arranged to sell his captive to some tribesman whom the man was alleged to have wronged years before. Having paid Raisuli his price, the purchasers calmly cut the prisoner's throat at the door of the room in which Raisuli was seated and where the whole transaction had taken place in the presence of the victim, who well knew his fate.

Jan. 10th Co-ops Get Third Payment on 1922 Crop

Raleigh, Dec. 25.—The tobacco growers cooperative association has made successful sale of all but a comparatively small amount of the 163,000,000 pounds of the 1922 crop delivered to it by organized farmers, according to Richard R. Patterson manager of the co-operative's leaf department, who attended today's meeting of the tobacco associations directed from three states in Raleigh.

Recent successful sales of millions of pounds of tobacco at figures satisfactory to the directors, have enabled them to make the \$3,000,000 cash distribution which begins Friday of this week at every co-operative warehouse in eastern North Carolina and is scheduled to continue with the co-operative growers of the old belt on Jan. 10.

Checks to pay the eastern co-ops will be at every cooperative warehouse in the east on the morning of December 31, according to the statement of James H. Craig, treasurer of the association who was at today's meeting in Raleigh.

Directors from all districts of the old belt who reached Raleigh today, reported very heavy deliveries at association warehouses and predict heavy receipts at cooperative centers this week.

A thorough review of the year's operations by the association today, showed the organization in better condition than at any time in its history, according to M. O. Wilson, secretary.

PLAIN PREACHMENTS

(The Editors of this paper assume no responsibility for any opinion that may be expressed under the head of Plain Preachments. The fellow who writes this stuff thinks he must get it out of his system and we are willing to lend him The News for that purpose. If you like his practical talks, send around a bouquet; if you do not, send a bottle of chloroform, and we will do the rest.)

Brethren:

This morning I am not going to tell you what you ought to do during 1924. Instead I am going to tell you about the New Year's resolutions I have made for myself.

1st. During 1924 I am resolved to drive my flyver more carefully, always looking for a drunk driver or a fool on every curve. Only in this way may I expect to come thru the year with a whole skin and a whole flyver. The motto on my windshield reads: "Drive as the every man you meet either drunk or a fool." Only by so doing can I hope to cheat Sarah Ann out of collecting the face value of my insurance policy.

2nd. 1924 is presidential election year. I have never yet missed an opportunity to vote and I am resolved this year shall be no exception. I believe a man's religion should color his politics. But some men keep their religion in a separate compartment of their heads or hearts (or wherever such things are stored) from where they keep their politics. When they are showing you thru the sacred cathedral of their religion all is lovely. Oh, but isn't the weather fine today. But just let them open that chamber of horrors where their political gods are enthroned. Ye writhing snakes and slimy monsters of hate, A man's religion should be so sensible and his politics so free from deceit and bigotry that the two could freely mingle in the same heart and head. And who dares to maintain that a man's political duties are any less sacred than his religious duties?

Yes, I am going to vote in both primary and general election. But I am resolved to swallow no man's ticket and I positively will not vote for any man on my party ticket whose character is such that I have to hold my nose with one while I mark my ballot with the other. You see I am outgrowing the hereditary notion that I must vote like my father and grandfather before me or else I disgrace the family. The family before me may have acted the fool by voting unthinkingly, but I am not going to do so. I disgrace myself if I fail to vote for the man who in my judgment is best fitted for the office.

I am not worthy the name of a citizen and a Christian if I am so negligent of my civic duties as to fail to vote, or so blinded by hereditary prejudices that I vote without the exercise of my own best judgment. Call me a "mugwump" if you will but my ballot is my own, not yours, or my grandfather's, or my party's. It is a sacred duty entrusted to me alone, and I alone can perform it. Now of course when my Sarah Ann goes to vote, she having but little experience in such matters, I am constrained to whisper to her how she ought to mark her ballot.

And I am going to respect my neighbor whose political opinions differ from mine. Why should I hate him and say all manner of hard things about him just because he thinks his party's political policies would be better for the country than mine? (I see Deacons Lumkins and Pettibone making wry faces. Calm yourself, brethren, for I am talking about myself this morning.) It is the practice of politicians to stir up strife and hatred but I am not going to be fooled by them, for in the olden day after the opponents had debated in much heat and slung mud at one another until the atmosphere reeked of sulphur, I have seen these same politicians go down to the saloon arm in arm, and get maudlin drunk and laugh at how they had fooled us.

3rd. I am resolved to lend what aid I can to law enforcement during 1924. We Americans have good laws on our statute books—wise laws. But they are not self-enforcing. We need fearless sheriffs, and judges whose backbones are not made of putty but of Damascus steel, to enforce the law. If we have judges in this country who are spineless as jelly fish and whose slobbering sentimentality permits knaves to escape merited punishment, it is after all largely my fault and the fault of other people like me. This is how it works. A young man is

caught violating the prohibition law, either driving a car while drunk or retailing the poison. The judge gives him a road sentence. Now he is our neighbor's boy and we work up a big sentiment to influence the judge to give the boy a fine instead—anything to keep him from the roads.

Or here is a fellow who commits murder or some revolting crime. He is sentenced to the chair or life imprisonment. Our hot indignation "sinks" the court and O. K.'s the verdict. A year later some shrewd attorney's slobbering petition for clemency is stuck under our nose and we sign on the dotted line with no thought of what we are doing. Justice in America is largely a farce. Criminals laugh at our courts and our governors. I am to blame for it, because I grow faint hearted and sickly sentimental over criminals who must face the music. I must encourage all officials to perform their duties fearlessly.

4th. I am resolved during the coming year to read at least one good book. I don't want my brains to become petrified before I am 50, and only by reading a good book now and then can I prevent fossilization. I may become afflicted with hardening of the arteries and ossification of the tissues but, Lord deliver me from either softening or ossification of the brain.

It is pitiful to see an old young man who is absolutely dead from his shoulders up.

Deacon Pettibone, please pass the hat.

Our Codfish Aristocracy.

Politics is always played at public expense. Men in office do things in ways they would not dream of doing at their own expense.

In private business we would not accept and pay for the service of a roof-painter who was sent to us to do a job of plumbing. In politics we do.

It has been published a thousand times that not a single practical shipmaster has ever been appointed on the Shipping Board—all lawyers, advertising men, politicians.

The New York Times says, editorially:

"Experienced travelers returning on the Leviathan, who had made the eastward voyage on the ship, said she was overcrowded. There were 1,355 in her crew, compared with 1,100 on the Majestic. In the victualing department there were 857 hands to look after 2,650 passengers, while the Beregarria had only 570 men, women and boys to take care of 2,800 persons.

The Hamilton, O., Daily News adds: "This excess of crew on the Leviathan was not the fault of the heads of departments on board or the operators, it was said, but to friends of members of the Shipping Board, who wanted to send college friends to Europe on a free trip.

"So long as business institutions are operated by the public the jobs in those institutions will be regarded as political jobs, and they will be passed around by influential politicians as political favors.

"Naturally, under such conditions, the number of jobs will multiply for it is on jobs that professional politics lives.

"The over-manning of the Leviathan is not of itself very important; but it provides a striking example of the inherent weakness of the system that the Socialists are always putting forth to save the world.

"This system, by the way, nearly ruined Italy before Mussolini ruthlessly put an end to it, and dismissed a whole army of needless employees."—Industrial News Bureau.

Prosperous Wood Working Plant at Elkin

With only four other plants in the United States operating on anything like the same large scale, the Carolina Cross Arm company at Elkin in Surry county is making \$80,000 worth of telephone and telegraph brackets, pins and cobs for wire-stringing and shipping its products all over the United States.

A story in the Elkin Tribune makes the claim that this Carolina plant turns out enough insulator brackets, pins and cobs to string wire enough to encircle the globe four times and have several thousand miles to spare. Six years ago the business was \$8,000; now it is 10 times as much.

The lumber for making these very necessary items in wire construction and operation is bought in Surry county. The plant is a Carolina-Products enterprise that is bringing money into Carolina business channels.

OTTO WOOD, SLAYER OF KAPLAN, IS FOUND GUILTY SECOND DEGREE MURDER

Cool Killer Thinks Verdict About Right; Jury Recommends Maximum Punishment of 30 Years

Otto Wood was found guilty of second degree murder by a jury in Greensboro for having slain about two months ago, A. W. Kaplan, a pawn broker of that city. Wood is a native of Wilkes county and about the most hard-boiled proposition that has come into the criminal limelight this year. For a time he lived in Jonesville and people there will tell you that for the past two or three years when Wood wanted a car or anything else he swiped it.

Like a slippery eel he usually got away with his rascality. The evidence in the Kaplan case showed that Wood beat the man to death with a pistol and in his getaway forced one or two men at the point of a gun to drive him in their cars and then robbed them. He was finally apprehended in West Virginia and when brought to Greensboro to face his accusers denied any knowledge of the crime. But on the witness stand his memory cleared and he pled self defense. It is said no appeal will be taken from the verdict.

The following dispatch gives the verdict of the jury.

Greensboro, Dec. 24.—Otto Wood was found guilty of murder in the second degree yesterday by a Guilford county jury for the killing of A. W. Kaplan November 3. The verdict was reached at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and was presented to Judge Thomas J. Shaw shortly before 11 o'clock.

With the verdict the jury presented a recommendation that Wood be given the full limit of the law. This is 30 years of hard labor.

Judge Shaw did not pronounce the sentence. He will do so this morning when court convenes at 9:30. Although of course, there is no indication of what Judge Shaw will do, it is universally believed by those who have followed the case closely that the sentence will be 30 years.

A tense moment came when the foreman of the jury, W. H. Dunbar, reported that the verdict was "guilty". Otto Wood was standing on his feet. His wife and one child were beside him. Mrs. A. W. Kaplan and members of her family were present. Lawyers on both sides sat listening intently and an unusually large number of persons date and hour considered was leaning forward eagerly.

The usual questions were put to the jury about whether the members had reached a verdict. They had. And about who was to speak for them. Then—what was the verdict? "Guilty," said Mr. Dunbar.

"Guilty might mean first degree, second degree or manslaughter.

A moment of terrific silence and Judge Shaw asked the foreman, "Guilty of what?"

"Guilty of murder in the second degree with recommendation that the prisoner be given the full limit of the law," was the answer.

Wood did not blink an eye lash. That same cool manner was his at the great moment of his life. He looked straight at the jury, took the verdict squarely between the eyes and stood there with a calm, almost serene, look on his face. It was what he expected. It was better than what he feared.

Nor did his wife show any sign of emotion. If anything, she was relieved. Gone long ago was any hope for less than a manslaughter verdict. On the threatening horizon was the black cloud of first degree with the shadow of electric chair irresistibly present. Manslaughter they hoped for, the man and the woman, first degree murder they feared, second degree they expected. They got what they expected.

"The verdict is in accord with the evidence," said Judge Shaw. He spoke briefly to the jury and commended them for their verdict. Early in the history of the case, Judge Shaw said, there had been strong sentiment against the defendant and it may have appeared to some persons that first degree murder was the proper verdict. But with the unfolding of the other side of the story the situation was more clearly revealed. He thought the case had been fairly presented and he was in accord with the verdict of the jury.

Attorneys for both sides are in sub-

stantial agreement on the verdict. There will be no appeal. The case is remarkable in the large proportion of persons of different interests who are agreed that it has worked out as it should have worked out.

With this view Otto Wood himself is in complete agreement.

"Maybe if my record had not been against me I might have got manslaughter," he said frankly. "But the verdict is just about what I expected. I thought maybe it would be first degree because I knew there was a lot of feeling against me but when I saw how fair treatment I was getting it looked like second degree.

"And I guess that's about right. I haven't got any kick. I'm going to serve my time out. I'm going to try to show the people of North Carolina that I can be a decent man and if they think so they can give me another chance. But if they don't think so I'll serve the whole time.

FORD DEFEAT IS LAID TO ERROR OF TELEGRAPHER

Mistake of Word 'Drop' for 'Draft' Blamed for South Dakota Outcome

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 7.—Henry Ford's defeat in the South Dakota primary convention was laid today to an error made by a telegraph operator at Dearborn.

"We will draft Mr. Ford," as the message to the automobile manufacturer's supporters was written, read "We will drop Mr. Ford" when it reached South Dakota, William T. Kronberg of Dearborn, secretary of the Allied Ford-for-President Club, said today.

Ford boosters, according to Mr. Kronberg, had telegraphed Ford's Dearborn adherents that someone was circulating a letter said to be signed by Ernest G. Liebold, Ford's secretary, in which it was stated that Ford would not run for president.

"Mr. Ford has never declared his willingness to run for president, nor has he stated he would not run. We will draft Mr. Ford," read the message in reply.

The telegraph operator, according to Mr. Kronberg, substituted the word "drop" for "draft," resulting in the Ford boosters at the proposal convention losing heart.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE MAKES SURE OF COOLIDGE NOMINATION

Selection of Cleveland as Convention City Assures President of No Successful Opposition.

Washington, Dec. 26.—President Coolidge has been handed the Republican nomination for President in 1924 as a result of the steam-roller machine methods by the Republican National Committee, in the opinion of practical politicians here. This opinion is supported by statistics of the reapportionment of delegates. The National Committee had a mandate from the last Republican National Convention to reduce representation of the Southern states. Instead they increased it from 213 to 232. At the same time they increased the representation from the northeastern states and the surrounding section from 279 to 307. It is generally conceded that President Coolidge will have the Republican delegates from the Southern states and the northeastern sections referred to, which will give him 625 votes, if he carries them all or 141 more than necessary for a nomination.

President Coolidge was a political protegee and lieutenant of the late Murray Crane, who invented the steam-roller methods now being used in the interest of his pupil.

By this arbitrary action in defiance of the National Convention of its party the Republican National Committee has practically disfranchised the members of that party in every section of the country except the two—South and Northeast—which are supposed to be for Mr. Coolidge. The great states of the Middle West, like Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, Michigan and Northwest section, as well as the Far West, have no real voice in the selection of the Republican nominee for President under this reapportionment plan, ostensibly made to please negro voters, who were really used as a substitute to gain hand-picked delegates from the South and Northeast after the Republican in all other sections of the country had been plighted under the crushing weight of the Old Guard Coolidge steam-roller.