

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

H. D. NILES Editor and Publisher

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The old worn out bankruptcy 30-day credit business is fast playing out. More and more the business houses are cutting out the charging of a cigar, a nickel's worth of salt or a paper of pins to the gent who could never be found on the first of the month when money was needed to pay the wholesale bill. It was right convenient to step into a store, buy a cigar and say "charge it," but it sent many a mercantile concern to the bankruptcy court. Speed the day when everybody pays cash or does without it. It will mean a better day for both the buyer and the seller. It would be a great thing for the country if we could get to the point where the "charge it" system would be cut out entirely. It might put some of us to considerable inconvenience for awhile, but we'd get used to it after trying it out, and when we did all of us would get along a whole lot better.—Enquirer Sun.

MEN FROM THE SOUTH

Have Grown Large on The Island of Manhattan.

A New York letter in the Philadelphia Ledger says: Southerners do very well in New York City. The new District Attorney, Joab H. Banton, who has ordered his staff of fifty assistants to stop talking to newspaper men, is a Southerner, born at Waco, Tex., where he formerly practiced law and served a term as assistant prosecutor. All the talking that is to be done he will do himself.

Mr. Banton left the Lone Star State 20 years ago. He is more than six feet tall, smooth-shaven, with a prominent nose. His method of presenting a case is unsentimental—a careful analysis of the facts in short terse sentences.

Mr. Banton is a deeply religious man, being a member of the Church of the Disciples of Christ. He took hold of the district attorneyship of New York County the first of the year, succeeding Judge Edward Swann, under whom he had previously served as first assistant.

In many ways Mr. Banton is the sort of public prosecutor that one would never expect to see incubated from Tammany Hall.

That a man from a small place like Waco, Tex., should be nominated and elected to the most powerful public office on Manhattan Island is interesting in more ways than one.

"Joab was a Democrat down home, and naturally he was a Democrat up here," said his brother-in-law, James I. Moore, also a transplanted Texas lawyer. We remarked to Mr. Moore that the United States first became acquainted with Waco through the sensational killing there in April, 1898, of W. C. Brann, the brilliant editor of a weekly publication called "The Irontonist."

"I saw that murder," replied Mr. Moore, "for I happened to be standing across the street when Tom Davis, a real estate dealer, came out into Fourth street and shot Brann in the back. Brann instantly turned, drew his gun and shot Davis down. Brann was a plucky chap, and walked two blocks to the city hall, where he gave himself up, dying the next day. Joab H. Banton left Waco before that double killing."

It is a singular fact that two other eye-witnesses of the Brann murder are living in New York—Sidney Herz, who ran a cigar store across the street from Brann's office, and Eugene B. Wiel, who was working in an office above Davis' place of business and saw the

famous encounter through an open window.

Probably the most notable Southerner in New York is William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law of President Wilson. He was born in Georgia, but was educated and practiced law in Tennessee.

"Jim" Osborne, an assistant District Attorney, famous for his prosecution of the Molyneux case and later a criminal lawyer, hails from North Carolina, as does George Gordon Battle who was also active in Tammany and various public offices. Bernard M. Haruch, whose accomplishments are too well famed to need mention, was born at Camden, S. C.

Martin W. Littleton, the distinguished lawyer, while a native of Tennessee came to the metropolis via Dallas, Tex. Col. Edward M. House, who now counts himself a New Yorker, is a Texan by birth. Col. Francis Gordon Caffey, who has just retired as United States District Attorney here, hails from Gordonville, Ala. Gen. Samuel McRoberts, the new president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, is a Missourian. Mann Price, the former assistant attorney general of Texas, has hung out his legal shingle in Manhattan, as has E. Bright Wilson, who was the youngest speaker of the Tennessee House of Representatives.

Col. Thomas B. Felder, who is the counsel for the \$4,000,000 "bootlegging crowd," just indicted and about to go to trial, came from Atlanta, Ga. He is the lawyer who cleared Jeremiah O'Leary, friend of Germany, Joe Johnson, the newly appointed commissioner of public works of Manhattan, is an Atlantian; likewise Bob Adamson, who was secretary to Mayor Gaynor and Fire Commissioner under Mayor Mitchell, and William Harmon Black, an assistant corporation counsel.

Rainbridge Colby, the former secretary of state, was born in St. Louis. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard and Major Bozeman Bulger are Alabamans, and Irvin S. Cobb, who now lives in East 39th street, escaped from Kentucky. The old town is full up with ex-Southerners—yes, thousands of them.

Ten elders of the Seventh Reformed church at Grand Rapids, Michigan, were poisoned at the morning service Sunday when they drank varnish that had been poured into a communion cup in the belief it was sacramental wine. Two of the elders were said to be in a critical condition. The church had been repaired and in the store room where the sacramental wine is kept in a jug several jugs of varnish used in the re-decorating had been stored. One of the officials of the church is said to have mistaken the varnish for wine when he filled the communion cup during the church service. The ten elders of the church were the first to drink the communion wine. As the cup was being passed to other members of the congregation, the elders were seen to fall to the floor. Many of the church members became panic-stricken and rushed from the edifice. A physician was summoned and the stricken men taken to hospitals or their homes. The poisoned elders were D. J. Vanderwert, John Riewald, S. Folkertson, Henry Terkeurst, John Drayn, J. Hollensteger, C. Heemstree, R. Dofoe and H. Hoggswers. The communion cup was passed to the elders immediately after Reverend D. A. VanLinnel, the pastor, had completed his sermon. Elder Riewald was the first to drink the poison and the first to fall. The other elders collapsed in rapid succession. Folkertson was said to be in the most serious condition of any of the ten.

The board of regents of the University of New York, has granted to Dr. Lorenz a license to practice his profession in the state of New York.

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BLUE RIBBON EDITORIAL

Text of One of the Best of the Late Henry Watterson.

Since the death of Henry Watterson, there have been many references to his "To Hell With The Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns." It was printed in the Louisville Courier-Journal of April 7, 1917, and was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best editorial of the year. It was headed "Vae Victus" (Woe is the Vanquished.) Mr. Watterson wrote as follows:

"There are times when feeling must be sent to the rear; when duty must toe the line; when the aversion brave men have for fighting must yield to the adjuration, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' That time is now upon us.

"Unless Patrick Henry was wrong—unless Washington and the men of the Revolution were wrong; that time is upon us. It is a lie to pretend that the world is better than it was; that men are truer; wiser that war is escapable, that peace may be had for the planning and the asking. The situation which without any act of ours rises before us is as exigent as that which rose before the Colonists in America when a mad English King, claiming to rule without accountability asserting the right divine of kings and sent an army to enforce it. A mad German Emperor, claiming partnership with God, again elevates the standard of right divine, and bids the world to worship or die.

"From the beginning the issue was not less ours than of the countries first engaged. Each may have had ends of its own to serve. Nor were these ends precisely alike. At least France—to whom we owe all that we have to sovereignty and freedom, and Belgium, the little David of Nations—fought to resist invasion—wanton cruel invasion; to avert slavery, savage, pitiless slavery. Yet, whatever the anim-

mal purpose—whatever the selfish interests of England and Russia and Italy—the Kaiser's scheme of the world conquest justified it.

"First of all on bended knee we should pray to God to forgive us. Then erect as men, Christian men, soldierly men, to the flag and the fray—wherever they lead us—over the ocean—through Flanders—across the low countries of Köln, Bonn, and Koblenz—tumbling the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein into the Rhine as we pass and darning the mouth of the Moselle with the debris of the ruin we make of it—then on to Berlin, the Black Horse Cavalry sweeping the Wilhelmstrasse like lava down the mountainside the Junker and the sabre rattler flying before us, the tunes being 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Doodle,' the cry being 'Hail the French Republic—Hail the Republic of Russia—welcome the Commonwealth of the Vaterland—no peace with the Kaiser—no parley with Autocracy, Absolutism and that divine right of Kings—to hell with the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns."

Mrs. Joe Thomas, of Sanford, N. C.

was knocked down and robbed last Sunday night of \$1,200 in currency, which she was carrying in her pockets. The robbery took place in her yard when she went out to see if the chicken house was fastened.

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