

The Wilson Advance

JOSEPHUS and C. DANIELS Editors and Proprietors.

THE ADVANCE... The Wilson Advance... The Wilson Advance...

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WHO PAYS THE TAXES.

A newspaper run by one of the best men in the State contains an editorial in which the following sentence appears: "When the property owners favor it (levying a special tax) surely no one else can object, for the matter would affect no one who does not own property."

We desire to enter our protest against such doctrine, without, however, saying one word in derogation of our brother who wrote it.

The constitution of North Carolina provides how taxes shall be levied. It requires that the poll shall pay whatever tax is levied on \$300 valuation of property.

The man who has nothing of this world's goods has to bear his share of the burdens of taxation. He has an interest—a deep interest—in any measure that proposes to levy a tax. It is his duty and privilege to express himself on any question that arises just the same as if he were worth his millions.

We are sick and tired of the effort that some men who have inherited or accumulated wealth are making to silence men who have only their manhood upon which to rely upon. The man who rents the house of the rich man is just as vitally interested in taxation as the owner and he has just as much right to express his honest convictions.

Let us have no more of this nonsense about the lordly rights of property. We want men to speak not property. We want patriotism not greed.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature met yesterday at 12 o'clock in Raleigh. On Tuesday night the caucus of the Democrats was held and the following were nominated as officers of the Legislature: Speaker of the House, K. A. Doughton, of Alleghany; Chief Clerk, J. M. Brown, of Stanly; Principal Door Keeper, H. E. King, of Onslow; Enrolling Clerk, A. H. Hays, of Swain; Reading Clerk, H. A. Latham, of Beaufort; Senate—Chief Clerk, R. M. Furman, of Buncombe; Reading Clerk, Geo. P. Pell, of Forsythe; Enrolling Clerk, Mike Bradshaw, of Randolph; Principal Door Keeper, J. H. Hinnant, of Wayne; A. M. Nobles, of Johnston; W. D. Turner, of Iredell was elected chairman of joint caucus, Senate Branch.

SIX PER CENT.

The Advance believe that six per cent is all any man can afford to pay for money upon which to do a legitimate business—except in rare instances. We believe that six per cent is enough to reward the user of money. We believe that six per cent, in the present state of affairs in North Carolina, is a just interest to both borrower and lender. Believing this, we desire to urge upon our representatives the importance of reducing the rate of interest from eight to six per cent.

If the rate is thus reduced many thousands of dollars that now leave the State annually to pay interest will be kept in business in the State; money will seek investments in manufacturing enterprises instead of seeking mortgages on lands. The good effects of a reduction in the rate of interest cannot be enumerated. The people of the State will rise up and call the Legislature blessed if this wise legislation is enacted.

We can, we believe, assure Senator Willis R. Williams that he will have the hearty cooperation of Wilson county representatives in his efforts to reduce the legal rate of interest from 8 to 6 per cent.

THE FORCE BILL.

The Republican Senate has been wrestling with the Force Bill for several weeks and the leaders were determined to allow no other business to engage the attention of that branch of Congress until this miserable travesty on a fair ballot was voted down or became a law. The participants in the effort to corrupt the ballot were surprised on last Monday when a few Republicans joined with the Democrats in displacing the bill to allow the Senate to consider the bill providing for the free coinage of silver.

The force bill is dead let us hope. That any party should attempt such legislation is enough to consign that party to oblivion "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

THE expenses of the insane Asylum at Raleigh, under Dr. Ward, has been very materially decreased. This is one of the practical results of a change in the administration of that institution. It is seldom a good policy to let any man run any office or institution until he loses sight of his responsibility to the people.

COL. FRED. A. OLDS, Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger, says of the personnel of the Legislature: "Only five members of the last Senate will sit in the Senate this term. In the House the proportion of new men is even greater. The members appear to be a quiet lot of men and nearly all of middle age."

THE necessity for better educational facilities for the children of the State who are dependent on the public schools for their education, must be apparent to every patriotic citizen. Help must come—help will come through the present Legislature.

THE services of the State Chronicle to the Democratic party in North Carolina in the last—as well as preceding—campaign is appreciated by the people of the State. The Chronicle has been a singularly useful newspaper since it has existed.

THE Legislature met yesterday. The two things that this Legislature was elected to do were to re-elect Senator Vance, and give the people a Railroad Commission. That they will do the bidding of the people there is no reason to doubt.

THE ADVANCE hopes the present Legislature will make the legal rate of interest six per cent. They can materially aid our people if they will do that.

Six per cent is enough interest to pay for money. What say our legislators?

LEGISLATORS:—Make the legal rate of interest only six per cent.

To the Ladies of Wilson.

The executive committee of North Carolina Veterans Association have established a "Soldiers Home" at Raleigh. Al-ready the "Home" has been opened and several disabled worthy Confederate soldiers are being provided for. More are seeking to be admitted. The Committee, with an abiding faith in the love that the good people of North Carolina cherish for the old and disabled "Confeds," have risked the establishment of a Home, relying upon the generosity of a sympathizing public to sustain it. I do not believe that the Committee have placed a false estimate upon the affections of the people of North Carolina respecting the Confederate soldiers. In this hour of our country's need they left all to follow her flag. Now in their distress and in the good people of the State will help to maintain those stricken and disabled in a cause we all loved but was lost. I feel that the interest of the Home commends itself to every true patriot, but especially do I appeal to the women of North Carolina to make the Home the special object of their care. The Home has no uncertain tendency to rely upon for support. We have laid the foundation stone of the Home upon the loyalty of North Carolinians to the cause of the noble and good, and faith in God that He will maintain the right.

I appeal especially to the ladies. Help the Home. Give some sort of an entertainment, and send the proceeds to Mr. W. C. Stronach, Treasurer, Raleigh, N. C. You will be most agreeably surprised, I am sure, at the readiness with which you will find on the part of the public to encourage and patronize you. The ladies of Raleigh and Durham, and may God bless them, have already been in this direction and placed the management under lasting obligations. May I ask that the ladies of Wilson do likewise? Believing that this appeal will not pass unheeded, and asking the blessing of a true God upon any and all who manifest an interest in a cause that is dear to every true southern heart, I beg to subscribe myself, J. S. CARR.

IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

BILL NYE TELLS ABOUT NEW YORK'S GREAT ARCHITECTURAL FAUX PAS.

He has a Talk and Talks Luncheon with Collector Erhardt, Learns Some Things About Government and Civil Service, and Studies a Trained Chair.

[Copyright, 1891, by Edgar W. Nye] It is reported that when Juan De Verazano in 1524 discovered the Bay of New York, and had been looked over from a therapeutic standpoint by Dr. Smith at quarantine, he proceeded all at once to select a site for a custom house and place it in the hands of able men, several of whom are still at their desks in a pretty fair state of preservation.

The present custom house is an imposing gray granite architectural faux pas, with a low, retreating forehead like that of the phreatic.

It is an inconvenient stone quarry with fluted columns, and I would say, seems to be a cross between a long neglected cistern and a second hand sarcophagus.

If this be treason make the most of it. I've already had an Indian look over this winter, and I do not mind a little set-to with the government, as I had funds left over after adjusting the Indian difficulty.

The New York custom house is a triumph of inconvenience, a miracle of misdeeds and architectural deformities. It is a sort of compromise, so far as comfort goes, between the massive, rectangular residence of the cave dweller and the most cellar of the renaissance.

There is no room in it, no elevator, no effort to be fireproof above the first floor, no light, no air, no method, no comfort and no economy. Venerable officials and employees who were there to show Henry Hudson over the building are still using the same tin cuspids made of the inverted lid of a tin dinner pail of the past. The same sand is in them yet.

Monarchies have risen, flourished and decayed, kingdoms have been born, cut their teeth, reigned a few lonesome weeks and moldered back into plebeian dust. Empires have risen, and in a few years practically melted to nothing for a time, but their dust is in the mighty brick yard of the past, and the winds of heaven are whistling through the tattered upholstery of their vacant thrones.

But the gray sand that covers the custom house of the United States smiles mockingly at the swift and hungry centuries. The custom house is ornamented with a good granite porch, supported by the government and a row of massive fluted columns as devoid of beauty as the animated drumstick of the antique chorus girl. This porch is expensive, but without use or beauty. In this respect it resembles the average case of typhoid imitative Englishman.

The first thing encountered in the interior is a rotunda, which presents the bright and ever changing scenery of the bottom of a drilled well. It started out to be the arena for a cock fight, changed its mind and sought to be a dry cistern; then securing a political pull it proceeded to become a rotunda of the custom house, and every effort to remove it has so far proved unavailing.

Entering the large corner room where sits the collector of the port—and other indistible beverages—I found Mr. Erhardt with his back to the fire and his face to the foe.

He comes down about 9 a. m. and works till 5 o'clock in the evening, lunching in his office. Of course it is by hanging around till about 1 o'clock I was invited to lunch with him. Hon. James W. Husted sat and conversed with me while the artist will kindly make out the question. Of course it is these scholarly gentlemen as they appeared at the time.

A man went by the door and looked cautiously in. Afterward I heard him say to another man that he understood the Southern States. In this respect he got today. They then, both of them, burst into a low, coarse laugh.

The correspondence room is a very busy place, and hundreds of letters intended for the collector are carefully opened and read by Mr. Jeffrey, who came to New York in the fall of 1892, and at once went to work at his present job. I refer to this matter of correspondence because a great many people think that by making a list of a high official as by name or personal it will be read only by him and immediately placed under his pillow at night. The collector can, however, have no secrets during hours of the day through the mails and hardy viva voce.

The cashier's room interested me a good deal. It always does wherever I go. So, with the collector to vouch for me I went through the little dingy office, and down where a million and a half per day is handled. This money, as Col. Jones explained, is either in the form of a specially certified check or currency, and the latter constantly asserted to the proper departments, so that at the time for handing over to the sub-treasurer at evening, quarters are in their proper parcels, duly coined, or currency, and the latter is a large lot to the ten thousand dollar bill which I held in my hand quite a while, meantime asking Col. Jones to notice what a peculiarly mottled appearance the sky had.

Jack Robinson, Mr. Urban is one of the men who holds his office by right of eternal fitness, and nobody ever ventures to ask him what his politics may be or used to be. It is a secret between him and high heaven. That is the way it should be.

If a man could make himself absolutely necessary to his employer or his government, and then remain there at his post instead of having to go out for three feet of his life, he would be a man till the rich, ripe rum mantled to his luscious tongue, there would be a net saving to the world in 200 years that would buy some man a nice little farm.

The cashier's office has a system of three checks, whereby the collector, the bookkeeper and the teller are guarding against each other's mistakes, and so accurate is this matter that in a day's work ranging from \$400,000 to \$1,500,000 the footings of the three are alike to a cent.

The certified check, in the ordinary sense of the term, does not go at the custom house. The bank may ever so good; its certificate must be to the effect that so much money is on deposit to its credit at the sub-treasurer, and when that account is overdrawn, if only for five cents, that check waits till the account is made good again.

When you pay duties the fact that you are the president of a bank or the head of a family does not count. Ready money or the certificate of the sub-treasurer alone goes.

In one corner of the cashier's department is a headman's block, near it a stellation punch and a sledge hammer. When a coin is found to be worthless it is carefully laid on this block, the pink from its lowest upon it and then a strong man hits it a welt with the sledge.

After knocking the essential tar out of the coin, as one may say, it is politely returned to the owner, who has to make it good. The idea, as the bright-eyed reader has already discovered, no doubt, is to prevent its circulation, and that is almost invariably the result.

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did so the revolutionary chair slid out from under him, and going over in the corner crossed his legs and put his arms behind his back.

"Now," said the collector, "I beg your pardon for offering you that chair, but I wanted to ask you if it would be possible to get hold of an appropriation from which a suitable amount could be secured for the purpose of fixing that chair. There isn't a barback rider in the United States who can keep his seat there over two and one-half minutes at present, and I am tired of replacing people who have fallen off that chair."

It is going to be repaired now. Also a man who cleans cisterns is going to whitewash the rotunda if the government would not deem it a mare's nest. I sometimes think that if the United States would give more time to large affairs, reciprocity and statesmanship, instead of running wildly a mile and a half every time an old mare flies cackling joyously from the nest, we would have more groceries in the house for a given sum than we now have.

Bill Nye

P.S.—I will write more about the custom house later on. E. W. N.

A Poor Adviser.

Old Man Moneybags (accasionally)—Come, my dear, aren't you going to advise me? Here's a man that wants me to lend him ten thousand dollars on his Atchison stock. Now what do you advise me to do?

Young Wife—Why, you know that I don't know anything about money.

Old Man Moneybags—Don't know anything about money! That's pretty good, when you made as much in one day as I have ever made in all my life.

Young Wife—Why, when was that?

Old Man Moneybags (suspiciously)—When you married me.

Young Wife—Yes, but all my friends have told me that I couldn't have made a worse bargain.—Boston Courier

BILL NYE'S LITTLE JOKE.

He Turns the Tables on the "Boys" in a Stating Camp.

They were sitting in the lobby of Young's reading the papers and enjoying their cigars. One was a middle-aged, pleasant faced man, who was reading Bill Nye, and chuckling softly to himself as he read. His evident enjoyment pleased the other members of the lobby group, and they began to smile.

Finally the middle aged man finished his story and tossed the paper aside with a laugh. Then he turned to his neighbor and said: "I always make it a point to read Bill Nye's letters every week. They always amuse me, and I never read one without thinking of the first time I ever saw Bill. It was in a little western mining camp. I was then looking after some mining interests, and I guess Bill was there for the same purpose. At any rate he was there. Well, the only common meeting place in the camp was the barroom of the rough board shanty that served for a hotel. Bill and I were sitting at the bar in there one evening with the rest of the fellows. He was tall and lank, and awkward as a young calf, and the men used to chaff him unmercifully. He always bore it good naturedly, and had very little to say.

"One evening we were sitting around, as usual, with one or two quiet little games going on, when Nye walked in and took a seat in a corner. The boys began to joke and chaff him as usual, but he paid no attention, and finally bent over and rested his face in his hands with a terribly sorrowful air. Pretty soon a tear trickled down his cheek. That changed things at once. One of the men touched him on the shoulder and said: 'What's the matter, pal? You mustn't mind our chin. We didn't have no intention of hurting your feelings.' Bill shook his head sadly and said: 'No, 'tain't that. It's my pard, poor John. Poor, poor John! My best friend has turned up. His spirit departed an hour ago.'

"Well, the boys were a good deal taken aback. Bill's pard was a tenderfoot by the name of John Stover, who had come out for his health as much as dust. He was there in the barroom the night before, and of course we were surprised to find that he'd passed in his checks. Somebody proposed that we go over and see the remains, so we formed a little procession, and Bill led the way. When we reached the little shanty where the body lay, Bill pulled back the blankets and pointed to a big empty demijohn lying there. 'There,' said he, 'is the body of my poor old pard. His spirit has fled!'

"Nobody else had a word to say. We just marched back to the barroom, and if Bill Nye didn't get full that night he had a pretty strong head. And he didn't have to pay for any liquor all the time he staid in that camp."—Boston Herald.

The Worm Turns.

"And what would you regard as a pronounced case of intolerance in the service of the government, Mr. Erhardt?" "Well, the government is not generally severe on its employees, I think. For instance, I knew of a man who acted for many years as a watchman for the government, and while the president was down there at Washington this man held up his corner of the great national fabric by attending the theatre while on watch. He slept at the government building, and he had his family at home. Thus at a large to his salary for his lodging, and often received a box at the theatre on the strength of his relations with the government. He is now not in it."

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