

THE MORNING STAR

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FULL ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORT.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE MORNING STAR, the oldest daily newspaper in North Carolina, is published daily except Monday, at 50 cents per copy, \$3 for six months, \$5.50 for three months, 50 cents for one month, served by carrier in the city or by mail.

THE SUNDAY STAR, by mail, one year, \$1; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES may be had on application and advertisers may feel assured that through the columns of this paper they may reach all Wilmington, Eastern Carolina and contiguous territory in South Carolina.

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Wednesday, January 19th.

THE TEST OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is the test of a true gentleman.

The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total absence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly or unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him.

—ROBERT E. LEE.

LEE—A HUMANE GENIUS.

The emphasis on Lee's birthday is too apt to be placed upon his merit as a soldier, instead of upon his worth as an example. We are too apt to canonize him as the apostle of a lost cause, rather than find in him the inspiration of a winning one. It was his service as a man, rather than as a captain, that best entitles him to honor.

Even while the war was raging Lee's genius had flowered into a world's heritage. It is the more placid years that have shown his military genius as an incident to the man himself. The man who sets an ideal is greater than he who creates a throne. Lee, his heart breaking with an infinite capacity for suffering, set the type for a people's redemption. It was in the proud dignity, the unassuming patriotism of his post-bellum life that he was greatest. It was so that he was given to his highest service; thus that, having won what might have been a dangerous popularity, he lived so as to be a teacher; so that, himself a sacrifice of fate, he lived not as a survivor of passion, but as an heroic figure of deathless promise.

Lee the Chieftain was a Confederate; Lee the man is an American. Among those figures of history who so impressed their times as to win the sobriquet "genius" as a confession of their incomprehensibility, no two lend themselves so aptly to comparison as Napoleon and Lee. As to military genius, they had much in common. Both were masters of finesse. From their operations might be made a book of almost identical maxims. They struck swiftly at those unexpected moments, which time showed to be strategic. They were never so terrible as when apparently defeated. In military execution neither hesitated at loss of life. They fought their battles with complete detachment, save for results. They matured long plans and brought them into a fruition that seemed audacious impulse. They triumphed against odds to which others would have refused to contemplate resistance.

The genius of Napoleon as a Captain of Arms had its counterpart in Lee, as the Captain of the Confederacy. Yet how different were the men! How antipodal the ideals they came to represent. With what contrast are they remembered!

The genius of Napoleon was the man himself. It was a flower of fame. In his light the man is swallowed up.

It is well that it is so. Such fragments of the human Bonaparte as are visible through the smoke clouds of his life are such as could not, be excused except that, as a genius, he was not accountable to ordinary standards. Incredibly was he cruel; monstrous was his selfishness. He was the line of the Caesars incarnate in a Christian generation. He raised new standards of red above the world. He crushed virtue beneath an iron heel. He left a name which is a synonym of success and a threat of a failure costing blood. A "Napoleon of finance" is one who gets on other's necks and rises—whose fall drags others to the mire. The Napoleon of history was one who, with the insanity of his solitary breed, plucked for himself a destiny the very arrogance of which proved again his genius. Clutching ever with eager fingers in the air, mounting on the woes of the world, tottering and reaching still upward, he progressed to his fall, his country desolate behind him yet scraping the ashes still for a rag with which to flaunt its pride in its destroyer.

On the other hand Lee, descendant of cavaliers made into democrats, intimately bound by inheritance, by tradition and by profession to the Union, followed with sadness the call of blood and race as before him "Light Horse Harry" turned against the crown. He came to an unmilitary people to make an army. He was faced with poverty against wealth. Almost in the beginning he saw that he would have to fight without supplies. The markets of the world were closed to him, open to his enemies. Where Napoleon fought his way to the head of an establishment, seized ready-made the implements of war, Lee had to create, arm and provision his army in the face of the enemy. Napoleon, for all the tempestuous character of his genius, could choose the moment to play his hand; Lee was faced with destruction before he could get ready to fight. Considered purely from the military results achieved, Lee was under the circumstances possibly the greater man of the two. Beginning with the seven days battle around Richmond, the rout of McClelland, the rout of Pope, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the miracle of the drawn battle of Sharpsburg, the defeat of Hooker and of Burnside and the year's campaign against Grant, Lee pressed into three years of war a series of brilliant victories, beside which the most startling of the Napoleonic campaigns is honored by comparison. The army of Lee, never even in disaster, knew a rout. Waterloo and Gettysburg are similar only in their magnitude as determining factors in history. Waterloo sent Napoleon away to brood amid the grandeur of his crimes; Gettysburg left Lee defeated, but not crushed, to retire in the face of the enemy, to still fight the battles of Cold Harbor and the Wilderness, to surrender at last at Appomattox when his scant army had been worn away by the attrition of conflict and of want.

But there the comparison ceases. The spirit of Napoleon lived for years a fantastic name with which to conjure wars; the spirit of Lee was that of the patriot unblinded by misfortune, seeking to heal all but ineradicable wounds, to face new conditions with a brave, if saddened, smile, to teach the folly of bitterness and the philosophy of hope.

It is pathetically significant, the manner in which Lee chose to remain in, and to exert himself for the stripped and prostrate South. The world never witnessed so surprising, so hopeful a sign as the example afforded of a chief actor in a nation's tragedy laying down the sword, putting away his memories, turning from the battlefield to the college. There was no yulking in a tent, no fatuous lying down to die, no milking of fame for dollars, no shadow-casting strut across the world. General Lee might have done either of these things, and his genius would have stood it. That he did not, showed that he probably did not consider himself a genius, that his patriotism was instinctive and his bravery of that real character from which modesty is inseparable. What he did do, showed the sincerity and the purpose of his life, indicated the love he bore his country, hinted at the sorrows which he must have felt, which he was too magnanimous to express.

In the light of his achievements, the life of Lee seems on the surface out of drawing. Owing to old standards of hero worship, of hero-faithioning, there is that of anti-climax in the seclusion and the quietude of his later years. That is due, perhaps, to the fact that he was a genius merely in the line of his duty. He made no profession of pre-eminence. The world had come to expect of genius that it would be melodramatic as well as tragic. Genius, because it always expects too much, is always tragic. That of Lee was most tragic, of all because it foresaw the end. It was the most uplifting of all because it never arrogated the end to itself. Genius has in the main seemed to thrive at the expense of the more common human emotions, to take an erratic course, to render its possessor one apart from the sympathies and the homely virtues of the common heart. Lee, a wizard in war, was a citizen in peace. His accomplishments alone marked him hard to understand. His virtues

were those of the every-day, touched with a golden habit of his heart, made brighter but ever intelligible. His code of morals was remarkable only for the consistency with which it was lived, with the unvarying lilt of its spoken expressions. The man did not seem capable of other than high thoughts; he did not seem conscious that he spoke them. It was this innate goodness, this simple strain running through the life of the soldier and the patriot, that make him invaluable as an ideal.

Robert E. Lee was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on January 18th, 1807; he died as President of Washington and Lee University on October 12th, 1870. He had practically seen the American nation created, almost disrupted, the Confederacy blossomed under his leadership of its armies, the South brought to her knees. He lived for five years, teaching conciliation, temperance, virtue and trust, to see the country for which he had made years of sacrifice beginning to rise from the ashes. He had loved the Union, fought for it and against it. He died loving it still, with the strange inconsistency which justifies the future of the nation and which nowhere save in America could have been possible. As a Union officer he had won honors in Mexican and Indian wars, was designated as the man to put down the John Brown raid and was offered by Lincoln the command of the Union army at the outbreak of the war.

He declined respectfully because he could not "take up arms against his State, his home and his children," resigned with a pang which will never be fully realized, came back to prepare an ill-equipped country for a gigantic war, so captained its forces as to brevet them with super-human attributes, knew the bitterness of failure and maintained the sweetness of his faith!

In those brooding figures of the Confederate private which a new generation in the South honors as the grave of an ancestor, it is not alone their deeds by flood and mountain; not alone the grapple in the woods; the agony of the trenches; the supperless camps which seem to look from the faces of bronze and stone with the appeal of the past for comprehension. Behind that appeal—even to the very children of the South—in every mark of chisel or line of brass, lives the message of Lee—of the head held high; of the full life lived frankly and unafraid, of the duty to be true. The tide of the ranks running onto deeds of immortality shall press, at the thousand points, and upon a hundred generations, the new ideal of a Genius who was yet wholly a man!

AN EPICURE IN DISGRACE.

Seventeen years ago General John Gill, of Baltimore, then receiver of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway, used occasionally to slip across the State in a private car, with a private cook, and with a private and highly toned—not to say tony—stomach, stopping here and there to pick up the delicacies of field and stream along the way, to the delight of an educated palate and the rapt amazement of a people so hit with the panto that a side of bacon had the appearance of a porterhouse steak. Even then it was whispered that General Gill was an epicure and that in North Carolina he had found, so to speak, his oyster. Whereupon the State exerted itself, with quail from Guilford, with trout from the Tuckaseegee, with mackerel from Morehead, with coots and rice birds, and New River oysters from hereabouts. General Gill smiled and consumed; praised and absorbed and grew jovial, even while the financial pillars of the nation shook with the winds of disaster. We had thought that General Gill would remember North Carolina; though we had it from him as a species of loyalty that nothing could so fill the rattle of the man within a man as "Maryland, My Maryland."

Consider then the shock of the intelligence that General Gill has forgotten the oyster that comes from New River; that the flavor of the roasts he departed from his memory; that even blue-points do not cheer him, and a Lynnhaven is not to be spoken in police society. In short, General Gill—epicure, bon vivant, and joy delighting—has come out and said that the Cape Cod oyster is superior to any Southern bivalve! Think of it, Cape Cod! The name itself is of a strength to make the epicure General Gill once was shiver with disgust. Doubtless his oysters are reminiscent of his fish. Doubtless they are strong enough to walk, and do. Perhaps it is the element of the chase with hounds necessary to catch them that gives them that flavor which waits on appetite, but not on educated taste. More likely General Gill's tongue is paralyzed; his palate with long use is atrophied; his sensations are dulled and it is strong medicine and hard and bitter food which can give yet a tang to his victuals. But to have swept up North Carolina; to have picked and chosen in Maryland, and then to have landed on Cod oysters! What's in a name, and what's the use of a reputation!

At any rate Secretary Ballinger appears to have been a good and kind uncle.

THE GAME AND THE RISK.

At the time of the furor about football accidents last Fall, we maintained, during the hue and cry against the game of "mend it or end it", that, even in the face of the disheartening series of serious and sometimes fatal accidents, the game itself was too good a one to lose; and, at the risk of appearing even heartless in the interest of a sport, suggested that the value of the game to the college youth even more than compensated for the sacrifices which were occasionally its incidents. The memory of the accidents that happened one after the other at football is still fresh in the public mind. The clamor, however, has subsided and it will be noticed that nowhere is there being suggested the abolition of the game or even such a modification as would deprive it of its characteristic features, of which roughness in play is one of the most characteristic. Here and there zealous opponents of football still persist, and very recently Judge Charles M. Cooke has been charging grand jurors to bring bills for manslaughter against any college eleven engaging in a game in which a fatal accident occurs.

Will that portion of the State press which so recently demanded the extinction of football now demand that basketball go the same way? In Charlotte a player on the Y. M. C. A. team of that city lies in a critical condition as the result of an accident sustained while playing a match at the Association's rooms. Will Judge Cooke, if he gets the chance in the near future, suggest to the Mecklenburg grand jury that they indict his fellows in the contest in which he received his possibly mortal hurt? Will the pulpit, which ought to be peculiarly interested in the conduct of the Y. M. C. A.'s, cry-out against basketball? Will the religious conferences and conventions pass resolutions concerning it, as they did about football? Will fond parents insist that this game be stopped at the girls' schools, to which they send their daughters? We suggest these questions in all seriousness, with a full sense of the deplorable nature of the Charlotte accident. The fact remains that the questions will be answered affirmatively, if the papers, the preachers, the religious bodies, and the fearful parents act consistently. Of course, we know that they will not act consistently, but the fact remains that whereas some several hundreds of North Carolina youths and boys were steadily playing football during the Fall, there was among them not a single serious accident; while basketball, with not one-tenth the number of devotees, contributes unfortunately to the death roll of sport. Football is rough; so is basketball. Hunting is far more dangerous than either. Baseball has its chances; (and grave ones they are), of injury both to players and spectators. Beside the perils of either or all of these, surf bathing is almost criminal negligence. Yet, because football happens to look rougher; because it has become the fashion to condemn it, a noble game has been put in jeopardy, and will doubtless be jeopardized again, because the chances, together with the publicity attaching to it, last year made its accidents more prominent.

The truth about sports of all sorts ought, it seems to us, to be taught calmly and with appreciation of both their virtues and their drawbacks; and the truth about any sport is, that where it is strenuous enough to develop manhood, it is necessarily risky enough to take its occasional sacrifice in human life.

Bryan's Tumbo cheers while native warriors spear a lion at some slight risk to themselves, and with death a certainty for the lion; the same authority thinks it would be "bully" sport to see a white man fight a negro in a sixteen-foot ring, at imminent danger to the white man's knuckles; but there the injury and not the sport is the game, a distinction which this most unfortunate accident at basketball ought forcibly to emphasize.

The support of the Income Tax Amendment by the Southern States would seem to indicate that the doctrine of States' Rights (see Governor Hughes' recent message) has shifted its stamping grounds.

The English House of Lords will now commence to wonder what they were created for and what they are expected to do with themselves.

The English workman will now have to drink high-taxed beer. He ought to be given a taste of nigh beer to make him feel better.

So far we have not heard any suggestion that the money Jack Ballinger received was merely paid him in the way of nepotism.

There are several more days of voting in England, but the Lords appear to have been made groggy after the first two rounds.

Secretary Ballinger is probably now wondering why he was not content to continue as attorney for the land sharks.

If the charges against Ballinger continue to be brought, there may be nothing left to investigate.

Great Reduction Sale

—OF—

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING

For one week we will give a reduction of one-fourth off on all Winter Clothing. This is in order to make room for our new Spring stock which will arrive soon.

- \$ 7.50 Wool Suits, one-fourth off..... \$ 5.63
- 10.00 Wool Suits, one-fourth off..... 7.50
- 15.00 Wool Suits, one-fourth off..... 11.25
- 10.00 Overcoats, one-fourth off..... 7.50
- 20.00 Overcoats, one-fourth off..... 15.00

Also big reduction in stylish Furs, Cloaks, Rain Coats, Skirts and Baby Cloaks.



See us for the best Mattings, Rugs, Art Squares, Etc.

J. H. Rehder & Co. THE POPULAR DEPARTMENT STORE

THE FIRM THAT PAYS YOUR CAR FARE.

42-inch Rain Proof Cloth this week 50c the yard.

Gifford Pinchot, at any rate, came down town this morning accompanied by a glad smile.

President Taft and Gifford Pinchot spoke from the same platform but not on it.

CURRENT COMMENT.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are to meet secretly at St. Helena and form a duumvirate for the distribution of offices in 1912. On the contrary, it is asserted that Mr. Roosevelt started north as soon as he heard that Mr. Bryan was going south.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Charlotte News goes to the head of the class. In editorial matter, the aggregate of which was less than a half column, in Saturday's issue it renewed the water wagon controversy and poked The Post under the ribs; expressed deep concern with reference to the sobriety of the editor of The Asheville Gazette-News; threw boozedarts at The Greensboro News and The Raleigh Times and wiped Texas off the map because, it alleges, Texans know too much about the quality of likker. Great is Parson Patton! Long live Parson Patton!—Salisbury Post.

The Torrens System of registering land titles will be taken up by the South Carolina Legislature which assembles this week, and doubtless by the Virginia Legislature as well. The committee appointed by the last North Carolina Legislature to investigate the subject is actively at work and will have an interesting report to make at the next General Assembly. Sooner or later every State in the Union will doubtless adopt this great labor-saving and money-saving system which would be of special benefit to farmers in that it would make their real estate as useful commercially as the city man's stocks and bonds.—Progressive Farmer.

That the Seaboard Air Line is proposing to do a heavy business in the way of distribution throughout its territory of freight received by vessels at the port of Wilmington is shown by the following which we find in the Wilmington Star: "The second big Seaboard storage, work on which has progressed so splendidly during the past few weeks, is about ready to be turned over from the contractors, Messrs. W. R. Bonnal & Co., to the railroad. The storage, as previously noted, and materially to Wilmington's terminal facilities and will provide for many vessel cargoes for shipment to the interior."—Charlotte Observer.

"We have no patience," says the Raleigh Progressive Farmer and Gazette, "with the idea that the negro can not be taught better methods of farming and better habits of living. The white man of the South has taught him all he now knows, and when the white farmers adopt better methods the negroes will follow." One negro tenant in North Carolina, according to that paper, made 196 bushels of corn on a single acre. This is striking at the big records for corn production; but it is what can be done by any energetic and intelligent farmer in the South, and the hundred-bushel limit will soon be too commonplace to be remarked upon.—Columbia State.

We have known "Jim" Cook these many days. He once tried to teach us "do sums", and it was no fault on his part that in large measure failure followed. It is a joy to see the light of real joy come into the life of a fellow man, to watch that man fill to the fullest and find ways of escape limited, when the world would be better off if that joy in all its richness and fullness could escape and touch every one nearby. Perhaps the happiest day of Mr. Cook's life was when he accepted in a formal way the Roth building at the Jackson Training School. He has found his place and is filling it, and the full meaning of it all will not be fully appreciated and fully realized on this side of the river.—Concord Tribune.

Happy New Year!

I wish to thank my friends and customers for their liberal patronage during the year just closed, and trust our business relations in future will continue to be pleasant and profitable to each of us.

J. W. BROOKS

Wholesale Grocer. — Wilmington, N. C.

Reduction in Prices



is the point we wish to emphasize in as much as we have some pianos on hand just now, that we are in position to give you at unheard of bargains. A few are shop worn. Some have been taken in exchange on our high grade art pianos. One or two have been damaged by the railroads in transportation. ALL OF THEM HAVE GOT TO GO—AND GO AT ONCE—REGARDLESS OF PRICE. We will take them back in two years if you desire, allowing what you have paid on a higher priced piano if you wish, and in this way you get the use of the piano two years without cost. No use to mention prices—come and see for yourself that Wilmington is witnessing a new era in the history of piano price cutting.

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Special Offering to Those That Are Interested in Saving Money!

- One Lot of Boys' Long Pants Suits of about 25 different styles, averaging in sizes from 14 years to 19 years, will be closed out at 1/2 their regular price.
- \$10.00 Suits, 1/2 off..... \$5.00
- \$12.00 Suits, 1/2 off..... 6.00
- \$12.50 Suits, 1/2 off..... 6.25
- \$13.50 Suits, 1/2 off..... 6.75
- \$14.00 Suits, 1/2 off..... 7.00
- \$15.00 Suits, 1/2 off..... 7.50
- \$16.00 Suits, 1/2 off..... 8.00
- \$16.50 Suits, 1/2 off..... 8.25

The people have been taking advantage of the great offering in Children's Straight Knee Pants Suits, and we have sold quite a number already still we have several sizes left yet that will be closed out at 1/3 off their regular price.

We carry the largest and complete line of Furnishing Goods in the city, always receiving new styles. Strouse & Bros. and B. Kuppenheimer Suits are a pleasure for us to give you a try on, which is all we ask. Every article guaranteed as represented or your money refunded.

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