

VOL. XCIII-NO. 12.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 13,447.

HOW YOUNG DIXON WON SCHOOL MEDAL

Being the son of a great man isn't | a punch, that will make cm sit up and the easiest job a young man can have. take notice, eh? I have it! The very thing, boy." Somehow the world in which he finds

himself expects him to deserve a share in his father's glory, if only by reflection. It isn't easy, bot on the other hand the position has its advantages-the father can always be relied upon to furnish the luminance necessary for the reflection.

Thomas Dixon, 3rd, realizes all this. His father is the celebrated novelist and playwright, whose works, "The Clansman," "The Leopard's Spots," "The Sins of the Father," "The Southerner," etc., have earned world-wide fame. (Mr. Dixon's own production of "The Leopard's Spots" by the way, will be seen here at the Academy the evening of October 16th.

Young Dixon attended school at Pawling Institute, a famous New York academy, and tried in every way he could to be worthy of the name he bore. He succeeded very well in being popular with his classmates and his instructors, did something in ath-letics and pursued his studies, with diligence.

But the school really expected something startling from Thomas. His father was one of the most talked of men in America, whose every publica-tion, act or utterance created a sensa-come forth and orate. tion. Surely his reflection should show something of this.

It did. At Pawling the announcement was made that the annual oratorical contest would be held on a certain date. held his fire. The students were much excited over the prospect. What boy does not like to make speeches?

Thomas Dixon, 3rd, entered the con- them high marks. test. He meant to win the medal, and started his work of preparation by fearing for her boy's success. Leaning boarding a train for New York City. He went straight to his father whom

he found in the throes of composition, at work upon the manuscript of "The decided to give the medal to that last Sins of the Father,' boy

It takes a brave man to invade the den of a literary lion when he is like Dixon, patting her hand reassuringly that, but Tom had the courage, and |"Just wait. Tom's all right." in he went.

He began to rummage among the papers and manuscripts scattered about on his desk. He found what he was looking for and handed Tom some typewritten sheets.

"This ought to fill the bill," he said. "It's the best speech 1 ever made, but one I have never delivered."

The boy read what his father had given him. He recognized it.

"Why, this is Gaston's speech, from "The Leopard's Spots'!" he cried.

"Exactly," said the author, "and you shall have the honor of being the first one of the Dixons to utter it." He laughed as new thought came to him. 'Before a Northern audience, too. How do you like the idea?"

"It's the goods, dad," shouted the young man. "Hurrah for Dixie! Hur-rah for Dixon! and Hurrah for everything that's got a Dix on it!'

He grabbed up his hat and rushed back to school.

The day of the contest came at last Proud mothers and fathers, friends and, of course, sweethearts journeyed to Pawling to hear the speeches and to cheer on their favorites.

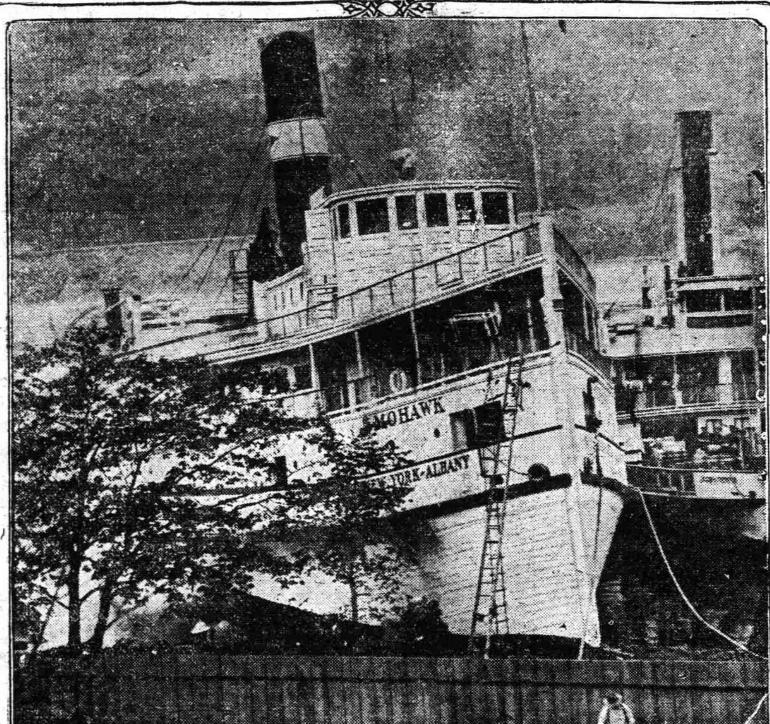
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dixon, Sr. were there. Seated well down in front the famous author and his wife sat

But Tom was foxy. All the Dixons have been good generals or stage managers and he was no exception. He believed in letting the other fellow do the charging. He waited;

Some of the boys made splendid speeches and were cheered to the echo. The judges of the contest gave

Mrs. Dixon began to get nervous over to her husband she whispered: "Oh, he'll never make it. I wish he wouldn't speak at all. They've already

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF STEAMER AGROUND.



sion from the children of Washington BUREAU "I confess, I am in a sense narrow and provincial. I love mine own peo-Maudlin sentiment is the froth of civilization, as crime is its dregs. Race, and race-pride, are the ordoinaances of life. A true citizen of the world loves his own country and his

own people. "So I canfess I love my people. love the South. The stolid, silent South that sneers at paper-made policies and scorns public opinion. The South, old-tashioned, medieval, provincial, worshipping the dead, and raising men rather than making money—family-loving, home-building, tra-dition-ridden, if you please. The South, cruel and cunning, when fighting a treacherous foe with brief volcanic bursts of wrath and vengeance -yes! The South eloquent, bombastic, romantic, cnivairous, proud, kind and hospitable. The South, generous and recklass never knowing her own firebugs—professionally known as and reckless, never knowing her own interests, but living her own life in her own way. Yes, I love her. In my soul are all her sins and virtues. And with it all she is worthy to live. "The courage of the Celt, the no-bility of the Norman, the vigor of the Viking the energy of the Celt the no-Viking, the energy of the Anglo, the tenacity of the Saxon, the daring of the Dane, the gallantry of the Gaul, the Freedom of the Frank, the earthhunger of the Romans are all yours plete card records of every fire a sysby the lineal heritage of blood, from tem of maps and charts that are most sire and dame through centuries of comprehensive and valuable and furculture. Will-you halt now, and sur- nish some curious and interesting fire render to a mob cf negroes? rule over you? Ask the history of the 3,000 years he has owned the conti-nent of Africa. For centuries he has crunched acres of diamonds beneath hour is between 8 and 9 in the evenhis bare black feet, yet he never pick- ing-and worth noting is the fact that ed one up from the dust until a white Paris records show the same. Three man showed him its glittering light. years of fires have been tabulated un-His land swarmed with powerful and der this system and, strange to relate, docile animals, yet he never dreamed the various sections of the city all

During First Six Months of This Year Unique Bureau Brought About Decrease of 1850-Tuesday

the Worst Day.

(Special Star Correspondence.) New York, Oct. 4 .- That fire prevention is a pronounced success is evidenced by the record of Gotham's new prevention bureau. Upon its establishment 77 inspectors were put on the job and they made 132,601 inspections. Resulting therefrom were 64 ar-"Izzy the Painter"-confessed to startfigures. It appears as a regular thing "I repeat: is the negro worthy to that more fires take place on Tuesday docile animals, yet he never dreamed a harness, cart or sled. A hunter by necessity, he never made a weapon necessity, he never made a weapon of each year's fires.

worth preserving beyond the moment Penny lunches are being provided this year for all of the 25,000 or more of its use. He lived as an ox, content to graze for the hour. With league on league of ocean and miles of inland hungry children attending New York's seas, for 4,000 years, he watched their public schools by a felfare bureau surface ripple beneath the wind, heard which has recently been privately enthe sweep of the storm over his head, dowed with the income from \$1,000,gazed on the dim horizon calling him to worlds that lie beyond, stole his food, worked his wife, sold his child-ren, ate his brother, content to drink, ing, dance, and sport as the ape. And ny the nunil receives a this creature, half child, half animal, table soup with bread, which in itself the sport of impulse, whim and con- is a well balanced meal. The young-ceit, pleased with a rattle, tickled ster may also spend additional penwith a straw, whose speech knows no nies for home-made cookies, sandword of love, whose passions once wiches, bananas, etc., but not until aroused are as a tiger's. They have after partaking of the nourishing warm set this thing to rule over Southern soup. The menus are, of course, va-manhood-merciful God! It surpas- ried according to the different nationalities served-kosher food where ses human belief! "I ask you, my people, freemen, Jewish children predominate, macaroni North Carolinians, to rise today and and menestra in Italian neighborhoods The and so on. These welfare kitchens make good your right to live. time for platitudes is past. Let us, as have already put out of business most men, face the world and say what we of the basket and pushcart vendors cheap and unwholesome candies mean. "This is a white man's government, conceived by white men, maintained by white men through every year of teachers' medicine chests will from by white men through every year of now on be less in play. its history—and by the God of our fathers, it shall be ruled by white The newest means of livelihood has men! If this is treason, let them that hear it make the most of it. From been happily hit upon by a bright New the eighth day of November, we will York woman who terms herself a 'chaperone-chauffeuse.' According er day, another hour, another moment. to her story, when the necessity of Back of every ballot is a bayonet, and choosing an occupation arose, she had the red blood of the man who holds it! no capital save her clothes and her Let cowards hear, and remember auto. So fond was she of her car this. Man has never yet voted away that, in thinking of ways and means his right to a revolution of keeping it, she conceived the idea Tom raised his hands high above of making it pay for itself. The idea his head and with ringing force of chaperoning school girls, young wodeivered his concluding sentence. men and out-of-town parties in shop-"Citizen kings, I call you to the conping and helping them in whatever sciousness of your kingship. connection a car might be useful met For a moment after he had finished with immediate response and her serthere was silence-the greatest tribvices were in such demand that the ute to his powers an orator can exvery first month she cleared more than \$500. Naturally other lines of service Then the storm broke. Cheer after were found from time to time and cheer for Tom rang out from his now she has a busy and well paid staff schoolmates and round after round of of highly intelligent young women who can not only run a car but are applause from the visitors It was not until after the concluinformed and tactful, familiar well sion of the exercises that the judges with the shops, tearooms, hotels and

speech, and I'm going to win it.

"You don't say", replied the novel-ist, reluctantly laying aside his pen-"Yes, I am," said the boy firmly. Dause which greeted him to subside. "I think they kind of expect me to, Tall as he was, like his father, with

-for your sake as well as mine," he added significantly. "That's the proper spirit anyway," said the father. "But why do 'they' expect you to win?" "Well," replied Tom, a little diffi-dently, "you're about the best speech maker in these parts, and—and I'm your son, and I look like you, and— oh, you know how it is, Dad." "Yes, I reckon I know how it is, son," said the father, smiling at the

son," said the father, smiling at the boy's ingenious flattery. "What can I do to help you out?'

The youngster thought a moment before replying. Finally he said: "I want to give 'em something good,

Something with a punch in it, make 'em sit up and take nothat'll tice. Say," he cried struck by a thought, "What was the best speech you ever made

Mr. Dixon looked at his son quizzically, his deep set eyes twinkling. "I negro toughs on their way to school, suppose you want to 'go and do like-wise'?" he asked. while we pay his taxes. Shall we tol-erate negro inspectors of these

"That's the idea," said young Tom. "You know it doesn't make any differ-ence what kind of a speech it is, or "rest of white women by negro officers" whose, as long as I deliver it myself in the competition." "Yes," said the father gravely, "I "Let the manhood of the white race,

think they would want you to do that with its 4,000 years of history, answer much anyhow. Let me see, now," he these questions! Gentlemen, it is no went on thoughtfully, "a speech with longer a problem of bad government.

'You just wait, mother," said M Finally Tom was announced and a

"Dad," he blurted, "they're going to give a medal at school for the best audience. The mother gripped her husband's hand hard.

and I've just simply got to make good —for your sake as well as mine," he added significantly. "That's the proper spirit anyway," voice filled the hall so that each hearmiles off Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson river, with more than 300 passengers aboard. All those on board were safely transhipped to rescue boats

Who shall deliver us from the ed. body of this death?

At the conclusion of the first sentence the audience was electrified. Every ear was strained so as not to miss a word. Tom's text had "made 'em sit up and take notice."

He went on: "What is our condition today in the dawn of the 20th centu-Our State lies prostrate beneath ry?"

the heel of the negro! Our city governments are debauched by his votehis insolence threatens our woman-No. hood-and our children are beaten by

declaimer.

We lag behind the age, dragging this wealth, virtue and intelligence of the black corpse to which he are chain community by the debased and the criminal is a return to barbarism to predominate. which no race of free men can submit.

paper constitutions and paper ballots. We are not free because we have a whose quaint old city was one the capconstitution. We have a constitution because our fathers, who cleared ine vilderness and dared the might of kings, were freemen!-it was in their

blood-the evolution of centuries of struggle and sacrifice! "We grant the negro the right to

white men, women and children. He life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, if he can be happy without exercising kingship over the white man, or dragging us down to his level. But if he cannot find happiness except in lording it over a superior race, then Tom paused. He was delivering a there is not room for us both on this Tom paused. He was delivering a there is not room for us both on this speech that had made history and he continent!. And we will fight it out on this line, if it takes a hundred ing on his hearers. They sat spell-bound, it was something new for them, this problem, most of them were hearing it for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for them were hearing in their laps—they was for them were hearing in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they were forgetting to grade the young is for the first time; the judges' pencils lay idly in their laps—they is a spelle the spencils lay idly in their laps—they is a spelle the spencils lay idly in the spen

iard did in eight.

"When I refer to the negro's su- the children of Lexington, Concord, remacy, I use words in their plain and Bunker Hill demand such submispremacy,

Negro supremacy means the rule of a party in which negroes

"I call your attention to one typical "Nations are made by men, not by county of over 40 thus degraded in this State-the county of Craven, ital of the Commonwealth. What are the facts? Permit me, gentlemen, to not submit to negro domination anothread you the list of negro office holders of Craven county-they include a Congressman, a member of the Legis-

lature, a register of deeds, the city attorney, the coroner, two deputy sheriffs, two county commissioners, a member of the school board, three road overseers, four constables, 27 magistrates, three city aldermen, and four policemen. There are 62 negro officials in this county of 12,000 inhabtants, and their member of the Legis-

submit to such infamy? No! Will

the children of Lexington, Concord, (Continued on Page 14.)

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Every Honorable Man Is Invited to Become a Charter Member of the New Wilmington Commercial Club

Charter has been applied for, and when received, a meeting of the applicants for charter membership will be called to meet at the Court House to effect permanent organization, elect officers, and frame constitution and by laws.

Make application for Charter Membership now to any of the following gentlemen:

Col. WALKER TAYLOR W. I. BAXTER D. N. CHADWICK, JR. C/E. GREENAMYER WILMINGTON STAR CO. J. B. McCABE THE PAYNE DRUG CO. THOS. E. COOPER C. N. EVANS W. A. McGIRT CAPE FEAR HOTEL CO. W. M. PECK CLARK - LYNCH LUMBER EUREKA DYE WORKS L. W. DAVIS F. E. HASHAGEN & CO. W. H. STANSELL **R. S. MOTTE** C. E. BETHEA WILMINGTON STAMP AND GEO. HONNET CO. EVERGLADE CAFE C. D. WEEKS E. H. MUNSON HANS A. KURE PRINTING CO. FRED. BANCK F. P. JACKSON J. S. McEACHERN **B. H. STEPHENS** STERCHI-BANCROFT-RICH J. H. HINTON J. B. RICE W. W. LOVE SAM'L R. MAXWELL A. O. SCHUSTER **ROWLAND A. WRIGHT** SIG. ZULAWSKY CO. WM. STRUTHERS, JR. JOHN W. BLOMME DIXIE LAND AND DEVEL-**JOSEPH A. PRICE** W. N. HARRISS IKE W. SOLOMON GEO. T. HEWLETT J. M. SOLKY J. J. LOUGHLIN **OPMENT CO. MEARES HARRISS D. F. HOLLOWAY** ADOLPH GOODMAN F. W. DAVIS BERNICE C. MOORE **B. FRANK KING** P. W. WELLS GEO. S. BOYLAN J. M. WOOLARD A. W. PATE JAMES HOWARD C C CHADBOURN N. J. CROCKER SAM'L SEIGLER



| The steamer Mohawk, of the Manhattan Navigation Company, photographed after it had run aground, six

"Hear me, men of my race, Norman and Celt, Anglo and Saxon, Huguenot and German martyr blood! We must rise, strike down the negro as a ruling power, and restore to our children their birthright!

"Is the negro worthy to rule over you? A hundred years ago in Hayti and San Domingo he rose in servile insurrection and butchered 50,000

has ruled these beautiful islands since. Did he make progress with the example of white civilization before him? But yesterday we received re-

ports of cannibalism in Hayti.'

were forgetting to grade the young Tom continued: "A government of

