HON. CHAMP CLARK SPEAKS

OUR COUNTRY IN 20TH CENTURY

The Missouri Representative Addresses a Large Crowd in Vance Park—The South Far Too Negligent in Writing Her History—North Carolina the Birthplace of Missouri's Greatest Man, Thomas H. Benton—The Speaker Shows the Growth of Our Country Since 1800 and Expresses an Optimistic View of the Future.

Yesterday, at 12:30 o'clock, a portion of the great crowd that had gathered in the streets quit play and went down to Vance Park to hear the Hon. Champ Clark, Representative in Congress from the ninth district of Missouri, make an elegant and serious speech. Many of the thinking men of the State were in the audience and they enjoyed the address. This speech was considered the event of the day. The crowd being a little slow in assembling, it was 1 o'clock when Mayor S. S. McNinch arose and presented Hon. E. Yates Webb, Congressman from this district, who in turn introduced Mr. Clark.

In presenting the speaker of the hour, Mr. Webb said:

"It gives me much pleasure to introduce our honored guest and orator of the day to the people of this splendid city and surrounding country," said Mr. Webb.

"During the encampment of Cornwallis here in 1780, a high British officer said that Charlotte was a very hospitable town, but a damned rebellious country. Our distinguished guest has charmed vast audiences from Lake Superior to Miami, Fla., with his eloquence and wit. For 22 years he held the record for being the youngest college president in the United States. He is a lawyer, editor, author, historian, scholar, statesman and patriot. He has been in Congress for twelve years. He has climbed in this world without pulling others down. He is too big to harbor jealousy; too noble to bear envy. The elements are so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to the world: 'This is a man.' I present Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, whom you will delight to hear on the subject: 'The United States in the Twentieth Century.'

Mr. Clark is a handsome man, large, with fine head and striking face, clear eyes and a full, clear, carrying voice. He always has something interesting to say and knows how to say it with telling effect. The representative audience that heard him yesterday afternoon applauded his remarks liberally.

His speech follows:

Mr. Webb was entirely right when he said that the audience would enjoy hearing Mr. Clark, for the speech was pronounced excellent and great. It was eloquent, witty and learned, and showed the speaker familiar with his subject. Not one who heard Mr. Clark but that enjoyed his speech.

The speaker is a tall man with weight. He has a strongly marked face and commands attention. His voice was clear and carried to all points of the park. He was applauded loudly and frequently.

HON. CHAMP CLARK'S SPEECH.

It is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that a Missourian should speak at a celebration of the anniversary of North Carolina's splendid prelude to the drama of the American Revolution, for upon the soil of North Carolina was born the greatest Missourian that ever lived, indeed, one of the greatest of American statesmen—Col. Thomas Hart Benton, who sat at the feet of that illustrious North Carolinian, Nathaniel Macon, to learn wisdom, even as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Though the so-called histories, in mentioning the immortal Senatorial quartette, "Benton, Calhoun, Clay and Webster," usually place "The Great Missourian" last, he as richly deserves to stand at the head of the list as any of the rest. Because of Benton all Missourians owe North Carolina a perpetual and heavy debt of gratitude. His high career shed imperishable lustre upon the magnificent State which gave him birth as well as upon the Imperial Commonwealth under whose commission he served with commanding influence 32 years in the Congress of the United States—30 years in the Senate and two in the House.

THE ANNIVERSARY

North Carolina does well to celebrate the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and thereby sets an example which every community in every Southern and Southwestern State should follow. Our ancestors in the South and West were a masterful race, eager to accomplish things, but careless about recording them, and we have been far too negligent about celebrating them and their achievements. In New England it is different. There every performance is carefully noted, and in due time not only appears in print but is greatly magnified. To walk the streets of Boston and to read the inscriptions upon her monuments, statues and public buildings is a liberal education in patriotism. Were an inhabitant of another planet conversant with both English and Latin, and without knowledge of our history, to descend on that devoted city and study those inscriptions, taking them at their face value, he would inevitably, but erroneously, conclude that single-handed and alone, Massachusetts inaugurated and achieved the Revolution and had conducted the Federal government ever since. I am not blaming Massachusetts for exploiting or even over exploiting her achievements and her worthies; I am placing the blame where it properly belongs—upon ourselves for not doing for our forbears what she does for hers. Everybody knows the story of the landing of the Pilgrims, of the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, of Lexington, of Paul Revere's ride, and of Bunker Hill. These have been chronicled in history, chanted in song, and woven into romance until they have almost crowded out of human remembrance the patriotic words and deeds of everybody else and of every other portion of the Republic. New England never had any monopoly on brains, patriotism, or heroism. What she has had in large degree is a monopoly on the making of books, which by courtesy are called histories and biographies. Sir Walter Scott said that "a wise man has said: 'Let me write the songs of a country, and I care not who writes the laws.'" His idea also extends to the writing of what purports to be histories and biographies. These fix the opinions of the youth of succeeding generations, and finally the statements contained therein are accepted as the truth.

If Sir Walter Raleigh had planted the first white colony in Massachusetts instead of in North Carolina, if the first white child born in the western world had looked forth upon the stern and rock-bound coast of New England instead of under the sunny skies of the Old North State, if the Mecklenburg Declaration had been made in Essex county, Massachusetts, and if the battles of King's Mountain, Guilford Court House and Cowpens had been fought in New England, instead of the Carolinas, the world would have scarcely contained the books written about them by New England scribes. These momentous events, these splendid feats of arms, would have stirred the hearts and fired the imaginations of historians, biographers, essayists, orators, poets and artists until the world knew them by heart. As it is they are not mentioned at all or are slurred over with a few words in whatsoare advertised as standard histories of the country; yet, if there had been no King's Mountain, no Guilford Court House, there would in all human pobability have been no Yorktown and no republic.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR HISTORY.

What I am driving at is not to arouse any jealousy of New England or of New England writers, but to arouse our own people to a realizing sense of the importance of our own history and to the fact that our own worthies are being killed off by the "rule of exclusion"—the most deadly contrivance known to the writers of history. Certainly the South has no reason to take a back seat when it comes to the history of the American Revolution, for her sons were foremost in oratory, in statesmanship and in the field. It is high time that we were seeing to it that they are foremost in the histories which our children read. Notwithstanding Job's exclamation, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" I say to any young man or young woman who hears me this day, if you desire to render your people an inestimable service and at the same time to lay hold of earthly immortality, give your days and nights to writing the history and biography of North Carolina worthies. Surely there could be no more grateful task; for Lord Bacon, who possessed the most exquisite brain ever housed in a human skull, places State builders, "Conditores Imperiorum," as he calls them, in the front rank.

Long, long ago Sir William Jones voiced the same idea when he said:

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No; men, high-minded men.

"Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State."

MR. WEBB'S HISTORICAL CONTRIBUTION.

North Carolina as well as the South in general has always been rich in such men. Not long since your most excellent Representative, and my valued friend, Hon. Edwin Yates Webb, rendered a splendid service to history and to truth by making in the House a speech on the battle of King's Mountain, which is an epic in prose and which stirred the heart like strains of martial music. When he had concluded and members crowded about him to congratulate him, I did not tell him that he had delivered a magnificent oration, which he had done, but I did tell him that I felt under deep personal obligations to him, which I do. I am happy to observe that his speech is attracting widespread notice in the public press and perhaps the heroes of King's Mountain may after the lapse of more than a century and a quarter receive something like their just need of praise and their just modicum of fame.

XENOPHON AND DONIPAN.

I was lead into this train of thought in this way: In my speech on Senator George Frisbee Hoar, in talking of the wisdom of writing books, after discoursing on the contribution which Caesar's Commentaries made to his fame, I ran the following brief parallel between Xenophon and Gen. Doniphan, of Missouri: "Others have marched as strenuously and fought as bravely as Xenophon and his Ten Thousand only to vanish into oblivion, but he and his band are among the immortals because he wrote the Anabasis, which has delighted and instructed millions of ambitious boys and which will delight and instruct succeeding millions till the earth shall perish with fervent heat.

"The triumphant expedition of Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan and his heroic Missourians into the heart of Mexico, by way of Santa Fe, traversing a vast wilderness full of hostile savages, subsisting on the enemy's country, winning numerous victories over the very flower of the descendants of the Knights of Castile and Aragon, never losing a gun or flag, or prisoner or a skirmish, though frequently engaging ten times their number; never drawing from the government a dollar, a ration, a piece of clothing or an ounce of ammunition from the moment they left Fort Leavenworth, Kans., till ragged, starving, but invincible, they reported to Gen. Zachary Taylor in the red field of Monterey, having added another empire to the Union by their valor and their prowess, is the most astounding martial achievement in the entire history of the human race, in difficulty, in courage, in fortitude, in glory, in results, its eclipses utterly the far-famed retreat which Xenophon has embalmed in immortal prose.

"Every school boy knows by heart the fascinating story of the Greeks; but few remember the more wonderful performance of the Missourians. Mirabile dictu! The glorious name of Donophan, the conqueror of New Mexico, Arizona and Chihauhau does not even appear in some of our most pretentious encyclopedias. The reason is that Gen. Doniphan, of Missouri, did not emulate the laudable example of Gen. Xenophon, of Greece, by writing a history of his own campaign; consequently he and the brave Missourians who followed his all-conquering banner are to dumb forgetfulness a prey. 'Tis true; and pity 'tis true. While I am not general counsel for the star actors in the world's drama, I make bold to suggest to them that, if they desire a square deal in history, they would do well to imitate Caesar and Xenophon by writing the histories themselves."

Here is the suggestive sequel to those remarks. They were read by a scholarly denizen of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the seat of Harvard University, and he wrote me to learn Gen. Doniphan's subsequent career. I made as full answer as possible. He then wrote me that the realm of his first letter was that he had concluded to prepare a paper on "Doniphan's Expedition," to be read before some learned society of Boston and that when he announced his subject many supposed it to be an expedition to the North Pole—a striking illustration, certainly of the way our great men are being "killed by the rule of exclusion."

THE UNITED STATES IN THE 20TH CENTURY.

I am always delighted to respond to the sentiment "The United States of America in the 20th Century." It makes a man a better citizen to speak or even think of his country. The sentence, "I am an American," has greater potency than the famous "Romanus sum" possessed when the Seven-Hilled City was in the plentitude of her imperial power. Rome dominated the earth when nine-tenths of its population were untutored savages. America leads the van in the world's age of highest development and intensest activity.

When I was a student at Kentucky University, one of my teachers was Prof. Joseph Desha Pickett, a Virginia gentleman of the old school, who could have given pointers to Lord Chesterfield in politeness and made him turn green with envy. He was cousin to General Pickett who won imperishable renown at Gettysburg. When a young man Prof. Pickett toured Europe. He was much in company with an English duchess. She was so charmed with his manners, wit, and learning, that, when they parted, she said: "Prof. Pickett, I have been surprised at your extreme elegance and politeness, remembering that you come from a country where they have no queen." The courtly Virginian, bowing almost to the ground, said: "Your Grace, I beg your pardon. You live in a country where you have one queen. I live in a country where every woman is a queen."

Once upon a time a party of Americans were traveling in the Old World. Among other places they visited the Pyramids of Egypt, where a boy who was of the party fell asleep. Thinking to have some fun at his expense they surrounded him with mummies and then one blew a bugle in imitation of Gabriel's trumpet. The boy awoke somewhat dazed. He did not remember where he was; but rubbing his eyes, he swung his cap above his head, and yelled: "Hurrah! It's the Resurrection morning and an American is the first one up!" That boy and Prof. Pickett were genuine Americans worthy to be countrymen of the immortal heroes of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House.

A VAST THEME.

The United States of America is a theme so vast that to do it justice would exhaust the powers, enthusiasm and imagination of the greatest of the major prophets. Were I clothed with the mantle of Isaiah and endowed with his wondrous gift of vaticination and should I set forth in perfect verity what this puissant republic will be, one hundred years from now, it would appear as wild as any tale out of the Arabian Nights, and you—enthusiastic, patriotic, and credulous as you are—would one and all be doubting Thomases.

An adequate discussion of this subject would require the fire and genius of the sublimest epic poet that ever lived. If such a one were in my stead to-day and were he to correctly read the book of fate for our enlightenment, his production would rank with the Iliad, the Odessy, and the Aeneid, with Paradise Lost, Childe Harold, and the Pleasures of Hope. Being neither seer nor poet, I will in plainest prose express my opinion, my faith, my hope, my prayer.

A view of our country, either prospective or retrospective, causes the blood to leap, the heart to swell with pride and the soul to go out in gratitude to Almighty God for the bounteous blessings He has showered upon us without stint. Such rich and numberless benefactions have been vouchsafed to no other nation since God said "Let there be light." If not His chosen people, we are certainly His most favored people, in all the conditions and means of moral, intellectual, material and religious growth.

Truly does Emerson say: "We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another word for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

GROWTH OF OUR COUNTRY.

In 1800 our population numbered 5,308,483 souls. Now it is over 80,000,000, exclusive of the denizens in Guam, Porto Rico and the Philippines. At this rate of increase by the end of the twentieth century we will have about two billion citizens, unless in the meantime we proceed to annex the entire face of the earth and assimilate all creation—in which case we will, of course, be the whole thing.

During the nineteenth century our wealth was multiplied 125 fold and is now estimated at ninety-five billion dollars which, if equally distributed, would give every man, woman and child in the republic $1,200; but there's the rub, for while a few are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, many have not the wherewithal to cloth and feed themselves.

One of the crowning glories of the statecraft, philosophy and humanitarianism of the twentieth century will, I am fain to hope, be the discovery of some plan whereby every man (and every woman, too) shall enjoy the usufruct of his own labor and which will prevent one greedy man from becoming the beneficiary of the toil, energy, talents and sweat of many men, women and children. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Indeed, we can already see signs of the solution of this vast and intricate problem in the experiments being made in the co-operative plan of distribution of profits among employers and their employes as well as in the various pension systems being inaugurated by some of the great railroad companies. Blessed forever be the name of the man who establishes abiding peace and exact justice between labor and capital, which should be not enemies but friends.

If in this century our aggregate wealth increases at the rate of the nineteenth, it will amount to eight trillion, five hundred billion dollars—for the comprehension of which stupendous sum the mathematical powers of the human mind are utterly unequal.

In 1800 we imported almost everything we used—even bricks—which could not be produced by farmers. Now we are competing for every species of trade known among men in every country under heaven. Within the last few years we have achieved at a profit the performance of carrying coals to Newcastle, and the expectation is not too fanciful for entertainment that before the end of the century America will be the commercial mistress of the world. Free ships would give us that proud and profitable position in the next twenty years.

Then will be realized the gorgeous dream of a great poet when he said:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

In 1800 our territory was circumscribed by the Atlantic on the east, the Mississippi on the west, the Great Lakes on the north, and the Floridas on the South. Now it extends from the sunrise side of Porto Rico on the east to the Lord only knows where in the west. Long before the twentieth century closes our flag will float in triumph from the Rio Grande on the south to the frozen ocean on the north, for we are destined to own every foot of the British North American possessions in less than fifty years.

In 1800 we numbered sixteen States. Now we have forty-five. A century hence, we will number fifty-odd, even if we do not permanently annex the Philippines. Should we do that preposterous thing—which God forbid!—we will have 1,550 or 2,050 or 2,550 States, owing to whether there are 1,500, or 2,000 or 2,500 of those islands. One of the mystifying anomalies of the present situation is that no man can guess except by accident within 500 of the number of those islands or within 5,000,000 of the number of people whom we are endeavoring to assimilate—on the anaconda plan.

Truth to tell, if no antidote is discovered for our omniverous appetite for land and people, long before this young century is old we will be in the condition of the Macedonian—when drunk with both wine and victory, he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. May we have a happier end than this!

A FEEBLE FOLK IN 1800.

In 1800 we were a feeble folk—a fourth-rate power—insignificant in the world's plans and calculations. Now we stand in the front rank of nations and there is not a sovereign or premier in Europe who is not lying awake of nights inducing insomnia by pestering his brain to discover what we will conclude to do next. A century hence, America will be easily first and other nations scrambling among themselves for second place. Uncle Sam has taken the center of the world's stage and for weal or woe shall hold it till the earth shall perish as a scroll.

Parenthetically, I wish to remark that those hilarious and palpitating patriots who go about asseverating that the Spanish war made us a world power, are precisely one hundred and three years behind the times, for we became a world power on April 30, 1803, when Thomas Jefferson bought from Napoleon for a song the Louisiana Territory—which was the greatest real estate transaction proposed since the devil took the Savior to the top of a high mountain and offered Him the dominion of the world to fall down and worship him.

GROWTH IN LITERATURE.

In 1800 we had no literature worthy of the name. Easily within the memory of men now living it was sneeringly said: "Who reads an American book?" Within the last twenty-five years there have been sold in Europe more copies of General Grant's Memoirs, of Jefferson Davis' Rise and Fall of the Confederacy, and of Blaine's Twenty Years of Congress than of any current historical work by any European. Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, Longfellow, Poe, Hawthorne, Cooper and Emerson have become English classics.

All of our leading magazines and The New York Herald publish European editions for the special delectation of Johnnie Bull and the Parisians—which facts very satisfactorily answer the question: "Who reads an American book?"

It is not too much to hope that before the twenty-first century is ushered in, Boston, New York, Washington Philadelphia, Baltimore or St. Louis will by common consent be regarded as the literary center of the world.

In his most valuable and remarkable book, Buckle says: "Leisure is a condition precedent to philosophic research and literary excellence, and accumulated wealth is a condition precedent to leisure."

America has the accumulated wealth and the others follow.

In 1800 a majority of our people could not read or write. In 1900 the illiterate numbered scarcely ten per cent. of the white population. In the year 2000 there should not be an adult within the broad confines of the republic not blessed with a knowledge of at least the rudiments of an education.

In 1800 there were only about a dozen colleges in America and they were almost without exception in danger of dying from inanition. Now more than three-quarters of a million of ambitious youths are fitting themselves for the duties of citizenship at 500 well equipped universities and colleges, to say nothing of high class academies. I myself have lectured to an audience composed entirely of the students and professors of one university larger in numbers than the army with which Sam Houston achieved the independence of Texas at San Jacinto.

The wish dearest to the heart of Henry the Fourth, the greatest of the Bourbon Kings, was that the French people might be so prosperous that every Frenchman could have meat for his Christmas dinner. That seems a small boon to us meat-eaters. If I had one prayer for the American people which could be answered, and only one, it would be that every citizen should possess at least sufficient education to read his ballot intelligently and enough courage on election day to cast it as becomes a free man, despite all the bosses, fileoleaders, or whip-crackers in the land.

PREACHERS PLENTIFUL AS CANDIDATES.

In 1800 churches were like angels' visits, few and far between. The coming of a preacher into most communities was the event of the season, sometimes of the year. Now preachers are plentiful as Democratic candidates in a Mecklenburg county primary and the average American citizen lives within three miles of a place of worship; a matter of congratulation, for King Solomon says: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." That portion of the Scripture which has appealed most powerfully to my heart and my imagination by reason of its comprehensiveness is the commission to the Apostles: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The signs of the times indicate that the glory of literally fulfilling that command will be earned in this century by America and Americans, a country and a people unknown to St. Paul, the prince of preachers and of pioneers.

These are a few things we have accomplished in the nineteenth century with some things which we may accomplished in the twentieth. Action—progress—is the inexorable law of life, I say with Tennyson:

"Not in vain the distance beacons;
Forward, forward, let us range:
Let the great world spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change!

Through the shadows of the globe
We sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay."

Had the great poet lived to-day in the United States I have no doubt that he would have declared that a dozen years of America is better than a century of Europe.

GREAT PRIVILEGE TO LIVE NOW

It was a great privilege to live in the nineteenth century. It is a greater to live in the twentieth—which, notwithstanding the lugubrious howl of the pessimists, I believe will prove better than any of its predecessors. I am an optimist and the gospel I preach is the gospel of high hope and high endeavor. Better to look upon the bright side of things than upon the dark. A jubilate is more pleasant music than a miserere. In spite of the lugubrious prophets of evil, I believe that the world is growing better. Cerainly it ought to. If it is not, our Christian civilization and our much vaunted educational systems are flat and ignominious failures; and as for me and my household, we refuse to accept any such absurd conclusions. In the few years in which we have dwelt in America we have really lived longer than the ante-deluvians who plumed themselves upon their length of days. It is my solemn conviction that we are better people, for we have not all been drowned for sins against our Creator. We are older than Methuselah, for "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feeling, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

If I could find it in my heart to envy my children anything, it would be that they will not be past their meridian in the middle of the twentieth century, when America will dominate the world.

We have not attained perfection yet. Utopia is an undiscovered country. The millennium is still out of sight in the distant future. Once in a while when we all get the blues at once, it appears that the "little season" for which the devil is to be turned loose is right upon us. The triumphal car of human progress jolts us occasionally till our teeth rattle. Sometimes when unskilled hands get hold of the engine, we have horrible head-end and rear-end collisions, the train jumps the track and plump we go into the Slough of Despond.

But Americans were never made to stay in that wretched hole. They are constitutionally a race of Mark Tapleys. They soon pull themselves together, scrape the mire off ther clothes and go on their way rejoicing.

Some observers mistake the spirit of unrest now and then apparent as a sign of dire calamities. That is not necessarily, not even probably, true.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed"—especially the American man. Put him in a car going 60 miles an hour and he grumbles because it does not go 90. Ram the typical American into a cannon at New York, shoot him to San Francisco in three seconds, and he will complain that the powder was not good or he would have made the trip in less time. But this dissatisfaction with the condition of things in the opening days of the twentieth century augers well for improvement. Discontent leads to action and action finds its fruition in progress.

People are prone to look back to a golden age, but as for my single self, I prefer the comforts and luxuries of to-day to the hardships and scantiness of yesterday.

ABIDING FAITH IN THE PEOPLE.

It goes without saying that I am not enamored of certain theories now propagated in this country. Some I regard as idiotic; others as criminal; still others as utterly ruinous if enacted into law and adopted as a permanent policy; but I have an abiding faith in the ultimate good sense of the American people, in their unfailing patriotism, their invincible courage, their perfect honesty, their traditional conservatism and their capacity to take care of themselves at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. Consequently I have no fear that the fallacious and seductive theories now bruited will be accepted as their settled creed.

It surely must be that if 3,000,000 ragged backwoodsmen had the valor, wisdom, fortitude, skill, patriotism and self-abnegation to establish freedom, 80,000,000 of their descendents, the very flower of the human race, with a continent for their home and the resources of a continent to command, after enjoying the blessings of liberty for 130 years, possess the ability and the good sense to maintain them for themselves and to transmit them unimpaired to his posterity.

When I look into the faces of my children my heart swells with ineffable pride to think that they are citizens of this mighty republic, and and indivisible, built not for a day, but for all time and destined, under God, to be an unfailing well-spring of inspiration to all mankind forever and ever.

In the noble words of Lafayette's prayer: "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind; and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders."

"Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguard of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!"

VICTORY COTTON MILL.

Company With $225,000 Capital Organizes at Fayetteville to Manufacture Cotton Goods—Veterans to Enjoy Hospitality of Country Home—Print Mills to be Built—Personal and News Notes.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Fayetteville, May 22.—Hon. J. G. Shaw, ex-member of Congress, through Commander G. M. Rose, of Camp No. 862, United Confederate Veterans, has extended an invitation to all the old Southern soldiers in the county to enjoy the hospitality of his country home, "Summer Time," on Hybart's hill, Saturday, June 9th, the anniversary of the battle of Bethel coming on Sunday, June 10th, which is celebrated every year by the surviving members of Companies F and H, of the famous First North Carolina Regiment on Yorktown Peninsula.

Special services of interesting character were held in three of the churches of the city Sunday. It was farewell day in the First Baptist church, the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. J. Hall, preaching eloquently the last sermon in the old building, which workmen are tearing down this week to make way for the handsome new church. In the afternoon Dr. Hall baptized nine persons at Mill branch, north of town, about 1,000 people witnessing the rite. In the evening there were flower services, in which the children carried out the programme with all honor to themselves, having been trained by Miss Kate Matthews, assisted by Mrs. B. F. Beasley, and Miss Grace Bascom at the organ. The exercises closed with short talks by many of the members as to the past and future of the church.

The Independent Light Infantry Battalion attended the morning service at St. John's Episcopal church, where the chaplain of the command and rector of the church, Rev. I. W. Hughes, delivered the annual sermon to the soldiers, a classic in subject-matter and again in diction and delivery. The instrumental and vocal selections were very fine.

It was children's day at the Hay Street Methodist church, where they rendered a fine programme of songs and recitals, the pastor, Rev. D. H. Tuttle, delivering a brief but able address. It was also the eighty-seventh anniversary of the Sunday school, the officers submitting their reports. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation of twp pieces of silver service to Miss Fannie McLean, organist of the Sunday school for several years. At night Prof. Wilcox delivered an address on temperance, the first of a series to end next Friday evening.

An alarm of fire early Sunday afternoon sent the hose wagons to a blaze on the roof of the dwelling of Mr. W. H. Bancom on Raeford Lane. The fire was extinguished, with little damage to the property.

Prof. J. A. McArthur, principal of Lowell High School, in Gaston county, Sunday conducted the services at Sunnyside Presbyterian church, on the east side of Cape Fear, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. V. G. Smith, who is attending the General Assembly at Greenville, S. C.

Mr. Charles Cayle, head clerk of the Hotel Lafayette, who so successfully managed the Hotel Tarrymore, at Wrightsville last season, takes the same position this year, and left for Wrightsville on Sunday evening. Mr. Holmes, who has already efficiently served in that capacity, is again at the Hotel Lafayette clerk's desk, in the absence of Mr. Cayle.

Mr. B. F. Huske, who for two years has been a teacher at Christ School, Arden, N. C., has gone to the University of the South, at Sawanee, Tenn.

Mrs. N. B. Alexander and daughters, Misses Mamie and Norris, have returned from a visit to friends in South Carolina.—Mrs. M. B. Smith, after visits to friends and relatives in Charlote and Rockingham, has returned to her home on Haymount.

Last evening Cross Creek Lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F., went through work in the first degree, and Mr. E. J. Kennedy, representative of the Grand Lodge, made a report of his attendance on that body.

The Victory Manufacturing Company for the making of cotton goods, made up of Northern and local capitalists, with capital of $225,000 was organized here yesterday afternoon, with officers and directors as follows: President, Dr. H. W. Lilly, president of the Bank of Fayetteville; vice president, Adam Caterall, New York; secretary and treasurer, F. M. Cook, New York; manager, W. D. McNeill, Fayetteville; directors, A. Caterall, F. M. Cook, J. Thorp, E. Davis, N. B. Caterall, A. D. Davis, New York; W. D. McNeill, H. Lutterloh, H. W. Lilly, F. H. Cotton, J. V. McGorgan, Fayetteville.

It is the intention of the Northern capitalists to build also extensive print mills, which will be independent of the Victory Company except as purchasers of its output. An ideal site has been chosen in the southwestern outskirts of the city, and both factories will be run by electricity from the Cape Fear Power Company. The Northern men looked over the ground at many places in the South, but found none presenting so many advantages as Fayetteville.

The corespondent has received a letter from Dr. J. F. Highsmith, proprietor of the Highsmith Hospital, now in Europe, speaking of the benefit and pleasure derived from visits to the great hospitals of the old world, and of the courteous treatment of the professors. At the time of writing he had just met the famous Dr. Raske, a high authority on surgery and clinics.

Mrs. Lula Tray McDonald and Mr. McDonald, of Raleigh, and Mr. Robert Tray, of Atlanta, arrived last evening to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tray, on Haymount, the occasion being their "golden wedding," or fiftieth marriage anniversary.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage, on the 6th of June, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Shepherd, Sanford, N. C., of Mr. J. A. Carlyle and Miss Hattie Davis Calais, recently of this city.

Pale Delicate Women and Girls.

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic drives out malaria, and builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 27 years. Price 50 cents.

Maurer's Rat-and Roach-Paste

attracts these vermin by its odor; they eat it and die instantly.
MAURER'S INSECT POWDER is sure death to bedbugs, ants, fleas, moths. Sold only in bottles. At all druggists' or D. MAURER & SON, PHILADELPHIA.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.

A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. Its Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE
R. H. JORDAN & CO.

Special Rates via S. A. L. Ry.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Peabody College Summer Schools for Teachers, Vanderbilt Biblical Institute, June 11th-August 10th, one first-class fare plus 25c. for round trip

TUSCALOOSA, ALA.—Summer School for Teachers, June 13th-July 24th, rate one first-class fare plus 25c. round trip.

ATHENS, GA.—University Summer School, June 26th-July 27th, one first-class fare plus 25c. for round trip.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.; LOS ANGELES, CAL.—National Educational Association, July 8th-14th, from Raleigh $77.50, Wilmington $77.50, Charlotte $77.50, corresponding low rates from other points.

MONTEAGLE, TENN.—Monteagle Sunday School Institute, July 16th-August 8th, one first-class fare plus 25c. for round trip.

MONTEAGLE, TENN.—Monteagle Bible Training School July 22nd-31st, one first-class fare plus 25c. for round trip.

MONTEAGLE, TENN.—Woman's Congress, July 30th-August 20th, one first-class fare plus 25c. round trip.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—General Conference M. E. Church, South, Birmingham, Ala., May 3rd-June 1st. Rates to be announced later.

HAMPTON, VA.—Department Encampment of Va. and North Carolina Grand Army of the Republic, April 19th-20th, certificate plan rates.

RICHMOND, VA.—Virginia Funeral Directors' Association, May 18th-18th, certificate plan rates.

WARREN PLAINS, N. C.—North Carolina Conference Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Warrenton, N. C., May 2nd-7th.

WRIGHTSVILLE, N. C.—Summer School, June 15th-21st, rate one first-class fare plus 25c. round trip.

For further information as to rates from your city, time tables, schedules, etc., call on your nearest agent or address, JAS. KER, JR., C. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

C. H. GATTIS,
Traveling Passenger Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

C. F. RYAN,
General Passenger Agent,
Portsmouth, Va.

SPECIAL RATES TO

Raleigh, N. C., and return account of N. C. Summer School and Teachers' Assembly, June-July via Seaboard Air Line Railway.

Account of the Teachers' Assembly, Raleigh, N. C., June 12th-15th, the Seaboard will sell round trip tickets from all points in North Carolina, including Norfolk, Portsmouth, Suffolk, Boykins, Va., at rate of one first class fare plus 25c., plus $2.00 for round trip, the $2.00 being for membership fee. Tickets sold June 11th-14th with final return limit of June 18th. By deposit of ticket with Special Agent, Raleigh, N. C., on or before June 18th and payment of fee of fifty cents, same can be extended until July 5th, allowing those so desiring to remain over to the Summer School.

Account of the Summer School, Raleigh, N. C., June 16th-July 6th, Seaboard will sell round trip tickets at rate of one fare plus 25c. for round trip, from same points as will apply for the Teachers' Assembly, with eight selling dates, June 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 25th and 26th, and July 2nd and 3rd, with final return limit July 7th.

For rates, time-tables, etc., address,
CHAS. H. GATTIS,
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KNOWS
all about Liver Complaints. He says there's no reason to be sick.. arouse the Liver; build up your system with Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets--a sure, safe and swift cure. 25c for Complete Treatment

W. L. HAND & CO.
JNO. M. SCOTT & CO.

LETTER TO F. W. SHUMAN BROS., Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Sirs: If it took 10 gallons to paint your house last time with somebody else's paint, and takes 8 with Devoe, we save you $8 or $10; for painting costs two or three times as much as paint.

Mr Ezra Rathmell, Williamsport, Pa. always used 11 gallons of mixed paint for his house; Devoe took 6.

But that isn't all; that's only first cost; how long will it wear?

The paint, that goes furthest in covering, wears best too.

All paint, true paint, and full-measure, are on one side; part paint, false paint, and short-measure are on the other. What can you expect?

Yours truly
F W DEVOE & CO

P. S. Tryon Drug Co. sells our paint.

Woman's Home Companion

JUNE 10 CENTS

To Save the Children

To save Angelina, the flower maker, Esther, the stogie maker, small Aimee of the cotton mill, and others like them—this is the fight to which half a million Woman's Home Companion families are pledged. Are you doing your part? The June number shows you how, shows you actual photographs of infant toilers, shows you the evils of Child Slavery, and gives you your chance to save at least one child.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

contributes to this same number a widely different article on The Comforts of To-day. Does the Woman's Club Need a Defender? When a Girl Goes Camping; Memories of a Paris Dressmaker, by Vance Thompson; and twelve practical departments, by Mrs. Sangster, Miss Gould, Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Farmer—all these and many others round out a strong, wholesome magazine.

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