THE ASHEBORO COURIER.

Issued Weekly. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. $1.00 Per Year

VOL. XXVIII. ASHEBORO, N. C., THURSDAY OCTOBER 15, 1903. 16.

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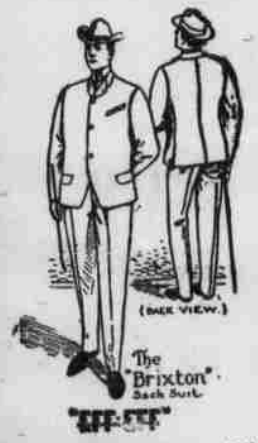

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This the 14th day of August, 1903.

A. S. KEARNS, Administrator.

Hyde Moffitt, Atty.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence Courier.

The Ohio Campaign—28 Persons Indicted and None tried—A Mine of Rottenness in the Postoffice Department—Col Watterson Says the Senate was Bought Like Sheep in the Shambles.

Washington, October 12th 1903.

It comes to this political nerve center in a pretty straight line from the Ohio hustings, that the republican claims that they will have over one hundred thousand majority in the election to be held in that state in November, is a game of rank bluff. There are unmistakable signs of alarm over there since Hanna was trapped into defending his ship subsidy scheme that would cost the people of this country $10,000,000 a year and benefit solely a shipping trust in the East. In order to make his little gift enterprise apply to the state of Ohio, Hanna used what would, at first blush, appear a cogent argument, to wit, that shipping on the lake and all trade had increased wonderfully in the past few years. With childlike innocence in all matters that do not appertain to his own pocket book, Hanna forgot that no provision of his ship subsidy scheme related in the slightest degree to the lake vessels. All the conceded development of traffic on these vast inland waterways cost the United States Treasury not one cent. None of the interests engaged in it ask any share in Mr. Hanna's generosity with the money of the people that he intends to give to the eastern shipbuilding trust. The farmers of Ohio have been asking questions about this matter and have begun to do some thinking for themselves. In consequence thereof the republican leaders have requested Mr. Hanna to either revise his subsidy argument or else shunt it off the boards during the remainder of the campaign. The outlook for defeating Hanna for the Senatorship is growing better every day, and altogether things are not as lovely for the republicans in Ohio as they could wish.

One spellbinder, whom Chairman Dick hoped to have on the stump over in Ohio has flatly refused to take part in the campaign for the re-election of Hanna. Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico, says he was shocked by the action of Hanna on the floor of the Senate last January when he repudiated the republican platform promise to the territories, and that he cannot conscientiously take part in his re-election. If that were the only platform promise the republican party has ever repudiated, that party would still be entitled to the distinguished consideration of the people, but the platform promise concerning the territories is only one little venial sin compared to the mountain of iniquity justly chargeable to the republican party. The republican national platform not only promised statehood to the territories, and then went back on the promise, but it also promised reciprocity not only with Cuba, but with other countries. The reciprocity treaties negotiated by McKinley have never been ratified. And yet the protective duties of the Dingley bill were purposely so high that the concession made to foreign countries under the treaties negotiated would still leave ample protection for the trusts. But the trusts demanded all the swag that the tariff bill gave them, and their influence with the republican congress was sufficient to prevent the ratification of the reciprocity treaties. The promise in the republican platform to favor legislation that would prevent monopolies "to limit production or to control prices," has not been redeemed and never will be until the republican party and its present leaders are retired from business, for the trusts and monopolies furnish their bread of life—campaign funds. The promises of the republican platform to labor have not been redeemed. The republican platform declared, "we are in favor of a more effective restriction of the immigration of cheap labor from foreign countries." That this promise has not been kept is plain to every man on earth from the fact that the present immigration exceeds that of any other year in the history of the country. It is quite unnecessary to go on piling up instances of republican platform promises repudiated. The above are simply sufficient to show that the republican platforms are like those of the passenger coach, made to go in on and not to stand on. Redeemed republican platform promises are the exception and not the rule. Republican promises are made only to fool the people. How much longer will the people be fooled?

Up to date there have been twenty-eight persons indicted by various grand juries for complicity in the frauds and speculations in the Post Office Department, but not one has, so far, been brought to trial, and the chances are not one of the indicted will be as vigorously prosecuted as he deserves or be convicted in the end. The distinguished politician who presides over the Post Office Department seems to think that his mill has ground exceeding fine and that he has a fine mass of rotten mill stuff to present to the people of the country as the result of the labors of his inspectors. He is now congratulating himself and the country that the end has been reached and that the official reports will soon be forthcoming; at least they will soon be in the hands of the President, who will give them to the public if he sees fit to do so, and if he does not the people can go to ——, and there you are. As I said above, not one man has been brought to trial, and if the United States Courts keep up the record they are making none of them will ever brought to trial or convicted after they are brought to the bar of justice. Beavers is fighting like a Turk over in New York to keep from being tried, and the court is helping him. It not only has postponed his trial several times at the instigation of his counsel, but it has summoned the United States District Attorney to come in and show cause why he should not be sentenced for contempt of court for refusing some pies set up by the Beavers. The courts seem to be fighting for the accused grafters, and if things keep on as they now are going not one of the gang of theives will be convicted. The republicans here are congratulating themselves and one another that the end of the investigation is in sight and that the attention of the country will soon be taken off their misdeeds by the assembling of Congress. The end of the investigation is in sight because they want it to be and not because there is not plenty more things to investigate if they wanted to. They have only scraped the surface in the Post Office Department. They have not touched the bureau where the mail contracts are made with the railroads for carrying the mails.

There is a perfect mine of rottenness to be unearthed in those contracts if they would go after them, but they will not do so. The are sick and tired of the whole business and are anxious to hush it up as soon as possible. If there is a Congressional investigation next winter look out for snags in that bureau. Somebody is going to be hung up on them. For, notwithstanding the fact that a republican investigation is very much like a man looking for something nasty in the dark—looking for it but hoping he will not find it—the democrats are going to dig for keeps.

There is considerable comment here over the charges recently made by Col Henry Watterson, in the Louisville "Courier-Journal," that the reason the Panama Canal bill was allowed to take the place of the House bill, which declared for the Nicaragua Canal, was that the Senate was corrupted, bought like sheep in the shambles. There is no doubt in the minds of people here who have been watching the game from start to finish that the charges of Col. Watterson are correct. He has the right sow by the ear, but he does not explain the details of how she was caught. The Senators who were prominent in their advocacy of the Panama route were not brought outright. The Panama people had no money to buy anything. If steamboats had been selling for five cents apiece they could not have bought a canoe paddle. They worked their game, however, and they worked it well. I have been informed by a man who is the highest authority and who is way on the inside that the game was to give some of these Senators an option on the bonds of the Panama Canal Company at a very low figure, the bonds having become practicaly worthless, and then when the deal to sell the Panama Canal to this government went through they would realize a splendid profit. It could have been worked in no other way. They could not have agreed to give so much money in cash to the men who engineered the deal, because the money would all have been in the hands of the court after this government paid it over. The court was supposed to pay off certain debts that took precedence over any others, the remainder to go to the holders of the bonds. That's why the bonds were worth so little before the game was worked and worth prospectively so much after the deal was consummated. That's the why and the wherefore of the sudden switch on the canal game in the United States. Some men in that body were playing for a stake, and that stake was a bunch of the people's money. Mr. Watterson is right, and if he will only dig a little deeper he will find more pay dirt. How do the poeple like the way the republican Senate plays battledoor and shuttlecock with their money and their rights as to a canal?

CHARLES A. EDWARDS.

Randolph's Good Roads.

Mr. Editor:—Having traveled over the principal roads in Randolph, Guilford and Forsyth counties, I would like to say a word or two to the people of Randolph in praise of your road force under the management of Capt. McKinny. I have frequently passed his force when at work and noted the amount of work done in a day and sometimes two and three days. I have also had the opportunity to pass other road forces in this (Forsyth) county and note the amount of work done in similar times with a larger force, and I must say Capt. McKinny beats them out of sight. He makes better time, better roads with less force and seems to know exactly how to get along. Instead of having dirt thrown from side ditches with the school like some do, he puts all the dirt there with his machine, thereby saving in labor as well as time. I could say much more in favor of our road force, but must close by saying the Fair opens here to'ay. As yet there has been but little interest manifested on the part of the community in the city here, as the Fair is carried out of the city two miles and only the select ones take a part in the proceedings and results, so I am informed.

With best wishes for the Courier and the people of Randolph, I am as ever, J. F. HAMILTON.

Winston-Salem, N. C., Oct., 6, 1903.

MRS. IDA INGOLD MASTEN'S LETTER.

Mrs. Ingold Writes of Her Northern Visit.

EDITOR COURIER:—In response to your request that I write something about our trip through the east, I submit the following:

We left Greencastle, Indiana, on August 21st for Chicago, and spent a very pleasant few days there. What impressed us most while in this great city, was its everlasting "hustle" and this does not mean that Chicago is a city of great nonachieving restlessness, but that it is perhaps the greatest market centre and distributing point in the United States. The hustle means something.

We visited many of the large department stores, including Montgomery Ward's, Seigle Cooper's, Marshal Fields' and others. From the top of Montgomery Ward's tower, 370 feet, we took a snap shot of the city, which was somewhat of an undertaking, in view of the fact that we had to secure a permit in the entrance hall to take the camera to the tower, and then the wind played havoc after we got up. But we got a fair picture any way.

As we want out to see the Chicago University buildings, we passed the home for incurables and saw many of the inmates sitting out on the lawn. A more forlorn looking lot of people it has never been my misfortune to see. Their countenances told the tale of inward hopelessness.

We spent the good part of two days in Lincoln Park, and there I saw my first buffalo. I have always had an enormous desire to see and be near a buffalo. There I saw a small herd of them, and I thought of "Kit Carson's Ride", the poem I used to know:

"While the buffalo come like the
surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame driving
fast on us three—
To right and to left the black
buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of
flame—"

And my admiration almost amounted to reverence as I looked at these terrible shaggy monsters, which hold, by some unknown reason, such interest and such mystery for me.

We might have stayed in Chicago a longer time with great profit, but we felt that the best part of our trip was yet to come, and we felt this more strongly when we reached the beautiful little city of Niagara Falls, New York.

Early one morning as day began to break we stopped at Falls View, Canada, and as we went to the car window I shall never forget the picture that met my eyes. It was Niagara in her wondrous morning robe of soft, gray mist. I shall never forget it. My heart swelled with—I know not what—there is no name for what I felt when first I beheld Niagara. I was filled with something that lightened and soothed and lifted me until I was as light as a feather. We went out on the ground and stood a while in the awful stillness of the early morning listening to the voice of Niagara in mute rapture, and somehow there was the joy of unity, the going out of something in me to meet the matchless sweet song of Niagara, and I thought of whose voice was like the voice of many waters, and I wondered who could fear the voice of God.

We crossed the river into the beautiful little city of Niagara Falls, New York. We found our hotel and settled down for a quiet rest before going for our drive to Goat Island. We started at one o'clock in the afternoon and came in at six. This gave us an idea of the Falls, and how to see it to the best advantage. Then next day we started early, armed with a camera. We walked all the morning, back to the hotel for dinner, to our tramping again in the afternoon and back at night feeling ten years younger than when we started, Niagara having "moved our hearts and made us children." We got many beautiful views of the Falls on this day. It is said Niagara is very hard to photograph, and so we have good reason to be proud of getting pretty fair pictures with only one trial.

Everybody smiles at Niagara. Everybody is your brother there. Whoever wants to part from his troubles let him go to Niagara. I must repeat the words of William D. Howells in their wedding journey:

"Elsewhere there are age and sorrow and heart-break, but here only youth, faith, rapture."

Whoever is sick let him go to Niagara. It is nature's own sanitarium for the sick and helpless of earth. The moving waters and the stationary rocks, and green trees become one great throbbing whole, and one's own being is lost and forgotten and is only a part of this great masterpiece of God. At this mingling of one's self with nature every ill is obliterated, there is the longing to never leave, the almost overpowering desire to leap into the majestic torrent, to be deafened by the sweet thunder of its music, swept by its wonderful power into the boiling gulf below.

Dressed in waterproof coat and trousers we went in under the Falls. This is a great sight. To see the thundering, quivering mass of water falling from the heavens above, as it were, to let the spray beat upon you until it wets you in spite of the waterproof clothing, makes one wild with excitement, and with the sweetness of having dared to defy nature and enter where she has prohibited.

The walks about Goat Island are said to be unsurpassed in the world for wonder and beauty, and Niagara itself is unequaled for grandeur. If I should use all the words I know, I could not express it, because no human language can express what God brings to our wondering gaze in the divine workings of nature.

"To paint the glories that come and go upon the falling, rushing waters, the artist must dip his brush in the rainbow, and when he has done his best he will not be believed by those who have not seen his subject with their own eyes."

We visited the natural Food Conservatory of Niagara, the home of Shredded Wheat. It is located on Buffalo Avenue, on ten acres of the finest residence portion of the city, and has a frontage of nine hundred feet on the upper Niagara Rapids. The main building is four hundred and sixty-three feet long and sixty-six feet wide. The united structure covers an area of fifty-five thousand six hundred and fifty-three square feet. It has a floor space of five and a-half acres; finished in white enamel and hard wood, the main building is devoted to the manufacturing of shredded whole wheat biscuits. Besides this there are the grand entrance hall for visitors; general offices for the company; lecture hall seating over one thousand, for entertainments, lectures, conventions, etc; girls' dining room on the fifth floor where luncheon is served free; and the roof-garden, or observatory.

To build this mammoth factory it took three thousand tons of steel, four million brick, thirty thousand panes of glass, ten tons of putty, thirty-five tons of paint, two hundred tons of marble, eight hundred and forty-four windows, one million feet of flooring, three hundred miles of electric wire, one hundred thousand dollars in toilet and bath rooms for employees. Total cost for building and equipment was two million dollars.

The factory is open to the visiting public during the usual business hours. Approximately they have fifty thousand visitors a year. There are young men dressed in uniform who have no other business than to meet visitors and guide them through the building, kindly explaining every detail.

The whole wheat is boiled to cook it, and shredded before it is dry to prevent cracking. While going through this process it is handled in large sheets of cloth, next it is moulded by machinery and placed in the mammoth ovens and baked by electricity. It is then boxed, and sealed by machinery never being handled by naked hands except by clean girls dressed in white to place it in the boxes. I shall never be afraid to eat shredded wheat biscuit for I know it is pure and clean.

We also visited the Niagara Falls Power House. Truly "nature's store-house is man's benefactor," and no gift from it renders greater service than the waters of the earth. The work of "harnessing Niagara,"—one of the notable achievements of engineering skill of the last decade—is now an accomplished fact. In a district reaching from St. Catharines, Canada, to New York, and through the Tonawandas to Buffalo, substantially every electric light, street car motor and trolley in use, is now supplied with energy developed from the Niagara Falls River by the Niagara Falls Power Company. Ten years ago Niagara Falls was a little village but now it has grown to twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, and is recognized as the home of the world's largest and most important uses of electricity for manufactures. The Natural Food Company spoken of in the foregoing paragraph uses this power for its motors, its lights and electric baking.

We were loath to leave Niagara, but we found our time going faster than we had anticipated, and so we took the night train for Albany and arrived there the next morning about four o'clock in a drizzling rain. Here we rested a few hours, taking the day-line steamer "Albany" at eight o'clock for New York city. There was a slight rain much of the day, making it hard for us to see plainly the scenery along the "most beautiful River in the world" the Hudson. The boat was crowded almost to overflowing with people going back to the Metropolis after their summer's outing in the mountains. But a band stationed on the lower deck played beautifully all day long, making us a joyful trip in spite of crowded quarters.

New York's water-front wore a grim looking aspect as we sailed down historic Hudson, passing in plain view of Grant's tomb at one hundred and twenty second street and stopping at twenty second street landing. It was six o'clock when we landed and still misting. We went first to find a room and took a good night's rest. Next morning was Sunday and still the mist was in the air. We went to morning service at Grace Episcopal church on tenth and Broadway, and we heard a good sermon on the text, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" That afternoon we spent indoors, going out at eight in the evening to the Collegiate church. There we heard another good sermon. At both these churches the music was excellent.

The following morning the weather had cleared enough for us to start out, and so we got on a Broadway street car for Battery Park at the extreme southern end of New York. From here we intended to work up and we did not recoil when we discovered that to see New York we must accomplish more of work than of play. For a street car is like an education, it will put you in position to benefit yourself if you are willing to work a little. It drops you at the gate of a magnificent park, and says, go in and partake, but don't grumble if it costs you some weary limbs and blistered feet.

We first took a sweeping view across the harbor from the sea wall, and then started our inland sightseeing with a visit to the Aquarium.

The Aquarium is in the old fort that was formerly known as Castle Clinton built in 1812 to defend the city against the British. Afterwards it became a place of amusement and was called Castle Garden.

It takes an hour to do justice to the Aquarium. There are three thousand living specimens to be seen. In the floor tanks are seals, sea lions, sturgeon and other monsters of the deep. The wall tanks contain salt and fresh water fish. wonderful indeed is the exhibit of Bermuda parrot-fish, moon-fish, gold-fish, angel-fish and other specimens of radiant hue.

From here we walked up to Bowling Green and on to the new building of the New York Stock Exchange in Wall street. From the visitor's gallery we overlooked the busy scene which has its duplicate probably nowgere else in the world. We went up Wall street to the United States Assay Office, an insignificant looking structure. Here a guide conducted us to the ponderous refining furnaces, where gold and silver are melted preparatory to being turned into the coin of the government. We saw "gold soup", "gold dust", and "gold bricks" here in plenty, but not a single "gold bug".

At Wall and Nassau streets we saw the United States Sub-Treasury, and on the portico the statue of Washington taking the oath of office, the spot being the same where the oath was administered to him as the first President in 1789.

The next thing of more than ordinary interest was Trinity church on Broadway, and Trinity churchyard adjoining, where so many famous men are buried. We stood at the graves of Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton, Captain James Lawrence of "Don't Give up the Ship" renown, and others.

After luncheon we went to St. Paul's Chapel. It was built in 1776, and is the only church edifice remaining from the days of the revolution, Trinity having been rebuilt. After Washington's inauguration he and both Houses of Congress proceeded to St. Paul's Chapel where services were conducted. We entered this church with reverential awe and stood just inside the doorway, struck with its beauty and its silence. We felt that we were in the presence of the great and glorious dead. Then we walked up the left aisle, and midway up, came to Washington's pew marked by the arms of the United States on the wall. Here we sat down in silence, while our minds went back to the time when the Father of our country attended services here and sat in this very seat. And when we left that place we knew that we were better for having been there.

A little way up Park Row we came to the tallest skyscraper in the world, the Park Row building, thirty stories from the ground to the top. We mailed some letters in the massive New York Postoffice, and then made our way to the city Hall. We visited the Governor's room, where on the walls hang the portraits of many of New York's governors, and on an easel rests a portrait in woven silk of Washington. It took two years to make this portrait and the cost of making was ten thousand dollars. Here also we saw Washington's desk and table, the one he used while in office. It is a fine piece, and remarkably well preserved.

From City Hall Park we went to Printing House square. Here we visited one of the largest printing houses in New York in the Pulitzer building and saw some mammoth printing machines. A guide took us to the tower of this building, twenty-three stories. He told of a man who went up for the purpose of committing suicide. He was successful in his purpose and was picked up a jelly from the pavement below. Almost every tower we ascended while out on our trip had a tale of attempted if not successful suicide connected with it.

In Printing House square is the Manhattan end of the New York and Brooklyn bridge the great triple suspension that cost fifteen million dollars and thirteen years of labor to build. There are bridge railways, street cars and carriage ways for transportation across the bridge, besides the elevated walk for pedestrians. We preferred to walk across this famous structure, but when we were over and got ready to start back we were glad enough to take a car. We went to our room for a rest before starting for our evening's walk. For to feel that one has seen New York one wants to see Broadway in the fulsomeness of its electric blaze.

We did not fail to visit the Bowery, 'though the old bowery days are past. It is fast becoming a thoroughfare of commercial rather than riotous life. We also ventured into Chinatown a considerable distance, until we thought we must be in China sure enough, and then we turned back. We found it a very interesting tour.

We spent one whole day in Central Park. Our first stop we made at the Metropolitan Art Museum. There one sees the "beauties of art". There hang the works of the masters. It is a genuine delight to the soul to look at such wonderful pictures. Before going on we took a view of the Egyptian Obelisk, or Cleopatra's needle which stands not far away. The Obelisk is three thousand five hundred years old, it having been erected near Cairo, Egypt, over one thousand five hundred years before Christ. In 1877 it was presented to the United States by the Khedive of Egypt. The removal cost one hundred and two thousand five hundred and seventy-six dollars, which sum William H. Vanderbilt paid.

On the morning of September second we went to the White Star Dock to see the steamship "Teutonic" sail for Liverpool, England. Visitors were not allowed aboard on sailing day, but by the kindness of the shipmen we were given privilege to go through the ship just before it sailed. She set sail at twelve o'clock with all classes on board. There were many touching farewells said, and I wept in sympathy with those who helplessly stood on the pier as the gallant vessel slowly went out to sea.

On the night of our fifth day in New York we went to Madison Square Garden, the greatest amusement building in the world, being four hundred and sixty-five by two-hundred feet, and costing three million dollars to build. The attraction this week was the fashion show which would set the fashions for this fall and winter. It was all one blaze of light, one gorgeous show of finery, one flood of music, and around this hall the "butterflies of fashion" paraded in abundance. One beautiful dull green costume with cloak to match, made of some sort of wool cloth trimmed with ermine, would cost the purchaser twelve hundred dollars. All costumes were worn by wax figures, except twenty living models, walking in a circle where colored lights were thrown, were most exquisite gowns, the price of which I did not inquire.

We spent six days of sightseeing in New York and left on the seventh day morning feeling that it would take another visit to "do" New York to its limit. We took a street car to the South Ferry and ferried across New York Harbor to Jersey City, New Jersey, where we boarded the train for Washington, D. C.

I say without hesitation that Washington is the most beautiful city I have ever seen, and if it were not for the hope of the New Jerusalem, I should say the most beautiful city I ever expect to see, or the most beautiful that there is. We visited the White House, the capitol and the Washington monument. We went to the top of this monument, five hundred feet high. This gives an enchanting view of the city. We went into the White House and had a pleasant rest, the halls and the celebrated East Room being open to visitors every day.

We might have given more time to our stay in Washington, but we had been some time on our trip, and so, while we were not tired, we were satisfied, and made our way by Danville to Greensboro, and then to the old home. Thus ended our delightful trip. IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

Empire, N. C., Oct. 1st, 1903.

Reminiscences of Randolph.

(AARON STALKER.)

If the recording angel shall make out a list of the brainy men of Randolph the name of Aaron Stalker will stand close to the head of the list.

He was a member of the society of friends, and not a man of extensive education, but was a man of the very first order of what is called common sense.

He had what was called a pretty liberal education for the age in which he lived, or rather the age of his boy-hood for his life extended far into the present generation—he has not been dead very many years.

For good sound sense and judgment, he had very few equals and much fewer superiors. It is thought by many that for sound sense and judgment he had no superiors in Randolph or any where else.

He was not only a good man as all will say who knew him, but he was literally a peace maker in his neighborhood.

Any of his neighbors would listen to him, and it was very that they did not do what he said for they all knew he was an honest good man and would not advise any one only for the best.

He lived strictly up to the golden rule, and all his neighbors knew it or believed it.

He was a friend to popular education and gave his daughters (I believe he had no sons) a good education.

He was not rich but was what the world calls a well-to-do man—a good farmer and I believe a tanner too. Aaron Stalker never had an enemy which can be said of very few men. He may have had differences with men but they were always adjusted satisfactorily to all parties concerned.

Aaron Stalker was one of Nature's noblemen. He was not only a good, honest, kind, industrious man, but was by nature a very great man.

He had by constant application to good books stored his mind with a vast amount of valuable information.

He was charitable. He died at a good old age. J.

A Difficult Position.

He—"Did you ever have any narrow escapes while sailing?"

She—"Well, rather! I got engaged to two men at once on a yacht last summer, and I had an awful time to keep each of them from finding out about the other."—October Woman's Home Companion.

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